

20 Nov 1970

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November 1970 to

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Friday November 20 1970: I have not been able to keep a good journal during this week; a good deal has taken place and we have taken part in a good deal. So, while carrying on with ordinary work on the Tuesday, I can't remember anything very outstanding. On Wednesday an L. P. Group meeting was held but I went with Dorothy to a function which had been arranged by the Pastor of St. Johns Sub Castro Church. We went because <sup>from</sup> the title of this discussion it was plain that an attack was going to be made on the Y. V's and the word "Immoral" was used in connection with strikes. Such groups of people, who meet at this sort of discussion, ~~group~~ can be depended on not to know the meaning of the word immoral and strikes and Trade Unions so Dorothy and I played quite a part ~~into~~ by way of enlightening them. I think our efforts were well worth while. There were only eight people there but there was one man who made it plain that he thought like us. On Thursday afternoon I went to the Evergreen Club at Ringmer and noted how they were getting on. Much more room for them than was the case about five years ago when we last visited them. Jimmy Taylor drove me back home in company with Mrs Wilkinson.

a singer of some repute who is often giving her services to old people's gatherings. I attended the W.E.A. class this evening and found the Tutor, Michael Carritt, on top of his form as a teacher. We are doing "War and his Society" a kind of course on ethics; and today, Friday, I have done quite a deal of getting about on one course or another. I hope, having caught up with this journal, in however skimpy a manner, (by just baldly recording a few events that I can remember) I will be able to catch up, keep up, and fill up with matters and experiences which are much more interesting than this latest entry.

Saturday November 21. By the first post this morning there arrived a letter from Mr Parlett containing the five cheques to be sent to the Old People's Clubs as their 90% of last Saturday's Autumn Fair; accordingly I walked over to Kate Boxall, the secretary of the O.P.W.C. and gave them so that she will be able to send them, with the letters of appreciation, to the various clubs. Now we have got so far I feel more relieved about the amount of work that has to be done in connection with this Fair; and if I am, (and I hope I am not) Chairman next year

and Kate is Secretary, we are sure to be able to cope in a far more efficient manner than was the case this year. The job now is to deal with the Christmas Party, when it arrives on the 16<sup>th</sup> of next month. By the way, I forgot to record, in my careless entries of the past week, that my sister Kate has moved from Weald Court and is now in an ordinary Council Flat at Meridian Road and looks like being quite happy there. Betty was with her, giving assistance when I looked down there with Dorothy. To come back to today, Dorothy and I did some shopping after I arrived home from Miss Baxalls and, this afternoon, I went to see Lewes play the Vardeaneans, at the Pan, in a round of the Currex Senior Cup. Lewes won to the tune of seven goals to none, I came away then so it may have been a higher score even than that. This evening Frank treated Dorothy and me to the Little Theatre production of Bekko's "Three Sisters". Quite well done and we enjoyed our visit, at least, we enjoyed the occasion. I do not "enjoy" Bekko's work and I don't believe one is meant to. Always seems that there is the author's rather stern sense of the rightness of what is taking place in the

'era' behind the play, the changing of the worn-out system in a Lopeles sort a way; not very gallant presentation of an aristocratic system which is bowing down to the inevitable changes wrought by time. This feeling of the passing away of a class is also carried on in each of the individual characters, each one of whom has that "Death is coming to each one of us" sort of feeling. Among the people in the audience we found Peter Smith, whom I have mentioned before in this journal. He looks very poorly and old; he told me Joyce is still working and dating on the grandchildren. I don't know where they live now but I expect we shall hear from Joyce in due course.

Sunday, November 22. Did some L.P. delivering and general odd jobs in connection with the Steering Committee (the B. & C. C. joint committee) which meets tomorrow. Late this evening a notice was dropped in my door from Cllr. Jim Franks who appears intent on proposing that this joint committee be washed out and we start again!! Just something more for me to wonder about.

Monday November 23. I made it my business to call on the Town Clerk this morning and find out if he had received intimation of Frank's intention. He had, and had used his influence to change Frank's intention. I felt more easy in my mind after seeing the T.C.; it is appalling to have the prospect of starting all over again, and I made my final check up on this afternoon's meeting agenda. This went very well; and, although "views were aired" etc, on the whole progress was made in a good atmosphere. The representatives from the civic bodies (The Traffic Study Group, the Chamber of Commerce and the Friends of Lewes) were made co-opted members in a limited way but I don't imagine it will be long before other organizations will wish to send a member. The County Planning Officer, Mr. Jay, pointed out that membership of this committee does not mean delegates are there to push forward the views of their organizations, they are there to work for this committee. Time will show how things work out. The time leading up to this meeting I have found very tiring anyhow, with so many things to deal with. I spent a quiet evening at Coop Party meeting with Mr Stamp C.C. Officer on "Pollution".

Tuesday November 24: Did some of Graham's draw tickets: (gathering in stubs of) not very successfully.

but accounted for some and met two or three people who are fresh to me. This afternoon I paid a visit to the Library and found Eve rather angry because yet another quite expensive book has apparently been stolen. It is amazing what people will do. This evening Dorothy and I paid our visit to my sister Kate's new flat and we were very favourably impressed. This morning I had a talk with Bishop Reeves who wanted to know something of The Rev Hapgood's report on the Bridge Green business at the last Council meeting. There are too many. "This" is in today's entry; at least that is what I find on reading it over. It betrays the position into which I am drifting and I must stop it by quickly abandoning that position.

Wednesday November 25. I did a bit of clearing up in the garden this afternoon and so made a change from what was rapidly becoming my afternoon curriculum. Tonight was the other, adjourned half of the Establishment Committee (see Y. J. Nov. 16). The increasing cost of the Town's Salaried staff seems to me rather alarming and at the beginning of the prolonged proceedings I made my position on this matter clear by voting against the proposal to regrade the chief officers. I was the only one to do so and I, therefore, can only

carry on with the detail and the effects of this proposal concerning Chief Officers. The result, as can be expected, has been seen all the way through the staff recommendations. I don't know what the rate increase will be next spring! Already it could be foreseen to be heavy and, what with the National awards for manual workers, (which were, by the way, quite justified) plus those mentioned above and the already heavy programme of work, both maintenance and committed projects, we're going to have to face a stinger of an increase.

Thursday November 26. Only a month to Christmas. Joan brought the two boys over and carried with her the wheels to put on a truck which I am to make by Christmas. After they had gone Miss Cope looked in. Miss Cope is a woman of about my age who, between the wars, worked for the old League of Nations at Geneva. There are a few of these women about in or near Lewes and we got to know them through Kay Gibberd (one of them) mostly. Miss Cope stayed with us for a while and we had a chat: she is in poor health owing to chronic arthritis, a heart condition etc so she does not have a particularly easy life. When she had gone it was time for me to get ready to attend the Rotary luncheon, to which

I had been invited by my ex-employer, Mr Reynolds, of whom I have often made notes throughout this journal, and who is always kind and considerate to me. It is the custom at these Rotary lunches for there to be a speaker and today there was a man and his wife who had both given a kidney to their daughter by way of transplant. Both completed a 3,000 miles walk round the coast of Britain to raise money for "Kidney machines" and who were both devoted to this cause of kidney transplant. This Lewes Rotary had collected £230 and a cheque for this sum was presented to these good people at today's lunch. I spent quite a quiet afternoon, finishing up with some shopping with Dorothy and a visit to the library, because we wanted to do some research into some news Joan had read and had inquired of us. I won't make a note of this item, especially as it has proved negative as far as Joan's inquiry is concerned. I proved my laziness this evening by dodging both the W.B.A. and L.P. meeting, although I went up to the latter and gave Graham Warfield the results of ~~my~~ the raffle collections which he had asked me to gather in. Dorothy and I

had an ordinary, lazy time; sometimes watching the telly and sometimes dozing over it!! This proves it was time I had a break from attending meetings.

Friday; November 27. This evening I went to the Arthritic Research Council Branch meeting. Dagma Gann kindly telephoned and offered me a lift there which I gladly accepted. There was an amusing hold-up at first because the car, quite suddenly, refused to go. I was able to ask Bill Ticehurst (2 doors down) if he could help and he soon had it going. The A. R. C. meeting went off very well and the Branch is doing extremely well from a financial point of view. We have authorised the treasurer to remit another sizable sum to the Headquarters. The "Letter" competition has now reached the amazing sum of £103 odd. Dorothy has been preparing for the "Fair" which is to be held tomorrow on behalf of the Friends of Hellingly Hospital. What a family we are, we have no money but have somehow got into the position generally reserved for those that are well-off. We seem to be key people in charitable organizations.

Saturday November 28: The above mentioned fair took place today. Dorothy and I took the various things up and arranged the stall which she

was to look after. As is usual at this Annual Fair we met many acquaintances and friends including the Lamberts who seem to be pretty well, although they were all, especially Margaret, disappointed with the results of their efforts from a financial point of view. They had put such a lot of effort into it and Margaret had worked and produced a very good lot of things to sell. We also met Evelyn Rogers again looking very well: she is going to see us later. Apart from these particular people we met several more and I was able to see Mr. Rossiter, the appropriate Rotary member, with regard to a Christmas present of coal to some poor <sup>little</sup> souls, who had approached me on this matter. There has come bushels of stuff for me to deal with, both from the Town Council and the Old People's Welfare Committee. Once again I look like having a busy week-end.

Sunday: November 29. It rained hard this morning but I was due to go out delivering C.P.W.C. and A.P.C. stuff. I was accordingly rather horror-struck at being unable to find my umbrella. I had to use Dorothy's, a dark blue one which did not look quite so startling as would have been the case had I been forced to use her yellow one which is decorated

with posies of exotic flowers. I walked all over the town in the pouring rain, enjoying my walking which was really good exercising; and Dorothy's umbrella, though small, kept my head dry and so I was quite happy: (somewhat like an ostrich with his head in the sand!!). I made up for lost time when I got home by reading and working on my agenda for tomorrow's Roads and Planning (I should write Public Services and Planning) Committee which is to be held tomorrow evening. I had a short break of an hour or so in the afternoon while I had a look at Arsenal v Liverpool and later read to Dorothy some of a book by Pamela Hansford Johnson which is proving quite amusing. We did not go out any more and, anyway, it rained practically all the rest of today.

Monday, November 30: Tomorrow is the first of December so it was a good idea for me to deliver some invitations to a Carol Concert which the Arthritic Res. C. Branch are holding next week. Fortunately the rain held off and I started with a good, well-arranged "Search by Inquiry" for my umbrella. I called at the Town-Hall office first and Joan B. suggested the "Shelley's" where the Council had coffee after attending the High Sheriff's Service at St Ann's church last Friday.

(I forgot to mention this on Friday when my space was taken up by recording my adventures in a car which wouldn't go.) However, this suggestion of Joan's I thought was a good suggestion and I walked up that way and was unsuccessful in my enquiries at the "Shelleys" and St Annes church, <sup>which</sup> was locked. However, when I'd called on the Misses Chardlers with regard to W.E.A. matters, and made an unsuccessful enquiry at the Library, I phoned Tom Streetfield and, later in the day, his daughter brought my umbrella which had been found in St Annes Church. I am very relieved. From six o'clock until ten fifteen this evening I have been at the Public Services and Planning Committee: budget night, and a fine old game it is, trying to make ends meet with the day-to-day costs of running a town, and doing this at the same time as trying to regulate the taking up of new ideas of Johnny-come-lately councillors who fail to grasp the fact that you can only carry out things within the limits of an objective situation. It is the easiest thing in the world to make great, costly advances in the abstract; it is a different matter to bring them into being in actual situations. However, everyone had plenty to say on what they considered necessary, I sincerely hope, for the good of the town, that some of them will not be present

in the Council Chamber after next May.

Tuesday December 1 1970: Owing to a very early awakening, followed by a rather long lay-in for me, we arose quite late. In consequence today's programme has been rather altered. I have been shopping with Dorothy and did a little towards the Christmas truck. This evening I had the C.C. of the O.P.W.C. to chair and this took rather some time because of the amount of extra deliberations on the House of Friendship. However, Kate Boxall, the secretary, and the other members of the Committee of Management have now mapped out a method of approach in order to tackle some of our main problems on the House and as I hope we shall soon be getting towards a more settled state of affairs and this will mean a time of less strain for everybody concerned with this venture. Anyway, after our recommendations have been adopted by the General Committee on the ninth I can get ahead with the applications for grants in aid of. The O.P.W.C. is made up of forty or so people who represent the various organizations in the town, plus a few who are co-opted for various qualities. From these people who make up the main committee is formed the Executive Committee, and the various committees dealing with different aspects of welfare for elderly people. All the people who make up the Welfare Committee are

carrying out a service to the community and are deserving of the community's gratitude for the time spent and the work put into it.

Wednesday December 2 1970. Lewes Exhibition meeting this morning. Quite interesting but, owing to having a list of applications which was typed in such a pale way that I could only decipher it, (not read it) with extreme difficulty, I made rather a blunder and, in consequence, or partly so, Abby's son in law will have his application deferred until the next meeting. I am very sorry about this. I noticed that Mr. Bradshaw was in a somewhat caustic mood and made comments on ~~many~~<sup>some</sup> cases which he thought were a bit much. I have mentioned the kind of case on previous occasions and I am inclined to agree with him. After a short rest I went out to the shed this afternoon and made a little headway with the new truck. Later Dorothy and I went to the Little Theatre foyer where some members of the club were holding a wine & cheese evening and bring and buy money-raiser. We met Frank there and one or two friends; actually a very pleasant evening.

Thursday  
Wednesday December 3. I have now placed all the posters to do with the A.K. Carol concert so that is off my mind except for remembering to speak in thanks to the choir at the end. Dorothy went to the Patcham today and I have done a bit more to the truck. It's gradually taking shape and I now hope to get it done in time. The club's meeting of the O.P.W.C. was this evening but I was not there very long: in fact I was able to come home between that one and the Victoria Hospital Friends meeting. Rather remarkable that this organization, started, when I was Mayor early in 1966, to raise money towards a new operating theatre which meant approximately £5000, now plans in terms of £15,000 projects and has a balance at the moment, if we ignore some outstanding bills, of £82,000. Truly something that has captured the public imagination.

Friday December 4. I made some progress with lome and backgarden jobs. Still rambling over the neglect on my part, of the Exhibition Committee on Wednesday, to grasp the situation as it was and so let down one of the applicants.

Saturday December 5. Joan came over with the grandsons today. I went to look at the site of a building application at Malling Green.

a place which I can foresee will take up a good deal of Councilor's deliberating time before long. There were several members of the Planning committee made the journey, and it was well worth while. Joan, Dorothy and the two boys went out shopping after I reached home and we had dinner about the usual time. (Butter gave me a ride to the football and back, (Leaves lost to Grays by 3-2.) and later, after Joan had gone home, Dorothy and I passed a quiet evening.

Sunday December 6. I walked up to Winnie's this afternoon, too wet during the morning. I'm afraid Win was in one of her moods and I don't wonder at it; I had wakened her from her afterdinner nap and she had a jolly good grumble about everybody and everything but mostly about Kate! Of course, in what were originally big families like ours, mostly girls, handicapped marriages - wise anyway, because of the astounding sales about sex that obtained in those early years of the century in which we lived: plus the loss of more than a million young men in the first war: then being in service with hardly any time off, it is hardly surprising that Winnie (and Gasy as well but not like Winnie) should feel somehow done down about life in general, and take it out on any body or any thing that

happens to be in the way of her displeasure at the moment. Kate is the next to the youngest and she is sixty-two. Winnie is next to the deceased eldest at 76 she is now the eldest. It would be strange, taken altogether, if Win did not try to treat Kate as though Kate was four and Win twenty. One can't blame anybody for being born into a certain set of circumstances, and the very vast majority of people are bound to only move within the limits bordered by the circumstances into which they are born. The people who are (or were) to blame are the pious humbugs who made rules so stringent that a female who gave the slightest encouragement to a male was a bad lot; and the female who did not get married was looked down on by these p. H.'s (see above). I wonder what people mean when they say they would like those old days back?

Monday December 7. I went to the office and dealt with one or two matters. The electrician's go elbow affair touched us for the first time just after two p.m. Dorothy found her oil cooker, which had not been used for some years, was jammed and wanted things done to it, so I hastily took it to Harper and Bedes who took her <sup>in</sup> going order for me. It was a good job I was <sup>in</sup> haste because

I obtained second place in a queue that was going in and, while I had my stove seen to, I was able to see how quickly everybody had needed out - to bees candles. They were unlucky in this shop which had sold out beers before apparently. It appears that most other shops had also sold out or put them under the counter!!! This afternoon Dorothy attended the A. G. M. of the Sussex R.R.C. and I did a few odd jobs about the shed etc. She did not enjoy the meeting because the speaker was not very good at keeping the audience attentive. Dorothy had another one to attend this evening, the Friends of Hellingly Hospital; while I had the extra Library meeting to see to. (Called an "extra meeting" because it is purely to do with the estimates for '71-'72. Things are rather sticky this way because this Conservative Government is cutting down on public expenditure and cultural things that have always been free to the public, (museums, picture galleries and so on) are to be the first victims. When we meet to discuss the money that will be needed for such a thing as a library we have to keep an eye on where the next penny is coming from. Eve gave me a ride home but, since we had first taken Miss Flight home, there was not much time before Dorothy's meeting; we had a coffee and then Eve drove Dorothy to her meeting. All this reads as though we have been using the Borough Librarian<sup>Cal</sup> as a chauffeur.

and she has been kind and thoughtful this evening.

Tuesday December 8. Today's electricity cut did not come until late afternoon, "and was still on when the time came for the Finance Committee's meeting, which included estimates, to take place. During the day I had made arrangements about the Carol concert in aid of the Arthritis S.R.C. and I could therefore carry on with the Finance committee and Dorothy gave the thanks to the choir who provided the concert. This was a huge success and Dorothy seemed very happy about it when she came home. I should say when I next saw her because the committee took until gone 10-30! I am very glad this concert was a success; while I was in the Town Clerk's office, actually phoning Miss Wallis about the cancelling of the concert because of the Electricity cut, the lights came on again. The Finance Committee was very hard going but I am glad to notice that one or two of the Conservative members backed me up on municipal ownership when the Grange management was under review.

Wednesday, December 9. I saw the Town Clerk this morning he is still disturbed over the, what I call, board babbings of councillor Wheeler. The truth is that Wheeler is electioneering like mad for next May!! While I was

with Mr Walsh John Bushwell looked in regarding the giving <sup>making</sup> to him of an honorary Alderman. He wants no fees or expense over this. I went over the Mayor's parlour and Joan B kindly had a look for my "Exhibition" papers, not found, so she phoned over to Mr Parrish and made an appointment for me to see him, which I did, told him my story re what I call "my blunder" (see T.S. Dec 2) and in consequence of seeing him I feel more happy over the case of the young man who wants to be a civil engineer. I carried on round the town until I at last obtained a set of wheels suitable for grandson Charles truck; and, this afternoon Dorothy and I were fetched by Evelyn Rogers and went to her house to tea. Poor Evelyn is in great trouble: and, as a fairly rich widow, I suppose she is in risk of being "conned" by some types of "The world owes me a living male" Evelyn told us about her suitor's other woman's attack upon Evelyn by way of an accusation that Evelyn constantly rang up the other woman. This could be proved untrue because, at the relevant times, Evelyn was not at home. However, the local paper gave the County Court case about it front page display, which had to be corrected the following week but it is more than likely that considerable talk has taken place

among the inhabitants of this small, country town which could be to her discomfort. I think we have persuaded Evelyn to stay here for a bit, though, because, after all, people's memories are very short anyway, and her friends stick by her so why should others matter. Dorothy and I attended the meeting of the B.P. welfare committee this evening. The cut and blackout came quite soon in the meeting but apparently all the delegates had torches with them, and, through the ability and unflapableness of Miss Boxall as secretary, I was able to bring the meeting through its maze of items to a successful conclusion. Well done Kate. I thought we had better get home so we did not look in at the wrestling (who provided their own lights) nor at the meeting of the Trades Council which I have a standing invitation: there was not enough of the evening left and I had just conducted one meeting in a blackout and there was really no pressing need for me to attend another.

Thursday December 10. Drew pension and so on and did a little shopping. Nothing of great importance has happened, and, instead of basking to and completing the 'track' I have idled about a bit. This evening I went to an

interest W.E.A class which belongs to the philosophy course and is about ethics. Since I first learnt about morals (ethics) the methods of teaching one's duty to the family, tribe, community has changed somewhat. Now one seems to do more along the lines laid down by Aldous Huxley in his "Ends and Means". Certainly it seems as though now the idea is to improve the individual and so automatically improve the collective action. The course Barrett is taking lays a good deal of stress and time on the psychology and guiding of the infant. I am still getting considerable enjoyment from the learning and discussion at W.E.A. Long may this body continue: although L.C.A.s are taking over more of our subjects; with the present government it is not certain that L.C.A.s will be able to continue with this type of adult education. There is a necessity for my favourite body to live on.

Friday December 11 The Electrician's dispute and work to rule goes on. This morning the power cut came just after seven o'clock, happily, one is looking forward to daylight by that time in the morning and it is just the power part of the cut that is annoying: especially is this so when one has to go to work about

eight o'clock. The government, which has been bringing pressure to bear on the Electricity board, and whose chief aim is to beat the electrical workers anyway, has made poor showing as yet, either in wisdom when dealing with a situation of this sort and, according to some newspaper reports, already lost the first round, or strength ~~and~~ of mind or firmness. The members of the government also seem utterly unable to grasp that men on whom rests the whole of our mechanically and scientifically based economy, are the men <sup>to</sup> whom respect and reward should be given. They are "much greater use to the country than the stockbroker, the land speculator and the innumerable other felots who are always given the best incomes for doing the least work; and who consider that anyone who disagrees with this view of the natural order of things is a bogey man. However, Dorothy and I, each being on the retired list managed very well, she having made the cakes for tomorrow's Sales and charity fairs which we have promised to attend. I haven't got much further forward with the truck but the way is clear. That sentence seems as though I am pushing a truck along but I mean progress in the building of same. By the bye, six screws  $2\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{4}$  roundheaded 2/6!! If people charge this they can afford the high wages paid to the workers

Saturday December 12: There have been no cuts in the electricity supply today. Dorothy and I have visited both the St Johns fair and the Red Cross bring and buy coffee morning, Dorothy leaving a ginger-bread at each place for them to sell and which, in each case, was very soon sold. I stopped at home this afternoon while Dorothy went to the truck is beginning to look like a truck now so I hope it will be enjoyed by grandson Charles as he learns to walk, as much as the prototype was enjoyed by Helen. There is no further development in the matter of the electricity dispute, and a David Frost programme on the matter, which had in its "anti-electrician's union" team, the man whose name has received quite an amount of publicity because he threw manure about at property of the electricity people. This man is surely the most ignorant sweep I have ever seen on the telly; but I suppose David Frost thought he was qualified by the shit throwing episode to address the people of the country. There were blows exchanged during the programme and this must be expected if such types are allowed to be publicised for their childish behaviour. What cannot be expected is the use of reason and orderly argument plus tolerance. Bad score to David Frost for picking his people for sensationalism rather

than for trying to help in a national trouble

Sunday, December 13. Dorothy and I walked up to 68 Prince Edwards Road and saw Winnie and Jasy. They both seem well physically but I don't know how well they get along; I suppose like most women in similar conditions (see Dec 6) I had seen Leslie yesterday morning and he seems more settled now, mostly, I think, because he has decided to cross his bridges as it were, when he reaches them. It was while I was speaking to him in the Blithe yesterday morning, that Basil Fuller came up and told me that Dorothy had tripped over. She did this in crossing to Malling Street and measured her full length, plus a shd. This <sup>could</sup> have been very upsetting for her but she has taken things very well and was walking quite well with me today. Because after leaving 68 P. Ed. we walked out to the Landport Estate and saw Kate. The upshot of our visits to my various sisters is that Kate & Betty will have dinner with us on Christmas day. There have been no electricity cuts today and we have spent a good deal of time with me reading Richard Aldington's "Colonel's Daughter". It is nice to go over some of my favourite writers of the "thirties" again.

Monday December 14. An agreement was reached late today for the "work-to-rule" in the Electrical industry to end while the court of inquiry takes place. So much advance if one believes that the Government side is genuine in really trying to reach a proper settlement because of the danger of inflation but there is a very great deal of mistrust on the side of the workers. This evening we Labour members of the Council for our group meeting and decided, where collective action was necessary, what group measures to take at Wednesday's Council meeting.

Tuesday December 15. Spent today mostly mugging agendas etc; but did quite a lot of reading aloud to Dorothy. We have been shopping also and I have at last, completed my purchases re truck, and I have also bought some Christmas cards; though, owing to the increase in price, postage etc. this branch of demonstration of friendliness and "keeping in touch with acquaintance" must be cut still further because our stationery income will not allow any expansion. The weather has been fine.

Wednesday December 16. I had a fast walk down to Ruths, going by way of Phoenix Causeway

then came back by School Hill for some more shopping & in the High Street. The Council meeting took place this evening but before attending this I went with Dorothy to the Old Peoples Christmas Party which went off in very good style, I thought so did the Town Council Meeting, although quite a time was taken over some items and we Labour people were outvoted on various matters. I noticed Alderman Miss Temple is using my arguments now when defending our library and, indeed the Conservative members are showing great interest in it. Like many things we have struggled for in vain during these years of Conservative landslide and which are coming to the front now, our library is going to become an election issue.

Thursday December 17. There were three items of main interest today. The folks infants Carol Service, which this year was held in the church and for that reason there was much more room for the parents and others (such as a Manager like me). The little nativity play was very well done and I have found, since I have been attending such events, that they are emotional to me in quite a happy sort of way. We were also due to go over to St Annes School but we were unable to go because the hot water tank sprung

a leak, and when I called for my pension at the G.P.O. I crossed the High Street and reported it to the plumber (Davies) who I made arrangements to come down at the time of the St Ann's School party. I was unable to leave Dorothy at home and go myself because I seemed to have a cold developing and so, regretfully, I had to miss going to this E.S.M. school. I have great respect for Miss Watling and Miss Stiner who look after all these children. This evening Dorothy and I attended the wine and cheese evening of the Arthritic Research Council Branch and I believe this will be a success financially. There were a ~~very large~~ great many people present, at all events, and this branch seems to be a winner in that a great many people suffer in a greater or lesser degree from Arthritic and allied complaints and this ensures plenty of interested members. The Branch is fortunate in having able people on its executive committee also and great strides have been made. I looked into the Library this morning to enquire how Eve was and she has shaken off whatever it was that was giving her a headache. While there I met someone and learned a bit more about the popularity of the Library.

Friday December 18: I did most of the finishing of the ~~trunk~~ and, late this afternoon, delivered a number of Christmas cards. I found that the sudden weather change to damp warmth was very heating and wished I'd put on my lighter overcoat. However, I delivered a number & and got back in time for us to attend the Carol Concert at the House of Friendship. An extremely pleasant two hours or so, a great deal of pleasure owing to the genuine feeling feeling that people are glad we are there. This has been very apparent ever since, being Mayor, I've had to do with the C.P.W.C. There was a good start to the evening I with the St John's Sub Castro Choir, which gave some good renderings of Christmas songs and carols. A pain<sup>in</sup> in my groin <sup>draw</sup> gave my attention from the singing at times and I think I must see the doctor to make sure I haven't strained myself there or anything.

Saturday December 19. We got on with the shopping and other Saturday morning affairs got on with the cards and other Christmas affairs; and then missed the football because of Labour Party affairs (at Constituency level.) An alteration of boundaries makes it necessary to reconstitute the C.P. and this was done this afternoon <sup>this evening</sup> I finished Richard Aldington's "The Colonel's Daughter" reading aloud to Dorothy. My last

reading of this was in the 'thirties" and it is good to read it again now, in the light of the changed circumstances which has resulted in the change in mores of the people who make up our population.

Dorothy, I feel sure, has enjoyed this book and the author's other writings which I have read again.

A pity Aldington died before ~~he saw~~ so many alterations took place, many of them changes he worked hard towards bringing ~~them~~ about.

Of course, a great many people say they are changes for the worse, but these people are, in a way, too wholesale in their condemnation. A great many

people applaud all the changes, (that's why the changes have come about) but they are also too wholesale. The truth is that a golden mean has to be struck between two extremes and I

believe everyone should find this mean themselves.

If this is beyond the capabilities of many people then a "collective" effort must be made to establish the G. M.: but the fact that it is a collective effort will be some guarantee against rule by bias.

Sunday December 20. Arose at 6-30 and, later in the day of course, delivered Christmas cards: making quite a good walk which is to my physical benefit, but, if many people do this because of the cost of postage, then it won't be much to the benefit of the corporate body because much will be lost in the way of revenue. This afternoon I had a look at West Ham v Chelsea and this was a very enjoyable game. We had a quiet evening (me / I forgot to record yesterday that Kate looked in to bring back a card I had inadvertently slipped in with her.) While she was here I learnt quite an amount about what has happened within the family.

However, as I was writing, Dorothy and I spent a quiet evening and also listened to quite a good discussion between Enoch Powell and Malcolm Muggeridge. Strange what passes for religious instruction now. Much more honest, of course, and much more to my liking; but how do the apologists (Union) account for the disappearance of what were the vital beliefs i.e. the Last Supper and the imaginary blood bath etc?

The Virgin birth and the Trinity. Only a few years ago you believed these things or you were lost!

However, I welcome the different churches as more in the nature of ethical bodies which seems to be their new role. I write new role because, although the command

"Love thy neighbour" was included before, most attention was paid to insisting on the validity of various myths and inculcating beliefs which could not possibly have any bearing on the good life, and how to live it

Monday December 21. Short of a record of boring details of how I spent my day, I have nothing to write about during the daylight-time. Christmas preparations go on. There was one important thing however, and that is that I went up to Hugh Rae's and did something at last about that unsatisfactory suit (see T.J.

) Rather to my surprise, and certainly to my pleasure Mr. Griffiths quickly came to the conclusion, (with no prompting on my part beyond the obvious one that I was potentially a dissatisfied customer,) that he thought he had better make another jacket. I am very relieved: fancy, at my age, having what is possibly my last suit, costing £30, hanging in a wardrobe because it is uncomfortable!!

This evening, at the applications part of the planning committee, we had a delegation of good people from St Arnes Crescent who were calling on us on two scores, one against the demolition of a house in their Crescent and the other regarding the traffic and parking in their crescent. On the first we had already decided on a way of dealing with a rather complicated

situation to do with a conservation area and on the second we will do our best although, as so often happens solutions and ideas put forward by people are what we have already decided to do (and on many occasions people have not thought of the matter at all until they read we are dealing with it) In this case, however, the delegation were useful, helpful people.

Tuesday December 22. Dorothy went to Patcham to look after the boys and I went to the Christmas party of the Pells primary school (the infants section). This was a happy occasion and was as jolly as it has been other years. At home we keep going forward with plans and preparations for Christmas and this morning (very vital at any season) I got in touch with Davey's the plumbers and ensured that our two tanks would be seen to before Christmas (see T.J. last week)

Wednesday December 23. The tanks are being dealt with by Davey the plumber. Mr Wasker came down and he has been working here all day: the cold tank is now in and he promised us that the job will be completed tomorrow afternoon. I hope this will be alright because Joan's family will be over tomorrow on the usual Christmas eve

visit. The weather has been very bright and I have finished the truck.

Thursday December 24. Bert, Joan and the two grandsons arrived Ok. The weather turned exceedingly cold during the night and there was some snow. Mr. Washer got our hot-water system going again as he promised and also put two taps in order by re-seating them so, thank goodness, they don't drip now. It was of no use me fixing washers on because <sup>the taps</sup> they each had a tiny channel across the seating. I am pleased they are now alright. Life is always much more happy when there are no dripping taps. Dorothy made a wonderful meat pudding which we all enjoyed and our visitors went back soon after dinner.

Tomorrow, Christmas Day, my two younger sisters, Kate and Betty, and Dorothy's younger brother, Frank, will be having dinner with us and so tonight Dorothy and I walked up to Winnie and Isay at 68, Boine Edwards and found them both well.

Friday December 25. Christmas Day. The snow, which started last evening about the time we walked up to 68 had maintained itself, as it were and there were about three inches lying about. This morning we were invited to the Blands, (in Pelham Terrace, back to back with

our Toronto Terrace) and we spent a very happy time for an hour or so with these good, neighbourly people. Tony and Anne Pepler, Bland's next-door neighbours were also there and we six made a nice little group for a Christmas morning. Mrs Bland lent me two books: one is the publication of the government's Statistical Service and the other is called "Doomsday Book" by a man named Gordon Rattray Taylor and is a warning of the dire results of pollution on a higher level as it were. Having only just glanced at the title headings, as can be imagined since I only had the book this Christmas morning, I can't think of any term to describe it than the words "on a higher level" that I have just used. I will probably mention this book again. This evening our three guests whom I have already mentioned, Frank, Kate and Betty came down to dinner and we spent quite a happy Christmas day in the evening. Dorothy had prepared leg of lamb etc with Christmas Pudding etc. Betty will be retiring from her work at Dr Barnardo's any time now and so that is the whole Barber family on pension. From 1892, when the eldest, Maggie, was born until 1970, when Betty, the youngest, retires the two parents and the ten children have lived their lives and now five siblings remain. I am the odd man with two sisters older, and two sisters younger, than me. See this journal Dec. 6 for my feelings about my sisters

Saturday December 26. There was deep snow when we woke this morning, yesterday's covering having some more over it. I had a short walk and found my walking was good. The new shoes, or boots, that Dorothy gave me last year, are very effective for me to use in snow and now, what with my improved physical condition and these shoes I am making better progress in walking in deep snow than I have for years. Well, today being Boxing Day, it was our intention to go to Joan's and Bunt's and her family would come from Hurst Green and so all the family would be together at Patcham: this has become the pattern for Boxing. With this white Christmas however travelling has been too chancy and so each of the three branches stopped at their own homes. Joan had visitors who arrived there at so her preparations were not in vain.

Sunday December 27. Weather still very bad, nothing else than a walk round to Frank's by Dorothy & me.

Monday December 28. Much the same as yesterday. Bad weather but slightly warmer. Snow going.

Tuesday December 29. I woke early this morning to find a fresh few inches of snow had fallen during the night. I did various things during the day, and, in the evening

Dorothy and I took the Mayor & Mayoress to the Little Theatre's production of "The Princess & the Firebird" which we all enjoyed very much indeed and found extremely amusing. A production of which, in my opinion, the Club can be proud. It was Dorothy's idea to invite the Mayor and Mayoress: she generally thinks of these kindnesses. The snow is rapidly going now but more is forecast!

Wednesday  
Thursday: December 30. The most important thing today has been the postponed decision on the recommendations of the Establishment Committee. This committee's recommendations should have come before the Town Council meeting on the 16<sup>th</sup> Dec. but were put back until this evening because the items contained are best discussed in private and there were a good number of people present: after much discussion it was decided to deal with the matter by Council in Committee and, in the end, this was postponed until this evening. I opposed the recommendations but there were only six or so voted my way, some of them Conservatives by the way, so the chief officers all get quite a hefty rise. It is rather disheartening because most of the majority this evening who voted for these increases, held up their hands in horror, figuratively speaking at the suggestion that the manual workers rise a shilling while back. I had a drink with Alby in the

Labour Club afterwards. He is settling down in his job as Magistrate and is enjoying life generally, although, as he says, he "feels like stopping in more at the evening-time now." His chest was impaired by his illness a few years ago and I suppose that, and his age (more than fifty) tempt him to stop indoors these winter evenings. There was not much in the way of "viewing" for Dorothy and me and I had done enough reading and deliberating, anyway, at the Council Meeting so we had a quiet time talking and, as is usual in such circumstances although we are both over 40 years old, rounded the evening off in true lover fashion.

Thursday

~~Friday~~ December 31. The last day of 1970. I mended the handle situation of the chest of drawers which we keep in the bathroom. Since tomorrow is the first day of the new year, I think I'll make a resolution to do all these odd jobs about the house as and when the reasons for these odd jobs occur. An interesting piece of news in the "Times" this morning: the Catholic Church has abandoned its obscurantist attitude to quite a number of points which, previously, it had insisted were vital from an ethical point of view if one was an R.C. In this the church follows the trend among

people instead of leading the people. The most strange alteration is in the attitude to sex. By what means the Churchmen have found out they do not disclose, but they say they have discovered that sex is not the top thing that people worry about, but things which are more disclosing of loving one's neighbours, helping distressed people and nations etc. All good things which are by no stretch of the imagination limited to people who believe in the somewhat supernatural creeds of the R.C. Church. I think all this is very helpful to us and gives some hope of a better future for a good many people who have previously had a guilty feeling about many things because of the creeds they had been brought up with. The report seems to ignore all mentions of iconography, trinities etc., and has come to the conclusion that the sexual act in human beings is not only for procreation. It is rather late in the Church's life to discover all these things. If most people had not known these things the church would never have known. This is an admission that the people lead; the church follows. I went round to Baxters and saw Mr. Reynolds who gave me one of their posh calendars. All appears to be going well there as regards everyone being very busy. Dorothy and I started a fresh book this evening by Weidman and

I think we are going to enjoy it: it is entitled "Other People's money"

Friday Jan 1 1971. Nothing unusual, or worth making particular note about, has happened today. There was a 'phone call from a Mr. Arnold who runs a sort of coffee bar in Malling Street, besides being a sort of contractor for the transportation of goods, as well as being a sort of small-holder at Jaggs Lane; who rang me and complained that he was being unjustly treated with regard to the refusal he has received to his application to site a caravan on his small-holding. He was quite abusive about some of the other members of the committee who he imagines have turned the said application down for some, (ill-defined) purpose. I reported this 'phone call to the office and found that Mr Arnold had 'phoned to all the members of the Committee! One wonders if, when he was speaking on the 'phone to the other members, he was as abusive about me as he was about them when he was 'phoning to me. To Inygn's for dinner.

Saturday January 2 1971. Stopped indoors, except for a brief shopping period, and did

some dusting, polishing etc, in readers for Buntly & family who will visit us tomorrow; this visit having had to be cancelled at Christmas because of the snow. I have done some reading aloud of the preface to Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" and generally had a quiet time otherwise. Dorothy has been busy, as is her wont, especially with visitors in the offing. Football stand collapse? T. Brock 44 dead?

Sunday January 3 1971: Bert Bram arrived this morning with his tools and put together the rocking chair he is giving me for a Christmas present, and very nice it is too. Buntly & John arrived from Hurst-Green with the two children, Helen (5) and Charles (1) on the eleventh inst, my birthday, when I shall be (42) that is tomorrow week. Buntly and John are both pretty well and the children are doing fine. Charles keeps finding his way about on hands & knees with an occasional effort at standing when he is near something like a chair to give him aid in rising and confidence in standing. Bert had dinner with us and went back to Patcham by Buntly's car and Buntly and John left at about 5 o'clock P.M.

The dreadful news from Scotland yesterday is confirmed today. There are 66 deaths and more than that

number injured. Apparently a barrier gave way causing many people to surge forward at the very end of the game.

I would like to record how pleasant a time Dorothy and I spent at Freya's on Friday, on which night I only managed to record that we had been up there to dinner. Besides Ted and Joan there were Janet and Patrick and at one time, quite late in the evening, we were joined for a few minutes by Jim Pallard, a youth who is the son of a one-time good friend of mine but who has now been dead for about fourteen years. Jim has not developed in the direction that one could have wished; and was quite a trial to Nora, the widow, since he reached adolescence. I have used was the part tense because Nora has married again and I hope Jim's peccadilloes do no worry her so much nowadays.

Monday January 4 The Library Committee was not held today because of lack of business so I haven't done anything this evening.

Monday January 4

Monday January 4. This afternoon Dorothy and I walked in the snow over to Kate Dorrall's at Winterbourne Close and, later, went with her to the Friends Old People's Annual party. The Mayor &

Mayoress were present at this party and quite a jolly time was spent although attendance was down compared with other years, no doubt because of the bad conditions for travelling and getting about generally. Dorothy and I have managed fairly well, over to K.B. at Winterbourne Close; back to the Friends Meeting House for the party; and from there home.

Saturday January 9. There is a gap in this journal from Monday until today on account of bad weather; lack of interesting matter to put in; and bone idleness. A good deal of time has been spent reading aloud to Dorothy. The Library Committee meeting was not held on Tuesday because of lack of business, this, in turn being caused by our extra meeting, when we met for a specific item but did a good deal of general deliberating as well. On Wednesday the weather began to get warmer and by Thursday and Friday one would have imagined we never had any snow: and yesterday I was able to do quite a lot out the back shed etc.

Thursday evening I attended the A.G.M. of the Local Labour Party and was pleased at the improvement both in numbers and interest of the members; also, by the way, I won the monthly prize, a bottle of sherry of the kind I use! Bill Fuller, the vice-chairman for

the meeting, brought it round. (I had left the meeting before the draw took place) At this meeting I sat beside Ray Potter and I received a rather pleasing compliment. Ray has passed different exams now, and his progress in matters to do with his work and relating to society generally have been noticed by his colleagues. Upon them mentioning this to him he told them that the idea and the drive which carried it came because of him knowing me. I can claim some credit for instilling the idea but I think the drive comes from him alone. However, he is not the only young man who has been helped (or have said they have been helped) by knowing me and their acknowledgements are quite heartwarming. I cleared the shed out on Friday and now I am prepared to do some work; I have already glued up the dining room chairs!

Saturday January 16 1971. Once again I have been obliged by circumstances to leave this for a week; during which period I have enjoyed my 72<sup>nd</sup> birthday, (on which day there was the Public Services and Planning Committee to attend, and where all went well, insofar as, being very much in a minority about some questions, it is not to be expected that every decision pleased me. During this week I have made some progress with the new fence I intend to place on the top of the long 'passage' wall and

this will add to the privacy and good looks of the garden, without having much rain there has generally been an atmosphere of dampness and alternating very cold and very warm days. (Very warm for the time of the year, I mean). The chief item of national news is that, at the end of the Trade Union's day of demonstration against the Tory Government's Industrial Relations Bill, two bombs exploded at the house of the Minister of Employment while he and his family were in the house. There has naturally been a good deal of chatter, by the mass media newscasters, the aim of which is to connect these two events, but fortunately, the minister and the authorities are looking <sup>from</sup> quite different angles since this violence is something that has grown up lately and is connecting internationally with many facets of life at the present time. One nice piece of news of a local nature, I received a cheque from the Laver Exhibition fund for me to sign and hand on to another member of the Exhibition Fund committee to sign and it is to do with Mr Ward, a son-in-law of Alby Martin. I am very pleased that my slackness at the last meeting, and my subsequent actions to remedy the results of this, have turned out so well. It does really look as though we are going to give some help where one can feel it is a good, ~~good~~ capital investment towards enriching the

country and the community. Today, after the usual Saturday morning, I went to the Dripping Pan and enjoyed the Athenian League (Premier Division) match between Lewes and Beshant; a real ding-donger with Beshant making sure of victory by 2-1 with a deciding goal in the closing minutes of the game. It has been very wet for the rest of the day; so much so that we <sup>and the</sup> were obliged to have a car to take us to the Town Hall at seven where we had to attend the Annual Dinner of the Borough Bonfire Society. Dorothy had to make an after dinner speech, which she did very ably, and we met a number of old friends and some new ones and we enjoyed the Society's hospitality very much indeed. One member gave us a ride home, which was very kind of him and his wife. During the evening I learned that this young couple had first met in a serious way at my first banquet or ball in 1964. Something needs to be written here about cause and effect, but I don't know what. Whatever the cause of them meeting the effect has been very beneficial to both of them, as far as one can judge, and to their friends etc, because this is a very nice young couple. I must make some attempt to keep this journal entered up daily, I feel I am missing out such a great deal, although the world won't be any the worse for that missing out! This is the end of my first week at age 72 and I am feeling very fit indeed and my exercises are still

carried out faithfully. From the point of view of "physique" I look and make myself extremely well. Another improvement is that I do not wake up so early in the morning now (although this means that not so much "educational" reading is done) Dorothy keeps well and we had two dances this evening, one a waltz, quite an austere affair, but the other was the "Gay Gordons" which was very boisterous and late in the evening. Dorothy seemed quite well after this although I had made sure that we didn't start at the beginning.

Sunday January 17 1979. Besides pottering about I have visited Winnie and Ivy at 68 Prince Edwards. They are both well. After watching the Leeds v West Ham match this afternoon I walked with Dorothy over to Grange Road to visit Eric and Mary. They are both very well and they seem very well too, as regards their outlook and health. They do, it appears to me, to be very happy. We had tea there and then walked to Frank's via Rotten Row, the High Street and Market Street. Frank was also very well and had already been round to see us on his accustomed Sunday visit and found we were out. Hence ends an old-fashioned Sunday, i.e. one spent in a stately visiting of friends and relations. One can't give as good an example of some people in other places: in Northern Ireland two differing sets of followers of the Prince of Peace are still trying to injure each other with

the modern methods of mob violence. This is now getting so bad that the army commanders are speaking of the necessity to take "Sterner methods". I am not sure they are wrong either. His rioting, "burning and pillaging" has been going on for about three years now; and when one remembers <sup>the period of</sup> one's youth, and how at that time riots were stopped in a very short space of time indeed by "sterner methods," one is tempted to agree. It is true that it is more than fifty years since such methods were used and progress has been made in a civilised way; but, by the evidence we have before us it seems that the only progress made is the more gentle and liberal methods taken by the troops. The mobs, in "Word and the Deed," are going backwards in time. In any case, nothing can be done except by stopping the fighting between the two rival factions there. Since ~~the~~ both sides claim to be inspired by the most emotional causes of strife, religion and nationalism neither side is going to be restrained by reason.

Monday January 18. I worked away at the back wall fence and got it into some kind of order. Didn't attend any meetings of the The of G. and Visiting Committees but 'phoned the secretary. The P.O. strike is about to commence. Strife, stripes and insufferable wrangling with the violence I

described in yesterday's entry. Mr. Heath, our prime minister, save the mark, is in Singapore, attending the Commonwealth Conference.

Monday January 25. There is plenty going on at a National, an International and, generally, on a world-wide basis quite apart from national or international angles. Things keep happening and they are reported as having happened in all sorts of languages by radio or television or press. This being the case nobody is interested in my recording such happenings. The three media of communications that I have just mentioned are the means which have the facts of each event, as nearly as anyone can get the facts; and people such as me have only the word of these three news dispensers <sup>from which</sup> to make inferences about the happenings. It is of no use, then, for me to report them here in this journal; I should have to make the proviso that it is from one or the other of them that I have got my items, and quite a number of people would consider the sources are not ~~too~~ reliable. The Cooperative Party held its Annual Wine and Cheese evening tonight at the Grange, and we attended, and met quite a number of people we knew. Bert Bram (our Joan's husband) had to apologise for not being present to speak to the gathering. He was in parliament and, owing to the debate and division of the

Conservative Government's Industrial Relations Bill, had, like all opposition members, received a three-line whip. His place at our meeting was taken by Reg. Fitch, our candidate for 1964, and Reg made quite a good speech. Ray Potter drove Dorothy and me home. (see this journal Sat. Jan 9 (overleaf))

Tuesday January 26 1971. Generally speaking, the rain keeps on so I am unable to get much done at the bank, or even to have a respectably exercising walk. Joan and Colin came down this evening and took Dorothy to Frank's place where they had been invited to look over. (Last Saturday, a day whose doings I have failed to record) Dorothy and I were guests at Joan & Colin's to dinner). This evening, ~~Thursday~~ I did a bit of reading while they were round at Frank's and when they came back we had a jaw about various matters. Joan & Colin B. were quite interested in Frank's little house: they left here at about eleven o'clock.

Wednesday January 27. Another wetish morning.

Friday  
~~Saturday~~ September <sup>3</sup> 1971. I have never observed if there is a correct, or an orthodox, method of starting ~~an~~ journal when it has been neglected for several months: I imagine the best thing to do is to just go on recording things that have happened today, and any events of importance that have had a bearing on things that have happened during the time past during which I have not <sup>been</sup> recording things can be worked in. ~~Yesterday~~ <sup>Today</sup> I stopped in the garden a good deal and did not go out until this afternoon. The making sure to have someone at home was necessary because Dagna Gunn was to send the paraphraka to do west street collections for the Arthritis research council. I find I have only three streets to do so it should be reasonably easy. Anyway, through stopping at home the paths and grass in the garden are looking more tidy. It is pleasant to have a garden like ours. Dorothy keeps it in good "running" order, as one might say, while I do the rough stuff. It is quiet and one can consider how different it is to a number of places in the U.K. The troubles in Northern Ireland, pseudo Patriotic, pretended religious, go on and, I suppose, will do so until a number of the yobs who run their sort of affairs by trading on the ~~present~~ liberal mindedness which is fashionable at the moment, exasperate the people beyond endurance and Governments will be forced to kill a few of those things who imagine

they have a right, through some kind of mystery, to kill cats they like even babies in prams, in the name of whatever shibboleth is given as an excuse for this behaviour. I had a short walk, to the Town Hall, because of a 'phone call from Mr. Thorpe at the Outfall Works; and then to the Library. During these recent weeks I have set things in motion towards the treatment for my eye and I expect to hear from the eye hospital in due course and consequently some of my present activities are to do with contingencies that arise while I'm away or unable to carry on for awhile.

Saturday September 4. Arose at 5-45 and did the usual 'keeping well' things. Dorothy and I went shopping later in the morning and, naturally, met many people. Dorothy seems better now although her eye trouble, at present a cyst under the top lid of the left eye, is causing some discomfort to her. This afternoon I went to the Driffling Pan and watched a good Athenian League match where Leves lost to Slough by 0-1. While Dorothy and I were shopping we had a talk with Vera Stephens, who looks ever so much better and more relaxed than she has been of late, because Charles is so much better. I am very glad about this and will look in and see him again. Vera tells me he is now up and

sitting in the front room. I went to school with him at the Pelk school and knew him very well during the first war, when he was badly wounded in the head, and after that war when we were both members of another army, that of the unemployed! Today I also meant to start on the A.R.C. collections but decided to spend some time with Joan and her two boys. They came over while I was at the Pan and they all look very well. Fortunately the weather has been very warm today so Joan and Dorothy were able to take Tom over to the Malling playground. This evening we spent in a quiet sort of way sometimes looking at the television (B.O.S.) I must say that either the programmes are much less attractive; or I am growing tired of them, or that I'd much rather read, but I am doing a lot less viewing. (Perhaps this is just old age; being too tired or something!!)

Sunday September 5

I did most of the A.R.C. street collecting today. Quite a pleasant little job really for an old 'Tannie' like me, although the fact that it is asking people for money always makes me reluctant to take it on, I always enjoy the contact these collections bring about and I spend some time at each door gossiping! I have one more street to do tomorrow.

Monday September 6. I ~~finished~~ finished the collecting and took the box up to Mrs Gann's house, where, she being away today her son took it off my hands and I walked back home, glad to have one of my jobs finished. I have received a phone call from Mrs Sayers with regard to the House of Friendship. It appears that the trouble among the volunteer helpers, caused by the awkwardness of one of them, has not been lessened. The trouble has its cause in this lady who is on the management committee, wanting to run everything and this is a usual cause of trouble on such ventures as the House of Friendship. I hope things will be straightened out. This evening I looked in at the Social and Clubs Committee of the O.P.W.C. and from there went to the Building Plans committee of the Borough Council and I did not attend the Friends of the Victoria Hospital Committee. Can't do everything that I am requested to do.

Tuesday September 7. One quick reaction with regard to our decisions on applications at last evening's planning meeting was that I received a phone call from a man named Pearce at the Forester's Hall. He questioned the passing of our decisions regarding a "discotheque" at the White Hart Hotel before, to use his own words, the time required to register objections had

expired. I tried to get the office but they had already gone and I must deal with this tomorrow. Did various things during today, none of which are important enough to record. Dorothy made some more apple jam while I read and caught up on several items during the evening and we had a quiet time B.O.S. + etc

Wednesday, September 8. With the House of Friendship A.G.M. this afternoon and the joint planning meeting with Sir Hugh Wilson in attendance this evening, I thought it best to buckle to this morning and do a bit of some work on the joint planning Committee agenda. I am glad I did this, because a meeting, or rather the discussion of a subject, is so much more enjoyable when one is armed with all the knowledge he can dig up and study. Also, of course, the better one is armed the less chance there is of misunderstandings during the proceedings, and one is able to pull one's weight. We came to conclusions on the Waterloo; Little East St; North St; Wellington development and resolved to recommend the Council to start proceedings along lines upon which I had hoped for and we also cleared up the matter of the Eastgate development and its access etc. about which there was some confusion. In short, while our retained consultant, (Sir Hugh) was here we made the

greatest use of his services. When I reached home soon after nine I learned that an old workmate of mine, Dan Potter, with whom I sweated at "board bark" ironmoulding during the 'twenties' had been in Lewes and called at 9 Toronto in the hope of finding me. I should have been extremely glad to meet him, and must write and arrange accordingly. I had hoped to relax on coming home from the meeting and I did so effectually because watching one of the "Canterbury Pilgrims" episodes I fell asleep. Needless to say, this episode was not one of Chaucer's best, although the first part, which contained the Wife of Bath's tale ~~which~~ I enjoyed. Later on, I watched two very good wrestling bouts. And so to bed. I've done my physical work, I've done my home work and successfully applied the results of my home work to practical things. I've earned my nap during the drones of the poetry; and I've earned my enjoyment during the groans of the wrestling. Last thoughts, Jim Frank is a superb committee chairman for a Town-Planning committee.

Thursday September 9. I arose quite early and did everything that is to do with my physical well-ness and I find I am still making progress in that respect, although the postman brought a reminder, in the form of a

missive from the eye hospital, that an appointment has been made for me, on the 30th of this month, to see the specialist, Mr. Osmond. I feel I should take the necessary steps to have something done about the cataract. I did all the shopping today because Dorothy has been busy getting ready (inter-alia) for tomorrow's outing we shall have with Joan & Ted Freyne. (Dorothy has offered to be in charge of the food part of the proceedings). Anyway, I did the shopping and, while doing so, I met Mr. & Mrs. Sayers (he has had cataracts done) and they gave me quite encouraging information to do with the operation, which may be required and the subsequent behaviour necessary from the patient. This latter <sup>behaviour</sup> is not so stringent now as used to be the case. Apparently as the medical profession have discovered that complete bed treatment is not necessarily <sup>vital</sup> after operations for some things on the rest of the body, so it is <sup>not</sup> so necessary to be completely still after cataract operations. But, of course, all this is just hearsay and, I suppose like every other thing that treatment serves, particular cases must be judged on, or by, what is required at a given time.

Friday September 10. We had our day out with Joan and Ted Freyne today and Dorothy and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Ted had three appointments with his

students who are 'sandwiched' on courses between the Technical College and work at the I.M.A., the computer firm. These three calls added to the interest of the day and gave me the opportunity of having a look, to see, as far as possible in the time during which Ted was engaged, ~~at~~ this type of set up. I think, from what I could see of the swarms of budding "Executives" who rustled about all here and there, that, besides making computers this firm moulds plenty of Vance Packard's "Organization men"! We had a very pleasant meal at Southampton, a meal which Dorothy had prepared and brought with us in the car. Skin of beef, beautifully cooked and then cooled and brought with us in its jelly; this besides her home-grown runner beans and tomatoes. A splendid meal which did us a power of good; it must have. While Ted was attending to his second engagement, Joan took us to "The Merchant's House" a grand museum which contains a number of exhibits of interest from mediaval to Victorian periods, and I found the house ~~itself~~ itself is very interesting. Southampton has many attractive buildings from earlier times and many modern ones. They are mixed and sometimes almost adjoining but, to me, this did not make the scene incongruous, just eye-catching and interesting. I think various Civic bodies whose aim seems to be "Preserve every unrotted wheel one can (subjectively)

see some period beauty of architecture" in and never trouble about light, air, hygiene etc." True conservation must surely mean the dovetailing, neatly, of one period with the next. We journeyed on towards Winchester; Ted making a call on the way at another I.M.A. place, and at Winchester we had some tea and a look at the Cathedral. I think Winchester is a grand town and it brought back memories of my last visit in 1919, when I was in the barracks for five days being transferred from the Surreys to the King's Royal Rifle Corp. This five days included a Sunday and I was put on Church Parade and this was held in the Cathedral. To me one of the mediaval Cathedrals is much like another; there is difference in some details, but the long narrow grove of pillars and <sup>the</sup> vaulted roof, all giving the grove of trees appearance, is I believe common to all those I have seen. On our return journey Ted drove the car, Joan having driven on the outward journey, and we reached home sometime round ten p.m. A marvellous day.

Saturday September 11. Ken Sadler phoned me this morning to put me in the picture with reference to the O.P. C.C. meeting which took place on Wednesday, while I was attending the joint planning meeting; Ken and I have agreed to meet tomorrow morning and he will come round here. I'm afraid the constant tensions and

consequent bickerings among the House of Fr. Leaders is not helping much, and the A.G.M. of the House members, which was held on Wednesday afternoon, and contained the election of the four members to the Management Committee, did not, as far as I can gather, clear up a situation which has been developing lately. However Ken will tell me tomorrow. I had an hour or so at the Pan this afternoon, did shopping this morning and we had a short read this evening.

Sunday September 12: Ken Sadler came round this morning to report on the C. B. O. P. W. C. meeting, but on the part to do with the House of Fr. committee we are really no forwarder, so things must take their course and develop in whatever direction they will under the present set up. We'll see at the Quarterly meeting of the main committee this week. Frank came round, to lunch with Dorothy and me, off one of her new famous meat puddings, and after lunch we chatted until quite late in the afternoon. The B.B.2 programme for today contained the first installment of Huxley's "Eyeless in Gaza", so I found the book, after Frank had gone and read the relevant part to jog our memories. This prove very useful, particularly as the producers proceeded very neatly and close to the text. We had a quietish evening (with a B.O.S.) but I thought, we haven't been out today.

RS

Monday September 13. Another fine day and I rose at 6-25. The weather is being very helpful this year! I did the shopping and took a book back to the library. Christine asked me if I would look at a book which the library had acquired. This request is rather unusual in these days of what is called the "permissiveness" and which shows itself in writing as well as in any other media, and, as a consequence, in my opinion, makes reading better. However, this particular book seems to me to be unreadable by reason, not of sex or anything of that description (to mention sex, birth, copulation etc is no longer a sin, thank goodness); but because of its jumbled, unreadable, non-running composition. What is finally presented to the reader is like much of the stuff in other forms of art. I have mentioned before in this journal that the artist nowadays, whatever medium he uses, brings to the fore a strange sort of subjectivism, or wandering of his inner mind. We want vision from art, certainly, from men who have genius, and can paint or write, but we do not require to know their private dream worlds of lesser people who just make a jumble of colour on canvas and call it a picture, or, as in the case of this book, a Lideoas jumble of words which, apparently, when the reader has made some effort at deciphering them

is just some very inferior risqué stuff which the feminine society, if it took the trouble to notice it, would permit in ordinary language. I suppose, really, this sort of thing is on a par with "wise boy dealing," the vendor doesn't live so much by his wits as by the lack of wits in his customers. I attended the Public Services meeting this evening; quite a profitable two hours or so. I sat next to Reg. Yarrow and told him things were rather rocky at the House of Friendship and that I would be looking forward to his attendance and steadying influence at the O.P.W.C. quarterly meeting on Wednesday evening.

Tuesday September 14: Dorothy and I had a look over the waterworks site to-day in the afternoon. On the way we met Charlie and Vera Stephens (see this journal September 4). Fanny Charlie being up and out. After a chat Dorothy and I pursued our way and, doing so, met Pam Kelly, with whom we had a short talk about Dorothy's niece Mary, who stayed with us for three weeks or so on a holiday from Lancaster. The little girl has been brought up as a catholic and Pam Kelly took her to mass while she the kid was here with us. This afternoon, while going past Barber Court, we met a Miss Day, who has been housed in the new St Pancras Gardens flats, adjacent to Barber Court. Miss

Day was anxious we should look in and see her new home and I was glad to because I like to see the new board accommodation when it is occupied. One can get a much better idea of what it looks like when the furniture is in the new home. I am very pleased with these dwellings. On our way out of this building we met Mrs Maidment, another new comer to these flats and one for whom I put in a word during her waiting time. She has asked us to call round and see her in her new home. While on our way to the old waterworks site today we also met Kate Boxall, the O.P.W.C. secretary and had a short talk with her, some of it being about the quarterly meeting tomorrow evening. It is extraordinary how many people we do meet when we are out. On the way back we met Joan Liddle who was on her way to meet her nephew at the station, but found time to give us a lift home. Joan is the W.E.A. organizer and told me she will be attending the committee meeting at the Craft on Friday evening. If she hadn't given us a lift home I don't know how many more people we should have met! It all makes life very enjoyable anyway. Before I forget to mention it, I took the book Christine asked me to look at, back to the library with much the same comments that I made in this journal yesterday.

Wednesday September 15. The quarterly meeting of the O.P.W. Committee took place this evening and the business proceeded as well as could be in the circumstances of the undercurrent which is running through those who are concerned with the House of Friendship. The meeting took one and three-quarter hours which is longer than usual. Saw some wrestling late this evening, quite a change for me.

Thursday September 16.

Friday September 17. The W.E.A. Committee meeting was held this evening and it was very nice to have our work set out and receive reports on what has taken place, in such a professional manner as Don Chesholme did it. Not many branches are so lucky as to have a retired L.G. District Council Clerk to help them along on the administration side and the same applies to the work of publicity, which is very greatly helped by Arthur Stronell's professional know-how. The Branch should benefit greatly from the work of these two stalwarts.

Saturday September 18. Dorothy and I went down to Patcham today to stop over night because Joan & Bert were to be in London during the evening. The two days are getting along fine and we had a quiet evening. Joan & Bert reached home at about 10-70

Sunday September 19. Dorothy and I came back from Patcham by car, arriving home at 10-15 a.m. Buntz, John and their two children arrived at about 11-30 and we had a pleasant day with them; Dorothy having made arrangements about the food, we enjoyed a good dinner and then walked up to the chalkpit. Frank looked in before they went home so we have had a weekend of family reunion. Because I forgot to mention that, on Friday, at teatime, Len and Nellie paid us a visit. They weren't here for long and I had to attend the W.E.A. Committee meeting and that is why I forgot to record their coming.

Monday September 20. I attended two meetings, in connection with the O.P.W.C., today. This morning the House of Friendship Management Committee and this evening, the visiting committee. At the management committee things went far more smoothly than I had anticipated and I hope this is how the work of managing the House will now proceed. Mrs Franks, the Hon Secretary is not yet recovered fully from her indisposition, but with her usual workmanlike way guided the meeting on its way and we were all very glad she is back. This evening the Visiting Committee was well attended, and I am glad this is going well because, in my opinion, visiting is now the most "immediately connected" service of the O.P.W.C.

Tuesday, September 21. I attended the Management and Finance Committee of the Borough Council this evening. A very pleasant meeting and one got that comfortable feeling that we were all giving our best to a collective decision on the various matters which were dealt with. Martin Cross, one of our new and <sup>the</sup> youngest Councillor put forward some points which showed he is alive to possibilities and that he has the articulation necessary to make these points understood.

Wednesday September 22. Today is the third day there has been without newspapers. The cause of this lack of coggage is a dispute over a pay-claim or ~~or~~ a differential or something. One can't keep pace with all the different courses of industrial stoppages, whether they are long or short ones. Today has been a quiet one from the point of view one gets from being a Councillor: I was able, owing to this quiet time municipally, to do quite a good deal of useful work about the garden etc.

Thursday September 23. I have worked in the garden and on the front bank nearly all day and a change is taking place in the sphere of trees, shrubs, and other "permanencies" of the surroundings of 9 Toronto.

These matters must be dealt with during the autumn season, but this is now more important than ever because, in a week's time I shall probably ~~lose~~ from Mr. Osmond, at the eye hospital what is the best method of dealing with the cataract that is obstructing the vision in my right, and for all seeing purposes, my only eye. These two days in the garden and on the front bank have been very enjoyable anyway and I'll keep on clearing up out there as long as I can. I attended the first meeting of the W.E.A. course "Coping with Change" this evening. The Tutor, a young man named Thomas, a sociologist, I think will be alright, and thanks to the new members we have who are old members of other branches and therefore familiar with this form of further education, and who have taken on the "class" jobs, "this course bids fair to be a very enjoyable one. The discussion was lively and quite good. There were fifteen pupils and this bids fair to be an enjoyable ~~one~~ <sup>course</sup> as I notice I've just written above. I had better retire!

Friday, September 24. I rose rather early this morning, after lying awake for some time and thinking of the little odds and ends of what could be called "Community" work which I have not done because of my two days working at home,

and resolving to rectify these small neglects, I went out this morning and fixed up that Mr Jeffrey, the O.P.W.C. Treasurer, Mr Parlett, the House of Friendship Treasurer and Mrs Jefferis of the County Council Old Peoples Committee plus myself, should meet the Borough Treasurer (Mr Bulmer) on October 5, at 2-30 p.m. and from this meeting decide what to apply for in the way of grant; bearing in mind that applications must be in before the next Management meeting; <sup>which</sup> is the last opportunity this year for applications to be put in. On the finally arranged date (see above) Mr Parlett would be on holiday in Israel and so we shall be one short after all! On the completion of all this running about I carried on with some more doing of the front bank. Betty looked in this afternoon; she seems to be rather down-hearted at not yet ~~see~~ obtaining a flat. I think that this feeling of depression over living accommodation is made rather worse today by ~~having~~ Kate and she having words. In such circumstances the matter of the two of them being in a one-person flat is bound to be mentioned. I had looked into the Library this morning and asked Eve if <sup>she</sup> should would find me some information about the "Net Reproduction Rate" and later in the day, they phoned me from the Library to say it was done. I was very pleased at this prompt and efficient dealing with my request

and let Eve know. I have now an opportunity to study the few pages of information at my leisure. Later this evening Arthur and Kay Stronell came down. They were collecting the raffle books issued by the Labour Party but we four made quite a little coffee party in the sitting room and we had a good talk over many things. I hope we did not use up too much of their collecting time but it had been a pleasant interlude.

Saturday September 25 Nothing of great importance. The usual L.L.P. stuff for distribution was put in the door, plus a four-page pamphlet with information of the proposed new Labour Weekly.

Sunday September 26. Delivered the above-mentioned notices and Labour Weekly pamphlets. I also visited my sisters at Fines Edwards Road. They are both as usual; I had to tell them about my proposed visit to the Eye Hospital and they are rather concerned. I told them that if the specialist decides to operate, it is just one of the many such operations for cataract that take place daily, and methods are improving all the time so there is not so much temporary discomfort as used to be the case.

Monday September 27. I made a point of seeing the Chairman of the Housing Committee and also the Manager thereof on Betty's behalf because she expressed her willingness to go temporarily into one of the properties that are in the Waterloo Place clearance area. I also walked out to her place, or rather I should say, the flat in which she now lives with Kate. I find they are neither of them in good health and this, no doubt, aggravates a situation which is strained already. This evening there was a Labour Group Meeting which lasted from 7.30 until gone 10 o'clock! Mercy me, more time taken than at the main Town-Committee meetings! However, some things were resolved and one was made aware of what colleagues were thinking on various items on the Agenda for the Town Council Meeting on Wednesday evening. Really, "When I am working with people, I generally find them not only helpful and generous in every way; but I also find them far more intelligent, far wiser, and far more articulate than I had fatuously thought myself to be." These four lines are a quote from someone or other whose work I have read. I generally find they apply to most of the people with whom I work and to myself as is quoted.

Wednesday September 29. I went to the meeting of the Board of Governors of the Lewis Exhibition Fund this morning. There was a short list of applicants and our deliberations did not take long. On Sir Richard Boughey's suggestion, we considered the possibility of changing the fund's role back to its scholarship form. Every member was agreed about this and I am very pleased. I have always been rather worried about the genuineness of some claims, but I could see the difficulty of finding, within the terms of reference, a suitable method of allotting money for educational purposes once the 1944 Education Act became law. Dorothy and I went for a short walk this afternoon and, this evening, I attended the Council meeting. Among other decisions taken was one which referred back the Housing Committee's recommendation that the sale of Council houses continues to be the Council's policy. This is an advance towards the Labour Group's policy and to be welcomed. There was also on the agenda the matter of the Castle Banks houses, about which a good deal of trouble has arisen because of one of the prospective purchasers and his solicitor apparently not agreeing and the purchaser's new representative bringing some kind of blame to the Council's door. We took this item in private at the end of the main meeting, though whether this was necessary

or not I don't know. The final decision, however, is that we support the Housing Committee's recommendation.

Thursday, September 30 1971: This is a good date for me. Dorothy and I went to the eye hospital in accordance with the arrangement for the treatment of the cataract. During the last few weeks, after a bad time which made me draw up the appointment with the hospital, my sight had seemed to improve. I was delighted today when Mr. Osmond, the eye specialist, after examination of my only <sup>seeing</sup> eye, and in answer to my question, said "he did not believe the eye had got worse". I was very pleased about this and his only instruction, besides a prescription for some distance glasses, is that I report to him in six months time.

" I have had no attention to my eye for six years though it has been under observation from time to time. I can now proceed (with my way of keeping well) with a clean slate as it were. Dorothy and I had our short walk this afternoon and, this evening, I went to the W.E.A. meeting at the Grange. I did this instead of going to the Labour Party because the numbers of a class must be kept up and I knew some students would be away. However, the class was only one short because some

new people came. Not really necessary for me to be there in the event but I am not a looker into the future. Dorothy's and my walk this afternoon was Brooke St, Phoenix Causeway bridge and back upstream recrossing at Willey Bridge.

Friday, October 1 1971 We did the Pell's School Manager's meeting this afternoon. Everything proceeded smoothly. Nothing of great import to record and, anyway, I have some study to do concerning the course mentioned yesterday: the book I have purchased to assist in these studies being "Communities in Britain" by Ronald Frankenberg. Besides getting, in some measure, knowledge about things from these W.E.A. activities, I do enjoy both the classes and the studies very much. At my age there is not much scope (or time!) left for me to do much in the way of applying and newly acquired knowledge to everyday life, I just enjoy doing it.

Saturday, October 2 1971. Joan came over with the boys today and went up the river and over Brown's Farm fields to return via Landport. Dorothy went with them and I am glad she did because it made a walk for her and she is being particularly busy at home, since tomorrow all four grandchildren and three of the

will be with us here, and Dorothy has had quite a time making preparations. Bert Bram, Joan's husband will not be here as he has gone to Buckarert to a conference.

Sunday October 3 1971. Dan Potter, with whom I worked at iron moulding up to 1932 came to see me today and we had a good old talk over "olden days". To me, Dan looks very well indeed although I understand from Dorothy that he has been very ill and left severely handicapped. I shall probably learn more of this as we renew our acquaintanceship. He has had a pretty adventurous life within the boundaries of working as an ironmoulder for most of the time. More of Dan anon. As he left with his son who came to drive him home to Brighton, all our visiting family came in and so we were all of us, rather overwhelmed for a few moments. After dinner they all went down to the "Rec" and Helen completed her learning to ride the new type bicycle and I can see she is getting a good deal of satisfaction from this. Instead of me going down with them I was going later but fell asleep in the armchair. In consequence of this I am afraid Helen was rather disappointed that I was not present at her final "learning to ride" session. She mentioned the fact that I did not witness this time! I must be more careful in future.

Monday October 4. I arose early (5-30) by mistake so did a bit of reading and writing. I made quite good progress (I think) in studying the book purchased at the W.E.A. class "Communities in Britain" by Ronald Frankenberg; this book being almost a necessity for the present course "Coping with Social Change". This evening I attended the Planning Committee and we dealt with a number of applications. A nice meeting and I can see what the Loan Book meant when he told me a week or two back, that the standard of debate, both in Council and committee, was now ~~of a~~ pretty high ~~standard~~. As a relaxation, Dorothy and I watched a short T.V. Play when I got home: quite good and amusing B.O.S.

Tuesday October 5. Today I had arranged for the Treasurer of the O.P.W.C.; three members of the management committee, and myself to ~~the~~ a meeting with the Borough Treasurer. Mr. Parlett, the Treasurer of the Management Committee was unable to be present because he is on holiday in Israel. The Borough Treasurer, Mr. Bulmer, gave us some advice as to the methods needed, and to the Council's likely attitude to applications. We have agreed to meet again on October 21.

Wednesday October 6. I have spent a good deal

of time today on the clearing of the front bank and I hope that soon it will be snug for the winter. This evening we were invited to attend the meeting, or reception, held by the combined Bonfire Societies at the Seaboard Social Club, and we judged the fancy dresses of the children and Dorothy presented the awards, making one of her admirable on-the-spot speeches when she had finished the presentations. Later we combined with other people and judged the adult dress competition. This has been a very good evening and we have enjoyed our connection with this event. The hospitality extended to us was quite lavish and there were very nice people among the guests.

Thursday October 7. I got on with some of my other kind of work today and left the bank and garden meanwhile. I had a talk with C. to E. among other things and got a yet clearer idea on the dynamic underlying the proposal to purchase a computer. This evening I attended the W.E.A. class on "Coping with Social Change". An instructive class and composed of <sup>interesting</sup> miscellaneous people. I find I am more drawn into the discussions that arise on many points at these classes, and that my training and experience is of use to me. I hope, occasionally, that I am not

talking too much!) Peter gave me a lift home and I was just in time to see the last half of a most amusing programme. Tonight I was considering that I must find more time for study of the Glass book I have mentioned on Monday 4. I must squeeze it in somehow or other!

Friday, October 8. I did a good deal of going about this morning and I got to work on the bank this afternoon, cutting and burning quite an amount of surplus growth. This growth burned well and I am able to carry on and get more cleared and burnt before some rain comes. In view of my yesterday's lapse of backing up my studies I have dug out Cole on "The M of M" and Dorothy listened while I read some of this. A most useful book this has proved during about twenty-five years, for although it deals with the analysis of one political theory, a vast amount of further knowledge and politico-philosophical wisdom and instruction on ways of thinking is included. and I am aware of actual instances where I have been in a position when I could apply matter I had learned to the situation and so deal with it in good order.

Saturday October 9. I learned from yesterday's "Sussex Express" that the Lewes Football Club are in the three

of a turmoil which has already brought about the resignation of the team manager, so, after a usual kind of Saturday morning, I attended this afternoon's game in the "Pen". I only had time to see the first half of a quite decent Reserve game against Uckfield, but I was fortunate enough to see and speak with Tom Carr the Chairman, and John Bull, a member of the Committee; and so I got a more accurate picture of the situation regarding the said turmoil than anyone can hope to obtain from the local rag. So one must wait and see what develops. I feel, from what I have gathered, that it has almost certainly been brought about by the unfortunate (playing-wise) start of the season which arose from the loss of six very important players. This evening Dorothy and I attended the "Jubilee Dinner" of the 1<sup>st</sup> Lower Bay Scout group (troop?). Sixty years and this group is still going strong. There were many people we knew present some of them parents of the present members of the troop; a good many, part members of course, now of all sorts of ages; and people like ourselves, never been members, but well wasters through being connected in one form or another with the movement. Quite an enjoyable evening and Dorothy and I had a few dances, the first for a very long time. We retired about one  
A.M.

Sunday October 10. The weather has been very fine and warm for many days now; when the time of the year is taken into consideration it is remarkable weather and it was just right for our visit to Joan and her boys today. Dorothy and I made the journey by train and bus via London Rd Station and I think this is an improvement on our customary way of doing it. We found Joan and the boys in very good shape and we had a very pleasant walk this afternoon through the woods and over the recreation ground side of the London Brighton Road.

This evening we, Dorothy and me, had a quiet sort of time: did some reading: watched Huxley's "Eyeless in Gaza", the final instalment, B.7.0.7.

Monday October 11. At the Office at the Town Hall this morning I learnt that there are so many entries for the Art Exhibition run by the Library Committee that the exhibition has had to be moved from the Grange to the Corn Exchange. Although the entrance fee is, relatively speaking, a few pence, the collected fees already amount to £36! I attended the Area III sub-committee of the County Planning Committee this afternoon. My first one for some time; although I was a member for many years. There were only two applications for us to settle, one for Chailey and one for Lower Councils.

so it was not a very arduous meeting. I walked as far as Library Corner with Jim Franks, who was the other member for the Leves B.C. to attend with me this afternoon. His wife is the secretary of the House of Fr. Management Committee. He and I were agreed in general on the recent turmoil at the House of Fr. and he, like me, could think of no possible way of dealing with it, beyond what has already been done. I met Kate: she is getting on with her course on writing, and I met Betty: she is getting on with her courses on music and the one to do with art. I hope for both their sakes that a flat, or other type of dwelling, can be found for Betty before too long.

Tuesday October 12. Once again I find I have made the colossal blunder of missing the Committee of the Friends of the Hospital through sheer carelessness. I failed to notice the entry in my diary because it was almost covered by the next one which was to do with the Federation of Old Age Pensioners and which Dorothy & I attended this afternoon. Quite a pleasant gathering and we met a number of acquaintances. There was also a small concert party, ~~it~~ but the general standard of entertainment was not very high. Of course, one cannot go on for ever being busy.

by nostalgic memories which are recalled by the music-hall ballads of years ago, when we were young in fact. The best of these gatherings is the comradeship, and the pleasure caused by being among friendly people. I went to the Library after tea and then came home and read, aloud to Dorothy, some of Aldous Huxley's "Cycles in Giza". This is good stuff, proof of its worth lies in the fact that this is the third time I have read it all through in thirty years: and, of course, I have read parts of it at different times. All the same, I wish I had read my diary of today's engagements properly. Thank goodness my attendance at the Friends of the Hospital meeting is not vital.

Wednesday, October 13: Dorothy and I went to the Local Emergency Volunteers meeting this evening. It was nice to be with these people and I hope to so arrange things that I can attend more regularly. Before going there we went to the House of Fr. where the Fair Stall Holden meeting was being held, leaving after an hour to go to the L.E.V. It is all very well to be doing these things but you have to miss some of the things you might like to do: and this week the <sup>recently</sup> newly formed Lions are supplying all sorts of things for the entertainment of the community and for the benefit of the House of Fr.

to a considerable extent. During this week there are a concert a ball, a skittles tournament, a wrestling show etc. etc. but tonight's wrestling, which I should like to have attended, and other evening shows I can not attend because of my involvement in town affairs. However, late this evening, when all my work was done, I saw some football and some wrestling on the television and <sup>it is</sup> B. B.

Friday October 15. During this week in the daytime I have made good progress with the delivering of the Fair notices (which contain an invitation to make a gift) to the shopkeepers: and I did a good deal of it this morning. I had a chat with Mary and Eric whom I found in their bookshop. Both are going on very well considering the limitations that their state of health imposes on them. They are considering the advisability of somehow moving the "office" part of the bookshop to the "frontdoor" side. The <sup>present</sup> arrangement ~~now~~, makes it possible for a person to leave the shop unobserved if the shop minder is in the office and there has been a good amount of stealing books. A great pity that a bookshop lends itself to petty theft. Librarians also suffer. Are people who are bookish more easily led astray? Dorothy and

I had a quiet evening mostly with me reading from Huxley's "Eyeless in Giza"

Saturday October 16. It will be noticed that Thursday of this week has been left out. I have resolved to do this leaving out in future when nothing much occurs on a day. Looks more business-like. We went shopping this morning and this afternoon stopped at home (there was no football at the Pan). Dorothy has invited Frank round to dinner tomorrow evening and she has been making preparations. I saw Mr. Christolm, the Acting Sec of our W.E.A. Branch and all is set for a Committee meeting Thursday afternoon. He must be the best Secretary the Branch has ever had! He reminds us though, that his being secretary is strictly on a temporary basis, until someone is found. Don Christolme has been a Local Government District Clerk and, as he has now retired, he does not feel too keen about carrying on with organizing, etc. I quite agree with him and I hope we can find someone to succeed him before long. Dorothy and I are making good progress with the book mentioned above

Sunday October 17. I walked up to 68 Pr. Edwards Rd and saw Winnie. She seems as well as usual and Lory and Leslie are well but were not there this

morning. I got Winnie talking about the days at the very beginning of the century and the things that occurred family and clan wise during that period. I was too young to remember most things, and, although my training in history has given me a greater knowledge of the period when I was an infant, that knowledge is about the collective life of nation or community, gathered from sources where it is not to be expected and mention of single families would be made. Therefore it is possible for me, by catching Winnie in the right mood, to gain quite an amount of family history, or at least, to get a picture, however blurred, of what my beginnings actually were, environment-wise. Frank came round to dinner and enjoyed his visit and his meal, for Dorothy is a very good cook. He told us a great deal about his life in the R.A.F. regiment during world war two. I hope he is not too lonely, for although I should imagine, he is the most able man at living alone there is; still, everybody needs companionship, on occasion closely, in the background always. There has been a great deal of rain today; and a lot of news, rough house news, from Northern Ireland; speculative news from the U.S. Clyde ship building yards, and bewildering news from the Conservative Conference which finished yesterday at

Brighton. The world goes on, quite apart from what happens in Lewes.

Monday October 18. I started out and made a determined and prolonged tour of giving the Autumn Fair letters to the shopkeepers and managers. I have handed them all personally, to the shops and I hope there are some results. I looked into the Town Hall office and gave Joan B Dorothy's collecting hours for Pappy Day. This list of loans being for the Mayor's team of collectors. While taking the letters round I saw Eve. She is well and was also calling on shopkeepers, requesting them to display bills with reference to the Art Exhibition which the Library Committee is organizing. So many entries have been received that the exhibition has had to be changed to the Corn Exchange. I discovered later that I should have attended a committee meeting of the House of Friendship but I have been delivering all those letters and it's all for the welfare of old people anyway. Dorothy and I had a quiet evening. em. m.c. B.O.C.

Tuesday October 19. Dorothy did some of the "House-to-House" collecting which she has undertaken on behalf of the organizations which care for the people who are mentally ill; and I have attended the Library Committee and then Eve drove me to King Henry's Road

so that I could also be present at the Committee meeting of the Arthritis Research Council branch, which was being held at Dagma Gann's house. Here an able body of people were gathered, taking stock of the remarkable progress made by the Branch, and planning its future activities. I walked home from there, thinking of how people like Dorothy and me do quite an amount of work voluntarily, & the aim of each of the movements to which we belong is to help what might, generally speaking, be called people handicapped in one form or another. Tomorrow I have to attend a meeting of the O.P.W. officers. Three good causes: The mentally sick, the arthritic and the old. The first of these I don't suffer from (probably because I haven't got it badly enough), but of the other two I am a victim of the first, and I am old by reason of the course of nature. The problem is, should I be doing all these things to help in the circumstances, or should I be the recipient of help from other people? It is a question, although the matter has always been decided by me, quite unconsciously, for I do the work. 2.8.2.

Wednesday, October 20. I had various things to do about the town. The things I had been requested to do by the A.R.C. last evening, are not to be carried out yet. Dorothy finished her "Mind Concern" collecting and I am sure she has done well, knowing most of the people she called on. She and I walked up to the Town Hall last thing to see the exhibition put on by the "Mind C." organization but we had left it too late and all we did was to have a talk with Dr Brims-Young, who is the president I believe. Any other items to do with today are not important enough to be recorded. I saw some quite good wrestling last thing on the television.

Thursday, October 21. Attended the W.E.A. Committee meeting this afternoon. Quite a fruitful time, mostly thanks to the able Don Edsholm. We have made various decisions regarding the future. This evening I did not attend the class, having the before mentioned O.P.W.C. sub com. meeting to attend. At this meeting we made progress with the application for grant aid from the Borough Council and I shall have one or two jobs to see to during the next day or two.

Friday, October 22. I duly set about the doing of the

work mentioned in yesterday evening's entry, but found myself blocked by being unable to interview McBain, the Building Officer. Called on the Housing manager with regard to a request made to me by a poor soul who is unhappy where she is living and stopped me in Fisher Street to enlist my help. (Sundry Housing is the most difficult item to give satisfactory answers about, because there are no houses, as a rule, available). I also went to the cash department and paid our fees for this evening's journey to the See Board reception. I then suddenly thought of an item I had previously brought to the notice of the Town Clerk and the Surveyor, St Johns Street, and I went back to give some information on this and saw Rodney Armitage, the deputy Town Clerk. Besides that which I told him I had come back for, I pointed out that it was necessary for me to see McBain, when would he be available? and so I learned of some enquiry regarding the latter, and Rodney made an appointment with Mr Pace, the Boro' Surveyor, for Monday next at 11.30. In these circumstances I thought I would have Ken Sadler with me on Monday and made arrangements accordingly. We had a pleasant ride and time at the See Board demonstrations and an enjoyable meal. Stress was laid on the improvement (Housing) grants Act's of 1964

and 1969 and a neat little documentary film was shown which, while demonstrating the grandness of those two pieces of Labour Legislation, played "Land of Dope & Tory"! most of the time as background music. We reached home in quite reasonable time. B.O.S. quite unexpected. I saw Eve this morning and I have arranged to relieve Lesley Davey, if necessary, tomorrow luncheon time.

Saturday October 23 I went over to Winterbourne Close and ~~saw~~ saw Kate Boxall. We did some arranging of the work connected with the Old People's Welfare Committee and I left her house with a feeling that things I had taken on, and items I had promised to see about in connection with the Committee were now getting done, and the way was being made more clear for the rest of the matters I had to carry out. With a raincoat and jumper and hat on, I soon noticed while I was coming home that the atmosphere was 'surprisingly warm' now that the early-morning mist had gone! I was uncomfortably hot, in fact. Amazing weather we are having this year. While Dorothy was shopping, I went to relieve Lesley Davey, for a while. He was at the Town-Hall, giving back to the artists the pictures (paintings) for which there wasn't room in the Exhibition. We talked and he didn't go out for

a breather after all, but had a discussion with the subject ranging from "wellness" to old age to "after-life" dualism v monism in viewing body and mind etc. I readed some soon after tea and found Dorothy wondering where ever I could be on a Saturday midday! I had had no wine or intoxicating liquor; nothing stronger than the leady discussion of things and subjects that have been the study of all the philosophers, thinkers artists and great brains since the beginnings of the human race. I have left out the churchmen, (they have a-priori knowledge or some revelatory thing!). This afternoon Dorothy and I walked up the river to Hamsey and back via the Hamsey pumping station and Landport Lane, quite five miles, I should estimate and Dorothy was walking well. I observed her and she didn't appear to be too tired. Ella Hewlett came in this evening and we three had a chat. Ella has been a widow for some years now and sometimes feels lonely, it is obvious. She only lives across the road.

Sunday, October 24. I delivered the Labour Party monthly stuff which, today, included the first edition of the Local Party Broadsheet. This is a wonderful effort and the producers deserve the highest praise.

No doubt there won't always be such a big issue, because mostly such newsheets take a good deal of gathering together, and this first issue necessarily has a good deal of introductory stuff about the local party, but this is a most promising start and we must do our utmost to make it more popularly read. Later today John and Buntie, with Helen and Charles arrived so we had a very happy family gathering and, this afternoon Helen was able to have a good deal of practice on her cycle, (which she can now ride very well,) at the Industrial Est. ~~which contains~~ <sup>where there is</sup> a nice smooth road which was almost empty, today being Sunday.

Monday October 25. Ken Sadler came round and accompanied me to see the Boro Surveyor (Thursday Oct 21 this journal) and on the way to the Surveyor's Office I left the app. for grant letter (C.P.W.C.), which Mrs Franks had delivered to me Saturday at the Boro's Treasurers. I saw the Town Clerk who reminded me of an appointment I had for tomorrow and then Ken and I saw the Surveyor, Mr. Race. Ken was able to gather the information he required and Race said he would do his best to clear the way to allow for work to start as quickly as he could. For the C.P.W.C. part of my work then, all clear. The

Technical College meeting of Governors is not until Friday so I had an afternoon off. I was glad of this because at 6-30 I had the Public Services and Planning Committee to attend, and this took up to four hours. I reached home at 10-30. after a good meeting. I spoke with David Williams on the way home and received some more information regarding the Building Engineer's department (this journal last Thursday). It appears things are not too comfortable there and my uneasiness when I called there last Thursday was backed up by what I had learnt some months ago about David's suspicions. We must now keep mum because everyone is innocent until he is proved guilty (thank goodness); and we must see how the matter develops.

Tuesday October 26. I had another journey to Brighton today. more electricity demonstrations, films refreshments etc; with representatives from each County District. I don't know how much good this sort of thing does for the selling of electricity but it must cost the 'Seeboard' a good deal. Another hotel too, and what luxury places they are. I should imagine built purely with the idea of being places where conferences could be run. I found Joan and the two boys had arrived when I reached home and we all went across the river and spent some time in the playground there. The two boys seem

to be studdying down. Not half so noisy and tiring as of late. Dorothy and I spent a quiet evening, after I had been to the library. Saw Eve there. she is rather concerned about the growing cost of the manning part of the coming art exhibition. I have agreed to take a turn at the Corn Exchange from 10 am to 12 on Nov. 5. In Ireland the killing of people and the destroying of property still goes on, spurred into ever more examples of thuggery and ignorance by those two abstractions, Nationalism and differing sects of religion. Today it is pointed out that children, who have been attacking troops with stones and other missiles, are now firing at troops with machine guns. Many years ago I read Dominic Behan's life story. He was recruited into the I.R.A. at the age of 14, so today's news of young children being involved in killing is no new idea in this religious Ireland, even if today's killing is the first consequence of that idea. B.O.F. in B.

Wednesday October 27. Late last evening Kate Boxall dropped the completed form for the rates concession on the House of Friendship and some bus appeal stuff, through the letter box, so I dealt with it right away this morning by taking it to the Borough Treasurer. I saw Mr. Bulmer and so now all the work I had on hand from the A.W.C. is being dealt with. Dorothy has been endeavouring to find the title

of a book we have borrowed from John so we can procure another, have lost track of the book. I should have been present at the L.C.V. meeting this evening but it slipped my memory, and I regret this very much. Dorothy and I have finished "Eyeless in Gaza"

Thursday, October 28. Dorothy went early to Brighton where she was to look after the boys while Joan and Bert were in London: today being the last day of the debate and vote on the Common Market entrance principle. I went down to Patcham at about 5 pm. and found everything going well with the boys. It seems to me as though Joan is being more firm in her application of discipline, and, to be frank, I don't think this is any too soon. Anyway, there was a marked improvement in the behaviour of both boys although before we came away this morning there was one of their noisy little demonstrations against Joan. I attended the Hours of Fr. at 2 for Entertainment's Committee.

Friday October 29 We arrived back from Patcham and this afternoon I attended the Board of Governors meeting at the Technical College. There was a rather terse time to be overcome early in the proceedings, where a clumsy word could upset the very sincere wish of everyone to get to the bottom of a particularly small matter to do

with finance which was not rate-collected, and the matter of auditing such accounts. I admired the way my colleagues, both Governors and L.C.V. staff, carried through this part of the meeting. Another example of the good my being on such committees has done me. I had a good, brisk walk down ~~there~~ to the college, being given a short lift towards the end of my walk by Mr Harbottle, and George Barfield gave me a lift all the way home. A quiet evening, mostly reading.

Saturday, November 30. The chief item of our "goings" today was the performance of "Anna and the King of Siam", done by the local Operatic Society. Apart from the walk down to the school, which is some way off; and our meeting with Mrs Fitch, Miss Temple, Sue Clarke, Mrs Hubbard and Mrs & Mrs Brown and their daughter Sheila we did not enjoy this much. I remember the original play, "The King and I" which was quite enjoyable, but the ponderous, lumbering musical we saw this evening doesn't keep it up the standard of the original. The news is of the two chief interests of this week. That is, the aftermath of the vote which accepts the principle of Great Britain joining the European Community, and the continued murder and arson, by the followers of the Prince of Peace, in Ireland. In Ireland we have a combination of the two (abstractions really) things, Religion +

Nationalism. Any more dangerous idea than either of these two I haven't heard about. But now they are combined to make trouble in Ireland, and either of them in isolation is the worst disturber of emotions and general peace that has ever been known. I consider it a great pity that ~~at~~ at this time when sectarian religion has lost its hold, and patriotic nationalism is quite openly laughed at, a country ~~that~~ which is rotten with both these diseases should be able to disturb the world.

Sunday October 31. I started off today working in the garden and so didn't go out until this evening when Dorothy and I went to visit Frank. We had not heard from him for a day or two and last evening, at the Operatic Society's performance Mrs Hubbard asked about him; (not having seen him for some days;) we decided to call on him this evening. We found him very well and we had a pleasant chat with him for an hour or so. Today, besides doing some gardening and visiting Frank, we have done some viewing (not much) and some reading at one of Phyllis Bentley's books. The weather has kept fine.

Monday November 1 1971. Dorothy went to Brighton by car, starting at 7-45. She went to look after the boys while Joan went to London with Bert to move into his fresh flat. It was very misty and dull when she started off and I

felt glad she was going by car. After all, our travelling expenses are very low and it ~~so~~ could be anticipated that a day spent in charge of the two boys would be very tiring for her: but in the event they were apparently very good. I have noticed a very marked improvement in their "rumblustiousness" lately and life is gradually getting more easy for the child-minder. I called at the Town Hall (both the office and the preparations for the exhibition in the Corn Exchange) and so was able to get some matters to do with tomorrow's Management Committee meeting made more plain. Over Southover after dinner to see Joan Liddle, the W.E.A. organiser for the County, with regard to the starting of daytime discussion and study groups for older people, at the House of Friendship (T.F. last Monday, Oct 28). Joan gave me a ride back and we walked down by the Pells, the Baths and the Willey Bridge. All these things she had missed before owing to work, and work taking her in other directions. Dorothy arrived home soon after six, Bert and Joan (C.) having insisted on her coming back by car. So one thing today, Dorothy has had no standing about at Stations or 'bus-stops. The mists that we seem to get at night gathered early this evening and we did not go out any more.

Tuesday November 2 1971. Bonfire is approaching and we

are now full of programmes of events which are issued by the various societies. Dorothy and I will not be required to judge the children's dress competition for the Borough Society, so that will make life correspondingly easier! I generally have the feeling, when I am trying to make a judgement on dress and similar competitions, that I am not making a judgement really on the thing in question but upon the conditions etc which surrounds the competition while he or she is producing the thing. Consequently, for it is but a step, I find I am being swayed by the surroundings and I find I am quite emotional over some aspects of life which are brought to the fore at these affairs: and really, to judge a dress one should judge a dress. I went to the Management Committee at 6.30. I arrive early but found Beatrice was before me. She had been working on the preparations for tomorrow's art exhibition and had no time to go home before the M. Committee started. At this Committee we were all pretty busy and those items (to do with C.P.W.C. etc) which I wanted were "resolved to recommend. This meeting lasted for almost four hours! I was not home till after 10.30. One reason was the matter mentioned earlier in this journal (Monday 25/10) to do with the staff matter of the Purveyors department

Wednesday November 3 1971. This morning Dorothy and I attended the opening of the Art Exhibition at the Horn Exchange. Run by the Library Committee, this Exhibition, judging by the opening today, looks like being a big success. There were quite a large number of people present and a good deal of enthusiasm was evident at the ceremony, and so Beatrice Temple the chairman, and Eve Clarke, the Librarian are very satisfied and we all hope that the rest of the week will.

Thursday November 4. I have let this journal slip behind other priorities and, in consequence, find it rather difficult to pick up on day-to-day happenings of detail. One thing; I met Mr. Kenney-Levick and he asked me if I could do anything about he and his mother's housing conditions. She is totally helpless with arthritis and he just manages to get about with the aid of two sticks. I have been to the Housing department about this: the Housing Manager is aware of the circumstances and sympathetic, in so far as he has inspected their apartments and is of the opinion that these rooms are depressing even for people who are well. This evening Dorothy came with me to the W.C.A. "Coping with Social Change" class

Quite a fruitful and pleasant evening and Peter drove us home.

Friday November 5. Dorothy and I did the booking after the Art exhibition for two hours (from 10 till 12) and so spent quite an interesting morning. This evening the Bonfire Celebrations took place and all went forward as usual; quite a good show, in fact. We saw the United Procession and then Dorothy went down to watch the Waterloo part and I stayed at home.

Saturday November 6. Stopping in the morning and to the Dripping Pan, where Lower beat Boreham Wood 2-1 in the Athenian "League Cup" match.

Sunday November 7. Up to see my two elder sisters, Winnie and Essy, this morning. They are both well as far as I can judge, and we talked for some time. This evening Dorothy and I were invited to a "Gondeau" party at a neighbour's house. This was a new experience and quite enjoyable. I forgot to mention that Ella Hewlett came over yesterday evening and came over this evening to invite us to her house. Unfortunately we were just off to the Gondeau one so Ella's will be on another evening.

Monday November 8. The Labour Group meeting was this evening in preparation for Wednesday's Council Meeting. All went quite smoothly in spite of David's being accidentally left off the list of Labour members who had put their names on a resolution to do with the school milk. Apparently Martin Cross had not been able to make contact with David before the notice of motion was to be sent in. David was very angry indeed when talking to me about it before the meeting, but, on receiving an apology from Martin Cross, calmed down. David had to go at eight and I left later, just before the last committee agenda was gone through. B.K.O.F.

Tuesday November 9. I walked down to Paul's and purchased a loaf, so I had a walk in the morning. This afternoon I walked up to the Hospital and back so I have done my quota of walking today. The reason for my visit to the Hospital was to see how Frank Reed was getting on; and to me he seems in very bad shape indeed. It was startling, even though his decline has been apparent for a year or so, to see Frank now. He and I are of an age and so I remember him as a smart cadet sergeant-major in the '14-'18 war; and, indeed he and I and half a dozen or so other boys who reached the age of eighteen about Christmas 1916, joined the army together. I have

had to do with him in particular during the 25 years or so since the last war, by reason of our both being in the local Labour Party. One would hardly know him now. I have just noticed how men of our age almost unconsciously mark out time by recalling the first war and the second war and the between-the-wars and so on. About 10 or 15 years ago some young English writers were known as the "look-back-in-Anger-group". Surely those of our age are the men to look back in anger?

Wednesday November 10. The cold wind which started yesterday is still with us and so, in spite of the sunshine, outdoors wasn't too pleasant or perhaps I am making my age, plus the weather, an excuse to be bone-idle. Anyway, after a brief sally out this morning, I stopped indoors until it was time to attend the Council Meeting. Quite an interesting meeting, with the assault by the Conservatives that we had expected on the recommendation from the Housing Committee that the sale of Council houses be discontinued. This recommendation had come about because the Conservatives were absent from the Housing Committee and the question as to whether sales should take place or not is, and has almost always been, a bone of contention. Tonight the Conservatives succeeded in referring the recommendation back only

by the Mayor voting for it to go back and that made the voting equal and then he gave his casting vote in favour of the Reference Back. There was a good deal of talk, tautology and tosh while the matter was being chewed over, (not argued) In the forum which followed there was one public question but I missed that. I wanted to get home but I did not avail myself of Eve's offer for a ride home because she was in a hurry, and I did not want to take her out of her way, and it is no trouble to walk home anyway. There was the Miss World contest on when I did arrive and I understand that the estimated number of viewers more than squalled the previous world record of people viewing a television programme; and that was five years ago, when the English football team won the World cup! Quite obviously physiqal, whether displayed as charm, or as co-ordination between mind and body, muscle, in a contest, is a sure tip to follow if you want people to look at telly programmes. I watched some boxing, some International football and some wrestling when the display of feminine grace was finished, so it looks as though I was backing up my opinion as to telly watching. The horrors of the Northern Ireland atrocities, carried out by the I.R.A. <sup>are</sup> and getting worse. The latest is the clearing of hair and the

tarring and feathering of girls who are friendly with English troops. Somehow this seems to me much more terrible than the shooting. There is a distance between the shooter and the shot; there is none between the assailants and the unfortunate woman who is treated in this fashion, and, to my mind, the being mauled about by men and women who are crazy, with the lust which is stirred up by those two frightful abstractions, sectarian-religion and nationalism, must make, or be, such a traumatic experience as to permanently injure the victim in some form or other.

Thursday, November 11. This date, looked at in conjunction with the last few words I wrote yesterday, makes one think. This is the day <sup>which</sup> ~~when~~ many people, at the end of each of the world wars, was made the sign, or symbol, of "never again". And greater strides have been made towards doing away with the "Frightful Abstractions" ~~than~~ at the end of the wars than at any other times. Perhaps the sheer horror of what is happening in Ireland will take hold of people, and perhaps the people of Eire will make its illegal organization, the I.R.A. really illegal! It doesn't seem likely to me and I think this way, because the people who commit these atrocities and their enthusiastic nationalistic supporters, have not

tasted the horrors themselves. Some of them must be, to use their own term "Liquidated", it is a one sided struggle when all the defenders of orderliness have only toothless morals to back them. I attended the W.E.A. class this evening at the Grange and we are gradually getting clear of the period of, what I call, "preliminaries and terms". Next week we start on cases.

Friday, November 12. Chief event today the Mayor's Civic Banquet. A good meal. Two average good, Round Gable, school boyish speeches and one speaker of a 19th century minded nit-wit who owns a factory where men make pseudo antique furniture. I suppose the craze for snobbish antique collecting makes this sort of business worthwhile; but why. it should make this nit-wit (19th cent sea-borne) imagine he is entitled to lecture on "harder work". I don't know, I was glad he only received the traditional "work-house slap" or applause that when I was at school was reserved for the most unpopular news bringers. Subject to these gentle reservations, we enjoyed the evening and the hospitality.

Saturday, November 13. Armistice collection Pappy Day. This meant an early start for Dorothy, who had promised

her services to the street collection part of this for an hour or two. There was the O.P.W.C. Autumn Fair to get going by eleven a.m. and both of us had parts to play in this and Dorothy's cyst in eyelid was playing her up a good deal. Owing to the fact that, during the arranging of this fair, the O.P.W.C. had insisted that it must be held today, in spite of the clearing of the Hall of last evening's Civic Banquet, which would mean the stallholders would be quite late making a start; in spite of this and the added hurrying about of people etc. The Mayor opened for us at 11-30 and the day went forward as swimmingly as one could wish. I think it will be a reasonably financial success. Dorothy and I were both glad of a rest at the end of the day.

Sunday November 14. The Remembrance Service was held this afternoon at the War Memorial and St John's Church. The former part was traditional and suitable but the Church part is not much really. With all the original hymns taken from it, conducted in a building (which gathers its today's congregation from the people who go from real remembrance reasons and would otherwise be almost empty,) apparently managed each year by a sort of alliance of differing sectarians

and preached in today by a P.C. priest who was not too audible (perhaps I should say not very audible) and spent most of his time in boosting his sect especially the original Jesuits and all that. I feel like only attending the War Memorial part in future. Dorothy went round to see Frank this evening, he is quite well.

Monday November 15. A Hour of Friendship Management Committee at 10-00 this morning. A journey to the St Anne's School to deliver Miss Watling two prizes she had won in Saturday's raffle, a planning committee this evening and a visiting committee missed because there is only one of me and a busy day draws to its end. The House Management Com will have to sort itself out. Its new members do not appear to be aware that a committee of this description must be competent to deal with any matter that may arise, consequently it must <sup>give</sup> special jobs to specialist members and be prepared to accept their advice and shoulder responsibilities. More of this later, but Mrs Franks, a very able secretary was dealing with things this morning and she received good support from Mrs Jeffers the County Representative

Tuesday November 16. Assign service at St Annes Church. This ~~event~~ was carried out in its usual manner and quite a number of council members were present. Afterwards there was coffee at the Shellys and I had a brief chat with Asa Briggs and met Mrs Cross, the wife of Martin Cross, one of our new councillors. This afternoon I looked in at the Foresters Hall, where the Federation Branch of Old Age Pensioners were gathered and had a brief talk and let them know the results of the Autumn Fair; and this evening the Establishment Committee met. Salaries and post grades were adjusted and I hope what we have done will be appreciated as the best available action in the prevailing situation. I was glad that now other people besides me are questioning the work-study business as it applies to our authority. It was apparent to me from the beginning that all it would mean would be a new department being set up, itself developing its own hierarchy by way of "Parkinson's" law, while the amount saved by such a small authority as ours will hardly pay the salaries of the two officials ~~also~~ needed to run it, leave alone the van they now require to get about in. B.K.H.

Wednesday November 17. From ~~today~~ <sup>this</sup> until Saturday I neglected to make daily entries. The chief thing is that, on Thursday Dorothy had the Cyst removed from the

inside of her upper eyelid and so is now much more comfortable; it has been a wretched time for her while the cyst has been waiting removal. Joan Freyne took her down, waited with her, and brought her back; the whole thing thus being made ever so much more comfortable for Dorothy. I have done various little jobs that a good councillor should do when requested by ratepayers; I have carried out the curriculum which keeps me so well, and I have made progress with Margaret Cole's Biography of her late husband, and I have attended the W.E.A. class in the "Coping with Change" course.

A fresh start over-leaf

January 24 1972: I did not, after all start or restart this journal on the above date. As can be seen by the pale writing of the date I gave up and thought to get the pen repaired: being tired of continually trying to make it write. As can also be seen by the date of today, March 4. I once again have skived it but I am going to start some time and keep it up again. Then again the trouble seems to be that the pen still does not work and I have really spent quite an amount

Saturday, April 15 1972. A one-day W.E.A. School was held today in the lecture room. About twenty people attended and everything went off in good style. My latest additions to the strength of the Lewes Branch are very useful men: all three of them enthusiastic but also having the competence which can temper that enthusiasm and guide it into the right channels. All of them elderly and, having recently retired, bringing their professional skills to bear on the work of the W.E.A. and all three transferred from other branches. There is Don Christolme a District Council (Nalge) Clerk, he makes the very ablest Branch Secretary, as could be imagined, Arthur Stronell, retired from the advertising world and of enormous use to us. Then there

is Walter Jefford, retired quantity Surveyor who looked after the running of the school today as Chairman. In consequence of these recruits (perhaps I should call them transferred veterans), but especially because of Don Christolme, our work as a Branch is carried out very ably and neatly, (I think that is the word): properly arranged and well carried out meetings, even at Sub-Committee stage; and the work is gradually being distributed and so a better and more equitable time is had by all. Besides the speaker from the Sussex University, a young man named Michael Moore, we had the County Planning Officer Leslie Jay who I had suggested we had for two reasons. One, a planning officer is very necessary if you are going to discuss future population growth; and two, the such a man has to look at questions much more objectively than does the theoretician and that is most necessary when you have a class of young, enthusiastic people who wish to change things at a greater speed than the facts permitting in a situation allow. Mr Jay did particularly well as I anticipated because, as I have mentioned in this journal in 1968, he is

good speaker, whether putting forward a point in discussion or explaining things that are real. Altogether, I am happy about today's school. This evening Jimmy Whittle came and picked Dorothy and me up and drove us to his home in South St. Joy had prepared a delicious dinner and Dinah Stock who is just about to go on an appointment to Dacca University (in spite of the conditions in Bangladesh and her age (70)) was in good form. A very happy evening. Cheers Jimmy and Joy.

Monday, April 17. The weather has become springlike at last and I was able to do some work in the garden. I am putting up the new sewing after many months of postponing the effort, so perhaps during this spring I shall get it done. During the months that have passed without me making any entries in this journal I have not been idle, rather the reverse, but the time has arrived when I am beginning to drop some of my voluntary work and pay more attention to the jobs immediately about me which really should have my attention but which I have been unable to find time for because I am always so busy on councils, committees and associations.

When one has reached the age of seventy-three and is still concerned with public things, one is bound to think on occasion: "What is all this about? All these people, who are younger than me, will in the course of nature, be the people who have to deal with the problems: in a few years time I shall not be with them so who am I to fret about the future of a road, say. One can be sorry if it obliterates or alters features that are nostalgic to me, but these people have to live in the world and they must make it to their own liking." One can, however, feel satisfied about services one has rendered and know that some of the alterations personally put forward are used in a utilitarian or aesthetic (sometimes both) kind of way and are appreciated by one's community. I think it was a character of Winifred Holtby's who, at the end of his life in Local Government, said "One starts off, <sup>at a</sup> very young age resolved to reform the world. One finishes in life with a sense of satisfaction that one has been responsible for getting a drain laid and so made disease less likely to occur!" Dorothy is well and the family is all well, but I must write about them as I go.

along. This is just the recording of my activities today. This morning the meeting of the House of Friendship Management Committee; this afternoon work in the garden, a journey to the Library, where I saw Sue, and reading this evening. Quite a busy day really although not many things done that could be considered important enough to record. Added item. I am making surprising progress in the way of exercises! I will return to this later, when I have more time.

Tuesday, April 18. I made great headway with the putting up of the swing and the hardest part is now over, the concreting part, I mean. Tomorrow I will try to finish it and I feel quite elated about it. I made a fast walk down to Ruth's this morning and purchased some bread and I also exercised so did not neglect anything because of my work on the swing. Dorothy had a go at some gardening this afternoon, getting out old Michaelmas daisy roots. I hope she has not overtaxed herself because she is feeling a good deal of rheumatism lately and I can't imagine anything more likely to worsen this condition than gardening, especially when that means digging and pulling out old tough roots.

Wednesday April 19. Anyone reading yesterday's entry in this book would come to the conclusion that Dorothy and I are a poor pair, whose main concern is our health! This is not the case really as most people who know us would acknowledge; in my case I have a great interest in myself physically and so remarks are that are written in here to do with my physical well-being will be found to have an optimistic trend always. A kind of vitalism *à la* Bergson, Shaw, and one or two more who believe in increasing resistance, Willing and Wanting. Morism regarding mental and physical make-up and soon. In short, and unlike many, I am concerned with myself on the upward trend and as a integral part of the scheme of things; with my "goods" not my "bads". This attitude has made all the difference and stopped me being a lopelen, log-like cripple; and because of this attitude I have lived perhaps more fully than some who have not my spinal handicap of Spondylitis to handicap them. This morning I walked up to the prison, where I met others of the Planning Committee on the site of a building application by Smythe the race horse trainer, whose stables are immediately behind the prison. We inspected the site and each one

of us no doubt made up his or her mind about whether a proposed new hay-barn would break the skyline and, if so, how much importance should be placed on this, at this point, when one takes into consideration all the other buildings done some already breaking the skyline. Anyway, I hope some of the other Councillors took the second question of how much importance should be placed on a break at this point into consideration because as in all questions to do with town planning, I believe utility should always be a strong point in deliberating; and in this case one should take care not to let a guiding principle become a dogma. We had a look at the horses training and there were ever so many more than I had imagined. Some were circling in the riding school (another building which persists in planning objected to when it was proposed). One can see the very great use to which this is now given. Quite an interesting visit and David Williams gave me a lift home. From our conversation I detected some concern, much like mine, over the trend towards dogmatism in planning matters which have nothing to do with politics, but which is appearing at the Labour groups' meeting. Dorothy and I went shopping for the rest of the morning and had a snack-

lunch at the House of Friendship. This afternoon I did more work on the swing while Dorothy did some more gardening. She continued with the Michaelmas Daisy root job which I described in yesterday's entry. I am certain she has done <sup>some</sup> no good and should leave such jobs to me while she does gardening that is less straining. After all, Dorothy is the gardener and should do the best and lightest work and leave me to do the heavier work for many reasons: one of the chief being that it is the only kind of gardening I can do! There has been some rain during the day but it has not made much difference to us, either while chapping or working. A quiet evening ended the day. Dorothy is very tired indeed and I am beginning to get worried.

Thursday April 20 The finer but showery weather continues so I am gradually getting outside things a bit more in order; and now that the swing, or the harder parts of its construction are completed, and Dorothy has cleared out some of her borders, a kind of orderliness is coming over the place. I went and drew my pension this morning and, on leaving the Post Office, met Mrs Hubbard and so learned that she was off to Dorset for the week-end with Eve. Mrs Hubbard looked very well and anticipated

a pleasant break. I looked into the wine-shop and carried some cherry home. Worked about the house, ordered a pair of trousers and then some 'mortar mix' at the ironmongers. By this time it was too cold and drear to do any more in the garden so came I indoors, and Dorothy who had been out there all the afternoon, also came in. While I was out I met Arthur and Kay Stronell, who were working on some of the L.L.P. jobs to do with the local elections. Kay is treasurer of the local L.P. and I mentioned Arthur in this journal last Saturday with reference to the Workers Educational Assn. I don't know how the elections will go; round this district there are quite a number of bills up in windows, and there is no doubt that the L.L.P. have plenty of willing helpers. I hope some of their candidates are successful: when there is another Labour majority I shall feel justified in retiring!! But one doesn't want to go on for ever and it does seem nice to be able to fix one's attention on things at home. More-over things i.e. ideas etc change so quickly nowadays that some people don't remember anything different than what is called the technical age and if they choose some ways of regarding their environment, who am I to argue about it. The young will

live in it. In the course of nature I shall not, so from a personal, physical point of view, some changes I may not like will not affect me. It is really a matter of conscience. You give advice or guidance through knowledge and wisdom gained through experience, and you hope it will be of use in objective situations. <sup>The same</sup> as other people's guidance which you inherited has been of use to you. We all ride on other people's backs but only so far as inheriting their methods. The situation people have to deal with are of their own time. Inherited ideas and methods can help but it must always be remembered that the situations with which one has to deal are of the "present"

Friday April 21. A fine day but with a brisk wind: quite pleasant to be out. I delivered the Labour party stuff which Colin Brent brought to me yesterday and so had quite a pleasant walk round. On Saturday morning I must see to the 'out' calls which the two candidates for Battle Ward have left for me to deal with. I do not have much to do now with regard to elections. The word leads me on to the National situation between the Government and the Railway Unions. Unfortunately the new Trade U. dispute act is now law and will have

to be obeyed. All one can do is to put up with the consequences of allowing the Tories to become the Government and be resolved to do one's utmost to unseat them at the next election. Then the offending act can be amended or repealed. Again, when considering repeal, that is hardly the way. If the act is kept in being it can always be on hand to deal with "Bloated Capitalism" or their ~~own~~ political wing. I worked in the garden this afternoon (swing!) and took a short walk to Rotten Row. (Mrs Wallis) this evening. I felt rather tired and rather stretched regarding "Hamstrings". Too much bending about I suppose. I remember this feeling when walking after building the wall two years ago. These crouching jobs are the only ones which remind me of my age plus stiff spine. Anyway, a quite evening while I recuperated!

Saturday April 22 1972. I meant, in yesterday's entry, to note that Dorothy seems a bit better. ~~but~~ She is not ill, of course, but I have written about how tired she has been, and I laid the blame on "over-gardening", especially with regard to pulling up old Michaelmas daisy roots. She has done more walking <sup>yes</sup> today and I am not so worried about

her. Today we went shopping in the morning. Just the usual important commodities and I can't remember all those people we met. I did not go to the football, mainly because there was only a second team match on and I have got into the custom of not visiting the Pan on such days. So this afternoon I just paid my newsagent and came back home: really I thought it was time I had a quiet Saturday afternoon. We had an invitation out this evening and we walked over to St Pancras Gardens where Mrs Maidment had invited us to her new flat. We spent a very pleasant evening with her and admired the balcony flat. It is gratifying to a member of the Borough Council to see the happiness and satisfaction displayed by the people who have retired and have such splendid accommodation. Mrs Maidment is the widow of Tom Maidment, who I knew in the S.P. many years ago. After his death, and on her leaving the service flat they had occupied while he worked for the County Council, she came to me for advice and any possible help I might give her: and I think she wanted to show her appreciation, hence this evening's invitation. A nice, thoughtful and quiet woman. I hope she continues to be <sup>or</sup> happy as may be

Monday April 24. I have done a bit more towards the garden, swing etc., and this evening was <sup>at</sup> the Public Services and Planning Committee. The matter of the "Road" was arranged for recommending to the Town Council meeting on Wednesday. Yesterday, Sunday, there was an L Group meeting and it was decided on what course of action to take. Fortunately, in my opinion, the recommendation does not depart from that laid down by a previous full Council meeting: a request that close attention and consideration be given to the views of the civic bodies was added to the reco.

Tuesday, April 25. Got two of the concrete footings and the two front stays in. In passing, mark the profiteering that is going on in the iron-mongery world. Screws,  $\frac{1}{4}$ " long  $\frac{1}{4}$ " gauge, five for sixteen new pence! Compared with old money that means forty old pence, equals 8<sup>d</sup> in old money each screw. "Boost up the Do-it-Yourself craze" says the ironmonger. "The John Does of the world will save quite a lot on Labour costs and we will have a big share of that saving." I went out this evening

and finished the Out's canvassing round this way. This I had promised the two Labour candidates to do; and, later this evening, they called for them and Dorothy gave the completed canvassing cards. I had gone to Hillmans the solicitors where a meeting of the Friends of Lewis Victoria Hospital was held. I did broach my intention to retire but they would not hear of it. The view taken by the chairman was, apparently, that whatever odd jobs I dropped I must not drop this one! Hillman made some complimentary remarks upon my early service at the commencement of the Assn. They quite overlooked my shockingly bad attendance; however, I've agreed to carry on.

Wednesday, April 26. Down to Rath's this morning and work all the rest of the time on swing. Great progress. A Town Council meeting this evening which took quite a time so I did not stop very long in the Parbour when the Mayor invited us to a drink, this being the last meeting he will chair. Bue was there, looking very well and she gave me a ride home and stayed for a coffee. Bue enjoyed her weekend (T.S. April 20). The meeting of

the Council passed off in quite a good atmosphere. I wonder how many of those who have to fight elections on May 4 will be with us after that date? The present Mayor is one such who has to stand for re-election. We of the L.P. should win three seats, and have a more remote chance of gaining two more; that is if the trend started in the Priory ward last year keeps up. There is only one of our last year's candidates standing: his new team-mate taking the place of last year's candidate who is unable to carry our colours. Good fortune to them.

Thursday April 27. Having drawn pension and shopped I spent the rest of the day-time working in the garden. This evening the L.L.P. meeting was devoted to listening to three people who aspired to being made the Parliamentary Labour candidate for this constituency. One of them, Quentin Barry, a solicitor easily was best and, indeed, stood for us in the 1970 General Election. The other two were not good enough. A young man from Hartings who was fairly glib and could answer questions but who was foolish enough

to imagine things were so, or would become so if only one kept asserting it. However, there's bags of time for him to adjust himself and learn how things really are and, with hard study, he will be fit for his name to go forward again. The third one was Frank Hayward one of our Councillors. Why Frank thinks he is up to the standard of education that is required for anyone to merely think about being a Parliamentary candidate I don't know. He has poise, steadiness while talking or "under fire" but that is about all. He can change his mind at the mere suggestion that it might be expedient to do so, and he makes quite a good Councillor in a small town like this ~~and~~ if he chose to work hard and get himself educated up to the standard required, those qualities of poise etc. which I have mentioned, would be an asset. I walked home with David but we did not talk about anything beyond this evening's meeting, there was not a long enough walk. Found Dorothy cleaning the silver on my arrival home and listening to a T.V. play at which she occasionally glanced. We retired early for us.

Friday, April 28: The weather keeps fine and spring like. I am reminded that the birthdays of my four remaining sisters all fall within the short space of May and June. Perhaps I am even a bit sorry that it is only of recent years that any of us have taken the trouble to acknowledge birthdays and that I am the worst offender in this. It strikes me that, though among a family where all the members are married it doesn't matter so much, they all have their own family; perhaps, well, almost certainly, it does matter to single people, especially women, as the years roll on. I worked in the garden, finished the swing, and, this evening, attended a selection committee of the Co-operative Party. So two successive evenings I have looked at prospective Parliamentary candidates. Today there was only one, a man whose home is at Gravesend. A very ordinary "Work-a-day" man to look at him. A very hard-headed, common-sense man to hear him speak. An extremely hard worker on Labour and Co-op's behalf by his record. I like him and all the members present liked him. A man who plainly stands as that much sought after type, the intellectual who is of working class origin and remains

a working man. A wife and four children so making a family ~~only~~ <sup>which</sup> is solidly with him. A man who is presently serving on his Borough Council and his County Council and who, during his travels has served on four other Local Authorities. Of course, the time was not opportune to enter into discussion on principles of Democratic Government etc, and one would like to have a more private talk with him, but as can be deduced from my writing here, I like the type he is and the strata of society which produced him. Finished the evening quietly at home, as befits a man of my age and watched that extremely good play which is currently on B.B.C. 1 "The Brothers". A very good effort.

Saturday, April 29. A day of continual rain and heavy wind so there has been no needless going out of doors. Phyllis and Ernest who are on holiday in England from New Zealand arrived from Brighton this morning and left at about 7/30 to go back to Brighton which is their base for the next few months. Just about 12-00 Ivy nee Bishop arrived and so there was a good deal of reminiscing between Dorothy Ivy and Phyllis on the days of the early

twenties, when they were young and all lived in this neighbourhood. I have nothing to report, owing to my enforced idleness because of the weather and a sic, and, to judge by the Dad writing, I am evidently not succeeding in making this journal a discipline so I'll write no more today. Dorothy has already gone up.

Sunday, April 30: It was a wonderfully fine, spring morning, especially when compared with yesterday's gales. However, walking up to 68 Pr. Edwards Road, I found it was not so nice really. A cold wind blew, and I was not walking as well as I am accustomed to feeling myself walk, so I was not particularly happy out. The cold seems to have round my chest and my nose persists in running and I have lost that lightfooted feeling of which I am proud. I found both Winnie and Jess both well (I must qualify this with regard to Winnie, she seems to be back rather to her 'anti' outlook and throat noises of a short time ago) However, I was able to have more conversation with Jess, who I consider is pretty well. I have written before in this journal of my elder sister so there is no need to write again

now, except to mention that the "strains and stresses" of earlier days left its mark on them. I have not done much else today. Certainly nothing that calls for special mention here. Saw some football on television and, this evening, the B.B.C.'s presentation of Laurence's work "Sons & Lovers". I thought this was very well done, both from the scenes, environment etc. to the putting over of the messages which Laurence always felt it was his duty to put across. Regarding these messages, I considered last night how much easier it is to put them over now; both through television and writing. Everyone seems to accept the more "forthright" and honest presentation which we receive through either media: and this new attitude dates, to a large extent, from 1960, when Laurence's book, previously 'banned', was declared fit for grown men and women to read! I refer to "Lady Chatterley's Lover" which book most people who were good readers had read while it was banned or perhaps I should say all people who could procure a copy had read it ~~at~~ twenty years before 1960!

Monday May 1, 1972. Another fine morning. It looked the completely ideal "May-day" from indoors at 6-30 a.m. and so gladdened my heart: and it remained all day as, traditionally, one would expect it to remain, and so enabled Dorothy and ~~me~~ to do quite an amount of outside work. The garden is beginning to take a cared-for look at last, and I've done quite an amount on the front bank. This morning I paid my visit as a manager to the Pells School and, once again found nothing to complain about and a very great deal to praise. A wonderful atmosphere at this school. A correct balance has been found between freedom and discipline, security etc. This is really very desirable and I am sure that all the children who pass through this school will fit into the society in which they find themselves later in life, much more easily than they would have done had they not received this introduction into society at the Pells school. This afternoon I took Ella's big secateurs back and found that another of the widowed Mrs Hewlett's was visiting her. Ella is Frank Hewlett's

widow and the visitor was the widow of Frank's brother Sid Hewlett; I knew both of the brothers very well when we were all young men, so I had quite a gossip on old times and old acquaintances. Quite an enjoyable break in the day's proceedings. This evening was spent quietly, watching the television or not watching it through dozing or boredom. Restful but not quite ideal really from my point of view. If anyone ever reads this journal in full ~~they~~ he or she will be aware by now that an evening like this one is not my ideal. As regards Dorothy, having worked in the house in the morning, and all the afternoon <sup>worked</sup> in the garden she spent most of the evening ironing the sheets she had washed inter-alia, this morning. She looked very tired at the end. A tired pair of old bodies then, she and I, who, however, found time to laugh at this, which was a gag in a television show which had family limitation for the trick as one of its themes (It was a comic show of course) and generally guyed the catholic church's attitude towards birth control. "This" then is the

thing that made us both chuckle. A man trying to get information about birth control was told by ~~of~~ his friend, "The Roman C. church will allow no artificial method, indeed, the only pill ~~of~~ the woman may take is an aspirin."

"But how can an aspirin be of any use in birth control?"

"The woman grips it tightly between her ankles!"

This made us chuckle for some time.

Tuesday May 2. Another very fine day with a sudden, sharp, short thunderstorm at about eight a.m. plus a very heavy shower of rain. Then a quick return to the warm sunshine and I believe this has been the warmest day this year. I felt very happy to be without my jumpers. Because of the chest cold which still hangs about me, I'd resolved to get a prescription from the Doctor who has Dorothy and me on his panel. I mention this because it was one of the two or three pieces of luck I had as regards time saving. I took, when I started out, the cheque and coggage to do with the payment of the electricity bill and I was

receiving attention immediately I went in because I was the only client there. On the way down the town I went into the doctor's office to ask the secretary if she would get the prescription for me later in the morning when I would call back: and lo, the Doctor himself suddenly arose from the back of the office and, after a question or two, gave me the prescription. Apparently, ~~and~~ because he was in the office at that moment he thought he would deal with me right away, a tremendous saving of time and walking for me, so I walked back up School Hill and in Bertie Baker's chemist's shop my prescription was translated into the real and I was on my way again in no time. Down to the garage where we run a monthly car account and I was dealt ~~it~~ with there with dispatch. Now one might think that this is a lot of writing to describe some very ordinary every-day lucky occurrences. So it is, but nevertheless it is 1. indication of the optimistic view I take of life. 2. The joy the attitude shown ~~in it~~ expresses with life. Dorothy and I both did plenty of work in the garden for the rest of the daylight time, a look at television

and quite a while reading and, later on B.L.O.S. finally retiring at about 11.00

~~Monday~~ <sup>Wednesday</sup> May 3. I haven't mentioned it of late but I still carry out the monistic mind & Body stuff in the early morning and I continue to feel very well because of it. The swing is complete except for the new seat, but Dorothy, swinging on the old seat, says this is the best swing I have made. She is much better now and I hope is realising the necessity of keeping an eye on herself as regards the approach of rheumatism. Mary Harman came to tea in the garden (the weather is very warm and it was nice to have our tea out there). Mary seems very well although I understand she still has to take tablets on occasion. The three of us passed a very pleasant afternoon. As Mary left us she asked Dorothy if she was alright and Dorothy assured her that she was. However, Mary is not the only one of our friends who have noticed how Dorothy is moving now and they are, like me, concerned about it. However, Dorothy did suggest a walk this evening and she and I walked over Ayllies Bridge and back <sup>with</sup>

Phoenix Causeway, looking in to Franki on the way home; and Dorothy was moving ever so much better and walking reasonably well. I feel sure she will take command now so many have mentioned her movement and posture and she will soon have it right again. Mary <sup>told us</sup> says that Ernie is finding ways of sleeping more comfortably than his condition allows him to do by normal methods of reclining. Some of the postures and the ancillaries to these new methods of wooing sleep seemed very funny and the ancillary equipment has a "Heath Robinson" air about it by the way. Mary described it! Certainly no good for wooing women, however effective for wooing clumber. This banter I am writing is not ill-natured. I have had plenty of trying to compromise with a painful complaint myself and some of my antics and equipment ever since 1936 has ~~not~~ no doubt struck many people as funny. It doesn't matter. I am still here thirty-six years later, as fit as ever and enjoying life as never before. I hope Ernie benefits in the same way.

~~Wednesday~~ <sup>Thursday</sup> May 4. Pulling day for Boroughs and Local Government generally. I hope

the Labour Party carry it off nationally and that Lewes plays a full part in nation-wide Labour victories. I did a bit this morning and, after dinner Dorothy and I attended a meeting at the Fell's school to view the plans for the new infants' section which, we hope will be completed at Landport before the end of the year. The rest of the day I was engaged, in the main, by electioneering and so had plenty to think about. At the end of the day results began to come in, all showing Labour victories and at Lewes we gained five seats out of a possible six! One of these is in Priory ward which we have never breached before and, in this election, the Conservative candidate who topped the poll, was only eight in front of our man. A very satisfactory day for us, more so because we went through the mill as our opponents are now two or three years ago as I usefully wrote in this journal at the time.

Friday May 5 I looked round to the House of Friendship at lunch time and saw Ken Sadler regarding the meeting on the eighth re the selection of tenants sub-committee. It

seems to me that these informal gatherings of people who are to do, professionally or voluntarily, with the welfare services, can be very useful meetings. Anyway, I gathered some stuff from Ken which may be useful and now all that remains is for me to get this sub-committee started. I went down the bluffs to purchase some rope for the swing and found I was very tired. Too much working yesterday I suppose and no sleep much last night. I must watch this, but I have an idea that because of the showery weather, I was wearing too much clothes and, after all, the year is getting on. On the way to the bluffs I met Alby who told me his mother, who Dorothy and I know as Ivy, is ill in hospital with diabetes plus something else. We hope she gets along alright. I thought Alby looked rather worried. However, on reaching home I took things steady for a bit and soon felt better from my tiredness. There are good results from all over the country for Labour but the news media, unlike when the other side win, did not mention them much.

Saturday May 6. Dorothy and I went chopping this morning and I brought the bulk of the purchases home because it was necessary for me to get home and Dorothy wanted to call on Frank. This afternoon I watched the Cup Final on the television. Quite an enjoyable match but not so "holding" to me as soccer used to be. I suppose my tastes have changed somewhat; certainly football has, and it is faster in movement than when football boots were worn which were of leather, studded with standard studs, and carried heavy ankle protection pads. It also seems to me that what we used to call "combination" has been brought to such a pitch that it sometimes seems that the footballers are playing a game much resembling that young school-boys playground game of "Handy Kipper" wherein you pinched a boy's cap and passed it by tossing from one to the other while the unfortunate boy ran from one to the other of his tormentors, and the latter always flung the cap to someone else just as the victim approached him. Of course I like to see "combination" in football but I like the passes to be forward, oblique passes, with

the empty space to which they are directed being moved into by the man they are meant for, or rased for by an opponent. Since having seen so much football on the 'telly', it seems to me mostly continental teams and some South American teams that "Handy-Kipper"; and some of these are champions so who am I to criticise. It's just my opinion. Kate Boxall, who is ~~my~~ secretary of the Old People's Welfare committee called round with the relevant minute referring to the Tenant's Sub-Committee which meets on Monday morning at the House of Friendship. Kate does a good job and is very useful to have working in the various charities and other things to which she gives her spare time and her efficient service. I saw Eve late this afternoon and chatted awhile, mostly about the election results. I gather from other sources that there is some wondering if the American trip had any effect on the Mayor's post poll. I don't see why it should have but no doubt the feeling there was about the town that he wasn't doing a great deal for Lewes was added to by the American

visit. It is rare, I should imagine, that one thing in a Mayor's term would cause his vote to drop although I know that this has happened to the Mayors of other towns. Really the plain facts are that the Conservative Party are <sup>in</sup> very ~~of~~ unpopular at the moment. plus his using his "office" at Conservative functions. Anyway the mere fact of him being an estate agent would have been enough to turn votes away.

Sunday May 7. I went over to Nellie Fitch's house where the Labour Group held their first meeting. Of course, the group is pretty different now and I hope we shall get along well. Frank is the new group Chairman and we have all agreed on our Committee preferences. I was glad Beatrice Temple's position as Mayor will be upheld, and one or two other items have been sorted out, such as prospective chairmen of Committees. Dorothy and I spent the afternoon in the garden and went for a short walk round the bells this evening. Apart from T.V. watching for half an hour at the "How Can you be so Sure" series, on which Bernadette Devlin

was questioned upon her beliefs by a team of young people, Dorothy and I did nothing else worth mentioning and retired at the usual time. I suppose there are some nice things happening in the world, but the mass media make sure that the rest of the world knows nothing about them and so cynicism is fostered and nurtured while one never hears or reads of events (and there must be many) that make "Hearts, with glad surprise, to higher levels rise".

Monday May 8. There were two things today that had been occupying my mind. The first, the opening of the Tenants Sub-Committee, which is to deal with the selection and care of tenants who are fortunate enough to have one of the House of Friendship flats. For various reasons this matter has been on my mind for some time and I was very glad to see it launched this morning. I chaired the opening meeting in company with the Treasurer of the Old Peoples Welfare Committee, and the committee was composed of Miss Wallis, of the Gundreda Housing Soc. Mrs Green, at present Chairman

of the Borough Hearing Committee and Mr. J. Taylor of the Nat'nal O.A.P. (Leaves Branch.) Having got the Sub-Committee going, Mr. Jeffrey and I with-saw and we shall know their findings later. At home much thought has been given by Dorothy to the matter of her niece Mary. Almost it had been decided to keep her permanently here instead of just at holiday times but a letter from Sister Mary of Mercy has accentuated the difficulties and our age in taking on responsibilities of this nature and Dorothy has decided against. I am pleased about her decision (perhaps I should just say relieved) although I was prepared to back her if she had come to the opposite decision. This evening while talking we did realize the consequences (possible or certain) of our proposed action and discarded the idea. I think Buntz was rather concerned about it too. I attended the Planning meeting this evening and the matter of the Eastgate Development was discussed, with the opinions Sir Hugh Wilson, Mr. Reese of the County Planning and our own Surveyor and we came to the conclusion that, with slight

modifications, we would approve the outline planning application. Very tired and very worried about the way this chest cold keeps with me. Of course I must have had worse turns than this during my life but I am now so used to feeling so well that taking into consideration my age (73) I get worried at a continual thing of this nature. It is mainly caused by those moments when I feel I can't go a step further. It will be noted that I, of all people, take a great deal pondering over this

Tuesday May 9. After the evening shower yesterday, today's was a bright morning and I did a bit of shopping and, following some information from a woman who lived near Edward Street, I went to the Borough Surveyor's Department regarding the apparent choking of drains caused by the work in progress in that street and the supposed cause of the choking, the washing <sup>of cement</sup> down the drains. This afternoon I went to the Station St. O.P.W. in an effort to see Jimmy Taylor for information on how far yesterday's sub-committee had got with the flooring of tenants for the flats.

The Station St. pensioners were on an outing today so I did not see Jimmy. I must wait for my information! When I reached home I did something towards making the trapeze to hang on the swing frame. On the way home I looked into the Library and had a talk with Eve. Before I got on with the trapeze I went upstairs to see if Dorothy's indisposition had gone and she told me it had and she felt much better. One will notice that this journal is written with the original idea about its arrangements; that is the recording of the carrying out of my public work. Because of this I make it the rule to record the public work I have attended to during the day first: afterwards to squeeze in, as it were, my other, more personal concerns. In consequence of this, and if I don't take care, the sequence of events and experiences seem to be jumbled in any sense. Today's entry makes this weakness very plain and I must take care. This evening I read aloud two essays of Aldous Huxley's "Music at Night" one of my favourite books for a good, short read. The two essays I read were "Squeak and Gibber" and "On the Blames of History and the Future of the Part." I think Dorothy enjoyed this read alright; we have a novel

partly read but today I felt like reading other stuff; and, on the completion of the reading we looked at a programme on B.B.C. 1 which was composed of interviews with four of the women who give advice and answer questions in the "Aunt's Advice Column" of some periodicals and papers. There was nothing particularly enlightening to anyone who is reasonably well-read in these interviews, but they were interesting from the point of view of these women's outlook and methods, not to mention their thoroughness. They are aware that, however stupid or naive some of the questions and requests for advice may appear to be, there is one important thing to keep in their minds. Each of these questions are of immense importance to the inquirer. Their <sup>answers</sup> requests may have great influence on lives. Good luck to them, but especially the "Pantheistic" one from the paper "Teenage." I think her name is Miss Rayner.

Wednesday May 10. Ella came over this morning, I forget what for in particular but, among other things mentioned two tree stumps which need extinguishing and I have promised to drill

some holes in them for the introduction of the stuff which will kill them. I have been down to Raths to obtain a white loaf and I have ordered some boiler fuel. On the way back I looked in on Betty and learned she had been taken by Joan Freyne to the polling booth at Sandport last Thursday (T.S. May 4). I had a chat with Betty and arrived home at dinner-time. This afternoon I have worked round the shed and the trapeze but rain came on in a slow manner so there was not much comfort. What will this erstwhile common foundry board-barber want next? Silkworms?

Thursday May 11. I attended a meeting this evening at the Front Committee Room of the Town Hall. Present were the members of the Labour Group plus the local Party B.C. I consider this a very fruitful meeting and it was plain that a good deal of thinking and planning has been done, so that after this evening a clearer programme has emerged and I for one feel much more aware that all know what work we would like to carry out, and what it is possible for us to carry out during the next

twenty months or so; after which we will no longer exist in the present form of Local Government, but shall have left Lanes much more on the map as an alive (but still beautiful and historical) town. There are some very good people in our team now. This morning I looked into Battle Terrace and saw Wally Clippis. He is up and about the house and, indeed, looking after himself since Dorothy is away on holiday. So Wally is up at length. We had a chat and a drink, and altogether it was a nice little call and let me see that (as he has always insisted) he is quite well. Just a kind of not getting up if he doesn't want to sort of thing; and with Dorothy away he has had to get up! Wally is now eighty-six! Ella has been over today and she and Dorothy went to the Annual Meeting of the Friends of Hellingly Hospital. Dorothy seems to have liked the evening, which was partly social, but was not ~~very~~ enthusiastic about the speaker who addressed the meeting on work to do with Mental Patients. It was after twelve when we went to bed, we having looked at a play on the television, which was to do with

welfare work. We can't leave this sort of work  
alone, that is evident!!

Friday, May 12 1972. I went to Baxters this  
morning and paid up my football, and gave Eric  
Bosham a message. Both of these things I had  
neglected to do for a month; and, in regard to the  
former, I owed 4/- or to be more precise and  
decimal, I owed 20<sup>p</sup>. Things have occurred which  
have repeatedly caused me to postpone ~~my~~ what  
used to be my weekly visits to Baxters. However, it  
is all put right now. I also had a look into  
the shop while I was there and purchased a book  
like this one, having noticed that I am nearing  
the end of this one. Margaret and Bernadette are  
both well and the shop seems to be a very  
flourishing one still. Baxters, as far as the works  
are concerned seems to me to be getting more and  
more machinery and especially this applies to the  
book-binding part. Indeed book-binding appears  
to me to be giving place to plastic work as  
the mainstay of the department. A very few  
of the oldest of my erstwhile workmates are still  
there; but for the rest, with the exception of  
the women, all are new comers. The women, as

I have indicated earlier in this journal are those  
whom I trained as girls of fifteen or so, who  
have grown up, married and reared their families  
and now are back in their original firm, doing  
a good job, for the folding and sewing part of  
book-binding is still much the same, and <sup>they</sup> seem  
to be very happy. I hope this firm continues  
to carry out its part of the labour-relations  
policy now that Royles have taken over and  
Mr. Reynolds has retired, because it is a  
model of what a firm's relations with its  
staff should be. I looked into the library  
and saw Eue & Christine for a moment or so,  
but I have not much to report on the rest  
of the day. Dorothy is much better now and  
moves about and walks out shopping much  
more in her old style, so I am much more  
contented than I was a few weeks back.  
Together we viewed the final installment of  
the "Brothers" but, in spite of its excellence of  
production, we were both rather disappointed with  
its ending, all three pairs of main characters  
are left in a very ambiguous position as  
regards their "Pair-bonding" Pair-bonding, though  
the firm is plainly thriving!

more than seventy years ago

father and grandfather used to carry  
it along. They would take their two  
paddles and make a rough kind  
sketch or letter would carry the  
day's produce to the customers more

mechanical transport

At the arbor of Toronto Terrace Leves Sussex  
the brown fox jumped clear over the  
tired out hounds

Dorothy

The first part of the above was written  
as what I could remember of a sport  
meeting of Dorothy and me with  
Winford Bourne Thomas on the

5.11 :  
on the north of the  
with 1919

north <sup>run</sup> ~~stumble~~ <sup>great</sup> ~~idea~~ <sup>idea</sup> ~~with~~  
with ~~late~~

During my recent journey back  
to England, not wishing to spend  
all the time I had to spend on  
horse back in idle gossip or small  
talk, it occurred to me that there was  
pleasant opportunity to think of the  
many friends to think of the many  
friends, ~~as~~ <sup>very</sup> helpful as they are  
earnest and practical? practical  
with whom I had spent so many  
pleasant hours. In this mental  
list you may be assured your  
name was in a very prominent  
position, my dear. More

This pen has twice been repaired at  
great expense & still scratches

This pen has been repaired twice, at great expense  
but it still scratches

100 15 82

Mr Pymn gone to America

England accused of rigidity  
then says remarks repeated

Mr. Pymn has never been plausible  
suggestions that the US  
terms have driven any

into a corner

US wants the world to know  
where she stands  
any day all ways are open  
but Britain has been the  
most inflexible

sure on amount of relief by the  
Squaddies

Albanian 9 Fronts Terrace  
Lewes & Sussex