

MAY 13 1972 — Sep 4 1972

May 13 1972

to

Sep 4 1972

May 13 1910  
567 1172

40  
Barber 1972

Saturday

May 13 1972. Nothing extraordinary enough to call for recording. Started exercising again and did some slapping with Dorothy and, later on by myself and, this afternoon watched a <sup>rather</sup> boring second leg game in the European Soccer Champion-ship competition between England and Western Germany. Germany won the first leg in England, about two weeks ago, by three goals to one, so one could hardly expect Germany to do other than play to slow the game down for safety, they knew they had no need to score provided they kept England from scoring. The English team tried hard but found it impossible to get past the German defence which, under times of pressure had ten men besides the goal-keeper defending. It seemed there was not much else to be seen on the "Jelly." than this match. Both the main channels, besides showing it, had discussions on it both morning and afternoon and then both showed it again later, the B.B.C. at 10 P.M. and the Commercial band will show it to-morrow Sunday, as their contribution to a P.S.A. (which, being interpreted to the language of when I was young,) means a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon! B.K.

Sunday May 14 1972. Bulk of L.P. collections done. Made a nice walk round and is one of my many odd jobs out of the way. Nothing to record for the rest of the day.

Monday May 15. I went to the Management Committee of the House of Friendship at 10 a.m., and noticed, while entering the building from the East St Bar Park entrance that the committee's request, which I had taken to the Borough Surveyor at the last meeting, had not been carried out. It was a matter of painting signs to indicate that this was an entrance, instead of leaving it as it was, with the space divided up into parking spaces. I saw the Deputy B.S. on my way home to-day and he will see about rectifying this matter. This evening the Labour Group met and decided on various things ready for the meeting on Wednesday. The conclusions some of the new ones come to, and the actions which they resolve to take, will be interesting to observe. The more veteran Councillors are more reserved. They have experience through being in a majority on the Council and being in a minority or being equally balanced:

and they know that whichever of those situations you happen to be in, thought on the longer term results of whatever action you take is necessary in Local Government. I have noticed before that your own group meeting can be more revealing than the actual clash with your opponents in a matter. This feeling wears off as you all get to know each other's preferences in given situations and learn what is essential or not so essential in deciding what to do to make a synthesis which will still go in the direction required by both sides.

Tuesday May 16. After last evening's using up of the cough medicine given me by Dr Blake and a slight congestion still in my chest, I did as he had requested me and went to his surgery this morning. He wasn't present but I saw his wife, also a doctor, who examined me and gave me some small pills to take and I am to have an x-ray of the chest. I am quite alright, apparently, but the consultant Dr Regden had given instructions that this should be done. I spent a good deal of time today

in the garden and went to the Station Street pensioners club this afternoon to learn the results of the tenants selection committee (House of Friendship) flat. After tea Dorothy and I walked over to Wintobaune and took the file relevant to the committee to her. <sup>as sec.</sup> I had also learned that Mr. Dickenson would consent to be chairman of O.P.W.C. so that makes a load off my mind. While we were in Kate Boxall's house Jimmy Taylor called and he gave us a lift home. Then we did not stop long at Kate's, but the opportunity of a ride was too good to miss! Any way, we watched one of those plays that are in the "Crimes of Passion" series, which was entitled "Modeste" and so spent an hour of idleness by way of a change. Dorothy has mentioned a feeling of giddiness she has experienced on two or three occasions today. I hope they are gone by tomorrow.

Wednesday May 17. Today was <sup>told</sup> the Annual General Meeting of the Town Council. This marks the end of another year and a beginning of another period of speculating <sup>as to</sup> how the new councillors will develop on the council. Seen so many since I have been on the

de Corporation. It was a grand morning, considerably warmer than of late and much more spring like. I was very pleased because the kind of congestion of my chest had almost completely disappeared and Dorothy's feeling of unsteadiness has gone so that was something more to feel pleased about. I set to work on the front bank this morning and was ready to drill two tree stumps which Ella wants removed but she wasn't in so I continued with the bank. David Williams, who has now retired and keeps very active during the day called in and later plored me to ask about this evenings procedure at the Annual General Meeting and the Mayor making. David is the new Deputy-Mayor and was plainly working out what to say on the two occasions he had to speak. Every thing went alright during the meeting: a notice regarding a certain minute to do with the by-pass enquiry, which is taking place this week, was given by our Paul Bennett in a nice received way: and the endorsements to the Selection committee's findings, put forward by the Labour Group, was settled in a

fashion that plainly had regard to the Mayor-making; although before it was carried there were some criticisms. As I had foreseen, it was the odd other bodies joint committees which caused the criticism, <sup>with some</sup> of which I had sympathy with. Beatrice Temple made a good new-Mayor's speech and John Tilbury, the retiring Mayor who was beaten in the municipal elections also spoke very well as did David, in moving the thanks to the retiring Mayor, and we retired from the Chamber for the reception in the Assembly room. Here Dorothy and I found many old acquaintance and she has mentioned on two or three times that she was very happy there. Eve gave us a lift home and stayed for a coffee so we three spent a pleasant half hour or so.

Thursday May 18. Shortly after rising on this very fine morning the weather became dull and there was a shower, enough to make me use an umbrella for the short time I was out getting my pension etc. I saw many people including Mr. Dickenson,

whose wife had telephoned a day or so ago to let me know he was willing to be Chairman of the Old People's Welfare Committee, and it was nice to see him and further verify this very welcome news. While dealing with this Committee's share of my activities I must record that, later today, Mr Jeffery (new) phoned me on the progress made with the production of a tenants agreement for the four flats. He will be away for the E.C. meeting which will be held a week before the A.G.M., at which he will be present. In these circumstances I had better attend the E.C. and arrive late at the new Mayor's civic function right. I also met Kate, my sister, this morning and so was reminded of the three birthdays which will occur next week in our depleted family.

The weather cleared up and the rest of today has been warmish. I have done quite an amount of burning the rubbish from the front bank and have drilled and stopped Ella's two sycamore tree-stumps. I hope this operation will be successful, it is my first attempt at such. Dorothy

received a letter from Canon O'Neal, of the Nazareth House in Lancaster, regarding Mary's larger torn future, and he will call to see Dorothy shortly. So perhaps something tangible will come from the efforts he has been making: and Dorothy, Joan & Barty will have a problem lifted from their minds. Of course, it is on my mind also; but it concerns Dorothy most as a blood-relative, and with the short time Dorothy and I have it will affect our two girls. We shall all be glad for the matter to be dealt with. The evening has been quietly spent, or should I write spent quietly. Any way BK.

Friday May 19. Fine warm weather has really come now and Dorothy and I have taken full advantage of it: The garden begins to look very tidy ~~now~~. We have both been out shopping, singly, and we have paired later this afternoon. Have met quite a number of well wishers and acquaintances and every one seems glad at the arrival of such fine warm weather. We both attended the Pells school Manager's meeting this afternoon and,

while watching the children during playtime I was struck with the amazing improvement there is in children from a physical point of view. From a situation where only a very few children could do various movements of "tumbling", I suppose one would call it, now in the playground on this glorious afternoon, most of them were loosening up in one form or another. There was a time when I was a kid, that one couldn't do these things: through clothes, conventions and sheer under nourishment. There was a later time when Joan and Barty were among an increasing number (which was still very few) who could do rolls, forward or backward; long arm balances; back bend bridges etc. Now I was pleased to see ~~the~~ very many kids doing all these things. Added to this, there is another great improvement. Girls and boys played together and the girls who did these things were not inhibited with "ladies" things as was the case in my school days when all was <sup>obliged</sup> piety and hypocrisy. A very marked improvement.

Saturday May 20: Two or three people to whom I chatted yesterday asked what Dorothy and I were doing about a holiday and where were we going to spend it. Some asked today "and I have been reflecting on the possibilities that might lie behind the almost sudden interest in whether one has had a holiday, if not, when is he going to have it, where is it to be, and so on. What such questions do show is the change in the majority of people's circumstances; reflected by the number who can manage a holiday financially; the attitude shown when they grasp the fact that one has not made any arrangements about a holiday, which attitude reveals a surprise that you're not going away, a decided opinion that you ought to be going away, and an idea that everybody now goes away. I suppose Dorothy and I had better do something about it or be the outcasts of convention, (see J. S. Mill.) The fact that it is a convention for everyone to go away once a year proves the completeness of the change in the economic circumstances of people's lives which causes a change

in attitudes and conventions to take place almost unaware. Dorothy and I did some slopping, as befits a Saturday morning, and Dorothy got on with the arrangements for the visit of Buntly and her family tomorrow. I delivered the h. P. notices and so on. My weakness has returned so I'll be glad to have the X-ray before mentioned. This continual return of whatever it is, is rather depressing.

Sunday May 21. Buntly and John arrived when Dorothy and I were at the Mayor's Service, so Buntly was able to take Helen and Charles over to Southover Church in time for Helen to appreciate the procession back to the church room and Dorothy took her into the Hall where she was pleased with all the people and Miss Temple, the new Mayor has invited her to look into the parlour to see the treasures. Paul and Jane from down the road came up this afternoon and the kids had fun in the garden, with the swing taking its share of providing entertainment. Buntly and John are well but both appear to be very full up with work, especially

does this apply to Banty. It will be better when Charles is a bit older. The church service this morning was not very pleasing to Dorothy or me. The very brief mention of Civic government apart, the rest of the service seemed to me St. Paul at what I think of as his worst and this applies both to the lesson and the sermon. The girls from the Manor school made up quite a large part of the congregation and one of them read the lesson. This, to me, was inappropriate also. Womens Lib should have this chapter boycotted! A wet start this morning but soon fine.

Monday May 22. Another fine morning; sunny and still, which is what always makes an impression on me. I like the very stillness on this sort of morning. I did some writing and reading and a few oddments of jobs, and I was glad to find that the wheeze was much less pronounced. I went up to the Town Hall Office and round to Baxters to purchase the cards needed for the before-mentioned birthdays which take place during this coming week among my sisters. Later today I visited the Surveyors office regarding particular application plans for

& the Building Plans meeting which took place this evening. Quite a good first meeting too. Paul Bennett was made Chairman and he made a very good start, combining tolerance for people's views with firmness as to the matter in hand. One of our new members, Tony Bailey, also caught my attention with his reference, during a later discussion on our future procedure in dealing with plans, to the necessity of keeping talk down to the job. I have mentioned this propensity among councillors before, "Oratory before Business" I call it, so I am very glad that Tony has noticed it also. With this in mind the members of this committee should carry the business through and so make meetings much more enjoyable and ~~so~~ <sup>with</sup> less chance of boredom creeping in, which always makes members irritable. John Jacobs, one of our new members, gave me a lift home, as he has on a previous occasion. This was fortunate for me because on coming out of the council chamber I found the rain was coming down pretty heavily, and since today my dress and general get-up was to suit a

warm and almost summer day, John's offer of a lift was very welcome. I found Dorothy had finished doing the cuffs and button-holes of the blazer and we watched the final installment of the T.V. play "The Regiment". The nineteenth century, odious, upper class is depicted in this series; and, since we had some actual experience of them when young, we can appreciate the attitudes of mind depicted in the series.

Tuesday May 23. The weather was rather dull when I looked into the garden first thing this morning, but, as is usual this last few days, it cleared up. There has been nothing happen that is extraordinary enough to record. The A.G.M. of the W.C.A. took place this evening and went forward quite smoothly. I am again in the chain with Don Chesham as Sec and Arthur Storinell as Treasurer. As yesterday, I was fortunate enough to have a lift home because it was raining when we came out of the Grange: A Mr. Bye gave me the lift home this evening. During this meeting I gradually acquired a very tender or sore throat and I hope it does not develop into a

cold. I have that x-ray appointment on Thursday afternoon.

Wednesday May 24. I did quite an amount of pottering round the garden and Dorothy and I attended the A.G.M. of the Friends of Leves Vic. Hosp. The meeting was held in the Council Chamber at the Town Hall and all went smoothly forward. My cold is gradually developing, I am afraid.

Thursday May 25. I did not do much today. The weather was not bright and there was not much rain. Dorothy decided to come to the Hospital ~~for~~ with me this afternoon. This morning, while going to the Post Office, today being the day on which I draw my State pension, I met Don Chesham and later, Mr. Jones, another W.E.A.-er. I also met Mrs. Dorothy Cripps whose told me that her brother-in-law George Cripps is very bad now and in Oxygen tent etc. However, George is 89, a good age, so with the philosophic attitude that seems to me to be a part of growing old, I don't suppose this old boy is worrying much. This afternoon Dorothy and I walked up to the hospital and back; quite a good walk. An x-ray was taken of my chest and I suppose it

will be abright. The young lady who operated the equipment seemed to know me and was enthusiastic about our gains on the Town Council and she also knows and speaks very highly of, John Jacobs, who gained a seat for us in the Bridge. John is the man who I have mentioned before as giving me a lift home on occasions in the wet (T.S. May 11 and 22). Dorothy and I walked back down Prince Edwards Road and looked it in at 68 to leave Issy's birthday chocolates. It was fortunate we did so because, although Issy was at Edmondson's, where she will be for two weeks, we saw Winnie who appears to be as well as usual and Leslie; <sup>so</sup> we were able to gather news of his children and their families progress. Leslie is now nearing 66 years, and is anticipating leaving the County Council Ambulance organizing to become the organizer of the Hospital Voluntary Car Service. He looks very well now and has acquired a motor-car, although as he says he is not particularly keen on it, I mean he is not particularly keen on motoring itself, he likes the car. Dorothy and I walked on after our brief visit and we parted company for Dorothy to visit Frank and I to go

home. Dorothy arrived home later and I learned that Phyff and Ernie had visited Frank before Dorothy arrived: there had been words between Phyff and Frank, and the visitors had left, Phyff apparently in a huff! This evening Dorothy and I attended the monthly meeting of the L.P. and heard Bishop Ambrose Reeves talk about Southern Africa. He put his case over magnificently and it was good to see so many people present, so I stood stink, and they are mostly young, too. We arrived home at about 9-15, Dorothy with a stiff neck which made her feel uncomfortable for the rest of the evening. I don't know the cause of the stiff neck but I know better than most people how handicapping it can be. I hope Dorothy's goes away quickly.

Friday May 26. Another very windy day, with occasional rain showers. Dorothy and I went about our affairs in quite a leisurely manner until Dorothy suddenly remembered, and reminded me, that we were due at a selection meeting at the Pells school at 10 a.m. The time was 9-30 by then so we had had to bundle to and we managed to get

in time. After quite a long time we did soon select a suitable candidate and the next in line, the runner-up, as it were, we recommended for an appointment that has become vacant in the junior school. As Mr Blainman, Michael Loughton pointed out, this recommending her to apply for the anticipated applications for the junior school might lead to difficulties: when the selection did take place: we might be in the position of turning this applicant down again! Dorothy did some gardening this afternoon, further proof that she is feeling better and that stiff neck about which I wrote in yesterday's entry is gone. I hope it keeps gone! One stiff neck in a family is one too many already. Any one who reads this (God help them) will note by today's entry that I am having pen trouble again. I must do something about it. When I was at the L.P. meeting last evening I had a few minutes talking to Alby before the meeting started and he seemed to have an idea that things are not too smooth in Group business. I did not realise what he meant until afterwards so I must see him again as soon as I can. This evening the south-westerly gale is blowing with a vengeance.

Saturday May 27. I had spent a poor night, what with wheezing and coughing so I phoned the doctor, Blake, at about 9 and he arranged a prescription for me to pick up at Bakers the Chemists and I was soon alright again. Dorothy did the shopping by herself and I just did the papers etc. I decided, after consultation with Dorothy, to cease having the local Rag because it has really become too poor an article to be worth the 5/- ( $\frac{1}{2}$ /-) which will be its price from next week. Just consider, thirty-two pages, twelve of them all advertisements and all the others having the minimum of "leading matter" and the maximum of adverts, indeed, most of the pages that contain news are made up of from a quarter to two-thirds of advertising matter. I have been considering taking this action for some time now because a good deal of the printed matter that is put in is rumoured to be boasted about as influencing elections. I don't see why I should be rash rented into sleeping, apart from, and in addition to, proprietors and monopoly advertisers, those wretched people whose job (they call it a profession) is to do reporting and journalism which is planted by themselves to suit, not just their own opinions about the local good, they are incapable of having any opinions

on such matters, but who foolishly ponent in fixing reports and so making a political matter out of almost anything. A head editor who has charge of the Levens edition assured me once that he did nothing to the reports on the Town Council, nobody touched or knew about these reports except the man who reported them! The inference to be drawn from that answer to my query is obvious enough. Could it be a St. George fan who fancies himself the real St. George and is engaged in fighting what he considers a dragon, is letting his bias run away with his judgement? I do ramble on sometimes! Dorothy met Betty and her colleague from Barking-side (Hilda, who I have mentioned before in this journal) and this afternoon took the birthday present for Betty whose birthday is today. I thought it best to keep out of the blustery weather in view of my experiences of a persistent chest cold which has lasted since the beginning of March and after talking to the doctor this morning. I suppose it is just the approach of old age. Anyway, I won't go out more than is necessary today.

Sunday May 28. This morning, when I rose I found a beautiful May Morning. The Doctor's prescription yesterday had evidently done me quite a lot of good, indeed, I could feel that yesterday evening: and I did not rise this morning until 7-30 or so, after a good night's rest. Dorothy also seems ever so much better so perhaps we shall get on to an even keel again and get back to my exercising (M. and D.) as has been my wont until this chest cold stopped me proceeding with the curriculum. We can now look forward to other things, the garden: the Hospital Friends collection, not to mention our two selves as I was very glad to note Dorothy <sup>mentioning</sup> yesterday. I did not take the L.H.P. collection up to the "treasures", Kay Stronell, because one of the clients has still not paid and I don't want to make a fresh sheet for just one case: I did, however, take some chocolates up to Winnie because it was her birthday yesterday. By the time afternoon came today the rain and the wind had returned so that that I was resolved to put the beansacks in so that Dorothy could see the beans just beside the sticks. However, because of the wind and the rain I could not do this so I

had another nap, so catching up on some of the errands owing to me because of my indisposition. Any way, all points to me feeling very much better and perhaps I can get on with my looking after myself in the early morning time again. Winnie seemed very well, although I didn't see much of her today beyond handing her the chocolates at her door. Dorothy also had a short nap this afternoon but, unlike me, she has done a considerable amount of work out in the kitchen: she had earned it in fact. The rain kept on for the rest of the afternoon and the drear weather to which we have grown accustomed returned. This evening we watched the television but the film shown, "The Spences File" seemed to me a frightful bore, with some ways of taking charge of a man's mind shown which I am sure are plagiarized, taken direct from the "Manchurian Candidate". On two different channels of the media were short bits lives of the Duke of Windsor who has died today. These films about our erstwhile king, were made up from old newsfilms and were quite interesting old pictures of events of my life time, <sup>many</sup> most of which I can remember. I

wonder what we shall be fed with regarding the life of Edward VIII. Nothing, of course, for a while but soon I anticipate there will be a spate of biographies by people who will claim that their sources come from somebody in the "They-No", and people will buy the books. On the success or otherwise of these books one will be able to judge whether the alleged present trend against the tradition and show of the Court is genuine or not. I don't suppose it makes much difference either. The tide of opinion ebbs and flows, sometimes most people will consider the Court a good thing and at other times most people will consider it a lot of tosh. As far as I am concerned, all people can consider what they choose about it. I'm going to bed. I suppose I ought not to give too stern an opinion on "The Spences File", I slept sometimes while I was watching it.

Monday May 29. Today is the bank holiday which replaces Whitman Monday. I don't know how successful this shifting about of holidays is in staggering the holidays, for that is the idea. Keep you from all travelling on

the same day. What I can't see is how can it be expected that less people will be travelling about today than would have been travelling about on the proper Whitsun Monday? Only the day has been shifted, the people are still having a day off! I suppose somebody has worked it out: (A Priori I ~~wonder~~). Anyway, as is usual nowadays, this morning was a beautiful morning only to turn into the most windy and cold May day I think I can remember. I hastily fixed a trapeze bar on the swing so when Joan brought over Mark & Robin the boys amused themselves for awhile. Both of them are very well and both seem to me to be steady ing down nicely. Both know, I gather, that they are adopted and apparently think it is a good thing! So much for the theory that the adopted child generally has a grudge against life. I suppose some people, researching into cause of delinquency, have come across some cases where a delinquent is also an adopted child. I think it is a good idea to consider such examples as coincidental or weight <sup>them</sup> up very carefully against the large number of adopted children who are not

at odds with society. Any way, these two boys are progressing very nicely. All we need is some nice weather and they could enjoy aches as Joan and Buntly used to. So today I have not been out. When Joan reached Patcham she gave her usual report by phone that they had reached home and said they had looked in at Frank's while going to the bus station and he didn't seem very well. Dorothy considered going round to see him but did not do so, and I'll look in on him tomorrow morning, before Dorothy's visitors, Canon O'Neill and Miss Mullins call on her or Mary.

Tuesday May 30. With regard to the last few lines in yesterday's entry. First, Canon O'Neill and Miss Mullins, the man in charge of the business affairs of the Nazareth House at Lancaster and one of his social workers called at 11 am. as arranged and the meeting to do with the fate of Mary, Dorothy's niece, was held with them two and Dorothy and Joan. Buntly was unable to be present because of her appointments at ~~Bethel~~'s etc. I was also present. I found the

Canon and Miss Mullins very able people and quite evidently looking after the longer-term future of Mary. As I had anticipated, they (Nayareth House) had come to a conclusion about what to do about Mary in the immediate future, such action to be taken with a view to the long-term part. Then they had seen, or were in process of meeting, all the relatives etc. who might be said to have an interest in the matter, and were making sure that all such people were aware of the proceedings. I must say I am quite relieved from the point of view of the kid besides ourselves. There is no doubt we are too old to take on any commitment of the sort indicated by this business. Nayareth House having interviewed all the interested people, are quite optimistic about finding suitable foster parents somewhere within the orbit of their House in Lancaster. By suitable foster parents they mean people of 40 or so, who have no children or whose children are old enough to leave a suitable gap between their and Mary's age. Thus the kid will

be relieved of the worry she has now regarding sometimes, indeed, quite frequently, being quite a long way behind kids who are her own age or younger. I had noticed she frequently enthused over a new interest she has taken up and then would suddenly not do it any more. It was when she found that younger children were better than she and so she always found it easier to drop out than to be behind, poor kid. So the Canon's possible choice of parents is quite sound, it cuts out people who are too elderly and so avoids having foster-parents who are not "with" modern time children: and it avoids the other thing of the kid being too plainly behind, since any future foster brothers or sisters will be out of her age bracket. With regard to the other matter I opened today with (Frank) from yesterday's entry. Dorothy called into Frank's house and found he was alright. He had been just a bit stiffer than usual when Joan called and wondered afterwards if he was ok.

Wednesday May 31. Dorothy and I worked about the garden today, after Dorothy had finished the housework and I the Leavers Exhibition Fund meeting. The garden is beginning to look cared for again. This evening we went to David and Betty's house in Abingdon Place where Dorothy and I and John Bushwell spoke into the tape recorder on what we found about Leavers while we were kids more than sixty years ago. Quite an exercise, though I don't know if the tapes will be of use for the purpose <sup>for</sup> which they are wanted. I noticed that John is getting quite forgetful about some of the old happenings. I suppose he's getting old. I suppose he thinks that I am getting forgetful and old too! It was however, quite an experience for Dorothy and me. When we reached home I saw quite a splendid wrestling loaf and reflected how entertaining this can be when wrestling is properly done.

Thursday: June the one, 1972. I suppose it was being with John Bushwell last

evening that made me write 'Jane the one' years ago when John came out of the navy. He always used the navy terms for things so to him. The first Lieutenant was always "Jimmy the One". Dorothy went to Patcham this morning to look after the grandsons while Joan was busy with some outside business. I have therefore been alone. I walked down to Ruth's and purchased my life story (see elsewhere in T.V.) and also a wholemeal loaf. Still & walking fast I came back and right up the High Street and drew the State Pension (my Baxter's had arrived by the first post.) at the Post Office, meeting during my time in the High Street Mr Hollins, Jane Bennett Kate Barber to stop and speak with and quite a number besides but more briefly. On arrival home I took the books back to the Library and saw Eve looking very nice. She had already been told by David of our reminices taped yesterday evening. On leaving the Library I went into the House of Friendship and had dinner (Steaks & kidney pudding etc, followed by a trifle) very nice and well served. When I reached home I rang Mr Parlett re the "Legal Charges" and he will call down

tomorrow morning. I am glad some of these matters are being dealt with. Mr Parlett told me of the difficulties caused at the back of the House of Fr. by reason of car parking being allowed, by sign, in front of the back gate, so I phoned the Boro. Surveyor about this and he assured me an order was given a few weeks ago when I complained about this matter. However Mr. Race, who seemed really annoyed that the job had not been done, told me he would get in touch with Mr. Russell and get it done. I'm not going to write, as is my custom, "that's another job under way." I'll write that when the job is, in fact being worked on. Yesterday evening the news disclosed the result of the ballot on whether the Railway workers should carry on the dispute and the result of the Ballot is that, by an approximately 5-1 majority, the men voted to keep up their efforts in the turmoil. This is not the startling news ~~but~~ one would expect. The excitement is caused by this great blow at the prime minister's aim to squash the Trade

unions. Heath started by using the public service workers as the easiest targets but for the second time his taken a dig, tree digs if the Dartmen: Miners and Railway men are concerned. Heath will soon need soap bubbles to float pick him up from the cobbles!

Friday June 2. Mr. Parlett called, as promised, and took away the "Legal Charges". I went to the Library, among other errands, because now, as I indicated a day or two ago, I have ceased to be a subscriber to the "Scenes Express", our local, but there were two things I had to find out & bought bread at I went to the office at the Town Hall and ascertained the position of the sub-committee of which I am a member, and which will negotiate "bus concessions" with the Southdown company. I hope we will be able to get satisfactory results. Dorothy and I have both worked in the garden this afternoon and we have done some more shopping at Liptons. I have visited Betty's where I saw Kate as well so now I have seen all my sisters

These two younger ones are obviously enjoying life now they are retired. I am very glad about this, because, as could be indicated by some of my recordings in this journal, I am not so easy about the two sisters who are older than me, and in the course of nature, by the time the two younger ones have reached the ages of Winnie and Guy, I shall not be here; - at least not as an able-bodied elder brother! I was considering last this evening as I sat reading etc. and while Dorothy was working away in the kitchen, time is rolling on, made the most of what there is in the time there is. I have just remembered too, that Katie's birthday is on June 13. That will mean that sibling birthdays are all accounted for during this year.

Saturday June 3 1972. A wet Saturday, generally speaking but we did the usual things besides going to the nursery in Malling Street where Dorothy purchased some tomato plants and planted them this afternoon while it rained

were a bit dryer. It seems to me that the year is quickly going by: already we are in the month which contains the shortest day and yet there seems to be rain or wind which stops one going out evening times for a walk. I must make an alteration here and go out on the evenings when duties don't restrain me from doing so. I must start this tomorrow. Whether it is becoming the usual pattern I don't know but I do know that when I do go out there seems to be deserted streets so it seems to me that it is becoming the usual pattern for people to be "off the streets". Some part is no doubt caused by television I expect, but by no means is this one of the biggest reasons. I'll write again when I have gone out a bit evenings apart from going somewhere definite. When has the evening stroll disappeared? I'll find out!

Sunday June 4 1972: There was more rain when I arose this morning, but I find my entry yesterday is mostly blaming the weather for people not

taking the evening strolls as used to be the custom so I'll forget the weather for the rest of today's entry. I arose and began to get back into my customary programme of a few months ago. Monot approach 6 p.m. and m. training. I hope to benefit from this considerably as I did before and so not writing the kind of depressing entries of which yesterday's is a fair example. I'll change the things that create the conditions that cause me to write so. At breakfast time I suggested to Dorothy that we had a walk this morning and she agreed. It is quite true that before we started it was quite late in the morning but we walked down to South Street through a town that seemed almost clear of traffic, especially in the area of the Cliffs High Street. We called on Mrs Martin, who is Ally's mother and with whom we were at school, and found her recovered to some degree from her lay-up. She has diabetes and has just had a bad turn in hospital, but she seems quite cheerful. Ally looked in while we were in his mother's house: he and his family are well. The Martins are kindly and popular

people. Dorothy and I looked in on Frank as we walked home and found him apparently well but still not walking comfortably because of his knee trouble. As has become the jolly good custom at Franks, we had a Dubonnet with him and then we walked home in the rain. I know that, at the commencement of this entry, I said I would not mention the weather, nevertheless, we walked home in the rain which by then was coming down very heavily. In consequence, that was that for the rest of the day; no more going out, no gardening. It was a good job we got our walk in this morning. Dorothy cooked a chicken and we had our dinner at about seven p.m. and watched a film of which had as its theme the preservation of wild life in Africa. Quite interesting, with some wonderful shots of herds of elephants.

Monday June 5. When I arose this morning I started as I suggested in yesterday's entry later on I went to buy some bone-meal for Dorothy who then kept on gardening for most of the day. Ella looked in this

morning while I was mowing the lawn and told us all was not feeling too well. This afternoon I carefully went through the agenda for the meeting of the Public Services Committee which was duly held this evening; and I must say here that, this being the second meeting of this committee since we have had a majority on the Council, I am very impressed with our new members. They are all very good indeed, and things begin to look as though we shall make a lasting mark on Lewes and the new authority when it supersedes Lewes in a year or so. I am very happy about our team at work. While I was at the meeting Dorothy went to the Committee of the Friends of Hellingly Hospital and brought back a request from that body that I inquire into the possibility of 14 Pelham Terrace. I must do that tomorrow. It will mean seeing Mann and the Town Clerk. This afternoon I received some leaflets from the Friends of Lewes Hospital which leaflets are to be distributed during collection. On them is printed the work done by those Friends so far. And so we two continued with the role into which we have almost unconsciously settled. All good for the community and, I suppose,

good for us. Its a question as to which way you look at a community; is it something which is there to make "one good" in the sense that "good" is to do with behaviour to others? Or is it a kind of framework wherein the "goodness" that is already in human beings, is able to be displayed? I suppose it is considered, in the main, to have as its prime mover something from both these definitions. Either, it seems to me, could express the excellence of people; and I say "the excellence of people" in spite of things sometimes seeming to be the reverse of this.

Tuesday June 6 1972 : A terrible thing, I missed the Ascension Service this morning. Of course I don't mean that to miss is so bad as all that in itself. Its terrible from the matter of my memory! Dorothy and I got on with our usual things, me shopping and Dorothy housework. I even went to the Office for information from the Deputy Town Clerk, but coming up East Street I met Eve & Christine and Christine informed me that "He was very angry". On my inquiry "Who is?" she replied

god." and I immediately realised what I had done (to the Mayor—not God) because as recently as last evening I had told Beatrice I should be there. I've phoned her since with my apologies, and let her know it was sheer forgetfulness. I can comfort myself with the certain knowledge that this parade or function, where Church and State meet, will not be weakened in its united aim (if it has one) by my absence any more than its aim is in any degree strengthened by my presence. Perhaps it will die out under the proposed new Local Government set-ups.

Wednesday June 7. I am not doing so well with the body part of the early morning training because I appear to have some stretched tendons or hamstring or something. This applies only in groundwork and I walk very well. I went to the Cliffe High St to buy some fish for dinner and some meat for tomorrow's dinner. I met my youngest sister Betty down there and she appears to be very happy. I believe I have mentioned in this journal how glad I am that the two youngest of the family are settling into their retirement so well. When

I had reached home with my shopping, and had a coffee and a talk to Dorothy, I walked up to Western Road to see what I could of the trees that were mentioned at the Planning Committee on Monday evening. Without wasting time on how I reached my conclusion about the trees, I must record here that I agree with the L.C.C. that pressure from these two trees (or anything else) on the wall would make place the wall in danger of collapsing; and tree lovers (like me) should season their enthusiasm with the sobering thought that, as Councillors, they are responsible for the welfare of the community or any members of the public who may pass along that pavement under what must become a wall with too much pressure from the trees. The L.C.C., far from being vandals, anxious to chop down trees, are a public body whose work is to help each person to lead as full a life as possible and take precautions against accidents which could maim or kill members of the public. By the time I had reached home I had completed another quite good walk in good style. This afternoon, while Dorothy gardened, I made ready for the two meetings I had

yet to deal with: the "Bus Concession" sub committee and, later on, the C.C. of the O.P.W Committee. The Bus business did not take very long. Martin Cross was made Chairman and we recommended to the Finance Committee, besides the fares concession proposals, the adoption of a scheme whereby a free bus will run on two days (mornings) a week on the roads that are at present without any public transport service. I feel happy at this development. The O.P.W.C. & C., later in the evening, was much heavier going, but we did get through some work in preparation for the A.G.M. next week. It will be my last meeting as Chairman of the organisation. Because we were rather weighted down with work it was 9.30 or so before I could put in an appearance at the Little Theatre Civic Night. Too late of course to see more than a small piece of the play but joined Dorothy and the Mayor & Corporation in a very nice party afterwards. Quite a day of domesticity: preparation for Civic duties: the said duties, and then the fun! I'll see the play right through on Friday and see what I missed tonight.

Thursday June 8 1972. Another grand early-morning-time weather period. I came down at a quarter to six and enjoyed being up so early and anyway, when you get up and read or write on this kind of morning, time seems to me to be flying past. A good start to the day. Later on I went to the Post-Office and drew the State pension. So fast does time appear to me to be flying that it seems as though I wrote the sentence about "Drawing the State Pension" only yesterday, but a week has passed since I last wrote it! This morning I saw Kate and, later, Mr Norfield. He looks very well and appears to be keeping very happy. I wonder how it must seem to be in the position of men like him? He is a widower I know but I mean by "men like him", those men, mostly elderly, who live alone on a small income, whether they are bachelors, widowers or whatever. I noticed that from standing and talking quite happily and patiently he suddenly found it was imperative for him to move on when our conversation, via the mistaken idea that Council house tenants are subsidised from the rates veered round to Mr. Heath, the P.M. Norfield has told me before he can't stick

politicians! This is a favourite hedge-out which is used by many quite intelligent people who want to avoid a particular item because they have not spent any time thinking about it; and I think it is quite legitimate in itself since it gets one out of proceeding to a jam. However, it is very unhelpful and doesn't help towards a solution of a problem like this one of who subsidises who. I went home, found Dorothy ready to go shopping and accompanied her down the cliff where she made various purchases and, among other people, we met Michael Hillman the Chairman of the Friends of the Victoria Hospital. He was very enthusiastic about the financial result of Mr. Hollands' Skittles' tournament which has raised £500 last week. Bravo Mr. Hollands. Michael was also happy with the way the 'Road' Public enquiry appeared to be going, and so am I. Dorothy and I did some gardening this afternoon. I earthed up the potatoes so now the plants look very nice: earthing-up makes a great improvement in the look of a plot used for growing potatoes. I went round to the Library just after six and saw Eve as I was going out. I gathered her job for this evening is the coffee at the Little Theatre.

We spent a quiet evening after I arrived home. In fact, for a small part of the time I had a doze, no doubt because of my wakefulness last night. However, later, we watched a T.V. play to do with Elizabeth and Mary, those two Tudor monarchs who are such an attraction to play writers. I think it must be because of the amount of clothes they wore in those times. Probably the writers use the clothes as a spectacle when the T.V. is in colour. Personally, I find it quite difficult to be interested in these slow, stately clothes dummies or fangers: but after all, who cares about the consumer nowadays. All commodities are changed about not as one might imagine, because of the desire of the consumer, but because to have something that pays the producer better, whether because of manufacturing processes, or packing advantages or to do with cheaper transport. This appears to be brought about nowadays not by the new product competing for consumer favour, but by taking the product you like and want off the market so you have no alternative but to buy that commodity which the producer has ordained you should buy in order that more profit (and power)

may come his way. These Tudor plays, or rather I should say the spate of Tudor plays, I do believe are on show in increasing numbers because they are so easy to produce once there is a good set of costumes to be used in different, or slightly different plays !! It's an idea anyway. B.K.

Friday June 9. After quite a fine start to the day the weather got showery. I walked over to the Blay Hill nurseries and bought some antirrhinum plants for Dorothy. The rain started while I was crossing the Causeway so Dorothy promptly planted them when I got them home. On the way home I was able to go to the Theatre and return the tickets I had for this evening so that little ~~dilemma~~ <sup>dilemma</sup> is settled. I also met Jeanne while I was in Malling Street who was well but told me Peter is not too well because of the discomfort of varicose veins which are undergoing treatment. Poor Peter. Jeanne had Amanda with her and this made me realise how time goes on because Amanda has grown very considerably. In the theatre booking office Linda Hatfield was in charge and she seems well and we talked for a few moments on gardening. On leaving

home again I went to the Library because my copy of one of Cypser's books is missing and Dorothy wanted some information before she ~~went~~ to a women's meeting at the Grange. Alas, the book was not at our Library but the girl phoned up the County Library and by the time I had walked up there it was already for me to carry away. The public library service I find, is always very efficient. I must go through the books in the house and make some ~~ask~~ I have now. It is very surprising that this particular book cannot be found at home: it isn't one that is likely to be borrowed. However the copy from the County Library served Dorothy's purpose and I don't anticipate another need for it to arrive so quickly. Phyllis Burdett, who works as a book folder at Baxters, came and gave D. a lift to the Grange and brought her home at about 10. Very kind of Phyll. On my own this evening, and with no commitments, I had planned a short walk but alas the weather was against us I had to shorten that considerably and during the time I had a drink in the Labour Club. The meeting Dorothy attended was quite a success and

future programming was planned and policy discussed. Dorothy and I retired at midnight.

Saturday, June 10, 1972: I awoke on this wet morning earlier than I might have done because, although I was awake, a ~~pink~~ pigeon settled on our chimney, the one direct from the fireplace near to my bed, and made such a loud cooing that I had to rise and dash to the garden in my dressing gown and drive the creature away. There is a danger too, of birds coming down the chimney and then it is a wretched job unscrewing the pipe front and getting them out without making too much mess. I need hardly mention that it was raining when I ran on to the lawn! To get a view of a bird sitting on one of our chimney pots, you have to go on to the lawn. Dorothy and I did all our shopping in the rain and spent some time in Frank's. He seemed to be more cheerful this morning and his cold he says is somewhat better although still on the "short". We were with Frank for ~~sometime~~ time because the rain came down with great violence while we were safely there in the dry. I went to the library where I saw ~~Eve~~ and had a look at the local (T.S. Friday June 2) from there,

having already gone to the newsagent and paid the bill and cancelled a paper I went home and ~~had~~ no more outside activities took place. Ella Hewlett looked in later in the evening and we three chatted away about local things quite pleasantly for the rest of the evening. ~~then~~ Ella left at about 11. I am glad we were able to help her, for she very much enjoys being with us and talking of old times. I think this is a good idea, not only from Ella's point of view, but for us all. There are terrible things happening in the world. There are many more nice occurrences no doubt, but the latter, as I have written before in this journal are not newsworthy subjects from the point of view of the people who gather the news and broadcast it, whether their medium is broadcasting or the printed word. I suppose good news doesn't lend itself to garnishing by way of exciting sentences as does bad news, but certainly it mostly seems as though there is not a single item of news that is just informative and not sensational because of some kind of violence or <sup>among</sup> terror ~~there~~ that I have described as horror and violence I have not included

what are called natural calamities such as the mining disaster in Rhodesia during this week and the terrible floods in Dakota U.S.A. today, but of course, such things get their place in the news in their own right, as one might say. It is, therefore, ~~not~~ pleasant when a few of us are gathered together and chattering away as we were this evening to talk on occasion of the things about us in our community, the things we can grasp, the things that are our life: and, as always when I listen to Dorothy and Ella or kindred women I always reflect on how capable they are compared with benighted souls like me. There are things that are more necessary to make the world go round than those two horrors - mongers, nationalism and religious intolerance. These two causes of strife create most of the trouble today. Each of them are caused by minorities trying to force their will on majorities. Majorities want a quiet life, so cast out the two <sup>main</sup> causes of most of the horror and bloodshed and a great step will have been taken towards peace, for it occurs to me that there are only two causes of strife that seem to be quite devoid of the reasoning necessary to a negotiated settlement, and

these two causes are just abstractions which are used to describe groups of people who, by living in a certain country, in one case: and by having similar ideas to other people about a god, in the other case, have somehow managed to ~~make~~ much more damage to all of creation than any other cause. I hope anyone who reads this mududdled as it is, will agree with me that the attitude of mind created by listening to Dorothy and Ella and millions of women like them is more necessary towards "Making the world go round" than those two abstractions I have described.

Sunday. June 11. I got up quite early again this morning, I don't know why, there was no pigeon to send me scuttling in my dressing-gown on to the wet lawn in the rain. The morning was beautiful and one could be glad to arise. During the morning I walked up to Winnie's and found her at home. Issy was not yet up so I did not see her, I thought it was not necessary for me to have her waked up. So long as I know they are both alright; and it is difficult to get Winnie to converse. On the way there I paid in the last L.C. Sub I had collected to Kay O'Connell, the treasurer

and, on the way back I met Don Pinches, one of the members, and had a short chat before proceeding to High Street and so home. Altogether it has been a fine day from the point of view of the weather. Dorothy did not go out but kept pretty busy and this evening we rested for awhile and watched the telly etc. I have been through the agenda of the Management Committee, for the meeting which will be held tomorrow evening instead of on Tuesday evening as is customary. Dis.

Monday June 12. After a brief shower at about 8 a.m., the weather turned fine and I was able to do quite a lot in the way of council work. A letter from Miss Cope, known as Johnny Cope to Dorothy and me, made me start a series of calls and 'seeings' with regard to the housing situation: for Johnny, who is rather older than myself and has very crippling arthritis in addition to a weak heart is in need of accommodation, and has written from 'Pouchlands', the hospital for elderly people, from which she expects to be discharged and sent to an old old people's home. I really don't know what we can accomplish but I have called on the Housing Manager and one or two other people for suggestions. Mr. Warnell the H.M. has taken the letter and will see if she can be put on the list for old people's housing needs. While up there

saw about a query which Dorothy had from the Friends of H. Hospital regarding 14 Palham Terrace. During the Cope query I looked in on the Cripps for information of Delvers Court, a home for elderly people at Ringmer, to see if there was a lift there and I understand from Wally and Dol. Cripps that there is not, so that won't be very helpful to Johnny. I also saw Mr Jeffery, the Treasurer of the OPWC and as I feel more comfortable about the line I have been taking about the "Kitchen" and WRVS question which came up this evening at the Finance and Management Committee meeting, as also did the Bus business. All these things were carried that we rec. the full Council to adopt them. This meeting proceeded as pleasantly as I have noted all the others have gone with the new setup although there was such a long agenda that it was round about 10 before the finish.

Tuesday June 13 nothing much to report. I have seen Betty when I called there this morning and Hale came round to us at teatime. Both are well and making the most of their retirement. I have nothing to record that is worthy of recording, except that nationally one of the chief items of news is the casting aside by the Appeals court, of the £55,000 fine of the Transport Workers Union by the Industrial

relations Court. What will Ted Heath do now, poor thing? It is also news that our Balance of Trade continues to remain in the red, as the saying is nowadays. It appears that the surplus Ted Heath's government inherited from the Labour Government is now all spent; just when the European business is going on too and it used to be a prerequisite of entry into the Community that your Balance of Payments must be sound. I have thought of a few words to say tomorrow evening when my last meeting as Chairman of the O.P.W.C. will take place so I need write no more now. It has been a warm, sunny day and shopping for plants and gardening has been done by Dorothy.

Wednesday June 14. A fine sunny morning when I arose at about 6-30 and noted how smart the lawn looked after my trimming-up operations of yesterday. Both Dorothy and I did some more tidying up today in the afternoon. This morning I walked up to the County Library to take back the Bysench book (T.J. Friday June 9<sup>th</sup>) I gathered my tickets also and got interested in the Library's collection of physical exercise etc books and brought one home with me. This evening at the Ag.M. of the O.P.W.C. I finished my time as chairman of that organization. The meeting was held as usual

in the Council Chamber and there was a good attendance. Leaving this job will give me more time to do some more things for myself although it is not a thing that took a terrific amount of time. It is that the post is another responsibility and I am of the age when I should be laying down these loads. Quite certainly someone with a flare for this sort of thing, and who is a few years younger than me will be ever-so much more effective and that person was made chairman this evening, Mr. Dickenson who has just retired from Local Government Service on the County Council and I am very happy at being retired having someone so ideal follow me up. There was kindness shown me at the meeting and many nice things were said. Although I shall still be a member and work for this organization and will attend meetings whenever possible, yet I do feel as though my load of responsibility has been lightened, and that I have more time now to think and do other things. Dorothy seemed very tired tonight and I hope she has not overdone things in the garden. Clearing out a tough old border does make one feel a bit tired afterwards. It has to be remembered that we are getting on and we are really extremely fortunate in keeping so well. I am

73½ now and Dorothy is a year younger; and in consequence we are apt to keep an eye on each other's little ailments. She will probably have recovered from this tiredness after a good rest tonight. I must, however, remember to persuade her to do the kind of garden work she has been doing today in much shorter stints.

Thursday June 15. Arose just before six and found it was a beautiful morning and was one that spread optimistic ideas that our delayed summer has now arrived. As I looked out I resolved to do some of the rough gardening again today, and, when I went and drew the State pension, I brought back a bag of the stuff that works on compost heaps as an earnest of my resolve. On arriving home I set to work and made quite a brave show until dinner time, and Dorothy did a bit more this afternoon. Owing to me passing the day in this style I have nothing much to record. Beyond the fact that I have also done some reading, which fact can interest nobody, all I have done is draw the pension and do relatively small pieces of gardening.

Friday June 16. There was nothing of particular local interest so I am recording over a day in a year. Fine weather and good working on the garden was the order of the day, apart from some shopping.

Saturday June 17. The weather is still bright and not much below the normal for June as regards warmth. When I realize that within a few days midsummer day will be here I have to feel rather cheated of summer weather, like everyone else. However, the drier weather has enabled us to really have a go at making the garden in order. The amount of rain we previously had has ensured plenty of green colour, and we are beginning to have quite a garden to look at again. Dorothy and I have visited Frank and I have seen Betty and Katy. All round the families in fact, all is well. I have had to record lately that nothing of note had occurred. This afternoon something has occurred. I hope nobody laughs at when I describe what happened this afternoon that I consider as elevating. Let it just be a pointer to the concern I have for the Council work and the amount of care and work that the labour group on the Council put into the job of

representing the people of Lewes. As I made my way to pay the papers (not net, since I can't reduce any more) I met our new Councillor for the Bridge Ward, John Jacobs and he gave me the paper he had produced at the Groups request on the policy ~~the~~ <sup>to</sup> go to be taken with reference to the Government's new Housing Finance Bill. I have been through this paper and I wish to record that this is the best reasoned, and could be the best altogether, description of the Bill and what should be done about it. I feel more pleased and contented about this than about any previous problem we have had to resolve during the years. John has explained the Bill: examined its aims, especially with regard to our local position, and then advised upon the lines we should take in the different points of the Bill. All this too, without jeopardising our position as being the authority to carry out the total implementation of the Bill by the various mistaken actions that the situation does leave in view. If you are trying to help people it is of no use losing the position of being able to make easier the harder parts and to do what is practical to help, by having your authority to implement taken away. Well done John Jacobs. By following your policy when the Bill

becomes law, we shall be in the position of being able to alleviate a good deal of injustice or any other kind of hardship: and this is far better than losing control to a body sent from Whitehall.

Sunday  
Saturday June 18. Dorothy and I went to Patcham today to visit Joan and Bert. Barty and John were also there and so it was a nice family gathering. Both Joan's two boys, Mark and Robin, and Barty's girl and boy Helen and Charles were all well and we were all very happy. The children have developed into nice kids now and it was very cosy. During the afternoon all except Dorothy and me went to watch the ascent of some balloons at a fair nearby; this is what the party had been arranged for but the weather today has been so wet and rough that Dorothy and I decided not to go to watch the balloons and the weather was found to be too bad for ascent anyway. However, since the opportunity has been given to see all the children together and happy then today cannot by any reckoning be considered as wasted. Very much the reverse. On their way home Barty and

dropped Dorothy and me at Lemes so we did not get wet. We had arrived at Patcham almost to Joans door by bus as well so we have kept dry on the wettest of days

Monday June 19. Started off fine but dull so I managed a bit of shopping, which included taking my latest pair of trousers to be taken in a bit round the waist. I am not boasting of reducing girth, they were just a shade too much round my middle. I started burning some garden weeds and, later, Dorothy did some washing but the rain came down again, and so my drying vegetation can't be burnt and Dorothy's washing can't be dried for a while. This evening was the L. Group meeting and we went through the agenda for the Town Council meeting which will be held on Wednesday evening. What a nice meeting but a long one, for we had to study the report of John Jacobs on the Housing Finance Bill which is being brought forward by the present Government. The report (see T.S. Sat June 7) we really agreed to adopt as the Group's policy, but we to have it discussed first by the L. Party.

Tuesday June 20. I have been gardening a good deal of today. Dorothy has been attending to planting, sowing etc including the parts that might be called the craft of gardening: while I have done what might be called nursing or the tidying up parts. I have had two quite good walks and I have exercised on the old developer so my walking and exercise has not been neglected. We had a look at a play on the telly later on this evening.

Wednesday June 21. A great day. Dorothy has bought me a pair of binoculars for a present. They are the new kind, made of fibre-glass, easy to adjust etc, that have become fashionable recently. I am very pleased: and all I want now is some weather which will allow me to like round a bit and use them. On the container it says "The world is beautiful: bring it nearer" and I haven't a great deal of time, but I must avail myself of what aids there are in the time I have got. A pigeon that has been in our chimney for a few days, came sliding down this morning. The poor thing was dying, needless to say. We have been concerned as to whether there was something in there and we don't use fires so it is a bit difficult to ascertain. The pigeon died soon after

we released him, or rather, soon after he slid down. Dorothy tried to revive him but efforts were of no avail. I suppose a chimney-pot on a gable end is a very tempting position from which a pigeon can survey the early morning scene, but they must be frightfully dangerous. I suppose it could be sung of pigeons, as it is sung now-a-days of men by folksingers "When will they ever learn, when will they learn?" Phyllis rang this morning to say she and Ernie had bad colds and so would not be accompanying Len and Nelly to visit us this afternoon: and, during the afternoon, Len and Nellie arrived. Nellie is surprisingly well after her illness and is doing very well as regards making herself well. Her efforts alone must have been heroic, and, coupled with Len's help, successful to a very large degree. We four sat and talked, for most of the time they were with us, in the front room, for the weather is most unseasonably cold. A bitter wind blows in gusts so what else could we four elderly people do but sit and talk of things, among which ailments had a good share of comments. After tea I left to attend the meeting of the Town Council. A straight-forward affair, with our Labour group proposals introduced and carried. As can be imagined, none of them received any opposition. Eve was not there and so I walked

home and Dorothy and I watched one of those plays in "The Expert" series. I am beginning to get fed up with the series though. The attraction is the scientific approach to problems, deducing from what is known to what is obscure and so on. This fails to entertain if it is not commented on audibly some time as used to be written with Sherlock-Holmes many years ago. As the "Expert" is presented now, all we have from him is a few grunts and groans and an occasional remark, generally rude, or decrying the intelligence of the police inspector. Mostly nothing about the work he is supposed to be carrying out.

Thursday June 22. First it was very dark for seven a.m. on a day halfway through June; later it grew much lighter and finally became bright and the rain ceased. I went to the post office for the pension and then to the library where I saw Eve and learned she had not been absent from last evening's meeting because of any indisposition but just in the way of engagements and there being no Committee Meeting for her to report to need her presence. I chose two books and came home. Needless to write, I tested the glasses again and am getting anxious to have a walk so that I can test them in varying circumstances. One is regretful that there is no race-meeting in Levens now

Ken Sadler phoned in regard to an enquiry to do with the letting of a flat at the House of Friendship, but it is not my place to take any action now since I am no longer Chairman of the whole caboose. I am gradually laying down my loads and the feeling is quite pleasant. Nevertheless my ethic is to accept responsibility for my relationship to the community because I recognise that my personal ends depend on the organized social structure. It is pleasant to rest only because of the knowledge that I have done my utmost to carry out my responsibilities towards that structure. It should be every person's aim to leave that structure a better place for free people to dwell in, but one will never know how much he achieved towards a better place.

Friday June 23

~~June 22~~ Tuesday. A bright morning at the time I arose and everything looked very good in the garden; the morning sun shining into a quietness and greenness of growing things and everything appearing quite still. A time when one could enjoy one's surroundings and at the same time be confident that the things one has to do during the coming day could be carried out in the day. Laught not, any

who may read, for the weather lately has given most people a deep distrust of Jane weather and a cautious habit of going out into what should be mid summer weather armed with umbrella and warm clothes. I walked down to the Cliffs and brought home the trousers I took to the tailor's last Monday and it appears that the waist adjustments will be a success. I'll take the other pair tomorrow and then I shall really be set up. During the time I was out I met several people including Virginia Spies, to whose wedding we (Dorothy and I) are invited tomorrow week. It was a fortunate meeting with her because Dorothy was querying what I should be expected to wear to this event. Virginia satisfied my query. I met Mrs Hubbard (Librarian Christine's mother) and we had a talk about people who we discovered we both knew many years ago. In keeping with my boycott of the local I went to the Library <sup>to night</sup> to report on the "hatches, matches and despatchers" to Dorothy when I arrived home. While I was in the office there I had a chat with Eve<sup>x</sup> and Christine. When I arrived home I found Ella was talking to Dorothy so quite a number of people <sup>were</sup> company to us. Nearly all female! very nice too, all of them. This afternoon, after Dorothy had washed my white

we went shopping as has become the procedure of recent times and looked in to see Frank on the way home. Alas, he is very poorly and Dorothy went to Dr. Blake, whose surgery is not far away, and he came down in a very short time. The result is that Frank is being brought home here tomorrow morning early and he may have to go to hospital. Dorothy and I are rather anxious because he does seem so down and out anyway though he did buck up when Dorothy got him some food.

Saturday June 24. Frank was moved round to us this morning; and the Doctor looked him over again. Frank does look very poorly and Blake does not seem very happy about it. However as he said, Frank had apparently always been frail; anyway, the outcome is now that if the congestion is not soon relieved, Frank will have to go to hospital. In the meantime Dorothy is looking after him in the back bedroom so we have all been pretty busy. Betty came round and took the dogs out this afternoon and Kate looked in this evening to see if they needed further exercising.

Sunday June 25. Buntz and Jack came down

today. Both of them and the two children are in good health and the baby, Charles, now two years old is making enormous strides with his talking and his general development as an enquiring and investigating boy, while Helen is growing a more charming little girl each time she visits us, and she appears to be fascinated with Dorothy's work and ways, from cooking to hair-curling to general house-wifery. All of us except Dorothy, who stopped at home to look after Frank, walked round to the Grange. The band was playing there and it looked as though quite a number of people were enjoying a pleasant Sunday afternoon. The Doctor came to see Frank this morning and will call again tomorrow. He reported that Frank does seem to be a bit better but he, the Doctor, is plainly very concerned with the run down state his patient is in. Perhaps tomorrow we shall learn something which will help in the diagnosis. The two little dogs are hardly any trouble beyond being present as it were and so needing the attention necessary for their well-being. I am naturally very concerned myself because of the work and strain all this is putting on to Dorothy. Her abilities are very much needed and very much used in a situation such as we have here at the present time. I hope she doesn't overdo things. Len phoned

for news of our invalid last evening, and I expect will ring again before he goes back to Nottingham on Tuesday. Thank goodness, although the weather has been dull, it has been warmer than of late and dry. I hope we have a few more days like this to help us on our way through this period.

Monday June 26. I awoke at a quarter to six and let the dogs out (a good job we have a good big garden.) I also took Frank a pot of tea for which he, in his present state, was yearning. Later on the Doctor called and told Dorothy that Frank had evidently been ill for some time. He considers that Frank has three maladies. One bronchitis to the point of pneumonia but he believed that this was now being killed by the antibiotics he has been prescribing. Two. Frank has a "gross anemia" which will need food etc to stop and. Three, Doctor Blakes did not say what he suspected this might be. He would let her know later when a sample of the patient's water had been analysed. So here is a pretty state of affairs. Frank has evidently been in need of medical advice and attention for a long time. In this journal mention is made of his poorliness over quite a long period. It just shows what neglecting to see your doctor can bring about: especially when you are not feeling well to the extent you never or

rarely go out. It is to be hoped that the antibiotics continue to be successful so that the chest gets better and then, with improved breathing, walking, food, etc., Frank should conquer the anemia and the more (as yet) mysterious number three complaint will probably pass off. There is no doubt, Frank has been very bad so perhaps with Dorothy to look after him we shall see some swift improvements. Phyllis and Len have both phoned and have heard the news. Len leaves Brighton for Nottingham tomorrow. This evening I attended the Services Committee. It was the Building applications half, so I went up to the Surveyor's office this afternoon and looked at the applications that intrigued me; because there are one or two which makes me wonder why the approval or refusal as the case might be. There is generally a rational reason of course but not well explained as in the past when a sub-committee used to do these applications: we used to sit, there were only six of us and so we could have plans properly explained to us and I learnt quite an amount from different architects etc. This was a good meeting tonight and when I reached home in quite good time Dorothy told me that the Doctor had called and Frank had gone to the Brighton General Hospital for observation on his heart. The bronchial state is rapidly improving and the anemia is not

so severe as the Doctor first thought; but he would like Frank to be under observation for a few days on account of his heart, and that is all we are able to learn about the illness. There is no doubt as I wrote before, Frank should have consulted a doctor some time before, he has evidently been ill enough for a long time. Dorothy can take things a bit more easily now for a short time. She looks after the dogs' food and I deal with the turning of them out & general discipline (kindly variety of course, I am naturally so).

Tuesday June 27. I had to get up very early because of the dogs. They woke me up at 3-30 am. I suppose they suddenly realized that their owner was not in the house. However, I rose and found to my disgust that they were safely in the basket and apparently in good shape. I got back into bed resolving not to ~~desecrate~~ <sup>desegregate</sup> them or the dogs in future but the Bitches, and after all, that is their sex! Fancy having two King Charles spaniels to look after! The lap-dogs of the Restoration ladies. When I was at Baxters, and before the fire of 1955, there were a number of verses, papers, books and pictures, owned by a lady Wentworth. I don't know why they were stored at Baxters, possibly for binding etc. The verses were written by her at the end of the first war and ran

down the workers. The attempted poetry was atrocious.  
"Their wages go up while our dividends dwindle  
This is nothing but a gigantic swindle"  
That is what I remember of them. all thank goodness. She had some books on the breeding of Arab horses, in which field, I think, she was an expert, written by herself, but actually I started on this task because of the Restoration period ladies and the lap-dogs. Among the collection were some pictures of the hagen-bottomed, heavy-bottomed female forms of that dog period reclining in voluptuous nudity with the King Charles Spaniels earning their title of Lap-dog by reclining with them. I believe most or all of the stuff stored with us at Baxters was destroyed in the fire. Franklin's two animals recalled it to me, but that frightful jingle of two lines I have written above I have always remembered when dealing with "what about the Workers?" business. However, I finally let the bitches out at about a quarter to six. They relieved themselves but drank no water (they haven't drunk any for a long time!) and after a further sniff round they returned to their basket, and left me looking out at the beautiful quietness and greenness of our garden and reflecting on what an enormous variety of life there is in creation, before I went out

and cleared up the excreta: dogs, done in garden. This, after all, is the best way of dealing with dogs mess. It is how Frank has trained them so that he never has the feeling that his dogs have fouled the places where people and children move about. All that is needed is for the dog owner to clear up in his garden and why shouldn't he? He owns the dogs. This afternoon I

received a visit from a very old pal of my schooldays; my early workdays just before the first world war: my out-of-work days in the 1920s and finally my last 21 years of working life from 1943 to 1964. Charlie Stephens. I have written of him before in this journal 1964 or 5 (15.)

His visit today was really to visit Frank, but Frank having left here for hospital, Charlie and I filled the gap with plenty of gossip of our earlier times, part of which I didn't mention above, we both came back as old soldiers and served our time in that fine body of men the Home Guard, during the second big war. This evening Dorothy and I went round to 2 Little East Street because she has to take a razor battery down to Frank tomorrow. We failed to find one so we must buy one tomorrow. I noticed how desolate and terribly overgrown the tiny garden has become. He must have had no energy or will to cut his way through it for a long time. I consider there is nothing more depressing than an overgrown

state of a small garden. I must do something about it. Thin down ruthlessly, cut up the wood and stones in a corner until I can get it through the fence and away. This is going to be a very difficult job because indoors is crowded too, but I'll manage and the result will be a change in the whole atmosphere of the place by driving away that desolate feeling.

Wednesday June 28: A beautiful morning very still and the garden filled with the sunshine and shadows we get in this garden in the early morning. Very nice to look at and meditate by which I mean to admire and fall into a kind of mental hiatus which is very nice and lazy. I have delivered the first of my hospital collections to the Treasurer at Hillmans. Mrs Jannells it was, collected in Talbot Yarmouth. I have had a word with David, who is considering requisitioning a Council Meeting if he can get enough signatures, because the Council, having passed or given consent to the "Pop" Concert at the Stanley Turner ground, the Town Clerk received communications which made it apparent that, since the mass media broadcast the news of it, that it was a big "pop" festival, there was the likelihood of many thousands turning up and confusion resulting in all departments of our unprepared and small conditions. In these circumstances the Chairman, Mr

Nellie Fitch, had cancelled the event and Radio had broadcast this. David would like this cleared up, more especially since Nellie had altered her mind about the possible dangers which had caused her to cancel. I have signed David's requisition because his method of bringing a meeting about does allow a matter to be discussed in spite of the "six months" rule in "Standing Orders". David kindly gave Dorothy a lift to see Frank at the Brighton General Hospital and also brought us back.

Frank appears to be going along alright but it is very difficult to know because we saw nobody to enquire of. He is connected to this "Heart Machine (?) with a cable, while across what looks like a small television screen a spark leaps keeps travelling. He is pleased about our looking after the dogs and wanted us to wanted nothing to do with a man named Lany who had written from London to me asking, on behalf of his brother in Detroit, for Frank's whereabouts since 1970. Frank did not know of the London brother but didn't want anything to do with the prime enquirer. Unfortunately we had already written so we are wiser too late but on guard for future enquiries, and, I think, from whatever sharper they come we will consult Frank before giving any information as to where he is to any body. A man who has spent so much time travelling is different

parts of the world & as Frank has must be almost certain to have some ~~to~~ doesn't wish to meet or call on him. We arrived home quite soon even though David had to call on Mrs Green in de Montfort Rd Lewes. Later this evening, at 8 o'clock, I attended the meeting of the C.C. Friends of Lewes Victoria Hospital: quite a pleasant meeting as is always the case when arranged by these good people.

Thursday June 29. Dorothy and I went to Landport this morning, having been invited to a coffee morning by the members of the Landport Pre-school Play Group. I have described this group before, when dealing with "Play-Groops", which we had a good deal to do a few years back. A really useful movement by any reckoning. Although the membership changes each two years or so, as the youngsters develop and so the mothers leave; still there is quite a corporate continuity and we are always invited to the functions and welcomed warmly. This morning Dorothy won the raffle, the prize being a very good parcel of food stuffs including a chicken! A great help for us this price! We returned home and then went shopping and I drew the State pension. I ~~had~~ had a brief talk with Bishop Reeves who told me how much he had enjoyed his talk to the L.L.P. the

after Thursday. We spoke about matters and attitudes that had a bearing on & the present-day situation in S.A. Dorothy and I visited Frank at the Brighton General Hospital and in consequence I had to miss this month's L.L.P. meeting. I phoned the Secretary but he wasn't in and finally got <sup>in touch</sup> indirectly with Nellie Zetts through Tom, her son and he would ask her to give my apologies. It was not so comfortable a journey by bus as some I have made there: and the final stage, the Lewes bus home, we had to wait about thirty-five minutes in Lewes Road, Brighton, while traffic rolled by throwing a fine dust everywhere continuously and making the waiting more tiring than ever. As can be imagined, Dorothy was very tired. Frank seemed much better to me. The "Heart-machine" is taken away but he still has the "Drip-feed" arrangement attached to him and is not enthusiastic over his food, which I suppose is a bad sign, but is hungry, which I suppose is a good sign: and here two contraries together, as far as I can see ~~make~~<sup>say</sup> a kind of cloasinen (Speciecurium?) which cloasins an interest in life. I think he will get on now. There is no doubt, however, that he will have to be looked after for some time when he leaves the hospital.

Friday June 30. I had slept very well and woke up early but refreshed: to find a much more dull morning than the sun-shine and shadows specimens I have described on recent mornings. However, one can't have everything. Even the bitches were not so enthusiastic about going into the garden and ~~to~~ sat about near the back door when I let them out just before six. I discovered on letting them in again later that this reluctance to go out on a grey morning was nothing to do with the morning. It was because they have started sleeping on the bed! Fortunately Dorothy, anticipating this might happen, had covered the bed with a stout cloth so no damage will have been done and I have scolded them accordingly so now I suppose there will be a kind of contest between them and me. They will endeavour to make me fed up with trying to keep them from the bed and I shall endeavour to make them realise that getting on the bed is not a paying proposition. Some where about me lurks the feeling that they will carry their point. When Frank comes home he will keep them from getting on the bed. I went straight round to 2, Little East Street and did some tidying up of Frank's garden and I have been there for a good part of the day; and I have made a big difference by thinning and cutting ruthlessly as I wrote two or three days ago. Tuesday in fact

there is nothing more depressing than an overgrown small garden and I am sure that his nature running wild lark, plus the fact that Frank had bad knees and other things de matter which stopped him resisting and keeping nature in order, has helped to make him ill. Any way, being round there all day has left me with nothing to write about. I have had a short talk with Eve and a phone call to Colin Brent about last nights meeting which I was not able to attend because of visiting Frank at the Hospital. I gathered from Colin that Gordon is talking of retiring from his seat on the Council. I do hope Gordon decides otherwise. Dorothy visited Frank alone this evening but made both journeys by car and was driven by Mr. Buxton. Life is much easier that way and it is ever so much more comforting to the patient to know that his visitor is going back by car and is not standing about waiting for buses and so on. I didn't do anything during the evening at least, not in the way of work.

Saturday July 1. 1992: A wet morning when I came down at about 6-45. I had, however, been awake long before then. The bitches, as yesterday, were reluctant about turning out but having been turned out (literally) they just sat about on a corner of the wet grass, and, although it was not raining at the time, looked about with

bleak, puzzled eyes <sup>and</sup> with a hurt expression, as if nature was so unkind to let the day ~~dawn~~ <sup>dawn</sup> and make life wretched. I like the early morning time very much indeed, and still do when it is wet, for its quietness and peacefulness: that applies mostly to this time of the year of course, the weather itself shows nature as not always quiet and peaceful. The great event of today, as far as Dorothy and I were concerned, was the wedding of Virginia Spicer. The Spicers were our erstwhile neighbours and we liked them very much. This was a really nice wedding with the reception held at the Grange and considerable thought had evidently been given by 'Patsie' (Mrs Spicer) to the comfort of the guests. Many little things I noticed, things which, at other weddings, made the guests wait about, get bored etc., were eliminated by thoughtful preparation, no waiting about for photographs and so on. All went forward happily; and Dorothy and I were very happy to be there. It would take Dorothy to really describe the details of the wedding, gowns etc. I will prove my point about the popularity of the occasion by recounting that there was a very big congregation in the old Southwicks Church. More like the gathering at a Mayor Making Service. They were all to do, in one form or another, with the families directly concerned and all came to the Grange

after the Service. A fine day, sunny and warm, made it possible to use the terrace and lawn for the reception and this made for room to see people and move about. As we left the Church and walked to the reception I was able to look down the eastern end of Southover High St on the most marvellous river of hats imaginable flowing towards the Grange, interspersed with "Penguins" <sup>and</sup> grey toppers: and lounge suits were also there in great numbers. All very nice indeed and one can look forward to the other Spies daughter (Harriett's) wedding and hope to be invited!! Dorothy was very happy about the wedding and we rested for a while when we reached home. She looked very nice, and wore the No 2. Mayormaking dress. At home we found the bitches well under control and we spent a quiet evening except for some time investigating the possibilities of the attic and finally came to a conclusion at Dorothy's two suggestions regarding use of the attic and the vector m.b.

Sunday July 2 1972. Up at six am. and bitches out, attended to, and returned to their quarters. A fine morning compared with yesterday's early morning outlook and that turned out to be grand as I described yesterday, so that Virginia's wedding was particularly favoured by the gods! I went round to Little East Street

and made further progress with the clearing of Frank's runaway rose. As I worked and gradually leaved and released the Lilac tree it suddenly collapsed and sank slowly to the ground. Once I had taken most of the rose away there was nothing further to hold the tree and it was already up-rooted through the pressure of the rose which had bitten the top of the lilac while other huge tentacles of the rose countered this by pressing from other directions as I removed these latter tentacles the whole tree ~~it~~ seemed to sink slowly to the ground as I have mentioned above. I am glad: all I have to do now is cross-cut saw all the wood and get someone to shift the lot. I came home at about 12-30 because it was beginning to rain and this rain continued after dinner and indeed all through the afternoon.

Dorothy has not felt well today. She says she is feeling rather like indigestion and of course the stiffness she has developed during recent years is no help and makes her tired. Yesterday I did obtain agreement from her that she visit the Doctor tomorrow about the stiffness and I am glad she will do

this because she has refused to do anything about it for three years or so and it, whatever it is, is progressing and limits her movements considerably, enough for outsiders to comment upon it anyway. I have tried to make her go sick on this particular thing before but she has refused, and now the day before she goes, she is not well with another sort of unwellness. I wonder if these 2 maladies are related in any way? All this is rather worrying because like me Dorothy is now well into the seventies and things let go their course don't become any easier to put right at the over seventy part of life. To be sure, the over seventy is not the same as it used to be. There used to be two pictures "Sweet Seventeen" depicting a young nineteenth century or perhaps Edwardian woman; and "Sweeter Seventy," showing a nice grandmotherly looking old woman. and I think this latter picture would be a true picture of elderly women when I was a boy. But now Dorothy and all women her age don't look a bit like the old woman in that "Sweeter Seventy." They all look even so much younger and they actually are younger in

every way. Yesterday proved it with all the elderly women at the wedding. In general they look very much younger than their fore bairns and Dorothy was able to prove it later yesterday. Today she came downstairs after a lie-down and appeared to be a bit better. One thing, the bitches are both behaving themselves and not being too much trouble, although I can see a time is coming when they will need bathing and so on. If Frank is not well enough to look after them they will eventually have to go. They are rather a responsibility to Dorothy and me.

Monday July 3 1972. A dampish, dull early morning but there was promise of brightness and dryness to come. I arose just before seven and let the animals out but as usual they simply sat about staring in the window at me. This gives me to wondering what there is about dogs that so many people make a fuss of them. Even people who don't keep them affect to make a fuss of them and seem to be proud to be known as one of a nation of dog-lovers. Recent remarks I have heard, however, from many different places suggest that this adulation of the dog breed is past its peak and people are beginning to cry "Hold! Enough". I believe it is partly caused by hygiene advances and certainly

more and more foodshops are stopping dogs entering their premises, and this is a big advance against the dog cult. More and more dogs are being banned from places where children play and no wonder, and more and more people who exercise dogs (and this means encourage them to deposit their excreta) are getting to be very unpopular and, of course, it is an offence to let this happen on a footpath.

Quite soon the "doggy" person will discover he is being isolated and will endeavour, as Frank has done, to make sure about so that the dog doing its mess at home and the owner clearing it up as I have described in June 27 entry. Having managed this, the owner must next turn his attention to educating dogs not to show their pleasure at a visitor's arrival by scraping their paws down his visiting trousers or ladderizing her stockings if it is a woman. Next there is the matter of refusing to let dogs "hiss" by licking when the last thing they have kissed or sniffed at is another dog's bottom or the excreta therefrom. All this obtains with these two bitches and I believe they look and act better than they have ever done and so life for us humans is tolerable when dogs are about. Dogs must live within the limits imposed on them by the operative ideals of society even as we humans do. Dorothy visited Frank at the Brighton General Hospital and I went to a Labour Group meeting.

A pleasant meeting and we took a further look at the Housing Finance Bill and other things that are to the fore in Municipal affairs. Dorothy found Frank was still getting on, to all appearances favourably; and so the day has ended. I have paid in the Hospital money so far collected: had a look at Frank's place; shopped etc but the day has not been a busy day.

July Tuesday ~~July~~ 4 '972 A fine day. Most of the morning I spent clearing Frank's run-away rose garden and this afternoon Phyllis and Eric came to visit us and we two men went out together and the two women went out together so the afternoon was passed very pleasantly and we, Dorothy and I, were able to show them the particular parts of the town that <sup>could</sup> be gone over in two hours or so. As I have written before in this journal I found Eric a very nice fellow, thoughtful of others and giving thought to problems whether these are on a large or small scale. I found it a nice afternoon and the four of us had tea at about five o'clock and I went to the Library Committee. This is a meeting which is the first to be held where the public can attend so it was held in the front Committee room. The last full Council meeting ordained that the public should attend considerable trouble had been taken by

John Clark and his staff to carry out this item, and, as any body can imagine (not imagine foretell exactly) there were no public and no press had taken the trouble to attend. No doubt as we go along some public will attend a meeting but I know that such members of the public will be very few indeed and the matter which draws them to attend would have to be very important to them. I had a few words with Eve, who had to give a lift to Beatrice and Miss Flight: and Joan and Colin gave me a lift home, where I found the visitors had gone back to Brighton, where they are living while they are in England.

Wednesday July 5 1972. A nice morning first thing and this sent me round to Frank's garden in good heart. I did quite an amount and Cluny Beck came over the wall with a tall pair of steps from which he did quite an amount of trimming up outside the back door at 2 Little East St. He left the steps for me to use on the other wall but I did not go back this afternoon. Dorothy was going to visit Frank in Brighton General Hospital. She left shortly before I was going to leave for 2 Little East Street. Before I had started she was brought back by a neighbour who lives at the bottom of the street. Dorothy had

fallen and bumped her nose! I will return to this fall and its possible causes, but the immediate consequence was that, in the end, the neighbour, who has an Austin Mini, drove us to the hospital Dorothy having recovered her equilibrium. A good kind neighbour, Mrs Lawes. We found Frank looking much better and reading so things <sup>seem</sup> look far more optimistic with regard to him than was the case over the weekend. To return to Dorothy. It will be noticed that in the writing of this journal I have shown my concern over Dorothy's stiffness and bend forward. Yesterday was not the first fall in recent times, it was the sixth. The one before this, in December, she bumped her face on the pavement and the result was two black eyes, one a particularly bad bruising. Today's fall, as I wrote above, she bumped her nose. I have observed her walking and, as far as I could see, she slides the right foot slightly. On Sunday when I recorded she had agreed to go to the doctor we had had a talk but she insisted she was alright and, as might be guessed, did not see the doctor. I'll try her once more and if she refuses I'll have to take some action; and that action I think, will be me asking his advice since she won't see him about the

matter. In the event of her refusing to see him, and me having to do something about it, I am sure she would prefer I made direct contact with him and did not consult any one first. I am very worried about the situation because there last three falls show a trip and a pitch forward on to the face. It is three in rather less than a year. We spent a quiet evening and I watched an installment of the "Strategy" series which gives an account of the first war (2nd). I suppose this is managed by working with films and documents from the period and the result is extremely good. What we of our generation as parents and our children managed to do!

Thursday July 6 1972. Up at six am. Went through exercises etc. and later draw pension and so on, then to 2 Little East St and did some further clearing so that now all that is needed is to get the stuff removed. I must make arrangements for that. I went again this afternoon and later, while at home, found one of the bitches was missing. She had managed somehow to get under the gate and for awhile cause quite a tumult around our immediate neighborhood.

Fortunately a lady had thoughtfully captured it and gave it to a boy to take to the police station. She also gave the boy 10<sup>0</sup>! Dorothy phoned and the police said they had the dog and Dorothy went up to claim it. On the way she met young Paul who happened to be the boy to whom the lady had handed the dog. "All's well that ends well" as no doubt Paul thought as he pocketed his 2<sup>0</sup>! we had a quiet evening.

Friday July 7. After lying in bed for some time this morning, endeavouring to make up my mind whether to go early (before 7 am.) to 2. Little East St and put out Frank's dustbin, which I have filled with the garden prunings, I finally decided against, and to see Mr. Russell ~~and~~ enquire about the possibilities of having the whole lot cleared when I have completely finished and at six o'clock I decided to take the dogs out as soon as I had had a cup of tea. I took them up the river and loosed them for a gallop and they enjoyed the walk very much. So did I. Later I took my green suit trousers for a slight re-measurement in the waist measurement, bought some

bread and looked into the office to find Mr. Russell and eventually found him at the works yard office. He will have Franks garden cleared next Wednesday at 8 a.m. After a brief rest I went to number 2 again and did a lot more cutting up of the stuff because it will all have to be carried through his house to be loaded on the lorry or whatever vehicle Mr. Russell sends round. Dorothy looked in and is quite enthusiastic about the clearance that has been made. We walked home and later Dorothy went to the Hospital. But I found I had left my coat with everything glasses, pen, diary etc round there <sup>at 2.00 p.m.</sup> so having no time to lose I hurried back there and reclaimed my sports jacket. On the way home I looked in the Library and looked at the Local Rag. Had a chat with Eve. I met a woman who has spoken to me once or twice. An old Lewis family: her maiden name was Eddie and she appeared to know us well. She paid me the compliment of telling me I look and move as though I were much younger than my age. She overtook me in East Street and I carried her <sup>bag</sup> back to the

bottom of our street and very heavy it was too, so I was glad I had definitely been of assistance. She had got to walk to Landport via Cabbage Lane! Joan rang and had quite a long chat and rang again at 8.20 to hear about Frank but Dorothy was still not back. Dorothy seems better but has refused to do anything about the fall by seeing the Doctor. What else can I do but see him myself, but then the question will still have to be dealt with. I raise the question of making her see the doctor!

Saturday July 8. A wet morning when I rose at a quarter to six, which immediately put a damper on any anticipation of a nice walk with the dogs as I had yesterday morning. Mentioning the dogs reminds me that, on Dorothy's report, Frank didn't seem so well in himself when she visited him last evening: he even mentioned not being able to go back to his cottage for awhile and, if they were too much for us, getting rid of the dogs! He knows, apparently, that he will have to be with us for some time before he is well enough to entirely fend for himself at 2 Little East Street, but

he seems rather depressed since the treatment this morning, or rather yesterday, which included a local operation (anesthetic) on a gland in the armpit apparently. With all the different way of going on that this has caused in our life-style, I haven't paid much attention to what is happening nationally, and not as much as I generally give to local affairs. In addition to family business, of course, I take a more steady view of happenings because of my age and my philosophical coaching but I believe the steady view of affairs acquired through age is almost the only sign of age that I seem to have. Physically I am exceedingly well, even when I compare my movements, development of physique day by day etc, I compare very favourably with what I was. It seems as though, through various factors, when young I did not properly attend to myself and got out of the "right Element." Was jerked back into it by the Spondilitis too late really to be saved from a good deal of damage, but made improvements and finally was given a ~~final~~ reminder by the pneumonia when I was last Mayor, under the influence of Dr. Rigden. Two men (him?) who have helped me with their advice, quite apart from

the treatments they prescribed. Dr Honty Jan 1936 Dr Rigden 1969. Salute to the medical world through these two excellent men. Curiously enough great help has also been given me by two women doctors but not on the "big" advice scale given by the men; yet with their application of help at the same illnesses. Dorothy and I went shopping. I had previously taken the dogs for a walk over to as far as the Spences Lane tip. We got our shopping and, on the way home looked in to Bettys. Kate was there too and we four spent quite a nice thirty minutes or so. The rain kept on for most of the day, one might say all day, so there has been nothing to help dry out. If we can't get them in the garden, then where? While Dorothy Hoovered they had to go into the workshop but most of the time they have been in the wet. I can't keep them shut in a sled. I took a walk round to the Library and got two books with my two tickets which were there so I'll have a quick read of these two novels one by Nabokoff and one by Alec Waugh. Later this evening, Ella came over and we shall chatted for the evening; later just before retiring I made sure the dogs were comfortable and we retired. BB?

Sunday July 9. After the terribly wet yesterday I found the weather was a little better this morning. At least it wasn't raining. However before long it was raining and the dogs missed their morning run with me. Run is the correct word; they have to canter to keep up with me. One of the excuses for keeping dogs is that they give the owner exercise because he has to take them out. Really though this excuse can be overruled on the evidence that too many people, of either sex, can been seen, out & with their dogs, certainly not exercising themselves but just standing about in a different fashion while the beast sniffs, piddles (and poops if they are lucky): there owners could be more profitably employed from a health gaining kind of way than just standing about so, while their animals make messes around. The two bitches in our charge do their business in the garden, I clear it up and then take them out at one of my fast stops for 30 or 45 minutes. They have very short legs that (only just reach the ground) have to work like mad to keep up with me. I did a bit more round at Little East Street but nothing else worth recording. The two children from number one in our street took the dogs out

when the weather got finer and sunny. Joan visited Frank and phoned that he was rather depressed and would like to come back and get better here, as it were. Well, he will be home before long but I expect it is a weary time waiting and the Brighton General does not strike one as being as comfortable as the Lanes Victoria because for one thing it is so big compared with ours. On reading some of this I can see that it is becoming apparent that I have left some of my odd jobs with different organizations. The journal is now almost entirely about the affairs of the family instead of, as it used to be, me running from one meeting to another! Len phoned from Nottingham to learn how Frank was progressing. Apparently he had called the Hospital first and tried to get some details but wasn't successful in this. Whoever answered his call referred him to the higher powers if he wanted particulars and I don't blame whoever it was. There are several scores of patients there I should imagine. We spent a quiet evening, with Dorothy writing and me reading (to myself)

Monday, July 10. I felt glad it was a fine morn-  
-ing. How we are fixed with our arrangements  
makes it much more comfortable if the weather  
is dry and warm. I did some more work round the  
back of Frank's house and decided it was alright  
now for the men from the Surveyor's department  
when they come on Wednesday morning. I also  
did our own grass at home. Dorothy visited  
Frank at the Brighton General Hospital while later  
I attended the Public Services Committee. A nice  
meeting; plenty done and yet not too long. I came  
home at 8-30. Dorothy ~~came~~ came in later, rather  
distressed and with the sad news that Frank is  
not expected to live very long now and he has a  
very bad cancer, as far as I remember the term,  
distributed "all over him. Two or three days! The  
Sister had informed Len when he phoned. Dorothy  
recovered her equilibrium and told Joan so Joan  
will go to see him tomorrow and she will also  
phone Bunt. I expect by now she already has.  
While I was at Little East Street this morning Vena  
and Charlie Stephens invited me in for a  
drink. I shall have sad news to tell them  
tomorrow; for I must at least let them  
know things are much worse than

had been anticipated with their neighbour Frank.  
This also will mark the end of the two  
King Charles Spaniels with us. Well, we have  
at least done our best for the poor beasts  
during this time when their master was not  
able to give them full attention, and  
Dorothy has made life considerably easier for  
Frank. As Joan reported after visiting him  
yesterday, he said he wanted to come home  
to Doll.

Tuesday, July 11. A fine day spent mostly at 2,  
Little East Street. Joan phoned after visiting  
Frank to let us know that he seems more  
comfortable and she found him sitting up and  
reading some "Home & Gardens" sent to him by  
Betty, (my sister) Slavy Beck came in the garden  
and was of considerable help to Dorothy and me  
in doing some more cutting; and then Dorothy  
did some work inside the house and took  
some of Frank's washing home later. The  
dogs have been well and while we were  
away from them (at Little East SP) we kept them  
slat up. There is nothing much to record  
then; it seems to be a period of waiting,

not for the news of some recovery, but hoping he will not suffer too much. Dorothy is keeping well and is taking the articles of Frank's extensive wardrobe and working the stuff he is still using etc. Buntly phoned this evening. B.L.O.F. Tomorrow I must get them by 8 am. because of the lorry for the garden rubbish.

Wednesday July 12 1972. Dorothy and I, assisted by Fred Butt, Frank's next-door neighbour at 2, Little East-Str., finally got the great piles of vegetation taken away this morning at eight o'clock.

I worked on the rest of his little garden all the morning except for a brief time while I was having a hair-cut. Any details of my other activities today, such as the A.R.C. meeting this evening, I will leave for another time. The thing is, we, Dorothy and I went down to see Frank and I found him very bad indeed. Dorothy and Joan have seen him during these last few days so perhaps that they are more used to the terrible change which has taken place in his condition. He is very weak indeed and it seems pretty obvious he will not be able

to keep going much longer. We saw Buntly at the Hospital. She had managed to make time to pay Frank a visit and Joan had done so this morning. Later on while I was at the Arbitric Council Meeting, Len phoned and they will be coming down. They, I understand to be Len, Phyllis and Ernest. I think Dorothy is bearing up pretty well. after all she has had a great deal to do with looking after Frank over a great many years and is naturally pretty upset. I find she is best <sup>with</sup> working on the many things she has to do for him still besides her ordinary work. I hope she will have a good rest when this is over, because over it is obviously going to be before long. And then of course there is the matter of these two dogs. It will be a lightening of the load to <sup>if</sup> have them taken elsewhere. They are very obedient while I am at home but that is because I have more time during which my eye is on them! One off them jiggled off while I was at the meeting tonight: fortunately to be collared by young Paul before she had got far.

Thursday July 13 1972. I went & drew the State pension this morning and, this afternoon we both went to 2, Little East St. where I did some gardening and Dorothy did some "Hoovering" although Frank's machine is not a Hoover. The room looks very nice now, and she has arranged things so that ~~the~~<sup>it</sup> is more clear in the centre. It has been quite a tiring day and, anyway, I was up by five a.m. On these light mornings if you can't sleep it is as well to get up and do something. Some people read themselves back to sleep again but we don't read in the bed. Some people get up and do their reading downstairs. I am one of this; and with the early morning quiet I can manage quite an amount of reading of what might be termed heavy stuff; and I flatter myself that I have turned these early mornings to good account instead of fretting about in a wakeful bed, by going downstairs and reading to some purpose. The dogs have been quite good. This morning I spoke for a few moments to Joan B. and there is a possibility that her mother might be interested in one or both of the animals. If she would like them I shall be pleased to arrange it. I am afraid there is not the slightest

doubt that Frank will not be able to look after them any more. The news from the Hospital, via Len, Joan and Buntz is that it is only a matter of hours now before death will occur, and Frank will be at rest. All this is inevitable, he is sixty-eight years old but by the nature of the complaint it ~~is~~ <sup>only</sup> can be considered a happy release, because his decline in the last few weeks has been most alarming to observe; perhaps because of its acceleration. For us the next few days and then weeks will be busy with the sad odd jobs that are to do with these occurrences, but we will get through them as well as may be.

Friday. July 14. Some good arranging between Dorothy, Joan and Len made it possible for the hospital part to be seen to and Phyllis, Len and Ernest to come over to Lewes and for the two former and Dorothy (the blood relations) to do some practical arranging and to visit 2, Little East Street. I will write about this later, how necessary it was on account of living distances, for these three to discuss etc. but here and now I just want to record that Frank died at ten o'clock tonight.

This, in my opinion, is far better for him and the staff at the Hospital than to just go on in the comatized condition he has been for some time. Joan phoned earlier and informed Dorothy that she had been named by him as the next-of-kin. Dorothy has had a rather upsetting time and I hope the nights rest, with the knowledge that all is now over, will do her good. She has managed admirably, Joan and Len have been of great assistance with regard to the Hospital part, and Phyllis has been a great help and, ~~lefted~~ through her energies, has done a lot to assist Dorothy during this time. The news that Frank died at ten o'clock was phoned from Brighton by Len to Dorothy and so to Joan and Bunt: with arrangements re going to Hospital tomorrow, Saturday.

Saturday July 15. A fine, sunny morning at five-thirty when I arose at the dog's request to be let out. On considering the things to be done today I was glad of this fine day's promise. Dorothy went to Brighton Hospital picking up Joan and Len and Phyllis. She went at 9.30, driven by Mr. Buxton. I washed up, pattered about, paid the papers, including requesting the newsagent to send Frank's bill to us. I went on from there to 2 Little East St. gave Osh's scrap-book to Mrs. Tutt for

her brother Barry Beck. He, being a few years younger than Osh and me, when young had that kind of hero-worship that boys get for athletes of top class whom they know as fellow townies as it were and when talking the other day he said he would very much like a look at those scrap books of Oshes. I asked Mrs. Tutt if she would tell the Stephens my sad news because they were getting ready to attend a <sup>wedding</sup> ~~funeral~~. I asked her not to tell them until after the wedding ~~they were getting ready to attend~~: they would not need to have sad news given to them then. Later on Dorothy phoned from Brighton to tell me the business part was done. I am to get Bishop Reeves if possible and the cremation would be at the Downs Crematorium on Wednesday 19 July at 10.30. Later on I fixed these things up with the Bishop and so all is now arranged. It seems there was some turmoil, oral, at Brighton between Len and Phyllis arising from a triangular phone call with Len's wife Nellie, at the other end in Nottingham. Anyway, all is now ok. and set for 10.30 on Wednesday. Dorothy brought back the "Kangler" watch which Frank was wearing the last time I visited him and which I wound and replaced upon his wrist. I am glad this is still in the family. We were both glad to return just about midnight. The animals are a bit of a pest now. Don't know whether they want to be out or in!

Sunday July 16. A fine morning again and the usual business with the ambiguous bitches. I am now getting fed up with their games of seeing which of them can annoy me first and most. It had been arranged yesterday that Joan & the two boys and Buntz and her family should visit us today. The swimming baths are now open, and look very nice with all the new set up. I went down there this afternoon with John, Buntz, Joan and the four children. The place was packed and the kids were having a great time there. Joans boys, Mark and Robin and Buntz's girl and boy, Helen and Charles all look extremely well. They are grandchildren of whom Dorothy and I are justifiably proud and to watch Helen sitting in the kitchen talking with Dorothy is a treat. She seems intent on learning what she can from Dorothy, but of course she played a good deal with the young ones in the garden, the baths and on the trapeze in the garden. A nice warm day but a wind blew up later in the day and things were not quite so snug but we were in by then and Joan and the boys were driving home in Buntz's car and then John and Buntz drove home to Hord Green. The rest of the evening Dorothy and I spent quietly, I mostly dozing. I have noticed the lawn has a number of patches appearing on it, a kind of brown, dead-looking places. Buntz said

yesterday, when she noticed it, "would it be where the dogs piddle?" and I have been wondering this for a day or two. As the old saying has it "They'll have to go."

Monday July 17. The dogs woke me/made me turn out - I was awake) at five o'clock. Let out they sat on the lawn with no apparent intention of relieving their bladders or their bowels and just looked as usual. I therefore sent them back to their basket and I went back to bed. I believe they will twig that they've played the old soldier too long. Any day now they will be gone, but sometimes they are very exasperating. Phyllis and Ernest came over and among other things we had a talk in the garden and David Williams was introduced to them when he came down for me to be a witness to the signing of the will of Bert Jones from 10 New Road. This afternoon we four went round to Little E. Street, Dorothy and I saw them off by the bus and we returned home and did not go out again. By phone I apologised to Elsie Dyer for my non-appearance at the visiting Committee of the O.P.W.C.

Tuesday July 18. The dogs turned me out at a quarter to five as is their wont; although I had been awake for a very long time. However, this proved to be their last dog-cough at a dog-tired man, because Dorothy rang up Miss R.H. who arrived and carted the animals away before noon. They will be sent to someone who is in need of a ~~doggy~~<sup>doggie</sup> pet, and so ends the dog period of this journal. The lawn is dotted with brown patches where the bitches have stooped and pee'd. I didn't know that dogs had this effect on lawns! It makes another reason why "they have to go"! I will only mention them again under duress. I went shopping and saw Wally and Dorothy Cripps and told them the sad news about Frank and learnt of the progress of George Cripps, Wally's brother, over ninety and at the Victoria Hospital. This afternoon I had a nap after dinner and attended the Management Committee of the Town Council this evening. A good meeting and one that got through quite a lot of work and yet finished in good time. Martin Cross makes a very good Chairman.

Wednesday July 19. There was a terrific thunder-storm during the early hours of this morning and this helped me to get up early again. Torrential rains fell during the periods when the storm travelled away and back again & I laid in bed relishing the idea that these

downpours would provide the water to dilute whatever chemical there is in bitch's urine of bitches which causes the brown spots to appear on the green lawn that Charlie made! In between while, of course running through my mind was the matter of Frank's cremation which took place at Brighton; and I was comforted by the knowledge that Joan and Bert, Barty and John would be present. By ten o'clock we were on our way, with Dorothy & me in the limousine, provided as part of the service by the Coop Undertaking Dept., and we picked up Bishop Reeves on the way. John and Barty with Kate and Betty, went in Barty's car; and at the crematorium we met Len, Ernest and Phyllis; and Joan and Bert. The Bishop conducted the service, (during which I noticed that his eyesight is very bad indeed) and I know he approved of the way we had tried to make a synthesis between the strong humanistic feeling some of the party had and the other opposite feeling which perhaps is best instanced by Len's High Church leanings. Bert was going straight to Westminster and Len to Nottingham after the service and I know Len would enjoy the journey from Brighton to London with Bert as a travelling companion very much. The four in Barty's car, and we who came in the limousine, plus Phyllis and Ernest

went back to Levens and dropped the Bishop at his church, (St Michaels). He had done his part well, and Dorothy and I are very grateful to him. Burt and John, Joan and Bent have been the ideal supporting family that such an occasion needs to carry things through as well as may be. It was very nice for us all to have Kate and Betty supporting us and representing my sibling side, as it were, so there were two more "undiluted" Barbers in addition to myself. Phyllis and Ernest stayed with us for lunch and we four spent an afternoon of talking about various things. Thank them for the way they have helped during this time. Our holiday in England has been very rocky as yet though a mixture of events to do with relatives sicknesses quite apart from Frank. I hope things will now go more smoothly for them. Phyllis has said she intends to sign off from Frank's estate.

Thursday July 20. Round to Frank's house for almost all day, and I have made quite good progress going through the books in his bedroom. Joan and the boys came over to q Toronto and Joan brought a visitor, a Polish woman named Rita, who is over here to attend a course on "English. I find the going through of

the belongings of Frank is very tiring; quite interesting, but one has to keep a firm resolve to stop at certain times. When I reached home at about 6-30 I found the visitors had already gone and Dorothy and I had a relatively quiet evening. We had both done plenty of work and it was pension day, always a reminder.

Friday July 21. Round to 2, Little East Street again for all day. Dorothy came this afternoon and went through papers etc. Found no will and has put the matters to do with Frank's Estate into David's hands (David Williams that is) for him to act on her behalf regarding the legal procedures or any other matter which may arise. I was quite glad when we had left off today but I have very good powers of recuperation and am generally O.K. after a very short sit back. Dorothy has been busy working and ironing some of Frank's things. He has a surprising number of shirts, but maybe it is we who think there is a surprising number. Perhaps in the great big world outside our little orbit many blokes have a lot of clothes. The question is, however, when do these dues get worn? I am glad of having had a good sort through his books. There are not many

more now, and after I have finished the rest, there are quite a number of records to go through. There is another job that lies in the back of my mind: the Vic Hoff collection. My lady helpers appear to be nearly finished their part and I have not started mine. One will notice my enthusiasm and buoyancy about the weather seems to have disappeared - That's because the fine weather has gone.

Saturday July 22 : I was all wrong with my last sentence yesterday. The fine weather has not gone and we have enjoyed a nice, warm, sunshiny day. I find that a good deal of my time is now booked up in advance and a day's programme must be arranged to fit a chief event. Today, for example, we went out shopping during which time we bought a new pair of shears of which I shall make fairly immediate use; but all today's curriculum centred round our visitors, a distant cousin on the distaff side of the Richardson part of the family and her husband, Peter Hoff and Ernest. I mowed the lawn before they arrived and the first part of the afternoon was spent in the sun of the garden talking. At least the husband above mentioned talked, mostly to Ernest, telling this man of bricklaying experience all about brick-

laying). I took the P. visitors over to Malling Church afterwards and, on the way back he told me a good deal about how the country should be run, how the world should be managed, and going to the more individual side, how each person should conduct ~~their~~ his life! With me he didn't get away from all these subjects unscathed, as can be imagined, but since he doesn't give anybody any time to give another point of view, just continually interrupts them. He is not very vulnerable owing to his thick skin. I am sorry to record this but it is time I did more to stop this type, put him right, and give him fresh ammunition to use. More rational stuff. Apart from these remarks or the things that cause me to make these remarks, it was quite a nice visit. When I came back from washing and cooling down after mowing the lawn on their arrival, I found the wife, whose name is Edie, was diligently trimming up the paths with the new shears (above mentioned) while the husband, whom I called Soot, was making good progress in weeding one of Dorothy's borders. There's good in all of us! When they had gone, Dorothy and I paid a visit to Frank's house to water the plants and we had a quiet evening upon reaching home. Phyllis and Ernest

are very well and I believe Phyllis enjoyed slangs: and I think Ernest was possibly cleared off on two scores. One, being told how to bricklay: two having to listen when the bloke was giving instructions to the wide world on how everyone should conduct themselves.

Sunday July 23: I delivered the Labour Party agendas this morning; looked into 2, Little East St and did a few odd things and came back to dinner. While doing the

L.P. agendas I was invited to Lionel Green's garden and met Jenny. We chatted for a bit and they are both very well. I also met Clarry Beck, Frank's next door neighbour who I have mentioned before in this journal with reference to my clearing up of Frank's rose tree, not to mention the garden generally. He and the Tatts, who are his sister and brother-in-law, were good neighbours to Frank and miss him quite a good deal. I took some of the books Frank had mentioned to me and things are generally taking on some semblance of order which is relative to the situation that obtains. Joan Freyne paid us a visit this afternoon. She is just as jolly as a companion; also we discussed young Jim Pollard, who I will write about one day. His mother, nee Norah Green, was one of my girls at work, ~~so~~ she married Jim

Pollard who also worked with us and with whom I was on friendly terms. He died when Norah had two boys, Jim and Sam, and it is Jim who our visitor today and I was talking about. He lodges at Joans house. Later today Betty looked in bringing me her seed box to look after for a week during which she will be away at Oxford. There has been quite an amount of rain today in showers, which enables one to get about during the dry intervals.

Monday July 24. It has been a fine, warm day and I spent both morning and afternoon at Frank's house (I am tired of saying 2, Little East Street) Among other things I have made a great clean-up just outside the back door, so now everything there looks nice and "tidy", as Dorothy's other brother, Bert (now dead) used to say when he and I had a straighten up in the garden. Dorothy helped me to do the Hospital Friends' collection and that help was of great assistance, because I was worried being so late in the year starting. There have been no newspapers today on account of the strike and the industrial unrest which has arisen, at least this fresh wave of industrial & unrest has arisen, as a

direct consequence of the Health Government's Industrial relations act. This seems to be the most insane government which ever took office. I mention this strike and general J.V. etc., because we have had no papers from which to learn of the wireless programmes and in consequence I switched on to BBC 2 quite by chance, and this enabled me to observe the very best of the pernicious society on the "Doctors" programme. There is no doubt the time has gone when such information as was given about love-making could be treated as pornography. I am quite sure this programme will do a vast amount of good towards human happiness, and a better view of the world, perhaps, will help towards compensating for the unhappiness caused by the feeling of guilt engendered by the Christian, <sup>orthodox</sup> although of course the damage done is irreparable.

"O Thou who man of bairn earth didst make,  
And who in Eden didst devise the shade;  
For all the sin wherewith the face of Man  
Is blanched, Man's forgiveness give - and take."

Tuesday July 25 : At Franks most of the day and collecting this evening. We both worked on Franks things and Dorothy also lent her aid on the collecting and so

I am happy to record that two thirds of the "Debit" is now completed. There is something very depressing in going through Franks effects: I don't know how far this is can be general when someone has to do this job for a deceased person, but it applies to me doing Franks things rather more than when I did my brother Bert's ~~things~~. It seems to me there is a picture shown by all his <sup>things</sup> belongings, of him searching away diligently for something and never getting satisfaction. I know this applies to all human beings and I suppose it is just his collection of little treasures that lends emphasis; but whatever it is I do feel a special kind of sadness over sorting out his things and am glad if I can think of any little way <sup>by which</sup> I helped him, and remorseful somewhat when I "think what greater use I could have been. On finishing the Hospital collections we made up the account for me to hand in tomorrow and retired L.O.B.F. before hand.

Wednesday July 26 : The weather has been very good here last few days and this morning looked promising too. This afternoon we went to Hawes castle, joining in with a jolly band of people, the retired Civil Servants Assn. I don't know if that is the correct designation, it's my description. Dorothy had arranged that Phyllis and Ernest and we two should go on

this outing with Arthur Seymour, the Chairman, but he was not able to attend being removed to hospital with a sudden illness. Phyllis was also unable to come so there were three of us in the total company of thirty-three. We all very much enjoyed the outing in all its "parts". The coach ride in beautiful weather through beautiful countryside; the wonderful grounds and the castle. I also had to admire the business acumen which has booted up this particular sample of England's stately homes until now it is an example orderlyness, enormous numbers of visitors like us being quietly guided round the castle, many treasures to examine but not really enough time to look at them for long, because 150 people have to be steered through at one go which has to take about twenty minutes because there is an estimated number, 600, people in the queue waiting to come in. There must be an enormous staff because besides the castle, which is relatively small, the grounds, park; garden after the Italian grand tour style and everything about the place is well maintained and managed so that the people in the outlays, as it were

are dispersed and the whole scene is one of quiet pleasure. Ernest was very pleased with the whole set-up and he would notice the feeling of age, settledness and permanence because having lived in a young country like New Zealand for about 45 years, here was ~~an~~ a piece of England preserved. The only thing that could strike the observer who has been out of the country for so long would be the affluence of the visitors today; the fleets of cars parked there, the number of coaches, luxury ones, not the "Char a Banq" type of 45 years ago, the ability of each visitor to produce the approximate 10/- (old money) to enter and, of course, the better dressed more colourful people themselves. All these things, if compared with things when we were young, would show a terrific social change, a change which has taken place in this century. From the "aristocratic" rich of Oscar Wilde's lampooning to the scenes of today. Surely any of the families of the "aristocratic" rich of those days who are still about must be agreeing with that other lampoonist of those times, and considering his lines "When everyone is somebody then none's

anybody. On arrival home we found that the "Dockers" had been released from gaol, and we saw on the telly a rather hysterical Prime Minister Heath trying to save face and repeating over and over again shibboleth about lawbreaking means going to prison and failing to explain why ~~the men~~ if that was so, these men were released. Also on the "telly" was the Chancellor Mr. Barker he also kept repeating the same words as his chief. Just wearing repetition. It looks very obvious that the report and verdict of the House of Lords Judges was made public today to smother the news of the dockers release, and so save the Government's face, for the Judges find the Union must pay a previous fine after all (nothing to do with the present affair) The Prime Minister and his minion kept repeating that the union must be wrong because the judges say so it is, but the dockers are nevertheless released. Whatever it is made to seem by this talk, what is seen to happen is that Heath has had another dig as I have written a few weeks ago in this journal

July  
Monday August 31. I have missed four day's entry. Things have had rather the upper hand, but these things are not such as must be recorded: any reader can just imagine the every-day going about by the evidence provided in the recording of recent weeks. I'll start with today and fill in bits as I go along, if it proves necessary to fill in bits. This morning then, I went to Le Town Hall and did some arranging with regard to getting Eric a game of bowls and had a chat with Joan B about our visit to her and Colin's house on Friday evening. I continued my way to the Post Office and obtained the T.V. license for the coming twelve months: on the way down-town again I met Mary Harman who was shocked by the bad news of Frank; she said she would get into touch with Dorothy this evening regarding the books and she has phoned this evening and fixed up for Thursday afternoon to do the valuing. Joan and the boys were here when I returned after going to Frank's house. All three are very well and took a picture each one separately or all three together. I endeavoured to have a quick nap while they were out at 2, L East St. this afternoon but trimmed up the rambler rose on the trellis instead. We're going to make some difference

regarding light just outside this window. Light and outlook. The reason for the attempted rest this afternoon was to enable me to attend the Planning Committee, this evening, in a fresh condition. However, I trimmed up the trellis rose this afternoon and enjoyed playing a full part at the meeting this evening. I take it this is contributory to my physical and mental (motor) fitness for the jobs I undertake. Dorothy and I are concerned with getting on with the business of bank effects and this seems to press a bit as people begin to talk along the lines of "what about the house?" I'll make some enquiries from the Town Clerk tomorrow about the procedure set to be followed supposing one decided to sell to the town. David was at the meeting and sent a message by me to Dorothy that he would deal with Phyllis's deed whenever it was convenient, so that will be one step forward.

Tuesday August 1. 1972 I duly went and saw the Deputy Town Clerk and, among other things, learned that an estate makes it obligatory on the executors to obtain the very best price from its disposal. Ally came in at about five and evidently had heard similar information. He had mentioned the matter

of 2, Little East Street and had been told to come and see Dorothy. He quite saw the position. Dorothy is in. Mary Harmer will be coming to the house on Thursday, as I recorded yesterday and Eve will also call on that day: altogether it seems as though a move is being made at last; and Dorothy is making a great difference in the kitchen and back-room tidying. I have continued to assist and today Anne Rump came down in the morning and Leslie came at five p.m. and chose some books and Leslie was very helpful with his taste and acquired knowledge of nice things. When I returned there after a short spell away this afternoon I found Vera Stephens was there. The fact that she was wearing an arthritic collar led her to talk of herself and Charlie and their united efforts against her illness through life which had shown itself in many ways. A very plucky woman because at her present age of 76 she is considerably more agile than a great many I know who are considerably younger and who have no disabling complaint with which to contend as right to "live"

Wednesday August 2<sup>d</sup> Joan Freyne gave us all a ride to Buntys house today. By Fall I mean Dorothy and me, Phyllis and ~~and~~ Eric, and a very pleasant day it has been.

Firstly, however, David Williams brought the deed down and Phyllis duly signed her assignation to Dorothy of her share of Frank's estate. This was very nice of her and David is coming down next Tuesday at ten am. This business being over, and after a light lunch Dorothy had prepared, Joan & drove us by pleasant ways to Buntys home at Hurt Green. A marvellously fine journey because Joan is a first class driver and is aberrant: Eric had the opportunity to see country side he knew as well 45 years ago and Phyllis also, an observer of country matters, appreciated the ride. Buntys has developed a fine home and I should imagine, John has worked extremely hard on the place while both have obviously contributed their part as parents of Helen and Charles. I don't know if this seems pedantic, or romantic, or sounds like a nineteenth century non-conformist blarition; it is none of these. I am trying

to define the atmosphere of the place and its occupants which to me is very pleasant. We all except, Dorothy and Phyllis, went for a walk and Buntys took us to a water-mill, I believe the only one in Surrey which is still working. Quite a new experience to watch the techniques of multiplying the power of water, (in alliance with the law of gravitation?). At Hurt Green there appears to be plenty of open space and well attended turf to walk on. Though the countryside, taken altogether, is undulating, at this point it is very level which makes for good easy walking. I hope it does not suffer from too many cars cluttering it up at week-ends. Charles was carried in his push-chair for a good deal of the time we were out. Helen walks along quietly and unobtrusively so one has no need to wonder "Where are the children?" While we were indoors Charles showed us everything he could think of both indoors and out. Helen can read extremely well for seven years old, and has a turn of speed with this accomplishment. A happy day. Joan & took Ernest & Phyllis back to Brighton and brought Dorothy and me home again just at dusk. Very nice.

Thursday August 3<sup>rd</sup>. Today has been used entirely by the sorting out round at the cottage. I met Eve there, on behalf of the library in the morning. Mary, with Dorothy and me, in the afternoon dealt with a preliminary valuation of the books; and our Joan, Dorothy and me sorted things out generally in the evening. I will add any particulars as they occur to me.

Friday: August 4. Mighty anniversary: with the gradual passing of people who are seventy and over, I wonder how world war one will be remembered. Go into history book type of knowledge instead of experience I suppose. The cottage has claimed our attention again today: Bert and Joan have come and chosen some records for which Bert offered to contribute to the estate, but Dorothy pointed out that with the measure of agreement already taken by Len and Phyllis and which was helping to clear the place, this was the most successful way. After all, the cottage has somehow to be cleaned. Dorothy keeps washing clothes, washing up, and we both keep moving things about without

apparent difference in the way of clearance; indeed, it seems to be more cluttered up than before! However, Dorothy and I went home at about "late teatime"; we had had enough for awhile. We tried to get interested in the humorous "Please Sir" period on the television but, quite apart from Joan phoning, the thing doesn't seem to entertain us, somehow, lately. I suppose we're living through the usual times which all families experience and our minds are too actively engaged in real problems. However, later I did enjoy a nice read of Amor Khayyāt's Rubaiyat. This tough old atheist always has interest for me: but Lawrence Housman, in an introduction to the copy I was reading, endeavours to show that Fitzgerald, the translator so far lets his Victorian prudishness creep into his work that he introduces arguments which have in them the hectic touch of European theology! I have never noticed this. I suppose I am not a scholar or pedant; I'm only here for the fun!

Saturday August 5. Quite a fine start to the morning after the rainy and windy yesterday and it remained quite a pleasant day.

I have no extra activities to record: the cottage at Little East Street: our garden at home: our shopping, cooking and everything would be boring to write about. I did watch a little football on the telly for awhile but anything, from athletics to drama, I find myself more loosey about nowadays. In addition, perhaps partly a cause of this looseyness, the death of Frank and the matter of his estate is becoming, for the time being, the centre of living, and the sooner this business of leaving the cottage and winding up everything is done with, the better I shall like it. I am sure the continual clearing up round there, with the washing of his laundry is doing Dorothy no good. Resolved. "I will not leave a lot of clutter behind me; you can't take it with you and who will want it in the affluent society? Sell it for a trifle and live riotously!!". We had good news from Eric and Phyllis. Her malaise is not so serious as was at first thought. Dorothy and I are very relieved about this and Dorothy is going to Brighton tomorrow to see her.

Sunday August 6. I woke very early and came down at about six a.m. A dull morning but my bit of grass cutting of yesterday afternoon looks very nice. This house and garden is very pleasantly situated, and, as I wrote a few days back, the quietness, to me, makes it magnificent. This afternoon Dorothy and I went to see Phyllis and Ernest at Brighton. Phyllis is very poorly and she was very glad to see Dorothy. She is on a kind of <sup>high</sup> preparatory which, as far as I can gather is getting her ready for an examination by a specialist next Tuesday. She seemed very depressed when we arrived but was quite cheerful by the time we left. I suppose, if one is ill, a change of conversation is helpful in making one forget ones physical discomforts; and if on a low diet, one is comforted by the anticipation of one day being able to eat as heartily as ones visitors. Both these attitudes, I have no doubt, contributed to Phyllis' improvement while we, Dorothy and I were there. Ernest showed me round the place where they are living. It is a house in the ownership of de Holmwoods, a rather nice family in laws of Eric. I know about them only from hearsay because I have never met them, but I gather they have been very nice to Phyllis and Dorothy. I met Mr. one of them

who lives alone in the house when the visitors are not there. We had a car each way today, getting luxuries in our old age. Cabin Brent plored, as we got in, with reference to Mr. & Mrs. Deacon and next Saturday's fall at the Garage. I must deal with his request tomorrow (6262). We finally returned quite late. B.B.K.

Monday August 7. A wet start to the day when I came down at a quarter to six but cleared up later. I went round to the cottage and continued with the endeavours to clear up. However anybody could collect so much stuff and load it into a tiny cottage I know not. I do know it is taking Dorothy and me a good deal of time and effort to get it out. In panning I found two little pictures framed by being inserted into two one-sided wallets. They are drawings, coloured I don't know of what period. One is of a couple copulating in the usual way; and the other is the same woman, wearing different clothes, with a different man who is making a different approach a-posterior with. There could be details of a bigger picture and the amusing thing about them is the

look of quiet, peace, snug satisfaction which each face depicts. All the eyes are turned to heaven, they probably consider they are there already. They seem to be figures from ornaments decoration but very old. We worked until dinner time and returned after dinner, keeping working until five p.m. Jean Deacon called for any help I could give towards gathering together prizes for a Tombola ~~at~~ next Saturday's L.P. Zete. I gave her a good silk cravat, new, and one or two other items. I will help her further as I think of places where I can send her. Dorothy spent the evening getting ready for David to do a bit of assessing of trunk things tomorrow. I did a bit of tidying-up our own garden. This entailed doing a good deal of trimming run-away bushes and some when while doing this I mislaid my new, or nearly-new leather gloves. Spent all the time left until dark searching for them. I must come out early tomorrow and continue the search. <sup>walpole</sup> Passport.

Tuesday August 8. Found the gloves first thing by moving all the top from last evening's fine

and there they were, close to, so close that I am lucky the fire was not a good burner last evening: only about eighteen inches separated them from destruction, but various little bits of stuff have saved them from any damage. It was raining first off today but soon cleared up. David came about 10 a.m. and spent a good part of the morning sorting out what could be of any value in Frank's "trunket" effects: There doesn't appear to be much. David also drove me to the cottage and brought back to home the two portmanteaus with the books in them from Mary's sorting out as being of value. All the rest of today I have worked in our own garden; it is quite time this was so, because, quite apart from the work caused by Frank's death, I do a good deal about the town and really I am at an age now when I should be pottering round a garden. I read aloud for an hour or so this evening, H.G. Wells' "Mr Burnstaple sees it through" quite a nice change to have a read. Quite a nice change to read some of Wells's neat writing; enjoy his quite quiet wit; share the optimism he had about man in <sup>the</sup> '20's. I always consider the change from this optimism of the twenties to the

more pessimistic attitudes of his last years shows the results of the finish of the liberal experiment after 1914. The books he wrote in that period of decline in his view of "Homo Sapiens" were a brave fight to "stop the rot" as it were. Those, which I call his social books, did quite an amount of good to me because this was the period in my life when the growing girls and developing family and international matters called the attention of every man in a like position. I think the general attitude made by the works of such writers was a great help when our civilisation stood only a poor chance of surviving by avoiding a quick elimination. Those last few words remind me of a pamphlet I endeavoured to write on how to minimise the damage while in a boxing match. It was a long time ago, of course, in the boxing days of my youth. It was called "Footwork Made Easy and Effective"!!! and it was subtitled "The Art of Avoidance". I'll make some more notes one day on an idea those words have given me.

Wednesday. August 9:

A very fine day and I have carried

out quite a lot in our own garden, trimming along the long border wall, burning, etc. A very pleasant morning, while this afternoon I went with Connie G. to the Bowling green where he put in some practice to "fit himself for playing in the Mayor's Team" ~~later~~, to use his own expression. As far as I could judge he doesn't need a great deal of getting fit for the occasion. My knowledge of what is good bowling is limited, but he appears to me to be a superb player; and quite a number of the people present steeped in the lore of the game, commented on what a useful addition he would be to a club. I, meanwhile, spent a very restful and pleasant time in the beautiful surroundings and enjoyed the quietness, wondering, on occasions, why I did not seem to find more time to rest (or mike) in the beautiful surroundings provided in different parts of this attractive town. Dorothy and I did not go to Frank's cottage today. She was washing, and this included quite a number of Frank's items. She is improving in walking, etc and seems to me to be a good deal better than for some months now. Perhaps when the

work caused by Frank's illness and death is passed she will be better and have more time. Not so many chores and petty economies, to use her own words. In the meantime we are both very well, especially when compared with the bad fortune that attends some people as regards their well being. Mr. Wood, of the bowling club, to whom I was chattering while watching the game today, has had a leg amputated to the knee since I last spoke to him! What ghastly ill-fortune? Dorothy and I might think we are poorly sometimes; I might groan when I feel too handicapped 'spore wine'; but consideration of the things that happen to some people makes me count my blessings instead.

Thursday: August 10. I drew State pension, did some shopping for bread; saw Eve and fixed up for meeting Monday next to deal with Frank's books for the library: came home and did some gardening and then went over to Ella's and mowed her lawn, thereby putting into operation a new scheme of things whereby I do some, more detailed, service to the elderly, having spent a good deal of time on committees'

work to that end. I don't suppose Ella Hewlett would agree with me in this classing her as an elderly person to be helped because she is wonderfully active and looks very well, but her case does illustrate my new scheme of helping in a practical way instead of, willy-nilly, in a theoretical manner on committees. Joan came over to Leeves with the two boys this afternoon and went with Dorothy to the cottage and shopping. While they were out I walked up to "Book-Windows" the bookshop and presented a list of books for sale which Mary H. had sorted out from Franks collection. The result of my little venture at making a start at selling the books was that a Mr. Lucas offered to buy the two volumes of Caudall's "Ceramic Galleries" for £7. It was agreed between us that he come down an fetch them, so he drove me home and I fetched out the two volumes and the other: Mary had put aside: there he finally added to his purchases so in total I received £17. I felt quite flushed about this, and so did Dorothy and Joan when they arrived home. Actually it was lucky they were out with the

boys when Mr. Lucas was here because I had a nice quiet house to do business. Later on Colin and Joan B. brought their car as I had arranged and, going round to the cottage, we were able to do some more clearing. God Bless them for their help. At length, with all our kind helpers gone with Peter Deacon taking away some books for the L.P. Tete, and with the boys and Joan gone back to Brighton, Dorothy and I had a well-earned rest. Joan is a great help on these things ~~and~~ and being strong and well is of great assistance generally besides making some good suggestions re disposal of things.

Friday: August 11. It is all very well me writing swiftly, as my older pen obscures for some technical reason; I get quite an amount done but it is so thick. I shall have to change the nib. Today has resolved itself in to day of great activity on the "Disposal of Estate" front. It is now arranged that Marston Barretts will value the silver and, across the road from Barretts, Dorothy made an appointment for this evening with Mr Waller to have the lesser outer nick-nacks valued. The biggest

problem we considered, would be the screen so over we went to the "Sunhouse" where the screen was originally purchased by Frank. The proprietress there told Dorothy she would enquire of a prospective customer and would let Dorothy know the result later. We went to Mary's bookshop also and she will call Monday morning, as will Eve, so then we shall make a clearance of the books. At five this afternoon Mr Waller duly arrived, and, after examining the other lesser nick-nacks (see above) he offered Dorothy £53 for them which she accepted. Later, after a phone call from a Mrs Whybrow the prospective screen customer recommended by the "Sunhouse" proprietress (see above) we were taken by Mrs Whybrow and a friend who drove the car, to the cottage and Mrs Whybrow bought the screen for £75. She also showed interest in some of the other things. So there we are. The main best books are sold, the nick-nacks are sold; the screen is sold; the record player and records are practically sold and possibly the rather expensive radio. I am glad such progress has been made and I think it is a relief for Dorothy, although she tell me the feeling of relief is tinged somewhat with regret that some things she has been used to seeing in the family are now gone. As far as my feelings go, they are not tinged with anything that takes the edge off of relief. The more experience I gain from these occurrences

whether connected with the family or not, one thing is, I find, particularly necessary. To make a will. There is another thing which is important: to remember that nice little possessions have to be left behind. Make sure these are tidily disposed of beforehand: if there are any moans about who is left what, or any feelings even, to that effect, then the one who is leaving will be dead and so have no feelings that he has done the wrong thing. If this kind of sharing of the Estate, ~~does~~ because there is no will, has to be done by the poor wight who is make the Executor, then it is possible for him to wonder sometimes if he has done the right thing; and, being still alive he will have feelings about things.

Saturday August 12. The morning was quite fine but afterwards rain came down in heavy showers, driving the Labour Party fete in doors and making the little bits of gardening I have been doing impossible. Bad luck; it was good to see the stalwarts carrying on though crowded in doors, very adverse conditions for a fete or sale or indeed, any money raising effort. While Dorothy and I were at Mary's shop the other day I discovered a book from which I am sure I shall received much pleasure and not a little learning. It is by Walter Kaufmann and is from Shakespeare to Existentialism

Sunday August 13. At the cottage this morning and the record player, the radio and the rest of the records are gone. Bert came and closed the deal, as it were, and Joan arranged all to patch up by taxi this evening. The boys spent much of the time at the "Canadian Fort", a glorified climbing frame just round the corner at the Pells. This fort was presented by the Round Table of Lewes and is much appreciated by the kids of the district and also by visitors who bring their children. The cottage is now well on the way to becoming dear, glory-be

Monday August 14. I woke up very early and later while stretching in bed, I got a cramp in my right calf which was very painful so I turned out at about six am. The calf remained quite tender for most of the day; nothing to handicap my movement in any way but tender. I have not had one of those cramps for more than fifty years! I went out shopping for meat and Dubonnet, because Ernest and Phyllis were due to come to Lewes, it being their wedding anniversary today; and, bringing the purchases home, I hurried round to the cottage, 15 minutes or so late, to let Mary Harman in to do the choosing of the books she will relieve us of. She had taken a short walk while waiting to get it and did not appear to be too annoyed about my lateness. Mary started

with the upstairs books and I did general straightening up in the yard, and when I came back Eric and one of her nieces arrived for the Library books: and when I came back with Eric, after a break to meet him and Phyllis at home, Mary had all the chosen from upstairs to downstairs and so all those paper-backs, etc., and so much on my mind, are now dealt with. Dorothy had prepared a good dinner which we four enjoyed very much, and after a time of talking we went to the cottage and selected some mementos for Phyllis. (Photographs of the Richardson parents, siblings etc.) Phyllis does appear ever so much better since her malady has been diagnosed. She and Eric left us at about seven pm. I went to the C. Committee of the W.C.A. branch, whose meeting on this occasion was at the Grange, and we had some useful discussions on the welfare of the Branch and came to some conclusions and took some positive action on the said welfare. When I arrived home Dorothy had attended to correspondence to do with Frank and the U.S. ~~and~~ Welfare and S.S. department and she had also acknowledged the letter from Canon O'Reil. Our days and evenings still seem to be busy, but now the time is generally occupied with our own affairs, family things and what-not.

Tuesday August 15. Up early, exercised M and P, burnt a bit of pruned rubbish and went round to let Mary in to get on with the books.<sup>7</sup> I went on to Ruth's and purchased some bread, went to Mr. Wilde's to have the heels on my sandals mended and then back home. Dorothy came to the cottage and we three had coffee that she made. Dorothy and I had an interesting experience next. We took the rest of the silver nick-nacks to Barretts (T.J. August 11) who valued them. It was really remarkable how, with no information other than his craftsmanship, traced Frank's visits to different places, where he had spent considerable time etc. A lesson in learning one's job thoroughly, observation and examination, properly seeing what is being looked at etc. I have not time to record this experience of Mr. Barretts' knowledge of his job here, I can only note it as extraordinary. Now the hard work started. Back to Mary at the cottage. Phone for a car and get the books transported round to Mary's shop. Very hot work on a warm day especially as I had to go round to Mary's house afterwards and then back to the shop because of some confusion with regard to locking-up. Mary bought the books giving a generous price and I hope she is able to sell them reasonably quickly. Dorothy and I went back to the cottage in the late afternoon, came home about seven p.m. and then had to return there at ten p.m., she

remembering that the cooker had not been properly turned off at coffee-time this morning. Well, there is a recording of what we, or I, have done today. Except for the early morning reading "Shakespeare to Existentialism", this day's recording seems very dull: but it is real and what has actually occurred as far as I have participated in events. One's own necessary doings must be taken care of, and all over the world teeming millions of people are taking care of their affairs in the business of living. Rome can in Tiber melt, and the wide ranges of the Empire have already nearly disappeared, but "Here is my space" says each one of us.

Wednesday August 16. Up shortly before six a.m. to find the promise of another fine day in the cool misty earliness. All this fine weather is proving of great assistance to our clearing of Frank's cottage and today we have made quite important progress. This evening, arising from my telephoning Ernie, and being concerned with how he was faring during recent times, and Dorothy's concern about having things straight for David when he calls tomorrow re the Estate, Dorothy and I walked round to 33 Grange Road and saw Mary & Ernie. It was quite like old times to call on friends at evening-time and we were there for an hour or two discussing

various things that have a national bearing. Ernie knows from experience that action taken in any situation is limited by the facts of the said situation, but, with the ideals (good, healthy, natural ideals which characterize youth) of youth he sticks somewhat to <sup>approaching</sup> ~~dealing~~ and approaches dealing with these situations as if he were a young man again. He has made great efforts from a physical point of view during these twelve or so years since his first stroke, and he and Mary seem very comfortable at number 33. May they continue to be so for as long as is naturally possible.

Thursday August 17. During these days I have not neglected (at least I have not continued to neglect) our own back garden and it is looking very nice from a "Tidy" point of view. It is beautiful anyway, and Dorothy does the looking-after from a horticultural angle. I am trying to point out that our garden is now receiving more of my attention and so looks better from viewpoint of managing and so on of a garden. Colin and Joan B. kindly came round when they had finished work and did some more moving for us: so now the rest of the fuel is at q Toronto and many odds and ends such as Frank's dinner service and so on. This sort of thing is all done in to record; hardly worth doing, writing of this kind but the people

who have had experiences of a similar nature will know that, at such times, that's how life is.

Friday August 18. Did my usual early-morning stuff. I went out shopping after breakfast (having put the cottage ~~dustbin~~ back before breakfast. It has to be put out late on Thursday evening, another little chore!) Saw one, who has no room for more books, took a message from Dorothy to Mary and also delivered the book she had inadvertently left with us when she carted all the rest away. There was an insurance man there, surveying the books etc. I should say that was as well, having had the experiences of Tuesday's going into the shop and leaving it as I recounted on that day. My time, and Dorothy's too, has been spent at the cottage and at home and the cottage is gradually taking on the look of somewhere from which everything is ~~being~~ being withdrawn, while that of q Toronto begins to look like a place and garden that is being disciplined back into something resembling order. The matter of the Docks is also being dealt with more successfully; so on a National level things are getting smoothed out. On the International hand however, no progress has been made with the Uganda president, who insists that all those Asians who are living in his country (note the possessive pronoun) must be turned out. He says they are working to under-

nine Uganda, when really they are the people who under-pin it, as far as its economy is concerned. He probably means they are the people most likely to object to the object of his ambitions. This is one of the countries which receives aid because of the hunger that prompts those advertisements asking for support for "Oxfam" and hundred organisations, and we know that children in these countries are, to a great extent, in as bad a plight as the pictures of the adverts which generally depict a starving child show. Upheaval, whether by the method chosen by this Ugandan President or by examples we have had of war, (civil) to bring about a "National" State, gives us an opportunity to see the photograph of the leaders of the movement, and these blokes have, without fail, (I mean in every single case) a look of being grossly overfed; in very marked contrast to the people they are supposed to be guiding to the promised land. The good men, like Gowon, who guided Nigeria through the war he started by the types of I have written about above, is a different type altogether, one of the people and looks like one of the people.

Saturday August 19. Much the same as yesterday plus the shopping. I had a look down the Pier but was only there for the first half.

Sunday August 20. Phyllis and Ernest. Buntz and John with Helen and Charles were our visitors today and a very pleasant day it has been. Charles entered showing us all his new physical acquirements, quite high standing jumps for a two year old; and the phase he has reached in learning a headstand. Helen is now at least she was today, the complete girl, as I knew girls of seven, years ago; and she played quietly by herself, still paying attention politely and intelligently to what was going on around her, with her feminine toys she had brought with her and some nick-nacks Dorothy gave her. Both Buntz and John seem to be very well and to me, this family is ideal. While I am writing of our visitors I must mention Phyllis and Ernest. I know I have before but I have not described them in relation to their attitude to people. This attitude I find altogether admirable in every respect, and their thoughtfulness and friendliness should, and probably has, made their company very worth while where ever they have been. They are both very independent and at the same time very generous and I think back Buntz and John with their families like them very much. Phyllis and Ernest have not had the best of good fortune during their holiday from New Zealand, what with Frank's death and Phyllis' illness,

but they have carried on, restricting their holiday activities to the limits imposed on them by these unfortunate occurrences, uncomplainingly; and they still have a couple of months or so to make up; and with the relieving news of the cause of Phyllis's malady has, no doubt, made them both much happier.

Monday August 21. I got up and carried on under my new series added on to do m. work. The morning was carried out by a little trotting round the town doing which exercise. I went to the Town Hall and collected my pass card for bus fare concessions. There were a queue of people doing the same thing and I felt very pleased to see this, <sup>meant</sup> brought into operation. Up the Reds. This was Today was the day of the Bowling match between the Bowling Club and the Mayor's team, and David kindly drove us to the Green at 2-50. We enjoyed this afternoon with the Bowlers very much. Of course, as is the usual ~~case~~  
<sup>up</sup> these events in Leves, the Mayor's team bit the dust (to use a wrong metaphor, because on this beautiful afternoon there was no dust, just grand turf) but Ernest played a wonderful game for the Mayor's team. He was so good that in the after-~~te~~

speeches his play was mentioned twice: and David, replying as Deputy Mayor to the Club's good wishes, commented on our narrow defeat and accounted for this close result by reminding the gathering of "Our secret weapon from New Zealand." Regarding other matters; the disposal of small items of the Estate is going ahead; our home affairs pursue the comfortable way; the dock strike is in process of clearing itself up and is being succeeded by other matters which the Newsounds decide for us are of importance. (By the way, when I use the term "Newsounds" I mean the whole hierarchy, from reporters to editors and proprietors of bad media. I don't mean just the reporters.) The fat slug of a president who is in charge of Uganda is in process of attempting to think again about the turning all the Asians out of Uganda. Like some previous rulers of these emerging countries, "Hell have to go." or it will mean yet another of these refugee situations, camps and all.

Wednesday August 23. I missed out yesterday because nothing extra occurred. Joan and Bert came over with the two boys and went to the Baths, the Fort, the Rec. etc. I have continued to work mostly in the garden and have nearly cleared the west wall of the encroachments from the over-spill, Railway-bank growths. During the day I looked

Fin de Library and saw Eve and Christine and borrowed a book on philosophy by a man whose name I have noticed but have not read before. All I need now is a quiet time in which to digest its contents (that is, if it proves worth leaving and reexamining my way through). I have also spent some time in overhauling my dumbbells and I started a new series today. I am writing this in arrear, as it were, so the above sentences with reference to a visit to the Library should be credited to the missed-out Tuesday. Joan Freyne came down this afternoon and she and Dorothy went round to the cottage and made an enormous difference in the clearing up. Won't it be great when everything is settled? I will finish here and make a better start with tomorrow's entry B.K.

Thursday August 24. Did the usual in full (and on increase). Some tidying up. Pension; office regarding New Road Brambles; Baxters and a chat to C. Hillman on Levers F.C.: a talk with Margaret on Leonard Woolfe and then down to the Cliffe I took the Lansdown Place direction to the Cliffe and saw Mary very busy in her shop. She's having another holiday next week. I delivered another pound, collected for the Vic. Hosp. to Hillman's office and carried on my way along Cliffe High Street to Harper and Bedes but found I could not obtain a book to hang up Dorothy's

wall mirror. I don't know why the kind of book I was after should not be sold now. I tried two more iron-mongers and all were without what I wanted, and there are no more vendors of this ironmongery stuff in the town. I suppose not enough of these books were sold to make it worth while having one or two in stock, but that attitude is the one that obtains now. The traders are no longer out to serve people in the things people want. They are out to make people buy what they, the shopkeepers, want to sell and these things are what best suits the shopkeeper's pocket. He doesn't want to sell you a book any more, he wants to sell you a packet of books, all of a standard size (which isn't the size you require) wrapped up in plastic for some unearthly reason. He has to worry no more, for your shown discontent he blames the manufacturers or wherever the goods come from: and as you walk out to shop elsewhere he no doubt reflects that the profit on one or two books is not much to live!

Friday: August 25. A busy day as was expected, but a more interesting day than I anticipated. True to promise, Joan F. came at nine-thirty and drove us round to the cottage, Joan and Dorothy got on with some packing while I walked down to Ruths for bread and, on my return to the cottage we swiftly set about loading Joan's car

and she took two loads round to g Toronto. So progress is being maintained with the clearing of the cottage. Joan sped away to Brighton and Dorothy went shopping while I did some more tidying for arrival of visitors. In due course Phyllis and Ernest arrived for dinner with us, and Helen, her husband Ron Frost, and their two children, Julia and Peter arrived later. They were returning to their home in Sheffield from a holiday in France and are taking a parcel to Helen's father who is Dorothy's brother Len. It made quite a pleasant little gathering during the afternoon and I think everyone got to know each other better. It is quite a long time since Helen's family was here; many things were talked about and everybody left to go their respective ways at about 6-30. My sister Betty then came round to let me know she has taken the Council flat that has been offered her and will move in tomorrow week. I feel very relieved and I hope she will settle down comfortably. Today has been one which only allows for recording of events in this journal. Other things will occur to me as I go along: when they do I will record them where they will fit in.

Saturday August 26. I did much of the Saturday shopping while Dorothy was with David Williams, who came down about the Estate. This afternoon we went to the Annual Sale at the Friends Meeting House. Strange how my connection with the Quakers in 1931, when I was frequently in this old building, floods my mind with memories each time I go in there now: and, of course, they are all different people, with their meeting house and garden bright instead of the dull, parietical brown of those days ~~and~~ <sup>with</sup> the rows of grave mounds which is now the garden. Nevertheless the quiet friendliness which is part of their faith, added to the warm-heartedness which greets us in their gatherings as a rule, (I should say always), makes this a very pleasing visit. When we came out we did a bit more shopping and, for the first time, I was able to convince Dorothy that I should carry the shopping. The fact is that Kay Gibbons was at the sale and on seeing Dorothy she has joined so many others of our friends who are concerned about ~~Dorothy's~~ health as shown by her movements. As I have frequently written in this journal, it is a great worry to me and is worse because she will not get medical advice but insists she is alright. What can one do?

Sunday August 27. In the garden all day and hasn't been out for a walk or anything. I was getting loaded up with stuff to burn and one job led to another; and then, this afternoon

I got on with taking the paint off the bath-room stool. Frank took this stool round to 2 Little East Street and painted it yellow and green in a baroque kind of way, and Dorothy prefers it plain wood, so back it goes. I have watched some of the Olympic games on the television, "the ladies' gymnastics mostly, but some of the weight lifting by the smaller men, a little horsemanship and some boxing. The games are now well under way. Yesterday Len phoned that in the cliffs Helen took from here on Friday, he has found Frank's cuff-links. We had been unable to find these particular cuff-links and Dorothy has been very concerned because Frank did value them and they were a gift from Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. I think all things are accounted for now.

Monday, August 28. This <sup>statutory</sup> "postponed" bank holiday provided a beautiful day weatherwise, and quite a nice walk by Dorothy and <sup>me</sup> to Hingston where we visited John and Anne Kemp. Dorothy walked there quite well and, in spite of a little stiffness in the back of the legs when we were approaching our destination, she enjoyed the walk. John and Anne took us round the garden which is very beautiful and restful and we had a talk in the open, as befits four people of advanced years on an August Monday. The sun was very pleasant. Later in

the morning John junior came in with his wife Olive and a young baby, and so our talk was continued in two groups, one of which consisted of Dorothy and Anne and Olive plus the baby, and the other of we three men, with industrial relations as a subject. I think the discussion showed a great area of agreement, which it would not have done some years back. One of the advances that has been made of recent years is that the old saw "There are two sides to every argument" has been extended to include <sup>in</sup> its definition of "every" the recognition that the working bloke may have a case. I think that is a good step forward and makes it possible to talk about employers and employed without assuming that the former category is always right by some natural order of things. John junior's baby is five months old and is a very lively boy whose eyes take notice of every movement round him and show also that he takes notice of every sound near him. John junior's wife is about 34 and is a very lively woman whose eyes take notice of every sign the baby makes and who is quite plainly out to gather every possible scrap of joy & which comes from being fulfilled as a mother. Young John is a very lucky man. Lively baby, lovely mother, lucky father.

Tuesday August 29. I have shopped today in the morning and worked in the afternoon removing paint which Frank had applied to a bath-room stool. He had made it a hard yellow, picked out in places with green. Dorothy and I want the stool in use; Dorothy can't stick the yellow and green which Frank had so jocosely put on. That which Frank thought was a good idea Dorothy thought was "Noat" (The individualist Richardsons). However, I, who don't mind whether its painted or plain, removed the paint this afternoon. I found it quite a nice little job in the sunshine of the out-of-doors workshop, and while doing it, was able to consider some of the things I have gathered early this morning from Kaufmann's Shakespeare to Excalibur (See this journal: ). While doing this job I also noticed that the paint-remover was also removing the hard paint which was clogging the brushes, so tomorrow I'll clean all the old brushes that are about and clogged up with paint; (Save quids in brushes what for?). Dorothy and I did come more at the cottage this evening and, later, I watched the advanced stages of the gymnastic exercises in the Olympic games. I should have written that I did plenty of walking this morning for the shopping, and the new series of PtM is going well.

Wednesday August 30. The usual early rising and the usual early morning stuff. Enjoy it more all the time so it is evidently doing me good. The rest of the time today has been occupied (used up?) with what has become a duty since Frank died. This word died has reminded me that I attended another cremation yesterday. I think there may be something in the claim of at least one school of psychology that we unconsciously banish some things from our minds because we don't really want to think of them. The mind just lets them drop. I have mentioned lately, on more than one occasion that these journeys to the Brighton Downs Crematorium are getting rather more frequent and this is in the course of nature; the people in your category, and age group etc, die. They are the people you know. Any way, I attended yesterday and forgot to record it in this journal last evening. David drove me there and back. It was occasioned by the death last Thursday of Len Fox. Len was a good chap. Chairman of our Local Labour Party and very popular as was shown by the number of people who attended today. I have known him in active life, through Trades union and Labour party work for 15 years or so. a good presence as a chairman and a good voice for speaking in public. As I was writing above, Dorothy and I have filled in the time in the usual, to get back to today's doings. The cottage etc. It will all be done with one day, but, in the meantime, the recording in

this book gets monotonous

Thursday August 31. Lionel Uridge, a well known member of the Levers communities, who is an official of the Philatelic Society, went to the cottage with Dorothy this evening and had a look at Frank's stamps. Apparently they are not of any particular value to require going through, but he told Dorothy, with reference to the other things that are still there, that she should get into touch with Gorringes, the auctioneers, and that is what Dorothy has resolved to do tomorrow. There is nothing out of the ordinary for me to report. It was nice to be in touch with Lionel Uridge again; one of a family which communities such as Levers are proud and grateful to reckon among their families.

Friday September 1 1972. We called round to Gorringes and met their Mr. Stewart, who came to the cottage and examined the stuff, was enthusiastic about the possibility of an auction fetching a good price, and later in the day this was agreed to be the way to deal with the rest of the "pieces" plus the idols, carvings etc. The main things are now standing numbered and docketed in the front room of the cottage. Later this evening Joan and

Colin came and, making two journeys, took some things round here to home and purchased the big picture which Joan had wished to have. And so some more progress has been made. David is complimentary on Dorothy's work in disposal. Gorringes are also going to manage the sale of the property and it does look, at length, that there is a fair wind with us.

Saturday September 2. The weather keeps very fine and warm, thank goodness. The work goes on and this evening Colin took two more loads of oddments home to g Toronto. Nellie Hitch came to the cottage this morning at Dorothy's invitation and has some clothes from Frank's wardrobe. I learn Levers F.C. have t. C. Eastbourne United from the F.A. Amateur cup. One day I shall have a chance to see them play! I seem to have so much else to work on at the moment - but this period will pass in B.H.B. i.e.

Sunday September 3. I did an enormous amount of work in the garden and then walked over to Sandport to make sure Betty was safely installed and happy. She is very happy and so am I, having taken notice of her delight and the excellence of the flat. Moreover this sort of care for retired people was one of the

ideas which filled our minds when Dorothy and I were young, not for ourselves, because, like most young people, we would never grow old! However, these things have come to reality and, whenever we look at the accommodation for old people we are stricken A satisfying day and moreover. Bt

Monday September 4. Somehow I manage to fit into the early morning my educational and physical monastic progress and I keep very well. Thank goodness Dorothy seems to be going alright too. Her walking is very much improved; and today further great steps were taken (in a different sense) towards the winding up of Frank's estate and this makes her feel better. We both went down to the cottage for most of the day: and a Mr Allen, of Gorringes came to view the house with a view to sale (see T.T. Sep. 1) His idea is to put it on the market at about £5500. Glory be. One would have thought, a few years back, that there was an oil-well in the garden. Dorothy has got in touch with Mrs Whybrow (See T.T. August 11) who will purchase the plants for £4. So we make our way through all the flap that has been part of our life since half way through Jane. Small wonder I haven't found time to trouble and record ordinary news. I attended the planning meeting this evening. Quite interesting and enjoyable to be back after the recess.