

28 JAN. 1973

IDEAL
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Sunday, January 28 1973

the last Book of Ensayes
given up in 1971 as end of
in its end form and finally

1973
Sunday, January 28. At home
Monday January 29. I went out this morning and did
some shopping, the main idea, though, was to get my
walking into some sort of order; and in this I was
successful. I went to Baxter's shop and purchased this
exercise book and a penguin and I was pleased
that one of the new young girls knew that I was on
discount terms without me having to explain it to her.
Margaret served me round the bookshop side and
we chatted for awhile of our earlier political work. I
made my way to the library and saw Sue and Christine;
(In passing it seems that my shopping-cum-exercise walk
consists of a series of calls on favourite women!) and I
journeyed back home. This afternoon I went out later &
brought some sherry, had tea and attended the meeting
of the Planning Committee; this went through quite
happily and when I reached home, we watched a play
on T.V. The Viet-Nam fighting has not stopped yet but
in the news various people have excused this on
the grounds that the generally muddled state of affairs
there; and the lack of communications is against a
tidy, simultaneous halt of hostilities. Possibly, too, there
are some people there who have lived by fighting
for 20 years or so and think it hard they should
stop now!

Tuesday, January 30: 1973. Dorothy has done some more gardening but this afternoon, when she was doing it, her work was interrupted by showers of rain. Yesterday she made an appointment to see the Eye-Specialist at Wickfield and is going to see him tomorrow, when Kate, who also has an appointment at the Eye-Centre will be given a lift there by Wally and they have invited Dorothy to have the journey with them. This has made things ever so much more easy for Dorothy to be tested for new glasses and she has been putting it off for so long. I am sure this time will be better for her. Beyond tinkering round the shed and garden a bit I haven't done anything worthy of noting. I have done the walking though, and I am feeling much happier about that. On the National level the great debate is still on the anti-inflationary measures ~~of~~ ^{and} of these, the Prices and Incomes control propositions cause most argument. On the International scale it is, naturally, the Viet-Nam and the unfortunate people who live there are at length noticing a gradual cessation of the fighting. Surely this 20th Century will see the end of the period in human history when mankind produced leaders who were persuasive enough to make people fight for an abstraction called Nationalism. However, I have gone through this before. This

evening we had a read from Alec Waugh's work and then watched the play on the television. From having a barren time when the plays were not very worthwhile, in the last two or three weeks all channels appear to have queues of plays which are good. They are enjoyable to me anyway. I saw the start of the wrestling also but that was plainly set for being no good so I retired undefeated, or perhaps I should say unfrazzled, because that is the feeling one gets when forced to watch imitation wrestling by morons who only endeavour to fight each other and appear to have no qualifications as either wrestlers or entertainers.

Wednesday, January 31: 1973. Up at six and did some writing and reading; later in the morning some shopping, which necessitated walking too. The chief items, however have been the journey to Wickfield in order to enable Dorothy to be tested for new glasses and our visit to Mrs. Boden in King Henry's Road. The first of these items, the Wickfield part arose because Wally and Kate were going there for Kate's eyes, and, having learnt of this a day or two before, it seemed a good idea for Dorothy, who also had to be tested with regard to sight, to have a ride by Wally's car and so we went, and I must say I enjoyed the ride there and the time

spent in the waiting room of the Eye-centre. To observe the other patients, and the optician working in the rather limited space at his disposal was quite instructive. He was assisted by his wife who, apparently, is also of the same profession; while the Eye Specialist a Mr. Boase was, of course in his room at the rear some-where. I suppose one would say "In his surgery". The result, as far as we know as yet, is that Dorothy has cataract and today she was fitted for some new lenses which she will obtain next week. I can't give any more account than this because I don't know any more yet.

Wally drove us back in good time; and he and Kate had some tea with us and we then were driven to King Henry's Road where they left us to go to Mrs Archer. So tonight makes our second visit to these flats (to see her being the other visit) in about three weeks and I think these places are good and certainly supply a particular want. Mrs Archer welcomed us and introduced us to her other visitor, an old friend Mrs Jenkins. This was a nice evening out for Dorothy and me and it was very interesting to hear Mrs Archer's story of the twenty-five years or so since we saw her.

Thursday February 1, 1973. Rose fairly early and did my stuff. Abbreviating the exercising a bit

because of a cold I seem to have acquired and which makes me breathe in a rather wheezy way. I must get something to stop it: when I have a cold it does not interfere with me in a 'noisy' way, but seems to choose to settle on my chest; and yesterday it was quite distressing for me on occasion. Dorothy and I went and drew our pensions and did some shopping this morning and this afternoon Dorothy did some gardening. I 'phoned Don Bhishalme to excuse me from tonight's W.B.A. class and I resolved to see the doctor and get something to stop this chest business as soon as possible. I read part of the evening from Alec Waugh and some silently from Havelock Ellis' 'Manners Men and Morals'.

Friday February 2. I went to the Doctor's this morning but was not able to see my doctor and I was attended by his wife who is also a doctor. Got some Allopente (?) which seemed to help me almost immediately. Dorothy and I went to the Pells manager's meeting at two o'clock where we were told that the new school might not be afforded by the Government. All those wonderful things this party have promised! I should imaginest Heath will take the count

this evening, after our visitors had gone, and we were with her for about two hours and, as I have written in this journal before, I always find ~~it~~ interest in listening to these two women, Dorothy and Ella, speaking. The chest cold seems more easy again tonight.

Monday February 5. I rose at six and had a good look at the "Lewes Link", the Town Council paper of which I wrote yesterday. I like it and I am sure it will do a considerable amount of good community-wise. Later in the morning I went down to South Street and had a look at the progress made with the children's playground at "Timbergard Cottages". Later in the year this playground will be seen to better advantage. I met Joy Whittle on my way back along South Street and we had a short talk. All her family are well and we each inquired about Dinah Stock but neither of us have had any news of her. I also met Dorothy Reed, Mrs J. Williams and, while talking with Mr. Elphish, the seed merchant, I met Eve and also saw her this afternoon in the Library. The walk this morning was completed when I had purchased some anti-soot stuff in Harper & Bedes and this afternoon when I had purchased a new door handle set for the bathroom. I am sure the walk

has been good for me and has played its part in the anti wheeze campaign. Dorothy is still improving and, besides house work and washing, today she did some gardening and, this evening attended the meeting of the Friends of Hellingly Hospital. I hope she does not overdo things, but I feel relieved about her improvement. All today's entry reads like a blow by blow commentary on a day in the life of Charlie Barber, but I can't help that. There is grave news from almost everywhere but this news is broadcast, or printed in the press and delivered, so there is no need for me to record it, beyond once again mentioning my horror at what two abstractions, Nationalism and ~~Re~~ Sectarianism can achieve among ignorant people. Machine guns fired into spectators at a football match is the latest stupidity to be committed by these two kinds of Nationalists, who are also two different kinds of followers of the Prince of Peace. Apparently neither the Statesmen of countries these two brands of Nationalism support, nor the Bishops and Elders of the Sect's religions through which they supposedly worship, are capable of keeping their flocks in order. "They'll have to go"!

Tuesday, February 6. I finished reading Gould's "Thomas Paine" this morning and, as with most of the books I read in the mornings early, I feel that it has enriched me. In this case Gould, the author, as well as Paine, the subject ^{has} played a part in some uplift. After breakfast we received a letter from Phyllis (New Zealand) in which she writes that she is still poorly and has to go back into hospital for yet more observation and diagnosis. We are disappointed and sorry because it was hoped that the doctors had finally found what was wrong. Poor Phyllis and poor Bonnie too; it must be very miserable when the cause of ~~all~~ an illness can't be discovered. I walked up to the Town Hall and begged another copy of the "Limes Link". We have sent ours to Phyllis and Dorothy wanted to send one to Mr. Wood, a man who lived in the Hospital Home at one St Johns Hill. She thought it might give him an interest now that he is laid up again and back in hospital. I purchased a loaf at "Acres" while I was out and walked up the town and down New Road way home. Later on, after my post dinner snooze, I set to work on the mending of the fence on the front bank and, this morning, I fixed the bathroom door up with post, new handles. A quiet evening reading Waugh! watching a play etc! "A day in the life of an elderly man!"

Wednesday, February 7. Rose at 6.30. Did my stuff and, later in the morning, went and bought some wood for the new horizontals in the front bank fence; and I carried on in this wise until about 3.30 p.m., painting uprights, making new ones etc. At 3.30 Betty came in with a present for Dorothy, (it is her birthday tomorrow), and while she was there Kate and Wally suddenly called, also bringing presents. Later on, when they had all gone, Dorothy planted the shallots, and, this job being done, the garden has taken on a cared-for look. This evening we read some Alce Waugh and saw a frightfully annoying anagelsis (I think that's the right word) really brutal espionage ~~the~~ film on B.B.C. 1. I don't suppose the Whitehouses and McWhirtens of this world will mention this in their complaints about T.V. They are only concerned with sex. They are of the same attitude of mind as the Lord who goes abroad and says porno. to examine to see if it might tend to deprave other people.

Thursday, February 8 1973. We made our way, by Beck's car, to Patcham where, when the boys were ready for bed and the baby-sitter had arrived, we were taken by Joan to the "Fiddler on the Roof" at the Theatre Royal and on the way we enjoyed dinner

at the 'Wagon Wheel,' a rather nice little restaurant which we had visited on two or three occasions some years ago. Both the dinner and the show were excellent and Dorothy and I enjoyed it very much. The whole thing outing was for Dorothy's birthday, for she is 73 today. Actually, as I have mentioned a day or two ago, she is in much better shape than she has been for some time. We slept at Patchan and so were able to observe the way Joan has to bustle round in the morning, getting the kids to school; getting to school herself, for she is now teaching full time again.

~~Friday~~
Thursday February 9. As will have been observed, I wrote most of yesterday's entry today. When Joan had gone with the boys Dorothy did a bit of tidying up for Joan and we went home at about 12 noon, using Beck's car again. Joan Freyre came down with a joint birthday card for both of us (my birthday having been overlooked!) and she also gave us a neat little book each. As is usual when Joan & I are with us, our midday meal was a jolly affair; much laughter and a serious affair; when Joan spoke of her work. This is because Joan is a good imitator of people's expressions etc. and she has a good sense of humor; while she is still quite an

idealist and takes the shortcomings in the "communal" care of the needy very much to heart. Joan is a nurse by profession and is presently working at the geriatric hospital at Brighton. This kind of work, by its very nature cannot be inspiring, as far as I can see; since the patients, in the course of nature; lose, consciously or unconsciously, through the finishing of physical abilities, given up. Having written all that I find I could have written "Since the patient is nearing the limit of existence." Later on this afternoon Dorothy and I went shopping at Liptons and finished up with a quiet evening at home.

Saturday February 10. A cold drear day. We did some shopping etc and in the afternoon I went to the Pan to watch the Athenian League match between Lewes and Brighton. But came away early as has been my wont lately while I have had this wheezyness. Dorothy and I both draw our pensions this morning, since Thursday and Friday had found us differently occupied from the usual procedure, and we spent a quiet evening reading Alex Waugh's very long book 'The Male on the Minaret'.

Sunday. February 11 1973. I worked about at home

this morning, resolving to tackle new cycle of meeting agendas this afternoon; but, when this afternoon came, I had an offer to go to Patcham with Dorothy, who was having a ride home with Ella Hewlett and Peter Austin. Ella goes to the Brighton crematorium on this day each year in memory of Frank Hewlett who died about ten years ago. This lift to Brighton enabled Dorothy and me to visit Bert and Joan, who were holding a party to celebrate Mark's sixth birthday. There were fourteen children present and I had an opportunity to admire Joan's ability and initiative, not to mention her masterly but quiet control of all those children, as she ran the party. Peter and Ella called for us and we had a nice ride home.

Monday February 12. I arose early and set about the agendas which I mentioned yesterday and made good progress in readiness for the Public Services and Planning Committee's meeting which was held this evening. This morning the rain poured down, driven here and there by a gale which lasted most of the morning. Nevertheless I went to the Town Clerk's office and got information regarding a communication I had received from a Mr. Beard which was, in effect, about a planning application to which Mr Beard was objecting. I went

to the watch-mender, to learn that the Kanyler watch was not yet repaired, and to the tailor, to learn that my trousers are not yet let out! It was lucky that I was able to purchase some Calomine lotion for Dorothy; and get satisfaction at the Town Hall to square up my the unsuccessful parts of my journey in the rain. Ella looked in this afternoon and

we three had quite a long talk ~~this afternoon~~ and after tea, I made my way to the before-mentioned meeting of the P.S. and Planning committee. A pleasant meeting, and we dealt, as satisfactorily as we were able, with many matters. I hope the townsfolk will benefit from our deliberations, although you can't please all the people all the time. There were four people in the public gallery and they remained all through the meeting, even though tonight was the "Estimate Evening"; traditionally boring if one is not quite aware of all details. It is quite satisfying to see people ~~to~~ present to watch us at our work and I think the experiment of having visitors to Committee meetings is going to be a success. When I arrived home I watched the T.V. play "Make Believe" written by Dennis Potter.

Tuesday February 13 1973. After being awake for a long time I arose at six and went down,

read some of Robinson's "Fire of Life"; did some writing up and some exercising; so getting into my old "stride" again. Later on I went for a few odd pieces of shopping and, this afternoon I went to the library. I have not done much else and did not go out this evening. The troubles in Ireland, which now seem to have developed into almost admittedly a war of reprisal between rival religious sects, still take up plenty of time on the broadcasting systems and plenty of coggage on the press space, goes on almost unremittingly. Thank goodness the Viet-Nam war has drawn to what every one hopes will be its end, with the Americans (USA) doing all the organizing and so on for the work towards the reconstruction of this battered country. What other country would be called upon to do most towards this recovering if not America, whether she had been in the war or not? On my way to the library this afternoon I saw Mr. Reynolds: he was coming up School Hill as I was going down and he was making very heavy work of it, plainly having breathing trouble I could see even before I recognised him. He told me he was having some bronchial trouble and ^{seemed} to revive after we had been speaking for a minute or two. With my experience just lately of the Whoops - I ~~was~~ sympathetic

with him and I hope he shakes it off before long. I know that feeling is very distressing.

Wednesday Feb 14. Valentine Day, but I don't remember today because of that; this is the fourth anniversary of my lay-up and I won't dwell on that because, on reading the last lines of yesterday's entry, I notice I have already called attention to the debit side of my well-being, or rather begun to write of my poorliness instead of the usual, and perhaps exaggerated, account of how well I keep. I bought some bread and sherry this morning, paying for the repair of our dining room chairs en route. Justices did them and it is indicative of the changing value of money when I write that this bill was £24.60! Forty years ago the whole suite, Welsh dresser: Dinnes Wagon: Table and there four chairs, all made in good oak, cost £35. That was in 1934: as ~~it is~~ ^{it is} different world in all kinds of ways now, so we have to adjust ourselves to the changing methods and economics in everyday life. I saw Dorothy Gripps for a few moments on my way home. She looked better but we did not speak for long so I don't know really how she is progressing without Wally. This afternoon I put plenty of clothes on and, regardless of the cold,

I painted some of the repaired rails of the front bank fence, working in the shed. Roll on some fine weather so that I can finish the repairs to that fence in comfort. Nothing else to report beyond another visit to the Library. This seems to be the best short walk during this bad weather. An evening of rain!

Thursday, February 15. Arose at six and did the usual. The breathing seems considerably easier and I felt at. so did the exercises. Later on Dorothy and I went out drew our State pensions and did some shopping. This afternoon I painted some more of the new section of the front bank fence and Dorothy did some more shopping and found out about some prices in behalf of Barbara Jacobs, who is doing something with regard to an organization which is ~~to~~ concerned with a record of the movement of ^{prices of} retail foodstuffs. This brings me to the turmoil that is going on at the present time over the prices and wages freeze. This can hardly be called the prices and incomes freeze as it should, because it seems ~~only~~ to apply only to the more modest salaries and wages and the prices are continuing to rise. Quite a number of trades, professions, jobs etc have been denied the increase which was already due to them before the freeze

began. Our theatrical Prime Minister had already alienated many of the workers of the Public Services by declaring, two years ago, that he had been elected to deal with the Trades Unions, and ^{he} had started on the Public services employees. In consequence we have had strikes of the employees in the Public Services during each of three succeeding winters now: and this time it is the Gas board workers who were informed by the P.M. that they may not even negotiate. Industry has already begun to suffer from the initial steps taken by the Gas workers unions and so I suppose it ^{will} go on as it has for the two previous winters. During this freeze period, of course, the inflated profits made by the land speculators are rising as usual because, generally speaking, a Conservative administration means wages when it says incomes freeze: and even where dividends are withheld in some circumstances, they can be drawn when the freeze period is passed. I walked round to the Grange this evening and attended the W.E.A. class and quite enjoyed it. A young woman named Rose Booth gave me a ride home and then she was going on to Hailsham. When I arrived home I saw the last round of the heavy weight fight between Cassius Clay (easier to write than his present name) and

Joe Bugner. He latter lost but I should imagine he will go a long way in this fight game. He does seem to learn by experience; he is tall, lean, muscular in the correct places for this game and to me he seems to possess the right kind of temperament for classical boxing. I mean by that word classical the strategy and tactics of a much bigger Jim Driscoll. I found Dorothy had developed a cold while I was 'out'. She was pretty bunged up. We must hope it passes off as quickly as may be. They do sometimes.

Friday February 16 Up at six; and did some writing and reading. Dorothy's cold was not so bad as it had threatened to be last night, she had had a good restful sleep so things were much more rosy than it appeared possible, coldwise, for them to be last evening.

The L.L.P. Monthly meeting agendas were put into our letter-box early and I was therefore able to address them and get them all delivered before 12-00. and I did some fence rail painting this afternoon.

In spite of the improvement in Dorothy's cold, it was considered necessary to stay away from the wine and cheese party of the Landport Playgroup mothers and we are very sorry about this, our first miss of any of their functions since

the organization was started. Later this evening, (we should have been home in time even if we had gone to the party,) B.B.C. 1 presented Voltaire's "Candide". This production was, in my opinion, perfect: and the Master's prose and wisdom and satire, plus the delightful staging and the general presentation, kept me "wrapt" from 9-25 until 11-00. Very nice evening. I forgot all the real, present troubles of mankind while being amused at the author's presentation of the troubles of his time; and his satirical showing of the woolley-headed logic which could govern the attempts to bring airy-fairy theories to life without testing them scientifically, was worth watching and listening to.

Saturday, February 17 1973 Nothing to record other than a fine, sunny day. My eyes were not at their best because of the effect of the brightness on a cataract eye. I saw David Williams who will give me a lift to the Group meeting tomorrow.

Sunday February 18 1973. Arose early and got through the agenda for Tuesday evenings meeting. At 10-30 David came to take me to the Group meeting at Nellie's house. It was decided we would invite people to make

Frank Mayor for this last span and that we should recommend, as the ^{Per} Government circular, that the course the Council should take on the re-organization change-over. I did a little more in the outside workshop this afternoon; and, this evening we, Dorothy and I, read and viewed B.K.

Monday February 19. I omitted to write, in yesterday's record, that, when the meeting was over, some of us walked along Grange Road to have a look at Mary's wall and the passage which goes beside her house. Perhaps something can be arranged that will prove to be satisfactory to Mary; we must wait and see. This morning I went up and paid the T.V. Bill at the Re-diffusion office. I had left this account and the cheque in my wallet since last Wednesday, when I called and the place was shut. However, now both the repair of chairs bill, and the T.V. are off our minds for awhile. I got on with the fence when I reached home and later took some books back to the library where I saw Sue and borrowed another book. I hope it will be alright. We had a bit of reading aloud and a bit of T.V. watching and retired fairly early for us. All the news is still on the same three notes. Indochina. Relations with gas turmoil. Vietnam settlement with

refusing to stop fighting turmoil; and, in Ulster the usual murderings. And we have been reading aloud and watching television!

Tuesday February 20. The warmer spell we are having enabled me to go out and be more lightly clad and I enjoyed walking out for some shopping wearing my white raincoat. Looked into Baxters and purchased a Penguin book. It is by a man named Rosebury and is about the "Life on Man": microbes and whatnot I suppose. I painted some more of the fence when I reached home and, this afternoon, Dorothy and I went to the Pells school and looked through the four applications documents of the interviewees for the post of teacher: we have to select one of these applicants tomorrow. At six this evening I was Senior Alderman at the Mayor's Parlour, where we Alderman decided to put forward Frank Hayward's name as Mayor Elect; and we went next door into the finance meeting and the Budget for 1973-74 was passed. All these things, or the passing of these things, was carried through much more smoothly than might have been thought possible and in less time so I reached home in good time.

Wednesday February 21. Dorothy and I were given a lift up to the County Hall at 2.30. Michael Loughlin, the Rector of St Johns and the Chairman of the Pells School Managers, gave us the lift so we went up there, and back, in good style and company. Two young women were interviewed and we finally selected one and so the staff can now settle again. I found, and Dorothy found too, that these interviews were more interesting than is usually the case. Perhaps this was because there were only two applicants. I went to the library and changed a book, having at length, finished with the Alec. Waugh.

Thursday February 22. Went shopping, worked on the fence at the front bank and, this evening, attended the L.L.P. General Monthly Meeting. The shopping included the drawing of our pensions and then a rather slow going round the shops and quite a load of goods being purchased. In this connection I was considering today that, whatever the drawbacks of "Help Yourself" shopping, it does enable ^{one} to watch Dorothy and other shoppers go round and select their purchases. You can see them consider, before they buy,

that is, you can see, over the shop floor, potential purchasers deliberating with themselves, ~~and~~ mentally weighing up the advisability of choosing one item rather than another and how much it will cost, and how many to take home. Certainly shopping habits have changed. With regard to the front bank fence, I have now got the bad section repaired and painted and in its place again. I have now only to paint the other sections. The L.L.P. meeting went off well. There were a great number of members present, mostly young. The two speakers Martin and Paul, both Chairman of Council Committees, were young men and the Secretary is young. Lewis is truly happy in having such competence and youth to help his L.L.P. I feel very satisfied.

Friday February 23. Dorothy and I went to the W.E.A. social evening at the Grange this evening. The first attempt by the Local Branch at this kind of thing was a great success and we of the committee are quite happy about it. There were several people ~~there~~ who I was glad to see again and the sub-committee who had organized the affair had managed to engage a really good group

of operatic type singers who gave us a treat with their rendering of pieces from different operas. Dorothy and I had a car down there and David and Betty Williams gave us a ride back. We were glad of all this motoring about because the weather has been very wretched and we both find walking is not so comfortable when we are well wrapped up.

Saturday February 24. Just an ordinary Saturday. No football at Lewes so no journey to the Pan for me. This evening Ella came over and we three chatted about things to do with the Lewes and the Lewes people we knew through each of us living in this town in this time of change, for the whole of our lives as nearly as possible. I have written before of the pleasure I receive from listening to these two women talking together. It gives me an idea of the amount of competence at all sorts of womanly crafts that was necessary for a young woman to exist when we were young. I saw Ella safely installed back in her home across the street and she said she had told people there was no more pleasant thing for her than to visit the Barlees, or have us visit her, and have a talk.

Sunday February 25. I walked up to see Winnie and Fanny and found them both well, as far as I could judge. They seem to be reasonably comfortable too. I know the garden will be alright since Leslie lives there, but I will have a look out as soon as the weather gets suitable for inspecting gardens. I find I am not so good at walking up hills now; but I came down in good style! I went down the High St. looked into Dorothy's on the way down New Road, as I had promised to find the rateable value of her house in Castle Terrace (in New Rd). I found her well but she appears to be feeling more "on her own" as the time since Wally's death increases. Two elderly women, widows, I have mentioned on two consecutive days. I suppose we are all at the age when these things come to pass, and it must be lonely. The rest of today passed off in a what has become the usual Sunday manner. I shall be glad when the finer, warmer weather comes, when we can get out and walk for pleasure.

Monday February 26. Main thing today Joan brought the grandsons over. These boys

are now in splendid shape and, at six and five years of age respectively, one can almost ^{hardly} observe their development. Joan looks very well too and is doing a splendid job with the two boys. She brought them over today because it was half-term holiday for her as well as them. The next main thing was the group meeting this evening; this went through quite smoothly. We had all resolved at the last meeting to recommend the alternative to becoming a Parish Council when the new Boundary Review takes place. Evidently the Conservative group thought the same as we, because, at the Management Committee, a unanimous decision was made to recommend the Council to take this action. Judge of the surprise then, when this evening, David suddenly announced that he was going to refer the matter back. I know he has become (as a delegate) involved with Houghton of the Chamber of Commerce. I hope he doesn't get too enthusiastic.

Tuesday February 27. Up at six and soon I was able to see a very fine morning as the slight frost went. Of course, the mornings have as a rule been fine but they have been so cold; probably I am

feeling older. However to get on with today's writing up. The chief item is this afternoon's party with the pensioners at Station Street. These comprise a branch of the National Federation of Old Age Pensioners and Dorothy and I are members of this branch although we are really only card members. This was the club to which we were first visitors as Mayor and Mayoress. This afternoon's party consisted of the tea and a concert afterwards which we sat and watched in the company of Mrs Mascall and Dorothy Garton (Mrs Bripps) and we enjoyed the entertainment and the meeting of old friends. The people who make up the membership of these clubs still greet us with enthusiasm and it ~~was~~ is very nice to know that people are as glad to see us as when we were carrying out the Mayoral visits. After the party I went to the Council Chamber where the first of the new experimental meetings of the Planning Committee (Applications) took place. A new venture, being tried out at the wish of the Chairman, Paul Bennett, in which all applicants may meet the members of the Committee and explain their case and objections may also attend and explain the reasons for their objections. There were only the former category present this evening and I will write more on this style of meeting when enough of them have been held to give me a chance to judge. While

I was attending this meeting the two Dorothys went to Dorothy G's home for a while and then my Dorothy came home. She told me later that the house up there was very cold when they went in and she hoped that Dorothy G. is looking after herself as regards keeping warm alright. I expect, when one is widowed after fifty or so years of married life, it is quite a job to settle down.

Wednesday, February 28. The Town Council Meeting was held this evening and part of the agenda was the report of the Committee of Aldermen which recommended their nominee for the post of Mayor for the coming Municipal year. There was also the Management Committee's recommendations regarding the "Reorganization of Local Govt. Act," in addition to the usual business. "Reorganization" business took longer than was anticipated when it is remembered that up till this meeting Every Body of all Committees and of all parties had been unanimously in favour of Lewes being in the charge of a body corporate of Charter Trustees consisting of the elected members of the new district council who are elected to represent Lewes; and were against the only other alternative, the Parish Council.

In the event, however, at this evening's meeting, David Williams referred the recommendations back on the grounds that not enough time had been given to the matter. He did this in spite of the fact that he was in favour of what had been recommended. This caused a good debate but that is all, for Sir R. Bock was defeated, only attracting four votes. To myself, having remembered what David had told me some days ago, I wondered ~~what~~ ^{who} was was prompting this effort. David is always very keen on being fair to every body and somebody, knowing this, has played on this part of David's make-up. Some local independent politicians I shouldn't wonder. Dorothy attended the lecture on trees which was being held by the Friends of Lewes tree section and was in the Lecture Room at the Town Hall where she met various acquaintance, and I had hoped that we would both go home with Eve. However, John Bushwell wanted a lift home and Eve could not be expected to come back for us so we walked home; separately, for I looked into the Lecture Hall and they were drinking coffee; so I went back to the Mayor's hospitality and when I looked into the Lecture Room it was in darkness and Dorothy had walked home alone!

Thursday March 1 1973 Up at 5.50: own back for yesterday's 7.50 I expect, but I did have a flying start to the day. Dorothy and I went shopping, as has become our custom of recent weeks: usually drawing our State pensions first each Thursday and then Dorothy sets about the shopping. This afternoon I got two books at the library where I had a talk with Eve for a few minutes. My programme for today was to include attendance at the W.E.A. class and, indeed, when I saw Peter Sharpe this morning I spoke to this effect. This evening, however, a very cold rain came down and I decided, in deference to my age, plus the fact that I have had no evening at home this week through my attendance being expected at other places, to scrounge out of going. I read aloud some parts of 'Life on Man' by Theodor Rosebury, so did not just sit in the armchair in a kind of coma. Now to people who are having adventures. Those Arab terrorists (who imagine they can win back Palestine by murdering people who have nothing to do with Israel, instead of fighting the Israelis) have captured several diplomats and like people in Khartoum and are holding them under threat of death until Arab demands are met. One of ~~these~~^{these} was the British ambassador. I have written Was instead of is because the news, when first broadcast, mentioned him

as a man of very great resources and physically in good shape. Sure enough, as the end of the news was broadcast a newsflash informed us that he had escaped from his Arab captors by diving through a window! I don't know if the newscaster used the word diving but the escape was made by going through a window. This ambassador lived up to the reputation he has acquired of being physically and mentally resourceful. Also ran: James Bond.

Friday March 2 1973. A fine morning after last evening's cold rain. I arose about 6.50. Note how often I record 'fifty' minutes each day: today evidently is a happy mean for the time of my getting up in the morning! Today has been a happy, because satisfactory, day. I did the early morning stuff, then out to pay some bills, for which Dorothy had made out the cheques, and bought a new card for Robin's birthday. We had to get a new one because the original one which I bought last week had been mislaid; and, although we turned drawers out, including the most unlikely ones, we found no card. We had an early bite for lunch because we were to go to the House of Friendship for the monthly lunch-hour meeting and, en-route we posted the card to Robin. There were

not many people at the meeting. I don't know what the average attendance is, but I have seen many more ~~there~~ at these meetings than there were today. Eve Clarke gave a nice little talk about the Borough Library and Dorothy was able to see Mrs Barber, although I don't think Dorothy pursued the matter for which she ~~had~~ had wished to see Mrs Barber, who is one of the staff of the new set-up by the County Council of the Social Services. The main idea of these meetings is to draw people who serve on these community bodies (whether they are professionals or not), together; so that pooled and otherwise shared ideas can be used to greater advantage. It was nice to see people like Gwen and Ken Sadler, Mr Franks and Mrs Jefferis etc again, because since giving up the Chairmanship of what is now called 'Leaves Branch Age Concern', I have not been seen for some time at these type functions. Michael Loughton, the Rector of St Johns sub Castro, was also present and put some questions to Eve with regard to what one might call 'Permissive books', but, quite apart from Michael, it is the custom nowadays for people to question, when books are the subject, the right of anyone to choose what he reads. A great many people, as far as I can see, define ^{as} pornography anything

that might deprave somebody else. For some reason nothing ~~that~~ is likely to deprave the people who so define it, naturally not, of course there are some bad things, (using the word bad as something that is against the common weal) but making love (physically I mean) is not one of them and one day women, who make up the vast majority of members of organised Christian Sects, will demand that all such weird ideas about them must be expunged from the rules of their Sect. Still, already organised Christianity is dropping a great many of such things in an endeavour to keep a place and making new rules that are more in keeping with today's thinking: for, contrary to what many people still believe, the Church does not lead, it follows. This afternoon I went to the W.E.A. Committee meeting which meets monthly and we did quite an amount of executive work. I have mentioned before how lucky this Leaves Branch W.E.A. is to have men like Don Chisholm, Arthur Stronell and Walter Jefford. Perhaps this ^{meeting} was the final reason that has made me say today has been very satisfactory. Dorothy and I have completed several little jobs of our own: we have been to the monthly lunch hour meeting and met the people who exert to make life better for others and have produced the Hse of St. Eve has given a talk

which was interesting, the W.E.A. Branch is thriving; and, late this evening Dorothy discovered the missing birthday card, standing, in full view, on the living room mantle-piece where it has been since the day it was purchased!! I must learn to raise my eyes from the floor

Saturday March 3 1973. Shopping this morning and I went to the Pan to watch half of the match between Lewes and Wembley. I only watched the first half because it did not hold my attention as a good match and I found it much more in keeping with this cold afternoon to walk pleasantly exercising some. I had hoped I might collect my trousers from Billy Smith, the tailor, but he was shut. I crossed the road and went into Mary's bookshop and we chatted for a few moments and I walked on home; to spend a quiet evening; mostly reading, sometimes aloud. In this journal on Thursday I wrote of the Arab terrorists and their latest effort at weird ways of making the world love them. They have now murdered three of ~~the~~ the people they had kidnapped as hostages, one of the murdered being an American (U.S.A.) ambassador. Judging by reports of the feelings and attitudes in various middle-eastern Arab States, whose sympathy

has been for the perpetrators of these crimes up till now, this latest business has severed that sympathy and it seems as though these thugs are now on their own: and, indeed, it does look as though these terrorists are hard up for ideas about what to demand when they grab some hostages. In the demands for the release of these hostages who are still alive is one that the man who assassinated Robert Kennedy during an election campaign five years ago should be released! That is just one among other fancy demands & I expect I am wrong but it does occur to me that these terrorists are just people who will do anything provided it gives them the feeling of being the possessors of power over life and death for a few days. This sort of kidnapping, hi-jacking etc, will have to be stopped now, else many more hoodlums will start doing it L.O.B.F.

Sunday March 4 1973. Today I delivered L.H.P. notices for next Saturday's Rally; and, during the afternoon, we had a car ride down to the lake to take Robin his birthday present. Joan was at home and looking very nice: being busy with preparations for the birthday party, helped by Mark; and a little boy was there & named

Brendan, I don't know his surname, but Robin was out with his father. Bert and Joan have discovered this to be a good arrangement on these and hundred occasions. Dorothy and I returned home and Joan 'phoned later to let us know the birthday party had been a success. So less happy affairs. We learnt tonight that the terrorists I wrote of yesterday have surrendered apparently unconditionally. After three murders, and all their extravagant demands about which I wrote yesterday they have, at length, realised that all they have to bargain with ~~is~~ their own lives. No doubt we shall learn more about this matter tomorrow.

Monday March 5. There was not much more to learn about the Arab terrorist affair. I suppose the news distributors are also waiting for particulars: at present there are only opinions on the matter in the "Times" and these opinions are ⁱⁿ almost the same ^{words} as I used to finish yesterday's journal entry so they are not worth any more yet. I did some more of the front bank fence, did a quick walk to the shops for a magnet to replace mine which was given to Charles last week and this evening attended a pleasant meeting of the Building apps. committee. Most of

this went as I wanted it to go and John Jacobs gave me a ride home and Dorothy and I watched a T.V. play which was quite holding but left me in ignorance of what was actually in the author's mind with regard to the position of the characters at the end.

Tuesday March 6. Alas; after the pleasant warmth of yesterday, and the benefit it brought to me of wearing lighter clothes, of being able to move more freely; and also to get on with the fence, today came full of cold showers, a cold wind and no chance to proceed with any of the outdoor work such as the painting of the fence. Altogether, to-day has been frustrating; and I hope tomorrow will be considerably better. However, I did go out and purchased some paint, during which walk I took notice of my quick tiring and resolved to stop in until the weather cleared up a bit. So, a short walk to the baker's this morning; and a short walk to buy the paint this afternoon, plus, of course, my exercises this morning, is my lot for today. The Budget has been presented to the House of Commons and it is one which seems relatively harmless because it makes some show of dealing with the inflationary situation without any apparent harsher methods which could

be expected in an inflationary period. Dorothy's and my State pension will go up next autumn but I am afraid the rising price tendency will have accounted for it before then! I will find out what people, who are more expert than I, will say about it after a few analytical "minds" have been turned on "Barbours National Budget."

Wednesday March 7. Up early and the usual start to the day. At 11-15 a.m. there was the "Exhibition Land" Governor's meeting to attend. The members are very nice people and a good meeting took place with the result, I hope, that many applicants will be helped and, more indirectly, the community, where ever they chance to be, will be enriched. This afternoon I painted another section of the fence but only one section because I was due this evening at the reception to the members of the four Councils which will make up "District 5" when it comes about. So today I did not wish to get paint on my hands and all that sort of thing. While going to buy some sherry when I left the "Exhibition" meeting this morning I met Dorothy G. and chatted for awhile. She is gradually getting used to the change in her affairs due to Wally's death. At the reception this evening I met all the members of councils whom I used to

know and a good many more people who are connected, in one form or another, with districts affected by the new Local Government Boundaries Act. An evening of chatting, one might call it, but it was very pleasant and, to those who will be carrying on, no doubt it will be useful. I suppose I should say those who may be carrying on, because it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that one of those who were present this evening will be on the new Council.

Thursday. March 8. Dorothy and I drew our pensions and did a bit of shopping this morning; and this afternoon, Dorothy was taken, by Wally & Kate, to Uckfield and the optician there and she brought back her new glasses. I did some fence painting while they were gone. Wally and Kate had tea with us and stopped until about 7-15 p.m. I didn't go to the W.E.A. class. That is a brief account of what has happened during today and I have resolved to do the Journal in this fashion so ~~there~~ there is a brief record in the first few lines of a day's entry, when, on occasion, I have no time to fill in details or report any other matters. Dorothy appears to be

very happy with the new glasses and I noticed she did some sewing; whether to ~~see~~ ^{find out} if she could see to do it alright or because she could see and picked up the needlework naturally, as it were, I am not sure. They look nice and they are frames of her choice and the optician had taken a great deal of care in ensuring that they fitted as perfectly as possible. I hope they will be alright. Kate and Wally seem to progress together both actually and figuratively, for they travel to all kinds of places where it is certain Kate would not have gone had she not met Wally, and she has advanced from a romantic or platonic position in her relationship with him to something much more demonstrative which I am sure is good for them both, but especially Kate, and I hope it continues. He seems to me to be a worthwhile man.

Friday, March 9. I arose at about six thirty and did the usual. There has been another fine day, although not so bright as yesterday. I bought a Penguin book at Baxters "In Praise of Folly" by Erasmus; went to the Bakers and got the two loaves (the Jack Spratt Specials) and then to the Post Office

where I am building up my deposit account until I buy a new raincoat. I want a white one, a light one, and, in short, one that is as near Frank's that I have worn now for nine years or so. It must be light enough, and yet warm enough, for me to wear about this time of the year when heavy overcoats rather hold me down and tend to make me feel my years. I have painted some more of the fence, and, late this afternoon I took a walk to Lansdown Place to the tailors & trousers and from there via Friars Walk and Albion Street to the Library, where I was fortunate enough to see Eve. She is worried about the possibility that our plans for extension of the building will be ignored or overlooked under the new County Council set up. I didn't see any body else and went home after a short talk; and, this evening has been spent reading aloud and viewing. That summarises my movements for today; pretty ordinary in the main, but the National news is still very grim indeed. The bomb outrage in London has resulted in several people being detained and, of course, the effects of this ^{outrage} will be very far reaching. I was too late to enter this in yesterday's journal. One of several explosive motorcars exploded outside the Central Criminal Court yesterday causing

the death of one man and injuring 238 people. Some bombs have gone off in Ulster, where the result of the referendum of the six counties on whether to remain in the U.K. or not has been declared. As was to be expected there is shown an enormous majority in favour of remaining in U.K. 60% went to the poll and of that 60%, 98% were in favour. Apparently a number of Catholics did not vote but this would mean that whoever instructed them so to act (perhaps I should write "advised" instead of "instructed") anticipated a heavy defeat for the United Ireland policy and wished, by keeping people from casting their votes, to have some excuse for carrying on in the same way, by violence, as has been the case. There are always those of a "mercenary" turn of mind who want unrest to continue in addition to those "Leader" types who thrive in times of unrest.

Saturday March 10 1973. Arose early and did the stuff, and later, went shopping with Dorothy. We started late and the shopping took quite a long time; we had our snack lunch in the House of Friendship and I was too late to gather the Hamlyn watch or to pay my newsagent's bill. The reason for

these lapses from our regular time-keeping on Saturdays was a meeting of the newly formed East Sussex Fed of Labour Parties, which was held in the Town Hall this afternoon. Jim Callaghan was the speaker at this meeting and a very good job he made of it too. Quite a send-off for the coming campaign of elections to the County Council (new style). Just behind us we found Ken and Gwen Sadler and they invited us home to their flat for tea and we stayed with them until seven or thereabouts. Had a good talk, we four, and also saw a demonstration of colour television. This seems to me better ~~than~~ than I ~~had~~^{had} expected, judging by reports I had heard from various people who had told me about coloured T.V. I suppose we didn't watch it long enough to make a good judgement, but I should, I think, want to observe a set under varying conditions for some time before I acquired one. We have a very good one in B.A. which keeps going fine; and the contents of the programmes are not really worth any more than we pay for our B & W. Ken drove us home and we spent the evening viewing, at last, that was the intention but I left going to sleep!

Sunday March 11. Work about the shed etc. The fence painting finished and almost ready to put back. didn't go out and nothing to report.

Monday March 12. Among other things I collected the 'Kangler' watch; and it seems as though I am going to be pleased with it: the trousers from Billy Smith's the tailors; and I find they are still rather tight for the winter clothes, but he is going to put a gusset in the others I have taken down to him, and if those I brought home today continue to be too tight, I can have the same done for them. I have also visited

the Town Hall offices and thanked Mrs Temouth for the help she gave to Betty re the Bouverie Street electricity enquiry, and I have handed in to Joan B. our acceptance for the Reception and Ball on April 6. Buntz rang this evening to let us know she would like to visit us this coming Sunday, and she also wanted to make a quotation during a lecture she is giving to the G. R. S. up her way. We promised to verify the authorship and poem from which the quotation came. We were really aware that it could be found at home but could not find it ~~while~~

during the time of a 'phone call, so we must do it tomorrow. The ^{alleged} perpetrators of the London bomb outrage are still waiting to be charged and, as might be expected, the Council for Civil Liberties is already grumbling about it. The four days allowed in custody expires today, but late today a charge was preferred. There are ten people charged.

Tuesday March 13. Dorothy found the quotation in Kipling's "In the Realistic Age" and Buntz is pleased about that. I have been shopping for bread and meat and this afternoon looked into the Station Street O.A.P. Club, and Dorothy has started on the decoration of the sitting room. These things are the "thread" upon which our doings of today have been hung, and, as can be seen, there is not much to hang anything on. I made sure to go to the pensioners because Jimmy Taylor had told me he had met an old acquaintance in the entertainment world who had agreed to come down and give a turn to the club. He had an expensive organ and his turn consisted of playing this organ himself: letting it play itself; automatically: singing while he played it; and

sometimes singing and playing at the piano. But everything was too loud! Poor Jimmy had to keep asking his friend to be quieter. He was used to playing round the clubs in the northern Counties so he was used to making himself and his instruments heard in a big place where a lot of talking was going on. At our tiny Foresters Hall, where there was a number of O.A.P.s sitting in rows and being quiet, the result of his inability to adapt himself to actual conditions was, in my opinion, disastrous. But that is only as far as I was concerned. Some may have liked it; it was good of the chap to come here and give a turn and I felt rather sorry for him: and this feeling was general among the audience so they gave him a good hand at the close. He was dressed in a light, bright, green jacket: he had a terrific mop of unruly, white hair (I don't think it was a make-up wig) and he walked up and down the gangways while he sang with the automatic part of his organ accompanying him and at these times he wore, perched on the top of his mop, an Edwardian type straw boater. The real entertainer of the North Country working men's club. A man sat next to me who ^{came to see} ~~came~~ here from

Ipswich four years ago; he knew all the parts of that town which I could only remember from nearly sixty years ago. Such meetings as this make life interesting since we were both soldiers during the first world war.

Monday March 19. 1973. It will be noticed that a week has gone by without me making an entry in this journal. Nothing much has happened that calls for entry, ^{and} beyond the fact that the ordinary events that show ordinary life at a given period are the events which, when recorded, are useful in making a picture of a period, beyond this fact, I say, there is no point in putting them down. Plenty of things are happening on the National and the International scale, ~~but~~ these are well recorded (with skilful embellishments) by that most miserable crowd of men who are called newshounds. Having thus accounted for the lack of personal and local entries on ~~the~~ the one hand; and continued this rationalisation to embrace the country and world wide news on the other hand, I expect most people will see, through this wordiness, that the entries have not been made because I am bone-idle when it comes to

writing. Today I have gardened for most of the time and, this evening, attended the meeting of the visiting committee. Quite a pleasant little job lasting about an hour. The various (now becoming numerous) industrial and public service disputes still go on. At one stroke the magician P. M. Ted Heath has created more industrial unrest than there has been in this country for 50 years; and more public service unrest and disputes than there has ever been. This one stroke can hardly be called a master stroke, however, because he made it to stop disputes, not to create them! During these few days Dorothy has re-decorated the front room so things were a bit hectic while we both set about getting things straight before Buntz and family came yesterday. All are well and they enjoyed their visit. All of us except Dorothy had a walk up the river and through the "Second Bridge" and back via Landport. very nice. Met Sid Brown and Eric Pauey on the way back: two men, younger than me who have both a heart condition and have to keep walking gently. A good job there are two of them because that must relieve the monotony.

Tuesday March 20. I did the usual, early-morning business today. I note it here because this is the first time I have properly carried it through for some days; and I am now very well indeed and everything is set for happiness. That saying was first heard by me when it was said by Charlie Stephens, donkey's years ago, and it slipped off my pen, I suppose, because I met him yesterday and we had a drink in the "Greutner's Arms" as was our wont many years ago. I forgot to enter this meeting with him yesterday. I started digging some more of the garden this morning and have made quite a brave show, this section now being finished. I took some books back to the library and saw Eve, who has just completed her week's holiday. I did not bring any books home because I am looking through some of my own; this being started by the painting of the front room and the consequent shifting about of books to enable the bookcase to be moved about. Dorothy is getting on well with the painting and, to me, she seems to be better in health. This evening I went out with David Williams and assisted him with his canvassing for the C. C. elections, which take place in April. On arriving home (David gave me a lift each way) I watched a T.V. play which promised discussion but

did not keep that promise and was rather disappointing in all respects. It was entitled "How it Goes" so I should have expected some average pattern

Wednesday March 21: There was a special Council meeting this evening, preceded by meetings of the Housing and Health Committee; on the business of the Fair Rents Act and of the Amenities Committee; which decided to absorb the 10% Value Added Tax on those recreational services to which it was our policy to keep as near to a "Social price" as possible. Both these committees then made recommendations to the Council which followed and so quite an amount of work was tied up, from a procedural angle in a relatively short time. Regarding the Rents Act I think enough publicity has been given locally, to make it clear that the Council, as at present formed, is applying this increase very reluctantly.

Thursday March 22. All work at home and did not go far out, only to the library where I had procured for me a copy of H.F. Butler's "Spella Ho". I shall enjoy reading this again after all these years. I decided not to carry on with the Thursday W.D. Class, having missed too

much of it.

Friday March 23. As though to prove that the new glasses are a success, Dorothy finished mending my trousers yesterday. Today she went to the Doctor's (Blake) and he has given her some tablets to assist her to cure the swollen ankles. On reaching home from the Doctor's place she was in good spirits and reassured, as it were. I have done nothing that calls for recording, but I have done a fair amount of fastish walking while going about my business in the town. At my request Dorothy brought home some "wheezies" (Alpert) from the doctor so there will no doubt stop my wheezy, noisy breathing. I read some "Spella Ho" aloud to Dorothy and so the evening passed. The Irish White Paper is now going before the various bodies whose favour it must obtain before it can be called a success; so for these few days there has ^{not} been much tugging by either side. The gas ~~dis~~ dispute is settled so that is a step forward in the direction of tranquillity(?) Everything will soon be "Set for happiness"! Some hope. The Government side in the Gas dispute made a further concession to which the workers agreed after a ballot: but all the other results

of the Trades Disputes Acts are still very bad.

Saturday March 24 1975: The fine, warm weather we have been enjoying for a few days has been very ~~enjoyable~~^{nice} for me because I have been able to walk about without being loaded with overcoats etc. and, in consequence, I find I am still going along alright at my gait and with my sense of being well. I suppose, because of my age, the winter time tells on me, so hail to these first two beautiful days of spring. After 10 this morning the weather changed to a cold S.W. wind and soon rain took over as it were, for the rest of the day. However I went out shopping before the rain came; and then we both went shopping as it started. Today then has, mainly, been spent by me in what I always consider "not much". In spite of the (one would imagine) much longed for, steps being taken to stop the murders in Northern Ireland, the murders are continuing. I have written before that to offer negotiations to ~~abstract~~ people who worship abstraction like Nationalism or a Religious sect is like giving a donkey a strawberry. They invariably use the time of negotiating by getting a few more murders in, as in Ireland: or gaining a few more miles (or yards) of Territory

as in Viet-Nam. The people who make up the nation would gladly have these horrors stopped; but the ~~leader~~^{men} who want it to continue would be losing the greatest interest in their lives if it were to stop. How awful it would be if they were no longer leader-men. When this happens they have to find another country that needs liberating; but, as a rule there is a chance of continuing in the same country by fighting the new set-up which they have murdered so many people to obtain. To turn a song's target slightly. "When will they ever learn"?

Sunday, March 25. The rain had stopped during the night and there was a reasonably fine early morning. Nothing resembling the fine spring mornings I made note of at the beginning of yesterday's entry, but dry. I notice I was letting go a bit at the end of yesterday's entry and I wonder if the mood that makes me write about these things is in any degree brought about by my being forced ~~through~~^{by} weather and other things to do "not much" as I described myself doing yesterday. I am sure a good deal of it is so caused. I went out this morning and started the L. L. P. collections. I didn't find some members on whom I call in, but I don't mind that since they

all live reasonably close to me, and, since they are pensioners their contribution is not fixed, they pay what they wish and they all pay on a yearly basis. All this contributes to making my L.L.P. collecting a very simple job. Dorothy has done various jobs at home; I have done various jobs at garden and shed; we have read a good stint of "Spella Flo." and this evening watched the TV. play "The Boatmen's" Series B.B.C.

Monday March 26. Last evening I suggested to Dorothy that it would be a good idea if we went out for a walk in the mornings while this fine weather lasts and we accordingly went out this morning; en-route having a look at the progress made with the "Talbot Terrace Drainage" that enterprise ^{on} which I have spent a good deal of persuading. We then walked by the Pells and had a look at the work proceeding at the Baths. We walked over the Willey Bridge, another of my babies, and up Church Lane to Malling Corner, down Malling Street to Phoenix Causeway and so home; quite a good start towards our new way of going out. We worked this afternoon; Dorothy washing; me "skedding" and, after a short walk this evening, we went to the Co-op Party meeting and listened to a talk on the Income Tax laws; made immensely interesting.

by Mr Plant, the National Secretary of the Income Tax employees association. His talk was extremely knowledgeable and humorous; so that one was entertained in two ways: having things explained and being amused by his many little anecdotes about this subject, which one might find ^{too} dry to spend much time listening to if delivered by almost anyone else. We came home by 9-45 after passing a day, which, under our new syllabus, I was much more satisfying. We have walked, worked, read aloud, and been out to attend a meeting and because of this day I feel more comfortable, happy.

Tuesday March 27. Rose at 6-15. (When I don't put the time I rose at the beginning of a day's entry, it is because I got up too late on that day!) to find a different kind of day: no frost as has been the case on recent mornings and the slight mist, to which I have become accustomed these mornings, change to a rather unpleasant, cold dampness. Yesterday we learned the news of the trapped miners. After days of rescue work that must have exceeded (by technical appliances at least) all other efforts at previous mine disasters; after prodigious efforts by the rescue teams, some of which efforts must leave the health of the rescue teams members impaired; so far only one miner's body has been recovered. Even

though, in spite of the enthusiasm inspired by the heroic and competent rescue work, we were forced to realise that death must have occurred; still we were disappointed at the result. This evening I attended the library committee meeting, quite a good one, plenty of good spirit and discussion; and we pushed the library extension business a little more forward. Of course there were the usual (perhaps unwitting) efforts that might have held up progress, mostly to do with the building (which, by the way has nothing to do with the agenda of tonight's committee), but it was finally carried that we approve the recommendations of the Borough Surveyor and, apart from one or two semantic juggles which threatened to cause as many delays as we have had in the past, everything is now set for progress as far as the Library Committee's powers go. Eve came home with me and Dorothy, Eve and I had a pleasant remainder of the evening, talking of many things.

Wednesday March 28. Dorothy and I did not have the walk we have managed for two successive days. She got on with the front room decor. and I did the shopping and some things at the office, plus some things in the garden and,

this evening, we went to the theatre with Ella and the three of us enjoyed the light comedy of "Barefoot in the Park." This afternoon the Rector of the Parish, Michael Laughton, who is also the chairman of the Pells C.P. school managers, rang me to enquire with regard to an application to use the school for a meeting. This application is to do with a proposed course which Mr. Thomas, who is taking the Thursday evening course for the WEA., wishes to promote for the benefit of those people who live on the Landport Estate. I must get more particulars from Mr Thomas because, while talking on the 'phone to Michael Laughton, I realised that, though our committee had agreed to be one of the sponsors of this course (the other sponsor being the university), I could not tell anybody the details. but I can see Thomas tomorrow evening.

Thursday March 29. It has been another very fine day and I have done quite an amount in the garden etc; and Dorothy, leaving her decor for today, has done quite an amount of cleaning etc. So, half the potatoes are in; I have done some shopping, pension and walking; while the neglected Thursday WEA. course

has been attended this evening and I am more clear on the Landport class situation which I wrote of ^{Wednesday} ~~Tuesday~~ in connection with the Rectors request. There is much "Mediatalk" about the two most important problems that face the country, Ulster, and the Industrial situation, but I will not write of it now since it is of no use listening to or reading the opinions of mass-media Johnnies. I was not very impressed with the class this evening, mainly because I cannot fit in after missing so many times; I have probably missed the most enjoyable evenings, when subjects more to my taste have been discussed. There are some more little items which could go into this entry but time presses at the moment. If I find them important enough I will enter them another day.

Friday March 30: A fine day which later turned to rainy. I slipped out to the greengrocers and Dorothy got a light dinner ready and Joan Freyne lunched with us and then drove us to Buntys home at Hurst Green. John was at work so we did not see him, but we found the children and Buntys in good fettle. The rain had started on our way there so we did

not go out while at the house but spent an enjoyable time talking. The children, Helen and Charles, plus a little girl from the family next door, I found very good company and once again was impressed by their self-possession and their industry in amusing themselves while any part of the meeting did not interest them. (Monday 12 March) I gathered Buntys lecture was a success and we learned more about her work during the conversation. Joan drove us back at about 6-30, with Buntys guiding her from the front until she had completed showing her the new short cut to the more direct route. Dorothy and I had a read from "Spella Ho" for awhile when we reached home and then a short look at the television play "The Regiment"; one of a series that spends a good deal of effort in showing the absurdities of those aristocratic (self-styled) ~~the~~ Victorians and generally 19th century. I have written of this period before with its "public school" trained leaders, so "Don't be spiteful Jenkins". I'll leave them alone now.

Sunday April 1. ¹⁹⁷³ This morning went to Buns flat at her invitation to a drink and

a look at the view. Sue's big window looks out across the Cuse valley north of Leves and it is a rather good view, unfortunately cut into on its southern end by the next block. Where my sister Betty can look at ^{the same} view from north, on her left hand to south on her right hand (^{180°} ~~180°~~) Sue has had her view to the south taken away by the other block. We spent an hour or so and then David drove us home. He drove us up there too, because we should have been late without his help. A gale, which had been working up for most of the day, got very strong later on and was quite a fierce affair during the night (I am writing this early the next day, this being my practice when I don't feel like doing it at night for any reason. That is all the account of my doings; extra things, such as points brought up by people we meet and so on can find their way into the journal at other points: and there is the national and international news. One thing about these two however, is that they are adequately publicised by the mass-media and so don't require my efforts. Another more serious point is that the news is always so bad (I am assured by newspaper men that good news doesn't

earn their bread and butter) that I, like many more people, tend to just read or listen to the headlines and then cast it aside, accepting it as a general account from the headlines, and refusing to listen or read any particulars of events. All this attitude I should say is a bad thing, but what else can anybody do in the circumstances attending these conditions? ~~Plus~~ me being "rising 75."

Monday April 2. 1973. The gale continued, with sunny periods at times but the wind appeared never to abate all day. However, the sunny periods I have just mentioned enabled me to do a little shopping this morning in the dry; and I was able to walk to the Public Services meeting this evening during another spell of dry, and, on coming away from the Town Hall at app. 9-00, I found the gale had blown itself out. Dorothy continued with the washing, rain or no rain, and this evening she attended the meeting of the Friends of Hellingly Hospital, from which she did not arrive home until 10-00 app. My meeting of the Public Services and Planning meeting had its emphasis on Planning, and I am very glad to know that the building of

houses on some of our sites in the town is to go forward. Perhaps I shall see houses in those 'derelict' areas again yet; for the Surveyors plans, produced this evening, I thought were very promising. This has been my aim for a long time, to put people back into the town; to have your same streets with new or modernised houses in them. As far as I can see, that is the only way to preserve a town. Dorothy's meeting of the Friends of H. H. decided to carry on acquiring places for out-patients to live and for a day-centre; but Dorothy is not too keen on a voluntary body committing itself to big purchasing actions during this period. She takes the view that, if it is necessary to do this for the welfare of these ex-patients, then, clearly, it should be a social effort and not the work of 'voluntary association': and I very much agree with her.

Tuesday: April 3. I arose at about 6.30 and carried on in my customary early morning manner. There was the Assize Service to attend at 10.30 and St Anne's Church is quite a walk for me really, taking into consideration the very cold wind and the consequent heavy coat I had to wear. It was with some

satisfaction, then, that I marched up there in very good style, finishing ~~up~~ with a good grandstand spirit up St Anne's Hill because I saw the two Trumpeters and the Judges car already outside his house and I thought I might be late. I was very contented to find I am able to walk so well and then hurry, however mistakenly, at the last hundred yards or so, uphill. There was not a very good attendance of Bouncillons, a few more came in after me. I suppose not so much effort is made to attend nowadays as the almost universal trend ~~nowadays~~ is not to attend church services and, this being almost the only service I attend, I often consider not attending it myself. The Bidding Prayer, in spite of its occasional eloquence in delivery, always seems to raise some resentment in me, mostly because of its paternalism. There is nowadays, coffee in the "Stalleys" and I like going there after the service and chatting with those present. This morning, among newcomers at this gathering, was the new Rector of St Michael's, a Mr. Wright and his wife and I spoke to both of them. An optimistic, both of them, as can be expected coming to a new job. I was happy to

have the opportunity of talking with Bue Clarke and to walk down to East Street with her. also for the talk with the Breese's. This afternoon I put on an extra jacket and mended the back gate (damaged in the gale of Sunday night) another job I carried through with pleasure. One day I'm going to build a new gate. This evening we spent reading aloud while Dorothy did the ironing. She later washed her hair to get it in order for the Mayon's Ball which we are to attend on Friday. Dorothy did some painting of the sitting room window this afternoon while I was doing the gate, so we are gradually getting jobs done as the winter recedes.

Wednesday April 4. Another blowy, wet and cold day. I went out and did a little shopping, only enough to make myself go out. Purchased a cauliflower, some cream of magnesia, and paid the March car bill at Becks. Not worth being out, the more so since I had to wear my warm (and heavy) winter coat. This afternoon I had some idea of finishing the job on the back gate, but, after a few moments in the position where I was exposed to all the biting

wind, I turned it in. One can hope for better days on which to do these odd jobs at this time of the year. Kate and Wally looked in later in the afternoon and it was arranged that Dorothy go with them to the Further Ed. exhibition next Tuesday at Newlacon. I can't go because I shall be occupied with the Management Committee that evening; but I know it will be quite interesting because I have made the same kind of visit when I was on the Further Ed. Com. Dorothy and I had a read of "Spells '80" so that we have nearly finished that book; and we have thoroughly enjoyed it. We retired at about 12, midnight DFOBF

Thursday April 5 1973. Today was the anniversary of the wedding of Dorothy and me; the forty-seventh; and that is a lifetime. Surely more changes, big ones, have taken place more rapidly than during any other forty-seven years of history. The world is a totally different place owing to the scientific discoveries that have been made and the consequent mechanical inventions these have produced. Even considering only the last 30 or so years, we have seen the industrialised parts of the world, some completely devastated, recover and advance their civilizations (from a material angle) to a level of affluence

that has never been dreamed of before. During our lives we have seen two of the most fearsome wars it has been possible to imagine: one taking a toll of the lives of the young men that in retrospect seems so fantastic as to be totally unbelievable; and the other doing an inconceivable amount of damage, not only to the young men but to all life ~~for~~ men, women and children ^{and} including animals through bombing; and the greatest amount of damage to property, materials etc that has ever been known. All this is not to mention the more ethical(?) changes that have taken place; alterations in conventions are some of the least of these changes but these are those that are indicative of changing mores and operative ideals and remind us that ideals are not permanent and change themselves to suit a contemporary situation. Thus, during our early married life birth control and all talk of sex was still taboo, although the 14-18 war had made inroads on 19th century idiosyncrasy of love making. Nowadays that is all altered and at this moment the teaching, and issuing free of equipment for what is called Family Planning is being made legal. According to one's hopes this should, through biological teaching generally,

make for a good deal more happiness and already life is different for all young people. I started today's entry with our wedding; because it is the 47th I started on to history and change during that period and have so rambled on that I have omitted to enter today's events! I went shopping this morning and, while out, met Kate and later Dorothy Gripps, these two bustling away with their shopping. I purchased some daffodils and tulips for my Dorothy and some wine with which we could celebrate this anniversary. I met Ella Hewlett from across the road who seemed alright and was making her monthly visit to the doctor. I notice Ella doesn't cross the road in the ~~same~~ place where she was knocked down by a car: that accident has had a great effect on Ella in more ways than one. This afternoon I really finished the repairs to the back gate. Once I get a reasonably fine day I can do things; and I am * glad that job is done at last; and I must work on the ground and surroundings where the gate swings back and try to "stop the rot" as it were. Dorothy is well and did her shopping this afternoon after doing the housework. The thing is that we are due to attend the Mayor's Reception and Ball tomorrow evening & I have planted the seeds &

so we endeavour to keep tomorrow afternoon free for rest and preparation. Today, this evening, we finished "Spella Flo". That is yet another quite long book which I have completed reading aloud, and that means not leaving out a single syllable. A nice quiet evening then (except for the booming of my voice). We retired at midnight.

Friday April 6: One day is much the same as another until main events are taken into consideration; this entry, then, is mainly about today's big event, the Mayor's Reception and Ball. Colin & Joan B. had kindly thought of us and we were motored to the Town Hall. I, being an Hon. Freeman of the Borough, and Dorothy were shown up to the Mayor's Parlour and we met all the heavy stuff, including some new people including the new High Sheriff and some different Mayors. Of course these Mayors we shall only meet this once, since it is customary for Mayors to serve for one year only, but there is a feeling that it will possibly be the last time that the Post of Mayor will be on parade; this feeling being engendered by the new Boundaries Act re Local Government. I datted with the Chairman of the County Council, who has

to stand for re-election when April 12 comes, and not only that, but because of his border-line home, he has to contest the ~~se~~ seat in the next administrative County: that is, West Sussex instead of his East Sx. He is going to fight as an "Independent" whatever that really means. I found more of these types who are to fight the C. C. or the new District elections wish to fight as Independents. All of them are conservative and quite a number have never been opposed for County Council seats before this year when we of the L. P. are contesting every C. C. Seat. We, Dorothy and me, had some dances after a very good meal in the Brasil Chamber. There seemed to be quite a number of people dancing in the Assembly Room. We had agreed to limit our dance programme to the one waltz with which we are familiar and not do the Gay-Gordons. In the event, however we did our one waltz and, later the two old fashioned ones, St Bernard and the Violeta, and from this latter the band continued into the Gay Gordons, so we decided to go round once. During this Dorothy's legs were swept from underneath her: at least, that is the only reason I can think of for her sitting down as heavily as she

did on the floor. There was all happening then as one might expect in these circumstances and Dorothy recovered enough to finish at midnight and enjoy the supper and the cosy talk up in the Council Chamber where supper was held. Colin drove us home and any important thing about this evening's meetings with people ~~at~~ I'll record later.

~~Sat~~ Saturday April 7th. Dorothy is very stiff round the tail-bone section of her anatomy and if it doesn't clear soon I'll have to get a doctor to make sure everything is O.K. Because of this sequel to our evening as the guests of the Mayor, it can be imagined that today has been a vastly different sort of Saturday to the usual. Dorothy finds her back painful and causing her to move very slowly and unable to stoop to pick up things. Ella looked in this morning, Sunday, but Dorothy was a good deal better by then. I am writing of these two days together because that is the easiest way as things are. I saw Mary on Saturday and was able to make some suggestions regarding the proposed right of way (for garage tenants) by her house; and, when Frank Hayward came to

enquire how Dorothy was after her spill, I was able to ascertain that Mary had spoken to him about the matter. I have finished the Election delivery for our candidate, Paul Bennett, and have collected some more ordinary, yearly, L.H.P. subscriptions so some of my usual stuff is done but, as can be imagined, things are not as usual.

Monday April 9: Thank goodness the fine weather keeps on. Up early; all stuff done, some dusting and tidying carried out and my (Frank) trousers gathered from Billie Smith the tailor. Dorothy's back seems a bit better and she has done some of her washing, albeit slowly and painfully. I am, naturally, against this kind of going on when she has hurt herself but she insists on doing it as I believe I have recorded before; and, provided there is no more permanent damage from the fall, no doubt it is good to move about; nevertheless I feel that skilled advice should be ~~been~~ sought (and taken) first. Her radio is gone out of action and I have taken it for overhaul but it won't be ready until Thursday. Never rain without it pours. We looked at some television this evening but I slept nearly all the time!!

Tuesday. April 10. up at 6-15. A beautiful morning and the weather remained fine all day. Dorothy has been getting on with the housework, cooking etc, as well as she is able, but she is very handicapped being very slow-moving and unable to stoop to pick things up etc. The slowness of movement which she had acquired and then, lately, seemed to have got over, is, of course, now apparent again and it seems, to me, to be something that needs advice (at least) from a medical man. She was looking forward to going to the Education Exhibition at Newhaven with Wally and Kate today but thought it would be too uncomfortable. Anyway, we shall have to have the doctor to examine her to find out if this fall at the Mayor's reception has ~~not~~ done any damage. I went and did some shopping and tinkered about generally in an endeavour to make myself useful and then had a short walk to the library this afternoon. Saw Eve and Christine; brought home a Saul Bellow novel. The radio, which was Dorothy's great standby, as I recorded a few days back has had to go for an overhaul and won't be ready until tomorrow, so if Dorothy has to keep still a book might be handy; her vision has improved with

the new glasses. This evening I had to attend the Management and Finance Committee. I find I am much more fit now in reaching there in ~~the~~ evening ^{times} and I was considering how lucky I was to get about like this ^{soon} when, if it had not been for Dr. Hendy at Buxton in January 1936, I should have been completely helpless by the autumn of that year. This feeling is always a boost to me and the exercises I do, can best be described by my nephew Anthony's words when, as a boy, he used to keep me company at ^{exercised} these "occasions". "Don't this make one feel good, Uncle Charlie?" I was pleased to catch up with Eve as she entered the Council ^{I didn't know she was coming} chamber and I felt it was a lucky thing if she took me home after the meeting and she could see Dorothy. All this was done: after quite a pleasant ^{meeting} ~~evening~~ where things were settled in the way I wished them to be, Eve drove me home and Dorothy and she had a talk and we three had a pleasant evening, Eve leaving us at ten o'clock approx. so, within the limits imposed by Dorothy's accident this has been quite a ~~happy~~ happy day for us.

Wednesday April 11: Signs of dampness when I came downstairs at six-fifteen: later in the morning there were light showers, enough for me to use my umbrella as I went to buy some green grocery and take two more pairs of my strides to be made more roomy about the hips and less longer in the legs. (you use the cloth obtained by the latter alteration to accomplish the former.) The rain did not last long nor ~~was~~^{did} the dullness continue, for which I was grateful. When I reached home Dorothy had prepared a champion casserole stew with the meat I bought yesterday. Dorothy does not seem to have made much progress with her bruised bottom and I shall really have to consult her doctor if there is not some improvement towards getting rid of the stiffness caused by her fall of last Friday evening. She is always reluctant to acknowledge that a doctor is needed for advice on her condition after these accidents, however minor these appear to be. I expect, when any elderly person has a tumble, some stiffness for a few days, but I consider that medical examination is necessary every so often even when a person is reasonably well. I know I have written like this after Dorothy's previous tumbles, but I think she will see a doctor

this time. One can't keep on for long being unable to pick things up or put things down on floors! One must make sure that one's faculties have not been damaged. We necessarily stopped indoors this evening and read some of a book by Saul Bellow. Quite readable and entertaining.

Thursday: April 12. Quite a historic day. The first elections in the new L. Gov. set-up: The hurried, two-tiered, Tory conceived L. G. setup. The country divided up into new Counties, the Councils of which form the top tier; the new counties divided into districts, the Councils of which form the lower tier. Today's elections were for members of the C. Council (the top tier) The Tory national Government appeared to have carried the country up the wrong way for ~~the~~ itself and party. Quite seriously, no one would expect the Government to form new districts which were sure to topple Tory members out: but that's what has happened; and the only other possible reason is that people are so browned off that they voted to get rid of Government-supporting Councils. Anyway, the Conservatives have had a good drubbing and we in Leves have gained two

County Council seats for the first time in the history of our fighting for them. We could only win one and lose it on the next occasion under the old order. This sort of win and similar efforts have been commonplace over the whole country, and seems to be a measure of the people's anger about this Government's antics. Dorothy and I were up until 12-30 or so listening to the results, so I am writing this the next day Friday.

April 13: ~~When~~ I found that the newspaper, which regularly, on previous occasions, used to put the election results on posters in the office window, had failed to do so on this occasion. I suppose they think that if they pretend yesterday's election results haven't happened, then somehow they wouldn't have happened. Paul Bennett beat Beatrice Temple by 395 votes; and David Williams beat Dennis Wheeler by two votes! (Up the Reds) Dorothy's back seems a good deal better today and, yesterday, Joan came over with the two boys, who are making great strides. Joan is very well too, and is still teaching although there does appear to be a possibility that she may have to change schools, which would

proved to be rather awkward for her present domestic arrangements. We must wait and see what happens. I did some of the week-end shopping because Dorothy can't go out yet; she made me out a list to which instructions I clung. I suppose in a yet more mechanical society it will be possible for wives to direct their husbands shopping excursions by short-wave radio or something! Thank goodness before that time the husbands will have so evolved that they will have made themselves into proficient, deputy shoppers! and they won't have to broadcast S.O.S. home to know what to do in certain situations.

Saturday April 14. I did the shopping while Dorothy did the work at home. She did endeavour to make an appointment with the Doctor but found the line in constant use whenever she rang his number. Actually she does seem better but, in the light of past experiences she should make sure, as far as it is possible that she has not ~~accidentally~~ done any damage. Quite a number of people have told me how pleased they are with the results of the L. Gov. elections, so perhaps people are waking up to the antics of the mass-media, which insists with all its various ways of keeping in touch with the

public that Labour lost the election because it didn't have such a big victory as the man-media had foretold. This seems such a childish way for the people who manage the country's means of communication to behave but ~~they~~ ^{they are} actually using this as an argument. As can be imagined I don't go out for long while Dorothy is in her present state so I have nothing to record beyond that I did some gardening.

Sunday April 15. I walked up and visited Winnie and Jessy, my two elder sisters, this morning. They are both well. I thought I detected a slight trace of disappointment about the club Jessy attends in her answer to my question as to how she was getting on down there. I was always aware that she might find difficulties in fitting into a group. However, she is attending the club, and, occasionally, the House of Friendship, so that is something that encourages going out. I did not see Leslie, but a week ago I met him and we talked for awhile in Eastgate Street. He is still working for the Hospital car drivers' union.

Monday April 16. I went out to do some shopping this morning. I went into the office first and talked to Rodney. There is a general air of uncertainty about the place, with the atmosphere of change in the near-future hanging over the whole ~~place~~ ^{set-up}. Some gardening and then to the library, where I was fortunate enough to lay my hand on "The Testament of Stephen Fane" almost immediately: a book which I enjoyed many years ago; about the time of the early years of the war (2) in fact. So taking this book of Nick Bell's, plus some short tales by Saul Bellow, I made my way to the library office and found my luck was still in and I had a talk with Eve (about the change as one might expect.) She is much troubled, mainly because the situations which arise, from the proposed change-over, seem to leave the Heads of Depts with as Eve always on the horns of a dilemma. This evening I went to the Labour Group meeting and we decided on the usual motions to be adapted, that is to say, ~~which~~ ^{which of us} was to be the speaker on various matters; and I reached home at nearly ten and found Dorothy ironing. I hope she is not straining her back; she

seemed as usual.

Tuesday April 17. I did some gardening and some shopping today, the fine, warm weather making these things very enjoyable. David came down this morning with the last forms for Dorothy and sent to fill up with regard to Frank's estate; the settlement of the American part of it; and while he was here David intimated that he would be going to the ~~golf~~ prison concert this evening and so ~~the~~ he invited Dorothy and me to a lift there. We were glad of this because of Dorothy's back and we were also assured of good seats in the front row David being deputy Mayor and having to collect the Mayor Beatrice Temple en route. I enjoyed the quick moving action, the rapid witty dialogue and the lively suggestions of love making while flitting. All went towards a very merry evening. On reaching home I watched a television play with the philosophy ^{work} of Wittgenstein as a base for a rather good effort. I believe there may be another episode or part to this although it made a complete play in itself. I must watch next Tuesday's

programme.

Wednesday April 18. Once again the weather has been bright and warm and very enjoyable. I rose early and did my usual stuff and dusted round a bit: shopped a little and did a trifle in the garden. All this has added up to exercising really, encouraged by the leaving off of jumper etc and the consequent feeling of freedom of movement. I have mentioned this before. This evening there was the Council meeting, the last entirely business ~~the~~ one of this year and we got through a good deal of business sent up to us from the standing Committees. I was glad the matter of the Grange Road twitter (by Mary's house) was referred back for further consideration. All other recommendations were adopted after being well discussed, and the Mayor pushed the boat out, later, in the Parlour. Bob gave me a ride home, a long way round because we ~~went~~ took John Buckwell home on the way, and, when we reached my home we found Dorothy had prepared a good sandwich cake for us; and we three enjoyed a pleasant hour or so. Nice to be here and listen to these two women, bless em both. Dorothy's back was not so good today. Even

the very short walk we had last evening from David's car to the hall at the Prison where we attended the play, seems to have made it more uncomfortable; and so I hope she will soon make up her mind to be examined. It has been two weeks tomorrow since it happened. Betty looked in today and asked if she could do anything. She is well and is always ready to lend a helping hand. I have known her, when a wet pouring, rough gale has been raging on a Saturday morning, go out of her way and come round here to make sure there wasn't anything we two (Dorothy) old souls would have to go shopping for. I think such action is very kind; because, although we are 74 and 78, still Betty is 61 or so which can be considered an age when one doesn't want to do any extra in a gale.

Thursday. April 19. Fine weather today with some showers later in the day; but, although the weather has ~~it~~ been, generally, fine, it has been amazingly cold when compared with yesterday; and all the delight of lightly clad ones described yesterday has not been apparent. Joan came over with the two boys, who

are now developing fast and are both growing into very nice strong boys. Joan was also well and as handsome as any woman of her age so they are, all three of them, a picture to watch when they are out: with Joan walking well and the two ~~of the~~ boys cantering along in front. They are well trained in road carefulness and, however fast they may be cantering along, they stop at the kerb and wait for Joan. The boys went to the "Rec" and the fort for a while and, later, Joan went out alone and did some shopping for Dorothy. Later this evening, when they had gone back to Patcham, I read some of Saul Bellow's "Mr. Sammler's Planet" aloud to Dorothy and later endeavoured to watch a play on T.V. but dozed off for what proved to be the period when I should have kept awake; and so I was unable to gather up the threads enough to find what it was all about!

Friday April 20 (Good Friday) In true working class tradition I have spent all Good Friday gardening. Dorothy got on with the work indoors but she is unable to do much ~~it~~ in the customary high standard which she sets for herself; and, while her back seems slightly more easy, she

is moving about very badly still; and I shall be relieved when she is medically examined. I watched the European Gymnastics Championship on T.V. today and got the enjoyment which I generally get from these and kindred displays. In Northern Ireland some people still keep killing other people. It seems pretty plain that there is no genuine wish for a cessation of this kind of thing among the I.R.A. members. Like the Vietnam business it doesn't stop even when negotiations ~~near~~ to that end seem to have been successful. In Ireland we have seen it all before; the "National" cause won and a Government set up and the I.R.A. start all over again but now fighting the Government they have murdered and fought to set up instead of the old enemy.

Saturday April 21. Evelyn Rogers came at 3-30 and took Dorothy and me for a ride to Ditchling and then over by Patcham and back to Lewes by way of Brighton Road. A very pleasant ride indeed, especially for Dorothy and me who have not had the opportunity, of recent years, to look over those beautiful places to which we used to walk. Evelyn took us to her home for tea after the ride and it was a pleasure to me to be in

her house. Her son, Peter was with us and, to me, he seems to be making good progress although handicapped. Physically he has grown into quite a good-looking youth and he did fit well into our little group. Dorothy and I enjoyed our afternoon very much and Evelyn told Dorothy she will be pleased to help her, with the car, to go shopping. I am sure Dorothy would like that. When Evelyn had driven us home, Dorothy and I didn't go out any more this evening.

Sunday April 22. Buntz and family came over today. Unfortunately the badly needed rain also came today so the cold wetness confined activities to indoor things. Buntz looks very well and is very busy. Having been away for a week's holiday with her family, she, like the family, looks extremely well, but before then, and at the present time, she has a good deal to do. John is also very busy, but as I have written they are all well. John and I followed out what has come to be our traditional journey to the "Elephant". Dorothy and Buntz produced a grand meal. Helen helped Dorothy which she always likes to do while Charles buried himself with his own affairs as is his wont when he comes here. In the

afternoon all, except me, went down to the Pells and on their return reported to me that the Pells was in a filthy state and everything was so depressing there that even the ducks were too depressed to be fed. In view of last Wednesday's discussion on the Pells and the offer of the Iguanodon(?) skeleton, I must see about the Pells having a clear out. Our visitors left us, to drive back to Hunt Green, at about 6-30.

Monday April 23. Easter Monday, Gardening. A mostly wet day, so nothing else accomplished.

Saturday April 28: I have omitted making entries for most of this week. On Tuesday evening we went to the Opera Societies effort (a very good one too) of "Hellen". This was the Civic night and I attended although the Planning Committee was also on (one day late because of the previous day being Easter Monday). This was a very good show. On Wednesday evening the W.E.A. Course on Industrial Relations (a successful start. At the opera the night before I found I had an awkward cough and this had worsened at the time of the W.E.A.; so on Thursday I couldn't

attend the L.L.P. meeting and Dorothy deputised for me. On Friday I was much better and Bonnie and Mary came in the afternoon: with the weather being good enough to sit in the garden but I haven't been out since and my cold is most depressive. Any way. This fills up the gap in the Journal!! Dorothy is gradually getting over the results of her fall and is now doing all the shopping. Eve gave us a lift to the Opera on Tuesday (or rather "from"; we had a taxi "to"): but Dorothy is now able to walk alright.

Sunday April 29. As can be seen from yesterday's record of the week I have this cold and decided to stay in again today. I worked in the garden though, at doing a bit of digging, but I am not really clear yet and an "exhausted" kind of feeling, or attitude, seems to possess me after a very short and light effort. I have done some reading of Revision's "Fire of Life" and find it still interesting but it does show how much the outlook has altered since he wrote it, during the period between the '20s and '30s. I suppose there is no craft or art more susceptible to change than writing or communications generally, one might say.

Dorothy has been busy indoors for most of today and her movements, in addition to the walking I mentioned just now, are much more free. I must see to this pen.

Monday. ^{April} ~~May~~ 30. Heavy rain for most of the day; but I did go out this morning, rain or no rain, and did one or two things that needed to be done; and this afternoon I got the trousers from Billie Smith. I am now gradually getting set up with better garments. Dorothy has been doing the washing most of the time, including this evening, when she has been doing the ironing. ~~But~~ Note the humdrum existence! but that is only because I am getting over the cold, which did affect me very alarmingly for two days or so; and the heavy rain, which has effectively stopped many activities to counter balance the long fine spells during which one could do anything with regard to fine weather. News-wise there is quite an amount happening which comes to ordinary people, such as us, through the various media which communicate whatever somebody at the sending end wishes to send out; and his chief criteria is not whether the material is worthy news or not, but how sensational is it? How ^{well} ~~much~~ will it sell, and for how much

Regarding tomorrow's one day protest strike (May Day) the news-vendors (the rich ones) have been using a great deal of paper and ink to explain why this is so wicked until it is pointed out that their precious B.C.C. workers never work on May Day, and the May day business is dropped. To go back to where I started about international news, most of it is to do with the bad negotiating results at the B.C.C. Agri: conference. I expect a good many supporters of Britain's entry into Europe now wish that their enthusiasm for their suddenly conceived Utopia had been tempered with a little study of things and people as they really are.

Tuesday May 8. I have not recorded anything for a week or so because other matters have intervened on the occasions when I felt like writing. Council work is now slack during this period of waiting for the new municipal year to start; the new Mayor to be made and so on. I expect Frank is busy getting ready for his time of being Mayor. I saw him this evening at the selection committee meeting and he appears to be approaching it quite happily. At this S. Committee it was decided to leave the committees as they are, on the assumption that all members

have served on the committees they wished for a year; there is only ten months to go before we, as a Non-Bounty Borough Council, cease to exist and, in consequence, there is no point in changing the committees about now. This made a very satisfactory early return home. ~~and~~ Dorothy and I had a walk round the Pells. I had phoned up departments this afternoon on receiving several complaints of the state of the Pells and ascertained that everything would be seen to in a day or two. The grass was already being cut; and the tidying up of the drainage work for Talbot Terrace which was completed last week, is proceeding. Mr. Devlin, the deputy Surveyor, told me the bed of the Pells would be dredged as soon as the plant needed for that job arrived here. On the W.E.A. side of my activities all is going well; I have made preparations to make this my last year as Chairman: the spring class on Ind. Relations is going well and has 22 members as yet, but I must miss tomorrow evening because Dorothy and I are going to Joan's, to look after the two boys.

Wednesday. May 29. Dorothy and I journeyed to Patcham as arranged; and when Doris brought the boys home we looked after them until Joan came, and then proceeded to the little cinema opposite the Regent where we saw a film called "The Elephant Boy." Some time in the 1930s we took Joan and Buntz to see this film and now, today, we saw it again in the company of Joan and her two boys. It was quite enjoyable, seeing it again after all these years and the boys found the various animals that appear on the screen quite interesting. It seemed to me that Robin, the younger ~~brother~~ ^{appeared} to concentrate more on the show; Mark was, at some times showing evidence of boredom. By and large it was agreed, between we three grown-ups, that six years and five years is rather young; and after all, kids have plenty of film viewing via the T.V. at home at which, for special favourite programmes, their attention is fixed to the "Little Screen." Altogether, it was plain the boys enjoyed the whole outing and maybe the story, that I had presented to me ~~a~~ twenty-five years ago by a man named Peter Mayer, who lectured on "Films", is correct. He had come to the conclusion, in the then still "movie-mad" world, had a ~~text~~ ^{little} lure of some that films

dreamlike quality which had as its basis the magnifying of everything on the show; figures much larger than life. Magnified detail scenes: amplified music and voices: everything, in fact, which would tend to lift things, as it were, out of this world. We spent the night at Joan's house and Doris drove us home on the afternoon of

Thursday May 10. This was a good ride home, for Doris took us via Ditchling Beacon, where we stopped for a while enjoying the wonderful view and an ice-cream! A very nice ride home thanks to Doris, who then took the bags back to Patcham. Later on Betty arrived and Dorothy and I took her to the theatre club where we saw Chekov's "The Cherry Orchard". I must mention here that this production is the best one I have seen of this title and we three all enjoyed it. I have mentioned the atmosphere Chekov's work conveys to me earlier in this journal, when describing our viewing at the Little Theatre of the "Three Sisters". An atmosphere of the passing of an era, when such nice people, useless people; people who have been frustrated all their lives by their unearned place in the social structure: now facing

the end of that social position and partly relieved about it! No longer having to live a fruitless kind of life. Moreover, with blackbox, the change is gradual, or is always depicted so: foretelling March 1917 and not the ghastly October of that year.

Friday May 11 I have spent most of today in the garden, doing the more "grouelling about" type of work. This evening Dorothy attended the A.G.M. of the Friends of H.H. and came back having evidently enjoyed the people's company and been given a ride home by Evelyn Rogers. I have done some reading and a little viewing, but, generally speaking, my day has been easy; not strenuous from a mental or physical point of view. Wilfred Compton rang me and from his message I made enquiries to ascertain the time when the bells would be averaged, and this will be done as soon as the plant is available.

Saturday May 12. The usual Saturday: shopping etc and we did quite an amount of it because none was carried out yesterday. On the easy side quite an amount of reading about and this brings me to a problem I have to face up to it

some time; my eyes. The cataract, for which I attended the out-patients department of the eye hospital, does not seem to have got any worse with regard to my reading: indeed, the ability to read without discomfort is wonderfully improved. Not only that, I can read the smallest print and, in favourable circumstances (light etc) I now manage without spectacles when reading or writing. This is written at seven a.m. on a May morning and I haven't used glasses on this writing or reading for some weeks. My problem is that I can't see much at a distance, and people I meet I find great difficulty in recognising. I have taken great care in observing, or perhaps I should write trying to learn, the reason of this and I am afraid that it means I can't see the ~~total~~ features of people who are only a few feet (20 say) away from me. I must make an appointment again at the eye hospital. Perhaps some properly adapted glasses could help; and by adapted I mean to suit my stance, (inclined forward head). Being short this makes it very difficult to look up as people approach. I wonder what difference it makes to view things and life from a spondylitis position even if eyes were good?

Sunday May 13. Mostly gardening today but Dorothy and I did manage a walk in the late afternoon. The garden is beginning to look in order again, with its earthed-up potato rows and clipped edges. I have also done some reading aloud and not neglected my more heavy stuff to myself.

Monday May 14. I went into the Town Hall offices this morning and had a short talk with Rodney Armistage, the deputy Town Clerk. I also went on to Frank Butler's, the barbers shop and had my long locks at the back of my head tidied up a bit. Dorothy showed disapproval of this when I got home though I still have plenty of long hair at the back and it will recover its glory in a week or so, looking all the better for being put through some increasing resistance. Quite a number of men who, like me, are bald on top are wearing the "residue" of their hair, which is generally at the back of their heads, long now. I found my walking was good; my "feeling very well" high spirits continue; and altogether I continue to enjoy life. Quite an amount of gardening occupied my time this afternoon and Dorothy and I went for a short walk this evening, finishing up at the Pells which still looks

rough but as though a start has been made on a grand clearing-up (see T.J. last Friday 14 inst).

Tuesday May 15:

Went out this morning and, en route to the shops, called at the Library and found it closed for the time during which the floor would be re-surfaced. Of course, I had known this would be so but had forgotten. Later today Eve phoned regarding taking Dorothy and me home after the Council A.G.M. tomorrow and said ~~the~~ they (her staff) were working in the library. However it was very nice to hear from Eve that she would be glad to bring us home tomorrow and we are very glad. This evening I attended a meeting at the Baron Down (Glendon) site. Most of the Planning Committee were present and David drove me to and from. He was down at Toronto T. this morning with Dorothy engaged in the now almost final stage of winding up Frank's estate. Apparently this will resolve itself into something more than £9,000 (subject to final fees) to be shared in the proportion 50% to Dorothy and 25% each to Len and ~~the~~ the niece Mary. This business of Frank's estate is an example of how long the legal side of such affairs takes. When I got back this evening Dorothy had been in touch with

Len, Joan and Buntz; and Joan and Buntz are to be the trustees of Mary's share. I wrote just now in parenthesis, subject to final fees. The services rendered by David have been well worth the fees during this ~~&~~ nine months or so of complicated problems.

Wednesday May 16. Annual General Meeting went through its customary procedure with no hitches or any queries etc. Frank Hayward was made Mayor and made the "Response" (or a theme of the response), the new Local Government Boundaries. From all the proceedings this evening one gathers that the final 10 months or so of our present authority will slide easily by, and I perhaps can get rid of some of my accumulation of papers. Eve brought us home as was previously arranged and she, Dorothy and I spent a very pleasant hour or so making, for me, a satisfactory day. There were quite a number of "fresh" people at the reception this evening mostly from the R. C. Church. Some from the printing world; and some Magistrate's Court staff. There are three spheres of activity with which Frank is connected; the first because Marie is

a R.C.: the second because of his work in the
printing industry: and the third on account
of him being a Justice of the Peace

all sides will be attending to meeting
this evening. There is a hope
because there were empty loops
so there is no doubt progress
been made have brought to light
where animals soon take the
art of hunting. That is to say
the first two years. It takes
the female parent 2 years to teach
the young how to live by hunting
the captive one is better fed and
young one is under a wing

Al Barber

Al Barber

keep it small

Blind Blind mouth

ne or another in money or
power any

one or another in money or power
may help as his brother

Mr. King's report. England and
argued on both sides from one

nothing will go a point
from argument there is a direct
refusal

Mr. Healey criticism of Reagan
Report from Argentina on Thatcher
debate. Still driven in Com.
Party, some thinks her remarks
not impressive enough

ten past seven generally speaking
everyone is on to the refs
of the USA to the UN.

Haig marches
unexpected gone home
delighted.
Leaving
there is suspicion of bad bag among
over arg. claim of sovereignty
British deny claim of 200 mile
limit 3!!

Another group of Frenchmen were in
on suspicion of spying
(were papers, on examination
to be business men and one
of them an American)

Along after the news from Ag. station
is very disappointing
scarcely

getting

I do not love my country's poets
Nor call them angels, still
What is the use of having those
who are paid to tell:
So, bawling all that foreign lot
It is only joined to spite
I rather think I prefer to ride
and respect the man I fight
There was dear old Peet
With his trousers to his knees
and his coat tails flying behind
on the bullet laden breeze
He never lost his rifle
and he seldom lost his seat
For I've known a lot of fellows
Ride a damn sight worse than
Peet

A star beam of the evening sun
Danced through its distant pale;

It played on regal vest

Of warriors' sculpture mail

As through the stained and ^{stone} pane

It played with fitful gleam,

Back old and prostrate form below

Seemed to quiver in the beam
^{And when}

It was in bluff Henry's reign,

While he still went to strife

And long before the stampers and sewers

And out the Pope adrift

A worldly Canon lived here then

A Sage & learned clerk

He had a goodly house, & tower

Not by that entry dark

Senior members of the govern men
mean while the the coming from both
sides return to their the coming
The government indeed, the use of the
rovy in the above mentioned area
is a suggestion in Mrs Thatcher words
that some of the bill can go on
the navy estimates

The Beach perally to be debated of our
the variation in
the Export records are led by
film industrial teaching films

If you can bear to hear the words you in
spoken

Wanted by fences to make a trap for pools

If you can watch the dogs you gave your life
to, broken

And sleep and build them up with corn-out
If you are full the unforgotten
With sixty seconds worth of distance run

a slanting ray of the evening sun
shone through those clusters pale
with grey felt just on the verge
and wondrous sculptured mail;
as with through the stained and storied panes
the cold and prostrate forms below some
quickened by the beam

of time business still leads the
news although the listener doesn't hear
news, he hears what appears to be the
same talk of the same event over
and over again. Mr Benn has accused
the government and the media of over
magnifying on this subject of the media
the news man that in Ireland
French police knew of the car
before accident in Paris

After order of Toronto Times
seems

4 words have apparently come a
crapper in regard to their much advertised
one cutting campaign of two or three
months ago. Sales have not had dropped
dramatically
The shop - without brown fox jumpers
lean over the saying do

Saturday April 28 ? 1982
who holds the balance of the world
Who Reigns or conquers? whether
royalist or liberal?
who keeps the shorter parents of Spain
that make old European journals squeak
and gabble all
who keeps both worlds whether its old
or the new
in pain or pleas are and makes
all when politicians & hobbes all
is it shades of some Bonn agent
It is the noble saving
Is it the Low Ralph shield any her
fellows? The Christian Baner

the three new men to have a case
to answer according to the judge
term wanted by Steel

on Monday April 26 1982
landing by British landing at St George
only limited by defense and
quick surrender / no British and only

one Argentine casualty
Political implications will emerge
from today's report

no news given to the Lord and
surrender. Some private and forced
back from Argentine Mary den outbreak
in Buenos Ayres

Capture of the above island has
given us some political advantages
and the military gains are obvious
rest of news

Israel
Belfort Baruch
for Peter client
today

Mr. Shumpsey E. Verard Green
a Jam surveyor or to the Queen
and who has a leg at Waterloo
was at Quatre Bras and going to

here was an old woman of 80 years
Severed her old man's carotid artery
when she was asked why
should she wish him to die
she said "I haven't got time to look
after it"

Both raids are successful according
to the news

One or another in money and power
may outpass his brother; and men in
their millions float and pass and scatter
with the millionaires who have
and they may be happy
or they may die and their
heaven is in heaven one period for all
But whoever may know as the long days go
that to the Lord is happy! for he is the Lord