

Holidays



Brenda and future husband David go on holiday together to the Isle of Wight in 1960



A Holiday in 1960

In August 1960, David, then my fiance, and I went to Sandown on the Isle of Wight for a week's holiday. The previous year I had gone with my sister and a college friend to a very nice hotel there. This time I was looking forward to a week away with David.

We were staying at the Trouville Hotel which was right on the seafront with just the road in front of the hotel to cross before we were on the beach. We had booked two single rooms (it was 1960 after all) and if I remember rightly, the rooms were on different floors of the hotel. David tells that his was very small with no view other than the kitchen exhausts. We were having full board at the hotel for the princely charge of £10 each for the week. How I afforded it when I had just finished my teacher training, I don't know. I must have saved the money from my student grant.

We travelled by train overnight from Sheffield to Portsmouth and didn't sleep a wink. We arrived in Portsmouth at about breakfast time and then had to catch the ferry for the short crossing to the Isle of Wight and then another train to Sandown. We had a lovely week with brilliant sunshine. We met up again with people whom I had met the year before when I was there with my sister. That was a nice surprise. We spent very little money as all we did was sunbathe and swim and go for walks in the evenings. The hotel did have a ballroom where we sometimes danced in the evening to the music of a live band. Altogether we had a lovely, happy week.

After the week was over we had to return home on the train. For some reason we had a long time to wait for the Sheffield train when we got to London so we went for a walk round. As we were walking around we had a photograph taken by a street photographer. Looking at that photo now I am amazed to see David travelled in a suit with shirt and tie and I was wearing a dress with matching jacket, stockings (no tights in those days) and gloves. How formal we look in the photograph and how times have changed both regarding what is considered suitable wear for travelling and also suitable sleeping arrangements when you go away with your boyfriend.

Going to Scarborough in the Sixties

Margaret Troop and friends

The photo was taken when we were all 18 years old and having our first holiday without families. We stayed in a caravan in Filey and must have caught a bus to Scarborough. I bet we felt quite mature in our white gloves and shoes, carrying our white handbags!

Margaret Troop



SCARBOROUGH—1962

1967 – Spain

Stephanie Dixon

In 1967 I went on holiday with a nursing friend to Spain. This was my first flight; I can remember little about it except that my friend was sick as we landed!

We stayed in a hotel in Lloret de Mar, which was a very popular beach holiday destination at the time.

Among places we visited was the monastery at Montserrat - see photo



My main memory of this holiday is that as it was just after the Eurovision Song contest, and everywhere we went we heard Sandie Shaw singing 'Puppet on a String.'

In 1962, shortly before my 16th birthday, I flew to Jersey with my parents for a week's holiday. This was a real treat since earlier holidays had usually been spent in the seaside town of Borth, near Aberystwyth, where my mother's grandparents had lived and where she had stayed for a year during WW1. Here it usually rained, was about to rain or had just finished raining. Whatever the weather, my father encouraged me to get up every morning at 7 and accompany him for a pre-breakfast swim whilst my mother 'came round'. We crossed the road and made our way down the pebbly beach, leaving our towels and shoes above the high-water mark. Then there was an excruciating walk to the water over sharp pebbles, dead crabs and stinky seaweed. No messing about - we were straight into the chilly water of the Irish sea where there were usually 'rollers' as Dad called them. I was taught how to swim out, wait for a big one and come back on the crest of the wave. Sometimes I miss-timed it or the wave would come at an angle, knocking me off my feet, somersaulting me in the spray and depositing me on the beach, half-drowned and with sand in every orifice. After twenty minutes of this we would drip and shiver our way back up the beach and retrieve our towels before heading back for a hearty breakfast.

There wasn't much else to do in Borth but the week on Jersey was lovely. For one thing it was warm and sunny all week. We flew from Hawarden airport which was so small that you could almost park by the runway and hop on board. The plane flew at a low altitude so we could see parts of England beneath us, then the Channel and finally the little islands. There was no food or drink on board so we made do with the sweets which were always at the bottom of my mother's handbag. It was wise never to be the first to take one since it was invariably covered in fluff.

We stayed in a medium sized hotel in St Helier and I immediately fell in love with the waiter. I used to skulk round the hotel on pretend missions in the hope of seeing him. Going off for the day was painful. On my birthday the hotel made me a cake and he delivered it to the table - bliss! Saying goodbye after seven days was hard and it took me the whole of the journey home to get over him.

I don't think we ever went back to Borth after that. I went on camps with the Land Rangers and youth hosteling in Germany with friends. My parents started to visit exotic places like Majorca and Madeira. In 1966 my sister left England for a new life in South Africa and for the next decade my parents made a long visit here every year to escape the English winter.

Cricket Tour to Norfolk

1963

John Dixon

After I left school, I joined the Old Boys' Cricket Club at the start of the 1963 season, the highlight of which was the tour to Norfolk for one week in August. This involved not only the cricketers but their families and friends making a party of almost 50 ranging from babes in arms to grandparents. We hired a coach to transport us to Hunstanton where we had half-board accommodation at the Golden Lion Hotel for the eye-watering sum of 15 Guineas (£15.75). There was a massive traffic jam near Kings Lynn. At one point we were stationary for sufficient time for two of our party to leave the coach, visit the local pub, drink a leisurely pint and return before we moved on.

The first fixture was scheduled to begin at 3pm at Holkham Hall on the day of travel but we arrived just in time for tea at 5pm. The truncated game was held up at one point by a flock of Canada Geese, rare in the UK at the time, landing on the outfield.



Later in the week we played at Wells-next-the Sea, Fakenham, Hunstanton, Norwich and two RAF Stations, West Raynham and Marham. The last of these was very interesting, being an operational V-Bomber base. Needless to say, we were very restricted in where we could go. One of our members, Brian, who was just starting his career as a dentist, discovered that one of the opposition was the station

dentist who invited him to visit his well-equipped surgery. Meanwhile the rest of us repaired to the Officers' Mess at the end of the match. There was much fun and hilarity and a modest amount of beer was quaffed before it was time to return to our hotel for dinner. Halfway back, someone said, "Where's Brian?" "We must have left him", someone said. "Never mind, He'll be OK. It's too late to go back". So, we carried on to the hotel, had dinner followed by a sing-song. Towards midnight, there was a knock at the door and two RAF Officers appeared, having brought Brian to the hotel having wine & dined him in the Officers Mess.

Our final match took place at a Mental Hospital in Norwich. The opposition had only 10 men available and so we asked one of our players, an opening batsman, to fill the vacancy. This brought him up against our opening bowler who was fearsomely fast and the first three balls were played defensively. At the start of his run up for the next delivery the bowler exchanged the ball for a big red apple which he then bowled accurately. This was met with an immaculate straight bat. Imagine the batsman's reaction when the "ball" exploded into myriad of tiny pieces!

A fitting end to a week of fun & frolics as we made our way merrily back to Sheffield.



Sue on holiday with her sister and mother

Cornwall 1960

Brittany 1961

Sue Beardon

In 1960 we went as a family, on our usual camping holiday to Cornwall. One night a dreadful storm blew down the tent my sister and I were sleeping in. A lamp hanging above fell and hit me on the head. We slept the rest of the night in the van and early in the morning we packed up and drove to Westward Ho where we found a caravan site. I remember sitting in the caravan that first morning with my mum, and my dad put his hand through the open window onto my mother's shoulder. She picked his hand up and put it to her lips. She was so relieved to be somewhere warm and safe. It was a very rare display of affection between my usually warring parents.

The following year, when I was 13, we went camping in Brittany. At one site we managed to leave our tent pole behind, and so at the next site I was deputed, in my school girl French, to explain that we needed to be between 2 trees so that we could suspend the tent from a rope. Somehow, I managed to make myself understood.

Somerset and other destinations

Brian Clarke

We holidayed mainly on the east coast – Bridlington & Scarborough, occasionally Yarmouth. At one stage in the mid-sixties we ventured further afield to a small caravan park on a farm near Highbridge in Somerset. The journey – in a Morris Minor and before motorways – was quite tortuous. My dad was a member of the AA and took advantage of the service they provided in sending out maps and journey instructions to members (I still have one somewhere).

The setting was a very picturesque farm, in an orchard, next to a river. In the night a sudden loud ‘boom’ on the caravan roof signalled that yet another apple had fallen! The farmer delighted in taking guests down to the river bank and offering to show them his ‘pet water otter’. With a flourish he would pull on a rope which eventually produced.... an old kettle (otter – hotter, oh never mind)!

In Scarborough, in 1965, I witnessed a young lady wearing the shortest skirt you could imagine (this was indelibly etched on my 12 year old mind)! But perhaps my most embarrassing holiday moment was as the decade drew to a close and me and my (then) girlfriend holidayed in a chalet near Aberystwyth, with my parents. In the middle of the chalet was a large bedroom occupied by my parents: to each side of this was a single bedroom. One night, having surreptitiously exited my own room, I got stuck, by my belt, on the window of the room occupied by my girlfriend. Despite everything I tried, I couldn’t work myself free. My parents were not at all amused or pleased at having to come and ‘rescue’ me... when the implications dawned on them!

Holidays in the Sixties

I have such fond memories of the sixties with a young family. We had our struggles and to be able to afford a holiday we had to save hard, but we managed it. The highlight of the year was one week in a Pontins Holiday camp, the kids loved it and so did we.

We would set out in our mini and arrive at Pontins St. Anne's just outside Blackpool. Our chalet was self-catering and had two bedrooms – it was quite comfortable. We were met by the 'blue coats' who worked hard and were ready to entertain – we joined in everything. The kids loved the children's and we loved the adult's entertainment. My husband particularly enjoyed the snooker and I loved the nature walks.

In the early evening there was always good entertainment for the children and when it finished "Goodnight Children, see you in the morning" was sung as they left the ballroom! We put the children to bed knowing that a team of child minders would patrol the chalets and put up on a screen if your child was upset. Our evening continued in the ballroom, where we could relax and enjoy the entertainment, child free.

All too soon our week came to an end but a good time had been had by all. Hi five Pontins!!

Pam Castle

