

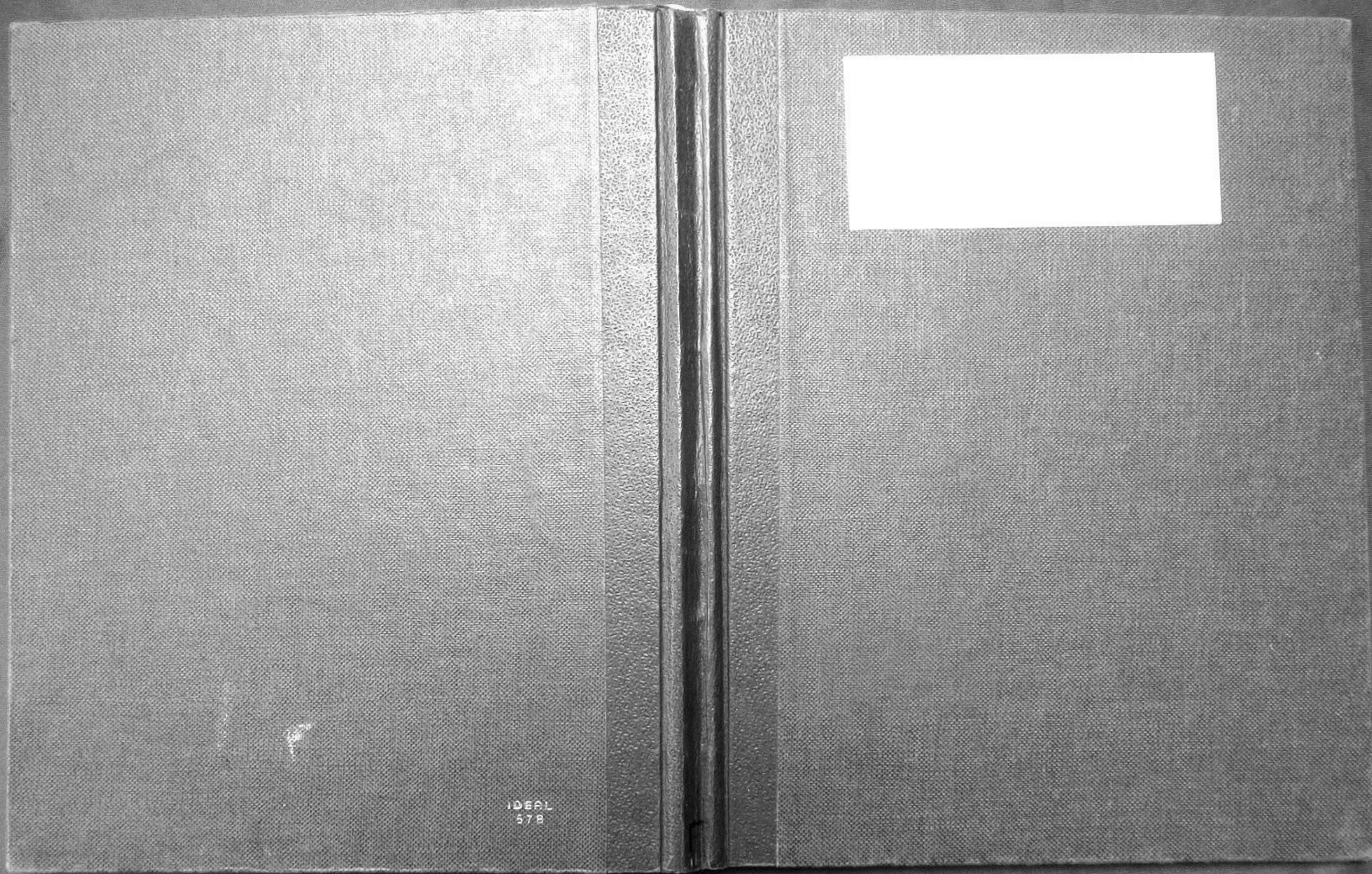
Oct 4 1966 to Dec 20 1966

then

May 27 1968

to

August 21 1968



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from Oct. 1966 to Dec 20 1966 then May 22 1968 to August 21 1968

from Monday October 23 1966

Monday October 3 1966: Nothing worth recording.

Tuesday October 4 Today we journeyed to Hastings, travelling in de Yarrell's car, to where the Sussex Mayors Assn were to hold their General meeting. There was quite a big meeting of Mayors, past Mayors and Mayresses and, although one can question the usefulness of the organization, it is rather nice to meet old acquaintance. A very good lunch was provided and the town's publicity officer gave an entertaining and humorous talk on the battle of Hastings, the nine hundredth anniversary of 1066 and all that being celebrated this year. The ladies were then taken for a visit to the museum while we held our meeting and then all visited the "Triodrome" where an exhibition is taking place of the Hastings embroideries. Whenever I see exhibitions of this nature I am overwhelmed with admiration for the people who are concerned with the producing of it. In this triodrome were pictures showing "cartoon" wise, the history of England since 1066. The work is exceedingly good and such things as colour, proportion etc, which is what pleases or displeases me about any picture, was pleasing to me. Harry Bell, the Mayor of Chichester has arranged that he will attend the football match, Lewes v Chichester on this coming Saturday so I must make arrangements with the Lewes F.C. to give Dorothy and me a lift with them. It is the

amateur cup. Mrs Yarrow soon had us back in Leaven, and after a short rest we had to attend the public meeting our Council has called in order that people can learn more of the Town Map. This was a packed meeting and I. it was addressed by Jay, the County planning officer and Smith the deputy County Surveyor. I enjoyed this meeting quite a lot. The detail and history of the road, are, of course, all new to me but I did like taking notice of the two speakers and their techniques and mannerisms. I don't know if this meeting will do any good apart from people now are "in the know" about how the town map is progressing; and the timing of various particulars in it.

Wednesday October 5. At eleven o'clock this morning I attended the "United Districts M.O.H." meeting, the first one I have attended since before I became Mayor. This committee is to do with the work of the M.O.H. and the three or four district councils who make up his beat. It was quite nice to be serving on this body again although of course the members have changed. I was pleased to meet Tucker again. He was chairman of Newhaven U.D.C. during my first year as Mayor. He tells me he has met Och and took him home to view his (Tucker's) new bungalow. The world

gets smaller. Nothing much occurred during the rest of today.

Thursday October 6 I did my usual Thursday cleaning up and polishing. Late this afternoon Len and Nellie came over and had tea with us. They left at about seven o'clock. Both Len and Nellie look very well: much like the usual impression spread about by novelists script-writers and the like, of how two people of the age and station in life and culture ~~of~~ ~~too~~ do look, having come to the end of bringing up their family and retiring from work. Wondering, apparently, why they didn't do enough of the kind of voluntary work and service they would like to do now before during their lives. They left us fairly early, having to make a call on a friend at the university.

Friday October 7 Today Dorothy and I, both managers of the Pells school, had a meeting to attend. I have been a manager now for a number of years and, during all that time, the managers meeting has commenced at 4 p.m. At the last meeting it was resolved to alter this time of commencing the meeting until 2 p.m. I overlooked this and consequently Dorothy and I received a telephone call to remind us we were already ten minutes late. Needless to say, there was some leg-pulling with me

owning the log that was pulled. I must take more care about these managers meetings. There was the Walltons school one overlooked a few weeks back. The weather continues to be bad so we did not go out this evening. By the way, at the managers meeting we learned from the head mistress that the C.C. Ed. Committee sent round one of those work study people who came to the conclusion that the dining tables could be cleared away ~~and~~^{and} set up in five minutes shorter time than that taken by the women who do it now. Now the staffing of canteens for the schools is a difficult job in these days of full employment etc. It is a very difficult to persuade women, when there are other choices of spare-time employment about, to come to the church even to do it. The church wants the tables set up and cleared away, and it is quite obvious the church is right in this. Here is a situation where it is very necessary a job should be done. It is a hard task to find somebody to do it. Yet, in this situation, which simply cries out for a careful approach, a tactful dealing with the church ^{and} the women who are required to do the work and, in short, to leave well alone until the factors which govern the situation have changed a bit: in this situation this "time and study" export has to upset the lot because she insists that the tables could be set up and cleared away in five minutes less time. Is it really necessary to employ someone who is so set on saving money that she would prefer the children went unfed unless the women cleared the tables to

way at a saving of 8/- seems to me to an "awkward" outlook.

Saturday October 8. Dorothy and I travelled to Chichester today with the Lewes football team. Lewes were playing the city in the F.A. Amateur Cup round. The Mayor of Chichester took charge of me at the match and the Mayoress took Dorothy out for the afternoon. By some jinx, after half an hours play, Chichester went right on top and Lewes were very unexpectedly beaten by 7-2!!! A very subdued body of men travelled back with us.

Sunday October 9. A quiet day at home. Did some reading

Monday October 10. Nothing to do from a town point a view but I took advantage of the chance that was offered on Saturday of a seat with the footballers on their coach to Horsham where Crawley and Eastbourne United were to play their third ~~week~~ ^{week} replay in a round of the F.A. Cup. This was the first time I have been present at a floodlit match and I enjoyed it very much indeed. The lighting seems to me to give the whole affair a more theatrical, more showman like, back-ground so that it was a job to place these paragons of football as two ordinary teams both of whom Lewes have beaten

during the last few years. I think the darkness outside the lighted up field, the darkness from whence comes the usual cries of football spectators and who, in these flood lit matches, can't be seen, adds a great deal of drama to that which always has surrounded a cap-tie in association football. Quite an experience for me: I shall go again when the opportunity occurs

Tuesday October 11. Did the usual things during the day. There was the Library Committee meeting this evening. Quite an enjoyable meeting although taking longer than usual. Beatrice Temple, who is the chairman, returned from her holiday today and attended this evening so I did not have to depature, being vice-chairman.

Wednesday October 12. Two civic or community things to attend to this evening. First both in time and importance the Building Plans Sub Committee. We dealt with several applications and examined them and the implications of them very closely. I went from there leaving early, to the Grange where the W.E.A. History Course was in progress, and I was very glad to see that, judging

by the attendance, this course will continue. It does not seem likely that it will sink into the "gaseous slough" that caused the break up of a similar class last session which I did mention once or twice in this journal

Thursday, October 13 : I worked about in the shed most of the day: and this evening we went to the Theatre and saw "The Fireraisers" (Max Frisch). Described on the programme as "A morality play without a moral" one wondered what was being offered but it soon became clear to me, that this was a warning to a household, called Europe, to mend its ways or else. In fact, this play appears to me to have borrowed its idea from Shaw's "Heartbreak House". In the fire-raisers there appears to be a warning to stop offering hospitality, especially through nervousness, to what appear to be down and outs. and treat your own employes ^{with} more consideration. I was not struck with the play.

Friday October 14. Dorothy and I attended the come dancing ball of the Operatic Society and we had a very nice time. We met several acquaintances and finally finished up in the Mayors Parlour with Mr. Baker and he and miss Temple, the Mayors, fetched us home. This has been a very enjoyable evening and we

had some dances together. The programme was the ball room dancing competition as last year but with more entries this year, and tonight there was a really good exhibition by a professional pair. People seem to know Dorothy and me and so it is quite pleasant to go to these places. I am, however, endeavouring to keep up my reading and am at the moment doing Broome's "Economics" and Tuckman's "Proud Tower." By reason of a course on women that Dorothy is doing, it was necessary to dive into some records of the "Witch-Hunt" period of history and, to me, it seems unbelievable that any good religion could survive the means its church took to make sure it survived. Imagine the church being governed by people such as those questioners described in Hoffe Robbins' book of the events of the witch hunt times.

Saturday October 15. After the usual Saturday morning, spent shopping etc. Dorothy and I attended the wedding of Antea Day, the daughter of one of our councillors. (An Independent one) This was a very pleasant little ceremony at St Annes church and afterwards at the W.I. headquarters. A very great many people were present, the church was full and the reception was very nicely arranged. I had the job of proposing the health of the "young couple." Dorothy wore her Breton hat, for the weather was warm

and, as she says, "I won't be able to wear it many more times." The Mayor and the Mayoress were present at the wedding, and when we attended the Co-op Party Reunion Social we started off from the Mayors Parlour. Bertie carried off the welcome to the members of a party that is on the opposite side to him very ably and indeed all the time went off alright. The Party had a very able young M.P. to make a little speech to the members, a man named Evans, who is the Member for a Birmingham constituency. Bertie saw all the heads off from the Parlour and gave Dorothy and me a lift home. A nice day. m/fb

Sunday October 16. Ally came to see me this morning with reference to Mr. Roberts and the car breaking site. I will try and have the matter discussed again but I'm afraid it will be pretty hopeless. However, perhaps a spot can be found where the man can carry on his occupation. I'll see the T.C. and the B.S. tomorrow

Monday October 17. I spent most of today making a go-cart for Helen. I like working with wood; But working with wood doesn't leave me much to record about my activities during the day. This evening, however, there was the Highway and Townplanning committee meeting and we members of it had a very busy three hours. Plenty of progress was made

although, because of the "squeeze" our work is rather retarded. The present Government are managing this "Restriction of Credit" period much more ably than their predecessors. The way we are guided in choosing which things should come first, the sympathetic consideration shown to the various projects which have to be thrown to the Ministries, all point to planning the country's resources and not just "going" until the country is on the verge and then "stopping" until some slight recovery is made and then proceeding in the same way and all the time taking no account of priorities. The present government unlike the conservative government, means business and I believe that everybody who spares any thought about the trends during the years since the war, will admit that the present disciplines, besides getting the country out of its Balance of Payments difficulties, will do most of us a great deal of good. To return to the Highways committee; during the deliberations this evening I had the opportunity of considering how this local government work trains one almost without one knowing the change that is taking place. Each of we members, I could see, is much better equipped to make useful contributions to the debate now than hitherto: and this is not just simply because he has, now, a greater understanding of the work. It is because he has acquired the habit of listening to the other people and giving proper consideration to all member's contribution. One might say it is an improve-

in our attitude that makes us all far more tolerant and also anxious for the results of the work (the "corporate" committees work) to be good.

Tuesday October 18 The south-westerly gales and heavy rain seem to be with us each morning, although the weather does clear somewhat later in the day. Dorothy attended her W.E.A. class while I did a little more woodwork, and then some shopping in the morning. In the afternoon we paid a visit to the sale of work done by the blind people. Always I am full of admiration for careful handwork, whether the people who do the work can see it or not, as my admiration for work done by blind people can be imagined. I know my own efforts to be "tidy" are so often frustrated and I can appreciate the care that goes into the work of the blind. Then again; as I look at these exhibits, I am reminded of the immense work they were, while being made, to the maker. These goods are the symbol that proves "I am the same as any other person, even though I cannot see." We met Mrs Saddler of Guilfoyle at the sale. She was in charge of a stall, and, during conversation with Dorothy, gave her ashaw she has at home. I have not seen the shaw but to judge by Dorothy's pleasure at the gift, this shaw is a particular one. The Saddlers are people we met during our first year of being Mayor and they have always been very friendly and kind. Dorothy bought a stiff carpet brush and I bought a garden broom. It looks as though we

are going to carry out the maxim that was in use when I used to do boxing and train "Be clean inside and out". Tonight there was the Parks committee. This took three hours like the Highways Committee yesterday but with not so much justification. However, we got through the business, which included "Squeeze" priorities as I noted yesterday for the Highways Committee. This has to go before each Committee to trim off any unnecessary expenditure. I find among the members, as indeed, among people generally, there is no clear knowledge of what the government is doing. I think if the idea was more widely understood that the Government, not wanting more money in circulation at the present time because of the inflationary condition of the economy, is anxious to stop "Multipliers" being released on the country for a while but that the ordinary expenditure in capital of sandy repairs necessary for a standing committee to carry out \$500 here, does not count as serious multipliers, it is too small. The situation obtained by the attitudes of the members of our Council is very helpful to the Government. The Labour members are naturally helpful while the others, all of whom can really be described as those "nep-cheese" people 'Ratepayers Assn' are on the council to save money anyway. This last sentence must not be taken as really including all of them. It is simply what is generally understood as the aim of R & bodies.

Wednesday October 19. Today I finished the body of the truck for Helen but I am unable to purchase any wheels in Laver. Gamlin's have sent away to get some wheels for me but it is rather a hold-up because I flatter myself on making an exceedingly good job of the truck so far. This afternoon I had an invitation to attend a selection committee of the Governors of the Lavers Technical College but I did not attend because I am only just made a Governor; and I really think I should attend a committee first, or before selecting teaching staff. The history course of the W.C.A. went well at the class this evening. There were twelve now present, so we shall doubtless, go from strength to strength. I am very pleased. There is such a contrast between the class this year and last year's class. New people, new tutor, and there should be a contrast!

Thursday October 20 A straight forward day, with the Housing Committee in the evening. This did not take quite so long as the two previous committees this week, with their three hours each. This only took two and a half hours. A very good meeting; with John taking the initiative on two or three preparations. This caused an amusing interjection from Frank towards the end of the meeting when the discussion was on the priority of one or two bedrooms in proposed new housing units. John was

making the point that besides young married couples and old folk only needing one bedroom & it should be remembered that quite a number of middle aged married couples needed a bedroom each. Amid laughter from this committee of middle aged men and women he insisted that a very great many people grew "finicky" at that age and preferred to be alone. Frank's interjection came at this point. "I don't know how finicky the Alderman is at home but he is pretty finicky up here" and the business continued with that particular portion finished amid ^{the} laughter.

Friday October 21. Dorothy had to make her visit to the outpatients department at the Brighton General Hospital this morning. I pottered around until she returned, when I accompanied her shopping. She was more happy with the attention she received on this occasion and thinks some progress is being made. This afternoon I went to my first meeting as a Governor of the Technical College and I must say I am impressed with this committee and will write more about it as I settle down and understand its composition, its members and its scope. Today's meeting lasted two hours. On the way home I looked into a fishing tackle and general sports shop in the hope that they would have a little set of wheels for the kid's truck. They

hadn't but the girl behind the counter with commendable initiative made the suggestion that I use the wheels of roller skates. I'm going to try this and I purchased a set without the ball race, but I may have to introduce the latter. I carried on with some reading this evening and am now making quite good progress into arrears that have accumulated; but another job looms in the background that is the re-writing and straightening out of the early part of my journal as Mayor.

Saturday, October 22. The rain, which started fresh last evening, has persisted for most of today. This helps to give colour and fix our attention to the tragic news bulletins, that come over the radio, about the Welsh moving mountain disaster. The radio describes how the rain falls pitilessly on the scene and adds to the discomfort and difficulties of the many rescuers who are endeavouring to reach the still high number of casualties. Well over a hundred bodies have now been recovered, but in the meantime the mountain of tip material keeps moving and the small hopes that some who were buried might still be alive recede in time with the increasing difficulties. Bert O. and Joan looked in this afternoon and they both seem very well. Dorothy assisted at a sale on behalf of the Hellengray Hospital Friends and this evening I did some more

reading. The rain continues and every where is looking very
dreary now.

Sunday October 23 It has rained practically all day
today. Dorothy went with Joan Liddle to Bexhill to help
at the Ballet course which is run by the County Head
of W.E.A. Branches. I was rather handicapped with the
weather like it was but I did finish delivering the notice
of next Thursdays meeting of the L.L.P. For the rest of today
I have just pattered around, read and written, nobody
called and I don't blame them this weather. Dorothy arrived
back some time after tea. She had enjoyed the experience
and was impressed by the exercises which had been
demonstrated to inform people of the work of schools
of Ballet. I read some more of Tuckman History aloud for
the rest of the evening. During the afternoon Ken Day
rang me up to let me know that the Mayor, Ald. Baker
had gone to hospital with a suspected heart attack. Bad
luck Bertie. I have promised to assist Ken, who is
deputy Mayor as well as I am able.

Monday October 24 I went out early this morning having
to see the Town Clerk regarding the Health Committee
meeting this evening and one or two odd items about the
town. When I reached the Town Hall I took part in

sending the messenger from the Lewes Boys Club to the Duke
of Gloucester. This is a thing which happens each year and I
did it during the two years I was Mayor. Ken Day did it this
morning in place of the Mayor, who, I gather is comfortable
in Buckfield Hospital. Having seen this through I went
and fetched the ball race from the sports shop. (See T.J. last
night) When I arrived home I found Mary H. was paying us a
visit. Although by her talk and manner being quite well,
Mary does not look well. I was glad to see her round
again, quite some time has elapsed since we last saw her. I
went back to the office and saw the Housing Manager because
two different ladies had asked me housing questions and I
like to get satisfaction for people as far as possible. The
rest of the daytime passed uneventfully and this evening
came the Health Committee and the questions that I have
to deal with as Chairman. Everything went well and it
was a quite interesting meeting. I had to check two
members who, taking their ~~go~~ case from the M.O.'s
report, tried to extend into a Malthusian discussion. Quite
a nice contribution from each of them but this is not the
occasion. The meeting did not last long and, on arrival home, I
read some more Tuckman. I find Miss (or Mrs) Tuckman a very
entertaining writer of history and this book, which I am
reading aloud, is giving pleasure, as well as instruction
to both of us.

Tuesday October 26 There was the Finance Committee meeting this evening. During the day Lottie phoned us about going up there (Parsons) to supper this evening. I decided to leave the committee meeting earlier and accept Lottie's invitation because I wanted to know Mr. Parsons was alright after his unpleasant experience at the Nichol's Yonge concert. I have omitted to record this on the appropriate date, but Dorothy and I had invitations to this concert which was to be broadcast and we very much appreciated the people who arrange these concerts thinking of us. However just as the singer was going to start her first song there was a very temporary failure of the lighting system and then, just as this was corrected, from our place in the balcony we could see Mr. Parsons being assisted out, ill. I like Mr. Parsons, and he enjoys having us to speak with and, although I knew, by enquiry, that he was soon ok. I was glad to have the opportunity to visit him this evening. The part of the Finance committee that I attended was quite interesting and we discussed the priorities a la the freeze; as we have for the other committees and then inter alia the new guide book. David would have liked a joint committee of the Council, the Arche. society and the Chamber of Commerce to produce the guide. I am for a specialist firm doing it. Specialisation through division of labour is the correct way to proceed nowadays. I had to leave soon after this and I made my way to Parsons. I found Dorothy already

there so everything was going as I would like it and Mr Parsons looking extremely well. Lattice had prepared a splendid meal and Mr. Parsons and I jested about sundry matters. Later in the evening Dorothy surprised him by her knowledge of what went on in the town of his time. By the way, during the evening Mr Parsons says I may come up tomorrow and take some wood which he is given me to help with my wood work.

Wednesday October 26 On looking back through this journal I detect a tendency (sometimes) for it to read like one of those essays one used to have to do at school, such as "How I spent Saturday morning" etc. Now that I am retired from being Mayor, as well as from work, I do not meet so many people to write about and, as a consequence, in this journal there seems to be too much "I went etc." I must watch this and not make the writing a record of the order in which I went to different shops and so on. The sun shone this morning and I went up to Mr. Parsons and brought home some of the wood he spoke of last evening. There is quite an amount of various types of wood in the shape of things that are no longer needed. I'm going to ask Mr. Zierlant to help me by using his van to bring the rest home. This afternoon Ken Day drove Dorothy and me to Cuckfield Hospital to visit the Mayor. He doesn't look too bad. By that I mean he doesn't look too bad for

him, because Bertie looks "hearty" in a dangerous sense at any time. However, he is transferring to the Levens Hospital tomorrow and his report is not so bad as was first anticipated so we hope he will be well for the busy Mayor's time which is coming. This evening there was the half yearly Co-op meeting. I was glad there were a good number present. Dorothy had to go to the "plays" at the G.G. school so I attended the Co-op meeting for both of us and then left to attend the History W.E.A. This class is keeping up to its promise and I expect much from it on the part of the organization and I am sure I shall gain much from it as a person. There are six new people; by new I mean people who I have not met at W.E.A. classes before. The tutor is a Mrs Davidson, and she strikes me as one of those interesting tutors who are full of important new discoveries or theories on their subjects.

Thursday, October 27. There were two things for Dorothy and me to carry out again this evening. One, the second series of plays at the Girls Grammar School. We both attended this and had the same nice reserved seats that Dorothy had last evening. The plays were quite good although I could wish the children could be made to understand

that the first thing in performances of this kind is to make myself heard. My hearing may, possibly, not be so good as it was, but even allowing for this possibility I think they need some instruction in making themselves heard. The acting, with all moves I consider was very good. Dorothy and I proceeded from there to the Front Room of the Town Hall and attended the monthly General meeting of the Local Labour Party. We found Len Fox is again laid up and his place as Chairman filled by Dr Andrews. The business part of the meeting was finishing as we arrived so all we really heard was the report of the Annual Party Conference. Arthur Seymour had brought back a very good report and I was glad to see that the steady going some of us had administered last meeting (See J. Journal Sep 29.). There was only the slightest return to the "Down with Wilson and the L.P." attitude that has been apparent on some occasions. Quite a pleasant meeting and I was nominated proposed as the only candidate who would be considered to fill the C.C. Party Ward vacancy next April. This proposal had been made before I arrived and I will give it consideration as I told the S.P. secretary when I was informed of this move* after the meeting. I will give it consideration too. Such faith in my popularity in the town should have notice taken of it.

Friday October 28: There has been nothing, which is worth recording in this journal, has happened today. The weather has been mostly wet and I have pottered about the shed, finished the truck and done various odd jobs. This evening I had another good go at "Zacharias History" and I am also carrying on with the Broom Economics. The latter I do in the early morning because I have always found that the time for serious reading, as far as I am concerned, is the early hours.

Saturday October 29 A quiet ordinary Saturday. About the town this morning, which is always very pleasant for me, and to the Dripping Pan this afternoon where I saw Lewes Res. defeat Whitehawk Res. in a cap tie. Didn't go out this evening as the rain came on again and made it an evening when one stays indoors.

Sunday October 30. We went for a walk this morning ~~temper~~^{slight} and so over the race hill and back via Hill Road. Did reading the rest of the day. Dorothy did jam and marmalade and aprons, being involved in the sales which are coming up & which are designed to help one thing and another. There is one that is being organized by ex mayoress's and it is to help the local League of Hospital friends (Victoria). There is another in aid of the Friends of Hellingly Hospital. This is run by a very able committee and always makes a brave show at their yearly shows. A week next Saturday is the Fair

in aid of the Old Peoples Welfare Committee. This leaves community is simply bursting with good works which attend each others efforts. I mean the members attend each others efforts.

Monday, October 31. Nothing of note to record.

Tuesday, November 1 1966. A usual day for a retired man but in the evening, a party given by the Mayor [who of course was absent and in hospital]. It was quite a good gathering and Ken Day, as deputy Mayor, carried off the proceedings. I met a number of people again and Dorothy also went round and met people so between as we are keeping in touch with acquaintances. Met the Farmer-Browns again for instance. The party finished in good time and ~~we~~ had ~~got~~ ~~got~~ ~~met~~ ~~on~~ ~~arrived~~ Joan B and Colin down home for a while. Very nice people. They left at well after seven. A very pleasant evening.

Wednesday November 2. The Council Meeting, the Old P.W.C. and the W.E.A. were all supposed to be attended by me this evening. I had to excuse from the O.P.W.C. attend the Council Meeting, of course, and then hurry down to the Grange for the W.E.A. I only had half an hour at the latter because the Council meeting lasted two and a half hours. It was quite an interesting Council Meeting but really should not have lasted quite so long. I'm afraid, with some members

of our Council, oratory is liable to supersede business. Frank Hayward and Mrs Green made good contributions, or what would have ~~been~~ been good contributions if they hadn't been repeated about four or five times. There were others who persist in saying something even though another Councillor has said the same thing. To myself I call the first kind of repeating sentences "individual mass production" and the second kind "irritants on the corporate body." It reminds me of a rash spreading. Kon Day as chairman in the absence of the Mayor did quite a good job. At the Grange I found them studying living conditions in the last century and the beginning of this twentieth century. Listening to this always makes me think back over my young boyhood and shudder somewhat, but only in retrospect. All we then expected nothing better in those days so we had some happy times; although looking back now one wonders how there were any happy times in those pious hypocritical days. My own children did better because attitudes had changed anyway but, of course they and their contemporaries were faced with new logics. I hope, however, that these new generations will deal with things much more efficiently than we did. They have an enormous advantage in the fact that it is generally accepted that, for instance, it is ethically wrong to let people starve anywhere. When I was young the idea was not yet fully accepted that it was wrong for anyone to starve ^{almost before one's eyes} go without

Thursday November 3. and

Friday November 4

Nothing worth recording has occurred. The Ladies Bowling Club are holding their Annual Dinner and distribution of trophies next Wednesday and Kon Day our deputy Mayor has asked us to attend as he will be otherwise engaged. We shall enjoy this. When Dorothy and I were in office this club took our eye as one that is very worth while. A day or two ago, while having my haircut I learnt from Frank Butler, the barber, that the new Re Diffusion Service of Tele.V. for the town was now available and at the "Rainbow Tavern" B.B.C. 2 could be seen. Tonight, Friday, some of the boxing matches of pre 1914 could be seen, or rather, the films could be seen. I went up to the "Rainbow" and I thoroughly enjoyed an hour or so. To see Carpenter, Frank Moran, Jack Johnson and others of the period was quite a thing and the events were so instantly recognisable as well as the men. Shows what (sharp) ^{deep} impressions things make on you when you are young and your senses of perception are really at their best. Quite obviously, it only needs the older and wiser people to do their job properly and the young (see yesterday, and notes) will grow up to be people who are fitted to deal with any of the problems that may arise.

Saturday November 5. This was a bonfire day when we did not go out to see the celebrations. Much to set

I went to the Pan and watched Lewes reserves v Horsham reserves this afternoon and this proved a good, interesting game. All the evening the rain belted down but we kept indoors, refusing to be drawn out by the sound of the bands, the sound of which proved that the Lewes Bonfire Boys were not to be driven, by the weather, from their annual event.

Sunday November 6 A quiet day.

Monday November 7 Nothing has happened that is important enough to record. Joan and Bert are in Paris at the UNESCO conference. Good for Joan!

Tuesday November 8. I met a new neighbour, new to Lewes I mean, who told me the bonfire celebrations were a marvellous sight even in the rain. I have finished reading Tuckmans history to Dorothy. Quite an accomplishment. A quiet day.

Wednesday November 9 This was quite a busy day. Really I was down to attend the W.E.A. course this evening, but the Friends of Victoria Hospital having a committee meeting I decided this must take precedence. Then, with the Mayor's illness, (see yes T.T. November 4) we had to deputize at the Ladies B.C. annual dinner and, as we anticipated, we very much enjoyed this. I had to make a little speech

and managed it alright. Dorothy and I are at home among these people.

Thursday November 10 I shifted my polishing activities to the front room today and did quite an amount before I went out. On returning home I found Betty and Issy were visiting us. I had not seen Betty since the last time I was made Mayor. She has had quite a nasty operation on the thyroid but seems to be doing very well now. Issy is going to Hatfield to the Salisburys, a regular job of sorts. She said I should speak to Salisbury because he was very educated and it would do much good to each if two intelligent people like ~~him and me~~ as had a talk!!! I have mentioned my sisters adventures as a cook among the nobbs before in this journal. Betty is still working for Barnardos Homes and is also doing a good job. Indeed all my sisters are proving themselves to be very valuable in one form or another. I attended the Hospital committee this afternoon

Friday November 11: The Mayors banquet this evening. I spent an ordinary day first. Dorothy wore the red and black evening gown to the banquet and I had on the dinner jacket. It was quite a pleasant evening but I only cared for Mr. Brissetteau, the L.A. Ed Director, of the speakers. Lord Zulon, of the university was dull as I have generally found him. Bradshaw, the retired grammar school head was not too bad

but sounded pedantic and used the occasion to show bias against comprehensive schools. While the man who responded for the guests, the national head of the Pharmaceutical Society, had just a string of jokes. Not wit, not jokes that were appropriate to his speech. Just jokes of the variety that made one think he spent his spare time with "Reader's Digest" since he was a schoolboy and was not any wiser than he had been at the age of 14. I think I can say without being accused of exaggeration that this function had an entirely different feeling to when it was the function of a Labour mayor. Bertie was allowed out of hospital just to be present during the meal. He wasn't allowed to eat or drink anything and had to be taken straight back to hospital. Ken Tay, as Deputy Mayor, welcomed the guests with Miss Temple the Mayoralty to support him. We had quite interesting people at our table. I must try and find out what is lacking if ever I am Mayor again. Certainly on this occasion, which is the only one I have attended on the below the salt bars and so received an ordinary citizens view, this seem a very expensive and very superfluous time.

Saturday November 12. A busy day for Dorothy and me. Dorothy poppy collecting at 7. I overlaid and she got late for this. In the afternoon I was at the door of the Old People's Autumn fair and Dorothy was running a raffle stall inside. We left at about 5 and Ron Boyden picked us up in

the evening for the three of us to attend the play "Tabitha" at St Mary's Social Centre and this provided, as this Centre generally does, a very nice evening for all of us.

Sunday November 13. I took a letter I had received, which was addressed to the Labour Group, to Frank Hayward, the Group Chairman, and inter-alia as it were, he has asked me to make a small meeting of geo B. John B. myself and Frank to see if we can thrash out the difference of opinions that is causing resignations. This afternoon there was the Remembrance Day services at the War Memorial and at St John's church. Nothing else has transpired. Reading this evening

Monday November 14. A quiet time all day.

Tuesday November 15. A quiet day. I attended the meeting (course) that was arranged for the Councillors and the C.D. in the Market House. This was quite instructive on organization of L.G. in times of stress and the second part on Nuclear Fusion stuff

Wednesday November 16: After a quiet day a very pleasant evening because Dorothy and I were the guests of the "Branch" National Union of Railway men at the dinner they arrange for their pensioners each year. This was much like the one I have described in this journal a year ago when I received them as mayor. A man named Braddington, who is the assistant National Secretary of the N.U.R. spoke and I spoke. There was a good meal and then dancing and some entertaining. Jimmy Taylor and Dorothy Cripps were there as one would expect. I believe I have mentioned before in this journal how others are a number of people in Leaven who are always on hand to help in various ways when this sort of function takes place; and I believe I have mentioned before the sterling work of these two people. Jimmy does a terrific amount towards making these old peoples gatherings successful ones, both with his fiddle and his companionable manner and knowledge of how to "make things go." A very nice evening which gave me something to write ^{and think about} after the sterile last few days

Thursday November 17: Dorothy had to attend the Brighton General Hospital again today. This is ordered because of marks, red, painless and not inconveniencing as regards movement, that have kept appearing on her thighs for some time. On her return home I learned that they had not defined very clearly what was wrong, but

that they were quite obviously of the opinion that this complaint was fairly harmless and she has some capsules to swallow. It seems to me that nowadays, with the great assistance given by drugs, a new calling has come into being: that of designing capsules, or "swallowing" containers for medicines. Marvellously attractive things, both in shape and colour, both of which are various. Nothing much happened during the rest of today. I read aloud at evening. We've got a book from the library which has as its theme the differences of methods and the hostility in human relations between Catholic Christians and "Bible Belt" Baptists Christians in their efforts to win a tribe of wild Indians over to the "Prince of Peace." I think the sufferings and inconveniences these missionaries undergo, besides showing devotion to their self-chosen job, shows that they deserve all the discomfort they undergo for being so big-headed as to think they "know-it-all". Certainly these evangelical missionary men try to teach a religion that contains many more impossible things, in the way of magic and irrationality than the faith the natives have in the "supplying" gods they already worship. At least their rain god made the stuff grow and came from the west in big clouds. They had the evidence of their own senses about this and you had to have fertility to exist; but these newcomers taught that it was more important to hide yourself in trousers and have nothing to do with women!! If you did after

of the latter you were "on the carpet" as it were. Small wonder then, that the tale ends with the discomforture of the missionaries. Any person, and there are plenty in real life, who insists on trying to teach this sort of thing before teaching Christian ethics should be restrained from missionary work. They will do it at home just the same but we unfortunate to whom it is done know how to deal with them. Even the most backward natives realise that creature comforts come first; and if an evangelist offers them a new god to worship and backs up this offer with promises of creature comforts, even though the latter is only an axe-head or some glass beads, the natives will seize upon the new religion at least pro tem. After all, in the most civilised and democratic countries parties get hold of the government by methods that might be described as ~~at~~ bribery-in-advance. One couldn't help wondering who were the most simple, the members of the native tribes or the members of the "God Squad?"

Friday, November 18: Another quiet day. This evening I visited the "Rainbow," where, on the television, I saw another film of Boxing matches of about the early thirties. I enjoyed it. I looked into the Labour Club on the way home and had a chat with one or two whom I haven't seen for some time. Lionel Wernott says he hopes I shall be Mayor again next year!

Saturday November 19. I did the usual things for Saturday mornings and this afternoon received a shock with the rest of the supporters of Lewes F.C. by watching them lose 4-1 to Southwick in the Sussex Senior Cup tie. There are many remarks one could make about this match but it is not worth making them. Reading this evening.

Sunday November 20: Frank Heywood, Geo. Beerfield and John Buckwell came as arranged (T.T. Nov. 13). This little meeting seems to have had the desired effect and some differences of opinion that had blown themselves up into resignation size at the last group meeting were smoothed out. This evening Ellen from next door invited us ^{and me} to see the grand Variety performance on the television so we spent an hour or so there. Somehow the modern type of variety doesn't seem half so jolly as variety did some years back: and I don't think that is entirely due to my old age. Sounds like the old, old, story

Monday November 21: Nothing extra.

Tuesday November 22. This evening the second of the Q.D. lectures for Councillors. All about the dispersal of population. This was rather well done with charts on how the reception centres, of which Lewes is one, will be

arranged and managed. There was a very good film showing a centre receiving the refugees from a nuclear attack arriving in a reception area. It gives an idea of how it is intended to endeavour to deal with a situation such as the one depicted by the film. Of course, there are other situations when the same things could occur from different causes. After all, there is the catastrophe in Italy. I think it is necessary to have an organization that is capable of making some show at dealing with calamities that affect ~~spokes~~ numbers of people at once. We had a look at the C.D. Headquarters afterwards. Very snug. Will carry some awful responsibility though.

Wednesday November 23. This evening I had to miss the W.E.A. again. The Building-Plans Sub Committee had rather a heavy agenda and I was kept there for three and a quarter hours. I have noticed that there is quite an amount of talking going on, all round the subject. I had to let go at last from a broad, "public weal," angle and the talking of "it and about" stopped and we got on and finished that particular item in an incredibly short space of time when the amount of time already spent on the subject is taken into consideration. I must try this again on the next suitable occasion. It at least points out to them the line of general direction to use a musketry term.

Thursday November 24 This evening the Establishment Sub Committee as regards time, a repeat of last evening. As yesterday hold-ups and digressions were caused by personal likes and dislikes from an aesthetic point of view, so today, with salary and wage structures and the credit squeeze playing a large part, we had hold-ups and digressions on particular peoples ideas on economic matters. As Chairman of the Health Committee I had a go on the aims of Local Government and the service to do with health and, like yesterday progress was made. Three hours tonight. If some of the committee are so tight on salaries and expect officers to stay all night about three times a week to satisfy the ego of some speakers, then I can see we shall soon have no officers.

Friday November 25 The days pass off in a way that is quite ordinary and there is are plenty of sources of information about ~~the~~ more general news and in consequence, I observe I am only recording what happens at evening time. But this journal is for my reading only and I don't really want a record of my movements. I want a reminder of where I went and who I met. The more I am at home, or doing mundane things, during the day, then, obviously, the less I have to write about. This

evening we were at Joan Freynes for dinner. Mary was also there, looking, I thought, rather tired but otherwise quite attractive in one of the, what I call, trouser suits. Joan and Ted look after we three guests very hospitably and, as is usual in Joans company, there was a lively and "limber" quality about the conversation. Mary is considering the opening of a book shop. An ideal business for her to look at, but I don't know how much room there is in Leves for this sort of thing and this is a shop-keeping where one has to be careful about losses in the way of petty thefts etc. I don't know why books which I consider are, collectively the warehouse of all learning and wisdom should be such an attraction for petty thieves and other petty offenders. Jonathan came in during the evening. He is at London university and has changed his method of life a good deal. He looks very smart and much more attractive than when he was "being with it". The other two of Joans family, Janet and Patrick are well but we did not see much of them this evening.

Saturday November 26: Today was the Annual Sale of the Friends of Hellengly Hospital. Dorothy had a stall where aprons, baby clothes and like things were obtainable, so most of her day (and mine really) has been used in the Com Exchange. I had a short peep at Leves Reserves during the afternoon. The Friends

sale raised £300 or so. A very good result; and reflects great credit on the organizers and all the workers. Helping at Dorothy's stall was Mrs Lambert and we were glad to meet her and her husband, Roy again. The Lambersts were helping twice, as it were, because Roy was using a barrel organ round the town to raise money. He belongs to Toc H. which always helps the Hellengly Hospital friends or any other body in need of assistance. The Round Table was also represented and very busy with a money raising "swindle". I think all these organizations are wonderful; and amongst in their ranks there are some wonderful people. This evening we attended the dinner of the Commercial Sq. Bonfire Soc. and spent a very enjoyable evening.

Sunday Nov. 27. A quiet day at home

Monday Nov. 28 The Highways Committee this evening. David arrived a few minutes late but this was late enough for the meeting to be started and for Abby to take the chair. I am writing this after some days so I have no remembered details of items of interesting interest, and it is likewise for the Parks Committee on

Tuesday Nov 29. Nothing particular occurred during the day.

Wednesday Nov. 30 was rather more busy. I attended a meeting of the Lewes Exhibition Fund in the morning and we dealt with several applications for aid. The chief event of our day however, was a bazaar, run by part Mayness, in aid of the Victoria Hospital Friends. Dorothy had been working very hard for this, on jam, marmalade etc for some time, and it was very gratifying to find there was a big response from people. Over £200 was raised for the fund and Dorothy's stall raised £30. The Round Table and the Y.C.H. were in evidence as were the Rotary etc. I attended the Old Peoples Welfare Committee in the evening and then the meeting of the Labour Group. I was, of course, late to arrive at the latter meeting and it was the usual "uncomfortable feeling" meeting, and I had missed my W.C.A. too! However this was eventually finished though there was not much of the evening left for a quiet time after all our efforts of the day.

Thursday December 1 1966 The housing committee met this evening. As is my wont, I made this a fairly easy one because I am only an ex officio member, being present by reason of my post as chairman of the Health committee.

Friday December 2 Fire Brigade Committee this afternoon I had a chat with Ald. Benson, who was Mayor of Hove during my term as Mayor of Lewes. Dorothy and I are quite fond of Benson and Mrs Benson and it was nice to meet him again.

Saturday December 3. Dorothy attended the St Johns St Nicholas fair and won a cake. I attended the Football and saw Lewes Scrape home against Birstlip by 2/1. A quiet day otherwise. I understand the Television Star who opened the fair did not do it so well as Dorothy did last year as Mayness. I have often found that these famous people are apt to take far less trouble at these functions than a good local person. I forgot to attend the cage birds Society show this afternoon!!

Sunday Dec 4 Quiet day.

Monday Dec. 5. This morning did the library estimates with Miss Temple, the chairman. I thought in view of National Finance requests, it was best to keep as we were and this was agreed. Health Committee in the evening. Went like clockwork, but on

Tuesday Dec. 6. There was much struggle and turmoil over the Post. Lab Com Report (T.S. Thursday) Enough, I am rather peeved. Too much, anyway, to record any more of tonight's meeting. This afternoon Dorothy and I attended a "late in life" wedding party at our Station St group of old age pensioners.

Wednesday Dec. 7. Eleven a.m. United Districts M.C.C. joint committee. Two thirty p.m. Pells Infant School Christmas play. Seven thirty p.m. Old peoples Welfare Committee or W.E.A. I made it the latter because I have missed four W.E.A. classes in a row and, after all, the U.C.C. is my favourite organization and has played such an astounding part in my life. But my point in starting to record today's doings as I have done is to make a note of how busy both Dorothy and I are with public engagements. This is the real reason why this journal is now hopelessly muddled. Unless I can find time to write about the people of interest to me, this journal is just a record of "where we events"

However, at the class I found Hilda Chandler back and in command of her job as secretary. There were eleven members present and quite an interesting, and instructive, class was held. Hilda is an extremely interesting woman who got to like the W.C.C. when I was endeavouring to build it up during the "fifties." The Branch always has its ups and downs and it was during one of the down that Hilda Chandler and Marjorie Robinson were attracted to the movement by bait I put out in the shape of a course on drama. They have been secretary and treasurer respectively for a number of years now and the branch has grown to be quite a power (educationally) in the town. Hilda is slightly older than me (70?) is very well educated and able, and is a tireless worker and an extremely good speaker. It is mainly through the work of these two women that the branch does so well, but Hilda has been to Australia twice, of recent years, so we are without her help during the time she was away; and we have to find an acting secretary until she comes back. Hilda, in my opinion, is an excellent example of the middle-class woman of 19 and early 20th century. I have mentioned the type before in this journal, and my appreciation of them.

Wednesday December 8. Today we paid Buntz a visit at Hurst Green. Joan joined us at Lewes station so three of us travelled there and the Barber family was as it were re-united for the afternoon at least. Dorothy had made a meat pudding as we were to arrive before Buntz came home from her work at the hospital: and this meat pudding was made hot by dimensions. The baby, Helen, looks very well and is running about and I expect she is even more advanced than she shows to us as visitors. Nobody sees the best a baby can do until you stay with them a long time and they get used to them. The second baby is due about April. I'm afraid Buntz and John will have a busy time when it arrives because Helen is very attached to her mother and a new baby is bound to affect her. However, I think Buntz, with all her qualifications in the field of psychology and medicine, not to mention a sympathetic attitude to children's and all human problems, will no doubt cope with all that comes her way. The chief thing will be the care of Helen while Buntz is in hospital and the arrival home with a new baby. We got home at about 8 and later I went to the Town Hall to see Chester Crouch the hall-keeper. There was an "all-in" wrestling show going on. This can be amusing but these particular organizers seem to have the same wrestler for show after show. Just change them round a bit. I think this form of entertainment should be called a "Pur in the Corner" or Postman Knock. They do appear

to be kissing each other on some occasions. I went home and had a read

Friday December 9: It was half promised that we would attend another old age pensioners function at the Technical College but previously, we found, Dorothy was booked for shopping with Joan. The day passed by, for me, very quietly and this evening I went to the "Rainbow" to see some more of the dug-up boxing memories which are shown on Friday evenings via B.B.C. 2. As usual I met two or three of my contemporaries and spent a pleasant hour. Tonight the man being remembered was Kid Berg circa 1929-30 who was in the Goodman stable with my brother Ash. Tonight at the "Rainbow" I talked with Sonny Sales, the local athlete and association footballer of those days who left the Lewes team and played for Chelsea for a number of years. He is now 65 or 6 and I found his memory of such things as the Berg-Canzanese fight, of which we saw two films this evening, was far more accurate than mine. I suppose mine is more accurate than Sonny's in other directions. I went home and we looked in next door because it is Fanny Nicholls' birthday today. Both she and her sister Ellen are very well although both are well over 70. They like us to go in late and it seems to make their evening.

Saturday December 10. A quiet, usual Saturday. Shopping in the morning and, this afternoon, down to the Dripping Pan to watch the reserves play Eastbourne Reserves in a cap match. Shockingly wet and muddy, with heavy rain for a good part of the time. Reading in the evening.

Sunday December 11. Delivered Labour Party notices that Henry Collins will talk on Common Market on 29 inst. Year back this is the subject and the venue, where I first introduced him to Leavers. I must be sure and attend. From his first meeting here we got together a good class on economics, and Dr. Collins class was the basis of WEA training for a number of years. I look forward to this Labour Party meeting. It is the time, also, when that organization must begin to see about its programme of work and doings for the coming year. What with the Rhodesian question going to the heads of many of the more imperialist minded of the Conservative party; so that they are running about the country trying to work up a situation like the 1914 Ulster situation; and last evening one of them mentioned civil war. What with all this, plus our economic situation, and not to mention a continual moan, gibber and squeak from the motorocracy, it is necessary for us to do our part and for this we

must arm ourselves with the knowledge, and the wisdom, that can be gained and so reduce the chances of a national sliding back to a minimum.

Monday December 12: I haven't done a great deal today but I have made some rough notes on the paper I have to present to the history class on January 4. It has to be on the period 1906 to 1914 and I should manage it alright. Joan came over this evening and brought the remainder of the material from which she made the Russian lists for Bert and me. Dorothy was later fetched by car to go to Kingston, packing parcels for the patients at Hellingly and, after Joan had gone, I went next door and saw another episode of the "Meet the Wife" series. Really a lazy day for me.

Tuesday December 13 This is the time of the schools' Christmas plays. I don't suppose I'll have so many invitations to attend them as I had while I was mayor, but already there are four to attend. I always enjoy attending them and I am sure that more interest is taken by the parents and public, because the Christmas concerts arranged by even the youngest classes are crowded with visitors. We

attended the Wallands C. P. School this evening and thoroughly enjoyed their presentation of "Amahl and the Night Visitors." The Wallands School is one of the L.C.C.'s "post-War 2" best schools and since I have been made a manager, I have been able to learn something of it and its staff. The Head is Mrs Persch, a very able and progressive woman. At tonight's concert there were a number of parents who live on the Wallands Est. which, broadly speaking, is one of the better areas of our town and these parents, many of whom no doubt belong to the movement for "The Advancement of State Education" do seem to take an interest in education generally. In these times of propaganda against the Ministry of Ed. & Science, which propaganda is called forth because there is a Labour Government, it is nice to have these people who are out to advance State education. We met a good many people there. David offered us a lift back (we had walked up there) and before we went home we paid a visit to the home of Peter Morris the Town Clerk. His children were in the concert. We, Dorothy, David and me had a drink and a talk and a drink with Peter and Pam, and this made a nice ending to a very pleasant evening during which I was able notice things to do with being a school manager.

Wednesday December 14 Quite a busy day. Although I inadvertently missed an "on the spot" sub-committee meeting at the Garden of Rest. I must be more careful. These experiences make me realize what an enormous asset Joan B. was during the time I was mayor. However, at 4:45 Dorothy and I attended the Old Peoples Christmas Party and found that we received a wonderful welcome from the old people even although we are no longer in office. I left at six and went upstairs to attend the Council meeting and Dorothy came up later as at this meeting, the £270 or so that was raised at the "past" Mayoresi sale was presented to the President of the Hospital Friends. (T.S. nov 30) The Council also witnessed the presentation of awards to a policeman and a young civilian for bravery and initiative in dealing with a fire (a victim of this fire has since died.) Incidentally, this fire did not occasion much interest at the time. It is not until one hears, and learns at presentations like this one to-night, what actually happened, and the result of what happened, that the action of people who are, as it were, actors in the occurrence, is really appreciated. During the meeting tonight Ken Day (deputy Mayor) tried to refer back the recommendations of the finance committee and the establishment. An attempt to send the Council into private session failed, we all kept firm and decided to seal with the matter in open Council and, in the event, the reference back was defeated by a overwhelming vote. This being Christmas we were

invited into the Mayor's Parlour and a nice little party took place. Rodney Armitage gave Dorothy and me a ride home and so a busy day came to an end. I was very tired and sleepy.

Thursday December 15 Dorothy had to attend the General Hospital with the original trouble and, on her return, told me that Mrs Eddie says she need not go anymore. I tidied up at home and did a little.

The above start is wrong, because I am writing this a day late and I forgot that for a moment. I must make a fresh start here. Quite a busy afternoon. I as Chairman of the Health Committee dealt with the estimates of the Committee's financial requirements for 1967. These estimates are only very slightly increased and will mean approximately one penny. Considering this committee is in charge of the health of the town, there should be no grumbling about this, either from the ratepayers or from those who are concerned, at national level with increases in prices.

At 4-15 Dorothy and I attended the Christmas Play at St Annes special school. This was extremely well done and as moving to me as on previous occasions when I have attended things carried out by this school. I am full of admiration for the women who carry out this work and I think they are deserving of every praise and certainly a recognition that their status in our society should be very high. Later on this evening I went

to the Committee meeting of the Friends of Victoria Hospital. This was all very straightforward and only occupied an hour or thereabouts of my time.

Friday December 16. I am now level again with this journal so I can write again that Dorothy attended the General Hospital at Brighton as an outpatient for a check-up, to use the idiom of today, on her original (operation) progress and on her return, I learned that she had not to attend any more. So this is a step forward. This evening I went to the Rainbow for "ights to remember."

Saturday December 17. Usual Saturday morning. Dripping Pan in the afternoon. Lawes 2 Eastbourne V.I. Aterian League cup match. good Oh. The fall of the mighty. We went to Joan and Bert's at Patcham this evening and saw some films Bert had taken. We two appeared in some of them.

Sunday December 18. Nothing to report. A walk in the morning and both of us for a walk in the late afternoon over the footbridge etc Cliffe way back. a quiet evening with

Monday December 19. I had no dates or fixtures today so it was actually a quiet time with some time spent in sending out Christmas cards. I have taken this part of the season's arrangements on myself and, as yet, I am keeping fairly level with the incoming tide of greetings cards. We all say this business of cards is idiotic because it has grown, commercially, out of all reasonable proportions; yet we still send them! I suppose we are all crackers (sorry) at Christmas

Tuesday December 20 This was a much more busy day. There was shopping in the morning and Dorothy renewed the wish of our old oil stove. I am looking forward to the time when we shall be electrically heated and the oil heater, although it is a really good one, not used. This afternoon Dorothy, as a manager, had invitations for us to be present at the carol service held by the Girls' Grammar school. This proved to be as good as one would imagine such a function by such a school and was very enjoyable. When the carols were finished Dorothy and I went shopping for "Pyrex" pudding basins and then to the C.S.M. school party I have mentioned the people who look after the education and welfare of these children on more than one occasion. I very much appreciate their work and

the great worth of their efforts. This evening the W.C.A Branch committee meeting was held at Hilda's and this was a very enjoyable meeting. Most members become more jolly the longer they are in the W.E.A. and there are now quite a number of very able people who are very keen on making this branch function. I feel that the efforts I made in the dear days were not in vain and, anyway, back in 1930 it was the feeling that there were people to be met and talked with, people who would think and discuss, people who were, in fact, more complete than I had known up till that time, and it was this feeling that made me recognise the type when I first attended a W.C.A. meeting. The days before the last war were^a very different times to nowadays, of course, because the whole sociological set up has been altered and there are, consequently, different ideas growing and blossoming all the time. ~~But~~ But when I say my life is different from what it was in 1930 I don't mean the change due to sociology or even to experiences gathered through almost forty years. I mean that in my case the W.E.A. opened up a completely new life and consequently a new way of regarding people and happenings around me. I know by people I meet who are members that they feel somewhat the same as me when they have been members for a while. So long live the W.E.A.

Wednesday December 21. Dorothy attended the hospital at Brighton for the attention of the skin specialist. He seems to be satisfied that she is making good progress. This afternoon we went to the Christmas party of the Pells infants school. Hubert Gandy entertained the kids, and us, with some conjuring, or, as it is called nowadays, magic. This evening we went to the Heynes for the evening. They seem to be all well and indeed the kids seem to be improving daily. Quite a jolly evening

Thursday December 22. Nothing on today. We are all set getting ready for Christmas. Shopping, sending cards etc. and

Friday December 23 spent in much the same way
Saturday December 24. Christmas eve and I woke up with rather a devil of a cold which has been a bit of a nuisance all day but without doubt, I shall soon drop off the worst of it. At twelve o'clock we went up to Betty and David's for a drink before they went off to Jane's the daughters, for Christmas. Dorothy Naylor was there besides us and we chatted for some time before Dorothy B. and I went home to a light lunch. Bert and Joan came over this evening as is usual on Christmas eve. They are both very well and Bert seems to be managing his ministerial appointment without too much fatigue & hindrance.

and, by way of exercising among other things, has made improvements in various ways to do with his physical condition. Raymonde-Hawkins and Bert Briggs looked in during their duty tour of various hospitals. There is some confusion about Bert being the Mayor of Brighton next year. Apparently it was all agreed and set by the Conservative majority on the Council but now, it appears, they are inclined to the view that perhaps there should be a Conservative mayor in the year that the Cons. Conference is held in Brighton. Ye Gods!! Both Ray and Bert Briggs are as usual. To me it doesn't seem a year since we six met here on Christmas Eve but there it is. One thing Dorothy and I have to do the Hospital and the Blind home this year.

Sunday December 25. Christmas Day. After a quiet day at ~~the~~ home we went to Joan Heynes this evening. All her family were there, including Granny and Paul. Joan's grandmother, at well over ninety, seems to be very well although her eyes are very dim and she cannot see much. All Joan's family are well and we spent a very pleasant time with them, finishing up with watching "Dr. Zanday etc." on the television.

May 22 1968. There has been a gap in the recording of this journal; a gap which stretches from Christmas 1966 until today. It will be recalled that I finally decided not to continue after some nine months of carrying on the journal while not being Mayor. Today I was made Mayor again; and so "I take up the pen again" and from today I will try to record the doings of Dorothy and me, as the town's leading citizens anyone who reads in future will know what are meant by the various abbreviations by a glance back to the first entries of 1964 (mayor making). The chief thing today for all of us was the A.G.M. at which the mayor making ceremony takes place. All my family (siblings) were present. I ought to record here that since the last entries, two have died, Bish and Dod. So now we are five, myself and four girls: two older than me and two younger. Betty, the youngest of the family, arrived from Barking, where she is in charge of deprived children (Barnados), and the other three live in Levens. Then all my family (children) Joan and Betsy came from Patcham and Worcestershire respectively and Dorothy and her brother Frank made up our contingent contingent. Dorothy and the girls looked very posh. Dorothy wore a new white had and the broaded mayor-making dress. The mayor-making went through according to plan and I was duly installed. I had tried to get all the town into the Council Chamber, by the way of representatives of organizations so there was a big crowd present. My speech went ok, and at the reception, everyone seemed happy. Since the

defeat we (del?) received at the local elections we are in the minority so there were, present this evening, four new Conservative councillors or ~~rather~~ three and one who was re-elected, so during the coming year I anticipate some careful chairmanship will be needed from me. Three of these new people seem to be fond of clapping, although, obviously when one has just been declared the victor in an election, a little exhibition of jubilation can be expected. They will learn from now on, as everybody has to learn, that it is all very well to win elections. With a bit of bad luck for the community, any chump can get elected. That is a danger, that must be taken in a democracy: but once he ^{is} is on, then he has to learn that the facts governing the various situations with which he will be expected to deal do not allow room for the situations he has thought up and which, therefore, are not real. I have come to the conclusion that the local government man, the M.A.G.O. man, is a man who can only deal objectively with a situation. If this were not so there would be a very great increase in the risks of plagues of all sorts. Walk down any street in the country and think for a moment of what is happening all the time. Water, power, light, drainage, Sewerage: services that are almost too numerous to count here. These men can, obviously, only deal with facts and yet they ^{are expected} ~~have~~ to carry out policies thought up by someone who can possibly not have the slightest idea of the consequences of ~~any~~ line of action;

and so, by way of the older heads giving advice which is accepted, and the patience of the Officer in dealing with and demolishing the more subjective ideas of the newly elected member, the recruit who is genuine becomes of real service to the community. I have wandered away from the mayor-making, but these thoughts arose as I, as mayor, welcomed the newly elected men on to the council but the best I could do about it at this welcoming stage, was to warn them or advise them, to proceed empirically but perhaps that was enough to make them consider the seriousness of the job they have taken on.

Thursday May 23 1968: We are quickly into swing as regards functions. This morning there was the church service ^{at} to which the judges of the assizes attend before the first case is taken in the County Hall. At this service held at St Ann,

Prof. Aga Briggs, who is vice Chancellor at Sussex University attended, robed, and walked at my right hand. His university participation is a new departure for us but I understand it is usual in places where there is an university. There was a good attendance of Councillors. There was a good attendance no doubt as many now ones were anxious to be on public view. After the service Dorothy and I with our Chaplain the Town Clerk the Saffron Bishop and the Rector of St. Annes, who, incidentally is

of the new Corp councillors, went to the Bull House Cafe for a coffee. The Bishop is a man who is quite pleasant company in these circumstances and talked quite entertainingly. The other two churchmen, one my chaplain, both being connected with the Council I will describe in due course in this journal. It did occur to me since we were sitting in Thomas Paine's House (I had mentioned him at my mayor-making), to wonder if it had occurred to the clerics that it was rather a "renegade" place for them to be. Dorothy and I next attended the High Sheriff's lunch and we renewed acquaintance with him. I found this lunch where the Mayor sits on the right of the High Sheriff's wife was as pleasant as all the rest I have attended. To the court across the road after lunch and stopped there until the court adjourned. It is nice to have a set special place kept for us. Anyway, this concluded our official functions for today. Full a flying start.

Friday May 24. Dorothy and I attended Glynde Place to say; there was a garden party in aid of an organization called "The Little Black Bag." As its name suggests, this organization is to do with District Nurses and its aim is to provide flatlets for retired nurses. Princess Alice was the opener and we had the pleasure of a brief chat with her at tea time. Met some interesting people here and will mention this function if I record meeting these people in future journal entries in the

meantime I must do something about this pen or the ink or whatever it is that is making the writing be all smeary: perhaps it was the surface of the paper. I visited the Labour Club this evening and met among others, Abby, Dennis Walker and Mrs Walker. We had a brief chat about the A.G.M. and the Mayor making. Abby, Dennis, and Joyce are coming to the church service on Sunday evening.

Saturday May 25 1968: We had got up early today because of the lifeboat flag-day. This went off quite well as it did at our last term of office. Dorothy was in charge of the Town Hall station and Frank and I helped, my part being to help Dorothy but Frank did the School Hill area for all the time (from 8 until 1) and filled three collection boxes with money. The usual good women helped us and I hope it was a success because a new honorary secretary was in charge of the whole organization and I should like a good start to his term of office. We all took things easily this afternoon and were ready when Bill and Gileen Hall called for us at 5:30 and transported us to Worthing where Frank stood us an excellent dinner and then the Halls stood treat to the Compton Theatre where we enjoyed "The Country Wife". A very pleasant evening in good company. Nice and relaxing after the hard work of the morning.

May 26. (Sunday) I looked in at 68 Prince Edwards Road

Saw my sister ^{the} and Leslie. They are both well and various little difficulties seem to be smoothing out. I learned from Leslie that Anthony and Pam enjoyed the mayor making very much indeed. This evening the Mayors service was held at St Johns. There was a respectable sized congregation. The service was quite pleasant although as I mentioned in the earlier journal, the thing is so larded with various, to me, entirely unnecessary additions that I had a job to realize tonight that I was not a small boy listening to a rather scary fairy tale read to me by an older sister. However, the young clergyman, as I have mentioned before is making quite a good job of getting the parish organized. We entertained the attending Councillors and their wifewives for a sherry in the parlour afterwards. I met Prof Allen of the Sussex University who was with us this evening as the husband of our new lady conservative Councillor. When I have more time I will get to know him better. One rather worrying thing to day. Graham Mayhew arrived soon after two o'clock and we could not get him to go until 10 o'clock. Poor Frank had him on hand all the time. Dorothy and I were at church. He said he was coming to see us next week on Sunday! I shall have to find some method of dealing with this situation without being too unkind.

Monday May 27. Mayors Parlour, dealt with various

matters. The Town Clerk came over and, among other things wanted to know if I had anyone I could recommend for the position of Justice of the Peace. I shall have to consider some people. Took my best shoes to be repaired had a haircut etc. Made up a few words to say at the opening of the Carnival to be held by the Football Club next Monday. I am gradually getting back into my old way of compiling speeches a week in advance. It's the only way if they are to be carefully thought out. Being Mayor again, and Frank being at home, has rather stopped my efforts of room prudery but I am keeping up the exercise and the more people I meet the more I find who have orders from their doctors to exercise more. My own doctor, a woman, told me in the course of conversation that the present ^{new} idea of exercising deep breathing, exercised muscles which call for a bigger flow of oxygen laden blood and the getting people out of bed as quickly as possible is doing a great deal of good. It is very nice to find verification of what was forty years ago my working hypothesis ⁱⁿ attempting to make myself as comfortable as possible and, to myself, gradually proving that hypothesis to be quite sound. I know from the medical point of view, there is much more to it than this simplicity but the principle is there and if we consider the laws of nature, which arrange things to happen, as principles, we are on our way to a much greater understanding about physical fitness. We can safely

come to the conclusion that the great power, force or whatever keeps things going would hardly have principles for the mechanics of the life of the universe and leave out principles from the human frame for some reason or other for, on earth at least, it is the human being who is necessary for if the most is to be made of natural laws or principles which keep the whole caboose going. It has suddenly occurred to me that the shoemender to whom I took my shoes this morning, has recovered from what I thought was something which was a finisher. He told me he is rapidly getting better. His doctor told him to do some exercises!!

Tuesday May 28. Joan B. came over soon after I arrived and we quickly went through the mail. Two or three more requests for my August company, or perhaps I should say requests for the post of Mayor to be present. We did the things quickly because I had to be sworn in as a J.P. at 10 a.m. This was done and I served on the Bench until one, approximately. There were a number of the usual type of cases, pretty sort of偷窃, driving away without owner's consent, shop-lifting etc. I shall gradually settle down again on this. I arrived home to a late dinner so there was not much left of the afternoon. Went back to the Parlors on speeches. Dorothy did some clearing up in the garden this evening and I lent a hand by clearing the passage at the back, from the grass which always grows so rapidly at the bottom of a wall. To go back

to the Mayor's service on Sunday evening. I have mentioned my "fairy-tale" criticism which was directed at the Bisons. Dorothy's criticism was of the sermon and somebody had been unkind enough to the young rector to tell him that Dorothy didn't like it. The result was that the chap came to see Dorothy this morning and they had a discussion of a sort on this and kindred matters, remaining on good terms but no doubt leaving theological matters and human behaviour questions just as they were. One can't get much idea of compromise from a man of the church, because by his very calling, he is based on revelation and so cannot move while the person who would prefer to work by way of the gift of the creator (whatever that may be called) reason can obviously find no satisfaction in the result of a discussion where their opposite approaches differ from the very beginning by preferring to work from mythology. I just recorded this item as a note about the unkindness or stupidity of people who would repeat criticisms of a sermon back to the preacher for no reason except unkindness or stupidity. On many occasions this criticism may be necessary and surely beneficial but this is not one of them.

Wednesday May 29: There was not a great deal of mail this morning, but one interesting item was a request from Ontario asking for assistance in tracing the forbears of a man named Harwood who was born in 1815 and married

at the age of 21. This man and his wife were Anglicans so I thought the best scheme was to try church records. My own parish rector was not available so I found the information I wanted to start looking from Bishop Reeves who is now the Rector of St Michael's. I therefore had the opportunity of meeting with the Bishop more intimately than at the more brief meetings we have previously had. This morning I had a visit from Mr. Neame, who is the Conservative Party Agent. This turned out to be a visit that was non-political for he had come from the newly-formed association for the provision of nursery schools. So the result of this visit is that I am taking the chair at their inaugural meeting. I have connections in a tentative way because the two people who started this movement in Levens came and enlisted my support some months ago. There is a good deal to be said, both for ^{and} against, nursery schools. I think the going among other kids at an earlier age than five is all to the good, but it should be balanced against the more intimate guidance and backing (security) that should be its right from being with its parent, among its familiar things, gaining in knowledge & confidence because its world is around it and secure. No child as far as I know, plays much with other children in these groups. Each boy or girl I have seen in the pre-school playgroups has been industriously playing by himself or herself, seemingly quite oblivious to the noise and bustle around him which is caused in the main by other children doing ^{the same}. I should imagine that the demand for nursery and pre-school groups comes from ^{morality,} ^{and} ^{convenience,}

from other reasons, because there are many other reasons and the chief of these is the opportunity it gives for young mothers to work otherwise than at home. There are many reasons why doing work, apart from making a home, may be necessary but I don't believe the one most used, that of economic necessity is a general one. A very great deal of the demand for schools for babies is to do with the demand of women "to be equal" "to have labour saving kitchens" and a host of other catch phrases that are played upon by various methods of the most modic. The truth must surely be that women are nowadays, free to marry or not because the economic necessity for a woman to marry is no longer with us. Free to have babies or not, and this is surely the key to all women's equality problems since birth control became "part of life." A woman, then, being free to marry or not, chooses to marry. Free to have a baby or not, chooses to have the baby. But here comes the snag to the hunt for further freedom. The child has to be looked after, and it is looking after a kid from say two till four or five should be the most fascinating job in the world, particularly for a woman and this brings me back to where I started trying to be logical about a rather illogical topic. The woman who decides that the kid needs nursery education generally sets to work to provide it by way of the pre-school play group. I consider this to be the best form of pre-school,

collective education. It is not for mothers who want to go to work since each has to take her turn. This proves there is, among many mothers a genuine belief that it is good for the kids and the question remains. Who is to do, and be responsible for the financing of this work? and here a further struggle becomes necessary. I am sure that the L.C.A. should be in command of pre school education, but I am equally sure that there should be a great deal of parent participation. This situation calls for the organization to be formed and then to be helped along by the County Council much after the manner in which the C.C. keeps an eye on other works which require a good deal of voluntary effort. Much like the disable or blind associations are now run, getting the best out of both worlds voluntary work by individuals strengthened and guided by an expert public body who ultimately becomes financially responsible. Dorothy and I attended the annual general meeting of the Vic Hospital friends this evening. This effort for a new Hospital Theatre, which I helped to start when I was last Mayor will achieve its object this year and the officers and committee are jubilant. More of this when the event happens. The chairman and other officers were extremely kind and complimentary to Dorothy and me. Daws tais set looked in at the wrestling and saw a bout through to its first fall and then went home in time to see some of the second half and

all the extra time including the scoring of four goals in
the final of the European cup Manchester beating Benfica
4-1. Quite a day.

Thursday May 30. An easy day. I mostly down to Joans and the
grandchild Mark, leaving Frank and me to fend for ourselves. I
must admit that when circumstances like this arise, it is
Frank who fends for both of us. I just did the things that
I imagine every Mayor has to do. There was, however, the Local
Labour Party meeting this evening and I attended this and
Dorothy came in later on her way home from Joans. I was
rather pleased with tonight's meeting. There was a certain
steady resolve to recover from the late electoral blows, and a
feeling of confidence on the national side that I haven't noticed
for a long time. I have heard from other people too, that we
are expected to recover when the harsh steps taken by the
government are nearer towards the goal to which they are
directed. On arrival home we found that a Mr Cecil living
the chairman of the biggest newspaper combine in the
world and who has been leading a vicious campaign
by all the newspapers against the prime minister, has now
been sacked from the job and board of this newspaper
group. Perhaps this means that this group of papers can
see a change in fortunes and are eager to be on the band-
wagon. I am sorry, but I cannot condemn the newspapers
world's so-called profession enough for, apart from the political

side it seems that nothing trashy, vulgar or anything that can
be distorted to serve the end of these owners of one of the
mass media, is left out.

Friday May 31. This has been a quiet day. I went to the
parlour and dealt with the various things that Joan B. brought
over; among them there was a posh looking invitation to what
was described as a reception for broughs in the home counties,
including a visit to a theatre where a play, I forget the title,
was being presented. A line or two down the page I found this
was in conjunction with the Moral Re-armament Movement!!
The people who run this movement must be aware that none
of any mental stature is going to be attracted to M.R.A. so
the real object of any of their invitations is always concealed.
I need not record what I did about about the invitation after
I had read that far. Dorothy and I attended the Labour Club
this evening. There appeared to be plenty of people there and
we had a chat with Frank and Marie Heyward.

Saturday June 1 1968. Up early and doing some reading and writing work.
I use the word work because it actually is work that I do during
these early risings; when necessary on stuff I have to do publicly
and when not it is serious study. On whatever my spare mental
time is spent at the present. Dorothy and I both did shopping
as yesterday afternoon. Dorothy appears to be walking better &
is taking 'feet up' rest occasionally. Frank is well and is

considering the purchase of a small cottage in Little East St. The weather is really splendid now and I am hoping it will keep so during this Whitsun holiday, because there is the carnival held by the football club which I have to open on Monday. Spent another lazy afternoon but, after all, I am an elderly man. I am keeping as well physically as I ever did and can see and display improvements in some physical aspect after a very short time of concentrated effort. However, I have the handicap of the completely arthritic spine, plus eye trouble now. Late and I have a kind of dual. Arthritic spine versus visible improvements physically. A bent for social study and the reading of philosophy versus a cataract in my only good eye. We watched the television, saw Germany beat England 1-0 at soccer and saw "The lady vanishes". Meant to listen to a discussion on the proposition that there is no need to change the divorce Sunday laws, but I dropped into a snooze after the "Lady Vanishes" and forgot about the discussion. I should only have had it on the discussion for discussions sake principle. To take such a discussion too seriously, or rather the matter of it too seriously would be fairly impossible as it is about emotional things, has a religious connection, is against tradition and altogether although a change in the divorce law would very well be for the better, I am sure this discussion would be clockful of unreason and attitudes that are biased.

Sunday June 2. Up early and did the usual preparations for the day. Went round the town making sure I knew where the sites were for the Building Plans sub Committee which meets on Wednesday. I wondered while going round what difference there will be in the constitution of this committee as a result of the change in representation on the council. Of one thing I am very certain. Nobody will be more conscientious than the men who manned it before. I wonder what would happen if the public knew the amount of work put in by some members, and the learning of a job and the carrying out of a policy that one has decided upon as the result of inferences drawn from experience and observation of certain facts. We shall have to wait and see. When I came back Frank was stripped to the waist and working away at removing the old varnish from the slipper box. There is a grand little sun-trap on the western side of the house where it is very pleasant to work and get a sun-tan at the same time. Any way, from Dorothy's working away in the garden and afterwards in the house, and Frank's pegging away at his self imposed task, I was inspired to toil also and I got rid of the old growth from the outside of the wall by burning it. It was nice to be back to the warmth of the "no-shirt" sun time again. As recorded in last Sunday's entry we knew we would have to do something to stop

all of everyone of our Sunday afternoons being used up by Graham and Dorothy had to try to make it ^{an ungodly time}. It has caused us much careful thought and we feel almost remorseful about it, but there it is, left for us to deal with and how to deal with it except by the way Dorothy did it. We are three quite elderly people and it was getting impossible to plan our Sunday afternoons at home and we are doing public work as Mayor etc during the week. I had a further walk round this afternoon and this evening Dorothy and I looked in to see Frances, next door. Frances is keeping quite well although she is rising eighty. I seem to detect in her attitude & things in general, a much greater show of spirit than she appeared to possess hitherto. I suppose, with the passing of her sister Ellen, who used, quite rightly perhaps, to take command of their joint affairs, Frances, having got over the first fright of having to make her own decisions, is beginning to enjoy this freedom. I wonder how much has been lost because nobody ever gave her the chance to make her own decisions before!

Monday June 3. Bank Holiday. A carnival to open at the Dripping Pan. A glorious morning as regards weather and what set of circumstances could be more promising. Alas, thirty minutes before the time of the official opening there was a downpour of rain which just kept on. Dorothy, Frank and I went down to the Dripping Pan by car to find the football

club, whose carnival it was looking rather as though everything was all up. They and their helpers speedily recovered their spirits though and the show went on. The wet had ruined the amplifying system so I couldn't make myself heard above the pouring rain: the stalls were being brought in: the band of the Royal Hussars having marched through the town, now stood dripping with water and nothing was very festive. However human beings, or at least those human beings who were with us down the Pan, are very resilient and, when the sun-rain stopped stalls were rigged up again and the carnival went on. I should imagine there were more than 2,000 people present. We well were well attended by Mr. Carr, the Chairman and we spent quite a happy time in spite of the bad start. Later on, after the rain had stopped the air of carnival gradually spread and so a lesson that weather can't get people down when the commonly want to do something was learnt by all the watchers of groups of people.

Tuesday June 4. I went to the Parlour this morning and dealt with the work in hand. With John Buckwell I did the signing of the schedules because the Chairman of the finance committee, George Burfield, lost at the election. This afternoon I had to welcome some German school children, who are the guests of Brighouse school, to the town. Frank and Dorothy came and were of very great assistance as always on occasions such as this. These youngsters were very

polite and well behaved and it was pleasant meeting them.

Wednesday June 5. There was a shock to start off the day. Senator Robert Kennedy, brother of the assassinated President of the United States, and who was in the midst of his primary elections for candidate for the Presidential post, was shot in the head and lies critically ill, in California. This is a blow to western thoughts on government. I think that a family being so dealt with twice by gunnery is very bad but that is not all of it. Any public figure ^{always} is in danger of being assassinated in the free societies of the west so that's not all of it. I think, as the radio journalists and commentators ran round today trying to find anybody who had ever known the Kennedys to say a few remarks into the microphones, and the working up by the press of emotion, there is a danger of "mad" people realising that almost anybody in a free country could destroy the greatest with ease and earn a great deal of publicity. There is the same fact that the countries who are not so free will have their discipline still further tightened. In fact, this tragedy has made the world a very unsafe place for public figures and one thing is certain America will have to tighten up her laws regarding the carrying of fire-arms as just a preliminary measure to the Western world working towards a recovery of the idea of freedom. I will try and get the ideas suggested above straightened out. I must get on with the rest of todays jurnal. This evening there was the building plans sub committee. I had to

leave early to attend the A.G.M. of the W.C.A. This was another good A.G.M. like there has been of late years and we decided on the courses for next session.

Thursday, June 6. Robert Kennedy has died and I don't suppose anybody was surprised. From the descriptions, in press and on radio, of the damage done to the brain it would have been most remarkable if he had lived. I did the Mayor's work and this evening we accepted an invitation from the Park Organization to attend the preview of a new film, "The Charge of the Light Brigade". The invitation was sent by the Park organization and there were quite a number of people who were obviously guests like ourselves. I enjoyed the film. It was a change from the accepted tales of this event and was more in the satirical style of "Oh What a Lovely War". All the people of the traditional type of right-wing or Blimp mentality will get a terrible jolt from this presentation of the nobility and so on of 100 years ago. Not one redeeming feature or remark about them in the whole play. This is of the time, this time of de-bunking and how our two big nationalist wars (Crimean and 1914-15) have been through the mill of public ridicule and the people in charge, who thought they were gods and the system they represented are as dead as door-nails. We enjoyed the whole evening.

Friday June 4. Abby Martin and I accompanied Mr Murphy the Borough Engineer, and Mr Price, the Health Officer to Newbury, where we joined representatives of Chailey P.D.C. and examined the Newbury Sewage Disposal plant. I think most of us didn't think so much of this revolving cylinder type as we did of the plate pressing we inspected at Luton a few weeks back. I have had to miss entering the events into this journal as they occur, so the entries following are written up some days after the events and engagement took place. The entries, of necessity, will be very brief.

Saturday June 8 A quiet day with no event of a great enough importance to record. The thing that does need recording is that yesterday I was invited to be the speaker at the prize-giving evening of the Technical College. I must do this and I am very proud, although nervous at the prospect.

Sunday June 9. I read the lesson at the Congregationalist Chapel today. Dorothy and I were much impressed by the conducting of this service by Pat Patterson. Very good. Mrs Daughton, the wife of the rector of the parish church came to ask what could I do to assist in getting rid of a swarm of bees that were in the chimney of the Rectory. I'll have to deal with this situation tomorrow.

Monday June 10 I saw Mr Price, the Health Officer, regarding the Rectors chimney of bees. A Colonel Spence called into the parlour to enlist my support in advancing the cause of the St Johns Ambulance Brigade. The T. C. and I promised what support we could. St Johns is one of my my favourite associations because of Gables and my old relationship with the early founders. We will see what can be done. Mr Parrish looked in regarding the Priory Committee and he was also helpful on the enquiries I have received from Canada about an old trust. I saw, on the way home, that the bees had been dealt with but another swarm have settled in the wall in Abinger Place! This evening the first meeting of the Highways Committee. Breeze is Chairman and Day is vice-chairman.

Tuesday June 11. The Parks Committee was held this evening. Tilbury is chairman and Wheeler vice-chairman.

Wednesday June 12 I had to welcome the Rotarians from the various clubs to their District Council in Leam. got off a little speech which I was quite happy about. The representatives seem quite happy but that is because they are probably well used to having Mayors give them a welcome. Anyway I am trying to think of a suitable speech for the Technical College Prizegiving on the 22. I have to give the address and that is a pretty good promotion for me

Thursday June 13. There was the Housing Committee this evening. Temple is Chairman and Birkbeck vice. Regarding the sale of Council Houses, from advocating it our Conservatives have withdrawn from this essential position and are now saying they must learn more about it before they do anything further! There is always a different situation which new comers to the Council find it difficult to fit their theories to.

Friday June 14 This evening we attended a very pleasant function. It was the Annual Dinner, quite an informal affair, of the Lewes T.B. Welfare Assn. I didn't have to make any speeches so life was very easy. Nice people

Saturday June 15 Nothing to record

Sunday June 16 Nothing to record except I have an idea for the Technical College speech

Monday June 17. After the Parlour Mr Culmer, the new Treasurer drove me to Eastbourne, where we were invited to the half yearly meeting and lunch of the District Trustees Savings Bank. Had lunch & with the Head of Herne Bay and a Doctor and the four of us had a lively discussion on some aspects of education. Most enjoyable meeting altogether. Health Committee this evening.

Tuesday June 18. I attended the first Finance Committee meeting of the newly constituted Council. Yarrow is made Chairman with Tilbury as vice-chairman. Things are gradually taking shape.

Wednesday June 19 Not much in the morning; but this afternoon the Brighton Garden Party. Much like previous times; a fine day we met the various new Mayors from the County. We also met a Mrs Sautier who lives at Lewes and who came up and introduced herself as one of the mothers we had met while visiting the pre-school playgrounds in Lewes. Her father Ald. Taylor, is the Mayor of Brighton and was our host today. We are always fortunate at this party in that we always make new friends. This evening I started of the new Emergency Service for Lewes which will take the place of the now defunct Civil Defence Corps. The new E.S. Corps should "go" alright. I am being rather brief with these entries in an endeavour to catch up on the events of the entries.

Thursday June 20. Besides the work in the Parlour I opened, and handed over the key of the new Operatic Headquarters in the Market Tower. This was a very nice occasion and this happy band of people are now much more settled. We gradually get things done.

Saturday June 21. At 2 pm Dorothy and I attended the meeting of the Bell School managers, this afternoon. The morning was passed in the usual "Majors manner", but all my mental energies for the past few days, has been directed to my speech tonight at the Technical College Prize giving. Having been invited to do this, and although I consider it is far beyond my capabilities to emulate previous speakers, i.e. Victor Feather of the T.U.C., who did it last year, yet this is a challenge not unlike the one of my first banquet speech. Indeed I consider this is a challenge to me to prove I back my opinions concerning the correct manner of conducting life under certain conditions, while the banquet speech was just to prove I could get up and make a sensible speech. About this evenings speech I have a kind of inward satisfaction, not because I got the thing off alright, but because I have the feeling that the message I was trying to give to the students was "got over" alright. Dorothy had to present the awards, which she did very ably. I feel very well after this evenings programme.

Saturday June 22. We had to go to Newhaven today where we were engaged in work (judging etc.) at the Newhaven Carnival. A shocking day gales, rain, cold; Some how we got through it. I have every admiration for the organizers of everything and for the spirit of the townsfolk of Newhaven. We were well attended by our hosts, the members and Clerk of the U.D.C. but decided it was best to cancel the Ball for the Alexandra children's Hospital which we were to attend this evening.

Sunday June 23. To Tunbridge Wells for our choice of day for their cricket week. I have described this sort of function earlier in this journal (June 1964-65) so there is no need for me to dwell on it here. I met a man though, who had been present when I welcomed the District Rotary to Lewes and he described this welcome of mine as excellent. These things are very helpful to me and it is nice for people to tell us of things that will please us.

Monday June 24 nothing to record. & The choir arrived from Blois Tuesday June 25. There was not much to do in the Parlour. There is too much flap, anyway, because the children's choir from Blois ~~arrives tomorrow~~, to think about other things. However I received and checked the nominations for the vacant seat in ~~Bron~~ Castle Ward. There are two, one who is a woman and is proprietor of the Crown Hotel, has stood before and was my opponent in 1966. The other is John Best who stood for Castle ward a few weeks ago. He joined in the fight against the relief road scheme when the battle had drawn itself to a conclusion, or so near to a conclusion that one could see which way the wind would blow, or rather the traffic would flow and then stood for the Council as though it was all his work. As one of the representatives said at the joint meeting between the Borough Council, the County Council and the Ministers of Local Government and of Transport "This problem is on the way to being solved; it has reached the band-wagon stage". But there it is, people voted for him although he did not get in: so in this coming bye-election the voters have two very

poor candidates from which to choose, although Best is young enough to be brought along. This evening we were invited to a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce which was to have been held in the castle. It turned out to be more of a wine and cheese evening and party than a meeting and the weather was so bad that it was decided to have the whole thing in the Bull House. Actually there was a small party visited the castle but Dorothy and I stopped with the party. Godfrey spoke on some aspects of the castle, so except in some architectural details, one was not much wiser when he had finished. Met some interesting people there and had quite a long talk with Philcox the Builder, quite an old and well-known lawyer and a man named Hahn or Haydn. I should think he would have some contribution to make and I must hope I shall see him again.

Wednesday June 26. There was a meeting of the Lawes Exhibition Fund Committee this morning, so the usual members of this body gathered in my parlour and were very generous in dealing with the applications for educational aid. I think I have mentioned before in this journal the quandary I sometimes find myself in regarding some applications. However, there is the fund, and after all, being too generous in considering applications is a good fault of the Committee. I must think of some way in which I can guide some of the others to what I am considering

There was the Council Meeting this evening. Everything went off smoothly as far as I am concerned, that is I was in the Chair and, as Mayor, I don't care for huge inconsistencies in a governing body: and there was one tonight. To do with the sale or not of Council owned houses of course. Apart from this item the meeting ran smoothly forward well under my control and with considerable humour at times from witty remarks from some councillors

Thursday June 27. The choir were supposed to sing at the Dome this evening but this engagement had to be cancelled through lack of bookings. Dorothy and I would have had to do the entertaining at the Dome, so the coarse things have taken has made our lives a bit easier. I have pointed out that I am catching up, or trying to catch up, and this has made me rather economical about filling in all the happenings from day to day. Consequently I must now record how the choir arrived on Tuesday and we have two, the pianist and a boy living with us. Everything is going smoothly, what with Dorothy's cooking and Frank's knowledge of French. Our visitors are both very pleasant people and I find that by careful listening I can gauge what ideas are behind what the pianist says. There is nothing to report regarding Mayor's work today

Friday June 28. The main concert by our French choir was held this evening in our Town Hall. I made it into a civil

night so I hope that has helped things on a bit. I am no judge of choiral singing but my lack of knowledge was compensated by the fact that there were children and so the singing was more simple. The affair developed into quite a social function during the interval and I think everybody, visitors and townspeople, were very happy. In the meantime during today I have carried out the duties of being a 'mayor' to the best of my ability as has Dorothy with the duties of being a Mayoress.

Saturday June 29. The important function today was the St John's Church Fete which took place in the Paddock. Michael Doughton the young rector met us at the Elephant & Castle and we judged the vehicles or floats, and then along to the Paddock and the fete. By the way, today was the first day there was no rain for a long time. The sun shone and was very hot. ^{Dorothy wore her hat} I think the fete has been a great success. Certainly Dorothy and I were kept busy, busy doing judging, watching sports etc. that we had no time to visit the stalls, which is to the fete's financial loss. However, the organizers had evidently figured out how to spend our services. There was one of those piano smashing competitions and, after watching this and presenting the prize of a barrel of beer to the winners, I reflected how much wrong impression there is about this and many other quite harmless amusements. I simply ~~hated~~ ^{didn't like} the idea of smashing pianos by this sort of competition when I saw

heard about it being done. A great many people describe this as uncivilised, bringing out the worst in man; only the lowest go in for this and so on. When it is watched one sees two teams equipped only with hammers, two large and two small, break up a wooden piece of furniture which is considered to be the hardest thing in the world to break when one is limited to the tools allowed. The pianos would have to be broken up anyway; they have been supplied to the fete by firms whose job is removing and dismantling materials of this sort of unbreakables. In short there is no difference in ~~watching~~ this of this competition at a fete to that of say, a tug-of-war. Both want planning, fitness, strength and so on. Any way this event has made me think once more, how one can get to be very biased ~~etc~~ against something one has never watched. Certainly when I presented the prize to the winners they struck me as quite civilized people. This evening we attended another concert of the 'Allouettes' and on

Sunday June 30 our French guests visited Eastbourne and we had a quiet day at home.

Monday July 1 1968. Dorothy and I travelled to Newhaven today and saw the 'Allouettes' off on their return journey to Blois. Another beautiful day, incidentally, the hottest for seven years according to the broadcast information on the weather. It has been very nice having the chair in the town and quite a new experience for us from which I am sure I have gathered experience.

Tuesday July 2 1968. Did the parlour work and this afternoon my ^{mayor} bowls team played the annual match against the Brighton Council at Preston Park. A very nice afternoon, not so hot today and rather cloudy. We lost. There is nothing else to record except that we talked to Mr Gloat, aged 89, walks five miles daily, is very slim and pretty, the widow of a Brighton mayor and mother of a Brighton Mayor and was born in the "Star" Inn at Lewes before the Town Hall took the place of that famous inn!

Wednesday July 3 1968 I went to the Parlour at the usual time and dealt with the few things that needed to be dealt with. There was nothing fresh in the post so at eleven am I made my way over to the Grange and the meeting of the United Districts M.O.H. committee. I am quite an old timer on this one, but the work is very straight forward and, like all committees to do with the health services of a community, very professional. Quite obviously a layman can't interfere with the work of doctors and other disease-fighting experts; nevertheless the committee is necessary, or it is also necessary for the Committee member to be able to distinguish between what is his function and what is the experts function. I have met experts who evidently had become experts in a subject by, it seems to me, learning nothing other than their particular subject. Councillor Greene made his first appearance as a representative of Lewes Borough Council and "as is his wont" he tried to give a talk

on dogs fouling the pavement. This, or rather the dealing with this subject, is not the work of this committee but to do with the District committees who send their representatives to us, and Master Jimmy Greene had said nothing, about this subject of training dogs to be hygienic, at our Lewes Council meeting. Vic Hedges of Newhaven District was chairman and stopped Jimmy, explaining patiently why we don't deal with these matters. Quite obviously Jimmy is going to have a try at having a talk on every occasion to get plenty of publicity. I made my way back to the Town Hall and to home afterwards for lunch. This afternoon Dorothy and I welcomed the French Students to the town. I have mentioned this job elsewhere in this journal when dealing with other groups of previous years. Things went alright this afternoon and my admiration goes as before to the young French men and the young English persons who, every year, superintend this group of students from all over France. I spent rather a lousy evening physically which mustn't happen again. The fine weather we are now having must be used and enjoyed as also must the light evenings

Thursday July 4 Having now caught up with the areas of these daily recordings of the doings of a Mayor I can now try to make things more interesting. Just working from day-to-day on this journal will give me the opportunity to give a more detailed record. I took the cup, which I am going to present for competition among the St. John Ambulance Cadets and Nurses, up to the Parlour; and

Joan B. and I got on with the work. Afterwards I spent some time on suitable words for Saturday's functions. Drew the pension and did some shopping. This afternoon Dorothy spent at our Joans and I walked down to the S.J. Ambulance to see about their getting the above mentioned cup and a Mr. Gates, the Superintendent will call on me at the Parlour tomorrow to collect it. I have had no Mayoral functions to attend to today so life has been fairly easy. This evening I went by invitation to the C.C. meeting of the Local L.P. because methods of collecting are being overhauled. Chatting before the meeting I was glad to observe a more informed and tolerant attitude towards various trygs made by the Wilson government to "steer the runaway car". I didn't stop for all the meeting, thinking I would get home and see if Dorothy had returned. She had, and was cooking. Apart from watching the news on TV I read for the rest of the evening, and, for the first time for ages, this is a novel. W. J. Lockes 'The Kingdom of Kleopatra'.

Friday July 5. Quite a busy day. A medium amount of work for the post and then the Town Clerk came over and we dealt with one or two other matters, one being a letter from somebody at Worthing which appeared in the Argus on Wednesday. The writer had made every effort to decry the work done by the Twinning committee to entertain the French Children's choir. As is usual with this type of correspondent, the facts weren't correct, and some were untrue intentionally. The T.C. will deal with the antwell, but, once again I ask the question, why do the editors of

newspapers allow space to be given to this sort of letter? It has often occurred to me, when looking through the correspondence columns of a paper, that the contents of some letters, if published in the ordinary columns would cause litigation. I suppose there are some rules, or home-made ethics, thought up by newspaper men, that allows space to be wasted, skilled and expensive workmanship to be thrown away, feelings of well meaning bodies of people to be hurt, and enmity to be stirred up. This sort of situation will continue, not only continue but will get worse unless people decide ~~that~~ such an industry must not be tolerated much less supported by buying the wretched product. The English press will persist in only giving publicity to failure. If an event has been a success then it must have some failure invented so that publicity may take place. The S. Johns did not collect the cup, I suppose they were busy at the appointment time. This afternoon Dorothy and I had to attend the swimming gala which the Parks committee have organized in a very short time. This was a great success and I think was enjoyed by all. This evening Dorothy, Frank and I were invited to the opening of a show at Zena Gainsborough's gallery, which is in Priory Street in what used to be the 'Jolly Friars'. Met all the usual people and had a talk with Stephen Moore, Eve Clark and several people including John Constable on behalf of some grammar school lads who are starting a collection for a village in India. A word from me

to the men of the Sussex Express is often helpful towards publicity. Met Patsy Spicer there who took us to her home for a beer before giving us a lift home. As jolly as ever. Quite a nice full day. The fine, hot weather continues.

Saturday July 6. Another very full day. I went to the Postbox and did a little shopping with Dorothy and then we hurried to get to the Grange at eleven am where the young helpers of Barnados Home were holding their Box opening ceremony. Met Mr Carson there he seems to have got much older. Perhaps he is a bit tired. He and his helpers were saying that not many people had turned up as yet, but the Boxes seemed to be giving a good yield. We had lunch as early as possible and then went to the Mabel Lester Blind Home. Fortunately we met Ted Naldrett who took us there in his car and came and fetched us at three o'clock and took us to the Friends meeting House. This help greatly simplified our job this afternoon because I knew the whole success or otherwise of todays duties would depend on rapid transport from one engagement to another. At the Mabel Lester Home we found Mrs Weaver de Moton had had an operation on her throat and could not speak above a whisper. I have written about this devoted woman elsewhere in this journal. We also saw Miss Urquhart and others of the committee and Dorothy was able to go round among the elderly blind ladies and have a chat. I was rather fixed by a lady who had obviously made up her mind to chat to the Mayor, or to somebody, to

savvy trying to speak to the patients. After all one of the attractions of all these charitable objects is the social part of the affair. Many people go to all of these coffee mornings, bring and buys, whether types of gathering partly for this and of course, this is good for the cause for which the function is arranged, good for the whole community, because many people visiting many functions where they can chat is good for the cohesion of the community; and good also for the people who do these rounds because it eases the ego helping process via satisfaction about good works, helps add knowledge on to the super-egos etc. really it is good from many points of view which, ^{possibly} in the nineteenth century ^{it} was called enlightened self-help. Ted¹ called for us just before three and took us to the Friends Meeting House by three so we were right on time. This was another Bring and Buy, or sale of work to further some kindly end or other and here we were among other people who talked with each other, or met after a long time, who had produced goods to be sold at this sale, for the cause, (I forgot for the moment what was the cause) We met quite a number of people we don't often see. We had tea on the lawn and later our own car from Necks called to take us to St Mary's S.C. sports. So we left the Quakers Sale and were soon whisked up to the Nevill Recreation Ground, where the Spirit of S.M.S.C. showed itself by the gaiety of the scene, the bright sunshine, the bunting and the number of people enjoying the air, the company and the athletics. These games were why we were present and I have recorded similar

The chairman

occasions elsewhere in this journal. Mr & Mrs Peacock met us and we were given a good tea and then the games continued until 6-30 when I presented the prizes, or rather the trophies and so, from 4-30 when we left the Zaalai, until 6-30 we had a comfortable sit down and being one who takes great interest in this type of thing, I was happy. We reached home after this full day; and it must be remembered that Dorothy had done the cooking at home etc, and been a charming Mayoreess at each of the functions we have attended today and could now rest and arrange the blooms she had received in the two bouquets with which she had been presented. We didn't go out any more and I had a read until bedtime.

Sunday July 7. All was set for a soft day. I had a short walk & fetched Dorothy's Mayoreess' chain and badge. I should have mentioned that yesterday, a member of St Mergs gave us a ride to the town hall and we put the bubbles away. I have an extra badge which I generally keep at home but Dorothy's had to be fetched because we were invited to Michelham Priory where, ^{to me} an exhibition of art printing by a group centred in Lewes. We were given a ride out there by some acquaintance of Monica Yocengi; Monica is one of the print artists. At the Priory there was quite a full exhibition and an extraordinary number of people, many of whom we met at the County Fair, gallery on Friday evening. I am always more interested in the people at these affairs than the end product because, to me

least they are rather jolly. Peter Probyn opened the exhibition with the polish, the humor, correctness of expression as well as of words, to which I have become accustomed to hearing from him. Frank and Dorothy were lost somewhere in the crowd which filled the hall when time came for the photographing so a hasty search, by several officials, failing to find Dorothy, the Mayor had to manage as well as he could among a group of the chief people of the exhibition. I had various chats with different men I kept meeting and these small-talk chats are entirely different to the ones I have with the women. If one considers the subject, or the reason for these gatherings, is the furthering of art, and then reflects that I had just written that the subject-matter of my attempts at conversation differs from sex to sex, ~~so~~ it will be seen that my conversation is not much about art. That subject like any other, must have some relationship that is similar whether I am talking to men or to women. By the large number of people with whom I talk one can quite fairly infer that a number of people present, like me, are there to enjoy the company. Monica's friends who drove us to the place and back in the rain are very pleasant young people from the faculty of the university. Also going out there in the car which took Monica were the Soopers of the "Sussex Life". I enjoyed this evening very much.

Monday July 8. The fine weather continues so life is proceeding in a cheerful manner. I did the work in the parlour and, this afternoon, I went back to the Parlour and did the swearing in for the Priory Ward bye-election. This morning there was the welcoming of the boys who are visiting our County Grammar School for Boys. These visitors are from Blois and each year the two schools exchange visits. This morning's welcome went off quite well. Frank previously arranged the flowers and Dorothy arrived looking, as somebody had told her on the way. "So sweet, it was plain that you were going to attend a function"! I have described other similar welcome in this journal when I was Mayor before so I won't do so now. Suffice it to say that everything was successful as far as T.C. Joan B and Dorothy and I were concerned and all the boys seemed to find it quite interesting. This evening I had intended to put in an appearance at the A.G.M. of the Football Club but altered my mind and had a brief walk after looking in the Labour Club. There were only two other visitors besides myself during the time I was there so the quiet slackness of this ^{warm} evening was apparent even then. I went home and had a read. Kate came down from Weald Court to see us and she appears to be going along alright. Her visit though did remind me that I must get around and visit the members of my family again. I get busy by being as good a Mayor as I can; by training my mind. By training my body and by various other ways I fill up my time but that's not

good enough, I haven't found time to see the new grandson yet I must slip down there.

Tuesday, July 9. After seeing to the Mayor's work I carried out my resolve (see above) and went to Brighton and saw our Joan and her two boys. Mark, the elder, was sitting in an inflated plastic pond in the sun and he was enjoying himself. This is the first time I have seen him really naked and running about - for on my arrival, he quickly abandoned his game of being Diogenes and ran about the garden showing me the different things - and he is certainly a well built, sturdy little fellow. The little one, Robin, of course is too young to show me anything yet but he will grow very rapidly and will always be trying to catch up his brother Mark and so will develop very quickly in all ways. It is quite a post-graduate course for me to be in a house where there are young children. I always wonder how the mothers, or indeed both parents, manage. I have to remember that we had to manage like all other parents have to manage. Joan looks very well and happy. I was rather a long time on the bus on the way back to Lewes. Only half the road is in use at about the Newmarket Inn, and being peak hour for traffic there was a good deal of waiting for vehicles to do while waiting - red traffic lights - for them turn to use the half a road. Anyway I only had a quarter of an hour before the Library committee was held; so I abandoned my idea of going home and I had a sherry in the Mayor's parlour. The Library committee took rather a long time because of the New Library question. John Perkins was made chairman on the proposition of Mrs Moore, seconded by me. The new councillors tried to make

Mrs Greene chairman but John won on a show of hands. I had a talk with him after the meeting and, from what I could gather this way, Mrs Greene has an idea that the whole thing was rigged! Of course nothing of the sort. What made a difference, I should imagine, was that some members who have been on this committee have taken note of Mrs Greene's tendency towards bossing people's reading. There was also a short brash between members regarding the acceptance of proselytizing organs. There are generally giving free but I object to using our library as a recruiting place for various religions. We have proper books on all sorts of religions, philosophies etc and I think this should suffice. I was rather intrigued at the manner of this discussion. The application was from the Jehovah's Witnesses. Serving on this committee, there are professedly attendants of a place of worship) Christians of all sects from R.C's right through the whole gamut to really evangelical people. It was startling, the way they were all vehemently opposed to the Jehovah's Witnesses having the concession which each of their sects enjoy. I and one or two more members are against this kind of propaganda from any sect. and we could observe, from the objection by all the other religious people to the J.W.s that there was an opportunity to make for the unity the churches are after. Just whisper Jehovah's Witnesses in their ear and they will fly into a huddle immediately and unite.

Wednesday July 10. To the Mayor's parlour first thing to find not much in the post. Joan B. asked, by phone, to go to St Wilfreds so Irene came over. There was an invitation to attend the Hop Habgood wedding, and not much else. The weather had broken up so I spent some time working up something to say to the Bart Six Assn for the disabled, whose meeting I had to attend this afternoon. I have described these AGMs of this body when I was Mayor before. Always there is something that grips me. Today was the visit of the man who talks on the rehabilitation of disabled people from a point of view that is not to do with work, but with athletics & games. He described his work and the enormous efforts made by disabled people to live as normal a life as possible. He had a film of the Mandeville and Olympic games for the disabled and it was an eye opener, even for myself whose ^{own} life for years has had a basic philosophy that is similar to that which actuates those games. I spoke to a man named Taylor who was a competitor at the Tokyo disabled Olympics in 1964 and who can only be mobile in an self propelled invalid's chair: and another man from Ilkfield way whose was suddenly & deprived of his mobility in 1932 and has accomplished much from his wheelchair. It is nice to speak to these people who are not normal physically but strive to be as normal as their handicap will allow, than the people one often meets who are quite normal physically and don't often visit a doctor, yet whose conversation consists to a large extent on their ailments. The thing is to get these latter to one of these meetings so they might learn how to view their bodies, and, by comparison with

the disabled, discover how lucky they are. However, I am afraid that their attitude of mind is such that, far from appreciating their own well being, they would spend the rest of their lives living in terror lest they "get struck like it". It has been pouring hard most of the evening so neither of us three have been out. We watched a neat little 30 minute play on the Television. It was "Happy Anniversary", with John Welsh and Sylvia Coleridge. Very intriguing

Thursday July 11 Up early as is my wont, and after my usual early morning procedure, which is by now well established as sometimes writing, always reading for 'mental profit' (which people might describe as heavy stuff but I am so used to this in the early morning that I am quite at a loss and know I have missed something out if by some strange chance I am compelled to leave it out) and then exercising for physical profit. I can make enormous progress in an extremely short time in physical welfare or profit, and this has been^{so} ever since the great progress in "breathing my spine" in at Buxton in the spring of 1936. This long physical experience combined with the working along the lines to 'mental profit' (see above) has done me much good in recent years. So by experience when it comes to discussion on materialism from a philosophical angle, i.e. mind and matter I am a monist. Indeed, to divide the two either in philosophy or to think in terms of theology is, to me, a purely academic question. I am here, and whilst I am here there two things are one in me and neither can exist fully without the other.

At the Parlour it was Joan B's last day before her holiday starts. There is nothing in regard to a Mayors work today that is worthy of recording. I was thinking of having a walk and then finding the result of the Priory bye election on the way home but it rained so all I did was to go up and hear the result. Moody (Cons) 460 Rest (Ind) 399. This is a shockingly low poll from any point of view but from the conservative viewpoint it is, if one thinks what the Priory ward does usually in the way of returning almost any conservative then these two candidates but particularly the conservatives must have been exceedingly unpopular people.

I met Eric & Joy Corham and, having a drink in the Cross where the Conservatives had gathered to celebrate their victory (sic) I was approached by a lady who congratulated me on my fathers and had seen Dorothy and me come up Keene St and enquired over my ability to get about etc. I would be very willing to help people to do likewise but I find it is impossible to get over, in the short time I am speaking to them, what my approach is and would class me as a crank. So on this note of physical well being I can close todays journal as I started.

Friday July 12. One item which may resolve itself into something interesting happened today. Irene came over instead of Joan B. and reminded me of the meeting which I had agreed to hold in the Parlour this afternoon. This was in response to an inquiry as to our attitude to the report of the London School of Economics on Local Government Boundaries in the South East

This report envisages the area concerned divided into regions.
(Pop 500,000 to 1,000,000) subdivided into Districts (200,000 to 500,000)
and, when applied to our immediate area, the report suggests
we go into District 24, Brighton. This proposed District
extends northwards and takes in Bushfield and it was
from Bushfield that we received the enquiry, and whose
representatives met Mr. John Clark and me this afternoon.
They were three, two elected representatives one of whom was
a County Councillor, and their Deputy Clerk, a Miss Trauer.
Three quite interesting people. The C. C., a woman not
mentally arresting, an average Councillor I should imagine but
who did not take much part in our discussion, at least,
no outstanding part. The man I should say was very
able and an extrovert way of talking that could
carry a meeting of a committee who were interested
in examining a situation objectively. The ^{Deputy} Clerk is a
woman solicitor but who, to my surprise, spoke in an
unbelievably soft voice and whose sentences faded away
in a fashion that reminded me of an H. G. Wells character
from "You Can't be too Careful" whose lips moved with no sound
at all issuing from them. I can see the type from whom
that author got this idea when I think of this Deputy Clerk.
We gave the matter full discussion and, despite the fact that
to me, there seems to be, at the bottom of their alternative
scheme, an antipathy to "overall" development in their area,
nevertheless we think it is worth while bringing it
to our Committee where it can be deliberated on. This
evening the Philpots came and took us out to Old
Malling, where, in a big old farm house that has now

been taken over by a young married couple with two children,
a "Shearer" party was being held. Dorothy and Mrs Philpot were
in this because it was a "Bring your own" sort of arrangement
and people kept on arriving during the evening. I met many
nice people, most of the attendees were young and, I should
say, were all keenly interested in Welfare on a big scale,
say the Oxfam scale. Quite interesting to talk to all of them
and Philpot and I had quite a discussion between
ourselves. He gets more pessimistic as he gets older. I
believe that, taken away from his immediately favourite
occupations, he would develop into quite a moaner. However, I
can see certain things that do carry his interest and
this evening's attitude to life was a reflex action, as it
were, to his coming to a party of the young modern type
which, I confess can be uncomfortable. He evidently was against
attending really. We arrived home reasonably early.

Saturday July 13: The chief event today was the Round Table Carnival.
There was an alteration regarding the part to be played by Dorothy
and myself. The "Tufti" club were going to have us ride in the
procession in a carriage with two horses. This, although possibly
slightly embarrassing, was really a very pleasant kind of idea.
However, for reasons of the vehicle and the horses, which are film
props, this could not take place so we carried out the original
programme. The judging of the decorated floats, forty of them, gave
us both a good deal ^{time} to think about but we managed it
we hope, to the general satisfaction, as we did the rest of our duties.
This carnival was on mammoth lines and showered credit on the
Round Tables for their organizing and other ability. One interesting
experience for us was to be invited to look over the big

modern fun-fair or fair, I don't know how it is felt at the moment. A Mr. Botton, the proprietor took us round, explaining the working of this kind of amusement business. It is an enterprise with an enormous turnover. He afterwards invited us in to his caravan for a drink and this caravan was an eye-opener. Talk about luxury. It was like a travelling luxury flat. Mr Botton comes of a long line of fair proprietors and his two sons are still in with him so the show will go on being in the family. A very entertaining, and, to me, enlightening talk, a good deal of it concerning town planning of which subject he knows a good deal. Mr Dibley, the president of the Round Table, who had been looking after us all this afternoon, drove us home at five o'clock just as the rain started, which by the way, lasted all the evening. I'm afraid this would act as a damper on Mr. Botton's clients in the fun fair part of the carnival. We had a short rest at home and then our car came at 5-40 and we were driven to the High Sheriff's Annual Party at Isfield place. This was probably the best of these parties that we have attended. Commander and Mrs Segrave looked after their guests right royally and there were plenty of people to talk with. Of course, the rain rather spoiled things by confining activities to the big marquee, but it was indeed a pleasant evening.

Sunday July 14. Dorothy was taken to Brighton today to visit, on her 10th birthday, a Miss Georgina Piper. I went to visit the Lewes Ladies' Cricket Club, who were entertaining a visiting team of men cricketers from Sevenoaks. I enjoyed watching

this match. Perhaps it is easier for me to watch at the "Baddoch" because of the lie of the land or something. The ladies had provided a good tea in addition to the good match. During teatime Dorothy arrived from Brighton, having left Georgina looking even better than she did on her 103rd birthday! We enjoyed watching the cricket and the company of the members of both clubs and, arriving home at 7-30 we spent a quiet evening, at least I did. Dorothy found some odd jobs to do as housewives who are Mayorette's are apt to do.

Monday July 15. Irene is my secretary while Joan B is away for her two weeks holiday so Irene brought the post over and we went through it and did what was necessary. There was not a great deal to do. Frank came in while I was doing the rest of the work, after Irene had left, to do the flowers and he had only just left when I had a visitor, the schoolmaster from Blois school M. Pielbert. I wished Frank was still with me to help my conversation, since I have no French. However, M. Pielbert and I managed alright and it was nice to have a visitor from abroad call in and pay his respects to the town via the Mayor. I did a bit towards drafting out two speeches after he had left and this afternoon, after some shopping, I did some more drafting. Dorothy had a selection meeting this morning for a new Girls Grammar School mistress but the selection committee failed to choose one who would stop. By a curious coincidence I was booked for a selection committee this afternoon at the Wallands School but I received a note this morning saying that all the candidates had withdrawn. I hope there is not a jinx

on the C. C. schools in Lewes. Mr Philpot was talking of local education schemes the other night at the shelter party and seem to take the view that the East Sussex comprehensive Scheme was ill considered; but then, as I recorded in this journal for last Friday, he was feeling pessimistic anyway. I went to the Highways committee this evening. Quite a nice meeting and we got through quite an amount of Town Planning and Highways. It lasted two hours. I looked in the Labour Club, had a drink and then went home.

July 16 Tuesday. Rather a scramble this morning. Dorothy off to Brighton early to see the grandchildren, Frank off early to his cottage; and me to the ParLOUR and then to the Court by 10.15. The Chairman, Mr Ragg, Mr Fletcher-Moult, Mrs Ridgeway and me. Two Railway passengers not paying their proper fare, one case of indecently assaulting a girl of 13; and one case of illegal eviction of tenant. My Council was prosecuting, on behalf of the Rent Tribunal, in the latter case so I sat out and I didn't need to come back after lunch. I learned late this evening, that the eviction case lasted all day so I was lucky I did not sit on that one. The assault case made me reflect on the appalling dangers ^{some} men who are weak are in from girls who are in any way hysterical, on the one hand, or prurient on the other. Grown women certainly would not have brought any case, especially after riding about the town with a man on the offence committed by this accused; but there it was. In spite of three other convictions for previous offences of a like nature, this man seems still

to be unaware that to touch a woman almost anywhere, even though her clothing can lead to a charge for indecent assault though as I have just written I can't think of any women who would complain about these offences in this case. He has to come back after seeing the probation officer and a hospital. I hope something can be done for the poor, bewildered looking devil. I met Frank at his cottage and we had lunch at Toffers and, this afternoon I spent with the Old Peoples Club in Station Street. As usual they were very glad to see the Mayor and showed their appreciation of my visit. This evening I attended two meetings, the parks and the Establishment, which included the progress report. I was actually sitting in my place for three and a quarter hours. I tottered home just before ten o'clock feeling very tired & found Dorothy busy ironing!

Wednesday July 17. I was resolved to start my collections for the hospital friends today. I did what was required at the parlour and then went shopping with Dorothy. This afternoon we attended at the St Annes E.S.W. school and once again I record my admiration for the staff there. The way their work is carried through is admirable and this is proved by the results. We were able to watch the children dancing in the beautiful surroundings of the tennis courts, (now disused) which make a wonderful amphitheatre. Dorothy and I had a good look round and Dorothy bought several items. This evening I really started the collections and it was a good start. Did 5 guineas

Hill and Abinger Place. I had a rest and a talk at Pam and Mrs Kelly's. That was my last call. They both seem well and they were very complimentary to me. Pam is still working in the Avenue at Mrs Gearing's. I came home and later on saw some wrestling before turning in. Does me good to watch these blokes.

Thursday July 18. Not a great deal in this morning, but one exciting thing: a letter from Mr Ballaghan, the Home Secretary, accepting my invitation to speak at the Civic Banquet. I saw the Town Clerk and he is still not too happy over the case he attended as I reported in this journal on Tuesday of this week. This afternoon Dorothy and I attended the prize giving at the County Grammar School for Boys. We reached there right on time and right on time were welcomed by the Headmaster, Mr Usherwood, and the ceremony started almost right away. The Chairman was Sir Fred. Mowat and the speaker and prize distributor was the Astronomer Royal.

I had no time to speak to him ~~but~~ for he had to leave immediately after the ceremony. He started by making quite a promising preamble mainly about "Longitudinal" matters but, either because he was in a hurry, or they told him to cut it down, he left that and gave a rather ordinary prize awarding little speech. It was quite a good one of its sort but I was rather disappointed. If I chose to give advice to young people I feel I should be prepared to try and explain to them not just what I meant by behaviour but help to make behavior interesting. We have

a proper look round the school after the ceremony. Again, Mr Usherwood's influence. This is the first time we have had a good look round after a prize giving. Today all visitors could see the boys at their various tasks. This school, and all to do with it, is now much better (I can't think of any other word) managed? disciplined? Certainly things are much more efficiently done and the boys look smarter, more "ready". (But see '1965 July in this journal). I left Dorothy at the Town Hall door and she was driven home while I attended a Housing Committee. The matter of the sale of Council houses was raised and I watched the line of discussion very carefully. The new Conservative members were in favour of selling, but were, in the end, content with "the principle of selling" Council houses. They, apparently, had promised to sell these houses at election time: now, for the first time in their lives, they were learning something about Council Estates and what makes these estates as viable as may be. Everyone slowly learns. The trouble is that it seems impossible for any, or most, people to learn enough to be able to grasp a situation from discussion. The discussion takes place, seems to fall on deaf ears, the ear owner says his piece, honours are even as regards talking. The thing is carried or defeated and the subject of all this has to be dealt with according to the dictates of this democratic (sic) decision and the work is carried out. Sometimes wrongly because people have not learnt the principles of democratic ways, or the way to listen and endeavour to interpret what is being told them. What they do hear is that which doesn't require any mental effort. The slogan "Sell Council Houses" is easy to grasp. Actually, how

to manage an estate is not so easy so that is not listened to, any more than reasons for not selling were listened to.

Friday July 19. The Brighton Water undertaking, which is the authority ~~which~~ is in charge of the Lewes water supply, sent some of its men round and mended our main water tap. I am extremely glad of this because they have put in a new up-to-date kind of tap which can easily be reached without scrabbling about in the earth. At eleven o'clock I met and chatted round, by appointment, a young man named Kirk & his friend from Blois. They are both 18 years old and we had a talk afterwards. Endeavoured to give some guidance to the English lad because like a good many of his contemporaries he is against any authority. This anti-attitude can be of use in particular matters, but the extent to which it can spread i.e. not following any authority in art, writing, music, gradually brings us to the state of things we are almost in now, with people flinging colour on canvas from yards away and calling it expression in painting. With people writing a frightful jargon with no punctuation, generally, (for all these have a certain similarity) giving a more by more record of the character's filthiest habits or private hygiene (?) In music people making the most frightful row, amplifying it, poisoning the atmosphere with noise and wailing. In politics making no effort to learn how to judge a situation and only having two methods of trying to get things done. Set down in the road or in your place where you are supposed to be learning, or not, make things

particularly frightening and this hastens the process, started by this subjective way of trying to run a collective concern; and sends all those who would prefer to live in a more civilized manner over to the forces of the right. These things are just the results of this anti-attitude. There's one thing appears to be unnoticed by these young people. The whole thing, if they would look at it doesn't mean anything. It is just negative. Oh well! A quiet day as regards Magoral work

Saturday July 20. An ordinary Saturday at first. A fine day and Frank finally moved to his cottage in Little East St. Dorothy was in touch with Margaret Lambert, having phoned about another matter, and the outcome was that Roy and Margaret came to dinner this evening; so the day did not finish up so ordinarily as it started. Dorothy dropped a note in to Frank at Little East Street so he came also but did not stop for very long after dinner. He had started very early this morning and said he would like to go to bed early. The Lamberts are very good people. Roy is a member of York H. and a good discusser and he and I talked of many things as did Dorothy and Margaret. A very pleasant evening which sped by so that all four of us were surprised when Roy pointed out that the time was ten minutes to twelve, midnight! Dorothy has prepared a good meal. Fish pie and we had champagne to drink. No wonder the talk flowed so readily!

Sunday July 21. Up early this morning and a very fine morning it was. I have done a little tidying of the garden, some reading of John Locke and by a curious coincidence some reading of W. J. Locke a very popular author in the early years of this century. I got to know his writing when serving in the army during the 1914-18 war through a man named de Pouette who also had some influence in my outlook on life. This afternoon I looked in on my two sisters at 68 P. Edwards and found them both well, considering they are both older than me. I think if they had come under the influence of some other person who could teach them what life was about, or to imagine what life was about, their lives would have been more full now. I made a circular walk home but I did not go out anymore because I have a cold or something which began to develop yesterday and which I must try to shake off. I have arranged for a downward press by adjusting the expander in the sled and I hope this arrangement is going to help me in keeping well. If anybody reads those last few sentences they'll only have the foggiest idea of what I am writing about, but that's alright. It is only written to mark the date for me: when I started the new series of different movements

Monday July 22. I went to the parlour in good time and dealt with whatever wanted doing. There was nothing that happened this morning that is worthy of recording for especial reasons. Dorothy attended a "Sheller" meeting and I had a look in at Franks cottage and found he was getting it to look nice and cosy. This afternoon I had some Brownies from Eastbourne to visit the Town Hall and entertained them in what is becoming my usual method: into the Council Chamber, a few words(more if older) to sow a seed of interest in local government; shorter show them the treasures, and then we give them squash and biscuits. This method must be popular because I have more visits than before. There was the Health committee to attend this evening and later the twinning committee at which I considered I'd better show myself. Later still I looked in at the finish of the Cof Party meeting, they had just chosen their prospective candidate for the next G. election. I don't know how far he will get as many more brands parties trade unions etc. have to nominate also before the final choice is made. On reading this record of today's doings, one thing strikes me as very necessary. I must get a new nib to my pen, at least.

Tuesday July 23. After the parlour, the law Courts for the Magistrates Court. Quite an interesting list of cases in the number one Court where I was with Mr. Peagg and Mrs Jennings. They had a case to finish which was rather a harrowing one, a mortally dengaged wife who had caused actual bodily harm to her husband. There were a variety of cases, and none of them motoring, which I consider very nice for a change. Four young men each separately concerned with stealing from their firm. Two men accused of robbery, and so on. The stealing from the employer case was not finished until 3-30. I invited Jean J. home to lunch during our midday break and Dorothy had a good meal ready and then Jeanne and I were back in Court by 2-15. I attended the Finance Committee this evening. Quite a pleasant meeting and we dealt with quite a number of items, in readiness for the Council meeting which will be tomorrow week. Referring to yesterday evening's meeting of the Twinning Committee, they decided to seek the help of Town Council's Finance Committee with regard to the financial loss incurred during the visit of the Blois Children's Choir: tonight the Finance Committee were full of praise for the efforts of the Twinning Committee, the Choir and the organisers and covered the loss. Bravo! When I reached home I found Dorothy ironing but with the television on. This was possible for her because it was a ^{single} ~~double~~ and could be listened to without looking,

except occasionally. Quite interesting of its kind but very inconclusive. This discussion, or the main proposition was that sex should be taught as a responsibility of the school teachers rather than of the parents. One can't help considering that a good deal which is to do with this question is sheer poppycock. I get this feeling with all broadcasting debates or discussions, because the person in charge always interrupts or switches over to another member of the discussion group whenever somebody makes a suggestion that might shorten the discussion in any way, generally made an effort to come to a group conclusion, or, in particular, pose a ~~an~~ question. The consequence of this restricted discussion is that, probably, all the intelligent listeners or viewers in the country gain nothing but a feeling of frustration which is sometimes so acute as to make them switch off and pick up a book. Any way, the question for discussion this evening was particularly inconclusive because it was about that "horrible" thing sex. I am quite sure from studying the faces of the boys and girls who made up the children's part of the group, that they all think it a great joke that all these grown-ups are so worried about the matter, or rather the idea of the subject matter.

Wednesday July 23 Up early and into my old programme of physical and mental orderliness. There was not much to do at the parlour and I called on the Housing manager about a living accommodation for one of our employees I had met last evening. After this interview with the Housing Manager, I decided to walk up High Street and down New Road way home and, because of this decision, I met Mrs Sautter whom Dorothy and I first met at the Brighton Garden Party (see T.J. June 19). We chatted for a few moments about the Royal Garden Parties, one of which her parents had attended the day before; and one of which Dorothy and I have to attend tomorrow. (Her parents are the Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton.) While we were chatting Dorothy Gaston came and I later walked over Battle Banks with her as far as Larges and so on home. The reason for this detail is that, speaking existentially, if I had not made that decision to slow myself by walking up the town way home I should have missed meeting both these ladies and so would have missed a rather unique experience this afternoon: and Dorothy G., in the course of our gossip mentioned the meeting of the Riverside O.A.P. this afternoon. I thought this would be a good opportunity to knock off one of these visits to the 5 or so O.A.P. clubs and this one had apparently moved into the Methodist Hall in Station Street. So, on the way back from the station I looked in and lo, I was caught in a rehearsal by a group of women who were working up their programme for a series of

concerts they are doing. Dorothy G. was at the piano and, no doubt, I misunderstood her this morning re the o'People's concert. I saw a good deal of the rehearsing of these women, mostly elderly and it was very enjoyable. This idea of a variety concert party gives a tremendous scope to who can take part and I wish them well. This evening we went round to Frank's and had a look at his arrangement of the cottage and his treasures. All very nice but I should imagine there is too much out at one time. It gives the impression of so many beautiful things crowded and leaving one no room to live back where they can be seen. He will, no doubt gradually adjust things to suit his requirements.

Thursday July 25. On arrival at the Parlour I found, out of a very small, because seasonable mail, a letter of thanks from the young Mr. Hinch who visited me with a French friend on Friday 19 of this month: besides thanking me for the visit he also thanks me for the discussion we had (see T.J. 1976) might have done some good but can't tell how much. Still my own education has been caused and encouraged by little parts of quite big discussions, which have stuck in my mind. There has been no post at home so I had not a great deal to do. The Joan Clark came over and we had a good jaw. He and I seem to see eye to eye on a great many matters. This afternoon Dorothy and I set out for Buckingham Palace, where we were to attend the Queen's Garden

Party. After the previous two we have attended; and my recording of them in the journal, I have not much to say of these events which I have not written before. Dorothy and I however are so well known that at these events, or on the way to those events, we generally meet some body with whom we pal up; consequently, my description of an event, qua the event, takes a very secondary, sometimes an almost non-existent position, and I write of the people with whom we pal up for the afternoon. Today it was professor Scott of the Sussex University and Mrs Scott. We met them on the platform at Lewes and stayed with them all the afternoon. He is a mathematician, very jolly and extremely good company: useful, because of his natural initiative, at affairs like this afternoon's party. This initiative showed itself on two or three occasions when every body was milling round the tea counters and by it we were quickly and fully fed. Mrs Scott is a very pleasant and a good looking woman and they both have a regard for the town of Lewes and thoughts on town preservation. Later in the afternoon, at the Palace Dorothy got into conversation with a woman who turned out to be the widow of the late Arch Bishop Temple (the man of God one). With us being its touch through Beatrice and Dr. Scott through contact with the Bishop himself in a discussion, this meeting with Beatrice's "aunt Frances" was quite an occasion. We had a pleasant journey home and arrangements are to be made

for a lunch and a look round the university. This evening I did a bit of reading aloud, John Locke 'Essays on Human Understanding'; had a brief look at the television and retired

Friday July 26. I rose early this morning and did my usual spell of reading heavy stuff, writing the evening before part of this journal and then on to balance up the mind developing with attention to the body. This is most effective and, as far as I know, the benefit (immediate benefit) I derive from my series of physical exercises.^{is staying} People continually ask me how I manage to keep so well at my age, 69 $\frac{1}{2}$, and with the additional handicap of a rigid spine. I am afraid I can't tell them: or rather, I should say I could tell them but it is useless trying to do so. They would not believe it and I don't blame them. I feel it is useless to try and explain how I am a monist when it comes to mind and matter. I think, by something I read once by Bernard Shaw that, though the phenomena of use and disuse, of wanting and trying, of the manufacture of weight lifters and wrestlers from weak men, are familiar as facts, they are extremely puzzling as subjects of thought, and lead you into metaphysics immediately you try to account for them. One evening at a reception some people asked about my method of keeping well and Dorothy endeavoured to explain about breathing. It was soon evident from their comments that all they got was an impression of a crank standing in front of an open window: as per any comic idea

of a deep fit fiend. However, to get on with the journal. There was nothing much at the Parlour but I stopped there and did a bit of speech script. I seem to always have to be ready nowadays to do speeches. This afternoon I walked round to Baxters and thence down Nicholas Lane. At the bottom where the lane joins Lansdown Place, is Mary's new bookshop and I looked in for a moment or two. Mary didn't look too well, I thought, but there were two blokes in the shop as customers so I could not talk too long or inquire too fully into the health of Emily and herself. I looked into the Town Hall and Mr Murphy introduced me to two German women he was showing round. When I arrived home I found Dorothy reclining on the garden settee and looking very comfortable: and I was glad she had decided to find time for some relaxation. After all, a garden placed in such a unique position as ours must have some other use than to provide recreation through work which latter can so easily become the chief thing and develop into just work. I read afriad this evening, some of Bertrand Russell's work on Locke (John) and Leibnitz. So I finished the day as I began reading, except for some television viewing we both did. As Mayor's work the day has been soft and that work is the sole reason for writing this journal, but the journal is gradually developing into a record of my own doings. It will be different when the winter comes and there is more Mayor's work to do.

Saturday July 27. A quiet Saturday. Went shopping in the morning; mowed the lawn etc. Dorothy transplanted some pansies from the back garden to the front garden while I watched the wrestling on the television. One can hardly call this arrangement of our Saturday afternoon a division of labour, but there it is: and afterwards I had another go at my hospital collections. It does look as though the part of the town effort that I control or I should say, I organize, is going to be better than last year. I had a read aloud of Shaw's preface to "Three Plays for Puritans". To me, Shaw is always readable and in this preface you get the beginning of the century Shaw at his very ablest. One would think, considering over this preface, "This is Shaw when he is most cocky": only at the period this was written when I was young, was the time when any word that could, by whatever stretch of the imagination, be connected with the sex organs, was strictly taboo. I can imagine the puritans to whom this essay was addressed, reading it and thinking "Isn't this writer cocky" and then blushing richly, or fainting. The echoes and results of that ghastly period are still with us, even after sixty years of trying to hard to get rid of that kind of attitude that condemned sex as something worse than murder and so made a market for the most childish kind of pornography imaginable.

Sunday July 28. This morning I did a bit more of my Friends of Levers Hospital collections and I am gradually getting the job under. The new operating theatre, for which the League of Friends was started, is to be officially opened next Wednesday and this will mark the end of a very good first effort, at organizing and collecting money, by all concerned. It is useful that the weather continues to keep fine and warm: it is not much cop standing round street doors in bad weather. Mary Harman visited us this evening and I was glad to find she was not feeling so poorly as she appeared to be when I saw her on Friday.

Monday July 29. Miss Thomas and Miss Achensley called to see me this morning. They are in some confusion regarding improvement grants. This sort of thing is very difficult to explain especially when somebody has "told them that they are entitled by law" to various benefits. People are always being told such things about almost any subject and, unfortunately, they almost always believe it. There were other complications in the way of mortgages etc so I thought it best to enliven the aid of the Town Clerk. This way people know I am getting the best I can in the way of advice for them. John Tilbury, the chairman of the Parks Committee also looked in to fix up the programme for this evenings ceremony of the opening of the new Pavilion and we dealt with this so all was ready for this evening and

this afternoon, I went and inspected the pavilion. This is a really good example of how to arrange a changing and bathing space for various teams and I am very pleased with it. This evening the Pavilion was officially opened by Mrs Woolmore, who is the widow of a Parks Committee Chairman who worked towards the acquiring land for the town and making it into these sports fields. Mrs Woolmore made a very good little speech and there was a short reception afterwards. Later on this evening the Labour group held their meeting and I looked in. This meeting is a much more comfortable one to attend than it used to be. It was almost ten o'clock before I reached home.

Tuesday July 30. I was on the Bench today, and it was a quite interesting list of cases. Really it was my reserve day but the case I have recorded (T.J. July 16). I am glad to record that the young man has gladly taken the opportunity to go for treatment. I stopped and dealt with the other cases on the list. There was one which was rather hard to deal with. A man of 41, subnormal, living with elderly parents and with two brothers living near by to keep an eye on the establishment, pleaded guilty to assaulting a girl aged 6 "by inserting his finger, covered with a piece of an airball, into her anus." No medical inspection and bail was the only thing we could do. Poor Ken Day had to answer a charge

Concerning the sale of unfit food and there was a case of stealing from employers and one of shop-lifting I sat out on Ken Day's case and he was fined £15 and costs. I reached home at one-thirty and the rest of the day has not been busy nor have I done anything that is worthy of recording, except for two items. This afternoon Dorothy and I attended the Pells Infants School on the occasion of a presentation to Miss Miriam Bingham who is leaving us to take up a post in Seaford. I noticed how clean and orderly the kids are when they are in this infant stage and considered it is only when they are older that the roguery starts. Certainly, in carrying out a request by the head-mistresses, in moving about the school in talking and answering, and in general conduct, these kids are pleasing. After-leaving the school we attended a meeting of the old people at the Foresters Hall. I have written on these visits before so I won't go into detail now, except to note that one man sang an old-fashioned comic song which had for its refrain "How does a little liver pill when you're ill. Find its way to your liver"! Any way this afternoon Dorothy and I have found our way from those beginning life, to those who are elderly. We like them all. They seem to like us.

Wednesday, July 31. The opening of the new building in Moanfield Road, by Lord Winterbottom, on behalf of the Ministry of Works, took place this morning. Mr. Morris, the Town Clerk, and I attended and we received v.i.p. treatment. There is a tendency to decry modern buildings and architecture but I like it alright. To me they sometimes seem like palaces of glass. Lord Winterbottom made a speech for the opening and we were conducted over the building. There was a buffet lunch. This afternoon Dorothy and I were present at the handing over the new operating theatre to the Hospital Board. This was a good occasion, it marks the end of the first effort and has realised over £14,000 in two and a half years. Michael Hellman was chairman and opened the proceedings. Lord Hampton handed the key over to Mr. Gaubroger who acknowledged and then I, as Mayor of Leamore and Mr. Hale as chairman of Blakely R.D.C. said a few words. This week I have attended three opening ceremonies. This evening the Council Meeting took place. The Conservative Councillors started cheering as soon as the debate on Council House rents was opened. It was plain to me that this sort of behaviour in our Council once started (as encouraged by Ted Heath) would be detrimental to the business in hand and I stopped it immediately reminding the members that enthusiasm is not a good friend to reason. There were a number of the public present because of the proposed "Fairholme" development

Comments from my observation of the members. Mr Allen talks to no point on for excuse that 'he is merely trying to find out.' Generally repeats what everyone is already aware of and there is great difficulty in hearing him. Rev Halford hasn't spoken before this evening. A good voice and apparently he had taken about the hint and gave reasons why he was voting as he intended to vote. Altogether, I think that this evenings meeting will place any observer who are the wildly political people on the Council. I shall have to use my heavy armoury which consists, in the main, of insisting that things are dealt with strictly within, not only the standing orders, but the governing facts of a situation.

Thursday August 1 1968. This has practically a day off for me. I have had hardly any mayoral duties to perform and what I have had has been more in the nature of office work. There are always documents to sign on the day following the Council Meeting. I wrote a little speech to deliver to the people who will be at the Rodmell flower show on Saturday, poor souls, not because they are at the show but because they must will with listen to me. I had a walk along to what is now called the Landport York along Offham Road. All the traffic travelling from Lewes has to stop at the fork now. The money that is spent on trying to make motorists stop killing each other and pedestrian

would probably be enough to furnish a hospital with all the latest scientific appliances for dealing with smashed or otherwise fractured skulls. Had a quiet evening afterwards.

Friday August 2. Main feature of today was the visit to the Town Hall of some Girl Guides, some from Denmark and some from Ramsgate. A nice lot of kids; and they very much enjoyed their visit. A curious thing I have observed about visits to us by children is the divided interests of boys and girls. There were no boys today, of course, but I have noticed when boys have visited us either as all boys or in mixed groups. All of them look at our treasures in the way of plate, chain, robes etc, and it is most plain that the girls are interested in the things that adorn the person and boys in things that are more in the nature of trophies. The Town Clerk and I gave a few words, Chester showed them the mace and other regalia and plate. Dorothy as mayoress entertained them and in conversation with Joan B. looking after every body. A very nice visit. I believe Chester thought so too. He seemed to take this troph to heart and took a good deal longer time showing them than is usual. Probably because they showed more interest. When a child visits a foreign country he or she does seem to have made their minds up about not missing a single thing. I had a phone message from the Magistrates Clerk

informing me that I should be needed in the Court this afternoon. "They had got McKenzie" In case I have not mentioned this character before, McKenzie is the local D.S.O. case. It is a sign of the changed times that this man appears to have only one of those. He is always a nuisance and the last time Mr Rigg and I were called out on this man's account we remanded him on bail till the next Tuesday. The police assured us that whatever else there was about McKenzie, he always turned up when required. On this occasion he did not; he is therefore remanded in custody till Tuesday. I had a look in at Baxters and admired their extensions and had a talk with Margaret Crawley in the shop. On gear reaching home I found Peggy and family were visiting us. While Dorothy went shopping I took our visitors to the swimming baths and the two little girls had a dip. There was an amazingly cold wind for this time of the year and, since I had only a thin shirt on, I was glad when we came home again. After a meal I attended the Committee meeting of the Friends of Flora Society. The Mayor is always given the opportunity to serve on this committee and it is quite an instructive body to work on. Walked home with David Williams.

Saturday August 3. We had more surprise visitors today: my niece Barbara, her husband and a little girl of two years. They were fortunate enough to meet us on our way out shopping so, what with Dorothy's niece on one day and my niece the next, there has been quite a gathering of the family extensions. I had to distribute the awards at Rodmell flower show this afternoon and so we were enabled to visit this function again. Mercifully for the organizers the rain stopped during the morning and I should think the show was quite a success. I like to see these endeavours rewarded. It did strike me, as it has done before, that a great many of the competitions are won by the same individuals and that must get slightly giddy to themselves as well as to the rest. I spoke to K. Gibberd and one or two more including Leonard Woolf. He seems in very good fettle and talked away merrily on leaves & district and then we got onto Mosley's New Party and that kind of period so it was quite an interesting time for me. I hope it was for him also. We, Dorothy and I, had a ride home in the van of the "Sussex Express". This made us leave in something of a hurry because the man had to attend another function. I hope we did not leave too abruptly. Kay saw us off, and she is a member of the organizing body, so it will probably be alright: we were home in a very short time and had some tipples. This evening we walked over the footbridge and home through the cliff walk, and,

Later this evening, I watched the first Ass. Football match of the season, Manchester U. v W. Bromwich Albion on the television. It is quite pleasant to watch soccer again. I have done a little reading but must now concentrate more fully on my bodily exercises. I am approaching three score and ten now that I have passed the 69 $\frac{1}{2}$ mark.

Sunday August 4 I made an effort to finish my Hospital collections this morning and now I have only a few odd calls to make. As I have written a few days ago, the last year's figure for my streets has been passed so, if this is the finish of this big effort, now that the operating theatre is in being, it is a grandstand finish as regards my organized district. I started out early but not unduly so and it occurred to me how late some people get up or otherwise are not available on a Sunday morning. I had quite a time to wait at doors and was sometimes unsuccessful then in finding anyone to answer the door. When I was young it was customary for most people to stop in bed for a spell of a time on Sundays but then work, where my mates and other contemporaries were concerned, started at six a.m. on ordinary work days so one could be excused for having a "sit-in" as it was termed on Sundays. Then, it was only office wallahs and the like who started work later than seven a.m. It is true, the machines are making things better. Nowadays I am always up early, and turning the six-ish time in the morning to credit, speaking from a mental and physical angle, to my own account.

I also went along to Weald Court to see how Hattie was getting on but she was not at home and was ~~again~~ not at home when I tried again this afternoon. The surroundings of Weald court are now beginning to look very nice and the whole thing is looking very attractive. I expect that there will be more and more of this type of dwelling built. Older people will begin to outnumber the young (in spite of the infallibility of the Pope.) During the various reports and discussions of this matter of contraceptives I notice the Pope says, or is reported to have said, that the use of artificial methods of birth control degrades women. I would have thought just the opposite would be the result. We don't want to think in the way many medieval churchmen thought of women as something sinful either. Who has done the degrading? I know one thing. Most women use birth control of one kind or another now and nobody would say women look more degraded than they did when contraceptive methods were not available. We can infer from this that no degrading has taken place. The Pope is supposed to mean in the long term, but a statement can only be really "true as the evidence it stands on is", even on the long-term argument I am opposite to the Pope though, unlike him, I don't claim to know what will happen in the future. I can only say that the years women have been using family planning has enhanced them so I conclude this will be maintained into the future.

Monday August 5. I omitted to record in Friday's entry that we had a letter from Buntz which informed us she is pregnant. I hope things go well for her. This morning, after going to the parlour, I paid in yesterday's collection for the Hospital Friends. I hope this job is over for another year. Joan B. had no more appointments for me. Indeed, there was no post at all; so really I have had a soft day. The young lady reporter who was "doing" the Rodmell Flower Show for the "Sussex Express" came in and collected my opening remarks at the afore-mentioned show, so something may be in the paper this week. This afternoon I looked in and saw Frank and his two King Charles Spaniel puppies. They look both beautiful and quaint but I don't know how they will manage, when they are a trifle bigger, not to knock things over in the rooms of the house. Frank has many treasures in the front room especially; and I find it difficult to move without the fear of knocking something down. In fact, I did knock two candles in their candlesticks from off a knee-high little table on which they were placed. No damage done. When I reached home I cleared up the must leap a bit and then had a read of "The Reason Why" which is the book of the "Noble Six Hundred". which does a good deal towards debunking the English aristocrats of the 19th century. I have mentioned the film on the subject (F.T. June 6). The written

word of these people's time makes me furious, much more so than the film. I suppose, because the film is shown in a place of public entertainment and is acted, it shows the funny side of things. I had a lazy evening looking at television. This gives me an opportunity to make some judgement as to whether my neck is inclined to be stiff again through the position while watching the set. or whether the occasional extreme painfulness is just coincidental with the arrival of the television.

Tuesday August 6. There were no appointments and no mail today: truly we are in the midst of the holiday season. I have not done anything to cause me, as Mayor, to be very exhausted indeed, life seems more like a holiday but I know there's plenty to do later in the week.

Wednesday August 7. Another soft day; except for one thing. We, that is the Mayor, the Mayoress the Town Clerk, the Mayor's secretary, the mace-bearer, the whole issue, plus two or more minors who helped to get ready, were expecting to be visited by some guides from Finland. I mean Girl Guides, not the sort who guide you through frozen snow and so on. These people, one photographer and one lady reporter were there and the guides didn't turn up. Joan B gradually got things sorted out by phone and discovered that the guides were due tomorrow: a mistake in the dates by the head one of them had caused this confusion. We had to postpone it until

tomorrow and, no doubt the gallon or so of orange squash will be tipped away. The weather has been really bad today and I've kept more or less under cover.

Thursday August 8. Today, as if to make up for the slack time I have had this week, both Dorothy and I have been extremely busy and we have mixed with many people which is what I like. First came the Finnish Guides who we failed to see yesterday and their visit today was a very enjoyable one. I have noticed that all these guides are, although under the control of perhaps two older people, very self disciplined and their behaviour is the sort that one appreciates. Here I have just written all these guides I mean all guides of whatever nationality. One of the women in charge had heard of Lewes and had married a "Bec" boy whose school was evacuated to Lewes in the beginning of the war. I think all enjoyed this morning's visit to us and they sang to us. I had to hurry now because I was due at the monthly lunch of the Rotary Club. This invitation, of course, does not extend to Dorothy so she dealt with the departure of the guides while I legged it for the Elephant & Castle. This was like the other lunches I have attended at the invitation of the Rotarians and I enjoyed the hospitality and the company very much indeed. A man from B.E.A. spoke very ably indeed on the countries air travel. His name is William and he is coming to visit the town and

see out things and places of interest. At twenty minutes past two I had to leave and leg it for home because a car was coming at twenty to three and take us to the garden party at Miss Grosbands. I found, on reaching home, that Dorothy was almost ready and, at the appointed time, we were driven to Kingston, picking up Pat Collins and Miss Vinall on the way. This party was most interesting and, although the rain belted down, the inside of the house was big enough for us all to crowd inside. The man is Carl Brinley, a German writer of some consequence on social history, as far as I could gather. Miss Grosband is his wife who is so ardent a feminist that she insists on keeping her own name. I have heard her read a paper on the subject of the feminine emancipation and it was a good paper and delivered quite ably. Actually, today, towards the end of the party, she seemed to me to be acting in the way temperamental star actresses are popularly supposed to act, eager to focus all attention on herself. We got a standing invitation. Carl and his wife are interesting but she could be a bore as well, so the standing invitation must be carefully considered. I had a look at Carl's study, at his invitation and he has quite an interesting lot of books and we had a talk about what I might call the historical facts of the 19th century communes etc. Some women guests came in and rather quenched our discussion. Dorothy and I left at first, dropped Pat and Miss Vinall on the way

back and we had a rest before attending our next function at seven o'clock, at least, I had a rest. Dorothy made a meat pudding for tomorrow. At seven there was the wine tasting affair and this proved to be rather jolly. Mr. Baldock, of Baldock & Harrison, met us and guided us round the place and we certainly gleaned information regarding different types of wines. Then to the Lecture Room where Dorothy made the draw for the Leavers A.F.C. 200 Club. We were entertained on quite a lavish scale here, and everybody was very helpful and kind. Dorothy drew in favour of Cecil Ray, who played for Leavers in the 1936 season. I remember him at that period, it was when my back was bad and my physical life was at its lowest. However during that period I was able to go to the Pan and that was psychologically helpful, especially as I came back from the Hospital at Buxton with fresh ideas about how to set about adapting myself to new physical circumstances. Just before nine Dorothy and I walked down to the Cliffe British Legion Club where I had to distribute the awards which had been won during the summer tournament. This job was also very enjoyable. Among such a gathering as this I feel at home and, of course, so many of them know Dorothy and me as old Leavers. Ally was with us while we were there. It was not very late when we arrived home although we had done so much. A "day in the Mares Nest" this could have been

Friday August 9. After yesterday's programme, today was very easy. Tom Carr rang up as soon as I arrived in the Parlour to arrange about the presenting of the cheque which Cecil Ray was lucky enough to have drawn for him by Dorothy last evening. Mrs Moody, our new Councillor, called in to have her expense account signing witnessed by me. There was a message from Mrs Vines asking if I could do anything about persuading the Archaeological Society to change their attitude towards the French students who may wish to go into the Castle or any of the museums. The Arch. Soc. knew I was coming, because Joan B. arranged an appointment, and they were there in force, as it were, and represented by Mr. Norris, Mr Ferguson and another gentleman whose name I did not properly grasp because I've forgotten it. We had what is generally called "a free and frank discussion" and it was agreed between us that French boys could be let into places owned by the Arch. Soc. provided certain safeguards are observed. These conditions are quite simple, and have been communicated to Mrs Vines and the organisers, so I hope my little bit of negotiating, which has ended in their requests regarding entry being met, will also make certain that the requests of the Arch. Soc., that of control over the students, will also be met. This afternoon I was going to Baxters for my usual scrounge round, but, as I was leaving home, Dorothy asked me to get a loaf; so, although I went to Baxters, I just paid my football and came away.

so forfeiting the service-round (the sacrifices I make!) I went down S. Nicholas Lane to view the progress on the printing works extension and then looked into the bookshop to see Mary. Mary is rather troubled because the damp is attacking some of the books; as she says, the damp seems to follow she and Eric round. She gave me ten shillings for Dorothy to put into one of the many charities she has to deal with. When I reached home Dorothy was still gardening and there had been a phone call which made necessary my making another visit to the Joan Hall. At 4-30 we went to the Parlour and made the presentation of the cheque (before mentioned). There were only Mr. Carr, Mr C. Ray and Mrs Ray present, and afterwards Dorothy and I walked up to the prison where a fire was apparently raging because an enormous pillar of black smoke shot into the air and drifted off in a southerly direction. There were Brighton firemen as well as our East Sussex ones. Later on we heard more particulars on the television news. There are two men overcome by smoke but no other casualties.

Saturday August 10. A wet start for today. There has been some rain this year and I hope it does not make for floods when the winter comes. Our experiences of 1960 has taught me that our chalk can fill up and overflow, causing many little rills to flow down from the downs. However, today fine weather gradually took

over and when I went to the football match this afternoon it was quite warm. I spent what can be called the usual Saturday about the town in the morning and down to the Dripping Pan in the afternoon to see the football, Lewes versus Ilford, the Isthmian League side in a trial match. A good game 2-2. I enjoyed it. On the way there I was hurrying to arrive before the kickoff having had a rather longer snooze after dinner than I had intended, when Kate hailed. I signalled I was in a hurry but afterwards, and on reflection, I came to the conclusion I had been rather rude by not waiting to hear what she wanted. I had been careless; being my sister it may have been something urgent that she wished to communicate. I had been foolish: as though me being present at the kick off of a trial match couldn't wait for a minute or two. In view of these reflections I went up to Weald Court View after the match but on meeting Kate I found everything was alright. These Weald View flats are really something and Kate is very comfortable. I am glad I was associated with the building of the place. As far as I can gather, each of the inhabitants has reached, or obtained, his or her dream house. This evening we went on Joan Barnes's invitation, to 5 Caburn Crescent and enjoyed the company of Joan and Colin and their hospitality. Theirs is a nice little house and they are well settled in and everything looks nice, and, what is more, comfortable.

However, I had the feeling that Joan herself was not really well but this may have been due to the fact that she was concerned about something. She has a pretty heavy job as Town Clerk's secretary as well as Mayor's secretary. Colin is well as usual and is in high spirits having obtained his D.M.A. I always consider that any body round about 40 who achieves something by study and examination are worthy of my regard and admiration. Colin handed me back my J.S. Mill but I find I have left it up there after all. We had the car each way and reached home at about 11-00. In fact, I saw the last goal scored and about ten minutes play of the 2PR v Notts match on the television. And so to bed.

Sunday August 11. I went up to see Jerry and Winnie this morning and they both appear as well as usual. I spoke with Leslie and he told me that Winnie's eyes are not too good and she is having drops for them at the Doctor's prescription. I suppose we of my family are all getting on and I must expect these things to occur where the two eldest of the family are concerned. I am very well and can walk in an exercising way^{"up stairs"}, without tiring a hair. I looked at the football on the T.T.A. channel this afternoon and took a short walk along the river bank, the weather being fine again. Dorothy has been gardening for most of the day. I hope

she doesn't overdo it. I have spent a good deal of my today's "educational" time on the preface to "Bash to Methuselah". I enjoy my books more and more since I first had the sense to learnt something of philosophy. I have imbibed ideas from books over most of my life but a great many lessons, before the time of my philosophic endeavours, were not properly assimilated. Now all my books give delight when read over again, but not only that, they give me fresh knowledge. As I have mentioned before though, one doesn't get much time for the reading of novels. Nevertheless, one learns to observe facts properly; and by reading the matter I do read I learn how one can, by way of the will, create fresh bodily and mental tissues to gain an end; provided it is properly understood and wanted and tried for. Since I have been ^{doing} this for a number of years, thirty-three in fact, which is the time I first came into the obtained "Bash to Methuselah"; I must have got some ideas of this ^{attitude} from this book but the times I was trying for them were muscular, and were needed to help in the battle against spindolitis and I knew how to obtain them by "Increasing Resistance" from when I was very young. I did not realise the connection between the mental and physical attitudes over this question. If I had, I wonder what I could have done with myself during this time.

Monday. August 12. There was nothing in the Mayor's work that is worthy to be recorded: and, apart from Frank, to do the flowers, there was Leslie Davy, the deputy Borough Treasurer. He started work again last week after a lay-up of a month or so. I took a walk up the High Street before returning home for a coffee. Swept the grass on the front bank this afternoon and I have had a little reading from Shaw's Preface to his play "Back to Methuselah". Besides finding, as always, that reading is a good way of spending an hour or two, I have also found that it is quite a good way of spending shorter times. The television play was not at all bad as far as the acting went. I thought it was rather wordy; indeed, if one could say it of a play, I thought it tautologous. Anyhow the continual whining at the consequences of opting out of life because you don't want to be like mum and dad and have therefore moved out in a completely untrained condition, the transferring of this grudge from mum and dad to whatever other people you meet, who, by the way, are mostly trained and know that "life" means all people. To make this more plain: most intelligent people know that life in our crowded world is to do with dealing with facts and not with the subjectivism which causes you to think that for some reason, although you are completely untrained as far as matters appertaining to sociology are concerned; and untrained when

it comes to your own thinking and the use of your faculties, yet you know what every body ought to do to make the world alright (for you) etc. I was told by the play, and what I conceive was the theme, but I wish this written would choose a ~~Tuesday~~ ~~August 13~~ different set of people. We are just as fed up with the characters that are always put before us as the characters are fed up with a strange extinct thing called the "Petit Bouyeur". The play was Theatre 625. "Play With a Tiger" by Doris Lessing

Tuesday. August 13 A wet start-off, and, though the rain didn't continue, there have been rough galely winds most of today. I went to the parlour and Joan B. came over and did what was necessary but there still is not much to worry a mayor. On leaving the Town Hall I walked to the St. Annes part of the town and had a look at the new County Hall. There are many complaints about the look of this building but to me it seems alright, and I consider, also, that the surroundings are very attractive. I don't complain about those who are trained in such matters disliking the building if it doesn't suit their tastes: but the bulk of the objectors are not of this category, and, I might almost say, they are not in any category of judges of architectural. However, it takes all sorts to make a world, and quite a number of people either praise or blame the building. This afternoon, while Dorothy did gardening, I took a walk to South Street to see

how work is proceeding with the pumping station. While down that way I walked some way out of the town and looked at the County Hall from that viewpoint. The place seems alright to me from there also. I'll be glad when we eventually get a by-pass. It is very tiring to be down that end of the town with the amount of traffic there is about. In the Cliffe the noise in this enclosed section is now really appalling and the whole set up makes one feel exhausted just to pass through at some times of the day. Did some reading aloud this evening from John Locke's "Essays on Human Understanding" DBC.

Wednesday August 14. Had some visitors from Calgary, Alberta, this morning. They are related to Harold Shepherd. Ron Heavens is Harold's brother-in-law, and with him were his wife and a son, aged 15 but a very tall chap who, not unaturally, gave the impression that he was much older. Mr Heavens had left Lewes soon after the finish of the second world war. This visit made quite a break in my somewhat dull life in the parlour of recent days. Dorothy had been shopping before she came to the parlour so we were able to go straight home to lunch after our guests had departed. I was informed this afternoon that the sending out of the invitations to a wine & cheese evening, (which is being held to help the Friends of Vic. Hosp fund and is being organized by the Round Table) in my name, although I am

sponsoring the fandango, is not regular, and T.C. has written to the organizer apprising them of this. Apparently there is no mention of the Round Table on the Cards, only me. Mr Morris says this opens the door, although it is probably just an oversight, to all kinds of precedents as it were, for which the Mayor would become responsible. I hope this is cleared up alright. Although I agree with the T.C. as to the principle, I think the Round Table would not offend by design, but perhaps tomorrow we shall hear from them. This organization has always been a good friend of mine as mayor, and I don't like to exaggerate the importance of such occurrences. I did some reading aloud this evening from "The Bearskin Why", which is a new look at the an incident of the Crimean War (see this Journal June 6).

Thursday August 15. Our precarious fine weather continued throughout yesterday and, when this morning was very bright and pleasant life seemed more encouraging. There was no more rain until the evening. However, I did feel a bit discouraged, or shall I say apprehensive about the R.T. and T.C. business I mentioned yesterday. However, I learnt this morning that two representatives of the R.T. will see us tomorrow in the parlour. There was not a great deal to do this morning and I returned home rather earlier than usual. At home I found Ted and Joan Fregone so we had quite a jolly chat. They both seem to be

well and happy. Joan is now the secretary of the "Save the Children Fund" local branch. She feels as I always used to feel regarding these things which are mostly for the "Backward" countries; it would be far better for 'Oxfam' or one organization to do the lot. I am sure it would be a more efficient way of spending the money that is gathered voluntarily ^{by} good people at considerable and cheerful giving of time. and I am also certain that most of the actual givers of the money would feel happier. We had the French Students this afternoon: and we greeted them in the usual way. I have made arrangements about them visiting the Archaeological Society's property (See T.J. Aug 19) Dorothy arrived later in the proceedings, having been preparing for Joan, the two boys and Lee, who came over this afternoon visiting Frank en route. I gather that they, with young Mark getting all over the place, found things rather crowded and were nervous lest Mark did some damage to the many pretty things in there. Lee is an interesting woman from California who I will describe later. We have met her before at Joan's place. Joan was well but like all young mothers, "with her hands full." Mark was in splendid shape and gets about investigating things and is a sight for any body who is in need of an injection of hope. Robin is too young for me to comment on but he is growing very tall, and though he came crying this afternoon, he soon cheered up. The rain

came so I had a read about "The Reason Why."

Friday August 16. I went to the Mayor's Parlour and, in a short while, Joan B and the Town Clerk came over. Councillor John Tilbury and Roger Alsford represented the Round Table committee and we had a talk on the misunderstanding regarding the issuing of invitations to the wine & cheese evening; and things were smoothed out. (See T.J. Wed Aug 14.). When the Round Table men had gone, with satisfactory undertakings etc etc Dorothy came to the Parlour and she and I, in company with the Town Clerk, walked over to the House in Southgate. "Fairholme" is the name of this house and the proposal is to convert this rather ugly Edwardian building into some flats for old people, which work is being undertaken by a body called the Hundreds Housing Assn. A non-profit making body, this organization has come into being, with several organizations in the country of a similar nature, with the government's blessing and help, plus backing from local authorities. This undertaking to convert "Fairholme" was apparently going forward quite smoothly when some objectors suddenly appeared and made their presence felt. This morning's inspection of the project on the site, was an effort by the association to let people get a real factual picture of what ^{it} is intended to do with this house. My personal opinion is that this project, when completed, will not detract from the visual amenities

of this district: neither will it cause any annoyance to neighbours, when built, by way of obstructing views or taking lights away. If any disturbance by noise is anticipated, then, quite obviously, it is possible that the older people would be likely to make less noise than the surrounding neighbours. I hope this project is carried out. I had a talk with the architect and, after dealing with the points of the proposed conversion, we talked generally for a while. When I write that the architect is a woman, born in 1907, qualified in 1930 and then had to be on the 15/- a week dole of those days, anyone who knows me and reads this journal will understand why I found her interesting. I visited Baxters this afternoon and had a talk with various old workmates. I also looked at the new extension which is rapidly nearing completion. I didn't see anyone I knew in the shop itself but I ran into the Governor, Mr W. Reynolds and we had a brief chat; and I understand that the Rotarians are to send a representative to the Twinning Committee. This should be helpful. It has rained this evening, indeed rain commenced while Dorothy and I were out shopping and has continued until now, 10-30 p.m. Emma. Time I retired to bed. I received an invitation to speak at the annual dinner of the H.V.T. at Uckfield. Fancy that

Saturday August 17. A very ordinary Saturday. While I was out shopping I met Norfeld and we exchanged greetings. He has invited us to his place in the near future - he will phone and let us know when. I forgot to record yesterday that Dorothy and I met Spier at Fairholme: and when I had reached home she phoned to apologise because she was under the impression that she had better in while I was with the architect. Of course this was not so. Lewes played Chesham away this week (today) the first match since their promotion, and Chesham were in the final of the FA amateur cup at Wembley last year. I did not go and, since it was slovenly here, I watched the wrestling on the television. This has very much improved as entertainment and the wrestling is quite good nowadays. I notice that even in the short year during which we have had a television set, the rough house type of "all-in" has practically disappeared and now what I generally see is almost straight-forward catch as catch can. Any way, I did not go to the football and later this evening I learnt, to my pleasure that Lewes managed an away draw with Chesham 1-1. Not bad at all for a start in new surroundings. Dorothy has been getting a speech ready in her spare time today, so she has been more busy on the civic job than I have!

Sunday. August 18. In the forenoon just an ordinary Sunday morning. A fine morning too. I didn't go out because I wanted to do various things indoors and we were due to go to Bill and Aileen Halls this afternoon. They came and fetched us by car and we went to the Sussex County Hospital where Bill's sister was very ill after a stroke. Dorothy and I waited in the car while the Halls went in and did the visiting. This didn't take terribly long because the poor soul is very ill indeed and is mostly unconscious or otherwise unable to recognise who has visitors. We were then taken to Rymans: A great, well-kept estate now, in charge of the National Trust. Here there are the finest trees, or at least, the finest arrangement of trees that I have seen. Trees of all kinds and shapes and shades of green. One can wander over a considerable area and, although there were a considerable number of people doing just that one had the sensation of being alone in these wonderful glades and groves. The house, or mansion, or whatever it could be called, is completely gutted: whether by fire or what else I don't know. The outside walls stand and seem quite clean, however, and here and there some more modern brickwork seems to show. I should say this was late Tudor or perhaps Stuart. There were a good number of these estates in the time of the Stuarts. Knole is a good example of the ~~houses~~^{old houses}, this place Rymans is a good example of its grounds. We met a man named Shaple, a potter whom the Halls

knew, and we had quite a long chat with him and so we were later reaching Bills home than we had anticipated, and here we had a really splendid meal which Aileen soon prepared. Bill has made a good job of converting and adding to his garden shed and has produced what can be called a workshop-can-study which is really magnificent. Even the books and the photography equipment is there, and there are mats on the floor, sink and other things needed for photography. A tape recording machine played soft music while we had a talk and a drink in this all-male creation. With all the books etc one could be inside a small drawing room within the house. Well done Bill.

Monday August 19. Once more a fine day or rather the promise of one in the morning. I arose at 5-55 and soon got to work on my usual preparations "Mentalphysical" I call them, to myself and in fact. I think it was Shaw who once wrote that to try and explain the actual facts of why one can improve the bodily condition by these methods leaves one floundering in the realms of metaphysics. I believe I have recorded somewhere in this journal, the difficulty of explaining, in answer to people's questions, what I do. They notice the result and compliment me on keeping ~~well~~ well, but it is quite plain that they haven't any idea as to what is happening. Happily for me, although,

however willing I am to explain I am unable to make people understand. the facts are that I keep extremely well and though approaching the age of the allotted span, I am more able (and do) to actually alter my development than I was at the age of seventeen: and this with the added handicap of what used to be called poker back which in my case is a spine that is arthritic in every joint. Joan B. and I dealt with the parlour work and, after a short walk I did a bit of clearing up round the corner. I have mentioned this part of my domain before as the "Sun-trap" workshop where Frank did a lot of work preparing for his move to Little East St. Talking of Little East St. At the library to day I met Charlie Stephens who lives at no. 5 in that street. I hadn't seen him for some time so we had a good jaw about the street and he told me some of the history of the tenants and owners of No. 2. most amusingly. We had a jaw about other things, to wit. Cecil Ray, who played centre forward for Laver in the year '35-'36. A photo was in the paper last week of Dorothy and me presenting the cheque etc. Charlie had observed the photo and noted that the picture reversed that the old man was doing something or other but knew nothing whatsoever ~~else~~ about the function!! I suppose if he hadn't known us and had some sort of interest in a personal way, he wouldn't have noticed a Mayor at all in the local. I certainly very rarely notice

such things in the paper, unless I was looking for them, before I became a Mayor.

Tuesday August 20. After the Parlour my first job was at the Magistrates' Court. I had to attend although it was not my day, because of a 'held-over' case that I had been a member of the bench. A case of assault on a to girl of six years of age (T.T. July 30) owing to an unsatisfactory comparison between the two medical reports we have had to remand on bail, as per the previous conditions, for a fortnight. I was able to leave then and made my way home pondering on thoughts expressed by myself and Mr. Seagrave, the Chairman of the Seaford V.D.C. on this case. We are both J.P.s and it was in private conversation. I am rather concerned about this case. After all when the cause of this sort of aberration is found, how do you deal with the effects? If it is a sex weakness, how do you restore normality in sex relationships to a subnormal man of over forty who lives with ageing and sick parents and has no more chance of normal sex than a snowball in hell has of existing? When this case was previously before us a man arose and protested most vociferously about the leaving of the accused in the village. Today a man got up and was fetched to the bench and invited to speak on the feelings in the village. He said people are very disturbed and he also suggested the possibility of the law being taken into their hands if they became too

uneasy. He seemed reassured after coming forward and hearing the Chairmans words to him. I left the court after this case. This afternoon Dorothy had to open the "Look Out" Club and this took place at St Mary's Social Centre. Joan, Lee, Mark and Robin arrived in Lees car: they were going to Dravillas too and I went with them.* A nice ride and I had an opportunity to get know Mark while out. He is most enterprising and so he requires a good deal of watchfulness. A rather strange departure from what one would assume was characteristic of him was soon made obvious. At the monkeys cage he stood and bellowed and he had to be picked up! Although he was quite happy among the crowd, and having a ride on the miniature train etc, he wanted nothing at all to do with the animals. I left the car at St Johns Church, having enjoyed my ride and company of Joan & family and Lee. Dorothy arrived home soon after me. The "Look Out" opening had proceeded satisfactorily and her speech had gone over very well. Dorothy had to set to work on her arrival home because arrangements had been made for Ted and Joan Freijne to come to supper: and they came on from Franks where they had been having a look at 2 Little East St. We spent a very pleasant evening. Quite like old times with we four and we kept it up until just before midnight. (Lee is a good and steady driver and Jon still has his sense of direction.)

Wednesday August 21. A quiet day. Just a small mail but there was a recorded phone call from the Professor Scott with whom we travelled to the Queen's garden party, inviting us to lunch and a tour of the Sussex University. I anticipate this will be rather nice and we shall look forward to it. The Sussex Mayors been are to hold a ball in the Brighton Pavilion so we shall probably attend this. To return to items that are more mundane but, nevertheless, more important I have had two or three attempts to find the Housing Manager about a housing need that seems to me is rather urgent. It must seem rather hopeless to some poor people, who are inadequately housed, when they see our new blocks of dwellings and our new houses gradually being filled up and they know they themselves are right down in the lower categories of applicant. I have had a long "working class" life and when my own family were young we lived in extreme poverty. But we kids, by some stroke of fortune, to do with the various enterprises of building very smalls work peoples houses for rent in our district of Brighton, never had the glibly housing accommodation some kids had and some have even now: although, of course, enormous strides have been made in the right direction. All things, generally, have improved and so perhaps at the back of my depression is the shadow of war which seems to loom over eastern Europe owing to Russia's disagreeing with the "liberalizing" of Czechoslovakia. Dorothy has been gardening this afternoon.

and this evening I went to the Pan and saw Levers and Eastbourne United drew, one goal each, in a game that never had a dull moment. On arrival home Dorothy and I watched an almost documentary film about a kind hearted soul who took in babies to mind and the film gives some of the consequences resulting from any degree of slackness on the part of the authorities. Later this evening I watched two very good wrestling bouts. The recording, in this day's journal, looks like as though I've done nothing except enjoy myself!