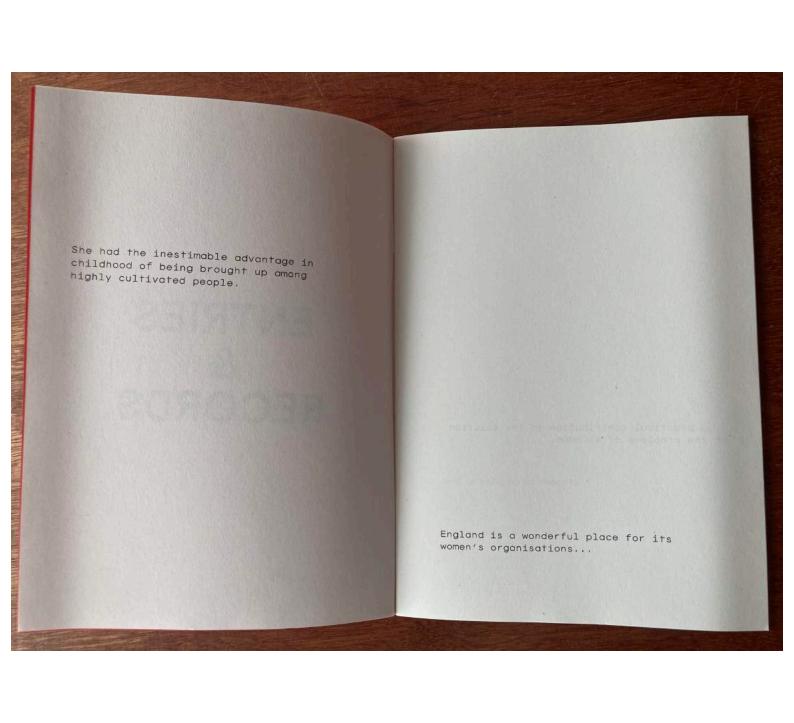
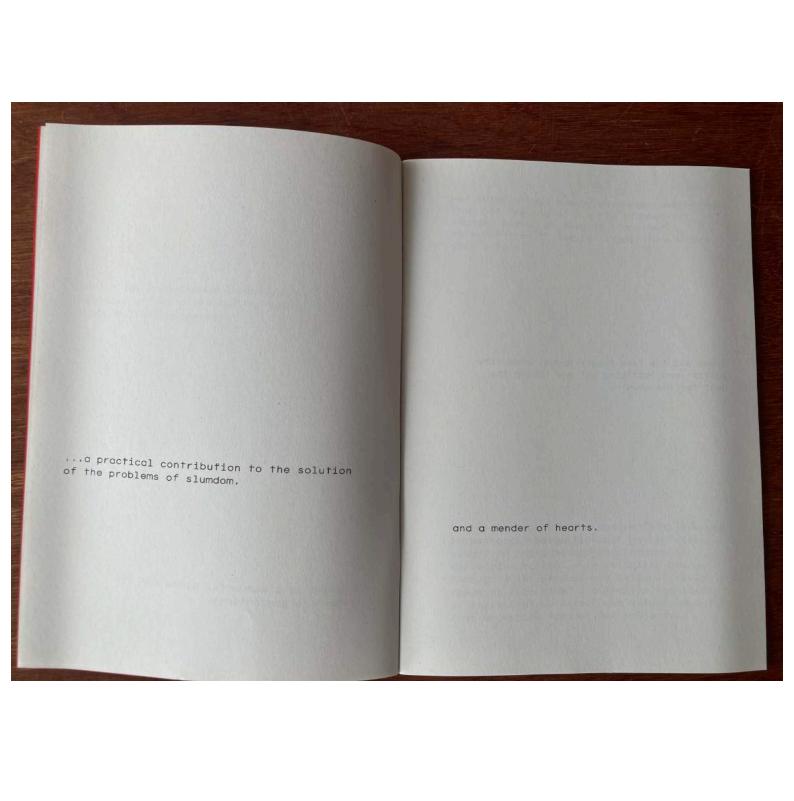
## ENTRIES & RECORDS





Her intellectual energy was never abstracted from her reading of a world in need of change, and it is easy to trace her determination to see her ideas translated into action.

I was all the time taught about 'community spirit' and 'battling on' and 'doing the best for the country'.

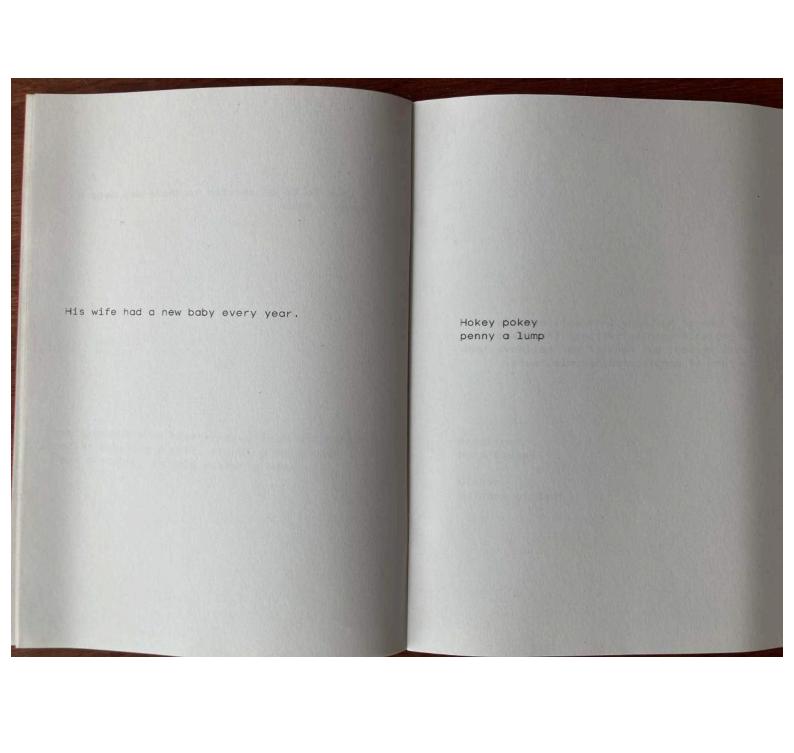
She did not pursue the conventional avenues to personal recognition but consistently sought to initiate and participate in collective action... to establish avenues through which peoples and cultures could speak to each other and realise the ideal of collaborative effort and mutual education that underpins many of her projects.



She was, at the time, suffering from another severe episode of depression and was eager to return to the West Indies. During the summer I used to work sewing Letts diaries.



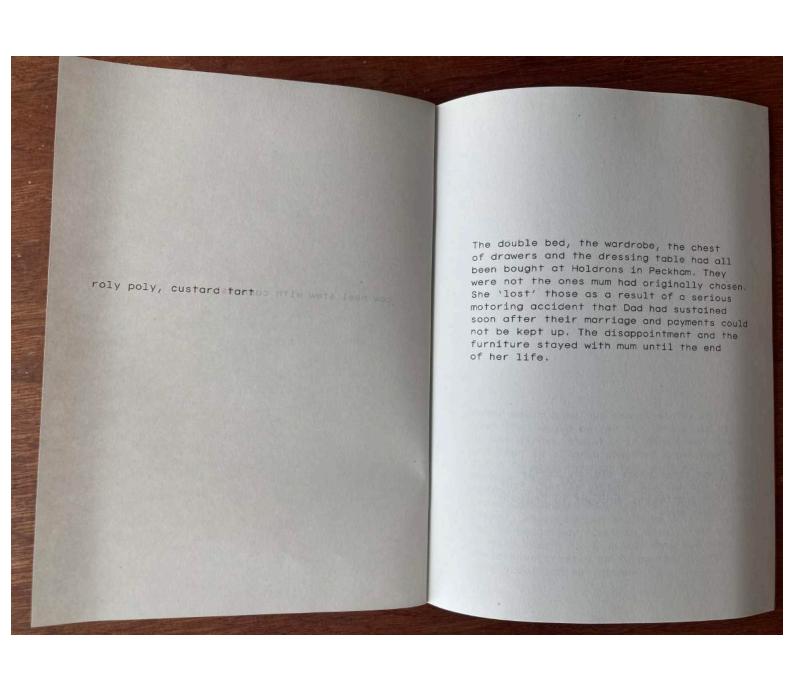
I love to be of service to those who need a woman's help. My grandmother's brother died from Pneumonia after catching a chill standing on a soap box preaching on cold winter's day.



In her last memories she reflected upon the changes she had witnessed in her lifetime. Among many items she specifically mentioned: buses that dip to allow prams on, television, video recorders, all manner of electronic innovations, microwave ovens, computers, bar codes in shopping, the disappearance of corner shops, men in space, men on the moon, aeroplanes (she was a fan of Concord that flew over Bracknell every day), modern medicines. We used to go into the woods to collect firewood.

Their much loved home at 9 Haslam Place Peckham was demolished. The move was not favourable for many reasons. The close knit peckham community had been broken up and my family missed friends they had known all their lives. My mother used to tell me, "It was awful there. The walls were so thin that we could hear people rowing with each other in the next flat; we could hear what they were saying. Some of our neighbours never had baths and saw little use for them except as places to store the coal." Mum died on 10 November 2006 after falling in her flat two days before.

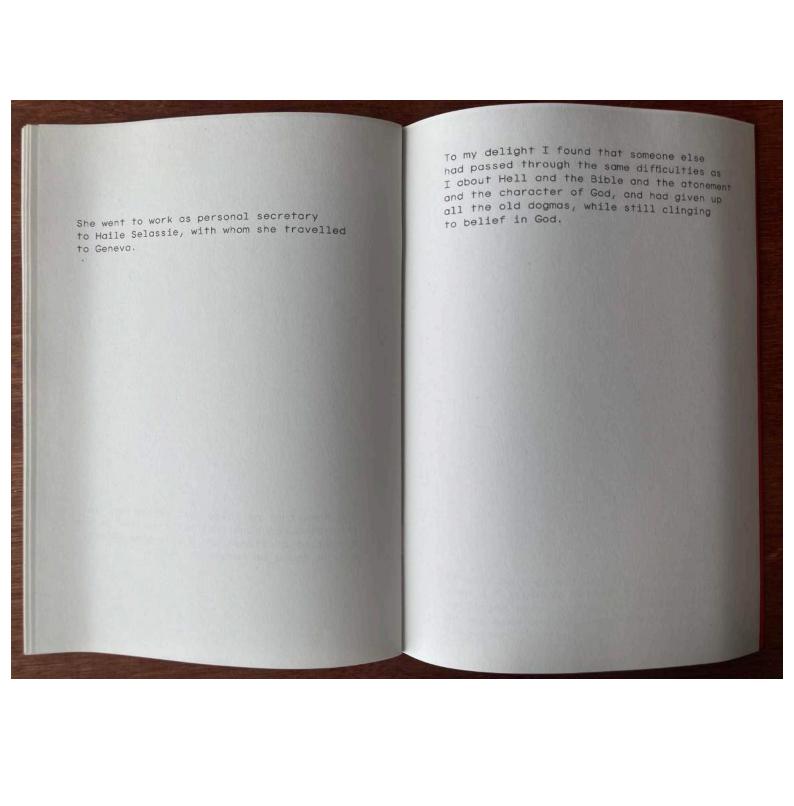
cow heel stew with carrots We slept in a wonderful down feather bed, which I have never forgotten. You climbed up high and then sunk right down into it, with enormous great pillows, sheets and pillowslips all hand embroidered. The next day we travelled by train to Vimy.



Mummy would bake two enamel plates in the oven they would be red hot. She would dish up his dinner and wrap it in a clean towel and then in a large sheet of brown paper. I had to walk through Tabard Street to When I was seven years old, my little Borough High Street, and get the tram to brother who was six, and my sister, four, Addington Square, walk around the square, died from Scarletina, brought to England cross Camberwell Road into Southampton by the Boer War, Street, where my dad would be waiting for me. He would say "Come on Love, I can just do with that".... I do not know how they could have trusted me to go that distance with a boiling hot dinner,

My mum and cunt Rose used to box in the booth when they were little girls they were billed up as the midgets. Mum and Rose used to wear spangled dresses with high top boots and red white and blue laces. I would say to my mum - may I go and see the lambs? She would say — Yes, if you take the little ones — that would mean I would take three little ones with me. We would all sit on the kerb in Great Dover Street and wait for the shepherds to come along. As they got near we would all shout - baa baa - and the lambs would do it back to us. After they had all gone we would all make for a little house next to the off licence, a family of dwarfs lived there...

Our mum was a tall blond woman with beautiful teeth, she would stand for what seemed to me hours in front of the mirror brushing them. At one time she had trouble with a front tooth so she went to Leicester Square dental hospital. After so many visits they put a gold crown on her tooth, it looked lovely. I am sure it was the first gold tooth in our neighbourhood. Everyone knew her as the woman with the gold tooth. She was very tough and strong and was not afraid of anyone. I always felt safe with her. She knew that he loved her, needed her, yet she harboured some reservations. True he was a skilled craftsman and a dedicated worker, but he could be remote and moody.



The two months after my mother's death were the dreariest my life had known. It will be a good thing for the world when a friendship between a man and a woman no longer means protective condescension on one side and helpless dependence on the other.

