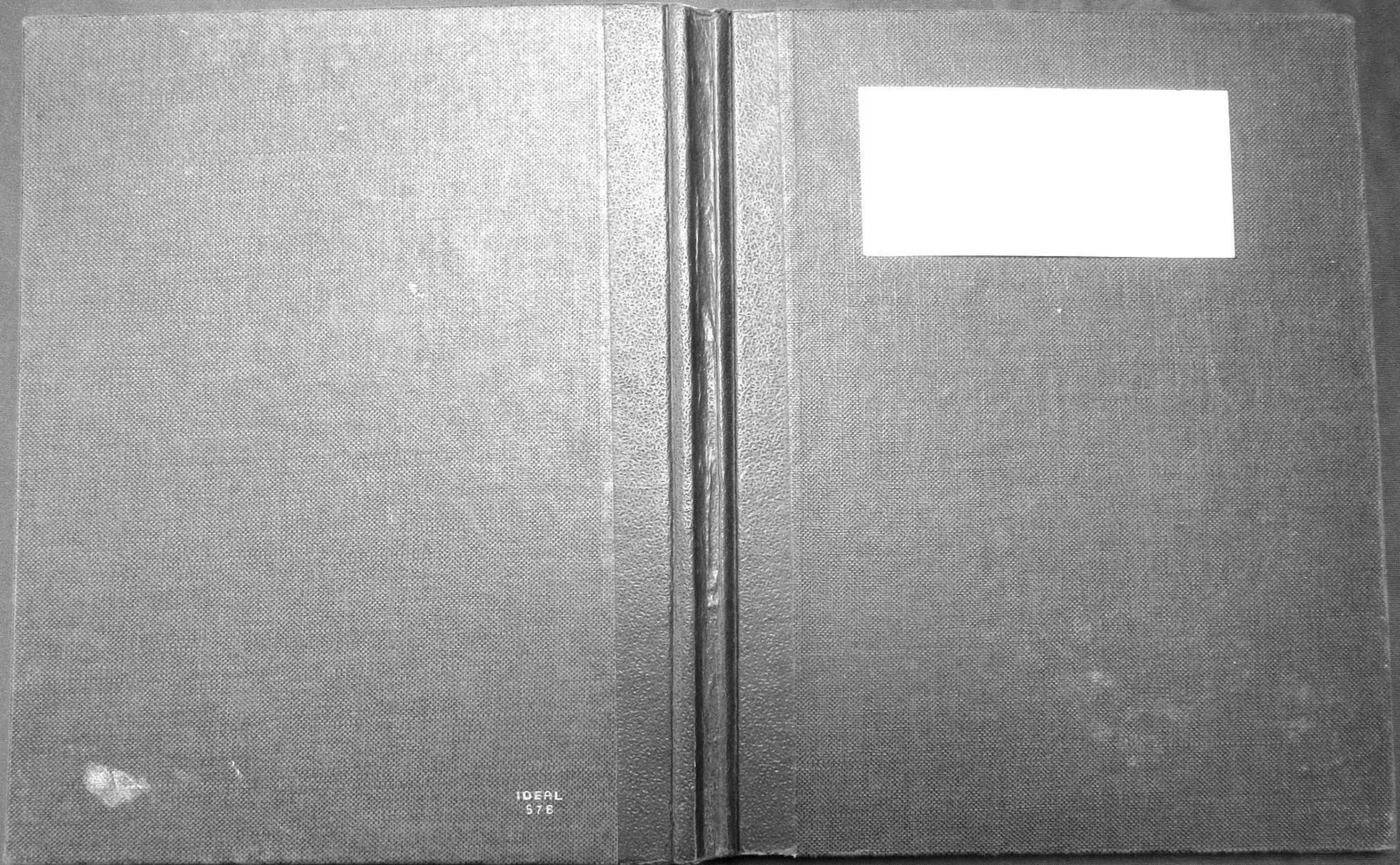


June 2 1966

to

October 2 1966



From June 1966 to October 1966

SUSSEX FEDERATION OF TRADES COUNCILS.

SECRETARY'S REPORT 1966.

During the past year all our Trades Councils have continued to function and to hold regular meetings, the Federation meetings are generally well attended and with the co-operation of all the officers the Federation functions well and maintains a regular contact with its Trades Councils.

Many Trades Council delegates serve as elected representatives on local authorities, and at LEWES, our good Comrade Charlie Barber has been MAYOR of the town for the past two years. We respectfully, ~~have won us one right to another~~, we must take full advantage of this and increase the number of T.U. members serving on H.E.C's.

In conclusion I should like to thank all delegates and Trades Council secretaries for their co-operation and support, which makes the work of the Federation possible. I should also like to express my thanks for the unfailing support and co-operation I have received from our Chairman, Coun. Pope during the whole of the 13 years that we have just completed in office together. This co-operation has made the work a pleasure, and has contributed so much to the smooth running of the Federation over those years.

With all good wishes for the future.  
Yours fraternally,  
PETER BLACKMAN.  
Hon. Secretary.

19th. March 1966.

Thursday: June 2: I have decided to carry on with this journal after all. There is plenty going on in my council and other work to make it worth while to me and I have decided to just make mention of anything of a national stature that might be worth putting in. Thus, when I look back over the journal, I shall have more chance of capturing my attitude to every happening at any day I might look back on. I spent some time this morning doing a bit of pointing on our railway bank wall. I can see now that I am no longer the Mayor, I can get many things dealt with that I used to put off before I retired and after I'd retired, I used to put them off because the Mayoralty made me busy and many odd jobs had to slide. I drew my pension and, after I got home, a letter came from the Operatic Society telling me of the members deep appreciation of my two years service to the town as Mayor. Some months ago I mentioned what a great deal of praise I was receiving from unexpected quarters. This letter contains the gist of all those things and to quote. "Your efficient and devoted two years of office as Mayor of this town" and "Has been an object lesson to all Civic dignitaries". Later on today the magazine of the parish was delivered. I do not attend church except on especial occasions and indeed I do not subscribe to the rites and ideas of the "Local" religions at all. Whenever I am

am asked "What is your religion" I give the usual answer "C of E" In army circles in my time this answer was "Follow the Band": So a double answer was given. Follow the band was actual, most men were C. of E. and made up the Church Parade on a Sunday, so they did ~~the~~ what most did, followed the band figuratively and literally followed the <sup>old</sup> band on church parade) I have counted all the churches and chapels etc as organizations in my "pluralist" community and have paid attention to St John's as the biggest church (will hold delegates from all the organization). The rector is mayors chaplain and above all, the young man who was made rector really deserves support in what he endeavours in building up his parish again. ~~I was~~ Not then expecting praise. More likely proseleytizing for he knows my humanist leanings, but let me quote from the parish magazine. It wishes the new mayor a happy year and then "But more especially we should like to add our praise from St John's to all the ~~the~~ work the past Mayor and his wife have carried out during this two years" etc. These two instances are chosen because they have come in today, but things like this happen almost daily and have happened practically all my two years' of office and I am recording them here, as I did some months ago, to record my gratitude and humility, for they make me think and resolve that if I am called upon by a community like this to do it again I will try to do so. This

afternoon Dorothy and I went to Newhaven, where Ash has bought a house. Both he and Dorothy (his Dorothy) are looking better than when I last saw them. Ash's trouble has been diagnosed as ulcers so he is still on the club. Theirs is a good big house but it has many things to be done about it. I hope they will manage alright. It was very pleasant to have a jaw and we left by the bus at about 8-20 and were soon home. The seaman's strike goes on its way. The Americans have "soft landed" an instrument on the moon which is sending back pictures. The seaman's strike is one of the lesser of several very bad things that are going on in the world, and the moon landing is one of the clever things. It is strange that most of the population are just pursuing their way in their little affairs like those of mine I have recorded above

Friday June 3 Another fine day. I tidied up the top corner and trimmed our overgrown rambler rose a bit and went out to do a few necessary things. I saw Joan B. at the Town Hall and cleared up a few matters that have been hanging about. She told me she is very busy because a programme of events has to be drawn up for when the delegation from Blois arrive on their return visit. I don't know yet how involved we shall be but we shall, no doubt, be expected to put somebody up. We have been hoping it might be Madame Watson but her school makes this somewhat uncertain. There was in the post, a letter commending

us for our work during two years of being Mayor & Mayoress from the Commercial Square Bonfire Society. That's three in about twenty four hours. I believe we really had left a mark, or made a terrific hit with every organization in the town. Of course it's early days yet, and people do forget fairly quickly: <sup>and</sup> it is very nice to have this letters from representative bodies before my work has been forgotten. Anyway, these commendations have done a lot towards making me happy because they prove that these corporate bodies, which, of course, are made up of individuals, think the way we have carried out the work has been a good way. For this town it was an entirely new conception and I introduced it. Later on today we have attended two functions that for which we have received invitations which were sent after when it was known we would not be mayor. One was a very pleasant wine and cheese affair by the Soroptimists Club, and it was held at Glynde Place, the home of the Branks. This, to me is a wonderful place in extensive grounds and surrounded by acre upon acre of undulating meadow land with plenty of trees in full Jane green. That there is overcrowding in the Southeast could be strenuously denied if one lived here! We met Mrs Brand and the Soroptimists who I have mentioned before in this journal and they made us very welcome, indeed, we

might still be the Mayor and Mayoress. Dorothy was presented with a corsage of beautiful red roses which suited her dress, (mayor making number two) admirably. This visit was a very pleasant experience and we were among very pleasant likeable people. Long time the Soroptimist. Our car came for us at about 4-30 and whistles us back to the Town Hall where we were to attend the annual Dinner of the Leavers A.T.A. club. I had imagined that when I attended these affairs now I should be an ordinary bloke but no. Met at the entrance and directed to the Mayor's Parlour, we were soon made to feel ~~some~~ <sup>again</sup> of honoured guests of the club. It was the first time I have been in the parlour since ceasing to be Mayor, and we processed in with the heavy stuff. There was a good meal with speeches to follow in the usual manner of these events. We met Dr. O'Hara, <sup>again</sup> and his wife who I sat next to at dinner, and conversation on different matters, from football dinners and football to the present troubles of the country, to politics on councils and back to more personal things like families. It is rather queer that we and people every where are talking about things such as this, quite normal things while at the same time two blokes are in a space craft, hundreds of miles from the earth, <sup>and</sup> we are going to experiment

on changing craft in mid-space. The second craft has been sent up, is almost touching the first one and the American experts on earth are attempting to open the door in one of the craft to enable the men to carry out their experiment of changing craft. all done from Earth!!! and we sit and chatter on what is to us, much more natural and important things a good job we can. <sup>Dorothy and I</sup> We left the company after a drink with the president of the Lewes A.F.C. at about 10-30 having had a day which has passed off almost as though we were still in office.

Saturday June 4. The fine weather is continuing. Today has proved to be an ordinary Saturday, the usual shopping in the morning. (I am not engineering at the shopping. In a town the size of Lewes, shopping is quite a part of life and to meet almost every body in the High Street is quite a large part.) In the afternoon I left Dorothy at a sale at North St and I visited the meeting of the C.L.P. which was being held at the Labour Club. There were

not many members present and a Mr. Barnard, from HQ was outlining fund raising schemes. We are badly in need of funds so I hope the constituency will start off one. I had a chat with Ernie Pollak afterwards and heard his account of the happening at the L.D.P. when I was not made mayor again. I am glad to know of this as it dispells the idea that has always been at the back of my mind, that all the organizations in the town know more about what Dorothy and I are doing and how well we are trying to do it, than the C.L.P. One has to be careful in accepting reports such as this. Too many people genuinely get an idea into their heads and imagine every body is thinking as they do and can exaggerate the feelings of a body of people. I had quite a nice little read this evening. Quite a good novel but I have read so much work of a more educational nature that I sometimes feel guilty if I spend what I consider too much time on a novel. Still what I have had this evening is a bit more relaxation and I believe I have earned it. There is nothing to report on affairs. No movement forward in the seamen's strike. By 'no movement forward' I mean no weakening on either side in their resolve not to recede from any position. The court of enquiry into this dispute is sitting again today so and

Monday so we may find some clarification of the position. However, whatever the findings of the court of enquiry, if both sides stick to their resolve to stick to the positions they consider to be essential, then there can be courts of enquiry sitting till the cows come home: no progress towards a settlement will be made.

Sunday June 5. The weather not so bright today. There was not much time to do more than a brief potted round because we had to get over to Southover Church where the Mayor's Service was to be held. We arrived in quite good time and Dorothy went to the church and I went to the parish room where the council were to sit. We processed the few yards up St James Street and along Southover High St to the church. It was the usual type of mayors service. The Mayor (Baker) read the 1<sup>st</sup> lesson and the Majorian (Min temple) the 2<sup>nd</sup>

The rector of the parish, the man of whom I have written (April 26 this journal) on the return journey from Blois, preached the sermon that one should expect from him. (However do these men get these jobs) Quite naive, and resembling a talk by a boy scout of 1912 variety. There was a reception in the church room afterwards and then the Mayor, Dorothy and I had to go to Gebbies at Houndean Pire where there was a sherry party to do with the League of Friends for the Victoria Hospital. Baker (the Mayor) drove us up there and we were just in time to see the principal guests (Lord and Lady Hampton) before they left. The Mayor drove us all the way home and after a light meal I got on with the pruning of some of the rambler rose, in fact I cleared all of it this afternoon so now fresh things can grow on my new trellis. After tea we had a read from a book borrowed from the municipal library and in the evening had a short walk during which we met Mrs. Wright whom we have not seen for some time. Before we had started this walk Ellen had looked in from next door and invited us to see the "Black & White Muntres" a television show, so after we had had our walk we did go in. It always pleases these two ladies next door when we do go in and we quite enjoyed the programme and we had sherry with them.

Monday, June 6. I forgot to record yesterday that George B., who is the constituency party secretary, said he was worried about things after Saturday's meeting and asked for David's advice on some matters. I also learnt that Len Fox the Local Party Chairman had been taken to hospital with a thrombosis. This is a big blow to the local party and to the N.U.P. I sincerely hope he quickly recovers because he is a very nice chap and is one who is needed because of his steadiness, particularly when he is acting <sup>in his</sup> place as Chairman. This morning, Monday, was still warm but with an overcast sky and looking as it did yesterday as though, at any moment rain would fall. There was a 'phone call from the General Hospital at Brighton telling Dorothy to report there for her operation (womb adjustment) tomorrow week. Since we were expecting this to be done in August, since she had a communication to that effect, this new arrangement has now given us an attitude of urgency, or at least of hurry, but Dorothy is glad this matter is going to be settled more quickly, and immediately set to work putting things in order about the place. I started off collecting for the Friends of the Victoria Hospital and enrolled quite a number of members, but later on this afternoon I found too many out. When in the "thirties" I used to canvas and try to sell things,

or get orders on doorsteps, there was mostly somebody at home. A terrific number of men were unemployed in those days and that was a reason for always finding some body at home. Men stood about chatting and women were generally at home scheming how to make ends meet I expect. Thanks to the financial arrangements made possible by Prof. Keynes and the post war Labour government, all that unemployed "disease" of a country is finished. Now ~~is~~ the reverse is the case. Purchasing power is now more widely spread among the population, that means more things bought than ~~in~~ in those bad old days. This means more people are at work; this means more purchasing power, more things are bought and so on. This situation has some snags and the country is mostly suffering, to a greater or lesser degree, from those snags. However, only a mentally defective person, or somebody who was rich in the thirties and so had power, would want those times back and I have written all this about that period to explain why I found so many people were out (at least where I called). The situation in the country is such that there is a great demand for women to go out to work, and, although I was just a spare time canvasser today, I felt the pinch of wasting time because people were all at

at work. Before the last war (2) they were at home because of no work and <sup>no</sup> money, now they are out. The canvasser cannot win. I attended the first meeting of the Highways Committee. David Williams was made chairman and Alby Vice-Chairman. The construction of the committee is much as before. I am on the subs. Three of them. The meeting was quite a good one and no time was lost because of what I have complained about in the past, too much talk or oratory to the exclusion of business & nice evening. I found time to do some reading before we retired.

Tuesday June 4. I went out to do some collecting this morning but I found that quite a number of people were out. I'm going to try again after 6-30 say. Dorothy had to go to a meeting organized by Mrs Turquand, the wife of the "little" man I mentioned in this journal for May 25! The committee is made up of past Mayresses and the idea is to do "something big" (the Mayor's words) for the Victoria Hospital fund. I went and got a haircut and did not get back until 1-30 but I was not late for lunch because Dorothy did not get in until 12-45

and so I was saved from starvation. After dinner I had a look at the industrial site and I feel rather pleased with it. On the way down I saw the ice cream wallah who I had to rebuke some weeks back, when I was mayor, for parking his machine on the grass at the Pells (see this journal May 25). He was inside the new gate today and informed me he had the tender, he had sent in, accepted. So that is all settled. My intervention about him being on the grass has turned out well curiously enough, while I was speaking to him (the ice cream vendor) a detective sergeant arrived to make the same enquiries. The police are evidently backing us up about the Pells. I walked through the industrial site and admired the work being carried out there. The various queries and complaints that have been made have been dealt with by us negotiating with the developers (See Board in the present case) and so I think every body will be happy. Of course the blokes who I always call the "Whydonleys" are never very happy. They are people who spend their lives it seems, in giving advice to public bodies or developers. This advice is never given direct to the P.B.s or D.s. It is always to a third party and, without fail, starts with "why don't they?" These blokes as I say won't be happy about the In. Site but then they are never happy about any project. This is because, although it is known that the "doers" of the world are happy, the whydons don't become doers by joining the Council. They may complain of the ice cream vendor being on the grass but they don't do anything about it. I have got a rent of £25 (?)

to come down to the baths without being on the grass. They may complain about the Ina Site, We on the board have transformed a very ugly piece of land into a source of income to the town. The 'doers' of the world have at least, a sense of having tried to achieve somethin'. I carried on with the collecting after tea and had brought the total up to nearly eleven pounds by the time I left off. Every mickle makes a muckle. Quite late this evening a Miss Winifred Blaber looked in, because she wanted to subscribe. I mention it here because she is one of an old Lewes family and Dorothy was able to talk to her about her father and grandfather, and also Miss Blaber is a member of my old Union and, at the time I joined the printing and bookbinding trade, she had been secretary of the Lewes Branch for four years and had kept it going during some crucial years. She has also been charge hand at the Lewes Press for many years. A single woman who has passed a very useful life without getting out of her "right element." To return for a moment to the matter of the Pells. I looked into the surveyor's office and saw Mr Oldham, who is the deputy surveyor and he told me the posts and chain is ready to go up there. I hope the parks committee, which met this evening, will approve of my efforts to make this area recapture a little of its former respect from the public.

Wednesday June 8: I arose quite early this morning and found a nice day promised again, but with rather a big amount of early morning mist. I have found that a mist means, as a rule, a good, hot day, but it does spoil the niceness of an early morning, obscuring the sky and hiding the sun etc. The sort of morning on which we family men, 26 years ago, stood to arms with our "Bundookes" at the ready, because this sort of morning was ideal for parachutists to be dropped from Nazi ~~planes~~ <sup>planes</sup> that we should ever do that would have seemed impossible to us ten years before 1940, and now, 26 years after 1940, it seems fantastic. But in that rather emotional time of peril to the country by war, which caused a terrific wave of desperate patriotism, it would have seemed fantastic that today the country is threatened by the dispute between the ship owners and the seamen; and England's shipping is likely to be declared "black" internationally. A report on this is due out today from the commission which is sitting on the matter. I went out and did a little more collecting for the Hospital and finally took in the results of my first stint, £11.7.6. Quite an enjoyable job really. Pic for an ex-mayor, any way. Every body knows me and are sympathetic to the hospital collection idea. As I expected, the day became very hot. Mary H. looked in and was at home when I arrived back, and had a look round the garden and had a chat before leaving us to get on with her

shopping and after lunch, Dorothy got on with some gardening. She is naturally anxious to have both house and garden in good order before she goes into hospital next Tuesday. I went out and did a bit more collecting, taking in Abinger Place. That finishes my part altogether and when the other three collectors are finished it finishes Dorothy portion of the town. I might add South Place flats to mine. I don't know. This evening Dorothy and I had to attend the anniversary (50) of the National Savings movement. There was a meeting in the Corn Exchange with Lord Gage as the chief speaker, and a divisional organizer of the movement also spoke. Our new Mayor got over an alleged speech of welcome to all the big nob's and about 150 "other ranks" with roughly two sentences. Now we are seeing other Mayors I agree with the populace about me. There was a party of fancy cakes and coffee afterwards which was very nice. One of the women at our table mentioned our speaker. I wonder what prompted her to say that? We reached home quite early so Dorothy did a little gardening before it was necessary to come in because of the dusk. The commission on the shipping dispute has published its findings and have recommended a formula on which negotiations could begin afresh with a model solution whereby each side starts with a willingness to compromise. Within an hour, i.e. without

studying the new suggestions properly and with, apparently no concern that some of their ranks might like to consider the new proposals, the seamen's executive have said they will not budge an inch. I have always been a struggler for the trades unions and I know that the way to negotiate is to try to come to some agreement through compromise. Without my willingness to bargain by way of using the less essential points in my case as things I was willing to negotiate with, then the last twenty one years of my working life would have been stormy indeed. I am, then, rather disgusted at the seamen's leaders for their quick refusal. Of course I don't know all the facts, only wireless news.

Thursday June 9. A beautiful summer morning. The cabinet are to meet this morning on the shipping dispute and the T.U.C. have requested the S.U. executive to meet them. I did a little more collecting for the Hospital Friends and in about a dozen calls got another £2.00. After paying this and a little from yesterday, making up £4.2.6 altogether, I did a little burning up in the garden, because Dorothy, before she goes into hospital, is having a clear out

after dinner I took some more of her clearing out, & with one dozen Schweppes bottles and Beard's gave me 3/- for them. Not bad; since I did not know from whence they came I would have been glad to let them go for nothing. I continued my way round to Baxters to make sure our two copies of Horsfields were not being a nuisance (they were not) and I had a chat with Margaret Crawley. She would like to get one of the little cottages there are about the town so that she could have a place of her own, but she is afraid that is nearly hopeless. Such places are rather dear and scarce in Lewes. They get snatched up by people who simply want somewhere to come at week-ends and who have lots of money to make this possible. It is possible, however, that she will be able to grab one at sometime. I don't like people of Margaret's calibre to leave the town. In the meantime the only thing to be done is to keep a good look out. We are very lucky to be here and to have been here so long. Our house must be worth a mere of a lot now with the inflation that has gone on in recent years, quite apart from the improvements that have been put into it since 1936. When I reached home I got to work and started clearing up in "Loose" beside the house on the west side and I was still at this when time came for us to get ready to be fetched by "Pem" Boyden to her place at Kingston,

"Pem", whose husband is the M.P. for Bishop Auckland, is County Councillor for Bridge and Castle Ward in Lewes and is a valuable member of the Local L.P. She had prepared a good meal for us and we had a nice chatty evening. Pem has a letter printed to deliver to the voters on progress made by the C.C. I think this is a very good thing to do and I shall deliver as many as I can tomorrow. All these things are seen as what they are gestures of good faith, and it is these gestures that do much to protect democratic procedure by providing answers to the "Whydontthey" for one thing. This has been a very nice evening.

Friday June 10 The first thing I did today was to take Pem Boyden's letters and deliver them to the streets about this way and I got quite a number of them delivered during the morning. In the afternoon I had to attend a meeting of the Fire Brigade Com. of the County Council. This committee is not really my favorite workshop but today there was more of interest to me than usual because

the Fire Brigade Union was sending a delegation to persuade the committee to adopt a different system of hours of duty. This afternoon then turned out to be most instructive to me, and the man the union brought along as their chief advocate was very good indeed. I had already come to the conclusion that the case of the chief fire was pretty weak, (he recommended leaving things as they were) and besides which there were on the committee some regular die-hards. However, in the event the representative dealt with all questions in a very able manner, his name is Humphreys and I was pleased so able an advocate had been sent. Bill Fuller the local secretary, also impressed me very much by his bearing and by his delivery. The advocate assured the committee that the N.I.C. was close to bringing all the employing authorities into line with those who have already taken these steps on hours and duty. And this gave the Committee a chance to concede gracefully by deciding, when the delegation had gone, to verify ~~ft~~ this with the N.I.C. employers section, and to act accordingly. This was proposed by Shefford, chairman of the CC and seconded by me and was carried. I went home and did some more clearing up in the recess. This afternoon was terrifically hot and, after tea Dorothy and I decided to go to the Labour Club for a drink. As we came home there was thunder

and terrific rainfall causing me to run the last 100 yards or so and Dorothy to open her handbag and take out one of those plastic macs, which by good luck, happened to be there. The seaman's union have now shown some willingness to negotiate and, although that contained in this brief sentence is all they have done, I consider it a great step out of the deadlock caused by refusal to negotiate. Perhaps we can now make further efforts to right our Balance of Trade situation.

Saturday June 11. I arose very early this morning, being tired of laying awake while in bed on such a grand morning. Filled in the time created by this early rising by reading from the autobiography of John Stuart Mill and I make special mention of this because it is the book of which I have made a great deal of use lately and one from which I have profited enormously.

Later on this Saturday followed the usual pattern except that Dorothy and I turned out earlier for the shopping and so avoided some of the heat and some of the crowds. By a collection of chance meetings I found myself calling on a couple

more people for the Hospital Friends Fund so my own shopping programme went slightly astray and in the afternoon Ben Boyden came for us to attend the C.C. garden party at Newick. At this party we met a considerable number of old acquaintance and a good many new people. We had quite a long time with Mr. & Mrs Hollands, the Fire Chief and his wife. Very nice people indeed and I felt glad that yesterdays meeting had gone so smoothly for him. He told me today that he is sure the '48' requested by the Union, yesterday, would come but he genuinely believes the "56" is the most efficient for this district. Mr and Mrs Bradwell the matron of Pauchlands joined us and the group of us watched the cricket and chatted but not for long because it soon became tea time and then moving about among people at this perpendicular tea party we met a good many more. Other Mayors were present wearing their badges of office but I noticed that our own Mayor and Mayoress were not wearing theirs and to me they looked fairly lonely. I may be wrong but I believe this was so and I always wore my badge at such functions. If like me, and Bertie, one is insignificant in appearance, you need your badge to show you

have a right to be present. I am alright without one now but only because two years as Mayor gave people the opportunity to know me. However this party was one of those when I again felt the need for more concentration on names and faces. I know my vision is now badly impaired as regards "details" through my developing cataract but I must try to counter this in some way. Possibly this failure to observe things and faces properly is made <sup>worse</sup> by reason of my bent and painful spine. If you are short and can't look up <sup>worse</sup> anyway! In reference to the spine, Dr Dewsbury has asked Dorothy about it because he has noticed me walking about "With my head looking downward" and he thinks he should have some record of this and he hasn't any. I have to go and have a talk with him about it. This is very nice of him. He is the first doctor to observe it and enquire about it. Most of them probably think "This man's on my panel. He has a spondilitis but he is managing very well so leave him alone. I don't want another arthritis hanging round my waiting room." They then draw their capitation fee on me (and on me it really is "money for old rope") and go on their way quite happily. I have no objection to this whatever. That is how I want things to be as regards myself and as regards

the medical service of the community. What I do object to is for the doctors to count all the patients (probably 90% of whom they "never see") for whom they draw capitation fees, and use them as a proof of overwork when they put in for a rise. Threats of strikes are sometimes used but these can be discounted. What I do consider though, is the threats continually being made that the doctors will leave the Service <sup>for financial reasons</sup>, and when I consider this gambit of theirs I wonder how many of them would be broke and trying to sell "sixpenny pieces" or prescriptions before long. However, this digression was caused by the goodness of Dr Deansbury enquiring about how I am. I shall be glad to go round and see him. After Pen had driven us home we did not go out any more but had a read and retired about 11-30. Quite a pleasant day.

Sunday June 12. I arose early and did my usual potter round; and this is very nice on these fine Jane mornings, living in the spot we do. Besides a bit of writing and reading I also did my exercises and felt very well. Of course, though I feel well there is the tempering

undercurrent of unease and this is because Dorothy goes into the Brighton General Hospital on Tuesday. She is well as she has been for a long time but this prolapse business is, or has, been going on for a good many years now. We are hoping that this operation will bring the discomfort of some years to an end. Dorothy did quite an amount of gardening today and watered the various seeds she has sown and plants she has planted. I have just pottered round doing a bit here and there and also I have almost finished John Stuart Mill's autobiography which has proved to be one of the most enjoyable books of its kind I have come across. I'll let he never imagined this particular one of his books would prove so "vitally" enjoyable to a small town Mayer a hundred years or so after it was written. Talking of reading matter, I bought an "Observer" this morning and found it is now eightpence. This maybe is a frightful price but there is certainly a terrific weight of "coggage" to carry home. I suppose they have it all costed and the extra advertisements carried by the extra paper and supplements pay~~s~~ their way: but is it really vital to buy all that glossy, affluent society advertisement matter in order that the newspaper can be kept going? I stuck to my previous answer "No": and I am glad I decided not to buy Sunday papers as a regular thing some time ago. Today the chief news on the news side was the seaman's strike which has been in all the papers through the week

and there are no newsy items as there used to be in Sunday papers. In the supplement portion the chief article is on contraception and tells the readers the different ~~ways~~<sup>methods</sup> of doing such. This is rather surprising because this paper is, I should imagine, for the usual middle-class type of reader who have not the slightest need for stuff such as this which they have known about always) There are reviews of four new fiction books and two or three non-fiction, and what always puzzle me a review of the radio and television programmes that are ~~part of~~<sup>passed</sup> events!!! In the news part of the paper there are generally two or more pages devoted to money matters from which the reader will gather the country is in a very precarious state: and we should be spending less to help avoiding inflation. All the rest of the paper is devoted, both in reading matter and adverts, to trying to make us spend more. It does seem to me that we could very well start on saving foreign currency and shipping space by ~~commemorating~~<sup>economising</sup> with wood pulp.

Monday June 13. Early rising on another fine day. I went out and, by about 10 o'clock I had delivered all the remainder of Pam Boyden's letter to the people of Bridge and Castle wards. I hope a good many read it because this, besides letting people know what a Labour County Councillor is doing, does make an effort to lessen the ~~apathy~~<sup>indifference</sup> which is popularly supposed to represent the indifference to Local Government there is in the country. I don't think this is proved entirely by the low percentage of people who record their votes in many towns and I do not think there is any real indifference. When something that is local threatens a district it has been proved over and over again that there is a great deal of interest. Three mayors unseated last month in Sussex alone, one of them (Eastbourne) definitely thrown out (that is the correct term) for ~~suing~~ pursuing a line which the people of Eastbourne had concluded was against the public weal. The rest of today has passed with Dorothy putting the house right before she goes into hospital tomorrow and me doing odd things here and there. We are both unsettled of course and we are looking forward to about 2 weeks time when she will be home and the job successfully carried through. Dorothy attended a meeting of the "Friends of Hellingly Hospital" this evening and I attended the Health

committee. I was made chairman of this committee for the ensuing year so I am beginning to take my place on the floor again. I spoke to the T.C. regarding Dorothy's lay up and the proposed visit to Lewis of our opposite numbers in Blois. He said there is no news from Blois as yet but we shall have to get things passed through the Finance Committee tomorrow evening. In all the circumstances it is of no use me worrying about people coming here. A. The T.C. don't know when they are coming and B. If Dorothy is not completely recovered the idea can be abandoned any way. Dorothy arrived home after me and brought Mrs Pember home with her. I have mentioned the Pembers before in this journal <sup>and</sup> <sup>July 1966</sup> and I was glad Dorothy was in touch with ~~Pember~~ <sup>Chamber</sup>. Dorothy had her hair to wash when her visitor was gone so, what with other "getting ready for tomorrow" jobs it was very late before we retired.

Tuesday June 14 Miss Raymond Hawkins had volunteered to take us down to the hospital and duly arrived at the time she had arranged by phone last evening and we had a pleasant

run down to the hospital. The three of us chatted together and this made this journey better for Dorothy, I hope. She was soon in the hospital and I hope she will be as comfortable as may be in these circumstances. Joan O. went to see her this evening and has phoned me to let me know Dorothy seemed <sup>on</sup> very happy <sup>now</sup> with the twenty or so other patients and is expecting her operation on Thursday. I did not do much at home and before I went to the Finance Committee I finished J. S. Mills autobiography. The Committee went off alright with one curious situation arising. Baker, the Mayor who succeeded me put forward the suggestion that Sir Tufton Barnish is made a freeman of our Borough. My name was also put forward and instead of talking in terms of two freemen, Yarrow and his colleagues put forward a motion that we consider one freeman and decide on names later. All my colleagues were against this and quite reasonably so and after a discussion which did not make much progress, the Mayor offered to drop his suggestion but the mover of the proposition finally withdrew his politically one sided motion, and the matter is now to be considered again. It was quite awkward for me sitting there and listening to things when I was involved, I couldn't very well say anything in these circumstances. It is strange coming home with nobody there.

Wednesday June 15. There is not a great deal to report for today. The chief thing is that I visited Dorothy at the Brighton General Hospital. That was this afternoon. She was looking extremely well and the operation will take place tomorrow morning. She does not appear to be disturbed by the prospect and it is good that she can give that impression; because at the very best it is a great discomfort for some days. However, when one has reached our age one is enabled, by nature, to be a more patient patient and, as a rule, to be able to think of different things and so counter discomfort. I hope this proves to be so with Dorothy. There are twenty-one women patients in her ward, most of them as women who are pregnant and are there so that measures can be taken to ensure they get over particular periods of their pregnancies. I could not help noticing the difference in appearance of women in hospital nowadays; and how different and better they look than used to be the case. Whatever anybody says in favour of what are called "the good old days" is always refuted by different comparisons and women in hospital is an instance I have noticed before. I did a little shopping this morning and this evening I attended a meeting of the Friends of the Victoria Hospital committee. This organization is going strong.

and this is not to be wondered at. The officers, Michael Hillman as Chairman, Mr and Mrs Gebbie as secretaries and our own Borough Treasurer as treasurer, all of whom are able people with ideas, gives it a very sound basis. I looked into next door at about ten o'clock tonight and had a chat with Ellen and Frances the two Nicholls sisters. I realise that it is an important part of their happiness to know they are considered of help, either actual or in a more abstract sense so I must keep them informed both as to how Dorothy is getting on and how I am managing!! I went to bed at about 11-30.

Thursday June 16: I did a little washing, pottered round the garden and did various odd jobs about the place, all the morning. I did not go out and kept thinking of Dorothy and the operation. At 2-30 I phoned, as I had been told I might, and was told Dorothy was as comfortable as possible and was recovered from the anaesthetic. Thank goodness so far. Mary H. had rang so I rang her and told her what progress had been made. Eve Black, the Librarian had also rang so I told her. Joan rang up and we have

arranged about tomorrow evening's visiting, nobody may go today. I went up to Dodds but only Kate was in so I left her the news to spread because nobody at 68 Prince Edwards Rd knew Dorothy had even gone in as they are not on the phone and I haven't been able to get up there before this evening. Kate is getting over her troubles. On the way down I saw Mr Parsons and Lottie and went in with them and had a nice talk for some time. They have invited me up for a meal but I have missed out tomorrow because it will be my first visit to Dorothy since the operation. I enjoyed the time I spent with them very much. Lottie seemed to me to be more jolly but then, perhaps, I have not seen so much of her on our previous visits. When Dorothy and I go there we almost automatically divide up. Mr Parsons and me talking of various things and the two ladies naturally talk together. I must spend more space in this journal and write something of Mr Parsons one day. I consider he is worth it. I forgot to record earlier that Banty also phoned me. She confirmed she would be visited Dorothy tomorrow afternoon and will leave Helen at Joan's school and Joan will push the pram home when the school finishes. This has got the worst day finished with. Now we know that every day should be towards Dorothy getting better.

Friday June 17. A very dull start off to the day. Heavy and overcast. Dod came down, having heard from Kate about Dorothy's being in hospital, she lost no time in coming down to give her regards to Dorothy and to ensure I was managing alright. It is very good of everybody to go to such trouble to make sure I am well looked after. Mr Buckwell phoned to enquire how Dorothy was and she is going to send a card. Not much has transpired today, that is worth recording, of my own doings. The seamen's strike will soon be entering its seventh week with no definite promise that the report and recommendations of the committee set up by the Government will be used as a basis for a settlement, but then, these industrial disputes always seem to have come to a complete deadlock, and look like remaining locked for ever, just before they decide to negotiate properly and settle the matter. Our printers strike of 1959 was like that. I went down to see Dorothy this evening, and, apart from the tired look and the general air of discomfort, (and the discomfort must be pretty ghastly) she does not look too bad. Earlier in the afternoon I did phone and the nurse who answered seemed to be very pleased with Dorothy's condition considering the operation. Joan O. and Mary Harman were there. Since I have reached home Betty Williams has phoned and David has offered to take me down tomorrow and Betty has invited me to a meal before we start. I can, therefore, finish on the

pleasant note with which I started today's record, that of the goodness of the women in being so willing to rally round at times such as this.

Saturday June 18: Up early, as usual, journal writing on the cleanups, that is, the proper writing of this journal to make it worth reading by not having to strain my eyes with it. I exercised, did the usual clearing up that is part of any Saturday. Ellen from next door brought me in some cakes she had made and that was very nice of her. I set to work on the Hospital Friends organizing and received £1.00 from Mrs G. Hayward & so that now makes a total sum, collected in the district organized by Dorothy, of £32 odd. I have still to get in two streets so we should be round about £40 in the end: and I think that is rather good. I went up to 12 Abinger at six and Betty produced a "Toad in the hole" meal which was very good. While having a sherry just before the meal the case of the freemen was mentioned and David suggested C.T. Brown. This is quite a special candidate and is certainly worthy. David must have heard him

mentioned before, because he has been mentioned, and I believe everybody would be in favour of such a choice. When I wrote "He has been mentioned before" I did not mean last Tuesday. I mean months back when I was Mayor. Betty came with us to the hospital and I found Dorothy was looking ever so much better than on the previous evening. I suppose, after an operation, every hour that passes, if all goes well is counts for about a day of repair work if one is well (sic). I found it was nice to be driven to the hospital and to be whisked to the top of Elm Grove in about one minute instead of ten. It is a long hill, though not particularly steep, and on Wednesday, which was an exceedingly hot afternoon, I was glad to take my place in a long single file of visitors to the hospital who toiled up Elm Grove trying all the time to keep in the two feet of shade made by the buildings on the south side! When I got back this evening I looked in next door to let them know of Dorothy's progress. This is the end of quite a busy Saturday and I am hoping it will be the last Saturday of the journey to the hospital. They said ten days so it may be so

Sunday, June 19: A very wet morning. Heavy straight downpouring. Dorothy's newly planted sprout plants will do well from this if they are not battered to death, "it never rains without it pours" (Later) It stopped raining and turned into a fine day and, having finished the odd jobs I started off to Patcham where I was to have lunch with Joan and Bent prior to seeing Dorothy. A bus drew out just as I arrived and I lost it. I wasn't troubled, but a man came up to me and, using alleged ill manners of bus crews as an <sup>opening</sup> gambit, gave me a lecture on the state of the country and how wicked and grasping everybody was besides being lazy. Waiting for the bus I could not escape so I said, in a very ordinary way, "You appear to feel very strongly about it" and he gave me such a frantic look. I made sure I sat away from him on the bus. Let someone else have free lectures and he got off at the top end of the town. When I alighted at St Peters Church a man with a bowler hat and extremely baggy trousers came to me and said, "He's gone done them in the eye with the one man crews". The bus from which I had alighted had a crew of two, but he repeated with some show of arrogance his previous remark but I went off across the road while the traffic was light. So I was accosted by two moans, one in each town. These people seem to be annoyed

if you look on the brighter side. Bent was looking very well after his travels in South America for the Min of Overseas Development. Joan had cooked some delicious steak so I was well fed. We made our way to the hospital and found Dorothy was still improving but, of course is still in considerable discomfort and one can't do anything about it only to say what can be said to anybody and look forward to the rolling on of the days with each one showing an improvement. An operation of this sort is one that must make women feel pretty wretched but Dorothy is cheerful and philosophically biding her time while the days roll by. I reached home quite early and had a feeling I had forgotten something and so I had lunch with Mary and Eric on Wednesday. I found this out by phoning and a good job I did. After working on the "Clear up" (see June 18 T.S.) I looked in next door to report to them Dorothy's progress and they were very pleased (I suppose this sort of thing is an event in peoples lives) I stepped in there and saw a "Billy Cotton" television show and this was really very enjoyable to us because of the good old music hall songs that were sung. I should record that on my return from the hospital I had a look at the pets the evening and I am pleased with the progress made. There is a neat port and chain loops effect that looks very nice and

which will effectively stop the parking of cars  
on our grass. By the way, when I was in next  
door this evening and we were speaking of these  
improvements I learned that a lady had already  
torn her stocking while stepping over our pretty chain!  
Always when anything is done to help, some body  
is "unlucky!" Before retiring I drew up a few words  
to say next Thursday when I present the cribbage  
trophy at the Phoenix Iron Works Institute ("After doing"  
which I was soon asleep (written at 6:30 next morning))

Monday June 20. I went out fairly early, having one or  
two jobs to do: such as paying in collections for  
the Victoria Friends League. The weather was bright  
but showery and it has continued so all day.

While in the office I found Joan B was back from  
her holiday and looking very well. It was agreed  
between me two that she should visit Dorothy  
tomorrow evening (Tuesday). It is very nice to have  
so many friends at times like this and different  
visitors, I should imagine, make the visiting  
periods much more interesting for the patient.  
I saw my own doctor this morning at his request (see T.S.  
June 11). He gave me some good advice on the eye  
trouble but he was interested in the spine; that

was the reason for sending for me. I was glad when he  
told me that this morning I was not so badly bent  
as he had imagined. Actually, of late I have concentrated  
more while doing exercises but it would be of no use  
telling him details of my arranging things. Jim  
Pollard used to greet me in the morning on some  
occasions with "I see you have had a good go  
this morning" or perhaps "You are over a bit, you  
must be dodging your exercises". I think my doctor, who  
is fresh to the town, may have had an idea when he first  
saw me, that my impaired spine was a fresh thing. At  
any rate, it was very nice to have him take notice  
of my condition and index it. Curiously enough, some  
weeks back in this journal while speaking of the  
doctors, I did write that they never see most of their  
panel of patients. With this in mind I appreciate more  
the notice Dr. Dewsberry has taken. I was the only  
visitor to Dorothy this evening and she is looking better  
but still has the extreme discomfort. She is not too happy about  
the food here either and ~~dinner~~ some consideration should  
be given to patients, the very nature of whose illness  
demands careful feeding with easily digested food. However,  
just over a week will see her out and, even before that  
time, when the stitches are out she will feel better. I  
reported to the two Miss Nicholls before I returned and they  
were pleased at Dorothy's progress. (Extra note) at the  
doctors this morning, and talking of my eye, he said it

was necessary to keep a check on the "screen" at the back of the eye. The cataract is in the "base". If, through thinking, as I have been doing, that it is no use going to the eye specialist until the cataract has developed, I don't go regularly once a year, then I am putting a bandcap on to the eye-doctor. He wants to keep the "Screen" under observation. If the "base" is already opaque he can't see the "screen". Talking of screens at the back of the eye reminds me of "An Essay on Human Understanding" (John Locke) but I have no time to run on with that now, perhaps some other time I will develope this idea

~~Monday~~ Tuesday June 21. I had a hasty tidy up this morning and then went up to the office to ask poor B to take some washing to Dorothy on the visit this evening. I met Mr. Miss Temple (at present the Maynor) waiting for poor B also. We had a short chat mainly about Dorothy and then got on to general topics. Then Temple still thinks of the body who sank in the turf. I made the arrangement for tonight with Joan B and then saw the Four Clerk. He wanted to see me on two things. One, how Dorothy was progressing; and two, could he be of any service with car. Every body is so kind. I met Ella Hawlett

at her door. She had just returned from Ansty and did not know of Dorothy being in hospital. When I left her Ellen<sup>1</sup> came and told me a lady, apparently French was looking for me. I immediately gathered from other words that this was Lotte, the German housekeeper to Mr. Parsons (see T.S. June 16). With a great shock I realised I should have gone up there for a meal yesterday. But, worse still. Among all the people I have spoken to or phoned, on Dorothy's progress I had forgotten Lotte and she had had to come down to try and find me to enquire about Dorothy. I phoned Lotte immediately and made arrangements to call up there this evening. Thank goodness arrangements were already made for visiting Dorothy. I was rather worried about Lotte and Mr. Parsons and I went up there having made myself very smart, and being full of nice words of apology. However, Lotte greeted me with open arms and I was soon at home with her and Mr. Parsons. He and I can always find plenty to jaw about. He is a man with a good brain, very active. Of recent years I notice he has become bent and bodily very slow. At 87 or so this is not surprising. This evening our conversation ranged from the struggle for the warm-water ports in 1914 to the Seaman's strike, to the basis of Fascism and the attitude of the Germans to the uprising Hitler during the period between the wars. Lotte had finally managed to get away from Germany a fortnight before war started in 1939. This has been a very pleasant

evening and Mr Parsons would like me to go and see him again. He says he can speak with me comfortably. I don't know quite what that means, but I flatter myself that I know something of the various subjects he talks on and also I am a good listener! I reached home shortly after ten and did the writing of this journal. Before I leave this journal of todays events I must put on record my first attempts at ironing were safely carried out this afternoon!!

Wednesday June 22: Today I have to remember I am having lunch with Mary and Ernie. Also, Buntz phoned yesterday afternoon to say she would come over today and take me to the hospital. Joan phoned late last night to tell me of Dorothy's progress (it is progress now) and to offer a date Bert has made for attending parliament with Joan and Colin Bourne. Quite a many things to remember. Not to mention the Spin-dryer, the repairs of which are not yet done and the firm have apparently forgotten about it. (Later) I have carried out these various things with the exception of that connected with the spin-dryer. I did not have time to complete that part of the duties. On the way to Mary's for lunch I met Dorothy Tripp and I told her how Dorothy was progressing. I was in a hurry to get to Grange Road so did not have time

for more than a few words. Both she and Wally sent their regards and wishes for Dorothy's speedy recovery. Mary had prepared a chicken etc and I enjoyed my lunch. She and Ernie and I had a nice chat about all sorts of things and then I had to go to meet Buntz. On the way over to Grange Road I met Joan Freyse and made tentative arrangements for her to visit and I must confirm these. Buntz and her baby daughter Helen both look very well and we drove to Joan at Patcham, and the three of us were soon at the hospital to find Dorothy moved up to the other end of the ward and this denotes she is making progress towards getting better. Joan and Buntz took turns stopping outside with the baby. It is hoped that Dorothy will be home soon after the weekend. Buntz brought me a pie so I shall be alright for some ready-made dinners, I shall only have to prepare some vegetables. After Buntz had brought me home Kim Clarke came in to have an application for a passport signed and I afterwards made my way to the Council meeting. This was another brief affair, lasting only 45 minutes and so I came home to do this piece of writing. I saw John Constable and he is going to endeavour to put a few words in about Dorothy. This sounds a very dry lot of things to record but that is how it is as Beckett would say. Finding during the discussion at the Council Meeting that there was not much interest

apparent interest taken in the doings of the Health Committee, of which I am now the Chairman, I have made up my mind that I'll do this job and make people show more interest. By the way, the Boro' Treasurer squared up my account just before the Council Meeting and I finish up with £1.4.11 to spare. So, finally, my two years has ended. It was well worth doing and, not only was it well worth doing, it has justified my years of reading and learning by other methods which I only undertook for my own interest originally.

My fancy is tickled too, (and why not) at the discovery of how popular a mayor I would

Thursday June 23. Heavy wet & warm for a start. I have various things to do today and, apart from visiting Dorothy this evening, that x-ray session must be seen to this afternoon. I must be careful on the cats before hand. (Later) Mrs Tunnell looked in about 8-30 this morning with her collections for the Victoria Hospital Friends. She tells me that, unwittingly she has carried on and did all the street. I'll see Mrs Ainsworth, who was to do one side and make sure no toes have been trodden on. Dod looked in to make sure I was getting along alright and I paid the collections in to Mr Brown the Borough Treasurer.

I had some of Bunt's Pie for dinner and went up to the X-ray department. The operator, a very pleasant young woman took six pictures and, as I was the only one there, I had no waiting to do. I am a member of the House Committee of this hospital so this experience gave me an opportunity to look at this part of the buildings. Also, when I was in this x-ray department I thought back to thirty years ago, when, in this very place I was first x-rayed to examine the spine, and it was found to be hopelessly impaired and should have been x-rayed three years before. However, I have not managed so badly during these years when I have been handicapped with a painful, curving spine and I would not mention that earlier time except for the association of ideas and the fact that I was stone and the young woman was so considerate that, although I am quite well, and this was being done to please Dr Dewsbury, I had quite a job to realise that <sup>that</sup> was all I was stone for. A little longer there and I should have imagined I was an invalid. I went into Dods on the way back and had some tea and a chat. She and Leslie are both very well, though I did not see him because he was asleep after coming off duty. I got into touch with the electric firm regarding the spin-dryer so I hope they'll send someone down to put it right before Dorothy comes home. Peter Morris the Town Clerk came and took me down to visit

Dorothy and he took her some peaches and some sweets (pp)  
She seems in much better spirits this evening and is even  
considering coming out! Peter drove me back and he had  
intended taking me back to his home and he and I  
having a quiet time while he looked after house, Pat, his  
wife being out for the evening. However, I had to attend  
the Phoenix Institute and present the Alexandra Brigades  
trophy so I could not stay with him long. He left  
the young son, Graham, in charge while he drove me  
to the Institute. I was made very welcome and I soon  
felt quite at home among all these people most of  
whom were to do with the iron works. This foundry is  
the place where I first started work as a boy, leaving  
school at the age of 14, to go there. The Institute, although  
altered tremendously still made me think back to those  
bad old days; no money, overcrowded somewhat in the only  
living room at home, I can remember very many winter  
evenings of those days being in the Institute and  
reading old bound volumes of nineteenth century copies  
of the "Illustrated London News" and hundred journals. This  
makes two "looks back" I have reported in todays journal.  
Spine x ray 30 years ago; starting work 52 years ago.  
I think I'll leave it for today. I arrived home  
at ten minutes past ten

Friday, June 24: Showery morning. I expect it will clear up and  
become sunny later. That seems to be the general pattern for  
the weather this week. Gardeners delight, I should imagine,  
because gardeners must be happy with the weather sometimes,  
although they <sup>show</sup> this happiness never. Later the weather did  
clear up considerably although the intermittent showers went  
on. I cleared up and polished in the dining room and  
at 12-30 went to the fire brigade committee. In face of  
the confirmation from the HJIC (employers side) who  
sent a letter confirming the T.I.C.'s decision to implement  
the 48 hour "package deal"; the Fire Brigade Committee  
could do no other than accept a proposition that the  
change take place in the autumn. I did not see  
my way clear to make any contribution for fear of the  
committee turning over that down so I kept "stum" and  
the proposition was carried. There was a short time of  
general talk during which some bright spark said  
the T.I.C. was overloaded in favour of the trade  
union pressure groups on various local councils. i.e.  
labour councillors. As though this wouldn't be the  
same if the Councils were, and they mostly are,  
anti-labour. except, of course it would be in  
reverse. They have a bent for refusing as a matter of  
principle. I went on to Joan Freynes and had lunch  
with her and Jonathan. The number of people, women <sup>with</sup>,  
who look after me and are concerned that I am  
properly fed, is very satisfying. Joan is a good

discusser of things, probably one of the best three or four women I know who are really very good. I was glad to find Jonathan joining in with us on occasion. On the way home I met Lottie who has invited me up on Sunday evening. Was ever man more blessed with a better company of ministering angels as I have, gathering to my assistance? I doubt it. I had really stopped with Joan for too long as I had intended doing a bit of Locke this afternoon. However, I did a little on his "Essays Concerning Human Understanding". I am more satisfied with my ability to deal with such works now than I was at the time Joan and Dorothy brought it home from Stan Hayward's Bookshop for me. The philosophical books that ~~brought~~<sup>had</sup> me then give me great pleasure now. I went to the Hospital by bus quite easily, not waiting for more than about two minutes anywhere, going to Brighton or coming home. Dorothy is now very much better and is to be allowed home after 9-30 a.m. on this coming Tuesday. That is a step onwards. She told me Mr. Goldsmith had been in to visit her. The echoes of our Mayorship are ringing still. The flowers she was to have had from the cobbagl league, with whom I was last night have not yet arrived. I expect they will do tomorrow. On alighting from the bus at Lewes I looked into the Labour Club and met Ally Lionel, Bernard and many others. They all were delighted that Dorothy

will soon be coming home. I had a couple of drinks in this very friendly atmosphere and then made my way home, told them the news next door and so to this journal. In passing, I find I write this much more easily than two years ago. I don't know whether this is because I am more able as a writer or because I have more to say: but I must have had more to say two years ago when I was first made Mayor so it must be for the former reason.

Saturday June 25. Joan arrived from Patcham quite early as she had said she would, and with her she brought the dinner for today, except for some potatoes, which I dug in the garden. Joan remarked on the tidiness of the place. Nearly every woman who comes here remarks on it. I suppose they imagine that as soon as they are away from their homes, their husbands go native, as it were. Never wash up until there is a pile of used crockery which they hurry to wash up the day before their wives come back. These, I believe, are mostly old wives tales. I don't suppose any husband actually carries on like this: and with regard to the general tidiness of this place, Dorothy went through the house, putting everything in order, in the days preceding her entry into hospital, so to keep it in order when there is only me here to sit. However, Joan, being resolved to do something, washed my sheets in an incredibly short space

of time and made up the bed with clean sheets etc. and ironed the washed ones when they were dry. This afternoon St John's church held the fete that is a part of the Patronal week. Dorothy and I were supposed to attend so, & in the circumstances, I had to go alone. This was held in the Pells school playground, the first time that a fete has been held there, and quite a large number of people attended some time or other during the afternoon. I had to help judge the children's fancy dress competition and present the prizes at the end of the day, and it was opened by a radio and film star, not too ably, I thought. Ted and Joan Freyne came for us and took us to the hospital where we found Dorothy still making progress, to judge by the look of her. The cribbage league (T.S. June 23) had sent her a really splendid bouquet which seemed, quite literally, to light up the ward. Tomorrow (Sunday) will be my last visit because Jimmy Taylor looked in today and he and Dorothy Cripps would like to visit Dorothy so Monday is a good time to go. I have two meetings that evening. At 5.6.10 I looked in and told next door (I went home with Joan and Ted Freyne after they had taken Joan & back to Patcham) Ella H was next door with the two sisters Ellen and Fanny. They are all glad that Dorothy is coming home and, of course they "will all help in any way they can." People who insist on living well separated from neighbours, and on their own as far as possible, may have a point, but

they also miss something. After all, humans are gregarious.

Sunday June 26. I had got the place shipshape and was thinking of starting for Patcham when Mr Targona looked in with some roses for Dorothy, together with a book. This book plays a part in my getting to Joan's late. Actually, I was half-way along Waterloo, on my way to the bus station when I realised I had left it at home. I went back for it and so missed a bus. I was consequently, considerably late when I reached St Peters church and (it never rains without it pours) I had to wait more than fifteen minutes for a number 15 there. When I finally arrived Bert was just off so I didn't have much time to see him. He was to play cricket, at Barcombe I think. Joan produced a fine pork chop for me and a brown ale and afterwards we set off for the hospital. Dorothy is still making progress and very much looking forward to Tuesday morning at 9.30 when I may take her home. I left Joan and the bottom of Elm Grove and we went our respective ways. Joan has been a great standby. Having ironed the three articles I washed this morning, I went up to Mr. Parsons and Lattie at seven. I arrived there ten minutes or so late because I met Anthony, Pam and Paul who were just returning

to Seaford. He is going to look for "the Way to live" and has invited us down to their home as soon as we can manage it. Anthony says he will take us both ways. A nice chap and still making good progress in the printing world of H.M.S.O. Rather well spoken and generally presentable. It is hard to imagine him as the nervous boy who was sent down for me to help him. Pam his wife, looked very well as did the son Paul, 11 months old. Mr Parsons and Lottie greeted me very warmly. A good dinner and a pleasant evening with the three of us talking on all sorts of subjects. This is Mr Parsons' delight. He is keen on meeting people who are what he terms "interesting". He wants to meet Pam Bogden, whose letter to the people who live in Bridge and Castle wards, he has received and read. This was a very pleasant evening.

Monday June 27. Up early because of various jobs that have to be done. I went up to Dorothy Cripps because Dorothy would like her clothes at this evenings visit so that she will be all ready when I go to fetch her at 9-30 tomorrow; and Dorothy Cripps and Jimmy Taylor are doing the visiting. Mrs Cripps was quite happy to take the clothes down so I took them up to her. Due at the Mayor's parlour at 6-30,

I quickly delivered the H.P. notices and then had tea and <sup>went</sup> up to the Parlour. It was a meeting called by the J.C. to deal with the coming visit of our French counterparts. I noticed at this meeting, the Ald. Major's attitude to different things concerning the Mayoralty. He has described himself to somebody as "pompous". I should call it Bumptious. After this meeting, down to the Grange and I had to give a talk on our two years of office. If Dorothy had been at home this would have been a joint effort. This went off well and I returned home looking in next door shortly before co. Ella Hewlett brought me some roses to welcome Dorothy here which, besides being kind, is thoughtful

Tuesday June 28 I got up very early and put the place into shape for when Dorothy would arrive. The car came at 9-15 and we soon had Dorothy home. She was extremely pleased with everything and because the garden was looking so nice. There has been nothing done worth recording. Just settling in for Dorothy, and nothing in the evening. I had rather not go anywhere for the time being, that is until she has found her feet. (Metaphorically)

Wednesday June 29 Much the same programme at home as yesterday. The seamen's strike is over. Within twenty four hours of the Prime Minister publicly calling the names of the "interferers" from the C.P. it is over. Of course the C.P. people are always on the watch for the opportunity to make hay out of industrial troubles. By these methods they hope to get the title of the "Real champions of the workers." Joan came over at teatime. She told me that when she had to attend a conference or meeting, of the N.U.T., she was called on by a man who tried to persuade her to vote for a certain resolution which would be proposed at this meeting. On enquiring of him his views on certain things she discovered that he was not a teacher or even a member of the N.U.T. There are threats of unrest continuing in some of the ports where there is C.P. basking, but as far as the National C.C. is concerned the strike finishes on Friday. Another thing that has happened today is news of a very big raid in Vietnam on the oil and power district of North Vietnam by the Americans. Harold Wilson has said that the British Government regrets this raid by U.S.A. and we are unable to support the idea that it was necessary. I have not done any writing, other than this journal, or any heavy reading. I must not let another day slip by without doing anything.

Thursday June 30 The weather has been very fine and warm all day: and Dorothy is making progress which is enough to be observable, while I, of course, am very well. Regarding the notes in this journal of June 20 and my doctor and the condition of my spine, it was as I had noted. To yesterday I saw him to enquire if he had any observations to make from the blood test and the x-rays. He said he had been mistaken. He had thought, by the difference in the look of me on two or three occasions that the spine trouble was still progressing. All the examination of blood, x-ray etc points to a stationary position and of course, I know this can't be altered. I am glad to have had this check-up even though it simply confirms what I already know. The state of my complaint is checked on while I am well so it is looked at under favourable circumstances and the steps I take to keep well, under the handicap of the impaired spine, are proved correct. I did the shopping this morning and this afternoon I looked in the library for a few moments. The seamen's strike is now being cleared up. America has proceeded with more bombing raids on North Vietnam. This latter naturally called for a discussion and a stern resolution from the Local L.P. meeting which I attended this evening. It is remarkable how people who are known as the "rank and file" of a party will

always choose to discuss what is happening farthest away. This evening the two resolutions were a "to endorse the prime minister's condemnation of the Hanoi bombing; this was resolved unanimously but the second thing resolved was to condemn American action in Vietnam. This was not agreed until the words "~~the~~" bombing" had been inserted after action in ~~Hanoi~~ and then it was by no means carried unanimously. I feel some satisfaction that this was properly discussed and the resolution was amended. It shows that the local L. P. is still going along and know better each meeting how to find out the snags in discuring from an emotional start. I left after this to go home, and had a drink with George Burfield, who also came out at that period. In the Labour Club was Frank and Marie Hayward. Frank tried to work up the "Intellectual versus the Rank & File" in the Labour Party, especially where this applies to the choosing of candidates, but George and I would not be drawn beyond making it quite plain that I did not distrust the "Intellectuals" any more than any other rank or strata. The Labour Party, ideally, should not have strata any way, and we both made our way to our respective homes. I found Dorothy o.k. on my arrival, and indeed she does seem to improve every day or so!

Friday July 1. Paper day. The "New Statesman" in my opinion, continues its decline. The "Times" does seem to have lost some vital part of itself with the change of lay-out; and the local paper, the "Sussex Express" is busily trying to imitate the national type of newspaper insofar as it will produce headlines and make a great splash of very minor "failures" and never, if possible, write of a success. Has the people who run this type of production admit that good, decent and successful action is very common and failure, being rare, is news value. Thus the temporary stopping of dinner time use of the baths through shortage of staff, when reported in the "Local" has great headlines accusing the Chairman of the parks committee of cutting down all Sunday sports and when challenged, producing in small type that tea was no longer served in the Grange and there was to be no lunch hour bathing on week days. I did not really mean to write at such length on this matter, but I do want to point out that this lunchtime alteration received much more publicity than the making of the baths up to date, and the centre of interest for miles around. I had a very quiet day and nothing occurred, other than the above, which is worth noting. When in the office, seeing about particulars of bath, spoke with Harold S. (Parks Chairman)

Saturday July 2 : A fine summer day during which I did shopping and other odd things. Dorothy is still making progress. After I had bathed this morning, the overflow pipe of the storage tank suddenly shot forth a powerful jet of water. I had to turn off at the "between" and this was not completely effective as a turn-off. Too stiff. Got Davey's the plumbers to send a man down and it was not long before he arrived. He worked very surely and effectively and very soon had things in order. Really he was a good example to use if one wanted to refute those cheap jokes about plumbers. Here was one thing about him. He was extremely reactionary in outlook and must have believed all the anti-union stuff he had ever seen. He introduced the subject, no doubt because it is well known ~~to~~ along what lines my thoughts go in matters such as this. Many working men introduce subjects similar to this when they talk with me; generally backing my views, so I do not mind when some poor wight introduces those subjects to me when he is on the other side. I did manage, very quietly, to change him a bit and to sow some seeds of doubt in his mind, about the soundness of his views. I gathered this from his remarks later. I have written "quietly" and this morning was a time when I could not afford to upset a plumber who was working on a Saturday.

morning and very anxious to get done. Besides which, as I have written above, he did a very efficient and quick job. I could not help wondering though, seeing that he obviously knew my line, if he had chosen to introduce it because he had an advantage through the urgency of my situation this morning. This afternoon Ella Hewlett came over and we three had a cup of tea and a chat. I went over to her place to sample the Saturday afternoon Television wrestling but there was none on because of the Wembley and Test match taking over all the means of mass media. So I came back. Later on Dorothy had another exercising walk and we went a little further this time. Read aloud for the rest of the time "Pattern of Chalk" Dennis Miles. Quite a good "who dunnit" but ranks rather higher than one of those, really. Rather curious slips in the narrative. This is about a school which was adapted from an "Old Butler" school and an example of the slips I mean, is that after calling the previous school old "Butler" all the way through the book there <sup>is an</sup> ~~are~~ occasions when it is called old "Mercer"!

Sunday July 3. A quiet "Sunday at Home." Different from the old nineteenth century day from which the journal which had that title copied. A quiet Sunday meant, for most people, sitting about in black clothes thinking pious and beautiful thoughts. Today was a very warm day and I spent a great deal of time pottering round the garden in bathing trunks. To think one can do that on a hot day is a beautiful thought and they can keep the pious part. To ~~the~~ dream one was in public view (ever with trousers on) <sup>without</sup> no shirt was a night-mare which in those days many people experienced. Many will say that as science brings us more labour saving appliances, paradoxically life gets more complicated. I say let us enjoy the benefits of a present day simple Sunday. Dorothy was able to rest and go for another "remedial" walk in the evening. Slightly longer distance and slightly harder terrain but so slight as not to be noticed by the exerciser i.e. increasing resistance. We read a little of Frank Harris' autobiography in the evening.

Monday July 4: A woman rang me quite early and asked if I would find time to see her, and I agreed, she to come down here at 11 am. She duly arrived and it was quite some time before she really got down to what she came for. She told me that Mr Parsons (TS 11/9) had said that I was angry at her cutting down two trees that scraped against the wall of her house. Of course, I have never, so far as I can remember, ever mentioned these trees to anybody. I know they were trimmed (blended?) not cut down, three years or so ago, so I told her there must be some mistake, probably a slight mistake by Mr. Parsons. She ~~to~~ agreed with me but then said she had been wondering if the people who objected to the cutting of these trees were starting a vendetta against her because various things have happened, including the breaking of one of her windows. At this point I advised her to inform the police and they would keep an eye on her property. I am rather concerned about her worries. She is an old Lewesian and the daughter of a well known doctor here pre 1914. Quite obviously she is rather nervous and has something of a persecution feeling and has gone back two or three years to find something people would be angry enough about to persecute her, since the trees. Mary looked in just after Mrs Simmous had gone. Back from her holiday, Mary looked very well.

and stopped here, talking to Dorothy while I did some shopping quite a pleasant job on sunny mornings like today's. This afternoon I attended the C.C. area Planning Committee, my first one since being made Mayor. There was only one application to be dealt with. It came from Newhaven and the recommendation that it be refused was carried. By the way, the Newhaven councillor who is a delegate to this committee put up a really good case I thought even though it wasn't successful. Later on I looked in at the library and this evening took Dorothy for her exercising walk. We did some going up hills this time; and she is gradually getting better. Tomorrow we must go to the Doctor and let him see how she is progressing.

Tuesday July 5. A morning of pottering about and then some shopping. Nothing much has transpired and the afternoon was also uneventful. The Library Committee took place at 6.30 and there were not many there at the outset. I expected John Perkins to be chairman but he wasn't present. Gordon Hovell whispered to me to prepare Miss Temple. I

did so, and this was resolved. I was made vice-chairman, because Gordon, who had the job last year, preferred not to do it for the second time. Neither did he wish to be proposed as chairman. The meeting was of quite brief duration and most time was spent on the various proposals about more space by way of more or new additions to buildings. John Perkins did come in at about this stage in the proceedings. Actually, I wished he had been present at the beginning so that we had been able to be sure about the chairmans position. Ascertain whether John wanted it. I went straight home after the meeting because earlier at 5.30 Dorothy and I had walked up to the Doctors, routine visit on coming out of hospital. Dr Darbury seems quite happy about her progress. It rained when we left the surgery so I left Dorothy at St Johns church <sup>and</sup> attended the Library meeting. When I reached home, I found Dorothy on the 'phone to the Freynes and, shortly afterwards Geo Burfield came in to see me. George was very worried about the overdraft the constituency party has at the C.W.S. Bank; and, particularly, he is worried and annoyed at the circumstances by which this came about. I have advised him to make all members in the constituency party understand the position and ask them to subscribe to wipe out this £40 or so. Various members turn up to constituency meetings and have a good talk and enjoy sipping

stem resolutions. They must understand that their policies cannot be free, also those who are idealist enough to really want to improve the world through the Labour Party must also realise that a constituency party that has no money has no chance whatever of persuading people to become members, let alone do anything about bringing about changes in social things. George seemed more contented when he left.

Wednesday July 6: I attended the meeting of the Leavers Exhibition Fund this morning; and we dealt with a good many applications for aid in educational matters. I generally try not to be in any way biased when studying some of the applications; those people with ~~relatively~~ big incomes who ask for aid to buy about £20 worth of books for their children (teenage and upwards) because they have to study various subjects to pass exams to enter various professions. I try not to be biased because I can't help considering the efforts made by Dorothy and me for education for our girls when

we both earned, compared with some of these applicants, a laughably small sum between us. I can't help feeling at meetings like this morning, this Leavers Exhibition fund is really subsidising people so that they may keep a car, or whatever, instead of bending all their energies, including financial energy, into making sure their offspring are well and truly launched. When the young people do well, their parents are not backward in boasting about it. They should pay, when they can afford it, of course, for this reflected glory. I try very hard but it wants some doing not to speak out against some applicants. But there, it is a charity, instituted many years ago. It is not like public money: and I know each member of the committee ~~would~~ is too pleased when, what might ~~the~~ be described as the genuine person in need of aid, makes an application. Outside the Town Hall I met Dorothy Lippis and <sup>when</sup> she had asked about Dorothy, went right back to New Road and got some roses to take to her. I also met Mr Torguard who is coming down to see my invalid. I saw the T.C. and confirmed what I thought was the right action to take regarding the reception given by the "Rediffusion" next Monday, i.e. don't change the Highways meeting and in fact don't go to the reception in the circumstances that obtain over this item. This evening there was my first re entry into the Building Plans

Sub Committee. I find it still takes a long time but it is quite enjoyable. There is one great improvement that has taken place over the past seven or eight years. In the old days when the Council was made up of "Independents" (sic), anything went. The chief criterion being a money consideration. ("We must grant this application, the man is entitled to make profit" etc). Nowadays the Council and so this Sub Committee is made up of men of both the main political parties and the job is done properly. Plans submitted are examined with advice from experts. Each member of the Committee is interested in town planning; and instead of the meeting taking about twenty minutes in the middle of the afternoon it takes sometimes 3 hours. (2-45 tonight) The job is done properly now "party politicals" are in charge. So much then, for the people who always say. It is a great pity there should be party politics in Local Government. Really, they should thank their lucky stars this is so.

Thursday July 4. I did the usual things as regards exercising. Now that the doctor has seen the x-ray plates and the results of the blood-test it is quite evident he is satisfied that "Spondy" no longer

can threaten me with further ravages. My exercises (I have now gone to 27 pounds per side) are still proving very successful and confirm what is, or was, the <sup>wish</sup> idea of a great many men of my time. That one could have the health of youth combined with the experience and wisdom of age. The situation is that I have worked out varying systems of exercising, with accent on breathing. All of these exercises have an element of "increasing resistance" and "own resources" and they have all been adapted to improve upon the situation caused by my spine complaint. They have been very successful in this and I have always felt extremely well in spite of a painful complaint and a bent spine. I am strong though not sinewy. In spite of this, however, and at the age of 67, when I apply myself, seriously concentrating, to exercising, I can increase development or alter it, or "balance" it, much more quickly than I could when young. There is no doubt in my mind that a body kept young by adroit sort of exercises and self supervision governed by a mature, and even elderly, mind, stands a good chance of warding off "crabbled" old age. Joan B came down this evening, not quite as arranged because she did not know that Colin was to come as well, Dorothy being an invalid. I had to leave them and attend a meeting of the Est. Sub Committee, where we dealt with the circular letter sent by the employers side of the ~~the~~ Joint Reg. Committee. We also adjusted the salaries of our

chief offices to bring them into line with modern trends and differentials. Curiously enough we also discussed Joan B's remuneration at some length. All in all then, I did not spend much time at home with the two ladies but this was unavoidable. I almost forgot to record that Kay Gibberd looked in this afternoon. She wanted a passport application form witnessed, having landed a job, to do with education, for the "Times". Kay was very happy and in good shape but did not stay long as she had to reach the appropriate office for Passports before they closed.

Friday July 8. I went out shopping this morning and did various things about the place at home. This is a very quiet and pleasant place in which to live and though there is a beautiful place like the Pells less than a minute's walk away: and a more country-fied walk on the river bank about 2 minutes walk away, one is always tempted to sit down and enjoy our own garden or potter round it. Two years ago, when I retired from machine ruling, I became mayor almost at once. Consequently my time has been very full these two years because I did endeavour to do

the job properly. Now that my term has come to an end I am beginning to enjoy my freedom that really started two years ago. Not that I should ever regret the time spent as Mayor of Lewes; These two years were the most instructive and interesting I have ever had. I mean that now I am beginning to have time to appreciate where I live and to "grow old gracefully" in it. This afternoon Mrs Spicer looked in to see Dorothy and we had a jau. Mrs Spicer is a neighbour, more or rather a weekend neighbour who lives in the road parallel with the back of our houses, and whom we have got to know. An extremely good-looking woman and of the mental type to make interesting time spent talking in a small group very interesting and she has, also, a very good sense of humour. She is interested at the moment in finding a cottage in Lewes and resurrecting it a bit, and after tea she and Dorothy went to have a look at some possibilities. This evening I read aloud to Dorothy. So today has been a day during which I have done nothing of any consequence, have only been out to do some shopping, and have not even done any serious reading. Lazy bound. but it has been enjoyable nevertheless.

Saturday July 9. Shopping on Saturday morning. In the High Street you can meet everybody and I was stopped dozen of times with enquiries after Dorothy's progress. This

evening Peter Morris, the Town Clerk, called round for me and I travelled with him and Mrs Morris to Goldringford, where the High Sheriff Sheriffs party was held. I had to take Dorothy's apologies to Mr & Mrs Colvin for her absence. It was a great pity Dorothy was unable to attend because now we have finished our office, our invitation to this function should cease really. We have received it this time because the wives of the last H.S. and this present one seemed to like us. It was the usual party and I was able to talk to many people. We left there about to arrive home about nine, a very pleasant evening, very hospitably treated, champagne and tit-bits for refreshments. Peter brought me home safely after taking Mrs Morris home first to relieve her "baby sitter". I must remember that I now have to send my own thank you letters, there being no secretary now that I am no longer the Mayor and, since Dorothy is now missing the functions, she can no longer be expected to write the thank you letters.

Sunday July 10. Another fine day. I was later rising this morning but I did the usual jobs and then polished up the dining room furniture a bit. I took

Dorothy for a walk round the pells later on just as the rain started but we finished this "graduated" training walk before going home and continuing with our book "The Seafarer" by Anthony Masters. There is nothing else to record for today. Have enjoyed the garden etc. The rain looks as though it will keep on so the garden will be refreshed.

Monday July 11. The rain had continued all night so Dorothy and all gardeners who have been anxiously looking from their cultivated ground to the sky and back again for a week or two may now rest themselves. This last nights rain is enough to last for some time, in my opinion. I did the washing, finished the dining room which I started yesterday and went out shopping. While out I was hailed from behind me by Mr. Snell, who is the manager of the electrical shop where our busies is done. He told me he would shortly be coming down to put our dog-spinner in order and he arrived soon after I reached home and he had the job done in a very few minutes. Now this job has been left for some weeks, even though we wanted it done because of Dorothy's handicap of late. We are glad it is now in order, but I did not miss it while I was on my own. I did my few pieces of washing and wrung them out. Any mechanical contraption during that period would, perhaps, not have

of a great deal of help. This afternoon I set about my "shed corner" or open air workshop and I did quite a lot towards making it look respectable, spent some time with the "Invalid" and went to the Highways Committee this evening. David Williams is not back from his holiday yet and Alby took the chair. I have made mention before of Alby's ability in this position and I admired his job this evening. We dealt with all the things that were on the agenda although some of them occasioned a good deal of discussion. It does seem to me that the committees are improving in the length of time they take and also in the manner in which they proceed. One must also take into consideration who wasn't there. Taking account of all these things I still think we are getting better. Services done in reasonable time, etc; and after a brief discussion on the book we were reading yesterday, and which Dorothy has finished this evening, we retired in at "reasonable" time.

Tuesday July 12. Today started off in good, usual fashion. Dorothy complained at about 10 a.m. of some bites she must have acquired in the garden last evening. Apparently she did a little gentle work out there while I was at the Highways Committee ~~last evening~~. Today proceeded quite

normally. I went to the "Blois" Committee in the afternoon and the Parks Committee in the evening. At the former we fixed, finally, the arrangements for our French visitors and, during the latter we arranged, *inter alia*, the staff shortage at the swimming baths. On arrival home from the Parks meeting I found, by a note she had left, that Dorothy had been taken for a motor ride by the Zeynes and I went next door and saw some of the World Cup football game between Brazil and Bulgaria. Met the new neighbour, a Miss Churchill there. Dorothy arrived back in due course but had a rash that was spreading very rapidly all over her. Fortunately, I was in the bathroom with her because, when drying her self she went into a faint. I did my best, in the circumstances to save her from hurting herself by a fall and she came round slightly and I seized what I could see was only a temporary relief to lay her flat on the rug while I got some assistance. However, Dorothy came round again but was in great "irritant" pain through the rash and this continued at night.

Wednesday July 13. My first job this morning was to phone Dr. Newsbury and he arrived before nine a.m. Curiously enough, the rash, which flares up and disappears at intervals, chose the time he was

here to be in one of its <sup>bad</sup> ~~last~~ periods. However, he gave her a good sounding. The rash he considers, is a bad attack of "Nettle Rash." The losing consciousness is probably caused by a combination of all the circumstances of the past few weeks. Dorothy had to spend the rest of the day in bed and in ~~various~~ varying stages of discomfort. With the remedial things for which he gave us a prescription she is gradually improving. We must hope Dorothy continues to improve. I can see that, when one is in a weakened state, there is a danger, not only of a relapse in the complaint which has made one weaker, but of picking up anything else that may be around. I went to the group meeting this evening. It was to do with proposals for freemen. I did not stop but told my colleagues of my predicament at home and hurried home again, to find Dorothy very much improved.

Thursday July 14: Dorothy has continued to get over the illness caused by the rash. I phoned the Doctor, as he had requested and he seemed quite satisfied with what I could tell him of her condition. Dad also looked in quite early as he has done on several occasions to make sure we were not in need of assistance. I forgot to write yesterday that R. Franklyn came down and also D. Gaston. It was a great pity that, at the time they came

I was in the midst of confusion, cooking or something. Every one is very kind and they all ask after Dorothy and I have to tell them of this fresh sickness. However, today I did the shopping and Dorothy came down and did the cooking. I went to the House Committee of the hospital and was introduced to the new Mtn. a Miss Duffy. This committee has improved since I wrote about it a year ago and the business was dealt with in good fashion. One of the members, Commander Plant, gave me a lift back. R.H. having another call to make, so I was home in good time before Joan arrived from Patcham. After tea was the Housing Committee which I attended and which, I noticed also finished in quite good time without being carried through in a hurried fashion. I found Dorothy was up when I arrived home and she prepared me some supper so she is undoubtedly feeling better.

Friday July 15. Things proceeded in the way that has become "usual" lately. I did quite a lot of chores and then Mary H. called. Mary, I thought, looked quite well but I understand from Dorothy that she is not really too well and is rather worried about her health. I didn't ask after Eric's health because I forgot to, but it does seem to me that the continual anxiety Mary has had about him in recent years has

not been favourable to her own well-being. However, her poor health does not show itself and to the ordinary observer she looks quite attractive. I did some more chores, shopping etc. and visited Baxters. Here I find the bookbinding staff has almost entirely changed so there soon won't be any point in me going to that end of the building. However, the girls that were there when I left are still there and, in addition two who were there in 1943, when I first worked at Baxters have returned as married women of 37 or so. Tonight was held the first meeting of the "Training" Committee, so that appears to be safely launched. David had arrived back and attended this meeting straight from his journey. I don't suppose he knows the news regarding Frank Sandy and I did not think to tell him. Dorothy is still improving and got me some supper when I arrived home.

Saturday July 17<sup>th</sup>. This journal is beginning to appear rather dry. Just a record of what I do during each day. Apart from reminding me of what I did at such and such a time, then, (or an alibi!) there is no conceivable use in writing it. I am the only one who will read it, and if anything of importance happens, such as meeting interesting people, I should remember it anyway.

The foregoing is written to get me into swing, because I sometimes have a reluctance to start writing but when I do start, I like writing. I have an impulse not to write so I rationalize that impulse as in this first paragraph. Before I have proceeded far that impulse is changed into wanting to write. I like writing once I get started. Having "run myself in" then I will now jot down the events of today. I did the shopping and we had somewhat of a programme on for this afternoon. At dinner time there was a knock at the door and upon answering it, I found Peter Smith had called on us. He was here in Lewes to attend the play at the Little Theatre this evening. He is the same old Peter: and I have described him elsewhere in this journal. On this todays occasion while chatting to him, to stress his connections with the "heavy stuff" said he was going to write to Frank Coopers, as an old acquaintance. "Because, Charles, the men working in the factories are lazy". I stepped in here and carried Peter up front; because because this statement is unsound logically, second, because even if presented, as such a proposition should be presented, by inserting the word "some" before men this could not be the cause, by itself, of the Balance of Payments crisis even if it contributed in some small measure to the Balance of Trade deficit. Thirdly, I should always question any man who earns nearly £3,000 a year to criticize, purely for the sake of criticism,

the lower paid men, who, incidentally, must keep our economy going by selling the results of their labour abroad etc. before any of these well paid jobs, that are mostly concerned with services, can be accomplished at all. Moreover, the result of the work of the man in the factory can be seen at the end of the day in goods to be sold. i.e. he can prove he has worked. David gave Dorothy and me a lift up to the Blind Home and afterwards <sup>me</sup> to the Round Table fete and Donkey Derby which was being held in aid of our Friends of the Victoria Hospital. So we have showed our faces at the important functions. This evening I went in next door and saw Englands soccer team defeat Mexico by 2-0. This was very enjoyable. Besides, Ellen and Frances, Elle was there and they seemed amused by my enthusiasm! Dorothy is continuing with her improving and I hope will soon be herself again. She seemed quite approving of my words to Peter (?).

Sunday July 18. Sunday at home. I did any work that was necessary and then started on the front bank. It is looking very nice from the street and I must keep it so. Dorothy got up and, taking it easy, did some jobs

including the dinner, so she is getting along alright. I can see by her movements, which are not so cautious now, that she is rapidly improving. I did some of the new journal during the afternoon. After tea Dorothy came out for her graduated walk. We went round the Bells and this walk was quite enjoyable. Having seen Dorothy back home I took her intermediate certificate to Leslie Worsfield, the local secretary of the National Deposit and this really completed the day for me. Barty is coming down tomorrow and Dorothy and I are both delighted that she has passed her examination (I can't think of the right term) to become a psychiatrist. There is no doubt Barty is able to concentrate a very good mind on whatever she wishes to study or master. It will be nice to see the grandchild now that she is getting mobile by her own efforts, but now I remember tomorrow is my appointment at the Eye Hospital. One generally has to wait a long time at this outpatients department but the appointment 2-40 pm. does look as though it might be that this has been worked out as the time when I shall be seen. However, I have never been one to complain about waiting at these places. All my life I have been full of admiration for the organization of such places, not to mention for the doctors who go through the patients and have to remember each one, and his history and the stage of his complaint.

Monday July 18: We soon had the place in order and ready for when Barty and the baby would arrive. I did some shopping first while Dorothy made preparations for a meal. When I returned I "Hoovered" round a bit. By the way that term "Hoovered" is a piece of mass suggestion and hidden persuasion that has been missed from the sociologists and reformers rebuker to the advertising people. They point out that those "hidden persuaders" gradually trick people into giving the name of the ~~product~~ <sup>manufacture</sup> of a product instead of the actual article required (If you want condensed milk you don't ask for it in a shop. You ask for Nestle or Ideal.) A terrifically large percentage of people, when they enquire or talk of vacuum cleaning, call it "Hoovering." I have noticed that the sociologists never seem to think of this one when they quote examples of this advertising result. Barty and Helen, the baby arrived in very good shape but I couldn't stop long after lunch; I was due at the eye hospital. My appointment did take place at 8-40. In fact, after seeing Mr. Edmund, the specialist, and while waiting to see the oculist I was able to observe the efficiency of this Hospital. The bogey days of out patient treatment appear to be finished, which is good and shows the benefit of our health and hospital service. I consider the result of my visit there is good. I needn't go again until I think it necessary and the oculist gave me, after testing my eyes, a prescription for some glasses that could be used for walking about. Barty had brought Dorothy and the

baby down via the country road through Woodingdean and met me outside the hospital so I had a car ride back and I was able to take the prescription to Mr. Small, the optician in Fisher Street. There was then the Health committee to attend and this went through as planned. Here are two distressing cases to be dealt with. One is to do with an eccentric elderly lady whose garden is unkempt, to put it very mildly; but the chief trouble is a kind of vine which she will not have cut and it is now growing through the roof, the loft, and all over the place. The other case is a house, in a very respectable area, <sup>in</sup> which we had to serve a notice on the landlord but then carry out the work ourselves. Now he has died, no relatives, no anything. The two ladies who live there save the rent diligently because there is no one to whom it can be paid. The Town Clerk considers they are entitled to the same as squatters but they are not seen to own, so we shall have to get our housing committee to take it over via the legal formalities which may be required. I attended the A.G.M. of the Lewes A.T.C. and then went home in good time. Judging by the news there is an organization run on the pound and we, as a country, are in for a very bad time. There is no doubt that various powerful bodies are going to get this Labour Government out, or try to. The pity is that ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> have allies within the ranks of the Labour Party. The "magic wand" people I have mentioned before in this journal. The people who spend most

of their time at a Labour Party meeting running down  
every thing, everything, the Party or the Government do

Tuesday July 19. I did my writing and the physical  
exercises, tidied up a bit and then went out to  
go to the Council Offices because I had one or two  
things to settle with Joan B. regarding the French  
blue visit. Joan B is looking very well and is  
settling down with the new Mayor. However she  
is awaiting an answer to an application she has made  
to the university, for a post as secretary. She was  
kind enough by implication to let me know she would  
not have had any change if I had still been mayor.  
I went round to Butters and had a haircut. Only  
one other client came in, Mr. Mason, who is our  
caretaker at the Grange. He brought up the crisis  
in the national affairs and they both shared my  
view as recorded at the end of yesterday. I did some  
writing and reading and Dorothy had her rest  
so we had a quiet time. Later in the evening  
I attended the Finance Committee, and this took  
from 6-30 until past 10 but it was interesting.  
This morning the run on the pound was eased  
but increased again later in the day. The  
committee have to adjust its deliberations to  
the national money situation. This, of course, is

what we shall have to do anyway. The country's balance of  
payments position is now in a very precarious state,  
the balance of trade is against us and this has  
worsened as the result of the seamen's strike, while  
the terms of trade have worsened in as much as we  
now have to pay more for our imports of necessary  
raw material. Tomorrow the Prime Minister, Mr. Wilson,  
is to speak and tell parliament the steps his  
government intend to take to adjust some of these  
imbalances.

Wednesday July 20. A quiet day for me but the National  
news is very bad. Everybody (sic) is apparently selling the  
pound and there seems to be no let up even though the  
Bank and the Government are supporting. Mr. Wilson arrived  
back from Moscow where he has been meeting the Russian  
Leader in the hope of being able to take joint steps toward  
ending the war in Viet Nam. As one can imagine, he  
received no cooperation on that particular issue. To carry  
force to your arguments on these things that can be  
described as moral issues, you need weight material  
weight when speaking internationally. The steps the  
Government have taken are now public knowledge and  
I hope that they will soon lead in the direction of a  
stronger economy, so that any stand or position we take

on "moral" grounds will have some chance of being noticed. Dorothy had a phone message from Ann Kemp and so gained knowledge of how Johnny and his wife managed to escape, and escape is the correct word, from Rhodesia. It appears there are many such proofs of the authoritarianism of the Smith regime: and all that is needed now is time for those people in Rhodesia who are apathetic to take notice of these things and to wake up to the grave injustices that are being done in their name. I did various jobs about the place and at about teatime Mr. Daughton the rector looked in to enquire after Dorothy. He gives the impression that he would like a job so I wouldn't be surprised if he does come up more socially as soon as this second child has arrived and everything in his home is back to normal. I went in next door and saw England beat France in the World Cup Am. Football competition. Very nice spectacular game.

Thursday July 21. I met various people while I was shopping this morning and they all asked how Dorothy was progressing. She is doing very well now and I find, on returning home from an errand or job which I have to attend, she is gradually doing some washing or whatever she thinks is to

done. This means that she is really making progress, and, provided she takes things very slowly and does not try to do too much, or to lug heavy things about, then there is no reason that, this time, the operation will have been a success: and this, in turn will mean that she is more comfortable in that part of the anatomy than has been the case for more than twenty years. This afternoon the French Civic delegation arrived. This morning I had looked into Day's and left the message that I was available if any help was needed at their arrival. Ken Day is the Deputy Mayor and would have to welcome them because Baker, the Mayor, was at the Royal garden party. I found that Ken Day had been obliged to leave off work, being extremely poorly, so I left my offer of help and later in the day I learnt from Joan B that he would be able to receive them at Leaves but I should welcome them off the boat at Newhaven. So Mr. Kellan drove me down there and that was done. We brought them all back to Leaves and Ken welcomed them to the town in good style and the reception was much as ours had been when our delegation went to Blois. I came home and, after some food, took Dorothy for a short walk this evening the graduated training. The walk, in the latter stages, took us round the Industrial site and it is good to see how much has been done, but, with the crisis in the balance of payments, I expect a temporary halt

will be called on the rest of the development. We also noticed the progress that has been made with the Little Theatre building. We read, after reaching home, until it was time to retire.

Friday July 22. The news is still almost entirely about the Balance of Payments crisis and whether the measures the government is taking will have the desired effect of stopping the selling of sterling and restoring the balance. The "New Statesman," now under the editorship of a man named Paul Johnson - which avares itself by always, week after week, running down a Labour government, is now trying to hedge and to be sympathetic. This is all very well, <sup>but</sup> so late in the day the damage, caused by the decrying of the English government by all the press, including the so-called "Socialist" "New Statesman" has had its effect abroad and at home all the people who make a habit of belonging to the Labour party for the pleasure of running it down; all those leaders of working class organizations who insist that their movements shall follow them and what they conceitfully call their principles instead of doing the jobs they were engaged to do. All what might be called the "odds and ends" of sham intellectualism, all there, have beenounding the Labour government and that Harold Wilson from the very moment he came

into office. I am not suggesting that international people of note are influenced by the string of bad laws I have just mentioned. What I am implying is that all these have some sort of effect at home and help to make people resist the measures that will have to be taken. I know full well the influence a glib and apparently intellectual person can have on our bracket. The intelligent labour people will have to carry on their struggle against all this disruption and will no doubt succeed as before. I went with the French delegation to the observatory at Hartmannecaux and this has proved a very pleasant outing. I was unable to follow the mechanical "explanation" by our guide round the place because he spoke in French for our visitors but all the same the visit was very interesting. We went on to Hastings and a good lunch where Wilson, the Mayor greeted us. When lunch was over there were the tapestries to be viewed in the new dome-like building: A sleep on the pier for Harold Shepherd and me made a pleasant 30 minutes or so and then a pleasant run home. This coach ride has given me the opportunity to compare the English countryside to the French one and really the English one is very much superior.

Saturday July 24<sup>th</sup>. The next step in entertaining the town's French guests took place this morning when there was a ceremony of naming one of our new roads, on the Landport estate, Blois Road. This was done by our visiting Maire Petris and he also handed the keys to the two first tenants, who by a lucky coincidence were due to enter their new houses today. This is the second day of the French visit and the weather has been very kind, a lot sunshine on both days and this weather looks like continuing. I went shopping after the street naming ceremony and meeting Ella Hewlett, was invited to watch the World Cup match in the afternoon and I saw, on the television, England beat Argentina 1-0. This evening there was the Anglo-French dinner, in the Town Hall, which I attended, so for the first time, seeing one of the a town's functions of this sort from below the salt as it were. After all my experience at these things it was rather interesting to note the proceedings from a different angle. I have made arrangements for Dorothy to meet the visitors again tomorrow at the Mayor's Parlour. The visitors have been to Michelham Priory and Alfriston today.

Sunday July 24: I went to the chapel at the boys Grammar school for the service in connection with the French visit. Incidentally, and quite apart from today's affairs, I seem to be more critical of religious services each time I attend one. However everybody agreed what a nice service it was, and it was; it is the words of the prayers and the hymns that seem to me, out of place when spoken to adult people. However everyone else seemed to enjoy the proceedings and afterwards we went to the Town Hall. Mr. Kellam went and fetched Dorothy as we arranged yesterday and it was nice for me to know she was there again at functions of this nature. After the wreath laying ceremony, which was much like mine in France we went to the council chamber where there was quite lavish hospitality provided. A very pleasant morning, then and a restful afternoon which in combination with the quiet time we had this morning, has made a nice day of it. Dorothy walked along to the boys club in the evening and along Effham Road way back still improving, indeed, walking better than me at the end.

Monday July 25 Today the French visitors were seen off by as many as go could manage the time. I just saw them off from the Town Hall, but quite a number of people, including Dorothy, went to Newhaven and watched the boat draw away. I call this the true traditional way of seeing anybody off but it can only be carried out ~~by~~ when the traveller is going by train or boat. One of the nice, sentimental pictures, or poses, is missing if one thinks of parting when the means of transport used by the traveller is something more modern at or fast than ships or rail. I travelled to Worthing in Baker's (the mayor) car in company with Miss Temple, the Mayoress and Dick Whittington, a former Mayor who is secretary of the Sussex Mayors Assn. This body was holding its meeting at Worthing, and, however useless it may be from a policy making point of view, it does provide an opportunity to go out to lunch and meet a few erstwhile colleagues. Dorothy ~~was~~ not able to stand or sit about too much yet so she didn't come to Worthing and contented herself with the seeing off of the French at Newhaven. I enjoyed my lunch and the company of ex-mayors and mayresses of Worthing and Tunbridge Wells: for there were in office at the same time as me. There was a short meeting and then a talk on the manufacture of penicillin by one of the experts from

Beechams, whose new works for the manufacture of this drug is in Worthing. We were shown over it and I was very impressed. Some body told me this factory is a six million pounds effort. It certainly is something to have in ones town and I considered that here at Lewes we are making progress with the building of the Electricity Board. This evening I went into next door and saw a further tie in the World Cup competition. W.Germany beat Russia by two goals to one. so W.Germany is in the final and meets the winner of England and Portugal. I must see these two final rounds. When I came back into our house I found Dorothy had gone over to Spicers so I followed over and we chatted on various matters with Mrs Spicer and her two daughters. Quite a pleasant day and the weather has been splendid and warm.

Tuesday July 26. Not a great deal has happened that I can make a record about. The sterling crisis is still with us but the stern measures taken by the Government are I think, likely to have effect. Quite privately, I think that, besides having the immediate effect that is needed, perhaps the public at large will see the light and be persuaded to stop the spending spree which is only caused by desires for various gaudy things, being created by advertisement. There are quick

returns for money invested in these things, besides in gambling of various kinds that use up valuable material and space. It has got to be learned that we must use our material, and <sup>our</sup> money for capital investment, in sound projects, those that are necessary to our existence. This evening I watched the semifinal of the World Cup and a good job I did. This match between England and Portugal proved not only the best so far in the competition but the best exhibition of good football that has been seen for a long time.

Wednesday July 27: I did some tidying up this morning and a little shopping but there has not been much to do. A Council Meeting this evening took up more time than was anticipated because officers salaries were discussed, with the public and press excluded of course. All the meeting went in jig style until we arrived at the salary part and then this one item took quite a long time. When I arrived home, Miss Churchill, who is a new neighbour of ours, was here and we talked for some time. I am not getting much reading done but I am keeping up this journal (partly)

Thursday July 28: Today <sup>we</sup> went to London with Joan & Colin Boume to visit the houses of Parliament. This had been promised for a long time to Joan and Colin and today Bert met us at two o'clock and gave us a quick tour round parts of the building including a short visit to the Lords where the business had started earlier so we were able to see these noble people in action for a while. We went down again and saw the Speakers procession into the Commons. Dr King, the speaker, who Dorothy and I know fairly well, does not look to be in the best of health. But he kept everything in order during the interesting "question time" we spent in there. All the Government were there and Prime Minister Wilson was in good form. Quite an interesting question time. Bert Bram gave us a good tea on the terrace and altogether we passed a very enjoyable day in the company of Joan and Colin. They were very pleased to have had the opportunity to have a look round parliament and, when we reached home Dorothy got some food and we all had a nice little supper which put a good finish to our time together.

Friday July 29. Today was the day on which I had to collect my new spectacles (29. July 18). I have recorded in this journal that perhaps there will be no need for me to go, again, to the eye hospital. I was getting along very well and my appointment there was so satisfactorily concluded. However, I shall have to visit the hospital again. The spectacles, both the reading and the distance ones are a great failure as yet and make things ever so much more confused. My vision appears to be ever so much worse with them than without them and, although one's first reaction is to carry on as I was, it is necessary to go there again because it is of no use having things carefully done and then, finding things have gone backwards, doing nothing about it. While I have this cataract I know I have to put up with various faults in my vision, but there is no need to accentuate those faults and this the glasses do. In dealing with anything connected with my physical condition I am an extreme optimist and so perhaps, I expected too much, but I am disappointed. My optimism had trapped me into expecting too much. Not much has happened today in addition to the above. Dorothy is still getting better and went up to Monica Young's house in Keene Street with our new neighbour (in Monica's old house). I met the three of them as they came back and had a look at what the new neighbour, a Miss Churchill, is doing with the house. Later on Dorothy and I had a read before retiring. Not a good day for me.

Saturday July 30. I had quite a busy morning shopping about and doing a bit of clearing and tidying at home. The weather, later on, turned out to be showery and thundering so there were heavy showers at Wembley, where England beat West Germany in the World cup final by 4 goals to 2. I saw the Match next door. The two Misses Nicholls had invited me in and this match proved to be well worth watching. West Germany led by 1-0 at first, then the score was equal 1-1. England scored again and led by 2-1 until the very last 30 seconds of the game when Germany equalised 2-2. An extra fifteen minutes each way was ordered and, during the first 15 minutes, England took the lead again and held it until the very end and in the very last seconds England scored again, making the final score 4-2 victory for England. I was considering, as I watched the scenes of enthusiasm on the T.V. screen, how remarkable it was that, all over the country, there are women, some of them quite elderly who would never have dreamt of seeing football played before there was television but who now take a very great interest and know, far better than I do, the names and all about various players. I understand this phenomenon is repeated with all-in wrestling. I wonder what subconscious ideas or frustrations are satisfied by this latter. After all association football is a spectacle on the grand scale whereas this type of wrestling can, at its best, only be good tumbling and, at its worst

an exhibition of pseudo Sadism, and why quite elderly women should be keen on it<sup>so</sup> late in their lives quite defeats me. We, Dorothy and I, had a quiet time and a read. During this evening, also I gave the spectacles a good go at getting used to them. Perhaps I shall conquer them and be able to use them to help me until the eye is seen to. That is what the Dr wants "and I hope they do prove of service during this waiting period. Since we saw the P.M. on Thursday he has been to Washington and Canada and was back in England and Present at the World cup match this afternoon!!"

Sunday July 31

The showery weather continues but Dorothy and I had a walk down to the "Snowdrop" in South Street, where we met Ally Martin and had a drink. He and his are well and, once again, as we talked, I thought that Ally spent a great deal of time helping people or animals that are in distress. A naturally kind person. We had walked very steadily down to the "Snowdrop" and we walked back quite slowly so some time was taken on this little expedition, but it is important at this period, to make sure nothing goes wrong with Dorothy's continued improvement. This afternoon, while Dorothy made grapefruit marmalade, I read and we finished our library book and then we had a quiet time for the rest of the afternoon. Rain became more continuous later so there was no more walking, but, by and large, what with doing the compost heap, mowing the lawn, potting inside, "Snowdrop",

reading aloud and writing (not to mention the quiet time) life has been quite busy and, I think, fruitful. I have got the new reading glasses under control and I consider they will be alright. All that remains is the ~~easy~~ conquering of the "distance" glasses.

Monday August 1 1966 I had just finished the dining room and was rapidly dusting round the sitting room when, out of the corner of my eye, and justing knocking the front door, was a woman in grey. This front room has bow windows and it is possible to see who is at the front door. I am generally stripped to the waist at this period of the day so I was obliged to hastily look round for my jersey and slip it on, (back to front,) before I opened the door. Our visitor was a girl with whom we had both been to school and her name was then Ivy Stretwick. I didn't catch what it is now. She was here in Lewes on a holiday from her home in Leeds and she was very enthusiastic about us and our journey through life. I had to go and see the Health Officer, Mr. Price, so I went up to the Town Hall and afterwards to the Sussex Express office to try to obtain some more photos of our family group at the last of my Civic Balls. Ivy wanted one and I must remember to see she has one before she returns to Leeds. Ivy was full of praise for Dorothy and me and I think that it does Dorothy good from a feminine viewpoint to hear things like this from

for contemporaries. (Even my good looks were noticed!!) Any way then, I am glad for Dorothy's sake, that Ivy came, and anybody who likes me to ~~not~~ the extent that Ivy showed is welcome. Dorothy went to Brighton this afternoon to do some shopping with Joan. She went alone and is now getting better every day so I had no compunction about letting her go alone. I felt lousy as regards travelling to Brighton but full of energy for various jobs I wanted to get done at home. This evening I read some of H. G. Wells "The Bulpington of Blip". I used to possess this in a Penguin copy and I was extremely fond of it; as I am of all the works of Wells. Unfortunately the books one is fonder of are the books one talks about and are the books one is most likely to recommend and lend. So my "Bulpington" went. In a general sort of conversation with Sue Clark I mentioned this and lo, today she produced it for me, having obtained it from City of Westminster Public Library. I consider it extraordinary, and extremely nice, the way women look after me!! As I have learnt more about philosophy and history since the thirties, so I get ever so much more pleasure from reading those authors who might be called the modern masters. It seems to me they are going to be very difficult to replace, from among those who are up and coming.

Tuesday. August 2. I had to attend the meeting of the Magistrates before the court opened this morning. The occasion was a little presentation to Mr Parry on his remarrying after six years as a widower. Quite a number of the Justices were gathered there and it was a nice little presentation. I had quite a long talk with Dr. Farer-Brown afterwards. We Dorothy and I have a long-standing invitation to visit the Farer-Browns but, what with one thing and another we have had no chance to accept it by visiting. Farer-Brown and I, by way of the present Balance of Payments crisis, Best and the Overseas Development Ministry and the effects of the cuts <sup>1970</sup> on the rent tribunals, of which he is a lead; had a good talk and I like him very much. Must see this visit is carried out. Dorothy and I went for a walk so that I could see the progress of the St. Pancras development and we came back via Grange Road and Lansdown Place. It is necessary to mention this because in Porfola's window at Lansdown Place, Dorothy spotted a carpet. To cut a long story short we purchased two really grand carpets and so the rest of the day was taken up by the arranging to get them into place at home. The one in our front room is down now and the room looks much enriched. Later this evening I had a further period of reading about from the "Bulpington". This carpet buying has given me an opportunity to know more of the younger Mr. Porfola. He is a very capable person to be in this job of furnitures and one can

see he has played a part in the expanding of this firm.  
I had noticed that quite a number of people I know were  
having useful little buys from there.

Wednesday August 3. I arose fairly early because Dorothy  
was also awake and we had some tea, then Dorothy  
was soon asleep. I am gradually getting into a swing  
but this morning there was a distraction which, in the  
end, resulted in Dorothy and I discussing the distraction  
and working it out to our satisfaction. However, I had  
got cleaned up and went out to do a small amount  
of shopping. I did notice that although I have said  
in this journal that my eyes were not troubling me  
so much, this morning I was very slow at distinguishing  
things after I had first seen them. It is really  
just a reminder to me that, however "Panglossian" I  
might feel, facts are facts, and at this period in my  
life I have a cataract in my only seeing eye; and there  
are some discomforts I shall have to put up with for the time  
before something can be done about removing the cataract. We  
had had a rest this afternoon, Dorothy in her bed and me  
downstairs in the armchair admiring the carpet. Later  
on, when I took her tea, she looked rested and very well  
and in answer to my "yes?" she said "yes" and gave me  
a very satisfying rest period. We decided to have  
a walk this evening and went over the footbridge,

across the playing fields and down Malling street and so  
home via Cliffe High St. We saw Phil (L.) Arnold and her  
two sons Don and Ralph but did not stop at their home  
because she had just returned from a day in London. On  
arriving home we had a read of the H. G. Wells "Bulverie".  
Wells' books are very readable to me.  
This has been quite a satisfying day in fact.

Thursday August 4. I did the usual writing, physical exercising  
and other preparations that fit me out for the day and  
polished the dining-room furniture, did some shopping and a  
bit of burning of rubbish at the top of the garden. Ann  
Kemp came in, a day or two ago, and advised Dorothy to  
pull out a huge mass of nasturtiums because it was full  
of some insect or other. So what with that and the  
innumerable pieces for burning that are flung onto the  
heaps there was quite a pile. However, in spite of sudden  
showers that seem to dominate the weather just lately,  
I did get quite an amount of rubbish burnt. Dorothy  
always has an invitation from the Library and Museum Committee  
of the Brighton Corporation to visit exhibitions. There might  
be at their Art Gallery on the opening day. Today  
was not the opening day of an exhibition of works  
by John Brathy but we went down and saw quite  
an interesting collection of his paintings. Brathy writes

a bit as well as paints and his books are illustrated by black and white drawings that resemble woodcuts or line cuts. Very crowded drawings that one's attention has to be fixed on for a period to see them. I had expected to see some of ~~these~~<sup>this</sup> today but there were none. The work, however, was recognisable by me as the work of Bratty: so these paintings contained enough of the black and white, book type lines to let a novice such as me know who painted them.

We saw Gordon Moore on our way home and he told us that Jack Jeffrey has died. This is sad; he was ~~was~~ a friendly and jolly type of man and not very old, 55 or so. When we reached home Dorothy phoned Joan & learned that she has attended her interview regarding adoption matters and things were apparently satisfactory as yet. Dorothy & Joan always spend an amazingly long time talking on the phone. I had got the meal ready and eaten mine some time before they had finished. We spent the rest of the evening reading 'Bulp'.

Friday. August 5. Having got all the usual work done and some shopping, it was time to attend an open kind of coffee and "Bring and Buy" affair which was being held at the home of Rowena Bingham in aid of the building fund of the Little Theatre. There were not many people in there while we were present but, since it was open all day, I should think it was a financially successful function. Dorothy and I had a chat with Father Rawlings, now retired from St Michaels and we had a look over the lower floor and garden of Rowena's new house. After dinner I went to Boxters in order to pay my football money and I had a chat with one or two David Mark tellay, my last apprentice and now the ruler, had plenty of work in hand mostly for the Midland Bank. All this work was obtained by Rogles while I was ruler and very useful it has proved to be. Eric Corham got on to me about the salary items in the last Council Meeting: these matters were published in the Local Press today. At times like these, with the Government in the doghouse, as it were, it is nice not to be at work. Every body gets on to the poor wight whose is on the (ostentatious) wrong side until the matter blows over, or rather time moves on. These times are those when one can be thankful that political memories are very short. When I reached home and started getting tea to take up to Dorothy she came down looking very well. When we had had our cups we had a quiet time for an hour or so and after tea we had a walk around

on 15/8/44

Petts and up the river, returned home and read "Blup" until bed time.

Saturday August 6. There was an attraction promised at the Dripping Pan this afternoon with the first match of the football season. Two things happened however. One: it rained increasingly as the day wore on and ~~anyway~~ <sup>two</sup> I had to attend a C.P. meeting at the relevant time. The morning passed off as usual and the Ch.P. meeting as I have come to expect. However, I was pleased to see in this small gathering two new faces and one familiar one who has not attended for some time. The two new men, judging by their contributions to the deliberations are very capable and I know the third one is. I did not stay until the end having in mind a comfortable and quiet time on this wet evening. Nellie Fitch, the Local Party Secretary, was there and told me that the meeting I had to miss because of attending Parliament. (7<sup>th</sup> July 28). I had been anxious about missing this meeting because when your party is finding the going hard, you had better rally round a bit: but Nellie told me that the meeting, though small, which could be put down to holidays etc., went off alright. Until the time I left the C.P. meeting this afternoon this meeting also had confined itself to business and the day to day running of the organization. This evening, while the rain poured down outside, we got on with the "Bulpington of Blup": a most curious coincidence here

I am reading this old favourite of mine because Eric Clark usually mentioned it while talking with me and obtained it for me. This morning Mary Harmon paid us a visit and casually mentioned this book during conversation. Both these women are to do with the supply of books to the public. I hope there is arising a reversal of Wells.

Sunday August 7. This has been a day of pottering about indoors and, generally speaking, getting rid of things we have decided not to keep. I have had mended the hinge on one of those nineteenth century wooden boxes that always looked so smart. Dorothy dug it out this morning and decided to have it in use again: and from there we proceeded to pass the day in the manner I have intimated. Really it is because this has been a terribly wet Sunday. Anyhow I have nothing to record, we have listened to the news and there have been two serious air crashes abroad but there is nothing extra to the home news on the military situation, and nothing profound has passed through my head while I have been at the work-bench. On giving Dorothy the choice of whether to go out this evening or continue the reading of "Bulpington of Blup" she decided on the latter and that is how we passed the evening. I have noticed that recently Dorothy is an attentive listener and she is able to keep alert during a long read. This listening to somebody reading aloud

needs a good amount of concentration and it also pays a compliment to my reading. Also, my reading aloud necessitates reading every word: and since one cannot just give a string of words aloud without making them mean something, the author's meaning becomes clearer to me. This then is to my benefit so I hope I can continue to be able to read aloud for a long time.

Tuesday August 8 Today was the day when we started re arranging the front bedroom. One of the two new carpets is to go up there and the start was made by getting the feather bed downstairs and emptied on to the compost heap, where I very much hope the feathers will soon disappear. Joan came over and helped us and so we had it down before tea and emptied also. Joan is very well and has had her interview with the adoption society (humanist) and I understand this interview was satisfactory from Joans point of view and I should imagine that a combination of Joan and Bert Bram as foster parents would be satisfactory from almost any body's point of view. We shall know in a few weeks time. The rest of today has been spent in the manner that has now become the farce for me. Dorothy saw Joan off and I did the washing up of the tea thing. I almost forgot to record that my sister Kate came down at teatime. She looks very well and is doing quite a useful job at Poughlands during

her vacation. She tells me she will probably do this job on a full time basis which will be most useful to the people who are concerned with this part of our Health Services. I am also glad because it shows Kate is conscious of the necessity to make plans regarding her immediate future. She has grasped the decline in the popularity of the kind of school in which she works at the moment and that this decline is the result of the superiority of the State schools: and will, consequently, not be bewildered at any changes that may come upon her before her retirement. She is 57.

Tuesday August 9. After doing the usual early rise, exercise dining room and so on I went to the top of the garden, intending to just tidy the mess we made yesterday, when we emptied the feathers on the compost heap, and then to go for my usual morning out shopping and walking. However I cleared up that top part of the garden and carried on with general mowing, trimming of paths etc. while Dorothy went to a meeting to do with part Mayresses and a sale of work which is being held later in the year in aid of the Victoria Hospital fund. This task of tidying up the garden kept me occupied until dinner time and I was quite looking forward to carrying on with it after dinner but (a) rain came on and (b). Dorothy reminded me I had promised we would attend ~~an~~ a meeting

and concert of the Old Peoples Association. We did, then, attend this meeting and concert and the welcome they gave us was the same enthusiastic one as we used to receive as Mayor and Mayoress. I had been warned that the concert party this afternoon ~~were~~<sup>were</sup> quite an unknown quantity and, in truth, they were very poor and, in my opinion should never have had the nerve to be up there on the platform. It seems to me that people who want to be in concert parties think all they have to do to entertain old people is to just sing, generally almost inaudibly, old music hall songs and patter chestnuts. They don't appear to realize that anything else is needed, least of all to give most of the old people credit for having some savvy. It was nice to see some of our old acquaintances and some of the newer ones we have met while we were in office. Hats off, once again, to the people whose work and presence makes these afternoons a success! Mrs Turner, Janine Taylor, Mrs Franklin and Mrs Piper, and some others I can't think of at the moment. It was still pouring when we came out and we had tea at home and we finished the "Bulldog". By the way, the stripl, almost bird-like whistle that has been in the garden has been found to be a little ledge-dog. We hope he stays here!

Wednesday August 10 I did some shopping this morning. I suppose everybody accepts me as a regular shopper about the town now; and it is quite a large part of small-town life in the mornings, particularly on a Saturday. I like it when I arrived home I found that Dorothy had gone out. This was unusual: since her lay-up she has not gone out only in the morning and anyway I left her just about to get into the bath. I asked if she was in next door but this was not so and I concluded she had gone out into the town for some thing that I had forgotten. Really I had forgotten that she had to attend the doctor this morning. She soon arrived home in company with Miss Churchill. Ellen from next door soon looked in to see if she was home and pulled my leg by telling them how worried I had been. Miss Churchill is a new comer to our street and is next door but one to us. She is quite an interesting woman, probably in her mid thirties but I don't know, she looks very young and I say mid thirties because of the details she has given of her work and times spent at different places. Dorothy and she had met when Dorothy was coming away from the doctors and we had lunch together at home. I expect her to be a good addition to our street and an interesting new acquaintance. When Dorothy retired for her rest this afternoon I spent about an hour round at the library but was not successful in getting hold of anything particular and I went home and got ready for this evening's meeting of the Building Plans Bd. This was

an interesting meeting lasting well over two hours. This is a branch of the work of local government that in our Council has come on enormously. When I first went on it ten years or so ago, when practically every body else on the Council was a shop keeper, the applications for permission to build or alter building were dealt with in a very anyhow fashion because shop keepers are, in the main only concerned with commerce and those parts of the town where commerce is carried on. When I arrived home Dorothy told me the other little hedge-log had been found and she had placed them together. I hope they stop in our garden.

Thursday August 11. Polishing day. That means more time spent in the dining room with to me, satisfying results. I had some shopping to do because later Dorothy's niece Peggy was to visit us with her husband and two girls. Ron is a good quiet capable man and the two daughters are both attractive and lively girls of 10 and 8. We had quite a jolly "high" tea time and they left us at the "White Hart" after we had all gone down to see the Beaumont Battle of Lewes memorial. Dorothy and I returned home and after a rest cleaned up after what has been a very enjoyable visit to us. The two baby hedge logs are still

with us although we don't see them together much. They are so small and difficult to see. The two girls, of course, very soon located both of them.

Friday August 12: I only did a small amount of shopping, and as soon as that was done and the library book changed, I set to work on the straightening up of the garden paths etc. I kept at it until quite late (about six o'clock) so there is a very big difference in the alignment and appearance of the paths. Joan Freyne paid us a visit after lunch but I kept on with the gardening because the weather is so uncertain that this dry, sunny day had to be used to the full so that this tidying up job could be completed. Both the hedge-logs are still with us and seem to be getting stronger on their feet every hour. It seems as though they will grow up alright. Dorothy seems very pleased with the results of these last efforts on the garden, and came out when Joan Freyne had gone, to do a bit, but I think it is much too soon for her to be pulling and hoeing about, and she went for her afternoon rest very late and came down much refreshed. Later we had a quiet time together and Dorothy then listened to a radio play while I went to sleep. I had to bathe this evening. (I generally bathe in the sun) but I do not want to get stiff. Putting anti-sunburn lotion on my back Dorothy gave me also a good rub so stiffness won't come.

Saturday, August 13. Neither of the baby hedge-hogs seems to be so lively today. Perhaps they are too young to feed themselves, we are not able to do anything about it, it is so difficult to examine them closely. I went shopping and when I had finished, did some more in the garden. We also dismantled the big divan bed, the base of which we are giving to our new neighbour, Miss Churchill. On my way to the Dripping Pan, where Lewes lost in a practice match to Tunbridge Wells by 2-1, I met Miss Churchill who was all dressed up for riding and she will have the divan down at any time, and has already purchased a mattress for it! Dorothy and I did a bit more in the garden when I arrived back from the football one, just before tea Frank Hayward looked in to enquire after Dorothy and to have a jaw, but we did not talk about any subject in particular. Perhaps it was too early in the evening. Anyway, when he had gone we had a read for the rest of the evening.

Sunday. August 14 After the usual chores I went out and continued with my clearing up of the garden and this was a pleasant occupation on this sunny morning. One of the baby hedge-hogs has died and the other one doesn't look too good. Perhaps it was to be expected because they are both very young. Dorothy went up for a rest this

afternoon while I did some reading, and soon after five, Joan and Ted Freyne called for us by arrangement to take us for a motor drive. Joan has passed her test now and did all the driving this evening and did it very ably. We drove round the Uckfield district and the country looks very nice. After the drive we had supper at the Freynes' house and Janet, who is doing well with her music and singing, sang us some songs. We arrived home at about ten o'clock. Quite a nice day. Some rain in parts where we travelled, but there appeared to have been none in Lewes while we were away.

Monday August 15. We expect the other little hedgehog will die. He doesn't make any progress even though he has managed to have tiny drops of milk occasionally. Mrs Spicer came over with her daughter Harriett and they cossetted him for some time, but I am afraid it is all to no purpose. Still he hasn't given up the ghost yet. Today I helped Miss Churchill to carry down and make up our big old divan bed (T.T. August 13).

Bunty came this afternoon with the baby Helen. Both are looking very well and Helen is a very lively little customer. They were not here long because Bunty was going to Patcham where Peg and Ron were visiting Joan (T.T. August 11). I stopped at home while Dorothy and Bunty did a little shopping before Bunty went on to Patcham, and received a telephone call

from the Town Clerk. He had got in touch with the County Council Clerk regarding my report and questions as to whether our Town Planning Chairman, David Williams had attended a meeting which had been called with the object of proposing that people who represent District Councils on the Area Committee should not be mandated as to the line they take when on the latter committee. While I agree that no mandate or instructions should be given on the general agenda of the area committee, still on matters which are to do with the district councils intimately, so that they have been thoroughly discussed, delegates should convey their councils' wishes to the area. Who else on the area committee will have examined those proposals and discussed them? Certainly not the people sent by other district councils. They probably wouldn't know what the items on the agenda looked like when even physically or possibly they would have no idea of the street or surroundings. Dorothy and I had a short walk this evening. Bell's Ind. Est and Lancaster Street home

Tuesday August 16. A most ordinary kind of day. One quite nice thing. I took the other expiring young hedgehog out of the shelter of his flowerpot where Dorothy had left him over night and laid him in the path. He wasn't dead yet and my only idea was to let the sun's warmth

care the poor creature lost hours. About three hours later I found him still in the same place, sitting up and watching his ear! (I find, by having there two for a short while, that hedgehogs are always scratching away) However, he had recovered enough to resent the discomfort of fear or whatever it is they scratch at and for the first time since his illness he was doing something about it. He was, quite evidently going to recover. Dorothy fed him some more milk and he has continued to improve all the rest of today. I cleaned things up a bit and did shopping, was lazy in the afternoon, <sup>and</sup> reclaimed <sup>another</sup> 2 lbs and a garden trowel that have been in use for years and were rusting away through my not attending to them sooner. I am doing this because, while in the ironmonger last week the man there tries to sell me what he called a "swooth". This was simply a kind of hoe with a square blade which was sharpened on three sides. The handle was bent back very much like a scythe handle and the whole was made of some light metal. Price? £3 11. This is real waste of money for the buyer, waste of material which, in these days should be used on important things and this doesn't help to improve an inflationary condition. Moreover this was an ~~bad~~ example of the "desire-creating" campaign which does so much to promote inflation. The only benefit to be derived by anyone purchasing one of these is that he would do the hoing with it for a day or two, until the novelty wore off. The same temporary enthusiasm would be shown over his

present time if he parked it up. Hence my work on our old trees. Dorothy will be pleased with them and will use them with enthusiasm!! This evening we walked up Hill Road by the Wallendas School and down Pr Ed. Road home. I read aloud from "The Walk Home" by Guyana Jones

Wednesday August 17. The spell of fine weather continues, enabling me to find plenty to do in the way of making the garden look respectable and enjoy the slopping. This latter is indeed a part of life in a small, compact community like that of Laves. I meet many people and they all show interest which is very nice. I met D. G. today and she is going to pay Dorothy a visit. I did quite an amount of clearing up "round the corner" and tonight we went to the Williams for the evening.

David and Betty are both well, although David having had what was apparently a touch of sciatica, was put on an extremely austere diet for a period, and he looks as though it had its effect on him. We talked of various things and David insisted on driving us home although we are only about three minutes journey away and the weather is fine. Tiringly, Dorothy put the idea into David's head that we "went home the long way" and David took her at her word and we went to the "Kings Head" at Chailey for a run and this was very enjoyable on this fine night. Very pleasant and I know David was happy to be of service to Dorothy. As we drew up at the beer door, a big

ledge hog climbed up our front bank. No doubt she was walking along the bank with all her family when she lost the two we have because they fell down into our garden.

Thursday August 18. Our other young hedge hog died today. We are very sorry about this because he was consuming the milk Dorothy fed to him and we had hopes of him surviving. But young hedgehogs, at least, those in the baby stage are extremely hard for an unskilled human to nurse. It is like trying to feed a prickly ball if they refuse to help themselves at all. It was fairly late before I went slopping, because this is the "D.R. polishing day". I had a short read this afternoon and then a short siesta. Later on, owing to a discussion on my weight, I decided to go out and get weighed. This suddenly when has opened my eyes to a fresh part of our changing society. There are no machines or scales in the chemists, and no machine at the station. After the great public debate on weight and diet, which, in my opinion, seems to be the chief topic of conversation in our "affluent society", has made people purchase their own bath room scales or the scalemakers have taken advantage of the new craze for weighing and withdrawn the public scales; but whatever has happened, I could not be weighed. There may

, still be scales in our public conveniences but I didn't think of that, and I finally got weighed, after a fashion, by the lads at Baxters, 9 Stone 13 lbs. I refuse to write any comment on this because I refuse to be drawn into the great debate on weight. My only comment is that I am very satisfied. This evening we walked round the pells etc and came back through Lancaster Street.

Friday August 19. I met several people while out shopping this morning, who asked how Dorothy was progressing. There is no doubt that the people of Lewis took us to their hearts as Mayor and Mayoress. This evening we were due at Joan B. (The Mayor's Secretary) Because of the hot weather I thought it would be best to go by car and we did. Colin and Joan entertained right royally and we all four spent a grand evening. I feel <sup>that you both</sup> now we have reached a stage where, since I am no longer the Mayor, we can be friendly in a more ordinary sense. This afternoon, I had almost forgotten to record we received an invitation by phone to call on Pamela Franklin for tea and we went to the Avenue where the Franklins live. She and I dealt with some W.E.A. matters (she is Br. Sec) and she has had the same operation since Dorothy had hers. I like both Mr. & Mrs Franklin and we were glad to visit them.

Saturday August 20. Another splendid sunny day. We are all getting spoiled this week. I finally arose rather later although the exercises were finished (K.M.H). I felt very well and pleased and set to work doing various bits of shopping and this afternoon I mowed the lawn and did various little jobs besides having a read. Dorothy withdrew to her usual convalescent lay down which is helping her a great deal. There is no doubt that, especially when her age is taken into consideration, Dorothy has a splendid figure. Mrs Price looked into the garden and later showed us the baby of a friend who is staying with them for this week-end. Football officially started today but I did not go down because there was no home match for the first team and I expected the reserve match would not be worth seeing in this heat. This evening Dorothy and I paid a visit to Mary Harman and we spent a pleasant hour or so round at Grange Road. Mary seems to be in good health but is rather worried because there is a certain smell of dampness in the lower part of her house. I noticed it as we went down there but this is the first time I have and the smell could possibly not be dampness. I can understand her worry about it though.

Sunday August 21 Soon got over all the preliminaries on arising and even gave some consideration to the next stage in this period of exercising. However I am going to proceed very cautiously because after all I am getting on in age. This system of exercising is, however, doing me a tremendous amount of good and I feel sure it would do a tremendous amount of good to anybody who tried it as intently as I have done. I am quite certain though, that there is nobody I know of who would dream for a moment of doing what I do. It is a queer thing that fellows will Sam of a new idea, give it tolerant attention, like it, and adopt it for themselves. That is because it is an idea. They would all be tolerant to my description of how to assist the body to keep well. They would think it a good idea but to put it into practice physically, no. They don't the time is the polite answer they give. The true answer, an impolite one, is that they think for them to do the exercise would be logish & and so beneath their consideration seriously and of course they fail to grasp the "Right Element" which I have described earlier in this journal.

Monday August 22: There was nothing in what I did today, or who I met that is important enough to record in this journal. The fine sunny spell of weather finished to day so a good deal of my happy wandering about the

garden with no shirt on has come to an end. Received a letter from Geo. Burfield to warn that the group dinner is next Friday week. I will have to find something to say. I hope I have not got out of the way of making up speeches since I have been retired from being Mayor. I am still doing plenty of reading aloud so I hope my voice will be in trim.

Tuesday August 23. The same sort of day as yesterday. Only one little item of excitement this evening: but this morning we received a phone call that Robert Whittle would call for us to drive us to his mother (Joy W.) home for coffee and a chat. We were very glad to have talk with the Whittles again. An ideal people. I met the oldest Whittle, the Reverend now deceased in 1931: when the first camp of the body that developed into the International Friendship League was formed. During the succeeding years we have got to know the family. The old Reverend was an anarchist in outlook but of the ideal type whose aim is perfectability. Jimmy the younger, and Joy, who are his son and daughter-in-law and the parents of Robert and Jean are extremely nice people so we had a pleasant hour or two with them this morning. This evenings excitement was caused by a fire that broke out on our railway bank and could have

had serious results had it not been spotted by the son of one of our neighbours. The overgrowth has been cut during the last few days and today a man came and disposed of it by making a series of small fires along the bank. Where the railway fence touches our house some sleepers on which the fence rests at that stage caught fire and, although we could smell burning tanned wood, it did not really burst into flame until late in the evening. We fetched the fire brigade and they had quite a job but finally managed to wrench the smouldering sleepers out. I have found that, from one of the man's little fires to the place where the sleepers caught, there is just a very small trail of charred grass. An example of how forest and gorse fires are started.

Wednesday August 24: Examined the site and surroundings of last night's little fire. Apparently quite a number of the neighbours had been worried by the smoke and smell some time before we, in the rear part of our house, knew of it. I did the usual work and the slopping because we had Helen, another of Dorothy's nieces, and her family over to see us this afternoon. The family is Helen, Ron, (a grammar school teacher) and a girl about 11 and a boy of nine. A very nice family, like the

one we had last week. Dorothy had prepared another very good high tea. This time a fine big meat pie. While looking at the various recreation grounds I discovered that Ron was very fond of arm. football, and, since there was a match on this evening, we came down and saw Lewes defeat Eastbourne Town 2-0 in the Athenaeum. Earlier in the afternoon we showed the 'Battle of Lewes' memorial and the schools. The visitors seem quite pleased with Lewes. It does contrast favourably with Sheffield.

Thursday August 25: A quiet day. I passed the usual morning ready for this afternoon when we had Mary and Ernie as visitors. Ernie still looks very well. In fact I am sure he is improving. Well done Ernie because he has had a great deal to do with this improvement himself. It was nice to hear them show appreciation of our house and garden. We had our discussion, the one we generally manage, in one form or another, when we are together, regarding "particular" details in town planning especially having regard to Lewes. Ernie is going to do some small posters for the commencement of the W.E.A. classes, so that is another step towards getting a start for this session. I hope all goes well. This evening Dorothy and I went to the general meeting of the Labour Party (local) and, besides the business there was an extremely good talk on the prison service as carried out at Lewes Prison. The

speaker was Mr. Sharp, the deputy governor. Dorothy and I had met him before, at at functions during my time as the Mayor. I liked him then, when he came up and introduced himself to me as a strong supporter of the Labour Party. He is a member of our local Party now and I hope we shall see more of him.

Friday August 26. I made a complete change in routine by doing a bit of carpentry today. There was no shopping to do and Dorothy had to attend as outpatient at the Brighton General Hospital. I spent the time making a "top" of the tiles that Dorothy had saved for many years from an old wash hand stand. I think the little table, for standing flower pots on, will turn out alright. Dorothy arrived back about lunch time. As she has anticipated, the operation has not been so successful as she had hoped, and she still will have to use a support, I don't know for how long, if this is a temporary measure. Dorothy is naturally dispirited but with care, and gradual progress she will, I hope, prove there has been more success than appears at the moment. We had a walk up on to the hill and back down the town didn't stop anywhere so didn't meet anybody. Read some of Anthony West's second book when home.

Saturday August 27. Quite an ordinary day. Went to the Pan, this afternoon, where Lewes beat Leylesbury by 1-0. This was a very good game. Read in the evening.

Sunday August 28. Dorothy and I met Bert O. and Joan at Brighton and we all travelled to London (Camden Town) where Norah W was holding a house warming party. A very interesting afternoon and evening. I was considering that the three American women there were representatives of a group that has been of some consequence when considering American life. Mery McArthur evidently thought so also when she wrote "The Group". There were present today an M.O.H. from Tamworth, who is of a cosmopolitan upbringing, and his wife. Dr Solly Sadie, the South African T.V. man who is banished from S.A.; and his two sons. Also there was a South Korean, who was over here on a scholarship, and an executive of the International Cooperative Movement. There were others there but, with difficulty of moving about in the crowded small room, I was not able to speak with all of them. These three <sup>american</sup> women I have mentioned were Norah, Lee, a friend from San Francisco and the wife of the M.O.H. This evening, then, has proved an interesting and worthwhile one. There was quite a lot to

be observed. Bert and Joan left us at Victoria, and went on to Brighton, while we caught the 10-45 train to Lewes and arrived home about midnight.

Monday August 29. Today was the newly arranged August Bank holiday. This holiday Monday has been transferred from the beginning of August to the end of that month. This was done a year or so ago in order to "stagger" the holiday crowds and traffic a bit: but by what method of reasoning this conclusion was reached I don't know. If you have a Monday as a general holiday, it seems to me that all the people will be on holiday, be it held at the beginning or the end of the month. However, we Dorothy and I, went to Bunting's and John's at Hert Green. I have mentioned before what a delightful train ride this is. Bunting and Helen the baby, we found very well and John was at work the Science museum being, of course, open on a holiday. I did think of helping a bit on the garden or something but the weather turned to rain. However we had a very nice day, and Dorothy went with Bunting and the baby to meet John round about seven and when they came back with John, we had a good dinner and a talk. We caught the 8-55 train back to Lewes and reached home at about 10-00.

Tuesday August 30. Nothing extra special to record. I have found the tiles that Dorothy always wanted to make into a flower-pot stand and I have started doing it, (the F.P. stand)

Wednesday August 31

Just the same as yesterday during the daytime but in the evening, a meeting of the Friends of Victoria Hospital. This organisation has passed the first target of £5,000. !! There is no doubt (a) that this hospital is so well thought of that very many ordinary people are quite willing to subscribe what they can, from half a crown upwards and (b) that there are a great many people in the area of countryside round about Lewes who are well able to afford quite substantial donations. While I was still Mayor I had a lift to the Town Hall by Mrs P. Stewart-Roberts and she said "you should have made it a much higher target. There is <sup>it's being</sup> a great number of people round the countryside who are rich and would help." But besides <sup>it's being</sup> a popular cause, there is another factor which I, at least, recognise as a very important reason for the success of this scheme. That is the able people we have in command. I am glad that at the meeting where a group of us planned the first public meeting, I was able to suggest, from the experience gained of first meetings of organisations when I was Mayor, the picking out and the approaching and proposing of certain people

The first meeting goes with a swing. It is quite plain to members of the audience that able people are being proposed as officers and not only that, they also take on the jobs without hesitation, and the momentum continues, and, as I said in opening the meeting, the enthusiasm for a cause is ~~channeled~~ & guided by able pilots into channels where it can be of most use.

Thursday September 1st: Spent a good deal of the day doing odd jobs in the shed etc. Rained hard most of the time. Finished the other Anthony West book in the evening, reading aloud to Dorothy.

Friday September 2. Practically finished the plant stand for Dorothy. Had a misfortune in breaking one of the tiles, I hope it can be stuck together at Labour Group Dinner in the evening with Dorothy and me as guests of honour. This was extremely well done and both Dorothy and I were very pleased and appreciative of the thought that had gone into making this event a success. There was a very good roast Beef meal and then the group chairman Frank Hayward told the members how this occasion had been thought about. John Barkwell said some nice things about us both including the words:

"Charlie was the best Mayor of Lewes there has ever been and I have known a good many" He then presented me with a really good illuminated testimonial which had been drawn up by David Williams. Dorothy was also presented with a fine bouquet of roses and then she received another beautiful one, from Arthur Lansley; that was made up of a variety of blooms. This evening has been very nice indeed. The press have apologised for not sending a representative but David took pictures and a tape recording of the proceedings. One advantageous thing about these functions which take place at the "Elephant & Castle" they are very near home: we were able to get to bed at a good time after a very enjoyable evening.

Saturday September 3. I arose in good time and did all the needful. David looked in at 9-15 to play through the tape recording of last night's proceedings. I notice I have left out one important sentence from my speech of thanks but never mind. There was just the usual Saturday morning business, slopping lawn cutting and a bit of tinkering round the workshop. In the afternoon I went to the pub and saw Lewes beat Bannister by 4-0. in the Union League. A short walk with Dorothy in the evening brought us through Well House Lane and

I met while I was Mayor. we had a chat and he has invited us up to his house for a drink at some time. He had complimentary things to say, and curiously enough on the way home we met Mr. Jackson of the old music shop family and he made a point of telling of his appreciation of our work. This seems to be a "boost" the Barber weekend!! I meant to read when we got home, but after looking into the Labour Club it was too late and I was rather sleepy so I had a lazy half hour or so before I retired. Looking over what I have written, it seems to me a curious blend of the activities of a workman and of a pretty bourgeois type. Every body is like that now and it must be a result of the reforming social legislation that has taken place since the war.

Sunday September 4. A very pleasant day although there was rain for all of the afternoon. The morning started off very nicely and I finished all my exercises and so on before taking Dorothy's tea up <sup>initial</sup>. The place is very easy to keep in order now; there are only two of us and we don't mess it up much so we can afford periods like this morning and Dorothy seems very happy and well. She is getting over the disappointment which was occasioned by her discovery that the operation was not so successful as she had hoped. She has to

attend the Brighton Hospital again as an out-patient next Friday.

Monday September 5. The cycle of committee of the Council meetings have started to night but there was not one for me to attend. A very usual day and we took a short walk in the evening

Tuesday September 6. Bert and Joan O. came over this afternoon. Bert is looking well but is obviously very tired. It is plain that to be a member of this government, (especially Bert's job of overseas development, which necessitates a good deal of travelling, practically all over the globe) is a very exacting job physically as well as mentally. Dorothy had prepared a very nice cold meal which included chicken and so on and we opened one of our Spanish wines. I had to attend a meeting of the Committee of the Old Peoples Welfare and I went and did this. Joan and Bert were gone by the time I arrived home. I finished the flower pot stand today and it is in position in the sitting room and looks in good order.

Wednesday September 7. Building Plans Sub this evening and we dealt with a number of applications. Afterwards Alby came home with me because he had to add his signature to the list of names on my illuminated testimonial. Poor Alby, who always looks to, and sympathises with people in any kind of distress, now has trouble of his own with his mother-in-law bed-ridden and down stairs in her Council House and his wife H., under observation for some appendix trouble. This seems straight forward and a pretty ordinary situation among working class people but there are the usual specific points about this and, of course, while they are being negotiated, the going is tough for Alby and all concerned. However, here is an elderly lady who has been living alone in a three bedroomed council house for a number of years. If this is not a case for compulsorily changing her over to a nice one bedroomed dwelling I don't know what is, but many Councillors would object even though the work of maintaining her dwelling would be ever so much lighter, especially for Alby. The old lady will never see <sup>all</sup> the fall house again and three bedrooms could be the making of some young family.

Thursday September 8 Hospital management (house) this afternoon It did not take long so I was soon home again after a comfortable walk up there and most of the way back. Commander Plant gave me a ride a part of the way but I did not want him to take me all the way. I could do with the walk. After tea <sup>etc</sup> Dorothy and I had a read, some of Gerald Kersh, some of Somerville and a little of John Steuart Mill's "On Liberty". I find that since reading Mills autobiography, I can appreciate his other writing much more.

Friday September 9. I did various pieces of shopping while Dorothy went to the Brighton General Hospital's outpatient department to report progress, as it were. This was one of those visits where one doesn't learn anything of ones malice so, to Dorothy, this visit did not appear to be very fruitful. However, her disappointment at the result of the operation, if not any less, has at least been balanced up by her counting the improvements the operation has brought about and finding quite an amount of comfort <sup>etc</sup> by. We did quite an amount of tidying up in the garden today. Dorothy has made the back entrance much more comfortable to use by clearing away a great deal of the flowering currant and bindweed stuff that ran somewhat riot down there. This evening we were undecided as to whether we should read, listen, or go next door and view the T.V.C. on the news and also see a ballet program.

We finally decided on the viewing and we were disappointed. There was only mention of the T.V.C. for a second or so and the ballet proved to be a play or film about ballet and this failed to hold. We had a few and Helen Peters Rita Churchill the new neighbour from next door. She has had a job at the "White Hart" and has enjoyed it immensely.

Saturday September 10 Shopping and gardening in the morning. David came down and collected what little jumble we had for the Labour Party sale. We shall have to rigidly ration the jumble we have to our favourite causes. So many sales take place for so many good causes and, when kids are sent round to collect, one doesn't like to refuse. The consequence is that when it comes to our favourite cause, the Labour Party, we have nothing much to give. I hope they made a success of today. This afternoon I went to the Pan and saw Lewes beat Epsom 4-0. Lewes are a lively side now and this is eight goals to none in two matches. On reaching home I went with Dorothy to the St John's Church Hall where the annual produce show by the members of the C.C.P. was being held. We were immediately pressed into service and made the draws for a lottery they were holding. Bill Fuller gave us quite an amount of his exhibits so we have quite a stock of vegetables. On reaching home again we had to prepare for the great event of today, dinner at Mrs Lambert's. Mrs Lambert is a lady who lives in St Anne's

Crescent and who came to leave at about the time of my first Mayoral banquet. I have learnt that she was so impressed with the genuineness of our welcome to the guests, and, having this had her attention turned to the Labour Mayor, continued to be so impressed, that she had made up her mind to entertain us as soon as we were free from the main duties. So we were at her house this evening. The others present were her husband, a really <sup>good type</sup> ~~old man~~ who I can get on with very well, well-read and intelligent. He is Roy. There were another married couple ~~the~~, Roy and Jackie, so we made six. I am putting this into so much detail because this evening, I could see, was a very particular occasion for Mrs Lambert and, because of her, to her husband. His house is one of the Regency type in a crescent where, up to the first war, those lower middle-class people of whom we have read so much, lived. There are houses like this in crescents and terraces all over the country where ~~these~~ this middle class lived. You sneer at them as petty bourgeois or you applaud them as the backbone of the nation, according to your tastes in politics, but if you are a sociologist, you do not fail to recognise their importance; and one of the things they left <sup>behind</sup> as a class, are these type houses. These dwellings have, for many years now, played a great part in the housing situations and, in many cases have been made into flats. Mrs Lambert, having got one of ~~these~~ houses, has made a splendid job of alterations, improvements and decoration. I can't describe the latter

it is so good and carried out entirely by herself, but it is all very rich in colouring and in detailed work. It was evident to me that they both like to participate in public feeling, discussion of situations of a national character, and, in particular Mr. Lambert, discussion on an intellectual plane generally. (abstractions?). This evening, then, has passed most pleasantly, and I am very pleased to have seen <sup>into</sup> the lives of these two people. They are both Labour sympathisers so I hope to see more of them and it does strike me, the Wednesday evening class at the W.E.A. would be an ideal one for them.

Sunday September 11 A quite ordinary "Sunday at Home" with nothing to report. Took a walk over Willey's bridge to the housing estate at Walling. Met Rod. Amisage who was cleaning his car and we finished up in his house, talking to him and his wife Sheila and he afterwards drove us home. Another walk in the evening round Dicky Brown's farm, and looked into Freynes on the way back. On the final stretch home Peter Austin who was taking Mrs. Hewlett home gave us a lift' for the rest of our way. So plenty of walking, plenty of coffee and plenty of motor rides. "Never had it so good."

Monday September 12. The day has gone quietly. Highways committee this evening which took quite a time. Before that (this afternoon) visited S.D.K.C.I.B. etc. This proved to be quite enjoyable. I had to miss the OXFAM meeting because of the Highways Committee.

Tuesday September 13. The only thing to note is that I attended the Parks Committee this evening. Nothing untoward took place. Like the other committees, the Parks are suffering from the restricted expenditure occasioned by the credit squeeze, and, quite naturally, the Treasury's request for economy begins with reminding us that the things for pleasure (Parks Com. products) must come low in the priority list. Many of these things such as financial crises I have got to accepting in my stride. I know the apparently, merest improvement in production figures, or in the balance of payment position, makes a very great difference all round in a very short space of time. (John and George see and happy about some group sessions so we had a meeting after Park 5 try to sort things out.)

Wednesday September 14 Another quiet day. All I have done is potter around the garden, or totter round the town like any other retired old man. Not worth reporting my activities.

Thursday September 15 I attended the funeral of Mr. Lytton-Ellis this afternoon. A writer, author etc. He has been on our library committee, as a coopted member, for many years. He was always pretty friendly towards me. This evening I had to attend the Housing Committee, which ~~not~~ went off as usual but did not take so much time as was taken by the Highways on Monday. My private life still has nothing that calls for special comment. Dorothy attended a meeting of the F.H.T. and, as a result of a meeting with Mrs. James Brown, she has been able to fix up our promised visit.

Friday September 16. A clear day during the course of which I have occupied myself with all sorts of activities about the place. This evening we had a walk to the top of the town and delivered a certificate, the final one of Dorothy's sickness insurance, to Leslie Worfield; so this marks a stage forward for her, and every body makes mention of how well she looks. This morning I went to M.I.T. and when I came back I found Dorothy was very busy. She has two things, outside the home, that she is busy with. The magness's sale of work for the Victoria Hospital friends and the one for the F.H.T. In the evenings we find time for a little reading

a rule.

Saturday September 17. I did a bit of shopping. That sentence is as monotonous as the one I used to start off with when in office "I went to the Parlour." I must stop it. This afternoon I went to the Pan and saw a splendid game with Lewes beating Marlowe 2-1. Very enjoyable. From there to the Post Office, where I met Dorothy just before five o'clock and we journeyed to Patcham. Joan and Bert were at cricket with the visitors but every body returned at about seven and we met Lee, Noah, and the M.O.H. and his wife & son, all there except the son we had previously met at Noah's party. (See this journal Sunday August 28). Bert showed us the films of his journeys on behalf of the Ministry of Overseas Dev. The films were mostly of his recent visit to three of the countries of South America. The M.O.H. and his family had left early and Dorothy and I left to arrive home about 11-15. An enjoyable and busy Saturday and I didn't have to miss the football!!

Sunday September 18: Bert and Joan, Lee and Noah came over today at about five. They had had a good look round the town and they very much enjoyed the dinner Dorothy had prepared. Afterwards, at Lee's request, we went to the 'Snowdrop' and had a beer and a game of darts. Lee, as a social ~~and~~ psychologist is naturally

interested in people, and, as she has explained to me, while she can appreciate the work and wonders of the "Old Piles of Stones", her chief interest in a place is the inhabitants. Each occasion on which we have met Lee has, of necessity, been very brief. It would be nice to be able to talk with her more fully, but, for geographical reasons, it is extremely unlikely that we will meet her again. Dorothy did not go to the "Snowdrop" and, when I returned I found all the washing up was done; so we were able to retire in good time.

Monday September 19. There was the Health Committee, of which I am Chairman, to attend this evening. Both the M.O.H. and the H.C. were absent but the matters that cropped up were dealt with. There was a man there on a "Jims and Place" call which we dealt with as well as we were able. I think he might as well have sent us the information and his intentions but he was one of those of whom I have noticed always attend in person. Poor people, they seem to me, to have the idea that all that needs to be done is for them to come along and talk to the Health Committee and the house will either be miraculously made alright or that their powers of persuasion will influence the committee to excuse the defects in their property. There was a meeting of the Labour group immediately after the Health meeting; the resignations from the group of John Bushnell and George

Burfield were handed in. I will not comment on the circumstances that occasioned this action because I want to wait and see if these really take place or if, happily, they change their minds.

Tuesday September 20. This afternoon we visited Mr. & Mrs. Lambert to give them the information about the W.E.A. courses. Dorothy attended the morning class at Prince Edwards Road and, this evening, the first of the evening classes was held. However, I was unable to attend this because I was present at the Finance Committee Meeting. This took rather a long time but we did get through some work and there were some very good contributions to the deliberations. Len Willey once again showed his worth as a Chairman and although the <sup>agenda</sup> meeting was crowded with business and long, the meeting proceeded quite pleasantly to its close. I purchased a piece of oak today and have started learning from an C.P.V. book, how to make dove tail joints. I thought it was time I learnt to do joining other than those I am in the habit of using. I find this finer work rather fascinating as far as I have got as yet; and I am, at least, now bringing all of my tools into use.

Wednesday September 21. I did all the usual things including some shopping in the morning and, in the evening, went to the W.E.A. history class. Only 6 present, and that is

Wednesday Sept. 21. This spell of fine weather continues so every body appears to be cheerful when I go out shopping. We gathered the apples off the tree next door today. There were a great many of an inferior looking greenish apple and I don't know, but I expect a use can & be found for a good many of them. This evening I attended the W.E.A. history class. There were only six present and that is a very bad start. As I anticipated, this course of the history of the last hundred years is interesting and I have known from my earliest days of W.E.A. study that such titles as "Industrial History" etc are what the novice wants to choose as first subjects for study. They are easier to concentrate upon and, after all, even the youngest student has lived some part of the period. Having acquired the ability to study, and accustomed himself to discussion, he should proceed to other subjects gradually, social history, philosophy, (including political philosophy) literature etc and psychology. Having had a go at these subjects he will at least have some knowledge of "It and about". At this stage he can take part in discussions on such things as "current affairs" knowing he has endeavoured to fit himself to try to understand current affairs. Unfortunately, current affairs classes are generally composed of people who have not studied anything but are eager always to assert their views on matters of the moment. However the trained tutor tries to guide and instruct in "Current Affairs" the class does not learn to

think properly about them. Therefore I say that however jolly and boisterous the group is, the aim of the W.E.A. is being misdirected and the tutors work wasted. As far as I am concerned the aim of the W.C.A. is not to teach what to think but to teach how to think. Only when there is a bigger "leaven" of people in the country who have tried to learn to apply themselves thoughtfully to any of the problems that beset a democracy, is there any hope of that democracy making progress, and I conceive it to be the work of the W.C.A. and kindred organizations to enlarge the "leaven". Not much progress can be made to this end by allowing uninformed assertions to take up all the time of a class most members of which have come to learn, are shy novices and who, when they find they have to listen, not to a tutor from whom they will learn, but from somebody whose knowledge of the subject is limited to what he sees from the headlines of his paper, then they cease to come.

Thursday September 22 A quiet day. I have spent quite an amount of time in the sled and I am gradually improving my control of tools. On reading over yesterday's entry, I find I would like to add to the aims of the W.E.A. that besides turning out people who are additions to the leaven, the movement has an individual aim. That is the fact that everyone who works consciously will find a new world placed on his old world. A much more enjoyable world: but it has

to be worked for and gained by listening to other people tolerantly and so reinforcing knowledge, and wisdom that has been acquired from listening to the tutors and study from the books.

Friday September 23. Another quiet day. The weather continues to be very fine and very warm for so late in the year. Nothing worth recording in this journal has happened today. The talks on Rhodesia still go on and at Brighton the Liberal Party conference continues to amaze many people when its stern resolutions are broadcast.

Saturday September 24. I did the shopping and some other odd things in the morning and in the afternoon we carried out an invitation to tea at the Farnes' Brown's.

Mr. Farnes Brown is the head of the rent tribunal and we know him through Bert J. and because FB is a magistrate at their place today was a Dr. and Mrs Schawerski. He is an international lawyer of German extraction, making a party of six of us altogether; and this was a very nice party too. We talked about many things and once again I blessed the moment when I joined the W.C.A. and learned the pleasures of discussion and the exchange of ideas and the pleasures of listening to informed opinion. By way of Rhodesian situation I learned today that some people take

the idea of the plurality of votes for merit in a democratic society as a serious proposition. I have heard of this of recent years but there seems so many objections to such an arrangement, the chief among them being, in my opinion, that it would be only just to commence at home, that I don't think it would be possible to carry it out. I dislike the idea intensely any way. Farnes Brown must be approximately my age because, talking of the older politicians and statesmen, it did seem that we saw and heard them at the same time. His garden in Keere Street is very pleasant and the house, since it has been altered, is also very nice. Altogether, this has been a very enjoyable experience.

Sunday September 25. We took a walk, this evening, to the top of the motor road and on our way back by a different route we looked in on Tom and Edel Gearing. Margaret, the daughter, who is a sister in our local hospital, was at home and so was the son Trevor and his fiancee. There was also Joe Brown, who is a friend of Tom's and who was in the 1914 war with Tom. We had a nice little jaw, mostly about the whereabouts of mutual acquaintance of the 'thirties'. Trevor, who had to take his fiancee home, gave Dorothy and me a lift to the top of the steps so it did not take long for us to reach home.

Monday September 26. A dreadful thing today, I omitted to attend the meeting of the Management Committee of the Wallands school. I was not aware of my neglect until Mrs Stephen Moore rang me to ask if Dorothy and I would like some tickets (complimentary) for the concert given by our Nicholas Young Society for the B.B.C. It was quite a shock to me when I realised I had been absent from the school meeting at which she had been expecting to see me. However, Dorothy and I have enthusiastically accepted the tickets and it is jolly good of Mrs Moore to offer them to us. The Moores I first knew about 1948 when people tired of war and resolving to do their utmost to prevent it happening again, were forming branches of the U.N.A. in each town. Mrs Moore serves on the Library Committee and does other public work and one of these babies is the Nicholas Young Society, to which concerts Dorothy and I have been invited before as Mayor and Mayorette. I am very ignorant about classical music but I found those concerts quite enjoyable. It depends on what music is offered. Some I can't manage. This evening we attended the meeting of the Coop Party. Very few present. A waste of time really.

Tuesday September 27. The fine weather continues, enabling me to keep getting about without too much wrapping up! Dorothy attended her second class in the morning "WEA. course, and this evening I attended the C.C. of the Old People's welfare committee. They are to explore the

possibilities of using all saints Church as their house of friendship

Wednesday September 28 Two important engagements today. Council Meeting this evening must of course, have pride of place. However, nothing on the agenda took up too much time and the members who queried items on the reports of the Committees seemed quite happy to accept the explanations of the Chairmen of those Committees. Accordingly I had time to go to the Grange and make one in the "100 yrs history class". I was very glad to find the numbers were up to nine and I am sure I can get together a few more without going over the time, 4 weeks, during which pupils may be enrolled. This was a good meeting and not until the time was up on learning did P.S. manage to have a go against one of his pet aversions, religion. Next week there is the section dealing with religion in its relation to working-classes in the nineteenth century. I can foresee some good exchanges here, and being humanist myself, but allowing all people to be what they like I feel I can be quite happy in this coming discussion. However, as I have pointed out, earlier in this journal, any class can be in danger of learning what one member thinks of religion instead of learning the influence of religion on the working classes in 19th century England. The rest of the class must keep their right to discuss the subject and learn about it. That is what they are attending a history course

Thursday September 29. I did nothing that needs recording during the day. In England the political situation is very tense, both at home and abroad, because of the wages and incomes and prices freeze and abroad because of the Rhodesian position. It was not surprising, then, that on the L.L.P. agenda for tonight's meeting was the item. "Discussion on some subjects to be voted on at the National Conference" All had been quite obviously arranged for our little meeting this evening to spend its time running down the Labour Government. This is generally the way a local Labour party's members enjoy hearing the sound of themselves in discussion. It is so easy, without learning anything, to expound on the wrongs done to people when what is needed is how to help obtain people's rights. This however, needs learning and of course people like those I am describing hasn't any time to learn. However, quite obviously, not all members of the local party are of this type and so on occasions like this evening, there are contributions that are good and a double purpose is served as far as I am concerned. Those who choose that line are confounded as they learn what a situation really is, or means; and everybody learns something, both about the subject and about debate.

Friday September 30 A quiet day with nothing much to worry about. I sold the book of raffle tickets for the Old People's welfare Committee at Baxters during the day and I am glad of this because I am not very good at that sort of thing. I am too soft hearted. Dorothy went with Pam Boyden to visit the old People's Home at Hertingfordbury. During this week Dorothy has been selling raffle tickets also. These are for the Friends of Hollingay Hospital and I think she has done reasonably well in getting rid of about two pounds worth. Rain came down hard tonight so we had a read instead of going up to the Labour Club. I forgot to mention on Wednesday when I had finished at the Council Meeting, and before I went to the W.E.A. at the Grange I had a drink with Alby Martin and he was concerned about the decision of the Roberts Car Breaking proposition which I should have recorded for the Health Committee last Monday week.

Saturday September October 1<sup>st</sup> 1966. Hurried over to Harry Bartlett's to return the stubs of the Birmingham L.P. raffle book of tickets I have sold. Going over to the Malling Estate where Harry lives is easy now because of the bridge. I came back through the Cliffs and did some shopping. This afternoon I saw Leavers F.C. defeat Ware by 6 goals to 2 at the Dripping Pan. Leavers are playing a magnificent game as team now. This evening we went to a social that was organized by the Coop Ed. Com. Nobody

attended with the exception about 12 people which included 5 boys, so really it was rather a depressing Saturday evening.

Sunday October 2. A quiet day which I have spent mostly reading. This evening we had the same circular walk to and from Malling Est. that I have described my doing, yesterday to visit H. Battell, and when we arrived back we went into next door and saw on their television, that delightful old picture "The Mad Lark" with Alec Guinness as Disraeli. I enjoyed this immensely and so did Dorothy. Bill and Frances, our hosts, were very pleased with it and so we had quite a jolly evening. I mention this because it could be possible for us to ask them if we might watch a certain programme on their television and the programme be of no interest to them whatever. Reading of the period depicted on this film, or seeing the film, or any study of the time, and I have done some, convinces me that, in spite of what is popularly said "People are not so do etc" as they were in those pious days, that people have improved in almost every way. Not only that I say they have carried the blunders along with them. Nobody would deny that, as a nation, a corporate body, we are much improved in care ~~of~~ <sup>and</sup> love of fellow men whether they are of our own country or of the underdeveloped countries. The evidence is there to

prove this and one very small piece of evidence is the difference between the poorest of our "deprived" children and the average "deprived" child of those days as shown in "The Mad Lark". A bigger piece of evidence is that we have a Ministry to help backward countries. Rather different from 19th century attitudes towards these countries. This improvement in attitudes towards the weakest, whether at home or abroad, in my opinion, could not be carried out corporately unless there is a good leaven of true humanity among the individuals that make up the corporate body. To call those days, as I have just done, the pious days is true as far as the general impression of them goes, even if it is admitted that the religiousness was not carried on in everyday practice and, of course, the extreme, laughable, ridiculously "Pauline" attitude to all bodily functions is somehow mixed up with the piety of the time. I find, however, that research proves that only a minute proportion of the "working classes" went to any place of worship. There was an increase in attendance of better off people; but, over the country as a whole, the difference in percentage of the people who attended places of worship then and the percentage now is infinitesimal. So much for organized religion when it was reckoned to be at the summit of its influence. But, of course, we must realize the influence could not have been great. A religion whose main theme is love would have influenced the nation into better con-

of its children if it really had any influence on the lower orders or the upper crust. That more than a century passed before steps were taken to show <sup>the</sup> value of human life was understood, and this was helped to an enormous extent by what might be termed unbelievers in the contemporary religious set up, I think is proof that the influence for good of 19th century religion was practically nil. In short, the religion then did whatever it was made to do by the public. The church seems to wait for what becomes popular and follows instead of leading. Today it is following with pop staff and coffee bars.