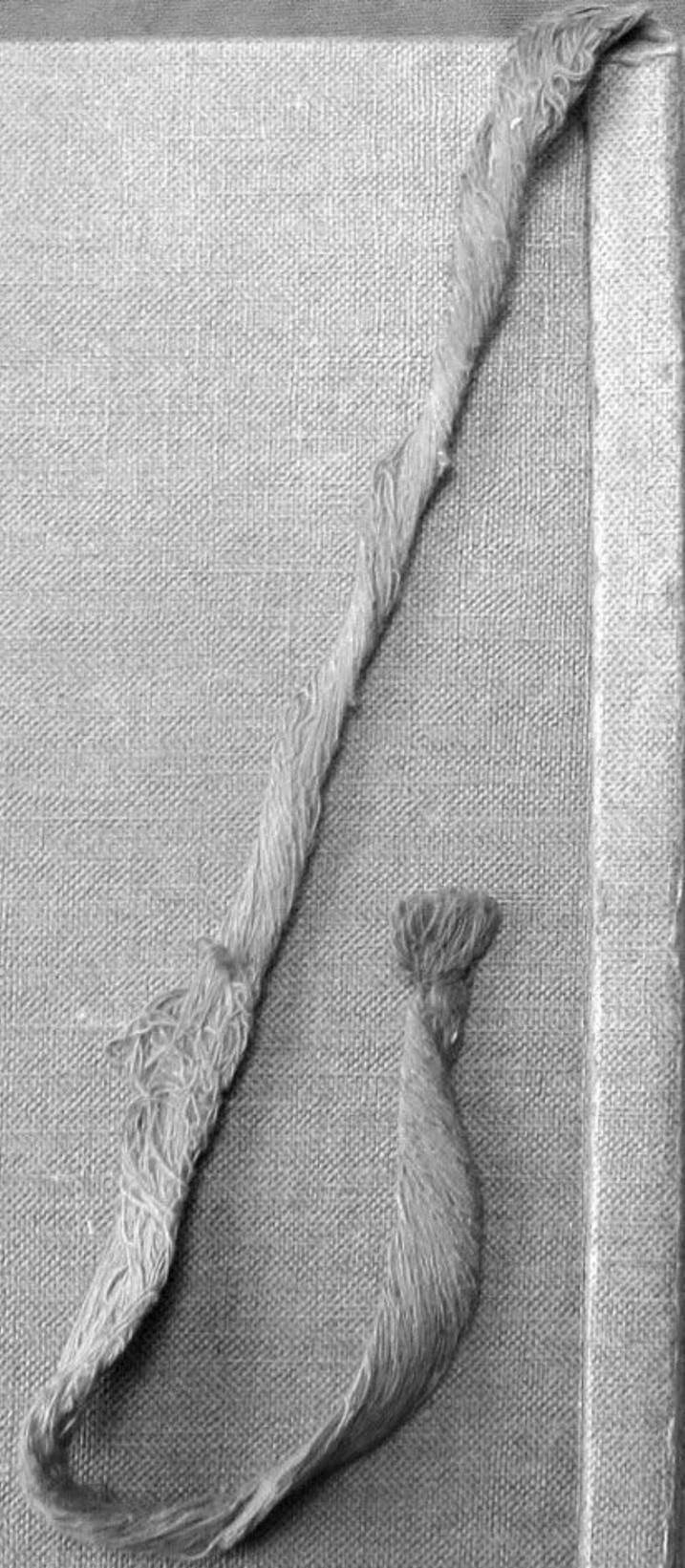


Sep 5 1972

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IDEAL
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Tuesday September 5, 1972. A fine, sunny morning but later the weather became dull, with a cooling wind. I finished all my early-morning stuff and walked over the Causeway to Rath's for bread and for exercise; and paid my car-bill on the way back. It was a good, very fast walk; and rounded off my training for the day. I also looked into Beard's; my own wireshop being closed on Tuesdays. We are still unable to settle down to a familiar, easy pace. At dinner time, in answer to a telephone communication from Gorrings, Dorothy had to leave early and report at the cottage where a prospective purchaser would like to view the place. While she was gone there was another call from Gorrings to the effect that another prospect would like to view the place tomorrow at 10-30 am. I hope this rush portends that we sell the place pretty quickly; and this hope is not much to do with self. I am concerned for Dorothy to finish with the whole business after having done the job of Administrator efficiently and with the result that she feels she would have satisfied Frank, felt content with herself for a job done well, and have been rewarded for her work. I am also concerned for myself that the whole caboose will soon be done. This journal gives a fairly accurate description of my life since Frank's illness and death and it can be observed that this, ~~has~~ plus the work of

managing the disposal of the Estate, that this business has occupied our minds fully. No time to write of my comings and goings, of meeting people, of commenting on the larger affairs of the community locally or on a wider field. Today, however, some Arab terrorists have entered the Olympic Games village at Munich, murdered two of the Israeli team and are holding several other members as hostages to use as a lever to force the Israeli government to release the two hundred Arab terrorists who are prisoners captured doing similar murders in the name of Nationalism.

This does call for my comment. It goes without saying that this Arab method of trying to win support in their struggle for an abstraction called Nationalism is a very bad one. It is a method, which has become popular of recent years, of forcing a point because the governments concerned can scarcely be expected to call the bluff and have innocent people murdered in cold blood. This particular case however, does lend itself to a counter-threat, because the Israelis are asked to free 200 terrorists or else have 10 or 20 people murdered. It seems a very poor negotiating position for the terrorists. Surely to lose 20 of their important men in return for one politically innocent hostage can hardly be a paying proposition. Certainly not for the 200!!

Wednesday September 6. In my diary yesterday I did go on writing about the position in Munich and did not give the result of the viewing of the cottage by the woman who Dorothy took round in the afternoon. When Dorothy came back she and David worked on Estate business for some time while I did some carpentry in the shed. Quite a number of people are ready to view the house or have done so and there are more appointments to view. The general world scene is concentrated on the Olympic kidnapping situation. I wrote last night that, since the negotiations for the kidnapped athletes is governed by the threat to kill people in the power of the Arabs, and since the Israelis have 200 people in their custody, which would make a 20 to 1 strength in negotiating with the Arabs, the situation should be dealt with without bloodshed. This could be so, but what reason can creep into what crevasses of the skin that covers the ignorance of people who romantically adopt the cloak of Nationalism? The Israelis never had the opportunity to negotiate from their 20 to 1 position of strength. The West Germans (quite rightly I suppose, it's on their territory) tried to overcome the terrorist Arabs and the resulting gun battle finished with all the hostages being shot and of the terrorists, four were

killed and the other two captured. Instead of the brotherhood of man being brought nearer by the Games, the Games have provided an opportunity for the nationalist terrorists to still further divide mankind. I think it must be agreed now that it is unless being moral in the world community sense unless your morals are backed by the power to carry out the rules. Toothless morals! By the way, a large part of the Arab world, at least the leaders thereof, (and this will be followed by some people here, no doubt) are already putting forward the names of these murderers of completely innocent people as martyred heroes to their cause!

Thursday, September 7. Some of the teams have left the Olympic Games. The Israelis have done so. An inquiry has started into the whole dreadful matter and I hope that what will come out of the whole incident is that it will at last be accepted that such people whose emotions are so stirred by "isms" that they are quite beyond reason are a terrible menace to civilization; that they are reinforced by the professional thugs and mercenaries and that the only way to stop this blackmail is to offer, or threaten, to use the same threat as these people do.

There are still many viewers for the cottage. I have no time to go into much detail.

Friday September 8. The weather has changed. And, after those four words I was obliged to stop this journal; various things contributing to this interruption but I suppose the chief factor is the bone-idleness with which I am afflicted and which shows symptoms of itself at different times. The date now is

Thursday September 14, and the week has gone by with various jobs carried out by both Dorothy and me. We hope the cottage is now sold. There has been a positive train of viewers and prospective buyers and Dorothy has now given instructions to the agent to close with an offer of £6,000. To me this is most startling but there it is; and we both hope, for the sake of our work, put into this affair which started with Frank's illness, and indeed, as far as Dorothy is concerned, for many years, will now be brought to a close. For four months now things have so arranged themselves as to make this cottage, the rough bones there the things there, the short walk there, and every thing connected with it, part of our lives! This evening, after we had finished an afternoon at

the cottage, we had an unexpected visitor, Paul Durrell. Paul Durrell is uncle ^{on mother's side} to Joan Freyne and he lives in a house at Cross-in-Hand. A single man in his sixties, he is the last of a family, middle-class, pre 1914, ^{large} and with intelligent mother ~~whose~~ the description of whom paints a very true picture of the struggles of women of that class at that period, to obtain independence politically, economically and, (should I say?) biologically. All these things for which they struggled have now come to pass, and from the Elysian fields where they have truly earned a place, (if such fields are true) these ladies can look with considerable satisfaction at the modern woman's life; and know that, as a result of those old struggles and sacrifices, modern woman is far better equipped, mentally and physically ^{and sociologically} to deal with the problems of today than ^{and} would have been the case but for the struggles in pre 1914 years of women like the late Mrs ^{Durrell} Freyne who Dorothy and I knew before she died at the age of 93. Paul, Dorothy and I chatted until 11 pm so I hope Paul found our company worth the walk down in the hope of finding us in. I hope he pays us another call when we are free from other things for an evening.

Friday. September 15. I went down to Rath to purchase some bread this morning, and returning ^{crossing} the Phoenix Causeway, from where the cottage can be seen, I realized with some annoyance that I had forgotten to put the cottage dustbin out last night and it was full of prunings which I had hoped I could fob off on to the dustmen as household refuse. Queer little things I write in this journal: its because the bigger problems of Local Government are not very prominent at this period of recession: or its because I am growing into an old woman, with all my concerns about the little things to do with domesticity. It may even be that, having allowed a week to pass without an entry, I am eager to waste time on these smaller matters, which need no recording really, to save making entries on bigger things which always give me cause to think while I write them. I found Dorothy was still out at the Commissioner for Baths, or whatever the designation is. On the way home I saw Eve for a few moments. She was looking very well and had enjoyed the holiday. I went up to Unwin's and purchased some sherry, called in Wally Snipp and signed an identification form and had a gin. Dorothy, his wife, came in from shopping looking, I thought not so well as is usual for her. He and I talked about the changing town, the changing times, the changing ideas of the young and came to the conclusion, a rather startling one, that

things ain't what they used to be! I think Wally is about 86 that is older than me, ^{or} but only by about 12 years (say I rather wisely.) Dorothy (my Dorothy) does seem to be keeping much better now for which I am grateful to the fates that appear to direct our lives. Now, having spent a lot of ink and used up a page and a bit, recording my old-womanish annoyance over trifles; my concern with my age and my comments on the health of everyone, perhaps I had better record that I attended the Branch W.E.A. Committee meeting this afternoon and we five elderly and retired people who were present dealt with the business in hand at this start-of-session period and then had quite a merry gossip during which time I don't suppose either of us considered ourselves old. When I came home from this meeting, and Dorothy came home loaded with her shopping I did a little outside and she did cooking, because Phyllis and Ernest are coming tomorrow. The quiet evening, of which I generally make mention is here but is quiet because Dorothy is cooking and I am writing. The rival nationalist groups in Northern Ireland, one ardently loyal to England, and the other to Ireland, keep on quarrelling, using deeds instead of words. The Irish Nationalists seem to take the peculiar view that, if they keep on maiming, ~~and~~ ^{and} murdering the people of Northern Ireland, the latter will fall in love with

the idea of being ruled by the Southern people.

Saturday, September 16. I regret that confusion at the end of yesterday's entry, I meant to finish it off on this page later and then I started off with today's date instead. I was going to continue writing anti-nationalistic stuff and to bemoan the fact that after each of the big wars we (mankind) have made stern resolves that this must cease and have immediately set to work encouraging the forming of more nations where there wasn't any before; then creating more fanatics who imagine an abstract is a thing and the word nation ^{(which} means a collection of individual people) is the thing and not just a symbol ^{of} a collection of people. Hence we have this mental case who has power in Uganda, President Amin. I have used the words "mental case" because the press have used it in connection with this character. It must be remembered that all people who think upon those lines are mental insofar as they are the shadow for the substance and I hope all people will remember the I.R.A. person who, at a press conference, asked what he thought of the murder of a woman and her children which act was ~~done~~ done by his followers replied to the effect: "We can't help that, of course people will get hurt as history is made"! This M.D. case is making history as he sees it and should be treated as the people who are mad and

get the idea that they are God, or Napoleon or Alexander (or sometimes a teapot). Phyllis and Ernest came over from Brighton. This was their good bye visit because they sail for New Zealand tomorrow. It has been a very nice visit and was made even better by all four of us paying a visit to Anne and John Kemp at Kingston. I have written before somewhere in this journal that Anne came south from Durham coal fields after the 1926 strike. She went "into service", the service to the local bigwigs of that time and met Phyllis during that period and Phyllis brought her home to be a friend of ours ever since. She married a local gardener and now is the mother of two married sons and a married daughter who, between them total five grand-children. Anne and John live in and own a very nice house and garden, and altogether ^{to me} provide a picture of a small girl, moved about by fate and chance, deprived to a large extent of many of the things that help in life, yet after 40 years of married life can show such results that Phyllis was able to notice with very great pleasure. Phyllis and Ernest left from Toronto after tea (we weren't at Anne's very long) and Dorothy and I spent a quiet evening off.

Sunday September 19. One thing dominated today's business; we went to Kingston to Anne & John's Ruby wedding party. All the family were there, and Dorothy and I were the only two who were not of the family. John, the eldest son fetched us and drove us home afterwards. A very happy party in a grand family, built up by a very able and ~~hard working~~ ^{hard working} little woman who came from Durham about ~~40~~ ⁴⁴ years ago. Heartwarming for one who remembers the times.

Monday September 18. I rose a little more early and did some of this evening's meeting agenda, thus having to put aside the Kaufmann book "From Shakespeare to Existentialism" which I am wading through and rather enjoying. Later I proceeded with the physical limb of my monistic idea of keeping well. Still very successful, as far as I can judge. This physical side included a sharp walk down to Ruth's and a visit to the wool shop in the Bluffe High Street. (Dorothy wishes to mend up some of Frank's jumpers before they are put into use again. We had news from Ho that Phyllis and Ernest went on board their boat so it can be assumed that they are by now well on their way. Dorothy had a big wash day in spite of rain which came later and this evening I attended the Public Services Committee and the OT writing committee

leaving the former to attend the other one and then returning. The nutty leader in Uganda appears to have retained control in his country after a short, sharp revolt against his authority, so there appears to be not much chance of him being deposed. Uganda is following the usual pattern of the newly emerging African states: men who think they are gods seizing possession by force, a ghastly civil war, starvation during which previous people in the "Western democracies" do their best to send food for starving children and hope it does not fall into the mauls of the soldiers. In the Westend, people stand in streets begging for money to buy food to send to the famine-stricken, warring country etc but there is no need to go on. The pattern is repeated so frequently that an ^{obvious} inference will soon be ^{drawn} ~~made~~ by many people. ~~It is~~

Tuesday. September 19. I did quite an amount of clearing the ground of vegetation that soon grows everywhere if mankind doesn't keep it in order, and round the toolshed there is now a smart, tidy area. Mr Piper started on his painting of the front door so we shall soon be looking smart at the front also. I have got the steps carried from the cottage round to home and so we shall soon be tidy insofar as things are in their right place, there being not much left at the cottage now. That

should be here. I am beginning to think seriously about the possibilities of retiring from the Council: no farther than thinking as yet. Quite a pleasant and useful meeting of the Management and Finance Committee this evening. B.B.

Wednesday September 20 1972. I did all my usual stuff early this morning and feel much elevated because of my industry in applying my ideas to enriching life on what might be called a monet ticket. I don't suppose anyone will ever know how successful I am, but many people mention my movements and make the comment that this is very rare in anyone of nearly 74; and much more rare in anyone with a poker-back spine such as mine, and say they are amazed because I have both these handicaps. Enough of me, let's have events, happenings. To be truthful not much has happened, otherwise there would have been a different start to the recordings of a day. This evening Dorothy and I attended a meeting of the local Branch of the League of Labour Women and heard Mrs Jeffries, the C.C. organizer of "Age Concern" talk on the Welfare Services available to old people. I find she is a good speaker on her subject. I have known her and worked with her on various committees so I am aware of her worth, but I have not heard her speak before an audience

practicality. I was rather glad to find three women who are bookbinders at Baxters, were members of the Branch. I have mentioned before how girls came there at the school-leaving age, I generally had charge of them (to guide them into an attitude to work while they fed the ruler) They grew up, married, had families and returned to Baxters as their families grew more off their hands. (Some Barber-cum-Baxter's influence maybe, but it is clear ^{to me} when I meet other women of over 35 who worked at the ruler ^{when} young that they did have a go at having given thought to affairs around them.)

Thursday September 21. Dorothy had to meet the See Baard man at the cottage to receive instructions with regard to turning off the power. I am glad about this: after all a place which is left empty should not have current turned on at the meter. All sorts of dangers spring to mind. Spring into my mind anyway. All the rest of the day was spent by me, in doing odd jobs, some in fixing plugs to fit electric points. I learnt to do this by watching Ernie as he altered Frank's round-pin plugs attached to tools to Dorothy's requirement of flat or square pin plugs and decided to do overs myself when Ernie went. I had been reading up some text books anyway, so watching Ernie gave me an opportunity to observe some

application of what I had read and try some for myself. The thugs and murderers in Ireland - and the nut-case who is, at present, ruling Uganda, are still taking pride of place in the news that's handed out by the mass-media. I consider since those joined words "Mass-Media" have a somewhat derogatory sound about them that is not evident when they are separate, that I may as well find out or at all events, conjecture, as to how it came about. I would have thought it meant by the mass the working people. That could well have been so in the past, when ~~the~~ "Tuffs and their Toadies" used to divide the population ~~into~~ ^{with} two designations, the "Blasses and the Masses". But there is another possibility ^{be} reason now. Mass News, i.e. massine in bulk. Newspapers, Radios, Television Sets all giving the same news many times a day (barring the Press which is only twice a day.) This makes the news very bulky and it could be a consideration until one remembers the joined words are mass-media, not mass-news. So the people who work it will have to go on being a part of something that has an unpleasant sound whichever way they consider it: and the best of luck to them. I'm going to bed because it's 11-45. They, poor wights, have to give the same news several more times yet. They won't be giving it to me though.

Friday September 22. I went out this morning and paid the two weeks bill I owed for papers. That leaves me clear for tomorrow, when Hazel pays us a week-end visit. She has been teaching in Ceylon. When I returned home Dorothy was overjoyed because she had, at length, found a document of Frank's that the "Bank of Detroit" had been requesting and poor Dorothy, who hadn't the foggiest idea of what it was like, had previously failed to find it. Now we shall have what could be described as a fair wind. A most extraordinary thing, or coincidence too, was that within a few minutes an air-mailed letter from the "Bank of Detroit" arrived with a copy, or sample, of the missing document to help Dorothy find it! It came just too late to help but we do appreciate the good intention of the "B. of D." While I was out I went to the library and saw Eve who told me she would be away at the Conference next week and so would miss the Council Meeting and, though the Conference is at Brighton, she has decided not to attend the Council Meeting. The rest of the day I have spent working in the garden on odd jobs such as grass cutting, tidying etc; while Dorothy has been working hard in doors, as is her wont when somebody is going to pay us a visit. It is her wont on any day, of course, to work well, but this time it is harder

because the small bedroom is rather full of Frank's things that have been carted round here and put, pro-tem, into the small bedroom. Besides work, however, I have made satisfactory progress with my current reading (Kaufmann) and I am enjoying it very much. It gives me an insight into the work of many critics and the leaders of thought who are criticised and, after reading this kind of instructional stuff, and having some guidance thrown in as a make-weight I generally feel nourished mentally, and I happily set about whatever job I have set myself to do. Strange ~~to~~ and dreadful things are happening in Uganda still, and equally strange and dreadful things are happening in Northern Ireland. Ireland, the most "gherky" country in the world has been doing this sort of thing for some years now and things hot up there as though these hoodlums were trying to maintain their lead in such matters over the more recent terrorists of Arab lands and Uganda. There is a way of stopping this slaughtering and maiming of innocent people. I have suggested it before in this journal at the time of the Olympic atrocities. Some of the leaders of these terrorists, who are in prison will have to go: for every one person who is killed by their followers?

Saturday 23 September: Hazel arrived this morning. She looks very well and as if she has enjoyed her travels, and received the maximum knowledge possible of the places she has visited. This afternoon, after Dorothy had made arrangements with Berty by 'phone', Hazel drove us to Hurst Green to visit Berty and her family; and a very pleasant visit it was. Helen and Charles are both looking very well, John is still away so we did not see him but Berty also looks well. There were three other little girls there who were had looked in from their near-by homes, so Berty had quite a busy time and I hope she has not had her programme too much altered. I enjoyed the afternoon weather, the drive the visit and everything including Hazel's descriptions of her work in Ceylon and her calls, or visits, to other countries during the time she was working in Ceylon. One thing is rather disappointing, considering the difficulties in most emerging countries support it, is that the teachers etc who go to these places get a feeling that they are getting nowhere, that, in most respects, it doesn't seem as though their efforts are going to have any effect. During the post-war years, when new countries were being made, I have read this record of worry

chances of the about the success of these experiments being jeopardised by pitifully weak administration. Most countries of this kind have their chances of success spoilt, or at least delayed, because of insufficient preparation and I don't know how this can be put right, especially as each contains fanatical Nationalists who hurry things on with terroristic acts and leave the almost certain position of the ~~state~~ ^{means} determining the ~~mass~~ ends

Sunday September 24. The muddle of the last lines of yesterday's entry prove I was too tired to sort things out properly. However, every piece of news demonstrates the truth of what I was trying to point out. All ways of bringing about changes by force, when they are successful, have to be maintained by force, and this means "Police States". I did all my stuff this morning and am doing very well on the physical side; I can't so easily judge the mental side except that life does seem to me ever so much more interesting. We three went to the cottage and I think everything is now cleared. We also had a short walk over to the "Grange". Hazel went back to her new town Sittingbourne, quite early and Dorothy and I spent a quiet time me reading and doing a little "looking in." The weather is still dry but many degrees cooler.

Thursday, September 28. I have had nothing I would consider important enough to enter here during these last four days. I know I am very much in the habit of making a daily entry however unworthy the events recorded, but when other things press and I have other matters to think about Council-wise, then I must leave the day's happenings unrecorded; this will only apply to the more insignificant things naturally. During these four days I have attended the L. Group meeting, the Council meeting etc. Most of the Council debating has now shifted itself to the standing Committees, where it should be I suppose, especially now that the press and public are allowed in to Committee meetings. However, I should like more debating in the Council meeting. I don't think it is much up when anybody visits a T.C. Meeting, to just watch a lot of rubber stamping of business. The previous meeting was over in less than thirty minutes I understand, so last evening's meeting, there were questions put that were not always important, and such a manoeuvre generally gives the proceedings a hollow atmosphere. No doubt it can be said that, after all, the work of governing the town must go on, and what does it matter in which circumstances questions to do with that work are discussed? None really, but such discussion is a part of life in a democratic community, ~~just~~ ^{in the same way} as

shopping is a part of life. Last evening David Williams moved an amendment to a certain item and Dr Fairlee said he would second the amendment if the proposer would take the split infinitive out of it! On making his reply at the end of the debate David insisted "there was no infinitive in the amendment, split or otherwise".! Actually Fairlee seems to have such pedantic little items, such as this, on his mind lately. He used the split-infinitive complaint a few nights ago at the planning meeting. I have no doubt that we shall be introducing Subject, Predicate and Copula and such-like terms into our contrived debates next. This morning Dorothy and I went along to the coffee morning held by the Landport Pre-School Play-group. We are always invited to any function there young mothers organize and we are on good terms with the group. Beatrice Temple, the Mayor was there, plus David and Betty Williams, the Deputy Mayor and Mayoress. This group is still flourishing and the Council members who were present, besides the Mayor and Deputy, were Councillors Mrs Reed and Mrs Zapp. And myself of course with Dorothy, but we are always present, as I have written above. Last Monday I started a head cold; it has been clearing up ever since and today I stepped in, in a lazy sort of way, from W.E.A. and L.P., making this cold my excuse for

idleness. It is just an attitude of mind that goes away and leaves me feeling remorseful halfway through the evening, and wishing I hadn't shined things! "We'll see what tomorrow brings forth."

Friday September 29. I have got back to my early morning programme for the last few days and can feel the benefits therefrom: in consequence I have recovered my buoyancy, (defeated the cold I think!) and, as far as I am concerned, all is going well. Dorothy seems to be slightly better and her movements look more free to me. This afternoon we both attended the meeting of the Pells School Managers; and, as usual, we both enjoyed a pleasant meeting. This meeting took place at 2 pm.; and at five, Kay Gibberd came and had tea with us; another nice thing to happen today. She seems to be well, although there was not much time to oblige her or listen to ^{the} more detailed items of news that one gets with a longer meeting: for she was on her way to another visit to friends in Eastport Lane. Dorothy and I were due to attend the Civic Night at the Little Theatre, and the opening of the new bar there. The play was "Moby Dick Rehearsed", an example of ~~expressionism~~ ^{ex}pressionism in production and acting

^{which} ~~that~~ was very creditable, although I found the noise ~~created~~ ^{made} by the voices of the ~~the~~ actors in creating the impression they were a crew of whalers at sea, plus the noise of the necessary sound effects which gave the impression of the whaler at sea, made things a bit too noisy. It had a triumph for ~~to~~ the impression was a real-seeming one to me, so well done all.

Saturday September 30. Just a usual Saturday morning, shopping in the morning with Dorothy and some work in the garden in the afternoon. The reading of Kaufmann's book is still proceeding and I am sure to benefit quite considerably from my study of it.

Sunday October 1 1942. Buntly and John, with Helen and Charles, came over today and their visit was very ~~enjoy~~ enjoyable. The weather was excellent too, so they were able to have a decent walk during the afternoon; proceeding via de Pells, Willey Bridge and the Eastern bank of the river to Bliffe High Street. John had only arrived back from his travels at ten p.m. on the evening before so his has been a very full weekend. He and Buntly look very well, as do

the two children. Helen has reached the age of seven, when little girls of her type are particularly "observable" and interesting. In Helen's case, it is fascinating to witness her cool-headed, thought-out answers and contributions when conversing; and her ^{appreciation} & praise of things that she likes. I have mentioned this before I believe. I have listened to the news but it seems less and less of anything except the murderings in different parts of the world. The presentation of this particular news does not give opportunity for presenting much else. You get a kind of headline, followed by a more detailed account by the man broadcasting, followed by a still more detailed account by some one called "our man on the spot" (this account, for some reason, is invariably charged with atmospherics and spoken by a man blowing through a comb.) By these few lines it is quite clear that I don't like the method of disseminating the news as carried out by the mass-media, either through the press or by broadcasting. Our visitors left us in time to get most of the way back in daylight and we had a quiet and pleasant evening. B.K.H.

Monday October 2 1972. I did some work about the place; bought some 1" x 1" for a carpentering

project I have in mind. I find I am more capable at most jobs, whether skill is needed, as in the proposed carpentering, or brute strength is required, as in most of the labouring I carry out round about the place. There is yet another thing which I think I'll record, even at the risk of appearing too "Panglossian". It comes to my mind because I have attended the planning application's Committee meeting this evening. A few years back I used to be very tired at the meetings. Then, it is true I had positions of authority, (chairman etc.) but I was younger. Anyway, I used to be very tired whether I was in the Chair or just a member. Nowadays I have noticed that I go through these meetings with ease and with my mind alert. This is how it seems to me, anyway, and I put it down to my morist attitude to physical and mental "keeping fit". I had another opportunity of admiring Paul Bennett's chairmanship. He is very good and likeable too. It can be said with truth of our Labour groups that we have produced the most able leaders of Committees. Jim Franks was very good for the Tories, but he was the only one who could be compared with ~~any~~ ^{any} of the present Labour men.

Tuesday, October 3. Arose at 5:45, did all the stuff as per programme plus a little shopping and a start at some carpentering. The chief event was that Len came over from Brighton, where he and Nellie are staying for a few days, to pick up the ikon, the picture of the original St Johns church and one or two other little items which he had to gather. I had to leave Dorothy with him because I had the Planning Committee meeting to attend; but I did gather that Nellie is improving and Len has spent some time in thinking, and has come to a ~~convincing~~ conclusion that he has not been wise all the time and should have bought his house. The auction sale at Goringes, where some of Frank's things are being offered, was today and will be continued tomorrow. We did not find the opportunity to attend but I will try and put in an appearance tomorrow. At the planning meeting this evening we Council members were told about the proposals for the additions to the County Hall, so there is another lot of stuff to digest and it is the sort of development that causes discussion in the town. The difference between this and previous proposals of a like nature is that there appears to be a strict time limit on this one, caused by the ^{impending} change in the structure of local Government, so one can only wait and watch for what might transpire.

Wednesday October 4 1972: Arose at the same time as I did yesterday and got on with the syllabus. I went shopping for some roots and carrots and then attended the meeting of the Exhibition Fund. Quite an interesting gathering and I think we came to some wise decisions. Dorothy went to look after the boys, as she did last Wednesday, and was therefore away when I came home to dinner: but she had left a grand skin of beef stew in the oven and I very much enjoyed this. This afternoon I walked round to the cottage to get the fireman's bucket and I found that, in the upstairs room, the floor was lined with chalked lines as though someone was measuring and arranging where ~~the~~ his (or her) furniture could go. I infer from this that the cottage is sold. Glory-be, if that is so. I did not look in at the auction sale because time was getting on. All that was in the post today was a government hand-out to Councillors and other members of L.G. bodies on the coming change in the structure of local Government. It is quite a big affair, about ~~like~~ as thick as the Mead report on Boundaries which I had to wade through two or three years ago. This will be an enormous upheaval. I know that, during the last 150 years or so, there have, of necessity, been many changes, but this one is the biggest step away from what has always

been
"considered an essential position, that of very close
contact between the governed and the people who have
been elected to govern. Quite obviously influence will
be brought to bear on problems of the different
localities, by councillors who cannot know the
local situations because they live too far away. I
am sure it will be found necessary to have some
local councils, or bodies of some description, of whom
the big new councils will find it important
to take heed. If this is not done it seems, with
the mood of people nowadays, the only intimation
its new councils will have that something needs
doing will be by demonstrations! I'll finish with
this subject using the same sentence I used yesterday
to wit. "One can only wait and watch for what
might transpire." Dorothy came home later than last week
and tired. Most of the evening was spent reading the paper.

Thursday October 5. I shall no ~~longer~~ ^{more} write "I arose at-
whatever time I do arise. So regularly do I get up
at 5-45-600 that it can be more easy to make note
of when I overlay! The day has taken its usual
course; the news has been about the usual
brutalities and murders in the name of the 'isms'
plus the news of the Labour Party Annual Conference

The conference is going along as usual; many matters
are being debated and many people are, no doubt,
being hurt as the process of teaching the more
eager ones that it is by far the better procedure to
aim at something that is practical, and obtain it,
than try to squeeze untried ideals and theories into
a box of facts that ^{has had} no effort made to prepare it.
Of course, this happens at the conferences of all
political parties, but the fact of the Labour
Party being the party to do with the changing of
the structure of society, makes it more likely to be
the one to which the young, the idealists, the utopians
and others who feel they would like to belong to
something that is progressive, flock to: and in
consequence, as with other party conferences, there is a
good deal of restraining necessary, and this seems to be
restrained very frustrating and often very hurtful. One
could almost say that conferences are a very necessary
part of one's education. I didn't attend either W.E.A.
course or L.P. this evening

Friday October 6. Nothing unusual to report: the
weather continues to be dry and, after the early
morning crispness, quite warm. The tomatoes are still
doing quite a lot towards ripening out of doors, and

I have started to make some bench shelves out of doors. This is also an indication of how warm it ~~is~~ is when the fact that it is October is taken into consideration. I attended the lunch hour meeting of the "Age Concern" people at the House of Friendship. A relatively short while ago his journal contained quite a number of references to O.P.W.C. and the House of Friendship and hundred things. Now, thank goodness, by dropping some of these things I have made life a bit easier in that I can turn the extra time I have gained into doing things like the bench shelves mentioned above. The Chairmanship of the O.P. Welfare Committee involved me in too many "ex-officio". At the House today I met Maureen Franks, Ken Sadler and many more people with the interests of old people at heart, and, a nice surprise, Eve. She was here to find out about what books the "House" library would like, she having the disposal of the Local Library cast into her control. I have rather neglected my walking during recent days and I must rectify that. Mobility is all!!!

Saturday October 7. Dorothy and I did the Saturday stopping between us. I did some carpentering and Dorothy some house-work and Ken came over this afternoon. ~~and~~ We had a light dinner at about 6-30; and he caught a

'bus back to Breginton soon after 7-00. At the end of the meal Kate looked in while on her way to the St. Johns Harvest supper. With her was Mr Bird (Wally he said we were to call him) He and Kate have been keeping company to the extent of going out together for some time. ~~To~~ To me he looks a very nice chap. 67 but slim, fit, and obviously one who looks after himself and appears some years younger than his age. Kate is pretty, also young for her age of 63 and there seems to be no reason why this arrangement should not give satisfaction through the company of the other ~~to~~ one to both of them. ~~But~~ Of course, I know Kate could have rather old fashioned ideas that could send this widower away empty handed, as it were, but I hope she does decide that he 'will continue' to enrich her life and keep him accordingly. When our visitors had gone Dorothy and I had a quite evening. There does not seem to be much on the "telly" that interests us these days. Perhaps we have had a surplus of looking at things through that medium. ^{BKX} Betty 'phoned yesterday, she is well and has settled down in her beautiful new flat and is doing well with her art. I'll go up and visit Tony and Winnie tomorrow.

9 Sunday, October 8. As promised at the end of yesterday's
10 entry, I walked up to Prince Edwards Road and saw
11 Winnie and Ivy. I found them both well and so
12 this weekend I definitely know that all my four
13 sisters are going along alright. Perhaps it will not
14 be credited, but nevertheless it is true that this
15 afternoon and evening I feel quite elated, knowing
16 that they are all alright. Betty now secure as regards
17 a flat (and it's ideal for her tastes too), happy to learn
18 that her work artistically is appreciated and busy
19 with her attendance at the various classes of which
20 she is a member. Kate too, I mentioned her yesterday
21 with her classes on handwork and her writing lessons
22 and her flat: and ~~now~~ the exhilarating interest in
23 life that she must be experiencing now because
24 of her companionship with Wally. Today at 68 Prince Edwards
25 Road I could see Ivy is ever so much better than she
26 has looked of late, and Winnie, as far as one can see, is
27 still vigorous and keeps very fit by reason, I should
28 imagine, of the energy she puts into her movements and
29 work about the house. I hope all four of them continue
30 as now; although, in the course of nature, the two
31 older than me will ~~soon~~ feel the year's premonition
32, more or less often than the two who are younger.
33 I didn't go out any more but worked in the

"Outside workshop"

Monday, October 9. Another fine day, enabling me
to work in the shed and garden. My outdoor rack is
now almost finished and all that is needed is for the
fine, dry weather to continue. Nothing has occurred which
merits entry, beyond the Planning & Public Services Committee
this evening

Tuesday, October 10. The rain has arrived and has fallen
heavily for the most part of the day. In consequence
nothing is done outside in the garden. Only the
briefest walk and the minimum of shopping has
been carried out. Roll on some fine weather!!

Wednesday, October 11. At least there was no rain today although
the weather was very dull. Dorothy was due to go to Joan's
house at Patcham to look after the boys. She did the
housework before going at 11-30 and I did the shopping.
I had my dinner at the House of Friendship! I didn't see
anyone there I knew. I also visited the library. When
I arrived home Mrs Penfold looked in to remind Dorothy
about the judging of the Bonfire Council's Fancy dress
competition at which Dorothy had promised to be a
judge. I eventually got into touch with Dorothy
by 'phone and she was able to be fetched back

home by car as soon as Joan came in from school to relieve her, and she was able to post up and judge the Competition by six o'clock. At eight o'clock I went to the Annual General Meeting of the Emergency Volunteers and by a quarter to nine Dorothy had joined us having finished at the Bonfire function. I have one or two things to enquire into for the C.V.s to do with the shifting of their headquarters and equipment consequent upon the move from the Town Hall to the Fire Station. They are a little disgruntled, not at the shift but at the delay in getting their syllabuses going again. They have some wonderful equipment too. I'll see what I can do tomorrow. This has been a busy day for Dorothy, reminiscent of when she was the Mayoress. However, apart from tiredness she seems alright and walked home with me at a respectable pace for two elderly people.

Thursday October 12 Up at six a.m. and did some reading. I later dealt with the C.V. matters I mentioned in yesterday's notes. So, today I have done that; Edward Street per Mr Fuller's enquiry and the complaint from Mr. Thompson about the tip at Malling. This evening I made my first appearance at the W.E.A. class at the Grange. The current subject is to do with crime and punishment. Quite a good class which is about 14 strong. I write "about" because I

didn't count them; the five of us retired men make up a rather large elderly section of the class but each have a useful contribution to make because of experience, and each of us having spent ^{a great deal} ~~most~~ of our spare time in W.E.A. courses and other activities we are used to discussions of this and kindred subjects. I have brought a ~~the~~ book home from the class's book box, but I don't know what chance I'll have to do much such careful studying as was my wont. I find I am anxious to turn some things I have gathered through life, and have used to a large extent in public service, to my own account now that I am old enough to feel secure and not wanting to go bluffing about all over the place while my own little jobs, mental or physical, just lie by while the relatively very few years I have left, also go dwindling along!

Friday October 13. There was a Labour Group meeting this evening and our recommendations for the C.C. and New District election candidates were resolved. They are David and Paul C.C. (Paul for the Battle-Bridge Ward), and we will still have a good choice for the Districts, out of ~~Miss~~ Martin ^{con.}, John Jacobs, Alby Martin ^{Grant Haywood} and others so we should be 'alright' for volunteers. The wider life outside this borough goes on, but the day-to-day business is of prior importance or at least more immediate importance to people who live here.

Saturday October 14. I attended my first football match at Le Dripping Pan today and saw Lewes go successfully through another round of the F.A. Amateur Cup by a win over Ringmer of 1-0. Lewes are still in about four Cup competitions but I don't know when they are going to find time to play their Athenian League (Premier Division games). In case any reader thinks that I have done nothing but football today, I have to record plenty done in the garden and round about, many jobs done for constituents (see last lines of yesterday's entry) and quite an amount of "monist" type P.M.

Sunday October 15. As I promised, a busy day working about the place, but first Dorothy and I had quite a decent little walk, going via Brook St Green wall and Tociars walk to the Priory and looking into the Grange on the way back.

Monday October 16. A planning meeting this evening and we were addressed by Sir Hugh Wilson and given his views on the proposed additions to the County Hall. He is not enamoured with the proposed buildings but explain how the points in the construction with which he disagreed could be dealt with. However, ~~since~~ as

Mr. Jay, the County Planning Officer, who also addressed us, pointed out, the County Council is the Planning Authority, it also owns the ground; and, apart from the access roads etc, our Council has very little say in the matter. With regard to the access and exit Sir Hugh, like most of us who are B.C. members doesn't like it and thinks the scale of the approach is much too grandiose. Really I thought Mr. Jay was also only lukewarm about it. We shall have to come to our own decision as to observations on the proposed buildings, we have not much more allowed us than to comment. Paul Bennett did a really good job as Chairman. FT

Tuesday October 17. This evening there was the Library Committee: this took rather ^{longer} than usual owing to a letter that has been received, from a man named Tucker, full of criticisms about our popular little Library. However, since all the faults and shortcomings about which he was complaining are to do with lack of space, which we are only too well aware of, and which he seems to have failed to observe, the letter did rouse us to a fresh spirit of making use of the space we have to expand in, (only credit squeezes having held us back) and so now we are having another try and with the forth-coming L.G. Boundaries looming ahead, and the C.C. taking

over our Library, we may be able to get some C.C. financial aid and have our library made modern. Eve gave me a lift home but did not come in, having also to take Miss Flight home.

Wednesday, October 18. I did my early morning stuff; and I seem to have received a further fillip, in this connection, from my reading. I cannot lay my mind on the particulars which have caused this spurt but the results are there and I can observe them. I have ^{no} room, or time, or even a wish to record there, what I have described as particulars in reading; they are tucked away inside me and beyond making mention of the thinkers whose works I have been studying, ~~and~~ I am not a sufficiently good writer to describe the process by which I ~~think~~ believe the "improvements" come about. I went out and did a bit of shopping and, later in the morning, Dorothy went to Brighton to look after her grandsons. Eve rang from her home; she wished to speak to Dorothy ~~and~~ regretting she had had no time to look in last evening when riding me home. This seemed to me so nice and thoughtful that I told her when Dorothy would arrive home so that Eve could (and did) speak herself. It was another incident ~~from~~ ^{by} which I was pleased today. Proof of kindness in people in whom you

expect to find it is pleasing. So back to this morning. I went round to the House of Friendship and had some lunch, while there meeting Mrs Halford (from Barcombe) who I had not met for many years, and with whom I first became acquainted during the General Election ~~and~~ of 1945. We had a chat before she had to catch her bus back. Buses to such places as Barcombe are now very rare and, as Mrs Halford pointed out, if you don't have a car you are worse off than the people of the 19th century; they could walk: nowadays, quite apart from the unpleasantness of walking among noisy traffic, there is a very grave danger on country roads of being maimed for life or killed by the automobile. Mrs Halford went to catch her bus and another lady, I don't know who, spoke to me she had decided to have the same lunch as I ~~the~~ was having but without the potatoes she she would suffer. She had failed to purchase some beef sausages in the butchers and if she had pork she would suffer. I got on with my grub and, frequently speaking, stopped up my ears, but was still able to hear her informing the rest of the people eating their lunch how she suffered from eating this or that. One other customer tried to inform her companion that the other day she had been

to some function or other and what a grand time she had had; but the Mrs Sufferer's voice swept across the room and informed all the occupants that she had been at that function but had suffered for a day or two because she had partaken of the food there. Such people should teach themselves how to suffer in silence, or alone. I suppose all the joy of eating goes if they have not company with whom they may share their woes. I did not do any work that is worthy of mention; and Dorothy arrived home at the usual time.

The Irish trouble is more troubled: ~~the~~ ^{our} Prime Minister has failed, as yet, to get anywhere near ~~an~~ the three-party (O.B.I.-T.O.C. and Government) ~~the~~ agreement at which he is aiming. Bad men are abroad in the shape of men (and women) who are, apparently, taking on the role of "Footpad". Mugging it is called nowadays. They pick on their victim in a quiet spot, knock him or her about and rob them. We shall soon have to take to wearing swords again!

Thursday October 19. I went to the W.E.A. sociology class this evening, and I start off today's entry ^{whether} because the subject and discussion has bearing on the last subject dealt with in yesterday's entry. "Crime and Punishment" was today's title and it does seem to me

that there is a trend; a cult or kind of bent to take the view that all crime springs from bad environment; bad environment is the fault of society; therefore society is responsible for all crime, should not society be punished instead of the perpetrator? Ye Gods! Actually it has been found (statistically) that the peak age for crime is 14-15 years, gradually getting less as we examine older ages. This seems to me to make much more realistic the causes of crime. Where the normally brought-up boy (the female offenders are so few it is not worth while to include them) adapts himself to his environment at a young age; i.e. learns quite peaceably and quietly that he is not the centre of the universe gradually; the other boy has a more difficult job. It is to do with his very immediate environment; that is the home and parents when he is very young. It is necessary for him to adapt himself to his surroundings, and this can be done quite painlessly and peaceably provided he is guided when young. At an early stage of his life this can be done with the very minimum of observable "Don'ts" or "Nos", but if he doesn't receive these guidances he is that much behind in maturing and so living happily in ^{the} surroundings in which he will find himself as he gets older. There is and has been since the reforming days of the 1920's & 30's a trend.

of ~~the~~ ^{theory} which teaches that a baby must not be restrained at all. In consequence of this mistaken, if kindly, view, each attempt to guide the kid as he goes through his boyhood means scoldings, tears, force (because each year makes it more difficult to control a rapidly growing boy and a number of parents apparently give up trying). These ways of leaving ~~leaving~~ kids to find out how to fit in the community, lack balance and the way of finding the mean. The statistics of ~~of~~ ^{produced at} this evening's class, (Crime and the 14-15 age group) I consider amply prove that these young offenders are behind in learning how to fit into their surroundings; the decline in offenses the figures show, as the age group gets older, proves that they learn from their experiences; and the fact that the younger a child is, the less frustrating this guidance is to him, proves, in my opinion that crime does spring from environment; but mostly from the baby hood and toddler environment where lack of guidance ^{because of} ~~through~~ theories that have not been properly grasped, have left a kid with the mistaken view that he is still in the central position of the universe: a view which, fortunately, most kids learned was wrong gradually and as

they went through childhood. I have noticed that many young parents, who, when ~~young~~ ^{children} were brought up in the free and easy father and received no restraint or guidance, have taken quite the opposite line with their own children; and make sure they are disciplined in how to live. This seems to indicate that these parents don't wish their children to have the same trials and troubles tears they themselves had when young.

Monday October 23. Everything at home has passed off quite smoothly since ~~Friday's~~ ^{Thursday's} entry. On Friday 20 October, and in the evening, I attended a "Musical Evening" arranged by the Local Branch of the Arthritic Research Council. I attended it because I am a member of the Branch and a supporter of the cause; but, dear oh Lor. I don't think I'll attend any more. I know I "Don't understand music" or "Had the education in appreciation that would make me understand it" but I do know that I don't like music, classical or otherwise, that is appalling loud, and what I don't understand is why people like having their ear drums strained by loud noise, or their senses offended by discord mixed

mixed up with harmony; when these senses could be soothed and rested by melody. We had to start off with Wagner (I have ideological objections to his "master race" music anyway!!) but this was noisy. It seems to me that music lovers are in grave danger of inflicting a good deal of nuisance on neighbours too: and I ^{particularly} ~~being~~ the family of the hall keeper very much who live in the flat above. As I sat there I came to the conclusion that music people are also the ones who, by switches on new type "Stereo" instruments can inflict their particular tastes on the neighbours. I came out and stopped in the hall of the building after listening politely for as long as I could and found I was not the only one who had fled. The conclusion I came to (see above) included the thought that of all the arts, music is the only one that can be inflicted on neighbours. You don't have to look at pictures you don't like, music is the art form which will invade your house, fill it with sound, drive away attempts at conversation and, if too much "classical discord" is introduced, drive you bawling and probably to war with your musical neighbour!!

Saturday October 21: Things were as per Saturday of late. I went to the "Dripping Pan" and saw Lewis draw 1-1 with Pogor in the last qualifying round of the F.A. cup. Betty came in with Hilda yesterday. I have mentioned Hilda before in this journal. Like Betty, retired from looking after the children in Barnardo's homes. House matrons I believe is the correct designation. In that previous entry I did give women like them, and their job, a good write-up. Hilda is going back to her home, near Oxford, on Monday and they will both look in again on Sunday afternoon or evening when Dorothy will give Hilda some flowers to take back with her. It will have to be evening because we called to mind that Evelyn Rogers is going to call for Dorothy and me and take us to her house to tea. Nice to see Evelyn again.

Sunday October 22. I did L.H.P. delivery in the morning and some work about the place. Evelyn came for us this afternoon and we had a very pleasant Sunday afternoon as planned; we learned how Evelyn has been getting on during the quite considerable time we have not

met. She looks very well, and having a good income, is able to do the things that are calculated to keep the asthma from which she suffers in check. I shall have to write things down as I think of them because Betty and Hilda came round this evening and Kate also looked in; and in these circumstances I can't think of every thing that has transpired, & especially when it will be remembered I am writing from memory, see the dates and commencing notes of this entry. I do gather items from people I meet but cannot do them too well if they are more than a day in arrears.

BK by S

Monday, October 23. Shopping and looked in at the cottage and office. A specially called meeting of the Council because the Brighton Council are being recommended by the waterworks committee to sell the undertaking to a water-company. It was agreed we are against such a procedure. This was unanimous: but it is not clear what we can do about it. The water undertaking is Brighton's, and the Lewes portion Brighton took over is

just a small part for which Brighton paid. It is to be hoped, however, that the deal between Brighton and the water Company does not take place; such a thing is against the trend of public opinion, and the policy of any Government at the present time; when the economic use of water is of prime importance. We must at least register our protest on behalf of the consumers in our Borough. Well, this is the end of today's entry which contains also Friday's, Saturday's and Sunday's notes.

Tuesday October 24. The fine weather continues. With regard to my early morning procedure, I am unable to carry on for a day or two because we are having some decent floor covering for the kitchen and the big cupboards which are part of it; the bathroom and the toilet which is next door to it. This means much preparatory work by Dorothy and the moving of equipment and furniture and I haven't the scope for the physical side of my approach to keeping well. We hope these flooring jobs will be finished on Thursday (Hilda's are doing them) and then we will both be able to go back to normal, she to her work and me to my fun!

Wednesday October 25. To-day is the Patcham day and Dorothy duly went there to look after the boys. I did various things and had lunch at the House of Friendship. In various parts of the world people seem to be biffing each other about in the name of some ism or other. I have written before that the newsdounds admit to leaving out of their papers and other media any thing that is good because it isn't news. The stage has now been reached in this policy of theirs when their surfeit of skull-duggery is beginning to pall, because it is the only news now. I hope the newsdounds will now stick to their principle and publish some of the good, because, according to them, ⁱⁿ their reporting, good acts must now become news or being unusual. I wonder, if this came about, how much crime would drop because those most convicted of all people, the perpetrators, no longer have their ego boosted?

Thursday October 26. Flude's men came this morning and the bathroom, and toilet, floors were covered. It looks very nice, somehow the bathroom looks much bigger. The job being done, Dorothy & I went to the Post Office and drew our State pensions and then carried on with some shopping. The rest of the

afternoon was spent with both of us working about the place and towards evening the rain came, the first for a long time. Thank-goodness it has held off because that has enabled us to get quite a deal of work, to do with the floors etc, finished in much more tidiness and comfort than would otherwise have been the case. This evening we went to the monthly meeting of the Local Labour Party. Quite a good meeting and a change from my usual Thursday evening class meeting with the W.E.A. at the Grange. ~~The~~ Unfortunately, the speaker on economics at this meeting tonight had a cold, she spoke very softly anyway and I had very great difficulty in hearing. I am sure this applied to a great many who were present and it was a relief, to me anyway, when the time came for discussion to know that I could hear everybody who spoke quite well, from whatever quarter of the Lecture Hall they spoke. Dorothy and I went home at about 9-30.

Friday October 27. Raining heavily when I came down at about 6-30

Wednesday: November 1, 1972. As has become a habit of mine recently, it will be observed that I have left out a few more days. I'll just quickly fill them in with events now, but very baldly.

Monday November 6. As will be seen, once again I have failed to make a start; and the dates, even one is writing a diary, reminds one of how time flies. You think you have missed about a couple of days and you suddenly discover that more than a week has gone by. All I can do now is to begin with today and, if any reference to those missing days is needed, to bung it in and not forget to give it a retrospective date. I got up this morning at 6 am. and did some new Local Government (Administration) proposals; some reading of Kaufmann on Jasper & Patche; some dumbbell groundwork in the kitchen, taking great care because we have the new flooring stone, and disc-dumbbells with 12 lb in either hand is something that needs a very great deal of care ~~to~~ when exercises are carried out by an old man of almost seventy-four. The floor covering in kitchen and bathroom have, in some measure, made me miss some days and diary entries; and, in full measure, have caused me to miss the exercising. The men from "Fludes" were forced to make the job be done in small stages because of the material needed

for our particular requirements, which they received from their suppliers in two separate consignments. However, the job is finished now and very nice it looks too. It is very satisfying to Dorothy that her home is gradually becoming what she has always aspired to; and what, at some periods, must have seemed to be receding as she strove towards it. However, today's doings. It has been dampish and I went out, gathered the key of the cottage from Goringe's and then delivered a message to do with A.R.C. to Mrs Ashew's house in Grange Road. From there I made my way back home via Friars Walk, Eastgate Street etc. calling in the cottage while making my way home. The cottage is, apparently, not sold yet although, when I came by later in the day I noticed the board proclaiming that it was for sale had been removed. I have collected my pen from Margaret at Baxter's and it does seem as though I can write easily at last. I shall ~~to~~ soon get used to it. Dorothy went shopping before dinner and I went to meet her but failed to do so! This afternoon I paid a visit to the Library and found the staff very busy; in fact, there seemed to me quite a flap going on and if this was so I hope Eve ~~they~~ soon got her vessel on the new leg of the tack! Eve looked very well but obviously had no time to let me know what the better was, even had she wanted

Dorothy attended a meeting of the Friends of Hellingly Hospital this evening ~~while~~ ^{what time} did some reading etc of a heavy kind and I consider I made quite good progress. The meeting went off alright but there is, apparently, some questioning of a proposition to acquire a house in St Johns Terrace by the Friends as part of their ex Hospital Therapy effort, and Dorothy would prefer some more information of this proposed transaction before she can agree with it. I must say I agree with her. There was an amusing play on the "Telly" which we watched before retiring. It was called "The Triple Exposure" and was by a man named David Halliwell.

Tuesday November 7. Writing the name of the month has reminded me that I have made no record, this year, of the bonfire celebrations in Lewes. There is no omission really, because we didn't go out to see them on the fifth (last Saturday). It rained on that day and has rained every day including today. The Saturday before I did have to go to the Nevill Society and be a judge of childrens fancy dresses; and, some weeks back, Dorothy was a judge at another such function; but that is all we have had to do with it this year, and it is quite nice to stay in and have a quiet time. Today I arose soon after six and did all my stuff. Went shopping for bread, sausages

and eggs; ordered the car to take us to the Mayor's banquet on this coming Friday. I also looked in at the cottage and found the 'For Sale' board was put back up; so we are not rid of it yet. On the way home I met John Buckwell who was waiting for a 'bus. He would like the proposition, before the Council on Wednesday evening, that access roads be constructed at Landport, to be referred back. I shall have to learn more about it from the debate before I can make up my mind; but it is reported that the newly formed tenants association is in favour of the plan; and there is a craze all over the country for getting to what is termed the grass-roots. Somebody used the phrase, the mass-media grabbed it and now everybody is keen, or pretends to be keen on getting instructions from the "grass-roots." This tenants association therefore would be termed "grass-roots" although I am not certain how the B.C. of the Area, would gather the information which would give them enough evidence that they knew what the majority of the members wanted. In voluntary organizations it is often to be found that a few people make all the decisions and have as much power within the scope of their body's activities as the veriest dictator. Quite Macleanellian in short.

Wednesday November 8. up early and all stuff carried out.
Today is the day when Dorothy goes to Patcham to look
after the boys, and she went, by car, at 11-30 this morning.
I did a bit of shopping, during which period I met
Dorothy Gripps who took me to see Wally, her husband
who is now 86 or so. He keeps quite well considering
his age and I chatted to him for some time, about the
'14-'18 war among other things. I was glad she looked
better, and indeed, although she is my age, it is
a very young looking my-age. My sister Betty looked
in this afternoon. She looks well and happy and
described her evening at the Nov. 5 celebrations in company
with Kate & Wally. ^{Kindly} The friendship between Kate & Wally Bird
appears to be going very smoothly. Betty also told me
that Esy had joined the "Good Companions Club" so I
am glad that she will get about a bit more. Chief
event of today, really, is the Council Meeting. This
went off smoothly and well and the matter of the
access roads at Landport, recorded ~~the day before~~
yesterday in my account of a meeting with John
Bushwell ~~was~~ was settled to the satisfaction of
everybody as far as I could see. There was
also the matter of the "lians" from Uganda. After
discussion it was carried that the council do, what
it can as soon as it can, but the recommendation

of the Housing Committee "that the Council is unable
to help at this time" is unchanged. The discussion was
quite a good one but I did feel rather impatient soon
after the start when Maurice kept inserting the word
"compassion" into his contribution. By implication he
was accusing all those who were opposing ~~to~~ him of
not being compassionate. Of course it is the easiest
thing in the world to ~~be~~ be compassionate in the
sense he meant it, but this ~~is~~ takes the place of
consideration for the poor soul who is going to
have to wait yet a few more years on the housing
list and because his ~~of~~ or her turn has been taken
by another person (also in trouble of course) to satisfy
some well-heeled person ^{with} to be ^{seen to} be compassionate. But
I came home and had coffee and a talk with Dorothy
and me. It has been a fine day and this has
made a nice change after our several wet days.
Joan phoned me before I went to the meeting and I
arranged for Bessie to fetch Dorothy from Patcham so
Dorothy did not have to stand about waiting for buses, and
I am very glad about that. I seem to be using the
term "I am very glad" a good many times today!
Happy man.

Thursday November 9. A fine day, quite an island in a series of very wet days. I have been able to make a start in the general clearing of the garden and the walls etc. I did this in the afternoon, after carrying on with out side jerrneys and errands this morning. Among other things I uprooted the second, and last Scheumac tree and got rid of a good many of its shoots. Back asked afterwards and I did not go over to the W.E.A. clan at the Grange, it began to rain again and a gale gradually came. Still, two days one has been able to do things. Mustn't grumble!

Friday November 10. Heavy rain and gale force winds at first. Dorothy working away at getting some cakes made for the O.F.W.C. Fair tomorrow. Saturday; the Mayor's banquet this evening. This morning I went out and did what shopping was necessary, and this afternoon we took it as easily as possible in order to be able to enjoy the banquet etc this evening. All went off well. We were among the guests who go up to the parlour so we had ample opportunity during 30 minutes or so to meet the chief guests. Lord George-Brown among them the most important. We spent a very pleasant time during the meal and afterwards, before we left for home. Our table companions were Mr. + Mrs Bradshaw; Dick Whittington

Mr + Mrs Farrer-Brown and Mr. + Mrs Lockhart who were with the Farrer-Browns. George Brown made quite a good speech (as he should) in proposing the "town" etc. And Tony Bailey in proposing the "Guests." Afterwards we adjourned to the Corn Exchange and talked in little groups as is the custom, I find, at these affairs; and a very pleasant custom it is too. One can drift about from little group to little group and enjoy meeting acquaintance and friends; and it is an occasion when people bring their friends so you meet quite a number of new people. With the people near us & during dinner we had plenty of conversation and Mr. Bulmer gave us a lift home to round off a very nice Mayor's banquet.

Saturday November 11. Poppy day, Old Peoples Welfare Committee Autumn Fair day; and, I hope, the last day on which Dorothy will be busy on the Autumn Fair Cake Stall, or Jam or any other stall for that matter. We have both got more to do than we can carefully carry out. We did not go out any more beyond a bit of shopping and, when I came back from paying the papers, Dorothy had to go out to buy some bread. All this work being done and we are forgetting the staff of life for ourselves! Dorothy is very stiff and poorly in herself while doing these things but she won't see the doctor so I don't know

what to do about it. People keep mentioning it but that makes no difference. She just keeps on with her work and says she is alright.

Sunday November 12: I did a bit of repair and painting the back, outside wall of the shed and W.C. During one of the fine spells that we did enjoy in the past week I had made a start on the wall and I had cemented some holes up; during the coming week I'll make everything ~~there~~ ~~there~~ behind them. Today, almost as I decided to pack up and get ready for the Armistice service, down came the rain again and it has been very wet and later a gale blowing all the time. The service at the War Memorial went off ok., but not so ok. as usual. The whole parade stood there for several minutes before an Officer came forward and, as it were, suggested the Last Post be played. As the Town Clerk said to me afterwards "It was like the mild character who is a sergeant in 'Dad's Army' giving an order." We went from there to the Church where the parade were ready for us and the yearly service was conducted. I, possibly, made some notes last November about the Armistice service, I know I felt about that one as I feel about today's. The old service is now done with: as a service of

remembrance of the dead in two specific events, each event containing its own ghastly details, the service has been changed so that it is no longer applicable to those events. That, of course, is my opinion; and it does seem to me that this has been made into a kind of praise the Lord affair. This being the yearly service attended by most people, it is a pretty full one and people have to sit and listen to some alarming or at least surprising blatherings from the pulpit. There is no need for me to specify, since I am the only one who is likely to read this, but I am considering making this the last one I attend; I'll just do the War Memorial part of it. All this evening the wind blew in gale force and the rain beat against the window in the front room where we sit and watch the television. There was plenty of very appropriate stuff on there. In fact it could do one, who was trying to understand, more good to watch some of the programmes shown than to attend the service this afternoon.

Monday November 13. All night the gale has raged and, this morning we learned of the three deaths in England and fifty or so on the continent. It seems a lot if it is described like that but it must be remembered that, ~~in~~ ^{by} the word "Continent" is meant France: West Germany: East Germany. and quite a number of places I haven't

time to write down; the average number per country would probably be three deaths, the number in England. There is a world-wide search of mail sent from abroad, from India mostly, to Jewish firms etc. Among those things that are sent are what has now come to be called "letter bombs". These things are sent, and those which reach their destination and explode, are causing a good deal of damage and casualties. This is the work of nationalists; there is no need for me to write that these senders are Arab Guerrillas. Three escaped prisoners from U.S. jails hi-jacked a plane and flew about for ~~at~~ roughly 30 hours with all the passengers. These weren't nationalists of course, just the worst types of violent criminals and they have now all been re-captured and the passengers freed. (Every body's doing it.) I did a little shopping this morning and tried to have a rest this afternoon because I went short of sleep last night and I had a "Public Services and Planning Committee" to attend this evening. I staggered through the agenda this afternoon and also through the Est. Committee's Agenda for tomorrow evening. The Planning Committee this evening turned out to be a pleasant and quite a short one and I was able to admire the chairmanship of our Paul Bennett. I must remember the Pells school tomorrow afternoon, it's my turn!

Tuesday, November 14. I just did a little work at home today so I did not visit the Pells school as I so sternly resolved to do at the end of yesterday's entry in this journal. When I went to the Establishment Committee this evening I found I was suffering from an exceedingly painful back-ache, no new experience for me who, through Spondylitis Deformans, has a rigid spine from axis to coccyx; but this was a back-ache that seemed apart from my permanent condition. Felt slightly better after sitting through the meeting, which did not take long because, being the Establishment Committee, it comes into consideration with the "Freeze". I was glad to see Eve there to offer me a lift home and she stopped for awhile with Dorothy and me; and the bad back-ache disappeared in ^{the corner} ~~the corner~~ of the living room, the two women's conversation and company and a sherry. All sorts of dreadful goings on all over the place. To hi-jacking and what's now added letter bombs etc. In this room however was warmth comfort and civilization. The subject matter of the meeting was the adjusting of salaries (awards) for work accomplished; the result of the meeting was that nobody could have these awards for work done or responsibilities accepted and carried for at least another ninety days, so awkward to work is our present system; and a feeling of hopelessly trying to find a way always comes over me on

the occasions when we hold the meetings. I might safely back home, in company with Dorothy and Cui in these pleasant surroundings all my gloom and hopelessness can be forgotten. I read somewhere, a long time ago, "The charms of home are the best antidote to vice." Certainly these charms can scatter off any feelings of hopelessness and there were two charmers!

Wednesday: November: 15: Dorothy went to Patcham today, it being Wednesday and her day to look after the grandsons. David phoned, before she went, that the cottage was now sold; or something to that effect ~~that she~~ to do with the sale of property. I feel very pleased about this, and only one person can feel more pleased: Dorothy. Unlike other Wednesdays when Dorothy is at Patcham, I did not have a snack meal at the "House of Friendship" but had two pies, each packed with meat, which I purchased while getting some bread. It was a sudden whim, but it was a great success and saved me a lot of time, for I took them home and consumed them. After all, I was saved the listening to the ladies ~~on~~ snacking at the House of Fr. complaining of suffering after eating anything (T.T. Wed Oct 18). I mentioned the "Freeze" in recording yesterday's doings. The Government is endeavouring to make a "Freeze" in connection with prices also but is not being so successful as it appears.

to be with the freezing of incomes, in particular wages. As if anybody ever thought these two would be a success. Anyway, it is very plain to see that the incomes part is aimed at wages, not unearned incomes. Dividends can be paid out after being in cold storage; but the same does not apply to wages and the lower incomes, and since the Government has been in power, the higher income groups have had several handouts via reduced income tax allowances. In this present situation the Government have decided to use as a decoy, to draw attention away from what is really going on the Old age pensioners. Each is to receive a bonus of £10. On all other occasions which I can remember, when anything resembling such an act as this has been proposed, these same people have been horrified and, remarking how dreadfully inflationary this would be, have cast it out. They have discovered one truth at last, otherwise such a proposition would not be put forward now. It is not inflationary if you have production on which to use this extra money. They still fail to find a more urgent truth. If you want production to increase (the only true way to deal with inflation) you must keep the wage-earners, ~~and~~ those who supply the goods and services, in a state of satisfaction, knowing that their vital work

is recognised as the only thing that has to do with industrial progress ~~and~~ which, in turn, makes the provision of all services, not just welfare services possible. It has been a very fine day but late at night rained hard once again. Things I have been waiting to do out the back will have to be postponed.

Thursday November 16. Quite late last evening Miss Vinall phoned me with an enquiry about the "Grant" applications and the absence of A. R. C. from the list in the local press and the Town Council minutes of its last meeting. This enquiry necessitated my going to see Mr. Culmer, the Borough Treasurer and I did this first thing. This piece of business being over, he & I had a talk about his recent attempts (continued attempts) to get back to health after his recent illness. In addition to the things he had to carry out by order of his medical, he has been attending Yoga classes. I don't know how much benefit his condition will derive from this cult of exercises but it is very creditable that a man in his position and build will go to this length to help himself. It has done him good, I consider, in adjusting, or helping to adjust, his mental

attitude to bodily culture because I gathered he listens to anything of that description that is broadcast by radio, and he was quite interested in my own theory and application to myself of my efforts during the past forty years or so, to get some command over my "Spondy!" by way of increasing resistance methods of exercising.

This evening Dorothy and I attended the Theatre Club's production of the "Voysey Inheritance" by Granville Parker. I enjoyed this very much, mostly, I believe, because I understood the dialogue and situations which were stressed. It was nice to go on a Thursday evening, and I spoke to Eric who was the coffee waiter for the evening. This afternoon I saw Eric and Mary and gave her the "Thieme's Journal" (Genet) that I took from Frank's collection. I can't just cast a well-made book away however much I dislike an author's ideas and way of life.

Friday: November 17. I rose quite early but did not get much forwarder because, quite unexpectedly, snow and sleet came, so the usual bustle round was stopped. Dorothy has got on with her customary round of work for Fridays, but a retired man like me, who

no amount of bad weather, or bad anything else, could keep from bread winning a few years back, now finds himself rather superfluous, or under his wife's feet, as she goes about her usual round of duties, which, unlike the old man's, have not come to a sudden end with his retirement! I see that Martin Cross, our chairman of the Finance Committee, has chided John Bourstable, who writes or edits the local paper's column on Council Matters, off for making untrue statements in last week's edition of the "Sussex Express". J. C. has made some attempt at reply underneath but his written word only confirms the accusation that what he put in last week's edition was untrue. When is this man, or his employers, going to grasp the fact that a Labour Council is now at work in Lewes and from this fact can be inferred the ^{probability} ~~possibility~~ that very many of the readers of the "Local" are Labour sympathisers.

Saturday, November 18. A quite a time compared with our rushing about last Saturday. We have not much shopping because it was cleared up yesterday. It was nice, quite apart from shopping, not to have other things and organizations on one's mind. I did start out for the Dripping Pan, but I was late already; the afternoon was cold and dark; and it was only Brundel who were opposing

Lewes in the Senior County Cup tie and I decided to give it the go by. Altogether then I have nothing to record. The cottage is now sold. At least when we looked in there we saw the "Sold" board was up. We shall hear from the agents and legal people in due course I suppose. I am thankful that a big step towards the clearing up of Frank's estate is now done; perhaps the final touches will be cleared up before long. This evening I read aloud to Dorothy another short story by Irvin Shaw, a favourite of mine. I suppose I should have written a long short story, because it was rather long, but very enjoyable; and a good description of some ordinary young Americans and their lives; people quite different from the picture given them by the newspapers; but then nobody expects life to be depicted by newspapers as it is. All we expect from them is news; of failures; of bizarre behaviour and so on to staggery, drug-taking and Lord knows what. The newspapers produce this picture by taking a few particular cases, ignoring the rest of the category, and proclaiming to the world, "This is the American Youth." Maybe in all countries there are more particular cases than there used to be; possibly, because of its affluent society, America has more than the average country; but I am

glad to read the work of such a man as Irwin Shaw & gather some particulars on the way. It is one of the easiest things in life to just condemn whole ethnic groups by ascribing the group's weakness. It is much more hard work to observe what is really happening and to have the balance and talent to judge it properly and record it faithfully.

Sunday: November 19: A wretchedly wet day and I did none of the things I generally do on this particular Sunday. On this fortnightly Sunday I go to Prince Edwards Road to visit my two elder sisters. Today was too bad to do this so that is one job I have not carried out. There are various things about the garden and out buildings (?) I had hoped to do, and which, of course, have had to be abandoned. A lazy day, in fact, however much I try to rationalize and find excuses. I find myself reminded by the "Inner Voice": How long is it since a fairly mild south-westerly gale has kept you in? ~~What~~ Why is it that your workshed, which you make sure every visitor is shown, is not used today for some of the out-building jobs mentioned above? To which all I can reply is: I admire an enquiring mind, but not when it is enquiring into the reasons of my shortcomings. Enquire into the why and wherefore of every thing that people do, and always question the proofs of conclusions, but not mine.

When you, as my mind, start questioning my neglect of doing what I have sworn to myself I will do, then you become, not my mind but a conscience! However, the day has passed without me going out or doing much in. At about six I was glad to go to the front room for the news and for the viewing of the panel questioning Marjorie Proops. This was proving to be quite a good little programme and M.P. was sent up in my estimation. While this was on, Ella came over the road to invite Dorothy and me over for a drink and a chat. We gladly accepted and went, through the rain, over to her house where we enjoyed our evening with her. I have mentioned before, in this journal, how it is quite interesting and educational to listen ~~to~~ to these two working-class women, Dorothy and Ella, discuss things; from domestic matters such as cooking and saving, to community happenings in Levens either in the past or in a contemporary situation, I enjoy and admire their ability.

Monday, November 20. Dorothy went to Pateham to mind the boys. I fended for myself here, but Dorothy had left me a good dinner in the shape of chicken casserole. Very nice too! I enjoyed it. I went round to the Library this afternoon and got a book "The Cult of the Superman" by Eric Bentley. In 1967, the year between my mayoral terms, I attended a W.E.A. class tutored by a Mrs Davidson who, on one occasion, gave me the task of writing about Spengler.

with the aid of our library staff I managed to find this book, study Spengler, and produce the essay. I thought I'd have an ordinary read of it today and Eve found it for me. I have just opened it and, in the pages relating to Spengler, is Eve's paper slip of 1967 with "For Mr Barber in" I suppose I used the slip for a book mark then; but since it is still in that section, the book has apparently not been out since! I went to the Visiting Committee this evening. A good job I did because the Chairman is laid up and I had to deputize. To Blair one of these meetings is, I discovered, quite simple. Elsie Piper does everything to do with the work for which the Committee was formed; and maintains touch with the visiting people. She is very thorough, apparently tireless, and good at encouraging the cohesion which is necessary, in my view, to make an effective body of the group in a corporate sense. Saw a neat little play, when I got home, about a lonely, retired colonel, which was quite moving. The other leading character was a spinster school-teacher who was getting on in years. Both these characters were of the kind, ~~it~~ or in the position in life, that raises derision in some people or ~~a~~ sympathy and compassion in others: but it is a position of which ^{it} can truly be said. "They are the victims of their environment." The ~~a~~ title was "The Generals Day".

Tuesday, November 21. The last few mornings I have been getting rather behind in my rising times. Today I did rather better and got up more early and so was able to arrange myself in a more orderly fashion. I have been considering "freedom", a word generally applied to the principles of government nowadays, and it seems sometimes, applied to the exclusion of everything else, or rather every other facet of the term. I have been considering since the day before yesterday, when I made mention of the "Inner Voice", which I described as an enquiring mind, but turned in on the Subject; how does this conscience business arise when it is dealing purely with somebody whose actions, or the results thereof, apply only to himself? He could be entirely at liberty to do many things or follow any one of a number of ~~choices~~ courses; but, having made rules about his life-style, he must, because of this home-made, or turned-inwards inner voice (!) he must only do what he is permitted to do. He is answerable to this conscience just as much as the example of J S Mill's subject is answerable to conventions. I'd better abandon this and start to write an account of some of the happenings of today. I went to the Town Hall and saw about the three cases to do with housing, as I had been requested to do by the Visiting Committee last evening and I walked to Landport where I

delivered a letter I had written to the Secretary of the Local N. U. R. Branch, accepting the Branches invitation to the Annual Dinner of their pensioners. It was quite a pleasant little walk and gave me a chance to look about down that way. This afternoon I set to and made quite a good job of the wall at the back (T.S. ^{two weeks} ago) and everything is beginning to have a nice, terse look about it. This word "terse" applied to work done, as in this case, I learnt from Dorothy's brother Bert, now dead. On leave from the army in India in 1937-38 etc he did a good deal of work with me out the back; and I can see him now, standing and surveying a finished job; his hammer or other tool in his hand and hear him saying "There, Char, that looks nice and terse." So we may say, judging by the word "terse", that the wall and surroundings I have described as my work out there today need no superfluous words to describe them! A Charlie fan will take it that it means I have done a good job. A Charlie critic will conclude that the job is done, but nobody must expect too much, since Charlie did it! However, I am going to do all this type of job, gradually, and so all our garden and surroundings will look terse! This evening we saw another "Barly this Lenting" play. It was about the beginnings of the "Rolls Royce" firm and was very interesting. All this period is of interest to us; we lived through it. John Perkins looked

in this evening. He wanted information regarding the scholarship which we members of the Lewes Exhibition Fund are inaugurating. John and Dorothy, his wife, appear, by what one can gather (not by what John says) to be having a rather worrying time still with their family.

Wednesday November 22 1972. Dorothy went to Patcham again today and I just did a bit of work about the place this morning, plus a bit of shopping. Dorothy had left chicken casserole for me to eat, as she did on Monday, so everything was set for happiness as far as not having to forage round is concerned. This afternoon I did more outside; but my first idea, that of clearing sticks and climbing gadgets for beans, tomatoes etc, didn't materialise. I found my old paint pot, the thing that is called by painters the paint kettle and for two reasons decided to clean it out. The first reason is that it cost 4/6 more than 25 years ago and would be many times that price now and I was thinking, as I painted the wall yesterday, how nice it would be to have something in the nature of a painter's kettle to hold by a handle instead of clutching a tin of paint. The second reason, and the immediate cause of me cleaning my old one, was that I had some paint remover and by tipping some of it into the kettle and brushing that round the inside it would be reasonably easy to clean. I phoned Betty this afternoon

to inquire how Kate fared about her painful leg and it is, apparently not sciatica according to the doctor, but a strain and can be made more comfortable as it gets better, by heat treatment. Betty seems to be getting along extremely well, and she told me Jessy had been down to see her today. Jessy getting about as she does now is another thing that makes me very glad. Of course, I am glad they are all going along well for their own sakes and happiness, but I am also relieved to know it because my unusual family has always been a source of "wondering what would become of them all. After speaking to Betty I realised that the time was getting on and I must abandon the walk I had planned because Dorothy would be home round about five. So she was, and we were concerned lest the train-driver's union started their strike tonight instead of tomorrow because that might jeopardise Joan's chance of returning from London. However, the rumour that the strike would start this evening, instead of midnight, proved to be unfounded as Bert phoned later from London to let Dorothy know that Joan was on her way home, so everything was alright as far as Joan getting home to the boys was concerned.

Thursday: November 23. I have made some more progress at the back garden with the wall and other items but with regard to other things that would be worth writing about, they haven't happened to me. One thing though I can report with some satisfaction; Dorothy seems a good deal better and moves much more easily. I have been about the town on odds and ends of shopping and the weather is crisp and sunny.

Friday November 24. I went out this morning and did quite a big order of shopping at the Co-op, and Dorothy went out quite late this afternoon and did some more at Liptons; "thus the two different branches of trading, public ownership and private enterprise, have divided our trade between them. Actually, this situation is one that obtains, as far as Dorothy is concerned, and as far as I am concerned ^{not} through any wish to be scrupulously fair on the one hand or because of any ideological reason. It just means that Dorothy shops 1 where the goods are cheapest; 2 where the goods are, 3, where there's a "pully" staff. I find this latter one necessary also; I am not skilled on the first two reasons. Shop staff are always decent

to me, but there are other things to be included in defining "Pally"; and chief among these other things is interest and a smile. Nobody is happy, however well stocked the shop ~~is~~ is, nobody wants to go in there if the shop man or woman looks to have as little interest and to be as fed up with life as one of those adverts for aid to Countries. Like an Oxford thing. Mary came to tea this afternoon and we spent a very nice time chatting about things. Dorothy had quite an amount to show her about the house. As I listened I had the feeling of which I have made note before when writing of other visitors and Dorothy on housekeeping, cooking etc. ~~the~~ I think I wrote before "I admire their ability." Mary has given up Yoga but does another set of exercises now. Actually she seems to be very wiry so they are ~~of~~ doing her good. To be able, with a touch-your-toes bend, to easily let the backs of the fingers touch the floor without bending the knees, is something good at age sixty.

Saturday
~~Friday~~, November 25.

Most of today Dorothy has been working at the "Fair" which is held by the Friends of Hellingly Hospital. She was in charge of the marmalade stall, and sold all which she had to sell. She did not make any thin

gear and I was rather glad about that; it makes many hours work and Dorothy keeps busy without that extra to do. The fair went off alright although its ~~at~~ success in terms of cash I have not heard as yet. I helped Dorothy at times but this afternoon I went round with the L.L.P. monthly meeting stuff. I did all the "Town" part of my delivery round so I hope to be able to do the rest tomorrow; it is all in the Wallands area and I can see my two sisters at 68 en-route. When I returned from delivery (during which time I saw Eve and chatted for a few minutes) I bought a bottle of sherry at Unwin and arrived home in time to see some really good wrestling on the T.V. Tony Charles and Steve Vidor gave a show better than any I have ever seen and since they are somewhat similar in build, heavy-weights; but exceedingly fast; slender; but well muscled: serious wrestlers, but very clean & and gracious to each other I enjoyed every move, each move skilful, in ~~the~~ their bout, and admired their fine physical development when they weren't actually wrestling. If watching such a programme is bad for one, and I have been told it is, then what is good on the physical side? When I was at the Fair this morning we met a good many very nice people; when Dorothy returned

after this afternoon's session, she told me of many more pleasant people who had spoken to her and enquired after me. This sort of thing makes us glad and so it should. I did a bit of reading; some viewing of a little play of a series entitled "New Scotland Yard": plus a short look at "Match of the Day" (Leeds 2. Manchester City 0.) and we retired at what has now become our customary time, that is, midnight.

Sunday: November 26: I rose at six, after a long time of lying awake. One might as well get up in these circumstances, even if all one does is read some rubbish. I suppose it is a sign of old age, but I do seem to be managing with very little sleep, although, quite obviously, it must be all I need. I didn't read some rubbish, I picked up John Locke's "Essays Concerning Human Understanding", and had a go at digesting the chapter I opened at random, and this chanced to be Chapter eleven, which is to do with the "Remedying of abuses in the use of words. I hope what I have thus picked up by chance will do me good by ~~making~~ improving my communication! I did the exercises, using lb 12 in either hand; and this is the first time I have used weights since we had the new floor-covering in the kitchen. The series went well. Before I went on my delivery round and to 68, Prince Edwards Road, I received a visit

from a Mrs Wood, who called on me a few Sundays ago at the request of Frank Hayward, with regard to housing. Her mother had learnt from Dorothy while at the fair yesterday, of the possibility of there being a flat to let by Labour Properties. I, and Dorothy, have only just learnt ~~of this ourselves~~, from the agenda which I was about to deliver, about this excursion into real estate by L.P. people, so all I could do was to direct her to the sources of information given on the agenda; but I did get in touch with Colin and Paul about it. I delivered the rest of my monthly agendas and called on Winnie and Gossy and was glad to find them both well. Winnie says her only trouble is that her eye-lids don't keep up! I returned home and, after dinner, watched some football and, later, began some tidying up in the garden, because today has been a particularly fine day and it was very pleasant clearing away the old foliage of the beans and the tomatoes, bundling up the sticks etc. Then I came in and, for the first time for many years, had a hot soak for awhile in the afternoon. Exercising, walking, gardening all done today, the old frame had earned a treat. Spent a pleasant evening not doing anything more mentally

stimulating than watching the "Telly" and I was much impressed by the choice of Jimmy Reid, in the "Chance to Meet" series, as the person questioned today. His corner of the Upper Clyde Shipbuilders was really splendid.

Monday: November 27. I rose at six and did some reading and writing and then proceeded with the curriculum for early morning. I went to the Town Hall and saw the Town Clerk on one or two little matters, and then over to Baxters where I saw those of my erstwhile workmates who are still there. Women who were girls when I was there and who grew up, married and had their families and are now, with their children off hand, back at Baxters. I think I have written of this before in this journal. Today I saw Eric Bosham, charge-hand of the book-folding and sewing department, who will retire in a short while (at the end of December in fact) and who invited me to be present when this event, which one might almost say "Marks the end of an era" comes to pass. I also had a chat with Charlie Weller, foreman book-binder, who is younger and so, in his middle life, does not seem to alter much during the 25 years or so that I knew him. I paid my football money and proceeded on my way home after talking with young Tony Fuller, of "Save the Ruler" fame. This afternoon I bought some

more paint-remover and white spirits, in preparation for more work; and then went on my much post-poned tour of inspection of the Pells School. I found everything satisfactory and had a good talk to the male teacher, the subject between us ~~was~~ having to do with the discipline of children. There three men and I thought alike about this, and it was agreed that the said discipline should start at home when the kids are tiny. This evening I attended the joint-meeting of the Housing & Health and the Public Services and Planning committees and, after a nice meeting, we came to various decisions and agreed on methods of carrying through the re-habilitating of the unfit houses in towers. It will be quite a programme.

Tuesday, November 28: The weather has not encouraged working out the back, and, in consequence, the white spirits and the paint remover mentioned in yesterday's entry remain snugly in their canisters. There is nothing to record and I am a day behind with this great masterpiece so I'll try and catch up by reaping benefit in time from this "slush" day.

Wednesday November 29: Dorothy to Patcham; me to a bit of tidying up during the morning. Dorothy left a good casserole concoction of rasher and potatoes

mostly, which I found very nice and this afternoon I went for a walk which took in the library; where I saw Christine, the Post Office: where I saw Mrs Downey, and the wine shop; where I saw the man whose name I can never remember, but which I have got to find some means of remembering! This morning there was a bit of a flap at home. As the car arrived to take Dorothy to Patcham, Dorothy discovered she had not the key of the house at Patcham. Mislaid, it could be at the Town Hall: where her shopping trolley had been left on Saturday, or down at the Cottage: where she had laid things out at the end of last week. It was finally decided that the driver carry on with his next engagement and leave Dorothy and me at the Town Hall. Failing, by drawing a blank at the Town Hall we proceeded down to the Cottage where alas, I found I had not this key although I had tried to give it to Dorothy before we started on our search for the other! Anyway, back home we came and Dorothy made various 'phone calls and succeeded in making arrangements via Joan and Doris for the Patcham house to be open. Having done all this, she put her hand in her overcoat pocket and found the Cottage key, (which she must have accepted when I offered it to her) and then she went upstairs and found the original call

of all the trouble, the Patcham key!!! I passed a quiet time this afternoon as can be seen from my opening lines of today's entry; I had earned it. Later this afternoon Kate came in with Wally Bird. Both look well ~~at~~ but Kate has not quite got rid of the pain in her side; doctor says it is a strain, and ~~that~~ it is being treated with heat therapy. (I hope I have used the right term) Dorothy arrived home shortly before seven in a veritable deluge of rain. ~~and~~ Joan had 'phoned me to order the car so Dorothy arrived home quite dry and happy

Thursday November 30. Got through reading, writing and P. T. and, it being a fine morning, we did the shopping before dinner. This gave us the opportunity to meet many people and we enjoyed our shopping in the sunny High Street. This afternoon we were guests at the party of the "Hop-a-long" club. This club is now seventeen years of age and is still going strong. A great credit to its organizers and those who work so well and sympathetically to make it possible for the club to do work and ~~achieve~~ ^{suit} the purpose for which it was formed. Today's visit by Dorothy and me was our ninth (for some reason the members like Dorothy and me and have insisted we attend since our first year as mayor and mayoress in 1964 and we are glad they have.) There are good

people who belong to organizations whose meetings they attend and pass stem resolutions: requesting this or that. There are good people who attend places of worship and also have meetings about this and that: in an endeavour to do good. All these things ^{organisations} are, of course, part of community life and it is very necessary ~~for~~ ^{that} that life should be pluralistic; we need them all. However, the organizations similar to the "Hop-a-long" always strike me as being, not only practical, but a test of the sincerity and worth (Practical Worth) of people who are willing to really give time; to really work helping these cripples ~~to~~ in addition to attending meetings. The members of this club (and the club is only one example) need assistance, and sometimes bodily lifting, on to the vehicles which are organized by volunteers to carry them to events that make a break in their lives. Some need watching and assistance in almost everything they do. Everything So here's a salute to Miss Atkins who I will name for herself and all those who help ~~to~~ in doing work of this nature. I did not go to the W.E.A. class this evening, nor to the L.P. Mrs Jacobs came to see Dorothy ~~to~~ about action the Women's Guild propose to take about the prices of goods. Later on I read to Dorothy: a rather jolly little tale instead of "Bergsonian" philosophy this time. Later still we watched the telly for awhile. I omitted

BKBS

to mention above that Jimmy Taylor was present at this afternoon's party with his fiddle, and Mrs Lambert with her piano. So regular in making themselves available that one almost forgets to mention them. ~~For~~ I include them in the eulogy I have written on ~~the~~ Good people.

Friday: December 1 1972. A date to get the carol sheets out and to start practicing the vocal chords! ? As far as I am concerned it ~~is~~ is a date to remind oneself that the shortest day is only about three weeks away and then the lighter mornings and evenings will start. Watching for the turn of the year in this fashion is rather like noticing, and admitting, that you are old. Today has been a day of gales and gusty, high wind generally with heavy rain showers. I took my black shoes to the shoe-repairer to be lealed, walked down to Ruths for a long, white loaf; walked back up School Hill and purchased a new pair of black shoes, so I must remember the date of today. I had two engagements today. One: to attend the lunch-hour meeting at the House of Friendship, and two: to chair the Committee meeting of the W.E.A. this afternoon. I managed by missing one. It was a usual meeting of the W.E.A. Committee as far as business was concerned but unusual inasmuch as Don Christolm, the Secretary was not present and his place was taken by the Treasurer, Arthur Stronell. Don

had left everything in apple pie order; in fact the occasion of him being away ~~of~~ demonstrated further the efficiency of Don, including his remarkable attention to detail. When I reached home, through strong, cold winds and rain, I persuaded Dorothy to leave the rest of her shopping until tomorrow and we had our tea in the comfort and warmth. But in the world things are happening: the pseudo Irishman whose real name is the one of his English ~~father~~ ^{father} ~~Stephenson~~ is still wavering ~~between~~ about being a martyr for the cause of ^{the} Nationalism of his adopted country, Ireland: but the prime minister of that country, which is a republic, is standing firm and will have none of this romantic blackmail. In consequence, this "shall I shan't I" martyr is in the horns of a dilemma. If he gives up he will consider he has ~~let~~ ^{let} the side down: if he doesn't give up he will die through his ~~part~~ ^{part} because it is pretty obvious there is no moving the Irish P.M. It does seem from the news that the terrorists are getting more desperate as they keep losing their chiefs to the security people in Ulster. At home the English Government has gone another step towards the policy of their Labour opposition and have started, eighteen months after disbanding the Consumer Council, to build some protection for consumers. The Government also have, at last, stopped the supply of loan and credit ^(from)

to the President of Uganda so that he will not be able to get away with much more of being the Great Leader at our expense; he has retaliated by taking over British firms there. Nearer to home again, and apropos of what I wrote (TJ. 27.11.72) of indiscipline in schools while I was recording my talk with the masters on my school visit: the masters conference has produced a report which blames the parents of children for lack of control before the children come to school. It will be seen that the three masters at the Pells and ~~me~~ I, anticipated this report by some chance but I suppose the threat to ^{the} ordinary discipline of communal (moral) laws and ^{good} self-conduct, without which a child is going to find it "very hard to fit into a community; is being absent now and we can hope it is soon taken to heart by parents who are the people to first condition children to know how to find out and so understand. If this is not done early in an infant's life, he is going to have an increasingly difficult time to learn as he gets older. (But see this journal for October 19 for my views on this) All I want to point out here is that statistics suggest that the peak age of offenders is 14-15 years. After that period the incidence drops quite rapidly as the boys get older. This suggests to me that not being guided and disciplined at a young age is simply postponing the process and making the subject late in maturing and learning how to

line. He has to learn the hard way. His early guardians have not been a help to him, either through not troubling; or a mistaken story. It all comes to the same and it can be called neglect.

Saturday December 2: 1972: A gale for most of the day but Dorothy and I did the shopping in the morning and I attended the football match between Lewes and Tilbury in the afternoon. The conditions at the Dripping Pan were as bad as they could be, but given the conditions, a quite respectable game was played. I had to leave before the end of the match and, at that period Lewes 1. Tilbury 2. was a fairly good score, perhaps somewhat giving Tilbury the benefit of some luck. I shall probably learn the full score tomorrow; for today, once I had reached home, I put my head out no more. Dorothy was making Christmas cakes and so was busy in the kitchen for most of the time out there. I did some reading; watched some wrestling (some good wrestling this); some Association football between Birmingham and Liverpool; and ~~and~~ I did some writing. The words "some reading" make it seem flippant when taken in the fashion I have described my Saturdays time; so I hasten to add "and a good stint of writing". The writing was enjoyable too, but nevertheless, it adds tone to the sentences about the reading. Mine

is a comfortable home, and, as Dorothy works on its development into what she has wanted for years, it begins to look very beautiful and attractive: two descriptions which do not necessarily always go hand in hand. Now, since I am writing of her province, it is the time to write a few words about Dorothy's health. Walking outside she has improved quite a good deal in her movements: and the doubt I was gradually getting, about her sallies out shopping, ~~is~~ now passing away, thank goodness. Frank's affairs are gradually being wound up, and this is a help to her, because a good deal of the blame for her poorliness was from the worry about administering the estate; nevertheless, it is useless for me to blame that partial cause too much, for this "slowing up" business has been showing itself to me and to several of our friends for some time, certainly before Frank's business developed. Now that her attention has been drawn to it, her attitude of mind to it will put things right in my opinion. The news this evening tells of more outrages against people and property in Ireland. This blowing people to pieces; this tarring and feathering of women; this smashing of people's kneecaps with bullets: all in the name of nationalism has now spread into the republic, at least some of these horrors have; so the country and government who have been protecting, nurturing, and, in some situations, arming these terrorists is now beginning

to taste the stew its people have allowed to be cooked for others to have forced on them.

Sunday: December 3. Up at six-thirty and did some writing of yesterday's goings on in my life. It appeared to be a beautiful day so I promised myself some work in the garden: but alas, down came the rain and I had to be content with a bit of clearing of some of the "coggage" that my public life makes it imperative (apparently) for me to gather round me. Not only did I clear some up this morning; I burnt some between the showers. After dinner I watched some football, West Ham v. Newcastle, on the "telly" and presently Joan and her two boys came in. Joan looked well, as she generally does; and the boys were well and very smart indeed with their new coats and shoes. They changed into some older stuff and then went off to play at the "Fort", an a kind of log cabin-cum-wild western fort all built of logs and with subterranean entrances and exits: a great place to play about. It was a gift from the Round Table to the town for the children to play in; and it has brought happiness to a good many. It is nice that the boys are getting able to go out alone but Joan went down after a while to see how they were getting on. Apparently cars have made the risk obtaining when kids accept the car ride offered to them much more

heavy than before. Joan took the boys home at about 4-30 and I think they enjoyed the visit. One can see how they have developed since they last came over. I noticed that, when they came in from their visit to the fort, Mark went straight out to the swing and just "swang" / "swung" for quite a long time. Both these boys are making good headway. Bert is in Kenya on work for the International Cooperative Alliance and Dorothy and I received a card from him yesterday. It must be quite nice to keep visiting these different countries.

Monday. December 4: I had not been about very long when down came the rain again and the gale seemed as though every-thing was going to blow inside out. In consequence of this weather I did not go out this morning, just did a bit of clearing some of the coggage, which, as I have recently written, gathers around anyone who does local public work. Dorothy went out to keep an appointment with the Notary Public and for some signing to do with Frank's estate. It seems hard to remember Frank has gone; even though nearly six months have passed since he died. On occasion things arise where, before I would see him; now I have to remember. I finally went out, after Dorothy had returned from her visit to the Notary Public, and I got my black shoes from the "snabs" changed my books at the library: where I learnt from Christine that

Eve is moving into her new flat tomorrow and today is her day off, which is useful for her. While I was out I purchased a note-book for Dorothy for her use in connection with the food-price watch. This is necessary" says Mr. Heath, a Tory P. Minister who believes in private enterprise, apparently on a Lasseraine basis, and knows his shop-keeper's mentality! This note-book, by the way, cost 25^p retail: which would mean about 5/- in pre-decimal money terms; and, in those same times this book would be priced at 7d. which is three p. Even allowing for all the higher costing, including labour, that has come about with the redistribution of wealth, 3^p x 6½ times is a pretty hefty jump, because scientific discovery with its attendant mechanical inventiveness is supposed to be making things more easy. Anyway, the P.M. is showing signs of panic with his freeze (meant for wages) having to be applied to profits. By the way, the decimalization of money has, by a queer stroke of streamlining, done me a bit of good inasmuch as my discount, through my service to Baxters, is now a fifth instead of a sixth. You can't work in a sixth very easily when everything goes in multiples of ten; therefore the price of Dorothy's ~~the~~ above mentioned note-book was 20^p to me instead of 25^p.

I attended the Public Services and Planning committee this evening. We got through quite an amount ~~at~~ ^{by} a reasonable time and it has been a very pleasant meeting, with Paul doing his usual good work as a Chairman. On arriving home I had a look at a short play but had to turn it in because it was in some dialect which was completely baffling to me. I can honestly say I did not properly understand (through being unable to interpret) a single sentence. I wish B.B.C. 1 (which was the wave band) had used a bit of savvy and shown it in Scotland or wherever it was supposed to be played. Millions like me must have switched off down this way!

Tuesday, December 5, 1972: Gale: wind and rain galore; my best and mechanical umbrella blown inside out, fortunately not damaged as far as I can see. A rough old day for everyone. I did the shopping but I had another experience in Marks, the butchers, which, to me, ~~was~~ ^{was} not very satisfactory: the more so because on each of these two experiences I have been left with a feeling that I am not wholly blameless. A few days ago I bought some skin of beef for a meat pudding. On reaching home it was discovered not to weigh a pound and, moreover to be something in the nature of steak and kidney. Made our pudding alright but with a good deal

less filling than is our custom. Dorothy and I could only conjecture that the butcher or I had picked up the wrong package, but I do remember that he dropped it in my bag. Today, with a different man serving me I seem to be overcharged! There is the possibility that when he gave me the meat and said "42?" he meant to say 32^o or perhaps he said 32 and I told the carrier 42; but I did ask the butcher what it was and I am sure he said 42. Anybody reading this will conclude, working on the grounds of probability, that it was my fault on both occasions; it being highly improbable that there would be two blakes in the shop, ~~each~~, on two different days, made mistakes like these with the same customer; but after describing ^{each} these events above I have written ^{proof of} my sureness that it wasn't me. Anyway, I am going to watch my shopping in case who ever serves me makes a mistake; but at the same time make sure it isn't me: being forgetful or not paying attention. This afternoon I went to the Federation of O.A. Pensioners at Station Street; and had a brief chat with Ernie Trask and then saw Jimmy Taylor, who told me he had heard that Wally Bripps had died. On reflection I have decided to go up and make my customary irregular call and then I can make sure if this news is true. Spent all the evening reading etc. Too rough outside anyway,

when there are no urgencies in the shape of meetings to draw me out. Late in the evening I did watch quite ~~at~~ a good bout of wrestling and then we retired.

Wednesday: December 6. Woke up to the sound of the gale; (this seems to be pretty continuous now) and I arose at about 6-50 after lying awake for a very long time. I did a bit of reading about Freud by Kaufmann and I enjoyed this very much. When I can get the early morning "alertness" and turn it to account by direction; and not let it run all over the place as it does if those who have it do not get up and turn it to account; instead of lying in a half-a-sleep way worrying mostly about nothing! ^{Then that is of benefit} I also did a reduced physical training set and was soon finished, washed, ~~and~~ shaved and dressed. Dorothy went to Patcham and I went to get my pension, going via New Road in order to confirm the news I wrote of yesterday concerning Wally Bripps. He has died, Dorothy Bripps was out with her daughter who had come home and I got confirmation from the lady next door, Mrs Hemley, and she passed our felicitation on and Dorothy Bripps rang later and said the funeral would be on Friday. I drew my pension plus the £10 which the Health Government are making for a Christmas Extra for the O.A.P. Strange how we have

changed the attitude of the ruling classes in relation
to what the Tories used to call the masses. The
changes in my 70 years or so ~~are~~ really unbelievable
to give an old person a pension of 5/- weekly
was considered the last straw which would break
the camel's back in Edwardian times; and, as some of
us can remember, that pension in addition to the
other things which were wrong from the conservatives
of that time ~~were~~ ^{thought} by some conservatives, worth
having a civil war to stop! However, it is of no use
ranting about the past. The fact that Conservatives will
give social benefits now is proof that we Labour
men have done a good job of salesmanship over the
years. We have sold them Socialist ideas so well
they really think they thought of it themselves. So
well did the earlier Fabian Society teach the Socialist
bodies realistic progress and rescue the Labour
movement from romantic barricades. That ^{Fabian} way is the
only way to get things done without shedding blood.
Even the two sectarian opponents in Ireland, at the
present bent on blood-letting, will have to forget
those two abstractions, Religion and Nationalism, and
learn that real people exist as individuals
and what they want, in the main, is peace and
happiness, gained by what they want and not

what a few madmen tell them they got to have or be blown
up. Dorothy arrived home soon after six o'clock and
we had tea and stopped in ^{for} the rest of the evening.
The gale was far too bad to go out anyway. In
the wider news the self-styled "Angry Brigade" have
been sentenced after the longest trial for nearly
a century. Perhaps we shall have a continuation of the
quiet life, uninterrupted by the antics of these foolish
and conceited people who, because most people
think differently to them, want to blow people
up. I used the word continuation because the
outrages emanating from the "Angry Brigade" have
stopped during the time of the trial. To me this
shows of the scanty numbers they have, and the lack
of activities during the trial period, I think,
could be evidence of their guilt.

Thursday: December 7. I called at the Housing
Office this morning and made the inquiries I had been
requested to make by two people who wished to find
out if their daughter in one case, and a sister in
another case were safely on the Housing list and if
there was a possible chance of them getting a
house before long. Of course, this is a fairly
hopeless quest for me to undertake, but one has

undertake it. At least it was a fine morning, and having carried out my quest to the best of my ability, I made my way to the Cripps' house in New Road to ascertain the time of Walley's interment. ~~later~~ On arriving home, ready to do some work about the garden, Dorothy reminded me that we had the Pells Infant School concert to attend this afternoon: so there was not much point in getting entangled with the garden. We went to the concert and I enjoyed this experience, as I generally do, and appreciate the time and persistent effort the teachers must put into the preparations for these Christmas concerts. I did not attend the W.B.A. class and perhaps I had better confess that my interest in this course is waning. Perhaps people who attend these classes should first make an effort at learning how to think and then take the courses that are open on different subjects. Pupils should have some ideas on weighing evidence and drawing inferences etc. I have no time to pursue this matter now but it is prompted by situations of which I have written before (See T.J. Thursday Oct 19 1972). Dorothy and I had a quiet evening. F.P.S.B.

Friday December 8. I attended the funeral of Walley Cripps this morning. The first interment at

which I have been present for some years; and I discovered various other reasons why I consider cremation the best method of disposal, mostly to do with those who are alive. This morning the rain simply belted down as we came out of the ~~church~~^{crematorium} chapel and some of us, those who were not going to the graveside, because we were not so intimately connected with the deceased, were lucky, because we could remain ~~in~~ in the porch. The clergyman walked in front of the hearse and everyone, all the mourners anyway and the bearers, must have had a gruesome time and most of them must have been wet through in a very short space of time. Present were Dorothy, the widow, her two daughters; and her sister in law: sister of the deceased. These four made up the complete chief mourners. Then there was ^{Mr} Lincoln; of the Bowling Green Club: Mr. Taylor; of the O.P.W.C.: myself; a friend: and there were three other men who were obviously representatives from organizations, plus Mr. Hensley; a near neighbour. I think too small numbers also add to a depressing necessity. Mr Lincoln gave Hensley and me a ride back home and I left word with Hensley that I would return this afternoon which I did (return to the Cripps home I mean of course) and had a brief talk with the two daughters' mother: they were at school with Joan and Bunty

I'll talk with Dorothy the mother later on; I did not want to stay too long at such a time; they must have a good deal of arranging to do. On my way home down came the rain again and this sort of weather kept on for the rest of the day. Dorothy gamely went out, after being driven back three times, and did her shopping. I think we can all be grateful to the man or woman who popularized the shopping trolley. It makes life so much easier for any body who has much shopping to bring home: and I am sure every woman who carries her shopping will enjoy a longer life now she can wheel it instead of carrying it. Dorothy got very wet with her uncomfortable shopping ^{expedition} in the heavy showers; but her trolley enabled her to make good speed and I am glad that she is in much better shape and able to do it and return quite cheerfully. The weather was against any going out this evening, so some reading etc. had to suffice. There was nothing worth watching on the "Telly". The words "Watch Watching" apply to me of course. He who wishes can watch and make his own decisions as to what pleases him: and with regard to ~~the~~ this evening's programme I should really write "With the exception of "Dad's Army", there was not much to interest me." Dorothy and I finally retired at about 12-30 am.

Saturday: December 9. A wonderfully fine day: clear sky and a pleasant nip in the air; so we were able to do our shopping in pleasant surroundings and with pleasant people to talk to. We met Margaret Lambert in the High Street who was very pleased to see us, as we were to meet her. Altogether a very nice go out; and, this afternoon I went to the Library, (Lewis F.C. are playing away today) but when I was returning down came the rain again. I watched some wrestling and did some reading. It is not my fault I am bone-idle: its to do or because of, the weather. All this is as good an excuse, for doing nothing of note today, as any other! I have had a read aloud this evening, to Dorothy, of my current heavy book, which is "The Cult of the Superman" by Eric Bentley. We did the part into which Bernard Shaw is drawn i.e. "Heroic Vitalists of the 20th Century". This book, published in the 2nd War period "The Cult of the Superman" draws, by way of an appreciation by C.S. Lewis, a paragraph which closes with this sentence. "The author, though sternly critical, has a sympathy, which I cannot emulate, with those elements of Heroic Vitalism which really deserve a serious answer, and this enables him to make a constructive book out of what might easily have been a mere chamber of horrors". I rather agree with C.S. Lewis.

Sunday December 10 1942. A fine day and I had a look down the path way for a start. I did not need to go to Prince Edwards Road because I saw my two elder sisters last Sunday, so I had hoped to do some work in the garden. However, it wasn't so pleasant out there as the fine weather promised so I didn't do much. Had a very short walk this afternoon and that is the full tale of my activities! I must give a better account of myself to myself tomorrow.

Monday December 11: Another fine day and I rounded off yesterday afternoon's clearing up by taking the completed "Friends of Lewis Victoria Hospital" collection books down to Hillman's office, for them to be passed on to the treasurer. I met Lil Palmer on the way and heard blood-curdling accounts of some illness that seem to be following some of our mutual acquaintances. Came home and did a bit more in the garden. By the way, while out I met Mr (Lila) Hewlett, and while talking to her, Leslie Worsfield, who is the retiring secretary of the local Branch of the National Deposit. He told me he will be succeeded by Mr. Breese and this news rather surprised me because both Maurice and Mr Breese are very busy people already. Perhaps when Maurice retires in a short while they hope to have more time and can afford

to take on the new job. This afternoon I took the books back to the Library, where I spoke to Eve and Christine and this evening I started reading a new book to Dorothy, "Jill Somerset" by Alec Waugh. I wrote a "New book" but this is one Waugh wrote in 1936 and it is now sent out again by an enterprising firm who are specialising in re issues. The National news is pretty poor: as if there were not enough troubles about, a Chapel dodger of a hand in some firm which produces hay stuff for the motor industry has fallen out with his fellow workers because he did not see eye to eye with his Branch (a minority, him, numbering one) having gone against the rules of his society he still wants to attend the Branch: being refused admission he brought a case against the Union at the recently formed Industrial Court. Now there have been decisions against employers who dismissed workers and the penalty on one of these cases was a fine of £100: in the ^{present} case the fine imposed on the Union was £5,000!! The Union refused to pay or have anything to do with the court and the fine has been increased to £50,000 plus 10,000 cents. This is too silly for words. The employers have stood the man off from his work on full pay £33 weekly; he has said he'll drop the case against his union not giving him admission to Branch meetings for on a payment of £30,000. How badly has the anti Trade Union legislation failed? This

case before the Industrial Court is by now far removed from the uses for which the law was made and has made it possible for this one man who, (naturally) speaks "as a Christian" to ~~help~~ ^{make} the employer and workers, by blackmail, be instrumental in satisfying his self righteous ven.

Tuesday December 12. A very wet morning: after a night of gales the rain poured down when I arose soon after six a.m. However, there was a partial clearing up later and the various jobs of an ordinary morning were proceeded with. I bought bread and meat etc and, in the course of doing this, called into the cottage and met the new owner, a man named Badger. The place looks very nice and the new occupant is making much more of the available space in the front room, where I entered. At the top of Little East St. there is the appearance of a tidied up air raid of 1942 pattern: the result of the timber lorry going astray and upsetting a few nights back. This afternoon I gave a look in at the C.P. Fed branch in Station Street and found all going well. Dorothy Gripps was present and playing the piano and evidently resolved to carry through her programmes after the death of Walley last week. I walked home with her and then went home to tea and to prepare

for the Management and Finance Committee. All straightforward work and Chairman Martin Cross keeping up the record of good chairmanship that this present Labour controlled Council has made and of which I am quite proud because I do admire this sort of thing: it makes civilization too, in my opinion. I did not wait up for the wrestling. B.K.V.

Wednesday December 13 1972: A night full of gales, an early morning full of rain which never really cleared throughout the day. Dorothy seemed in very good shape and made my dinner ready, so that I just had to warm it up, before she left for Putnam to mind the boys, the grandsons. At eleven fifteen a.m. I attended the meeting of the 'Laves Exhibition Fund', of which committee I am a member, in the Mayor's Parlour. There was a full meeting except for Ald. George Hayward, who is going to live in Cornwall. We dealt with the administrative side and then the application for assistance towards various matters and educational projects and, finally, I went home just before one p.m. to very much enjoy the dinner which Dorothy had prepared. At 4.45 I went to the Town Hall to be in attendance at the Old Peoples Welfare Committee annual party. (note: In future the designation of this organization is "Age Concern"; and that is what I will write in this journal. Far better to write than the Old Peoples Welfare Committee.)

This party was a great success and the organizers were worthy of the highest praise. The "Good Companions" concert party ^{members} excelled themselves: while Jimmy Taylor, Dorothy Gripps, and Mrs Richards really were at their best. Quite a successful arrangement. I spoke with Mr. Dickenson, my successor as Chairman of Age Concern before the tea and he told me that the Mayor, Alderman Miss Temple had already left the Town Hall, to fulfil some other engagement, but had spoken to all those old people who were already present. Later David and Betty Williams came in, as deputy Mayor and Mayoress and filled the gap. I walked up to the Town Hall with Ella Hewlett, and sat with Dorothy Gripps, during tea time and the periods when she wasn't playing the piano. Unfortunately I missed Ella on the way out and so walked home alone. Dorothy was not due back from Patcham until 10.30: ^{so} I looked over ^{to Ella's} later and knocked the door to see if she was back but it was evident by the lack of response to my ring that she had not yet reached home. When I left the Town Hall the rain had started to come down again; and when I looked across to Ella's house it was really pouring down again. It seems as though we are meant to have a very wet winter. Family news: Joan and Bert have taken the two boys to the film of Ju Tark Amur and also to

the exhibition in the British Museum. Joan has a wonderful, untiring constitution and plenty of energy and the boys must be the most informed and well travelled kids of their age. They are indeed lucky boys. Buntie will be down to see us on Sunday so we shall see Helen and Charles. I have written about these two at some length awhile back. It will be interesting to note their development also. Helen is, of course, at an age with which I am well acquainted with regard to little girls, seven. I have had two myself. Charles is at an age, three next month ~~at~~ which I haven't personal experience with regard to boys. Except, of course, he is coming into an age group of which I can remember my own experiences. Sunday will be interesting to me.

Thursday December 14: Beautiful weather all day. I have nothing to report, having spent considerable time in the garden and absented myself from the W.E.A. class this evening. I am also writing this day's entry in arrears, so I can remember anything, and enter it if it is important, on another occasion.

Friday December 15. Dorothy and I went to the B.S.N. school Christmas play this afternoon and the occasion of us going there called forth one of those

acts of thoughtful kindness which it is our very ^{great} pleasure to have offered to us sometimes, and this time it was of very great use to us. Quite early this morning the wife of Doctor Smart rang us up and asked if we were attending the school play and, if so, could they call for us? So with a lift over there and a lift back home was made a good deal more easy and a good deal of time was saved: we were also enabled to do quite an amount of the weekend shopping after they had brought us back. The play was quite good. We were told it had been brought more into a modern way of presentation and this enabled many more children to take part and obviously meant that more children would be mentally involved. For my part I did not find it so enthralling or moving as these children's ^{plays} affect me as a rule; but then these things are for the children's good and enjoyment and one has got to hand it to the teachers. Any kind of ~~method~~ play or method in presenting it must be a very good useful job because it ~~teaches~~ ^{gives} these kids self confidence etc which I find is one of their chief lacks. We met Dorothy Reed there: she is one of the Governors of the school and I told her we would make an attempt to attend the Women's Labour Council tomorrow, but we will see how

things turn out.

Saturday December 16. We did not manage to attend the W.M. Annual this evening. In preparation for Burtys and her families' visit tomorrow we felt obliged to let the W.L.C. dinner slide. This morning we attended the sale and buy effort of the Red Cross at the Skeltons. This was much the same as other years, and Dorothy had made a cake as a contribution to the sale. We met quite a number of people who we know and we were welcomed as people who back up 'the efforts of the Red Cross' organization. Afterwards we went down the town and made some purchases for the presents to Helen and Charles when they arrive tomorrow. We find things are very dear in price without a corresponding upgrading in workmanship in the making of toys, or in originality in thinking of new offerings or in presentation. We have bought Charles a "Dinky" train and Helen puppets and perfume. We hope the kids will find them acceptable. A quiet evening spent addressing greetings cards and Dorothy writing Christmas letters.

Sunday December 17. I rose early: read some of my agenda for Wednesday's Council meeting: exercised properly

and addressed and delivered L.P. notices for next Thursday's meeting. John arrived with Helen and wee Charles and informed us that Buntz had a cold and had decided not to risk spreading it about down this way. Things went off alright. Helen helped Dorothy ~~at~~ what time Charles played with his 'Denkey' train and Dorothy produced her usual splendid meal, by the time John and I returned from the pub! Buntz has successfully passed another exam and now has the letters M.P.C. B.S.H. (?) ~~after~~ added to ~~her~~ ^{the} list that follows her name. Today's visit was not a long one because John was anxious to get back in good time with the two kids, but it was very enjoyable and we all enjoyed the occasion. We, Dorothy and I, finished the day with letter writing card sending, and the usual things that one does at this period of the year.

Monday, December 18. Did my stuff, then posted and delivered some Christmas cards; phoned Nellie Fitch to excuse me from this evening's group meeting. Ella Hewlett brought over her house key because she was going away to Somerset for the Christmas holidays. At three p.m. I presented myself at the E.S.N. school (Dorothy didn't come as David Williams came down to do some things concerning Frank's estate.)

when I arrived I was greeted by Miss Watling and then Miss Shiner, had a talk with some more of the staff and, when the kids swarmed in for tea, I had tea with Gladys Day for company. I met Harold King there too, but, apart from these two, I appeared to be the only visitor. I had a longish talk with the two women who have been at this school the longest time (Watling and Shiner) and was able to get some inkling of their work; and of their attitude to it. I walked back home and, as is usual for me when I leave this school, I was very mindful of the work, care and kindness that is called for to make any attempt to really teach the children. I forgot to mention that today, before I went to the school, Ella Hewlett came in; she had been knocked down by a van but did not appear to be seriously hurt. However by 'phone she informed her relations and later in the day, Peter Austin came over and told Dorothy about the steps that were being taken to make sure she is alright. Her doctor had seen her etc but I don't know about her proposed visit to Somerset. Joan Freyre looked in and we had a good jaw about things: our families: our Christmas arrangements and so on. Joan and Ted are

giving a party at the "Grange" on Friday evening and she will see Dorothy and I are transported home and from. This is not a silver wedding party, but Joan and Ted have been married for twenty-five years now, a reminder to me of the rapid passing of time. By the time Dorothy, by persistent reminders, had got into my head that I had to attend the "Dripping Pan" meeting at 4-30, it was rather too late for me to walk and so I had a car down^{to} there, took part in the informal meeting regarding the "Flood Lighting" project, and spent a convivial hour or so among the Executive of this enterprising Lewis A.F.C. A young man gave me a lift back, a very pleasant fellow, who I found was David Cotton the son of the Medical Officer of the United Districts. The United Districts is the Committee which administers the health work of a number of District Councils who are thus enabled to share the services of the Medical Officer. Such an officer is the father of this young man David who drove me home this evening. There have been no papers printed today: This is because of the combined antics of the P.M. Heath, who brought in the Industrial Relations Act; the press (gutter variety); an a peripatetic worker on the factory floor who wants to be a martyr on

the "Heath" side of the I.R. Act. ^{an unscrupulous} His name is Goad and who keeps joining one union after another and being slung out for breaking the rules. It has been ^{worst} ~~worst~~ up on this occasion because he endeavoured to attend a Branch meeting and was refused admittance. At Heath's I.R. Act. time, this refusal of admittance to a meeting, (which is the prerogative of any organization) would have been that. Fini! But this Goad, who besides being a peripatetic Trades Unionist is a peripatetic Baptist preacher can now protest against this and take the Union to the new I.R. Court. This he did and the Union was fined the astounding sum of £5,000. The Chairman of Judge of the Court explaining that this was because the Union did not attend the Court. Rather an astounding reason, one would think. Goad was again refused admission to a Union Branch meeting and the I.R. Court fined the Union £50,000! Goad's employers suspended him from work, on full pay, in an endeavour to avoid a strike: he says he'll drop the case for £3,000. (This, surely, would be grounds for the Court to dismiss the case) Other branches of the Union are coming out on strike. This Union will not recognise the Court at all now and this combination of circumstances, which is

really a chain reaction from ~~the~~ ^{one} man's efforts to be, or appear clever at a very small local level: and it shows what can happen when the Heath Government pass laws which were meant to be vindictive. This Government has had to reverse its policy on nearly all counts now. Let us have a demonstration by its P.M. ~~by~~ that is in big enough to reverse this one, because this I.R. act is the most stupid one, upsetting as it does many millions of the people who produce the goods and services which keeps the country going. I'm going to bed! The men have come back from the moon!

Tuesday December 19: I didn't get up until seven and, after breakfast, we proceeded with cards and shopping. Of course, Dorothy is doing other things as well: cakes, ~~cooking~~ etc. not to mention washing etc. Later in the morning we had a real set-to at the Christmas present shopping Dorothy has been anxious to get a start with. As a result of this we were late getting home to dinner; Ella came in; she has been thoroughly overhauled after her accident of yesterday and nothing drastically wrong has been discovered: my sister Kate came in with our presents from her: we missed the Pells infant

school party; ~~at~~ a thing I have not missed before: so there is the doings of today in the life of ~~the~~ one extra thing. After a walk up to Baxters had proved to be in vain because they were just closing, I went to the Library where I saw Eve who was just off home. A few minutes later she returned from her office and offered me a lift home which I gladly accepted. Eve has shown ~~the~~ ^{her} thoughtfulness on a number of occasions. Dorothy and I stopped indoors for the rest of the evening during which time ~~we~~ we saw "The Guardian" which this week debunked Baden-Powell, really portraying him as a romantic day-dreamer; who never developed mentally beyond the stage of being a very pleasant young boy.

Wednesday, December 20. I keep doing my early-morning stuff and I will continue in the current curriculum until the lighter mornings come, I think. The rest of today I might as well record "as usual." The Town Council Meeting was held this evening and went forward swimmingly. In ~~rather~~ readiness for the Council Bulletin which is to be produced and issued to the rate-payers free, the producers had photos of the Council "at work" taken; then an informal group: then a head and shoulders one of each councillor. Thus the producers of the bulletin will have a picture of the councillors

to insert into the issue whenever it is thought necessary, or space permits. We adjourned to the Mayor's parlour where Beatrice extended hospitality most generously. Eve gave me a ride home and stopped talking ~~to~~ ^{with} Dorothy for some time. Dorothy produced coffee and already had on view a number of Frank's knuck knacks, because she was cleaning and sorting them out, so we passed a very pleasant hour or so. So today has been really nice. I ~~had~~ have done my early morning stuff. But to buy skin of beef I had a good sharp walk: in the afternoon I have had a quiet, restful time: after the Council meeting the Mayor's hospitable party and then Eve driving me home and a pleasant time listening to Dorothy and Eve talking. I have written before how impressed I am with listening to this talk when Ella and other women come over. Very nice. "Ideas are scattered as bees scatter pollen" and they are worth ~~my~~ mine or anybody else's consideration.

Thursday, December 21. Did all the usual and went out to buy some bread. Met Dorothy Cripps and went in for a drink. She said she seems to be at a loss although she keeps on working and the Hemsleys, next door, are very helpful and she is going to her eldest daughter's for Christmas. Dorothy, (my Dorothy) has been washing and ironing and preparing for the

people who will be visiting us during the Christmas holidays, while I have made further advances with clearing up the appalling mess there seems to be in the garden at this time of the year. I did not attend the Labour Party meeting this evening and read aloud to Dorothy from Alec Waugh's book "Jill Somerset". We retired in good time, and there it is for today's doings. An ordinary everyday when there has been no going out much: but much has been done in the way of sending cards etc. If one doesn't meet anybody; and one doesn't without going out, there is nothing to write about except the "Idle thoughts of an Idle Fellow" and I am not presumptuous enough, at the moment, for that.

Friday, December 22. The shortest day I believe; I expect I am wrong, but I know that some time about this part of December we begin to realise that now we can look forward to the evenings gradually becoming lighter. Actually it is so gradual that it is not noticeable but we know it is taking place. The chief thing today has been Joan and Ted Freyne's party. Held at the 'Grange' this was a grand effort by Ted and Joan to celebrate, some ~~months~~ ^{months} after the anniversary, their silver wedding. There were probably about eighty people present

and everything went off very well. Dorothy and I met several people who we knew more or less well, and a number whom we had not met before. The more detailed parts of this gathering I will return to at different stages of this journal when I have time and have need of material to insert. At the moment I can only record that we enjoyed the party. Joan drove us home at about one a.m. when there were still some people present so I don't know at what time they went home. I am writing this early the next day and Dorothy and I will be too busy for me to spend much time now so I must leave this journal for the time being.

Saturday: December 23: Yesterday we did all the main shopping and so today I had only to get some bread, this arrangement enabling Dorothy to get on with the work connected with the festive season and getting ready for when we have people visit us during Christmas. The weather has been cold and there has been enough gently falling, fine rain to call it a wet day. Joan and Bert Bram and the two grandsons Mark and Robin, came this afternoon ~~but~~ and, although

it was pretty wet and cold outside, these two boys changed into their overalls and went out to play on the log Fortress that comprises a part of an adventure playground there is just round the corner from here. It contains underground passages, secret entrances, and climbing facilities galore: so it does not need much imagination to guess what the conditions were down there today: cold, muddy and wet. However, Joan went down and fetched them home after a time and they had, apparently had a splendid time down there! and were full of high spirits. Joan has a handful there. Bert, recently back from Kenya, seems well though rather tired but this could be the contrast between the forbidding outdoors and the cosiness and warmth of our living room. Dorothy gave into his charge the "Frank's watches" for the two boys and the cuff-links and he will give them heirlooms to them when they are ~~older~~ older. Joan and Bert brought us some Dubonnet and, since we have had a bottle of Brandy from John and Benty and we have got some sherry and gin which I have bought, we are stocked up and can offer anybody a drink, when the occasion calls for it. When Joan and Bert were gone we passed a quiet evening.

Sunday, December 24: I rose at 6-45 to a damp looking day; and, after breakfast, took the various presents up to 68 Prince Edwards Road. Jossy and Winnie are well and in quite good spirits. We had a talk about our earlier experiences, calling to each others minds the various adventures at the time when we were a big family of young children and the hardships we cheerfully bore as a family. Leslie was not at 68: he had gone to his sister's place at Worthing. Dorothy and I had a light dinner and I had a treat by way of being able to watch the football on T.V. Sheffield W v Spurs. Betty came as she had promised and had some tea with us, and carried ^{away} the presents to Katy and herself. Dorothy went on working after tea, preparing for tomorrow's doings and I had a read mostly. Dorothy's eye is swollen now so she feels rather uncomfortable; we are not sure what has caused this but we are hoping it is a bite from an insect, in which case we know it is not caused by anything more organic. I suppose we are getting old. Even I felt a tight-chested tiredness when carrying the presents up to 68 Prince Edwards Road, but it passed off and I returned home in my best style!

Monday December 26. Christmas Day and I arose just before seven, having spent quite a long time awake and thinking of "It and about" with apologies to Omar Khayyam. That verse of his containing those lines have always stuck in my mind because it always seemed to me that they could be damned discouraging to anybody who was anxious to learn in order to make life more interesting. I think it is just a matter of Dynamism ^{versus} Being Static with regard to religion or, in Omar's case non-religion. The Eastern religions were static, and remained so (taking India as an example) for thousands of years. As a consequence of this it can be claimed that, economically India remained static; with an Indian still using a plough like the one used by his forebears hundreds of years ago. Western religion changed itself to circumstances, or rather I should say was changed by the Western civilization to meet differing conditions: and so the West improved economically while the East stood still. In Omar's case it was what I have called non-religion, but the principle is the same and, after all, more people could afford to enjoy his principles of "a loaf of bread / a jug of wine / etc." if scientific discovery with its attendant mechanical invention is allowed to go forward. Perhaps then the madding crowd would drive Omar back to civilization? who knows? I had better

turn in letting my mind wander over this unprofitable talk, simply pointing out that he is discouraging by his 15th Century approach and would be so today as I have just suggested.

Thursday December 28. I have left a gap over Xmas because time has not been clear enough to find during this Christmas. A brief report reads like this. Christmas day went off very well with our guests numbering four. Katy, Betty, Wally and Myra. Wally and Myra came with Katy; Wally being the one who is apparently bent on courting Kate; and Myra with whom Kate used to work. Wally has a car (motor mechanics is his work and he still does a few days a week working) so these three women, Katy, Betty and Myra have been enabled to have free transport during the holiday. He even took them to Midnight Mass although he does not go to Church as a rule; and I am very pleased they didn't have to walk because the Church is a considerable way from where Katy, Betty and Wally live. He has a flat in the same building as Kate's, and Betty's flat is two minutes or so away. Myra lives at Oxford. Dorothy ~~has~~ excelled even her high standards of cooking etc and everything was very nice indeed. ~~On Sunday~~

~~we had a more quiet time and were alone most of the day.~~ On Boxing Day, Tuesday, we were picked up by Buntly and driven down to Joan and Denis's place where we spent a grand day. The two boys, Mark and Robin were in good shape. John and Burtly and Helen and Charles were well and, indeed, Charles is making great strides intellectually, now; and Helen enjoyed ~~the gathering~~ and was her usual thoughtful, helpful self. which to me is very nice indeed. Wednesday, yesterday I did not do much beyond buying some bread and having a short walk in the afternoon down to the Bluffe. Wally and Kate looked in and Dorothy and I are invited out to Wally's to tea ~~tomorrow~~ this afternoon. This is the resumé of affairs up till yesterday. I am writing this early Thursday morning, so tonight I will write up today's doings. Later. I went with Dorothy to see Dr. Blake with reference to Dorothy's eye trouble. He has given some drops, to be put in both eyes three times a day and some pills for her ankles which tend to get swollen. I think this visit has done some good for Dorothy already, generally speaking; and in particular her eyes, into which I have already put two drops seem to be ~~but~~ improving already, and she has grasped the idea, I think and hope, that some relaxation would be good for her. Wally and Kate came and fetched us to Wally's flat where he

had prepared a really smashing high tea; and to which we all did justice. This is a nice flat, well furnished in the manner which would be expected of a man who is widowed and is 68 years old, and has brought up his family and seen them all launched into the world. He is tall, probably 6 feet; lean and fit ~~and~~ and looks extraordinary well. I think he, and his flat, ~~show~~ are indicative of the progress made in this country during the last 50 years or so in improvement in health of older people and certainly ^{in the satisfying} of their housing needs. I hope this friendship of his and Kate will continue, and I hope the upbringing of girls in the earlier years of this century, about which, it will be recalled, I have often moaned ~~in~~ in this journal, and which has caused women like Kate to remain ⁱⁿ single blessedness instead of married bliss, does not have any effect on her so that this friendship is jeopardised. They married us home soon after seven, Dorothy phoned Joan and Buntie re the Doctor's findings, and we spent a quiet evening.

Friday December 29. I rose quite early: 5-65. resolved to do some odd shopping jobs that had to be done but which I had been forgetting as is my

wort. However, in the event, I went shopping with Dorothy; and this meant starting later and going down the Cliffe first so I didn't get those little bits of mine: I got something much better: something that I needed, because Dorothy made me a present of a wheel barrow for use in the garden. I have been using my old one for many years now when really it should have been replaced. I've just kept building it fresh; actually! The new one is not to be delivered before tomorrow, but I did some gardening this afternoon; taking advantage of the warm sunny spell we are enjoying at the moment. My tight-chested cold seems to make me short of breath so I didn't do much and, out for a walk later, I didn't go far. The Americans are still bombing North Vietnam. The I.R.A. are still committing murder in Northern Ireland. The arab would-be terrorists are still trying to terrorise on a big scale so I feel almost ashamed to mention my little physical troubles: they are, however, troubles caused by nature and not, like the horrors of the world I have mentioned above, caused by conceited fools fighting for abstractions. A quiet evening. I almost forgot to mention the earthquake in Macuna South America. Nature is beginning to compete for a place in the league table of horrors and to displace, in magnitude those caused by the

yanks the I.R.A. and the Arab guerillas. When I wrote "Yanks just now in conjunction with the horrors in Viet Nam I was by no means blaming them for all the atrocities of that quarter. On equal share, in my opinion, goes to the abstract warships who have started the affair and keep on with it.

Saturday ~~November~~ December 30. I did about two items of shopping, all there was to do after Dorothy's onslaught of yesterday. Alas, the wheelbarrow was not sent round by 'Harper & Bede' so I shan't be able to use it tomorrow, Sunday. This afternoon I went to the Pan and saw the match Lewis v Slough. I did not stop until the end of this quite good game because I went to Liptons to purchase some stoneware, and looked into Mary's bookshop on the way. Ernie was there and there were quite a number of prospective buyers sampling books in there. It occurs to me that the second-hand bookshop is the only shop which deals with ~~some~~ commodities which you can sample to your heart's content: imagine being able to ~~sample~~ or otherwise sample any ^{other} type of goods in the place where they are sold. Buntie told me, a long time ago, that when she was reading in a bookshop on one occasion the man who was the proprietor said "Hurry up and finish that bit, Miss, I want to

close the shop and go home!" Ernie told me this afternoon, that Mary was attending the Doctor again. I did not really gather, specifically, what she was being treated for; she was up the town shopping he said, so I take it she is able to go about ok. Soon after I arrived home Joan and the grandsons arrived from Patcham. Joan and the boys look in very good health. The boys are getting more mature now and are very interesting. Joan ~~is~~ and they could not stay long because the family is off to Majorca tomorrow evening and Joan naturally has plenty to do. When they had gone we had a read and spent a quiet evening.

Sunday, December 31, 1972: A day at home: too cold to do much in the garden, but a very fine day following a frosty early morning. Two very good days as regards weather. Joan and Ted Freyne paid us a visit this evening; bringing Paul with them and we were quite a merry little group for awhile. Joan and Ted were on their way to a New Year's Eve party at Brighton and left us after awhile but Paul stayed, and we three, Dorothy, Paul and I, saw the New Year in together: ~~not~~ figurative speaking, that is, because outside the fog was so thick that one could scarcely see anything, which makes one think, considering that

that Joan and Ted would have to drive back from Brighton and that our Joan, Bert and their two boys would be just setting off by air to Majorca. I hope that is just a pool of fog local to Lewes!

Monday January 1 1973. We're off on another year and starting with entry into the Common Market. We can see whether this is a success later, when success has been defined; In the meantime I had to attend a cremation today, Ethel Gearing. A reader of this journal will have noticed that my attendances at 'last Rites' have increased in number and I suppose, when one is my age it is natural to have quite a number of contemporaries die. ~~The~~ Tom Gearing, the widower, is an old Lewesian whom I have known at school in Edwardian (VII) days, at work and in gymnasium before 1914 (when he served in the forces). Dorothy and I were guests at his marriage to Ethel in the early thirties; and the two children, Trevor and Margaret, (an Ordnance Surveyor and a Hospital Sister) call us Uncle and Aunt, so we do know them pretty well. There were many people at the cremation and now I have had the experience of a Quaker burial service,

Dorothy and I had experienced a Quaker wedding when Tom and Ethel were married. There were many people at today's service (or meeting) and about the whole business, before chapel; at the chapel; and ~~and~~ ^{at} the home afterwards, there was quietness, orderliness and dignity, as befits a family who are members of the Society of Friends. I worked in the garden after dinner and the part where I worked shows it has received some attention. The wheelbarrow has been delivered and I have used it: I have attended the Public Services and Planning committee this evening, when the agenda was Building Applications. A good meeting, well guided by the Chairman, Paul Bennett and a quiet evening after arrival home where I was driven by Rodney deputy Town Clerk, in the company of Beatrice Temple the Mayor. What high company I keep!!

Tuesday, January 2, 1973: I didn't do anymore of the gardening today but went out for a bit of shopping this morning and delivered an acceptance letter to the Friends' Old Peoples Committee for our invitation to a party next Monday. I am glad I delivered this letter personally because, by doing so, I met the clerk of the Meeting and his wife; Arthur and Bonnie Ware

quite an interesting meeting and now I know them, I shall be more at home at the functions, held at the Friends Meeting House, which I occasionally have to attend. Arthur told me he was in the East Surrey Regiment in the first World War: not as a front line man, he was never physically fit, but nevertheless, he was a soldier. This places him as a person who is not a "birthright" Quaker; but obviously one who has come to that faith ^{by} conviction. He told me of his soldiering days ~~during~~ ^{when} I mentioned mine and my connection with the East Surreys through the Surrey Yeomanry. What a great amount of mixing and experiencing of people that first war gave ~~us~~ ^{us men} who were young then. Never before had there been such a gathering up and mixing of the social stratas and classes as then. ~~The~~ ^{The} meeting and talk of Arthur Ware and me this morning proves that the echoes of the first war are ringing still. I did nothing much this afternoon and this evening there was the Library Committee. We made quite a step forward in our progress towards an extension of the building and dealt with other matters. Bue drove me home via Temple's and then I light's home, so I had a short ride round; and, at home, Dorothy, Bue and I had a talk and a drink

making a pleasant wind-up to the day. Dorothy's bad eye seems to be making progress towards getting better, the drops which Dr Blake prescribed are having effect from a soothing angle, and in herself she seems to be getting better.

Wednesday January 3 1973: Ordinary doings all day and, in the evening, the General Meeting of Age Concern (the erstwhile O.P.W.C.) Like my two meetings on the first and second days of this week the attendance this evening was down. This must be because it is too soon after Christmas; there could not be any other reason for these attendances on three consecutive days to be so similar. Dorothy came with me and we met various people, including Ken and Gwen Sadler, again. "Age Concern" is going along and carrying out a very worthwhile programme and it can be said, quite truly, that a great many people are far more happy because of "Age Concern". Kate Boxall, the Secretary is still well and carrying out the business of the organization very efficiently. Dorothy and I spoke to her on the way to the car-park and we learnt that she is still doing plenty for other associations and her dog has now been properly trained so we can guess, as it gets more mature, that she is enjoying

it a bit more. I know the last time we met her its antics were causing her some concern.

Thursday, January 4, 1973. A straightforward kind of day. I decided not to attend the W.E.A. class this week before I discovered there wasn't a class this week anyway. The watchmaker has phoned me that the repair of the "Kunzler" watch will be just under £5-00. This is really the price of my not finding out, from Frank, the proper care of such a delicate instrument, so magical that it makes itself go! However I have made myself "go" a bit better and I am walking along ~~in~~ with much more style. Tomorrow I must continue it and I must also let the man know he can proceed with the watch. Dorothy and I had reading this evening of Jill Somerset.

Friday January 5, 1973. A fine day again so I did all I was resolved to do except let the man know he could proceed with the watch repair. I'll do that tomorrow. W.E.A. Committee this afternoon. Don Bhusholm, the Secretary, had produced a good, full agenda because he, as I am, is always concerned that the W.E.A. keeps up the work which, it was originally intended, should be its first

objective, that of teaching how to think, not what to think. Don says it does seem as though the A.M. is getting more and more to be a mere adjunct to the L.E.U., which, more and more, is giving courses on various subjects which the W.E.A. ^{branches} carried out, initially, when they had made a nucleus of working classes students proficient in the courses that are vital for the community; the more esoteric subjects can follow, or they can be learnt from L.E.U. courses. The word esoteric was Don's and he was trying to describe the kind of subjects which are continually being put forward and advertised by branches of the movement, but which seem to be reserved for a few people who attend, say, an Arts course, and so a few people corner the work of the A.M., the time of a tutor, the tenancy of a class room and all the other necessary aids to running a W.E.A. group in order to make it possible for them to discuss their subject and museum. I looked into Mary's shop yesterday and purchased a Saturday Book! Might as well have some easy stuff to glance at occasionally. Dorothy and I are still reading "Jill Somerset" by Alec Waugh. Some of the points which he made his characters of 1936 argue for are now part of our life and we would

not be without them

Saturday January 6 1973. A miserable, dim, wet day so no football for me. Shopping in the morning, odd jobs in the afternoon and a reading evening.

Sunday January 7. I went up to 68 Prince Edwards Rd and found all was well there. Going about more has certainly ~~not~~ done Jasy a lot of good and she is now much more mobile. She told me how she and ~~three~~ ^{two} ladies older than she walked from Gundreda Road to the prison on the dark cold night and attended a concert there. Jasy told me she insisted they have a car ride back and I think she was quite right; one of them was over eighty. Joan and the two grandsons came over for a short visit this afternoon; fresh back from Majorca they were all three in excellent health and spirits. This evening Ella came over and invited Dorothy and me across the road to her number 8 Toront. Poor Ella does get lonely but she does go about a good deal and refuses to be "downed". She also does quite a lot towards helping, by her company, other older women who are left on their own. I won't dwell on it ~~of~~ or on the admiration that is stirred in me for Ella and Dorothy as I listen to them discussing women's things

such as cooking, cloths, clothes, the neighbourhood, the town etc. because I have written about it before; but for Ella to talk with Dorothy about these things, and the town they both grew up in, is good for her.

Monday January 8. A bit of a tragedy. Somewhere, during the latter half of last week, I have left my best umbrella. I have, today, traced back and inquired at every place or shop at which I might have left it, and now, of these hopes, there is only one left that has not been dashed to the ground, Mary's bookshop. I have phoned her and she will look tomorrow when she opens again. This afternoon Dorothy and I were invited to one of those wonderful Annual parties of the Friends Old Peoples Club. We have been invited to these events ever since I was first made Mayor, in 1964 and they are very nice parties. We sat with the Mayor, Beatrice Temple at tea-time and, after tea she and I had to leave and attend the Public Services Committee.

Dorothy stayed until the end of the party and was given a ride home by Kate Boxall the Sect of the O.P.W.C. (now Age Concern). We people at the Committee dealt with the various matters that

were put before us and I arrived home at quite a reasonable time. Judging by what I have observed of the chairman of "Age Concern," Mr Dickinson has not quite settled into his seat yet but, as I did, he will soon settle down. Kate seemed rather concerned about it; and it must be admitted, a new chairman of a body that is ~~so~~ complex as the Leves Branch of "Age Concern" might cause ripples before he settled down.

Tuesday, January 9. One great bit of news today. Late this afternoon Mary Hamman phoned and told us she had found the umbrella safe and sound at the back of the Bookshop. I am relieved beyond measure and I am to get it when the shop opens on Thursday. By the way, I don't know what the term "Relieved beyond measure" actually means, but when I used it just now I meant I am very pleased indeed. I walked through Phoenix Causeway this morning and had a look at the road works that are being carried on at Malting Street came back by way of the Bliffe and bought the meat, and made my way back to home by way of Friars Walk and Nicholas Lane and Coop Passage. Coming down the west of St John's Street I met four men, looking as

if they were conference bound or something. The first two passed by but one of the next two spoke to me. He was badly crippled and disclosed that he was chairman who used to bring our milk round some years back, before Leves Coop joined Brighton Coop. A big blustering man, did two milk rounds for the firm, at one time, earning two lots of wages. The last time I saw him was about the time I was mayor and J.P. He was before us for hot-bloodedly leaping out of his car and striking a pedestrian who had annoyed him. There he was today, crippled (he said he had Arthritis of the Spine!!!) and, in addition he was diabetic. After all that bounteous robust, good health. Poor Devil. I could not help but observe that he, like many people, told me of this spine trouble without ever noticing that my spine, through arthritis, has been rigid since 1935, from Axis to Coccyx. It is true that this not noticing my trouble could be gratifying to me; and it is when well people tell me they hadn't noticed it. It is complimentary but people who have it and just let things go, and as an excuse tell me of all people that they have it. 'Ah well.' I did the

shifting of the compass leaf this afternoon. (That sentence is just the account of what I did this afternoon and has nothing to do with comparison of myself and those poor wights I have just been writing about.) This evening I read a whole lot of "Jill Somerset" to Dorothy: all the evening so let's take an account of my health. Exercise as per Hockensmidt. Shopping and walking there by; navy-ing with shifting compass this afternoon. So much for rigid spine (called by me "Spondy") All the evening reading. I have had one eye to see with since 1914: that now has a cataract and I shall be 74 years old the day after tomorrow. I am justified I think, in being proud of my ability to do things in spite of some handicaps.

Wednesday January 10 1973. I tidied round a bit this morning and then went out to get some flowers which Dorothy and I had decided to take to Eve this evening. She came and fetched us and took us to her new flat and we are both impressed with her place, both from the building and the home-making air which Eve has carefully woven into the place. Mrs Hubbard was there so that made five of us and a very nice meal
four

and party we had. Dorothy enjoyed it very much and we four chatted, after the meal, on various matters. Eve has a beautifully large room as sitting and dining so she will be able to entertain, as much as she finds she wants of course, with no handicap for room. Really, I have enjoyed this evening; and I have been able to sit and listen to these three women talk of things to do with home-making and such things: and admire them as I have written before when describing similar talks. The town also had its share of attention and it is quite plain they love the place. Eve drove us home. We were very pleased with the evening; I hope she felt it was a success. (B.K.) Dorothy in great form

Thursday January 11 1973: I am now 74 years of age. I ~~suppose~~ ^{think} a birthday ~~should~~ ^{ought to} be the day on which resolutions ~~should be~~ ^{are} made instead of New Year day, but of what avail can making resolutions, which, after all, must be to do with one's future, be to any body of 74! More immediate remedial things, yes but the great resolves of life are all made ^{or not made} _{year} ago: they are to do with one's hopes and at 74 one knows these are realized

or pined for still and that's that: there is no more time to do anything about it other than smooth the things out where ever possible: so now back to today's doings. First off I went to Mary's⁽¹⁾ and she gave me the umbrella much to my delight: I was very sorry at the thought of losing that. There was only one customer, or prospective customer, browsing among the books so Mary and I had a few moments talk. She seems quite well to me so I hope she feels quite well herself. I went up Nicholas Lane on leaving Mary's shop and crossed to High Street at the War Memorial and reached Market Tower before I realised I also had to go to Miss Pillepitches to pay for a great bedroom water-jug with a willow pattern which Dorothy had asked Miss P. to reserve for her: so back I went and down School Hill to the shop which is to be closed as soon as the rest of the goods are disposed of. This job I carried out, telling Miss P. that I would return later with Dorothy to take the jug; and I walked round the flat way home. Later, Dorothy and I drew our pensions, did some shopping and collected the jug. Quite early this morning I heard the milkman deliver the daily pint; when I went to take it in I found he had left a neatly written note requesting me to oil the back gate; the state of

the gate causing him to literally fight his way in each morning. I quite agree with him and I can imagine how exasperated he must have been at his customer's neglect of the property, because he did not write the note there and then; that would be impossible in our back garden on a pitch dark morning. He must have written it at his home, already to deliver! I mended the gate this afternoon, feeling very contrite; and I will give him my apologies for the inconvenience my neglect of the property has caused him. On mending the gate, then, I spent most of this afternoon, and, this evening, we finished Jill Somerset. Not a very adventurous day and I have, (by the gate) done one of the remedial things I mentioned at the beginning of this entry.

Friday, January 12 1973. Up at six, having heard the milkman unbolt the gate, rush to the back door, deliver the pint, take the empty bottle and run out, bolting the gate behind him. All straight forward going and I am sure, if it had not been too dark to see him, he would have looked quite gracefull because he was not held up at any point while delivering the milk. I am glad his note of yesterday had the desired effect i.e. I mended the gate. I

am sure too, that he is glad! The gate opens now, with nothing to impede it silently and all is now ~~settled~~. I went out after a rather late breakfast and visited Baxters shop, where I chatted to Margaret for a while and bought a Penguin book, a tale by John Wain. I went into Baxters works and paid up my football money and had two or three little talks with men who were ^{bought some} there in my time, and then I walked on up the Town and back home via New Road. I went to the Library this afternoon and Dorothy did some shopping. She is ever so much better and is in good spirits. In Northern Ireland there is killing going on. In London there are talks taking place in an endeavour to bring the M.I., the employers and the Trade Unions to some sort of basis on which to rest more negotiations: and now the Government have given way on the decision which banned negotiations during the "Greyn". Surely this Government must hold an all-time record for trying to do one thing and then changing and doing the opposite! Dorothy and I watched the television production "Upstairs, Downstairs", an episode of which appears each week on the I.T.V. Channel and ^{which} find very interesting. Dorothy does too, and always comes along when she is busy in the kitchen, as

this evening, to watch this programme. She is busy this evening because Bunty has phoned and will visit us on Sunday.

Saturday January 13. Nothing which could be worth recording has happened today. We, Dorothy and I have followed the usual Saturday pattern except for me there has been no football; the first team of the Lewes club not playing at home. I watched some wrestling in the afternoon, two poor bouts and one excellent one which made up for the other two. The weather has been bitterly cold, so what I have done in the garden is not worth mentioning.

Sunday January 14. Bunty, John & family came over today: all appear to be very well, with Helen and Charles making great strides. Gave Charles a magnet which we use for finding pins etc., quite a powerful one and he played with it all the time they were here, fascinated. There was not time for us to go out because the late afternoons are still dark and they have to start back for Hurst Green fairly early but

it is resolved that they start more early on the next visit and then it will be possible for them to really have a walk. John and I had the customary drink at the 'Elephant', but that was all the going out there was. Charles came and gathered the magnet up just before he went and made sure he took it to his home. He evidently thinks that some thing which can make a pin (hairpin) leap half an inch or so to itself is very important. Dorothy had made her usual thorough preparation; and Buntz had brought the lamb, as has become customary. It has been a happy day. Later this evening I walked over to Ella's to make sure she wasn't on her own and found she had visitors, her deceased husband's nephew and his family so that was alright. Dorothy and I watched the first of a new series of short television plays about "The Brothers". This first one made quite a good start. I also read "Tom Paine" by a man named Gould. It was published in the twenties and I think I'll read it through.

Monday January 15. A gale had raged nearly all night and this morning there was not a great deal of improvement in the calming down of the

wind, but the rain stopped except for some brief showers which came down at almost regularly spaced periods; so interfering with the drying of Dorothy's washing. Some of it she had to give another spin dry after she had brought it in! I went to the Town Hall and delivered the form Dorothy had filled up, which is to do with the survey of car-owners in different parts of the town and the possibility of a review of garaging and parking. I had a brief talk with Rodney on the possible trends to do with the new L. G. Boundaries. It seems to me pretty lumpy for some Nalgo people; especially those who are making a career of L. G. and not just a job. As far as I can see there are only two out of the four Chief Clerks who now control the present Authorities, who would be up to taking on the job of Chief Executive Officers of the Authority made up of the four. These two men are Mr Walsh of Levens and Mr Waldron Jones Clerk of Cheshire R. D. C. and the latter I believe, is to retire before long. This set of circumstances plainly points to Walsh having the job, at least it does to me. We shall have to see how things develop. I went to the Library and saw Bue who told me she was off to

a meeting of the 'Smaller Libraries' group at which she is to be Chairman. This evening I attended the Visiting Committee of "Age Concern" and spent quite a busy hour as Chairman of the meeting. They are a good body of visitors and one can see ~~what~~ ^{how} the useful work of the main body of the Local Branch gets done.

Tuesday, January 16. I went to the Housing manager with the list of items that the Visiting Committee of last evening considered worthy of inquiry and I got explanations on all of them. I don't know how ^{far} these explanations will go towards being satisfactory to the members but probably they will be alright. This Committee does a very good job towards helping old and lonely people; and, having perceived a neglect or a fault, the members like to know the results of their efforts to put it right. I went over the High Street to Baxters and paid my printing bill for Christmas cards. Dorothy insisted on paying the five pounds, leaving me only 20^p to find; and, this afternoon I had a good go at the agenda for the Finance and Management Committee which met this evening. A good meeting, well chaired by Martin Cross and,

indeed, to me these meetings are now quite enjoyable, (perhaps adequate preparations are something to do with this!) I had a drink in the "Lamb" with Alby, Martin, Paul, David and Frank and came home at about nine o'clock. There has been a case of stopping a television programme through legal means, by a man who had not seen the programme but had read that some ~~television~~ film critics thought it a bad programme. In the words of 1920 or so "My Sainted Aunt". If this objection to a show which is private, late at night, to your own house, and by the dubious ~~or~~ evidence of some critics (professional ones), brought forward by some one who admits he knows nothing about it, he's just going by what he sees in, of all things, the popular press, ^{can't he} then it does prove that the law wants altering.

Wednesday
~~Tuesday~~ January 17 1973. I rose at six and got on with my usual programme for early mornings. The physical part of this programme is going great guns in spite of my age. I don't think, at least I don't remember, making any pretensions of gaining physical improvements at the level I make them now. No doubt what I am doing now is regaining some of the attributes that I had

lost; but, even if this is so, it is a remarkable achievement to gain them back at my age. I don't suppose the man who first put me on this course is alive now, but may his memory live. It was a Dr Handy and he gave me this start at the Royal Devonshire Hospital at Buxton, in January 1936! 36 years ago. Dorothy got on the 'phone to David and received some advice regarding Frank's Estate; so when we went out shopping a call to Barclays Bank was made. Then our pensions, then shopping for meat, bread and groceries. This afternoon I have spent ~~some~~ some time in tidying up the dumbbells. They ~~now~~ look very posh ^{now} with coats of grey paint of some patent sort I found this when cleaning out Frank's place; it was only a little left in a small tin but was enough to do the job and it is supposed to protect metal against all the sort of things that happen to metal. Dorothy got on with preparing the meat into a state of ready-to-cook, having enough for two things, a pudding and a stew.

~~Wednesday~~
Thursday
January 18. I have been reading "Thomas Paine" by F. J. Gould, which I have had for some time in the shelf with my other "Thomas Paine" stuff. I salvaged this copy from the books

of Frank's collection and, this week, gave it a trial on my early morning schedule. Gould, to me, is a very attractive writer anyway, and his subject seems to suit his style of writing and my choice of subject and reading because Paine is one of my "heroes". I am enjoying this book. I went down to Harper & Coles and purchased a pair of scales - Dorothy is going to watch weight and I am interested in mine also - Upon weighing ourselves, as could be imagined we did at the first opportunity - we found we were both in the happy position of our weight being, relatively speaking, the same as it was fifty years ago: so the scales I suspect will be just an instrument that is there if we want it at any time. Quite obviously both our bodies keep in good trim weight-wise. I didn't go to the W.E.A. Sociology class and I know I can't go next week because it is L.P. night!

Friday January 19. Kay Stronell brought the L.P. stuff for me to deliver for next Thursday's meeting; and I walked round and returned it this morning. While doing this job I called on Dorothy Griffis to see how she was getting on since Walley's death. (See Friday Dec 8). Dorothy G. seems quite well. She seems to me to have got thinner and told me she was

~~was~~ beginning to miss Wally seriously now. I suppose when the general work of dealing with this kind of bereavement is past, then one picks up normal life programme again: but ~~in~~ that normal life programme included the deceased so now there is a gap. I mended the back gate; or rather finished mending it by fixing the weather board along the top. I mended the gate the other day (see Jan 11). Having finished this I went for a walk but the cold weather and my heavy clothes plus my nose, which always seems to need a lot of handkerchiefs when I go out in cold weather, didn't make me feel ~~of~~ very comfortable. Anyway, I got a couple of books from the Library on the way home and we had a read during the evening. By the way, Dorothy went out and did some but not all of her shopping so that is to do tomorrow.

Saturday: January 20: It proved to be unlucky that Dorothy left her shopping till this morning because the rain came down soon after 7 a.m. and continued to do so for nearly ~~of~~ all the morning. I did a very small amount of shopping and Dorothy carried on from there and finished the job. Nothing else to report. The weather did

improve a good deal but I did not venture out any more. B.K.S.

Sunday, January 21. I did the agenda for next Wednesday's Council Meeting; did some tidying up round the outside workplace; Dorothy and I had a short walk to see the new Newton Road ~~door~~ Council development and I think that is about all again. If I should remember anything that is worth recording and which I have forgotten, I will work it in somewhere.

Monday, January 22. I arose at six-thirty and read some of Gould's "Thomas Paine" for an hour or so. Did a bit of dusting round after breakfast and then took my shoes to be sewed up at the heel: I thought they were beginning to feel rather loose, but I have worn them pretty nearly regularly since 1969. Although this pair were not the first shoes I have worn of the slip-on style, they are the first I have worn as a regular thing and all shoes bought since that date have been slip-on. Dorothy did washing this morning including sheets so she has been pretty busy. It seems to me she is improving in general health and she moves more easily. This evening I was in the position of having three things to attend: The Labour group 7.30: The A.R.C. Council 7-30: and the Coop Wine & Cheese

I decided I must make the L. Group the first choice because it is ^{the} most important, and then to leave that and go to the A.R.C. meeting; and to miss the wine and cheese of the Co-operative Party. There was no other way and so I resolved to do it in that order. However, in the event I thought it better to stay a bit longer at the group meeting because of the nature of the matter being discussed and so came home when the meeting finished at nine or later. There is no doubt that we have some capable people in our group now and this was what might be termed a good meeting of its kind. When I reached home, as a little relaxation, I watched a play on the television, which I thought was very good, and which was entitled "Kisses of 'at Fifty" Quite a young age I considered. Dorothy had finished the ironing of today's washing by the time I arrived home. I have not been accepting any jobs lately but I have agreed, tonight, to spend two hours at the proposed "Surgery" (L.P.) on an occasional Saturday morning. I haven't much confidence in this surgery being a success from the point of view of people using it; not many avail themselves of these things as a general rule, and people always ask me about things as they meet me anyway.

Tuesday, January 23. Did some further reading of Gould the first thing this morning and, later, made my way to the office at the Town Hall, accepting, on this visit, an invitation to attend a reception (to do with the reorganization of Boundaries) which will take place in the Council Chamber on Feb 23. I made my way up to Miss Vinall's house and made my apologies for failing to get to the A.R.C. meeting last evening. Miss Vinall and I were chatting for some time, mostly about Lewes at the beginning of this century; the Ragged School, which her grand father ran in the late 19th century and which was still a Ragged School (and I was an attender) when I was a boy; and before I became a choir boy at St Johns. From the time I was five years old or so, until I was fifteen or thereabouts I remember the different sects of the Christian religion, which whose services I attended (or Sunday Schools.) Congregationalist, Baptist, Anglo-Catholic and Anglican. "I heard great argument about it and about: But evmore came out by the same door as in I went." However, today I left Miss Vinall's house, having given my apologies for last evening and went home. After dinner I walked, via Hill Road to the Downs Estate, and visited the Gearing House. Margaret was just going to work but I saw Tom, Trevor and Julia at greater

Length and Trevor drove me home and had a talk with Dorothy. I am glad I walked up there because I have not been walking much and I noticed the long, gradual climb told on me to a considerable extent. I know I have been "coldy" for some time but I did not realize I had slipped so far in my prime thing, the ability to walk well. Today was reminiscent of when I had left hospital in 1969 and was getting myself into shape again. Margaret seemed well during the few minutes I saw her. Tom was in his usual good shape except for his eyes. Trevor and Julia are well and appear to be on ideal pairs of members of a community: both doing useful work he as an ordnance surveyor and she as a teacher at Rongmeo Junior School. I like them both. Dorothy and I stopped in this evening and watched a play on "Lolly".

Wednesday, January 24. I walked out this morning and purchased some meat and bacon: stopped in this afternoon and did a few odd jobs, and, this evening was the Meeting of the Town Council. The main news today has been of the cessation of hostilities in Viet-Nam. It seems almost unbelievable that this ghastly business has come to an

end and that country has known no peace since the French were persuaded (by Mendes France) to give it up as part of their empire. I had not studied the history of this French Indo-China very closely, but I remember that there was not much to be heard of ~~the~~ horrors which have been ~~the~~ the lot of the Vietnamese since the French left in 1954. I expect quite a number of those older ones who have survived the ghastly intervening years, have longed to go back to the time of the "Pax-France", if I may call it so. I think people all over the world are relieved about today's news, although quite a number of people who have been so carried away, in extremist fashion, that they have been judging everything about a person's character on, to use their stock question, "what are his views on Viet-nam?" even when the problem before them could not possibly be connected with that country. Those who have, by custom, been using this question as a yardstick will no doubt find some other burning question by which they imagine everything in the world can be judged. The Council Meeting went through its agenda this evening in good style, and by this I don't mean just getting through the agenda. It was stylish from beginning to end, no time wasted, problems discussed decently

and, if I may use the term "Classily". Denton moved an amendment ^{23rd} of the Labour inspired recommendations of the Housing Committee; John Jacobs spoke on behalf of the recommendations. Other members joined using good arguments and Denton's proposal to refer back the matter was defeated. His matter to do with the Govt's "Fair Rent" could be political dynamite and it was very pleasing to me to observe the orderliness which is the result of the quality of the members who took part. Eve gave me a lift home and she, Dorothy and I enjoyed ~~the~~ her visit and we talked of things for awhile; mainly about the impending joining all the Libraries together under the C.C. in consequence of the new Local Government Act.

Thursday, January 25 A straight forward day with a change, a welcome change, in the usual curriculum for the day. Dorothy and I walked over Phoenix Causeway and had a look at the progress of the roadworks at Malling Street. She is walking much better. This evening I attended the A.G.M. of the Local Labour Party; and it was a pleasure to see the election of the C.C. and the Officers go forward so well. The Monthly General Meeting followed and I stopped long enough to hear Frank Hayward speak

on the work of the Housing Committee, of which he is Chairman, and then I went home.

Friday, January 26. The chief item today has been the W.E.A. Committee Meeting this afternoon. There was only one not able to attend and we got through quite an amount of business. The short, Spring Course on Industrial Relations is being arranged and I hope that from this course will come some younger people into the W.E.A. ~~Branch~~ Branch. I notice I omitted my visit to the Mayor's Parlour in yesterday's recording. I went there because I had left my T.C. agenda there after Wednesday's meeting. Beatrice Temple, the Mayor gave it to me and also invited me to a sherry and we had a chat. Joan B, the secretary also had a sherry so we were a trio of topers for a ~~few~~ ^{few} minutes. By way of an enquiry from Beatrice about the political outlook of a mutual acquaintance we talked about the theory of Government for awhile: just long enough for me, when talking about the Pluralist Society, to use the words "Freedom Lovers", and to make the (Freudian?) mistake of leaving off the 'dom'. What ^{of} sherry and ^{two} ~~three~~ sherrales can do to a man! Today, after the W.E.A. Committee, I did not go out any more. Just did a bit of reading about

from Alec Waugh's "Mule on de Minaret" and later watched television. This has been a week of national discussion because of what appears to be a rather sinister attempt at making an inroad on to the freedom of what may be shown or published. The instigator was a man named Mr. Whiston who was successful in delaying the showing of a film. He claimed he was not concerned with the film from a Grundy point of view but from a legal point of view on procedure. But this was based on an interpretation of the law meaning that anything ~~at~~ to which some people might object could be stopped. It doesn't need a very penetrating mind or sight to see what this sort of thing could lead to, and it's only ten years to go to 1984. But, leaving out these seemingly impossible flights of fancy, what is particularly ~~offensive~~ offensive is the fact that all these efforts ~~at~~ censorship by private people on other people's privacy are to do with sex. They don't come forward with so much vigour to stop crimes against society, if they come forward at all. They have still the view that ^{sex making} sex is the worst crime. This points to a mental attitude which has something not quite normal about it.

Saturday January 27: Dorothy and I did the small amount of shopping there was left to do this morning, and I have not done much that is worth recording in this journal. What I did do which I was glad about was to walk down to the Pan and see a part of the Athenian league match between Lewes and Blesheim. No goals had been scored by the time I left but I strolled round the popular side of the ground (which, after all, is in my right element) and stood beside a quite respectable looking, middle aged man who kept shouting at the players, the referee, and, more particularly, the linesman in a most ignorant and offensive way. I moved from being near him, not being willing to face the risk of anybody getting the idea that it was me doing the shouting, and fortunately came across Charlie Stephens so then we were together at a football match again. As we met, the visiting inside right pierced the home side's defence by beating two men and then made a shot which grazed the cross-bar of the Lewes goal, whereupon the mauling man I have mentioned above jeered at the visitor's unsuccessful piece of play. I and every-one within earshot were therefore delighted when a neighbouring spectator shouted to the ignorant and offensive one "Why, that was a beautiful shot you twat!" (and I've already said above that this side of the ground

from. The last page is my right element!) It was very
telec amusing anyway. When I reached home I found
beca Betty had arrived and she stopped with us
attemp for tea. She had taken a tape of a piece
what she had played on her piano and, within the
a m limits imposed by my lack of knowledge of
delay piano music, I consider it is very good. She
not went at seven thirty and we had a read
of a of Alec Waugh, some telly viewing and generally
Bus speaking a quiet easy time. BRoS

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