

My Place in the Redman and Amos Families

1942 -2022

An autobiography of Graham Edward Redman

A look into my life from the early 1940s into the new Millennium

Dedication Page

This second book of mine is dedicated to the younger members of my closest family, my two sons, Paul and Geoffrey and to my two grandchildren, Chloe and Nathan.

I trust that they will treasure it in the years to come, and hoping that they will discover just a little as to what sort of a world that I grew up in and what life was like for me before they were even thought of.

Edward Paul Redman and Geoffrey Charles Redman
Chloe Elizabeth Redman and Nathan Edward Redman

Living with my Redman Family

**A look into my life from the early 1940s
and into the new millennium**

Graham Edward Redman

About the Author

Graham Redman

Well, I suppose this book is all about me – my life, my experiences – first memories until today!

Briefly: I was born Tottenham, North London during the second World War in 1942 and was brought up and went to school about eight miles away in Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

As long as I can remember I have always had an ardent interest in the artistic side of life, drawing and painting from an early age, purchasing my first camera and cine camera in my teens. I loved design and planning, and garden layout.

My interest in photography and painting pointed me towards a career in the printing industry, so I left school at the age of 15 to start work in the City of London for a company responsible for reproducing advertisements to appear in magazines etc.

I moved with my parents and brothers to a new house in Worthing on the south coast in 1963, and for a short time travelled to London until I changed my job to work nearer to our new home.

For health reasons I changed my career path and joined the General Post Office Post, GPO, as a telecommunications engineer. I worked in telecommunications until my retirement in 1999.

In Worthing I met Hilary and we were married and bought our first house in 1970. We have two sons, and two grandchildren who keep us very busy and have inspired an interest in the generations to follow.

I am still keen on putting my artistic and design talents to the test. I have spent many hours painting pictures, taking photographs, gardening, working in the church, designing websites, and yes, writing my second book.

Perhaps, I could have stopped here, but may I invite you to read on

Acknowledgements

This book could not have been possible without the help of my devoted proof readers, who have corrected my many mistakes, made so easily when writing something like this.

So special thanks to my dear wife, Hilary who has spent many hours putting me right and suggesting ways to improve text flow; my sister-in-law, Jane Bond; and a church friend of ours, Denise Woods. Thank you.

Contents

	Preface	5
1	SECTION 1 INTRODUCTION	9
2	SECTION 2 ANCESTORS	11
3	SECTION 3 MY SINGLE DAYS	27
4	SECTION 4 HILARY CATHERINE STEPHENS	87
5	SECTION 5 OUR MARRIED LIFE (Part 1) .	97
6	SECTION 6 OUR MARRIED LIFE (PART 2) .	125
7	SECTION 7 GRANDPARENTS	145
8	SECTION 8 ALL CHANGE	155
9	CSECTION 9 FAMILY TREE	157
10	SECTION 10 CONCLUSION 169	169

A Sequel to 'My Redman and Amos Families'

Memories

If you know about £:s:d, wireless sets, black and white television, milk deliveries to every household and steam trains, you will want to read this book. If you don't know about these things, then you still might wish to read on to find out something about them. They were the good times, it may just be because I was young, I don't know!

The Sequel

This second book of mine has been written as a sequel to my original book, 'My Redman and Amos Families'.

My first publication was based on my four grandparents and their ancestors whereas this one includes something about my life from the 1940s through to the present day. In that first book, I wrote a little of my very early years living or staying with my grandparents in Tottenham, but very little about my growing up years in Buckhurst Hill, also very little was included about the family's move to Worthing, and meeting Hilary, or indeed about our married life together.

I thought it important again, as I did when writing My Redman and Amos Families, to write something for Paul and Geoffrey and for our two grandchildren – Chloe and Nathan. Nathan Edward, a wonderful addition to the family, was born on 4 October 2012. His big sister, now six absolutely adores him.

To complete the picture on my side of the family and to provide a base for the book, I have written about my great grandparents, and a mention of some research carried out back to the very early days of each of the family names..

I have done this not in detail as I did in 'My Redman and Amos Families', but just an overview to give the reader an idea of how it all started. The book can therefore stand on its own. Enjoy !

1. INTRODUCTION

– Family History

How it all started

This research into my family began many years ago probably before I reached my teen years. It all started when my Amos grandmother helped me to map out my first Family Tree.

I suppose that I dabbled with the research on and off for a number of years, but not really doing anything seriously until I reached my 50s. Even then my wife Hilary had done a lot for me as I was working full time. I retired at the age of 57 from BT and it was then that I found time to put some serious work into it. My greatest desire was to discover my maternal grandfather's background, as he was born out of wedlock. You can read about this research in 'My Redman and Amos Families'

My parents, Norman Redman and Winifred Amos were both born in Tottenham, London; 11 August 1911 and 7 January 1915 respectively. They were married in 1938, just 12 months before the outbreak of the Second World War. Whilst Norman was in the army they divided their time between army living quarters in Surrey, their parents' homes in Tottenham, and their newly purchased house in Buckhurst Hill, Essex. It was in Buckhurst Hill that their three sons grew up – Graham, Martyn and Colin.

Initially I never intended to write My Redman and Amos Families, but only to jot down a few notes of my research and findings. I started to devote a page per person in an A4 ring binder, then added pictures and family trees.

I thought at the time I might like to produce a small booklet maybe 40 or 50 pages in all. I carried on with the research adding all this to the little booklet. It grew, 50, 60, 70 and 80 pages and Hilary said to me that I was really writing a book, not a little booklet! It wasn't long before there were 100 pages or more and then with the introduction section, contents and index, I finished up with about 150, as you may know,

2. ANCESTORS: Prior to 1940

– The Beginnings

The Family

Redman

The Redman family, seems to have come from the Salisbury area of Wiltshire. I have researched the Redman family back to 1660. Another branch, the Sims family, go back to 1640, and the Giddings as far back as 1530.

My great-great grandfather John Redman, a bricklayer, moved with his wife Mary Sims to London in the early 1840s to start on the then newly developing housing estate in Agar Town – the area now known as St Pancras.

Cooper

My paternal grandmother's family, Cooper, originated in North Norfolk in about 1620. The Sapey branch also came from Norfolk in 1721. My great-great grandfather John Cooper joined the Royal Navy in Kings Lynn surveying the seas of the Mediterranean and calling into Spezia, Italy and Valletta in Malta. John's wife, Elizabeth Harriet Davis also came from a sea-faring family, she was actually born at sea but her father came from Aberystwyth in Wales.

See Chart on page 24

Now we come to my mother's family, Amos, and her mother's family, Rawlinson.

Amos

My Amos great-great grandfather George with his wife Hannah Wiffen both from Essex had amongst other children, Emma. George had moved from Mersham in Kent in the mid 1840s and all generations before him including a Berry branch [sorry for the pun!] also came from Kent the earliest we know about is John Amys in the mid 1500s.

Rawlinson

I have researched my grandmother's family, Rawlinson, back to the mid 1500s and the Peacock branch from the 1700s – all from Essex, although the very early generations of Rawlinson came from Suffolk and the earliest I know of from Norfolk.

My Amos and Rawlinson families left a good legacy in the way of a wonderful Victorian photograph album, the sad thing about it is that none of the photos were labelled. However, through my memory, talking to my brothers and cousins, research and comparing the photos in the album with others that I had, I was able, or between us all, we were able to discern who most of the subjects were, leaving only six or seven pictures unidentified. See Chart on page 17

More can be read about all these families in my first book, 'My Redman & Amos Families'.

William Redman & Elizabeth Giddings

– Great Grandparents

William Redman [R6.7]^{Note 1} was their third son and the seventh child of John and Mary. He was baptised at the Wesleyan Chapel in the parish of St Edmund, Salisbury on the 10 December 1824. William, a cabinet maker, moved with his parents to Agar Town in the St Pancras area of London in the early 1840s.

He became a master cabinet maker and moved into 10 Marchmont Street, now demolished, and lived there until sometime after 1871 and by 1881 the grown family had moved into his house and business premises in 49 Marchmont Street. It is apparent from the censuses that he did the upholstering too. There were other cabinet makers living with them :- William's brother-in-law John Giddings age 28; another John Giddings also 28, and then James Giddings a widower age 26; all from Urchfont.

Elizabeth Sarah Giddings [RG6.3] was born in Urchfont, Wiltshire on 15 June 1831 and baptised on 17 July 1831. She also moved to London before she was married but to live at 67 Alderham Street, in St Pancras. William and Elizabeth probably knew each other before moving away from Wiltshire. Why did they do this – move away from a beautiful part of the country to live in a Agar Town – a notorious slum, as some described it? Probable because of better prospects of work and that the pavements were lined with gold, or so they thought! However, on the 5 March 1854 she married William in the Beulah Chapel, St Pancras in London. By 1901 he now 76 and she 69 had retired and moved to 22 Finsbury Park Road. He died in the Nightingale Nursing Home, 99 Hanley Road on 21 August 1913 aged 88, and she aged 82 on 23 February 1914 at 83 Florence Road.

Note 1

The numbers referred to in this section [ie R6.7] are references to the number of generations back from the roots, Chloe [R1.1] and Nathan [R1.2].

It just makes it easier when writing about people with similar names and different generations, and also simpler to know where a person sits in the family. More can be read about this in 'My Redman and Amos Families' Preface Section, page xi.



William



Elizabeth



Walter John Redman –Paternal Grandfather

Walter John, was the seventh child of William and Elizabeth, and he was born in Bloomsbury, St Giles in the Field, London on 1 August 1866. He married Mary Frances Cooper on 23 June 1900.

Walter died during the war on 12 January 1942 at 60 Walnut Way, Buckhurst Hill, Essex and was buried a few days later at Tottenham Cemetery, on my birthday –very sad.

Francis Thomas Cooper & Mary Ann Susanna Pelling

– Great Grandparents

Francis Thomas Cooper [C6.2] was born on 9th December 1843 in Malta and was the second child of John and Elizabeth Harriett, known as Harriet.

He was sent to school at Hurstpierpoint College with his brothers, Henry and William. Francis left school and joined the Post Office in London as a Sales Clerk on 1 June 1865.

His starting salary was £78 a year. He became a Probationary Clerk in August 1866, a General Body Clerk in 1867 and Savings Bank Clerk from 1 June 1867.

Mary Ann Susanna Pelling [CP6], daughter of Joseph and Mary Ann Pelling was born in 1840. She married Francis in the Parish Church of Hackney, London on the 4 June 1870.

They moved into their home in 17 Arthur Road with his mother, His father died in December 1871. They obviously moved again as their daughter Mary Frances Cooper [C5.1], was born at 72 Bramah Road, Brixton, Kennington.

Mary and died on 28 August 1877. Francis married again, this time to Eliza Ann Collier in the September quarter of 1878 in Thanet. They had three children, Florence, Harry and Henry.

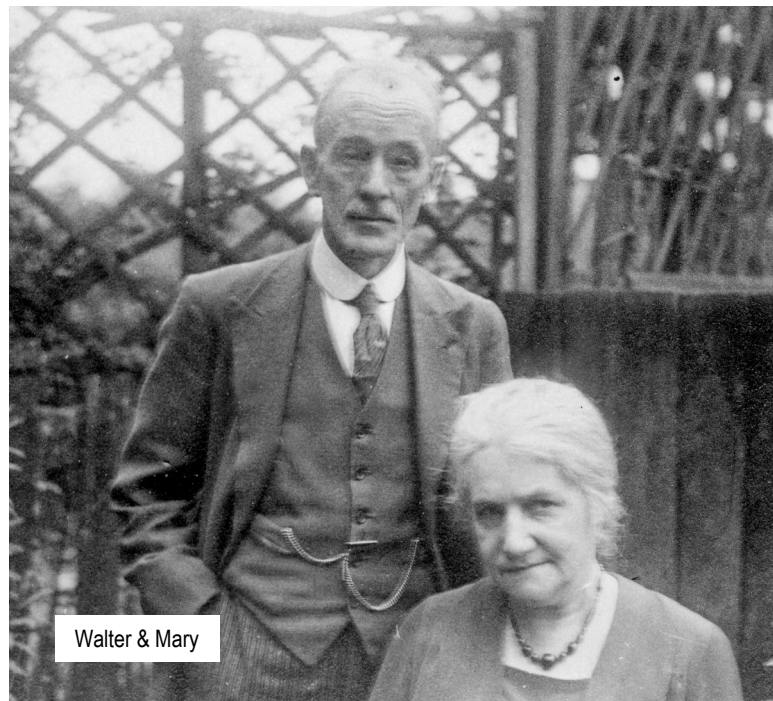
Francis Thomas Cooper died on 20 February 1925 at the age of eighty-one – some achievement when you consider that he retired early through ill health.

Mary Frances Cooper – Paternal Grandmother

Mary Frances Cooper married Walter John Redman in Prittlewell, Southend on Sea, Essex on 23 June 1900. She was known by me and to brothers and cousins as 'Little Grandma'. Mary and Walter set up home in North London, 15 Mayola Road, Clapton, then moving to 32 Mount Pleasant Road, Tottenham where they had their family – four boys in all.

Eric Walter Redman [R4.1] was born towards the end of 1902 and died as a child from Scarlet Fever at the age of twelve.

Leslie Henry Redman [R4.2] was born on 3 April 1904 and until he was 8 years old spent his childhood with his brother Eric. He and his younger brother Norman, became Deacons at High Cross Congregational Church, Tottenham.



Walter & Mary

Norman Felix Redman [R4.3a] was born on a very hot day, with temperatures in the '90s, at 11.00am on 11 August 1911, and spent his childhood at 32 Mount Pleasant Road with his parents and surviving brother, Leslie. Stanley [R4.3b], Norman's twin, died at birth or at least very shortly afterwards.

James Harrison and Emma Amos –Great Grandparents



James Harrison [H6.8] was born in Bethnal Green on 16 March 1852, the eight child of Henry George Harrison and Sarah Warren.

He joined the Army with the 51st Foot, King's Own Light Infantry serving in the Jowaki Campaign and took part in the March to Kandahar in Afghanistan. between 1878 and 1880. Private J Harrison Reg No. 2579 was awarded the Jowaki medal in February 1881.

Emma Amos [A6.4] was born in Ramsden Crays, Billericay on 1st January 1852. She was the 4th child and 1st daughter of George Amos and Hannah Wiffen.

James

Emma



She grew up in Billericay working as a domestic servant in a grocer's shop in the nearby village of Great Burstead.

Before she was married to James, she gave birth to Edward John Amos in 1875. I expect that in shame and wanting to keep the matter secret, Edward was brought up by his grandparents, George and Hannah. His birth certificate gives no indication as to who the father was – only giving Emma as his mother. After 1875 Emma went to work at 52 Westbourne Park Villas, Marylebone, London. James arranged his marriage to Emma Amos on his return home from army service and married her towards the end of that year on the 4 December 1881. Their marriage took place in the Parish Church of Ramsden Crays.

At the time of their marriage James was working as a packer and living in the St Leonard's area of Shoreditch.

Emma was working as a general servant in Westbourne Terrace, Islington. Emma lived the rest of her life with her husband and family in Shoreditch.

Edward John Amos – Maternal Grandfather

Edward John Amos kept his mother's family name as he was living with his Amos grandparents and probably didn't want to raise any questions. As it was, the subject did raise plenty of questions with my family – parents, aunts and uncles etc. I doubt very much whether anybody really knew the truth at the time, except James and Emma, and probably Edward himself with his wife Lily Louisa Rawlinson, as one of their children was named, Horace James Rawlinson Amos. He worked as a stores checker with the Civil Service and then Tuckers to wood merchants.

You can read more about this in 'My Redman and Amos Families'



Pictures: Edward John Amos, and right with my mother, Winifred.

Josiah Rawlinson [N6.3] = Rosanna Peacock [NP6.7] – Great Grandparents

Josiah Rawlinson [N6.3] was born on 1st January 1855 and was **the son of** Samuel Rawlinson and Louisa Dines. Josiah married Rosanna Peacock on 22 February 1876 at the Parish Church of Great Saling. At the time of the 1861 Census the family was living at 'The Downs', Stebbing and by 1871 the family had moved to Lubberhedges Road, Stebbing.

Rosanna [NP6.7] was born on 25 March 1856 and was the daughter of Stephen Peacock and Sarah Bloomfield. She lived with her mother and sisters in Mill End Street, Thaxted, Essex. The records at Thaxted United Reformed Church show that her father died on 7 August 1859.



Josiah and Rosanna had three daughters – Lily Louisa and Eliza Ann who were both born in Stebbing, Essex and Beatrice Alice who was born in Stoke Newington, Tottenham, where they owned a dairy.

Lily Louisa, my grandmother told me that she clearly remembered her father delivering milk and pouring it from the large cans into the customer's jugs.



Above: The dairy c1886. At the entrance are probably Rosanna with her two eldest daughters.

Left: The scales used in the dairy and passed down to my grandparents who used them daily.

Lily Louisa Rawlinson – Maternal Grandmother

Lily Louisa Rawlinson [N5.1] was my grandmother and she gave me a good start to my family history research – telling me the basics. She told me that she could clearly remember her father delivering the milk from a cart, and pouring the milk into the quart jugs that the customers brought to the cart to be filled. I also remember her saying that her mother had a horse; perhaps it was the horse that pulled their horse drawn milk cart.

She was born on the 8 February 1877 in Stebbing.



Above: Stebbing High Street
Right: Lily Louisa

She married Edward John Amos on 7 October 1901 at Christ Church, West Green, Tottenham.

Once married, Edward and Lily moved into their first home at 109 Rutland Gardens, Tottenham. This is where their first three children, Dorothy, Violet and Lily, were born. Then for a short while they lived in 196 West Green Road where their first son Horace was born. 93 Braemar Road became their main family home for the next 50 years, and this is where Edward was born in 1910, Winnie my mother, in 1915 and then of course me in 1942.

Right: Lily Louisa

Below: Edward John & Lily Louisa wedding photo



Parents: Norman Felix Redman and Winifred Amos

Norman Felix Redman [R4.3a] was born on a very hot day, with temperatures in the 90s, at 11.00am on 11 August 1911, and spent his childhood at 32 Mount Pleasant Road with his parents and surviving brother, Leslie. It always amused him in being able to say that he was born at 11 o'clock on the 11th, 1911.

Norman, third son of Walter & Mary, often spoke of his younger days in Mount Pleasant Road where he, or a friend of his, broke a neighbour's window and then, as he related the story to me, and with a grin on his face, said, "we both promptly ran away!"

As an older boy, he spent many of his leisure hours cycling with his friend Edward George Amos, my mother's brother, often going as far away as Southend. He was involved with church life at High Cross Congregational Church as a Sunday School teacher and later served for a number of years as a Deacon.

He was very much involved with the Tottenham and Hornsey Scout Groups – playing the piano at their annual Gang Shows. I rarely saw him using any musical scores as he seemed to get to know the tune and then add his own accompaniment – one might say, 'a gift'. His gift of musical ability missed a generation with my brothers and me, but it has been passed down to five of his grandchildren. It was at the Amos family home in Braemar Road, Tottenham, that he met Edward's sister Winnie Amos.

Reigate

During the early part of the war and before a family had arrived, Norman and Winnie lived in Army quarters in Reigate where Norman was stationed. He never spoke about his role in the army, but my brother Colin recalls a story which he told about Field Marshall Montgomery. It seems that Montgomery had to stand on a dais when making a speech to give himself 'presence' in the room as he was so short! Whilst stationed in Reigate we know that dad was 'called up' to go to India. He went to the dockside ready to board the ship at Cardiff, but within 24 hours of the ship sailing he was recalled, and therefore never saw service in the field. Instead he remained in the Secretary's – Montgomery's – office.

High Cross Congregational Church





Their wedding took place on 24 September at High Cross Congregational Church, Tottenham.

During the first half of the 1940s my parents lived at 93 Braemar Road, Tottenham where I was born in 1942, and also my brother Martyn.

Although they had previously signed the papers for the purchase of a new house in Walnut Way, Buckhurst Hill during 1938, they were only able to permanently move into their new home at the end of the war.

Norman and Winnie had three boys —

Graham Edward Redman [R3.1].

born 16 January 1942 at 93 Braemar Road,

Martyn Keith Redman [R3.2].

born on 15 May 1944 also at Braemar Road.

Colin John Redman [R3.3].

born on 26 May 1946 in Buckhurst Hill.

Winifred Amos [A4.5]

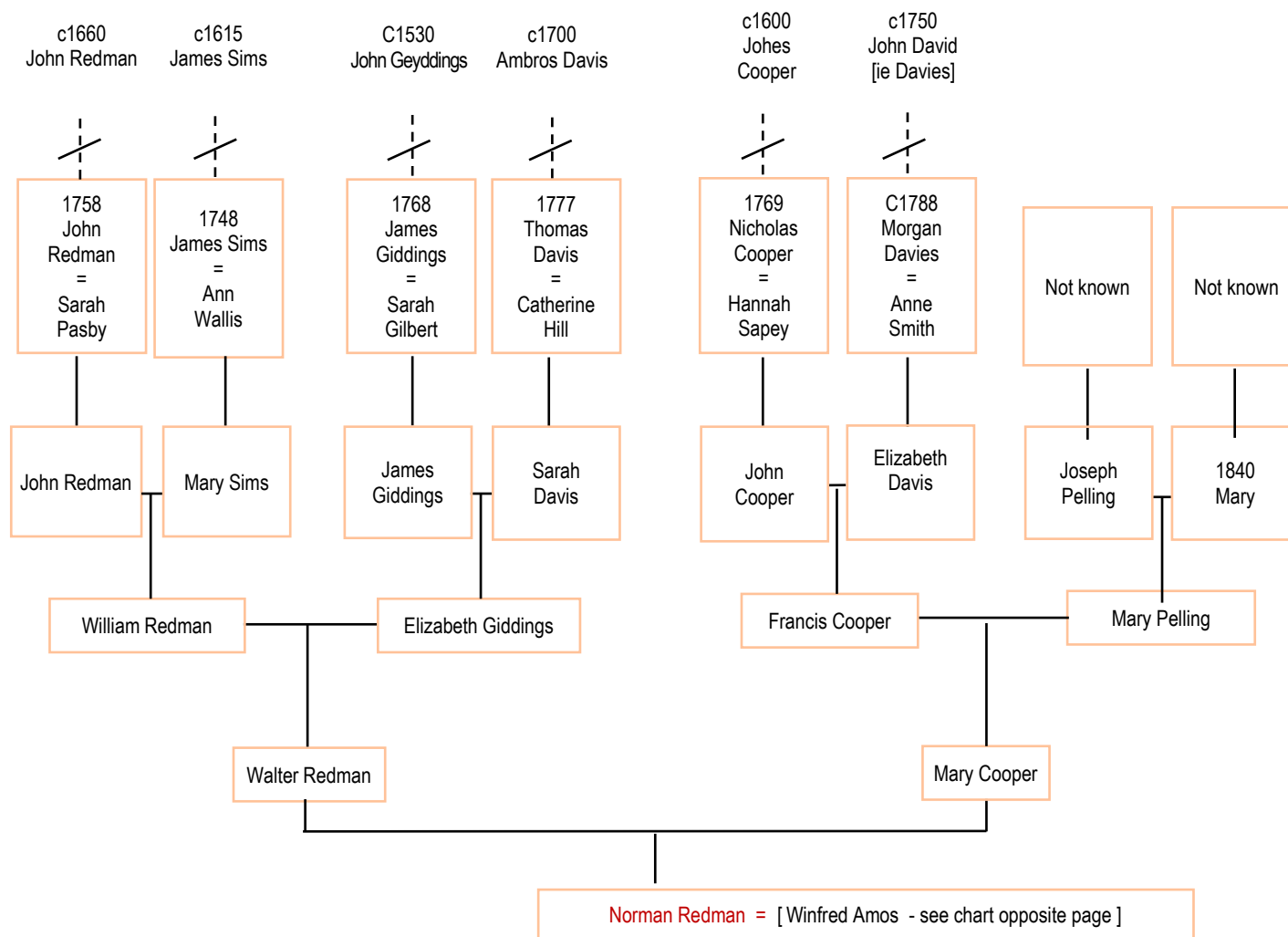
Winnie went to school not many steps away from her home in Braemar Road. See classroom photo in 'My Redman and Amos Families' page 137.

When she left school she studied music at Tottenham Polytechnic where she gained diplomas in music performance specialising in piano playing.

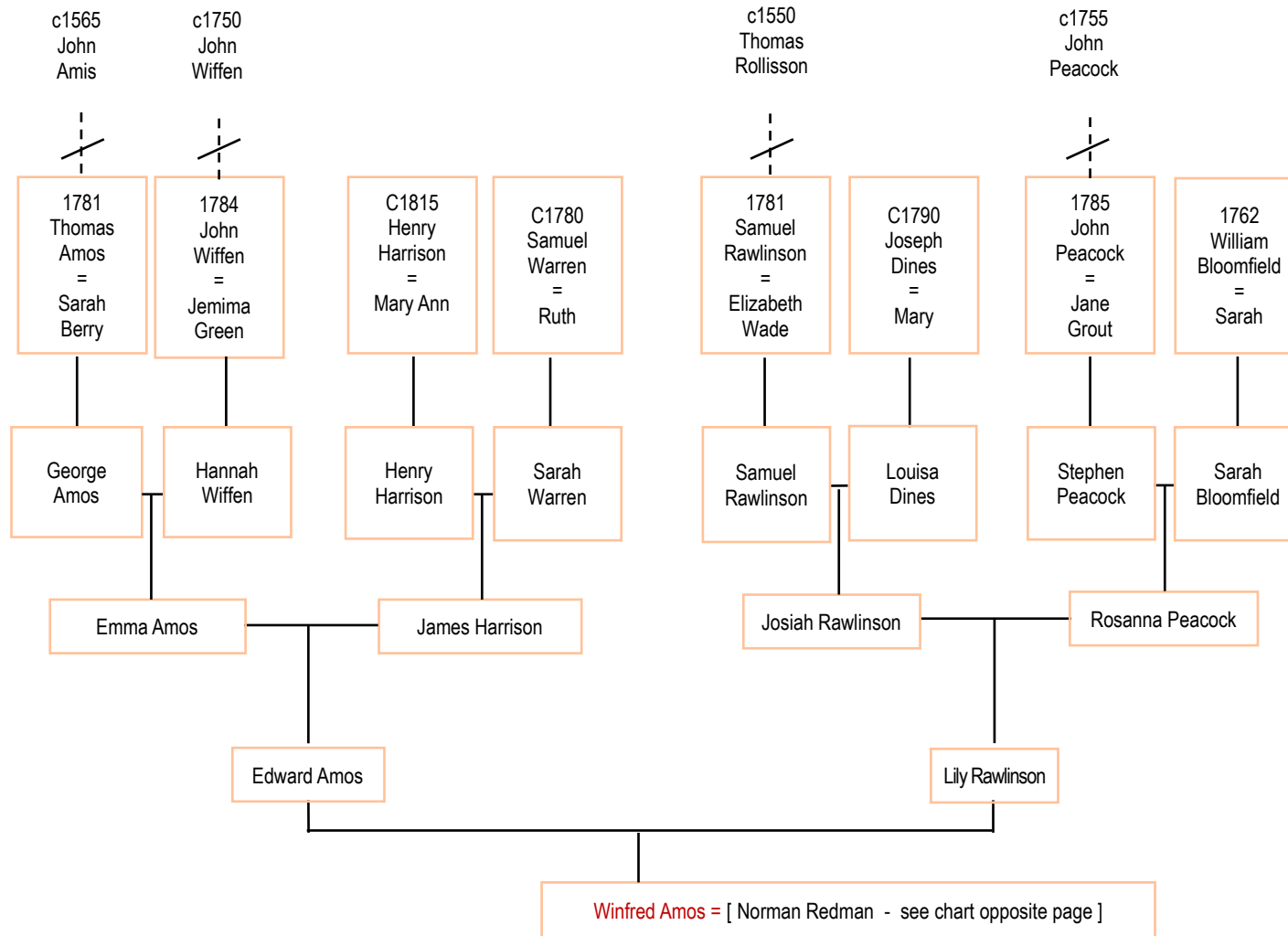
Winifred [Winnie] and Norman Redman
on the steps of High Cross.

Photo tinted by my mother, Winnie.

REDMAN Family Chart (Condensed)



AMOS Family Chart (Condensed)



3. MY SINGLE DAYS: 1940 – 1969

The 1940s

Tottenham

Braemar Road, Tottenham: The War Years

It was on a very cold and snowy Friday afternoon at 2.15pm on 16 January 1942, that I was born in the front bedroom of 93 Braemar Road, Tottenham. This was the home of my mother's parents Edward John Amos and Lily Louisa Rawlinson – Grandpa and Grandma.

My parents, Norman Felix Redman and Winifred (Winnie) Amos had purchased a house in Buckhurst Hill, Essex, when they were first married, just when the second world war broke out. However because my father was called up into the army they delayed moving in. Their new house at 60 Walnut Way in Buckhurst Hill was about eight miles away from my grandparents in Tottenham.

My father was served in the army as a Sergeant Major, stationed in Reigate, Surrey, and before I was born he was fortunate to have his wife living with him from time to time in the same premises.

So once I was born my mother and father lived for a greater part of the time with my maternal grandparents' in their Tottenham house, certainly my mother would have lived there with me when Dad was away 'at war'. I believe that they also spent some time at their new house in Buckhurst Hill.

The earliest clear memory that I have of my young childhood, was shortly after the war had ended in 1945 when I had my first bonfire on Guy Fawkes Night. I worked so hard to make my guy spending hours collecting old clothes and stuffing them with newspaper etc. I had grown so fond of it that I was really disappointed when the time came for me to put the guy on the bonfire.

The Family Pet Dog, Pat being groomed by me aged 2yrs.

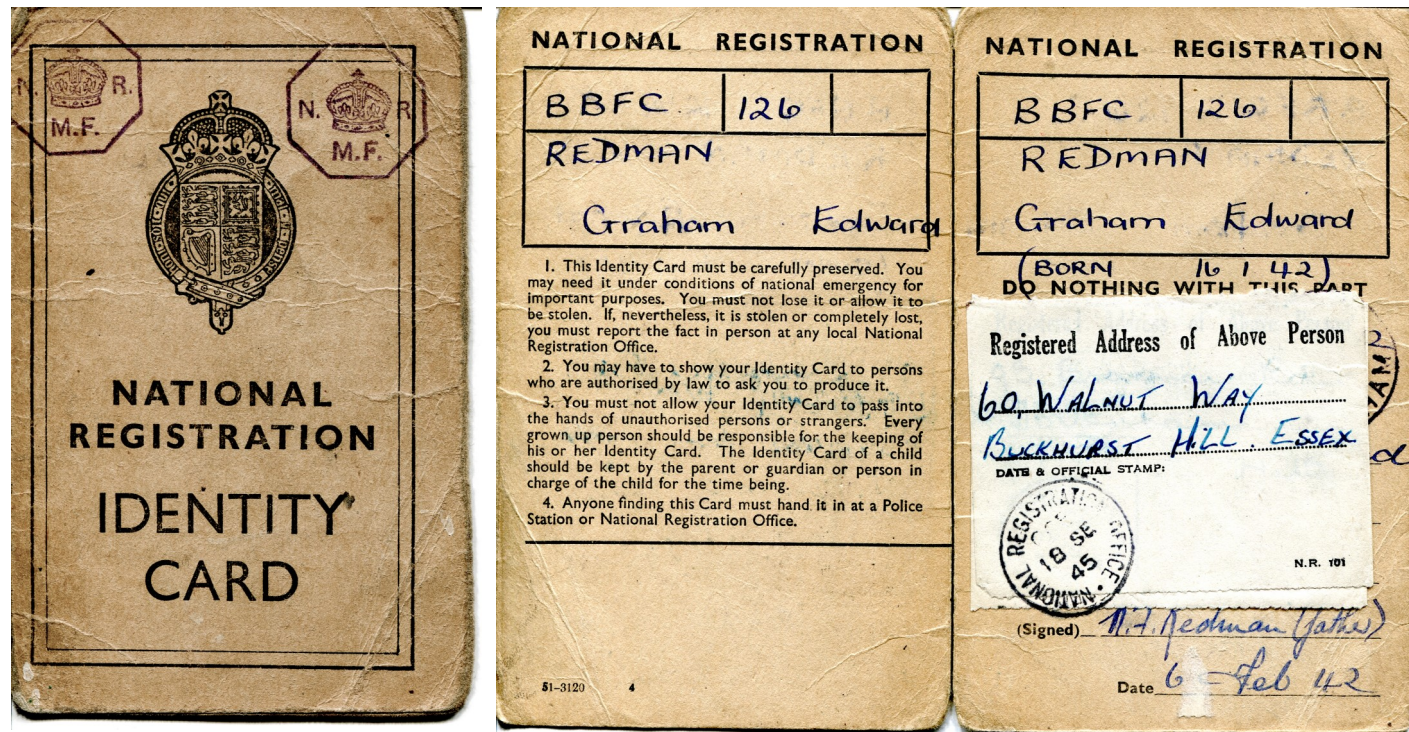


My father's parents, Walter John Redman and Mary Frances Cooper lived not far away, at 32 Mount Pleasant Road, also in Tottenham. Unfortunately my Redman grandfather died on 12 January 1942 at 60 Walnut Way, and was buried on my birthday – very sad. Being a grandparent myself now, I know that he would have looked forward to a grandchild being born and probably counting the weeks and days left to go. I knew my Redman grandmother as "Little Grandma."

So it seems very likely that my parents would have flipped between the two houses; Walnut Way, when Dad was at home on leave and Braemar Road when he was serving in the war at Reigate.

You can read more of these memories in my accompanying book, 'My Redman and Amos Families' on page 111.

Below. Identity cards were required during the war by all, even me at the very young age of two. My card was buff, as you can see, whilst my parents cards were green.



I also remember steel army hats, or helmets, hanging on the pegs in the hall, and gas masks. Serious, but they were 'fun' to try on. As evening approached, Grandpa had to light the lamps – at this time the house was lit by gas mantles, and Grandpa had to go round room by room with a taper putting a light to the mantles, taking care not to touch them as they could easily be damaged. There were other memories like riding on the back of my grandparents' golden retriever, Pat; having a bath in a galvanised tub in front of the kitchen range or going into the Anderson shelter which had been partly sunk into the garden.

The sitting room was at the front of the house and in the bay window stood a floor-standing 'wind up gramophone' – it seemed to be Auntie Lily's more anybody else's. Grandpa would sit next to the fire in 'his' armchair and at supper time would toast bread on a toasting fork with a long handle. I do that now when I can at home in Salvington Hill – my granddaughter Chloe loves it – guess what she will be doing in 60 odd years time! The outside lavatory was cold, dark and damp; very uninviting – no lighting. We used old telephone directories for toilet paper!

Grandpa kept chickens in his back garden. I can remember that he had a central roosting house with nesting boxes, and on either side a run bounded with wire mesh to keep the birds in – theoretically! Sometimes a chicken would escape so Grandpa and I had to try and catch them, easier said than done! If I am honest, I didn't really want to catch it at all, as I was afraid of being pecked!



Left: Me in the garden of 93 Braemar Road. 1944

Below: End of the war celebration party for Walnut Way residents.



Below: Me with my first 'proper' bicycle in the garden of Walnut Way, Buckhurst Hill. It was maroon coloured. Summer 1949.

Right: My brothers, Colin in front Martyn in middle, and me in the back garden of Braemar Road. January 1951.



1945

End of World War II: Whilst the end of the Second World War was before the time I can remember, after all, I was only 3.

I have researched the following in recent years.

The United States was particularly attempting to bring an earlier end to World War, made the terrible decision to drop a massive atomic bomb on the Japanese city of Hiroshima in August 1945, the a little later another atomic bomb on the city of Nagasaki. Total number of people killed immediately from these explosions exceeded well over 100000, and later tens of thousands from radiation poisoning. Then on 15 August 1945, the Japanese Emperor announced an unconditional surrender, ending World War II. What a price to pay!

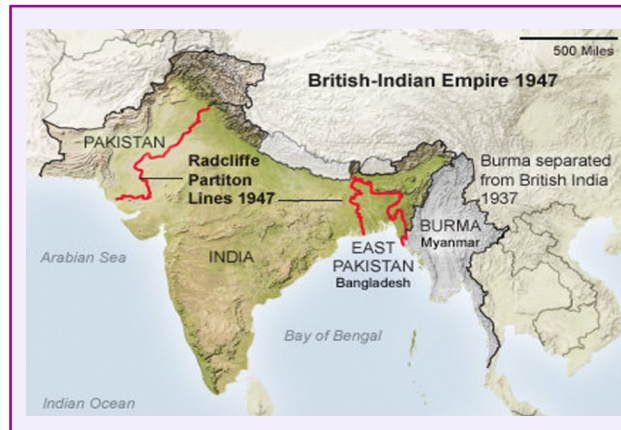


Some of my early birthday cards

1947

Partition of India: Something else I have read about since is the 'Partition of India' into two countries by the boundary 'Radcliffe' line named after its architect.

The Muslim part of the old British ruled India, mostly in the north of the country became known as Pakistan, whilst the southern part of the country, the Hindu section became the Republic of India.



1948

The National Health Service: The NHS was established on 5 July 1948 by the post-war Labour government. It represented a fundamental change in the provision of medical services paid for by the government. Both voluntary and municipal hospitals were integrated under government control, managed by the Ministry of Health.

Olympic Games: Since the Olympic Games had not been held in the early 1940s because of World War II, there was some talk as to whether or not to hold them in 1948. They did in fact happen and proved to be very popular and a great success. The games were opened by King George VI.

St Paul's Cathedral, London

Sometime after the war and probably in the late 1940s one of my grandparent's church friends, Mrs A Bradley took me on an outing to London. I called her Auntie Aggie and we went to St Paul's Cathedral on the bus, I had never been anywhere like that before so it was quite exciting. I expect that my mother was looking after Martyn and baby Colin at the time and my grandmother, was always busy at home. My grandfather was also always busy in his garden looking after his chickens or working on his allotment. Once we were inside the cathedral, Auntie Aggie pointed out some tarpaulin stretched from the ceiling to the floor and from one end of the north side of the sanctuary to nearly the other end it was of course bomb damage, but I wasn't particularly impressed at the time, and didn't take a lot of interest in it, it was just a lot of army brown type tarpaulin, all very drab.

We walked up the steps to the Whispering Gallery under the dome, I was told to sit 'there' while she walked round to the other side of the enormous dome and sat down. She looked small from where I was sitting, I was very good and didn't move from where I was told to sit. She whispered to me, but I can't say that it worked very well, as I didn't really hear anything. Then we climbed a spiral staircase, this time to the very top of the cathedral, looking through the railings at the little buses below. Time came for us to eat our sandwiches in the Cathedral before going back to Tottenham on the bus. I enjoyed it, well sort of, I think that I missed having my familiar faces around, after all I was only about 4 or 5 and had never done anything like that before.

Outing to London Zoo

I remember another outing setting off from Braemar Road with my parents and grandparents. It must have been about August or September as I clearly remember it being a warm and sunny morning with apples and pears on the trees. I was in their front garden talking to the two boys who lived

next door and telling them that we were going to the zoo – I was very excited about it all, I can't say that I knew the boys, but I had to tell somebody. They were good to tell! I can see them now and remember it so well. I guess that it has been imprinted in my memory because when we arrived back home, Auntie Lily was upset when she discovered that lots of apples had disappeared from her trees. Did you tell anyone?, she asked me, well yes I suppose I had! I could tell from her reaction that I shouldn't have spoken to other children like that because I didn't really know them. I wasn't told off, but I knew that she was upset about it. That was bad enough for me. I don't remember much of the visit to the zoo, only what happened to the apples. Oh dear! I won't do that again.

Looking Back

If there is just one impression, which I get from looking back to the 1940s, although I wasn't aware of it at the time, they were the dark days after the war. Everything was dark. The walls and the paintwork were dark, – dark wallpaper, dark brown or dark green gloss paint for the doors and surrounds. There was no white paint or other colours until the 1950s. Life itself seemed dark and miserable, clothing was generally dark. I have already mentioned Grandpa going round room by room to light the gas mantles, but this was only downstairs in the living rooms. It probably wasn't worth his while to light the bedrooms, I always carried a candle to bed with me. So absolutely no electricity then, not in my grandparent's Victorian house anyway.

It was not until the 1950s that I clearly remember electricity being put into that house. Then white and pastel shades of paint were introduced, walls were beginning to be painted with chalk based distemper, an early form of coloured whitewash. It marked very easily and unlike modern emulsion, could not be washed down. Never-the-less, what a difference it all made.

Buckhurst Hill

This is the house where I grew up, my parents permanently moved in after the war, having first secured the house in 1939 before the war started. The house was semi-detached and basically had 3 up and 3 down. Mum told me that when they were looking for a property in the area, originally round the corner in Buckhurst Way, she pointed out some other new houses in Walnut Way. Dad apparently said, "Oh, they will be too expensive, we won't be able to afford those!" Well of course, they did manage to afford them and bought the show house, 60 Walnut Way. I particularly remember the winters of 1947 and 1948 with very deep snow in our garden. Pathways were dug through the snow; it seemed almost as high as I was – 3 feet or thereabouts. The kitchen sink was of the deep ceramic kind. Colin had a bath in this as a baby. There was Lino on all floors except for the dining and sitting rooms which had a 'square' of carpet in the middle of the room. Typically 12'x9'. The floorboards surrounding the carpet were stained dark brown.

Christmas Stocking

There was always a Christmas stocking (sock) which Father Christmas left for we boys. How does he know which bedroom to go into? I did not know. "He knows", said Dad. There was always an orange to go into heel of the sock, and then nuts at bottom in the toe. I can remember one Christmas when I put up signs showing Father Christmas directions to each of our bedrooms, I knew he needed them! Then one day my school friends told me about father Christmas. I did not believe them! I think we went on having stockings though.



Listen with Mother

Listen with Mother was broadcast every weekday afternoon at 1.45 on the BBC Light Programme which was first broadcast in 1950. There were nursery rhymes, a song or two and a story.

They would announce, "The story today is read by George Dixon" or by Daphne Oxenford, there may have been others too but these are the two names I remember.

"Are you sitting comfortably? Then I will begin!" they would say, and at the end they would say, "..... and the programme was produced by Daphne Oxenford" – I also recollect the name 'Julia Lang' too. ... "and now it's time for Woman's Hour". Not really interested in that so we boys left the room Mum then either carried on listening or switched off.

Most of the time I was at school when these programmes were broadcast. However, during school holidays I listened in with Martyn and Colin.

Muffin the Mule

I can remember the stringed puppet Muffin the Mule dancing on the piano top, while Annette Mills played and sang. The programme was produced by BBC television from their studios at Alexandra Palace from 1946 to 1952. Annette Mills continued with programme until the mid '50s. I also had a stringed Muffin the Mule puppet which I thought was great.

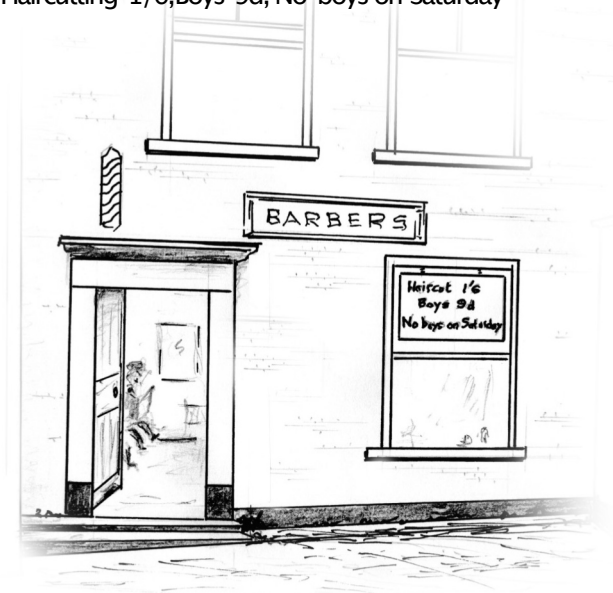
Tradesmen

The milkman called very early in the morning with his horse drawn cart, later in his 'United Dairies' electric 3 wheeler float. When he called later in the day to collect his money I would see him in his uniform with peaked cap.

The postman also arrived early in the morning – I think about 7am before I was up and then a second delivery about mid-day. He too wore a peaked cap and a smart uniform.

When the coal-man came, not smartly dressed however, now and again I was asked by Dad to check the number of bags being delivered, so I counted them in one by one but he never made a mistake. – the coal-man would have a few deliveries to make in the road unlike today where I think that I am the only one!! When the horse drawn carts, with deliveries came down the road, and when I was old enough I would keep a watchful eye on the horse to see if it made any droppings on the road. If so I would quickly pick up a galvanised pail and shovel, run down the road and scoop it up – to be put on the garden later.

Barbers – When I needed a haircut, I went along to the barbers with specific instructions from my mother [in my younger days anyway] tell him not to cut too much off the front and top. I needn't have worried, look at me now! Bald on top! Boys had to sit on a plank resting across the arms of the chair. A notice on the wall and in the front window would say, 'Haircutting 1/6, Boys 9d, No boys on Saturday'



Education at Schools

Buckhurst Hill County Primary, 1947



Postcard of the school c1930s. Source unknown

Miss Murray was my first school teacher and she sat elevated above the class behind a large dark brown desk, which looked a bit like a pulpit – well I thought so anyway!

It is impossible to find out the date on which I actually started school as the admissions records for the school have been destroyed or lost. I spoke to the staff at that new school, but they were unable to help. The county's Archive office in Chelmsford was also unable to help me. However, through speaking to members of staff in the Essex Education Authority office, it appears very likely that I started school just after Easter in April 1947. I would have been a little over 5.

The school was demolished in xxxxx and the school relocated to another part of Buckhurst Hill and given a new name; Buckhurst Hill Community School. At Christmas-time we would make paper doyleys to use at the party. There was always the nativity play, of course, held at the nearby St John's Parish Church. The class or those taking part in the nativity would walk from the school in a long line, to the top of Princes Road, across the green and then crossing the main road into the church.

Our faces would be painted in the make up room prior to the event, great fun. There were spot lights and flood lights, on the stage in front of a sea of parents, now in the dark. All very scary and, I suppose it made those taking part feel very important. Then it was time to go home, in the dark and on the bus. I can remember my face feeling very warm with the make up and thinking to myself others must be noticing me knowing that I had been on the stage. I doubt very much whether anyone thought of that, it was only my hopefulness! I was so small I big enough to be a king or a shepherd, so they made part for me – I was one of the children!

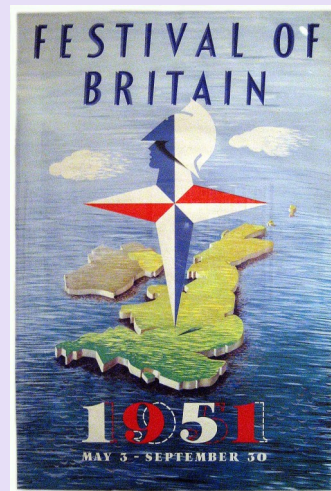
My mother walked me to school in the morning, home again for lunch, then back again and then collected me at 3.30pm. I don't know how she managed it. Mums are good, it's just that you don't appreciate it at the time, because they are always there, and always have been, so what's the fuss about. As a grandparent, of course I know now. No cars in those days. Once out of Infants and into Junior School at 8 or 9, I was allowed to walk to school with friends. To begin with I would get to the bottom of the road and turn round to wave goodbye to mum, then one day I can remember getting to the bottom and she wasn't there when I turned round. I cried. Oh I cried. I must have done as a lady at the bottom of the road saw me and felt sorry for me because she said to me, 'never mind, when you get to the end of this road, I'll wave to you'. She did, I waved back, but it wasn't the same, it wasn't Mum.

My mother was worried if I did not arrive home at the scheduled time after school — I often walked home with a friend of mine or friends through the forest. “You shouldn’t go that way, you don’t know who might be in there” ‘O we were alright’, I would say. It was at the time that the infamous murderer, Christie, was around, so no wonder she was worried. We knew about it but we didn’t worry!

Stuttering – Sometime during my primary school days I developed a problem with my speech in the way of stuttering. I was taken to a speech therapy clinic where they gave me speech exercises and exercises to help me to relax.

I had to lie on a couch where the nurse would lift up a leg or an arm and let it drop again – I am sure that I was relaxed. Then she asked me to breathe deeply and various other exercises. I believe that I never stuttered at the clinic. I went there for a good number of months. Whether these exercises helped or not, I am not sure.

I was perfectly OK whilst at home with family and friends, but the problem was aggravated when I was put under pressure at school. This went on through my time at secondary school and into my time at work — it was a real problem for me.



1951

Festival of Britain is opened by George VI on 3 May 1951. The Festival sought to lift the spirits and mood of post-war Britain and to boost confidence in generating new ways of life.

The site chosen for the Festival, on the South Bank of the Thames, London, had been extensively bombed during the war.

As a boy I was particularly keen on seeing the Skylon, not sure why, but I was. In the end think I was rather disappointed. There was also the ‘Dome of Discovery’ to house exhibits on scientific discovery, which included The Land, Earth, Polar, Sea, Sky, Outer Space, and the World.

See also page 56



Living in the 1950s

In the summer months at Buckhurst Hill County Primary School, there would be PE [Physical Education] lessons as they were called, in the playground and when the weather was favourable enough we played rounders in a clearing of the adjoining Epping Forest. It wouldn't be allowed today for fear of somebody lurking in the woods.

The toilets were outside across the playground and if it rained we got wet – yes in the toilets! – That was for the boys. Why the girls should be so privileged to have their lavatories inside I don't know. And they were called lavatories and not toilets or loos. When I attained the great age of 10 or 11 and moved to

the top class, I or one of us would be chosen to ring the school bell, telling the rest of the school that it was time for break or lunch or going home.

Once a week on the classroom wireless set (radio) the BBC would broadcast a programme for schools about living with dinosaurs, the Stone Age, the Iron Age — I loved those.

The presenters really brought those times to life and I really believed that a big dinosaur would walk in through the doors any minute, after all I was really there, and I actually believed I would see it! We were told, "here comes one now, it is so big, much bigger than an elephant, probably two or three times the size. Duck down behind this tree trunk. Thump, thump, thump, it would walk past, 'mind his big thrashing tail!', and not



The playground of Buckhurst Hill County Primary School Photograph taken by my mother, Winifred Redman.



Please return
BRYLCREEM
bottles when empty

There is an acute shortage of bottles. So
 if you will return the empties to the shop
 where you get your Brylcreem it will help
 us to keep up supplies.

THANK YOU

[illegible]

ADOLF HITLER

LAST TERRITORIAL CLAIM

HITLER IS DEAD!

tells all Germany waited to hear

by ALAN MOOREHEAD
North Germany, Tuesday

...the ...

...the ...

FOOD

HUNGRY

FOOD

This image is a collage of various newspaper clippings from 1947, arranged in a grid-like fashion. The clippings are from different publications, as evidenced by the varying fonts, layouts, and the presence of mastheads like "DAILY EXPRESS" and "DAILY NEWS". The headlines are bold and prominent, often in all caps. The text is a mix of black and white, with some clippings showing the original paper's color or texture. The overall composition is dense and historical, capturing significant events of the post-World War II era. The clippings include: 1. Top left: "DAILY EXPRESS" masthead, "BERLIN: Russians move final advance into the centre", "HITLER BOMBED OUT", "5-tonners right on the Fuhrer's house", "EAGLE'S NEST WRECKED". 2. Top right: "DAILY NEWS" masthead, "REDOUBT: Tanks drive nearer and Lancasters bite last hide-out", "Arms slow-up call", "T.O.C. REPORT TO CABINET", "4.30 PM LATEST", "ITALY: FREEDOM SWEATH ARMY", "S.S. MAIN ARMY IN HIDEWAY". 3. Middle left: "Official: Berlin cut off", "Luncheon over the new Breslau". 4. Middle center: "Stalag murders are named", "STOCK, SAYS: WE KNOW THEM", "Exit for the bag", "More jittery", "Five night", "Kendall about", "Great flash", "Biting into Bremen", "TANKS AIMING FOR TYROL". 5. Middle right: "The pact is kept: his family dies, too", "Herriot is freed", "MONTY'S MAJOR KILLED", "More tight for fruits and buses", "German 'No to air food'", "U.S. does it", "Victims strike in heat". 6. Bottom left: "TANKS AIMING FOR TYROL", "Typhoid vaccine", "Slamdown for new cars", "All over—July 4", "Diana Show for Times". 7. Bottom right: "Diana Show for Times" advertisement featuring a shoe illustration.

notice me –phew!! “ 65–250million years ago, I could not believe it! The programme really brought them to life. Then later in the series –the evolution of man, though not 65 million years, still a good number of millions of years ago! That’s the way to have a history lesson. I can remember the teacher at the time, Mr Groves whom I adored. He was a scout and taught the class a scout song ‘Early in the morning, down at the station’, leaving the last word off each time it was sung. It was very sad to us all when we came into school one Monday morning to learn that he had died from a heart attack whilst in his garden at home that week–end. A particularly sad time for me at an impressionable age of 10. I moved into the top class under Mr Camping, seen walking in the background of the photo left. The at eleven years of age I took an examination to determine which secondary school I was to go to.

At lunch time I would walk home to Walnut Way with a couple of my friends and then back again after lunch –about a

10/15minutewalk each way. I didn’t like school dinners, but how was I to know? I had never had one!.

Every lunchtime those booked for a school dinners would walk together to St Stephen’s Church Hall for lunch. Rumour had it they, the meals, were not good, hence my believing that I did not like them. Note. Not many uniforms were worn, although they were introduced during during my last year.

Swimming

Swimming, I hated swimming! First thing in the morning at 9am the class had to board a coach for about a 15minute ride to High Beach outside swimmingpool, yes winter and summer.

We had to line up along the edge of the pool [shallow end] and jump in, and if we could get away with it some of us we would walk down the stone steps into the water. If not, one of the teachers would walk along behind us and give those of us feeling a bit nervous about it, gave us a push. I hated swimming.



School Photograph. 1953

The author

1950s:Smog

During the 1950s we had many days during the autumn and winter suffering the effects of smog. Smog was a thick fog polluted with coal smoke. It was difficult sometimes to see across my workroom due to this horrible yellow/grey smog. This caused many to suffer from a shortage of breath.

Death rates had soared by 1952 and it wasn't until the clean air act in 1956 that things started to improve. By 1966 the air was much cleaner.

1956

May: Velcro brand was registered.

September: Elvis Presley quickly became a household name after making an appearance in September.

October: Britain switches on its first nuclear power station at Calder Hall, Cumbria. It was to last 47 years before closing.

1957

May: Britain tests its first hydrogen bomb over Christmas Island in the Pacific Ocean,

October: The year will I think mostly be remembered for the launch of the Soviet satellite Sputnik on 4 October, which orbited the earth for three weeks and began the space race.

1959

November: The M1 motorway was opened linking London to Birmingham, after the Preston Bypass (M6) was opened the previous year. The developing motorway system encouraged a major rise in long-distance private and goods travel by road.

Also in that month on the 16th, the musical "Sound of Music" opened on Broadway. The London show opened on 18 May 1961 and ran until January 1967 – the longest running Broadway Musical.

Punishment at School

If we ever had the occasion to visit the Headmaster's study, Mr L A G Carr, you would clearly see the School punishment cane perched in the corner of the room. Unlike today, it was all very much allowed. You would only be sent to the head master if you were very naughty, and I don't seem to remember ever being sent to see him, but for lesser offences children would receive a number of strikes with a ruler to either a hand or a bottom. I did hear that some boys had to drop their trousers! – certainly that would not be allowed today. I don't know why some offences deserved a hand and some the bottom – I expect that it was due to the severity or whether the head had seen you before. Smacking was very common when I was at school — carried out by the teachers themselves, for anything small like talking in class or some other misbehaviour.

It was no use running home to Mum or Dad as they would say, "Well you should have behaved yourself then!" They would back up the teachers. Today the teachers are afraid to say or do anything to the children because they have 'rights' Even answering back was not allowed in the '50s and '60s. – you would have got the cane for that behaviour.

I can remember being told off once by a teacher in Juniors, I was 7. I can't remember what it was all about, but I do remember her saying, 'I am not surprised at you Archer, but I am surprised at you Redman!' We weren't smacked or anything, but those words hit me hard. Will she tell my mother? I think she probably did, but all was OK in the end and all forgotten – until now! The treatment of smacking and caning we experienced at school as we lived through the '60s, surely did us no harm.

Generally boys were frightened by police men – although if you did something wrong you would get a clip round the ear, nothing more. In those days we had respect for our elders. Policemen had authority as did teachers. After dark, a policeman would walk around the shops checking the doors to see if they were closed and properly locked.

Short Trousers

Short trousers were always worn, even during the winter months up to and including my first year at secondary school. Short trousers could be painful during the cold and wet months of the year resulting in chapped legs — I can feel them now! Those shorts rubbing and rubbing on my sore legs – ow! Girls always wore tunic dresses or skirts and blouses, never trousers, and that was right through all days at school.

School Outings

On some Saturdays the school arranged trips to hear concerts at the Royal Festival Hall in London for those wanting to go. I went two or three times. There also Sunday School outings to the zoo and the seaside, something that wouldn't be appreciated today; children have outing all the time.

The Eleven Plus Examination

My first important school test, came in 1952 when I was ten and was to find out which secondary school I should go to. Was it to be a grammar school or a secondary modern? I wanted to go the Technical High in Walthamstow and my parents and I made a to visit others. The scholarship as it was known then, or later known as the 11 plus. It turned out that the Grammar or the Technical school was not for me though, so I was to go to the secondary modern school in Loughton. The 11+ exam was a tool designed to separate the brighter from the less bright and determined which school one should go to.

Street Lighting

Street lighting was by gas during the early years of the 1950s and obviously in the 40s. At dusk, a man would cycle down the street carrying his ladder on his shoulder, stopping by the lamp post, climbing up his ladder to light the lamp at the top of the post. Not sure what happened when electric lighting was introduced; I suppose that they were switched on and off from a control centre, and not individually!

Loughton Secondary Modern School. Renamed 'The Brook'

My secondary school was a two mile cycle ride away from my home and I would cycle there with a friend of mine, Peter Holmes, who lived across the road from me. In 1952 the school had 26 teachers and just less than 500 pupils – I joined in September 1953 not long after the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. I didn't find that life was particularly exciting at the school so not a lot springs to mind. There was a form teacher who took the register and then class would move to the relevant room where the first lesson was to be held.

The day was divided into $\frac{3}{4}$ hour time slots, that being one unit. Some lessons were of one unit duration while others were 2 units, or all morning or all afternoon. Maths and English were generally 2 units each on most days, whilst others of less importance I suppose were only one unit.

The playground was divided into two with a railing, one half for the boys, and the other for the girls. I would notice the occasional boy talking to a girl over the railings, but not often. For sports lessons, we played cricket and rugby — I would like to have played football, but it wasn't on the agenda. On some Saturdays during the autumn and winter months we had the opportunity of going to a rugby match in Twickenham. I wasn't keen on the sport so I never went.

Geography

We had some interesting Geography lessons which taught me a lot about the weather and climates around the world. My interest was sparked off because I was keen on gardening. There was also a garden which some pupils were able to work on with a teacher; it was no good wishing though it was not on my timetable. For some reason those youngsters who be allowed to garden, were in the lower bandings – it wasn't fair – I loved gardening.



Age 13yrs 10months at Loughton Secondary Modern

Cookery: Then there were cookery lessons, I would have liked to have done those. They were for the girls though because they were the ones who needed to know how to cook. It is not like that today! I did however have Technical Drawing, Metalwork and Woodwork. I made a chandelier and a bedside cabinet which are still in use today.

History: We had the usual history lessons – I think that the teacher spent most of his time reading a book having given the class which page number to read from; no wonder it has taken me years before I remotely became interested in the subject. At last here am I now writing an historical book!

Religious Education Lesson, [RE], brings an incident to mind that I remember very well –

One day we were asked to pick up our Bibles and look up Matthew 5. We had seen this passage many times before, but on this occasion when we were ready we had to stand up and recite the verses; then we were allowed to go to lunch. When ready, and only when ready, we had to raise our hand to recite them. The Bible was the old fashioned King James or Authorised Version of the Bible. Very unlike today's versions of the Bible.

The Beatitudes from St Matthew's Gospel chapter 5 and verses 1 to 10

1. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:
2. And he opened his mouth, and taught them saying,
3. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
7. Blessed are the merciful: for they obtain mercy.
8. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
9. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of God.

I learnt the verses thoroughly and when I was ready I duly raised my hand. OK Redman, off you go: I didn't quite get to the end before I started to stutter. I sat down again. Other members of the class would in turn raise their hands, recite and then go to lunch. I tried again and again each time the amount that I could recite became shorter and shorter. It actually made my stutter situation worse. In the end, when the rest of the class had left and gone to lunch, the teacher said, "O well you better go." Not much of a boost for my confidence.

English and Mathematics:

For one English lesson in 1955 or '56 the class was taken to see the film Richard III at Loughton cinema, I thought that was fun going to the cinema during lesson time. By the time I was 15 coming up to 16 it was clear that I was keen on drawing and painting – the artistic side of life. I was never very keen on English at school, I preferred many other lessons – Maths I quite liked, Geography was a favourite as I liked growing things and was particularly interested in tropical plants, so learning about the environments the plants grew in was an advantage and helped me at home in my greenhouse. Drawing, particularly Technical Drawing I loved, also woodwork and metalwork were close seconds.

Science: We had some interesting science lessons. I can remember on one occasion drawing a picture of some angel fish swimming around in the classroom's tank. I can't tell you now what the science lesson was all about, and I don't remember the teacher saying anything about my drawing, even though I hadn't been attending to the lesson.

Sports: Every year, as most schools did and do today, we had a sports day during which we performed in front of the parents. To start the event off, the boys and girls paraded to a band, either in classes or as various teams [I can't really remember] but it was in front of the parents. Eyes right, as we passed them. It was good. I was usually put into running races – 100yds, 220 and 440yds, I was better at the sprinting more than the longer distances.

Rugby and cricket were the sports for the boys, whilst the girls played netball or something. I wanted to play football instead of rugby, but that wasn't an option, I thought the game was a bit rough for me, if I was passed the ball I passed it on as quickly as possible to save getting tackled and brought to the ground by another boy grabbing hold of my legs.

Dancing and Party-time: At Christmas the school would arrange to have a party and dance. We also had dancing lessons once a week – I can remember one particular boy, not keen on dancing, would hold his partner about a mile away from him, and dance, well he just walked round the dance floor. That made us all laugh.

One year everyone in the dance would join a long line, to do the Hokey Cokey, dancing through the darkened corridors, upstairs and downstairs and we stopped outside our geography classroom. One or two boys climbed in through the internal window and planted a sputnik on the large globe which hung from the ceiling. Very mischievous and I didn't want to be part of it. It was at a time when the Russians had launched a satellite, named Sputnik into orbit. No man, no dogs or monkeys, they were to come later.

Ready to leave school: During 1956 and 1957 I was beginning to put my mind into what I may want to do as a career. I was very keen on the artistic side of life – drawing and painting, technical drawing in particular, architecture. Photography. If I were to leave school in 1957 and start an apprenticeship with the printing and block-making industry, [ie reproducing photographs for the printing] the indenture papers had to be signed before I reached the age of 15¾.

Whether I should have stayed on until the end of the school year will remain a mystery and I shall never know. I left school at the end of the Autumn term in December 1957 not having taken any GCE examinations. In many ways I regret it, but I shouldn't be too sad about it as I have done numerous other things and have had many other very good and worthwhile experiences.

Buses

I mostly cycled to and from school, coming home and back again at lunchtimes. In 1950 a new bus route was introduced from Debden to Buckhurst Hill via Loughton.

Then in 1958 the route was extended south from Buckhurst Hill Station along Buckhurst Way, Roding Valley to Woodford and South Woodford Central Line London Transport Stations. Sometimes I caught the train to Loughton from Buckhurst Hill, very rarely did I catch the bus, I think that they were too infrequent perhaps once every half an hour. Walnut Way can be seen to the far left in the background of the photograph above. Bus conductors during the 1950s held tickets on little hand held double sided racks, I think about 6 per side, ranging from 1d, 1½d, through to 1/- or half whatever the top fair was on that particular route.

Each ticket was a different colour. The bus conductor punched a hole in the ticket and we had to keep it carefully until the end of the journey.

If a Ticket Inspector boarded the bus inspector along the



The newly extended 254 bus route south from Buckhurst Hill to South Woodford.
Photo © C Carter . Reproduced with kind permission of Peter Gomm.

route and he would check everyone's ticket. If the bus broke down which they often did, which I suppose was due to the unreliability of the vehicles the passengers had to get off the bus and wait for another to come along. We then had to show our tickets to the new conductor in order to avoid paying again.

Fish 'n Chips, Crisps and Corona

When we wanted to buy fish and chips from the shop, they were always wrapped in newspaper, unlike today. Now they are put into hygienically clean 'made for the job' paper

and paper bags. Newspaper couldn't have been very hygienic, but we accepted it, that was the way it was. Some people say that the newspaper enhanced the flavour of the fish n chips, a taste we no longer can experience!!

Smith's Crisps had a little blue bag of salt inside the packet. I don't think that we had flavoured crisps, only plain. I looked forward to the 'Corona man' coming once a week to deliver fizzy drinks. We had, but here were many other unusual flavours too. One of my favourites was Cream Soda. Mum restricted us to only so many glasses per week – we were told it was too expensive.



Roding Valley Railway Station on London Transport's Central Line was only a 2 or 3 minute walk up the road for us.

Before the 1950s London and North Eastern [LNER] steam trains served the station with trains running from Liverpool Street in London.

Whilst researching for this book, I discovered that Roding Valley is the least used of all stations on the underground, with Victoria on the other hand being one of the busiest.



Roding Valley Station taken with my Ilford Sportsman in 1959.

Photos by Graham Redman

Routine

Darning socks seemed to be common practise after the war and during the 1950s. My mother and grandmother always darned socks, knitting in the holes usually at the heels. They used a tool what was known as a 'mushroom', made of wood over which the sock was put to simplify the darning process. I think that after the war money was scarce and so they had to take care of their pennies. During the late 40s and early 50s the floors were swept using a broom and dustpan and brush, even the few carpets that we had were swept with a stiff brush. Then came along the hand carpet sweeper, and later the electric 'Hoover'. We had an Electrolux vacuum cleaner, but whatever make they were, they were usually referred to as hoovers. They still are today in many households. Other electrical household appliances quickly added to the collection; iron, washing machines of sorts, TVs and fridges. Hire purchase was introduced or as some called it, 'the never never'

We had a cooked breakfast more or less every day with a boiled egg on Sundays. In our younger days we had soldiers to eat with the egg. Our grandchildren do now!

Houses were generally cold in winter time with no central heating. The warmest rooms were the kitchen with the solid fuel stove in the corner of the room and the living room, but not until the fire was lit during the afternoon. In some ways I looked forward to being ill in bed, as dad would light a fire in the bedroom. I loved that. All rooms had a fireplace, but I think that it was too expensive to have a fire alight in each of the rooms all the time.

Mum's routine was pretty well mapped out for the week. We could always tell which day of the week it was by what we had to eat, or what Mum was doing.

Sundays were different; we always went to church unless we were ill of course. Roast for lunch or dinner as it was known then. We were not allowed out to play, ride our

bikes in the street, or to go into the field. We could go into the garden of course. I was told that in my grandparents' time things were very much more strict – I think that they could only sit down and read, or draw, or play the piano or something similar.

Monday: Wash day. Cold meat for our main meal from Sunday's leftovers. Washing in one of those deep ceramic sinks with a scrubbing board on which Mum would rub the engrained dirt off the clothes. Dad's collars were separate from the shirts those days and were starched to make them white and stiff. I can't remember when, but I do remember a semi-automatic washing machine arriving in the kitchen, it was a big square affair about 2 or 3 feet cubed. The water was, I think heated electrically and there was a large paddle in the centre which dipped into the clothes being washed. Then there was a long wooden handle connected to the paddle so that we could push this thing forward and back, forward and back, forward and back until our arms ached, somebody else took over or Mum thought that the job was done. What a business.

And then there was the mangle where the washing would be fed between two large wooded rollers. I would wind the handle watching the water being squeezed out, I liked that.

Tuesday: Shopping day. I think though that shopping happened everyday as there was no means of keeping food fresh except from the larder which had a vent to the outside, in an attempt to keep food cool. OK in the winter, not so easy in summer.

Mum would mince the remainder of the meat left from Sunday and Monday and turn it into a shepherd's or cottage pie. Sometimes we would have sliced meat heated in gravy.

Wednesday: I can't really remember much about this day in particular, except that it would be shopping, ironing, and to eat something like liver and bacon, tripe and onions.

We never had sausages very often, as we were not sure what went into them. I think that was an anxiety that my grandfather had living in Victorian times and the worry had passed down to my mother. He told me that they could put anything into sausages!

Thursdays: Cleaning. Dusting and polishing. Whenever I went shopping with Mum, we often walked into Woodford to Sainsbury's – quite different from today's supermarket. We queued at different counters for meat, dairy counter for cheese and butter – butter was cut to size and patted together into a block and then wrapped. Large biscuit tins stood on shelves in front of counters, broken biscuits being sold at a reduced price. "Why do we always have to have the broken biscuits, Mum?" I think I know the answer now!

Fridays: A big shop for the weekend. Fish for dinner. Mum would often say in the afternoon, "Oh, I haven't changed yet! Why to you need to change, I thought. Well she had been busy in the mornings and I expect that she just wanted to get out of her working attire. All the other ladies in the street were just the same, as I often heard them talking about changing for the afternoon and getting out of their working clothes and aprons.

At the time Dads always worked, Mums stayed at home looking after the house, family and shopping.

Saturdays: Dad was home. For dinner it would be steak and kidney pudding or pie – which she made herself. None of this stuff that you buy from the butcher or supermarket today! If Dad had a job that he was doing, Dad and I would walk into Woodford to the timber merchants' nothing like Travis Perkins today. We would queue for our turn, and then Dad would say something like 6 2ft lengths of 2x1, some 4x1, half a pound of 2" nails, some adhesive etc – all cut to size and served by one person. We would collect our bits and pieces and walk home. A long way to go if we had forgotten to buy another piece of timber!

There were no fitted carpets during the 1950s—it was just lino and a 'square' of carpet in the centre of the room, usually the sitting and dining rooms. Although the carpets were referred to as squares, they came in various sizes 12ft x 10ft –, 9ft x 8ft etc as well as squares. It wasn't until the mid-1960s when we moved to Worthing that we had fitted carpets. We thought that was luxury!

Deep ceramic sinks were the norm in kitchens. Dad fitted a curtain arrangement under the sink to hide the unsightly cleaning products. Most of my friend's houses had a similar bit of curtain. There were no sink units until later in the 1950s. Mum was very pleased with hers when it was put in, and that doesn't mean to say that the whole kitchen was fitted out, oh no, only the sink unit. We had to wait until we moved to Worthing before we could boast about having other fitted cupboards in the kitchen.

I can remember my brothers being bathed in the sink: one obvious reason apart from being a more sensible size for little children was the fact that it was warmer in the kitchen. I was told that I was bathed in a galvanised tub when I was small – can't really remember that!

Where we had no lino laid, Dad would stain and varnish the floorboards. A slight improvement on seeing bare timber on the floor.

For meals, we had breakfast, lunch or dinner, tea or dinner at about 6 ish, and to end the day, supper before we went to bed. Supper consisted of a milk drink and something like a piece of cake, or cheese and biscuits or similar.

Next door bombed

I can remember one day looking out of my bedroom window, and my mother showing me or at least trying to show me a new house being built next door to us. I was looking into the distance, and Mum kept on saying to me, 'no not over there, down here!' I got there in the end! The original house next door had been bombed during the war and was so badly damaged that it had to be re-built.

Weekends

Sometimes on a Saturday we would go shopping in Leytonstone catching the train from Roding Valley station on the Central Line. A lot of my friends went to the cinema on Saturday morning to see films for children. This was popular, but I never went.

Sundays. As mentioned earlier in this section, Sundays were very different from Sunday today. The streets were very quiet, unlike any other day of the week and certainly unlike anything that we experience today. No shops were open on a Sunday but if we were short of bread there may have been a little corner shop open. The only other shop open for a few hours on that day was the newsagent. If you were to go into a newspaper shop on a Sunday you would find that most of the counters had big sheets draped over them. Many items were not for sale on that day of the week. People were quiet on Sundays.

Going to Church

We went to the Congregational Church in Snakes Lane, South Woodford where Martyn, Colin and I attended morning Sunday School. We wore our Sunday best as most people did, and ladies always wore hats in church. This was a fairly awkward journey to go every week as we had to change trains at Woodford. In Sunday School we were given a sticky stamp whenever we attended, and we had to lick them (yuck) to stick into a little book which we were also given.

Once or twice I was invited with other children in my class to have tea with my Sunday School Teacher – that was bit scary and I had to be on my best behaviour. We sometimes had trips to the zoo, and I remember going to Chessington and Whipsnade – Whipsnade made a big impression on me as the animals had plenty of space in which to roam, unlike London Zoo with which I was more familiar.

Later on the family decided to go to St John's Parish Church in Buckhurst Hill probably because of the train journey to South Woodford, but I am not really sure. However, we did like the Parish Church. If the weather was suitable we would walk through the Forest, Lord's Bushes, up to the church at the top of the hill. We went to the Family Service starting at 10am.

As the family grew older, we would all walk to church in the evenings for evensong. On some Sunday evenings I would go with dad to church for the 6.30pm service, and we would walk along Buckhurst Way to catch a bus from near the station to go up the hill to church — I'd ask myself "will the bus have an outside staircase?" and answer myself, "I doubt it, after all, not many do". Sometimes as the bus approached, I could see that it was an old model. Who was a lucky boy?!! At that time most of the buses were of the newer type, so it was a treat for me to go up the stairs outside.

See picture opposite page.

I suppose I learnt a lot about the church there under the guidance of Canon Ian Whitehouse, and the names of various Sundays, what they were and their meanings. Septuagesima is the name of the Sunday meaning approximately 70 days before Easter. Quadragesima, another Sunday which means "fortieth". Lent is forty days long not counting Sundays.



Bus similar to the type we used to catch.

Photo source unknown

After the family service there was the 11.00am matins. Sunday School was in the afternoon and held at the daughter church – St Elizabeth's, – five minutes walk away for us. After church one Sunday evening at St John's, I remember being in a young people's discussion

group, and we were asked the question, 'why are the ten commandments mostly negative?' I can't remember the answers given, but I think now that God was telling us what not to do and how not to behave knowing how human beings are basically made.

Cubs and Scouts

One day when I was about 7, my father took me along to a local scout group in Alfred Road, Buckhurst Hill, and I joined the cub pack of 45th Epping Forest Scout Group. I can remember going into room or small hall and seeing standing right in the middle, a lady looking very big and tubby and wearing a dark green dress or uniform with the Scout Group's scarf colours – scary! 'That's Arkela' I was told. Funny, I thought, what a peculiar name – I've never met anybody with that sort of name before! I looked out of the double doors to one side of the hall and noticed some boys playing in the garden. I went out to join them, and I was on my own – no dad. I soon got used to it and it was soon time to go home again having made some new friends.

I went to cubs for a number of weeks and very soon got to know and recite the cub laws and promises before the scouters. [Invested] After all I had to know those before I could officially be classed as a cub. I did have my own green jumper and cap, but I couldn't where the scarf or cub pack badges until I was invested. I don't think that I had to wait long.

"I promise to do my best,
to do my duty to God and the King,
to keep the law of the wolf cub pack,
and to do a good duty to somebody everyday."

We learned 'to God and the King' which had to be changed to 'God and the Queen' in 1952 when the King died. I was glad when Arkela said that I could be a Second and later a 'Sixer'. It was exciting to be made a second to help look after the 'six', and then eventually I became a Sixer for the brown Six. Each six in the cub pack was given a different colour.

I remember being given a copy of the Highway code, a little brown book measuring no more than 4"x3", (in metric 100mmx75mm)

When I was eleven years old, I moved up to become a scout with a new khaki uniform. The scouts met up the road at the Methodist Church Hall in Queen's Road. In both the cubs and scout we worked for proficiency badges ie. Cooking & Housekeeping, Model making, Knots, Gardening and Swimming and there were many others. Then 2nd and 1st Class Certificates. I worked hard to gain my 2nd Class, but I wasn't able to go any further to get my 1st class certificate as I was not able to swim. In the cubs

we were in groups of six boys and the groups were and are still called 'Sixties'. Now in the scouts our groups were called Patrols. I was in the Owl Patrol.

I had many good times during scout evenings and also at Gilwell Park where the troop often went to camp. Before setting off to camp, usually on a Friday, we loaded up the car, which we all had to pull up the hill away from the church hall. It was a 3 or 4 mile journey to the campsite and we walked all the way. We slept in blankets clipped together with something like kilt pins, a bit prickly on the skin, but being boys we had to put up with it. We cooked our own food on a camp fire which we built paper and wood, not on a gas stove as you might use today.

On one occasion my Scout Master invited me to his home because he knew that I was interested in cactus plants. He showed me the different varieties and how to re-pot them and how to make up special compost – he mixed his with broken bricks and crushed flower pots. Cheaper those days after the war than buying cactus compost – if there ever was such a thing! He gave me a little ferocactus in a thumb size pot which I have cherished and kept.

My son Geoffrey now has a good collection of cactus from small to large, and one of them is the cactus given to me by my scout master! – amazing.

Bob-A-Job-Week Every year around Easter time the cubs and scouts would go out visiting neighbours, shops etc. asking if a job could be done – people generally gave 3d or 6d and very occasionally 1/- a 'bob'. One year I walked into our local family butcher's shop and asked if he had any jobs. "How many would you like?" was the reply, "as many you like" I said. Then I realised that he was having a joke – he pointed to the chops and said, "yes, how many would you like?"

I think I ended up sweeping the floor or something!

Another time, on a lovely sunny Saturday morning, I was out with a couple of my friends, again bob-a-jobbing, we knocked on somebodies door. Of course we never knew who was going to greet us, were they going to be welcoming or were we to get just the 'no thanks' not today. On this occasion, a friendly man opened the door who said, 'yes, follow me'. We followed him into the garden and were given a trowel each [he must have been expecting us!] and told where we should start weeding. Fortunately I was keen on gardening and knew what a weed was, although his garden looked perfect, lovely tidy borders and a well kept lawn. That was the impression I had. 'Would you boys like a drink and a biscuit or a piece of cake?' I don't need to say what our answer was! I suppose we were there for about an hour and before going we were given more than the usual 3d or 6d. We had a lovely time in his garden – what a lovely man I thought! After all we didn't get that sort treatment from everybody.

The following day, Sunday, being the end of Bob-a-Job Week we had a scouts service at the Methodist church. Being a small lad I went out to Junior Church to join a group of about six other children. I can't tell you now what the Christian message was, but I can tell you the Sunday School teacher told us of a time when 3 boys taking part in Bob a Job week called in to see him at his house asking for jobs, and he told us about the boys doing some weeding, and giving them a drink and a biscuit. It was then that I began to realise that he was talking about me the day before. I recognised him in the end and I wonder whether he recognised me! I think I might have said that it was me!! The feeling that I came away with was what a lovely man he was – I never saw him again.

You never know what lasting impressions you might make from just a few words that you might have said, or from your behaviour towards others.

Scout Outing When I was about 13, I can remember going on a day out with the scouts to Southend. A steam train journey

from Liverpool Street looking out of the train windows towards the engine at the front of us hauling the six or ten carriages. 'Don't look out of the open window, you'll get smuts in your eyes'. That didn't deter us, of course not, we were boys. But naturally we did get smuts in our eyes from the smoke thrown out by the engine, quite painful really, but never mind, head inside for a while until the pain went off.

We duly arrived at Southend station and made our way to the beach. Southend has the longest pier in the country 1¼ miles. If we wanted to pay the fare, we could catch an electric train down the pier to almost the end – people had to walk the last ¼ mile to get right to the end. I can't remember whether the scouts took the train or not, but I do remember walking on the sandy beach alongside the pier whilst the tide was out, passing the many small boats lying on their sides on the sand. At Southend as well as the pier being very long, the tide also goes out a very, very long way.

Having walked out for some way with my scout friends, it was time to start walking back as the tide was starting to come in. All those little boats lying on their sides on the sand were now beginning to float. "Oh no! the tide is coming in much faster than we had thought! – we better hurry up" – my word it was coming in very quickly indeed, the water was beginning to cover my knees, then it was up to my waist. We tried to walk faster, and faster, but the water was getting deeper and deeper, and my legs struggled to push themselves through the water. The boats by this time were bobbing up and down on the waves up to my chest. I was worried! My friends said to me 'hurry up', 'I am going as fast as I possibly can!' I said.

Why I didn't think about jumping into one of the boats, I shall never know. I can't remember much after that, but I think at soon after the depth of the water was getting shallower, and shallower as we reach the slope of the beach. Relieved—was an understatement, to say the least. I am not keen on water and I am still not keen on the water today—and I still can't swim!

Paper Round & Newspapers

For many years I had a paper round as did many other boys and girls of the day. I cycled to the top of the hill to Bayleys Newsagents in High Road, Woodford Green. I was paid 14/6[72½p] per week. Which was very good pay as most other boys from other shops received not much more than 8/6[42½p]. One day on my round, I found a £5 note — quite a lot of money in those days for a boy of 12 or 13. Being a good boy I took it into the local Police Station which was across the road from the paper shop. The policeman told me that if nobody had claimed it in say a couple of weeks time, I could have it. I think that they were the longest two weeks of my life and I could not wait for the time to come when I could go back and ask if somebody had claimed it? — or would I be able to keep it? — “yes you can,” I was told.

Every Saturday evening, a man would walk around the local streets selling newspapers. So round about six o'clock, we would hear a man calling from outside our house in Walnut Way, “Star, News and Standard — Results” He was bringing the football results, of course!

Radio in the 1950s

‘Could you turn the wireless on please? — the Home Service’. Up until about the mid 1960s radios were known as ‘wireless sets’ — there was the Home Service for the news and current affairs, the Light Programme for light music and entertainment, and the 3rd Programme for the more serious classical music.

All programmes were transmitted by the BBC. Commercial radio was illegal, but having said that there were the odd off shore ships which would transmit popular music like Radio Caroline and Radio London.



The family Wireless Set: now with my brother, Colin

The wireless sets were stand alone pieces of furniture and all mono sound of course, and not connected to any hi-fi system.

Once turned on, we had to wait a couple of minutes for it to warm up before we could hear anything. Those days the sets were made using valves not transistors or solid state equipment as today.

Occasionally, the valves had to be changed rather like electric light lamps have to be changed today, and if that didn't clear the problem, then it was a trip to the shop to see the repair man.

Television

On quite a few occasions, the family went to visit my Uncle Edward, aunt and cousin John in Bush Hill Park. It was here that I first saw a television, –9” screen with a speaker underneath all in a floor standing cabinet. We arrived for lunch but I was very keen to see this television. Nothing was on the TV my uncle said to me, “that’s right there won’t be any programmes until the horse racing starts in the afternoon” I thought that he was joking, because he had many a joke with me before. But sure enough he was right, racing came on, then later in the afternoon transmissions came to an end until 7pm when the evening programmes would start again.

Cisco kid was a programme that I very much looked forward to every week, mind you, for this programme my brothers and I had to walk [or maybe run] up the road to a neighbour’s house where we sat in a semi-circle on the floor huddled round the 9 or 12” television set. I loved it and I believe there was also another programme we watched.

In this 1950s TV series, Cisco Kid had a flashy white horse and had a sidekick called Pancho – his horse was named Loco, but not white, probably brown but it looked black on the screen.

We had our first television set for the Queen’s coronation in June 1953 – it was a 14” black and white Ferguson set (no colour until 1965). Many neighbours came in to watch it, and a 14” set was quite big for those days. Programmes were broadcast in a very coarse 405 lines instead of the higher definition 625 line technology which became available for the introduction of BBC2 colour in 1965.

At school all the children in the school were given a prayer/hymn book of hymns ‘Ancient and Modern’ and a mug with the Queen’s picture on the side given as mementoes.

Now, we are into High Definition and 1080 lines per inch. ... and 3D TV. The BBC was the only company allowed to

broadcast at that time – no ITV or any other channel. Independent Television [ITV] was introduced and began broadcasting in 1955 but in the London area only.

As mentioned above, we had our first television along with a lot of other people for the Coronation. The coronation itself was a great and colourful event for the nation, everybody celebrating, street parties etc.

BBC TV was the only channel available until the first commercial channel, ITV was launched on 22 September 1955. We only had BBC at home and all sets were made that way,

Commercial Television and ITV

Commercial television began on [22 September 1955](#) which included advertisements.

Until 1955 broadcasting commercial television was illegal so the television act of 1954 changed all that. I can remember some of the first adverts on ITV – ‘Murray Mints, Murray Mints, the too good to hurry mints’. If I remember correctly there was a goal keeper standing in his goal, leaning against the post sucking his sweet while the song was sung, and of course all this while the football match was going on. Then there was a Gibbs SR Toothpaste add.

The first Independent Television [ITV] programme that I saw was in my Auntie Violet’s house in Bush Hill Park; the TV set had to have a converter box fixed to the side of the case. I cannot remember whether we had something similar or whether we bought another set sometime after that.

BBC Television

The BBC started broadcasting a second channel, BBC Two, in 1964, and Channel 4 started broadcasting in 1982.

A programme called 'The Six-five Special' was launched in 1957 to fill the gap when television stopped broadcasting at the end of the children's programmes in the afternoon, and the adult programmes. It was broadcast on a Saturday evening from 6.05pm [hence the title] until 7.00pm. It was, I think the first time the BBC had transmitted rock or pop music, or the new skiffle groups.

Once a week, on a Saturday evening, I was allowed to watch the Quatermass Experiment, a science fiction programme, and it was quite scary. I looked forward to Saturday evenings. Martyn and Colin were not allowed to see it, because it was so scary, but maybe Martyn did later.

Nuclear Bombs

The Americans and Russians frequently tested Nuclear Bombs during the fifties and sixties. Several other countries were also testing devices but nowhere near as many as the two major powers. Everybody was scared that there was going to be a third world war.



The Field

After school and during the weekends whenever I had some spare time I was allowed to go out to play with my brothers, and some friends from across the road. We loved to play in the 'field' – it was really not much more than a patch of unused ground behind one of my friend's houses, probably about 50 or 60 yards square. Large enough for us to play cricket, football and rounders – not really a field in the true sense of the word, but never-the-less a field for us!

I didn't think about it then, of course not, but I expect that one of the mums would be looking out on us from her kitchen window.

Visits to Tottenham

The family visited Grandma and Grandpa in Tottenham quite often. Sometimes we boys would take it in turns to stay with our grandparents for a few days or a week, going to High Cross Church with Auntie Lily on a Sunday. It always amused me, as the minister for a time was Rev Fred Stafford, and he was a scout. As we were leaving church he would offer his left hand to me and say, "We're Scouts aren't we?, we shake with our left hands" On parade Sundays, I would watch the scouts dressed up in their uniforms, some playing their drums and bagpipes. First the large group of scouts and cubs assembled outside the church in the side-road, then they were off – marching and playing, all very impressive!

It was about an hour's journey for us to Tottenham, we would leave home in Buckhurst Hill, and on many an occasion would walk through a part of Epping Forest [Lord's Bushes] to Woodford High Road where we caught a bus to Napier Arms, and then from there a No. 625 Trolley Bus to Tottenham.



Trolleybus terminus at Napier Arms, Woodford, the 625 route from Woodford to Wood Green



Grandma & Grandpa's house
93 Braemar Road

Another way we would make the journey was to catch the train at Roding Valley to South Woodford, walk past the shops along George Lane to Gates Corner [now part of the North Circular Road and A127 to Southend] – very much changed. Having arrived at Tottenham, Broad Lane, we walked down West Green Road past all the shops and into Braemar Road. There was a particular toy shop that I had to stop and to look into the window at some interesting things like buses and cars etc.

Grandma's and Grandpa's House

Grandma and grandpa lived in an old Victorian house in Tottenham with large creepy rooms, especially creepy after dark. When darkness fell, Grandpa would go round the house lighting the gas mantels in the living rooms and kitchen. I can remember when the time came for electricity to be installed and I could 'switch on a light' amazing, I thought. I don't know why I was so impressed because we had electric lighting in Buckhurst Hill.

When it was time to go to bed, I carried a candle up the stairs and into the bedroom, and as I went up the stairs and across the landing shadows would appear all over the place – scary! We children were particularly scared when we had to walk past the staircase leading up to the uninhabited attic – at the bottom of those stairs hung a dark blue heavy curtain, supposedly to keep the cold draft from falling on the landing. We daredn't look behind the curtain in case somebody was there, very sc... sc... scary! Mum said that in the days before the war, and when they were growing up those rooms were occupied by other members of the family. There was no heating anywhere in the house except for the living room where there was an open fire and in the kitchen where there was a range. In winter time I would take a glass of water up to bed with me, and in morning it would be frozen. Yes it is hard to believe now, but it is the truth! I never had a bath upstairs in the bathroom because there was no hot water, only a cold tap! It was hard to believe that too as we had hot and cold running water in our bathroom at Buckhurst Hill.



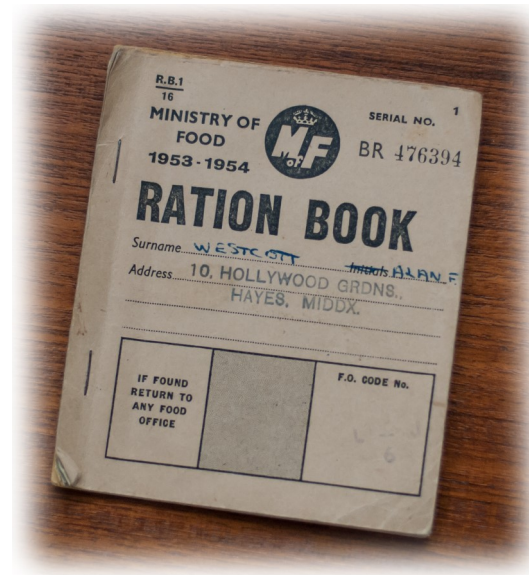
We had to walk through the large kitchen/dining area to the scullery where grandma did her washing, prepared food and did the cooking – more of a laundry room really. However, there was a fairly new gas cooker. I think probably previously to that, the only cooker was the old solid fuel stove in the large kitchen, which had hot plates and an oven. I had baths in front of this stove. On ironing day, the flat irons [picture left] were heated on the hot plates. Coal was kept in a store off the scullery – yes it was dirty and dusty – in a place where food was prepared and cooked! Unbelievable these days. Grandma used to say to me, "Ah you'll eat a peck of dirt before you die!". Grandpa sharpened his knives on the concrete step outside the backdoor. It was bowed in the centre of the step through having been used to sharpen hundreds of knives. My dad had a knife sharpener, but grandpa was different. On Sundays, after church, he would give me a little glass of cider [only a little, mind you], I thought that was fantastic.

Little Grandma

My father's mother, Little Grandma, came to stay with us during February 1952, she also stayed with us many other times, but I especially remember this occasion. We were standing in the front room in front of the fire when news came through on the wireless (radio) that the King was dead. Grandma said that the newspapers in the morning would have black edges to them. The future Queen was on holiday in Africa, so flew home to England as Queen Elizabeth II.

In 1952 when little Grandma was with us, Dad was sweeping up some sugar from the carpet and through it onto the open fire. Whoosh it went, flames leaping up the chimney. Dad dialled 999 and within minutes we could hear the bells of the Fire Engines. I think about three turned up, with a police car and I believe an ambulance too!

The neighbours must have wondered what was going on! Mum said afterward that everywhere she went in the house, there was a big fireman in his black overalls and big boots. "Everywhere", she said "upstairs and downstairs". They climbed on the roof and pushed a hose in through the chimney pot and waited for the water to appear in the sitting room. When they were satisfied that the fire was out and the chimney breasts were cool, they left, the job was done.



The Ration Book shown here was kindly lent to me to photograph by a church friend of ours, Alan Westcott.



When I wanted to buy some chocolates or sweets for a birthday or Christmas present, I had to borrow the ration book from Mum or Dad. The shopkeeper tore the relevant number of coupons from the book before money could be exchanged for the chocolates. The same applied for loose sweets which were displayed behind the counter on shelves and in enormous jars. The shopkeeper lifted the often heavy jar down from the shelf, tipping the sweets into the bowl on top of the scales. Sweets were weighed into 4oz portions, and maybe if the sweets were very special or expensive, just 1 or 2ozs. Then they were shovelled into little paper bags. Sweets ceased to be rationed in February 1953. Most things were on ration after the war until well into 1950s. You can see from the picture on the left that other things were rationed too, like meat, eggs, cheese, bacon and sugar; and meat being the last item to be rationed in 1954. For a couple of years from 1946–48 bread was also rationed.

Medical Services

When we had to visit the Doctor's surgery, we walked to the top of Palmerston Road. The waiting room was very bare with wooden bench seats on either side of the narrow room — no appointment was necessary, we just arrived and then waited to be called. The doctor would pop his head round the corner, 'next please'. Then we had to climb a few concrete steps, go through a door and the doctor's surgery was on the right.

What child likes to visit the dentist? — I was no exception to that and I hated the times when I needed an extraction. It made matters worse that whilst I was waiting for my turn, I could hear children ahead of me crying. Will it be my turn next? No, phew! Eventually a nurse would enter the waiting room, 'Graham Redman', Oh dear that's me, time to go in.

At that time the dentist had an anaesthetist with her. [or him, but I had a lady] The horrible black rubber gas mask was placed over my nose and mouth, and I was told to take big deep breaths. The lights above me and the whole room would spin around until I was asleep — I can still remember smell of the rubber mask now. Yuck! Then I would hear a voice in the distance speaking to me, 'it's all over now Graham' wake up.

My first visit to a hospital was when I was fifteen in 1957. Hospital wards were large and the wards that I saw had tables in the centre isle for the nurses to sit at and to do their paper work. I was to have a nasal polyp removed and I was admitted to a hospital in Brentwood—it was the London Hospital Annex. This wasn't the only time I had to stay in hospital, as unfortunately, it was to be a fairly frequent occurrence, maybe 5 or six times in as many years. Other times that I went to hospital and for the same condition was to the outpatients or as an inpatient at the main London Hospital in Whitechapel.

Princess Elizabeth

Princess Elizabeth once visited a school in Chigwell, and Mum took we boys along to see her. She was later to become the Queen. Everybody lined the streets and were standing in the school driveway waiting for her car to pass by. Everybody had flags which they were waving. We waited a long time, or so it seemed, and then suddenly there was the car, the cheers went up, lots of flags waving and I was just a couple of feet away, and there she was in the back of the car. I can remember that I didn't get a smile though — she was looking the other way. No sooner had the car arrived, it had driven out of the school driveway and onto the main road. Gone. I can remember all of the excitement before-hand and for about half a minute while she drove past, and then it was all over, quiet, the crowd drifted away, and we went home. Was it all worth it? I suppose it was. Mum thought so anyway.

Cinema

Sometimes when an interesting film was being shown, at the cinema Mum and we boys would catch a train from Roding Valley to South Woodford where we met Dad who had left work early. We walked up the Road to either the Odeon or the Plaza cinema.

Mum always brought sandwiches to eat during the film — she said, "shush, eat them quietly." We were good as gold. Smoking was common place including public places—theatres, cinemas, buses—but only upstairs, and trains. Many fathers smoked cigarettes, a pipe or cigars. Our dad smoked cigarettes and as a family we 'nagged' to stop as we were told that it was not good to smoke. He did eventually stop but not until much later in the 60s. Smoking was not for me, some of my contemporaries tried to encourage me, but I couldn't see anything in it, so the pressure to smoke didn't last for long.

Not good – and when going to the cinema or theatre, we had to make sure that nobody was smoking close to us, and then if somebody ‘lit up’ during a film we had to decide whether to move or not.

During the 1950s mostly, and into the ‘60’s the big cinema had arrived. Some films were being shown in a special Cinerama cinema in London using 3 linked projectors onto a deeply curved screen. More popular around the rest of the country was cinemascope a 2.55 x 1 widescreen format and in colour. Previously most films were in black and white and in the 4 x 3 format. The film makers were trying to produce something that was bigger and more impressive than ever before, making the audience feel that they were very much part of the screen. Some film makers were using the Todd AO system developed by Mr Todd and his partner which improved the link between the sound and the motion. There were many other systems too. Some of the epic films that were around at the time were ‘Ben Hur’, ‘Spartacus’, ‘The Bible’ and ‘Exodus’ – all very long and involving many hundreds of people. The musicals which were also shown on the big cinema screens were also impressive, with stereo sound as well. They included Rogers and Hammerstein’s films ‘South Pacific’, ‘Carousel’, ‘Oklahoma’ and ‘The Sound of Music’. Other popular films at this time were Turner and Lowe’s ‘Gigi’ and ‘My Fair Lady’.

Four Figure salary

I can remember Mum and Dad talking about other people having a ‘four figure’ salary, Dad was probably on about £800 – £900 per year. Then one day, but I can’t remember when exactly, but probably in the very late 50s, Dad reached his goal of having a four figure salary as well.

Grocers

Many grocers shops had a wooden low level shelf in front of the counter on which were placed large biscuit tins. In one of the tins were broken biscuits which my mother thought, and I guess other mums too, was a good buy. There were no supermarkets at the time, Sainsbury’s was I suppose the closest selling dairy products, fish, meat and other groceries. You always had to be served – have your cheese cut and weighed, and butter cut and patted with butter pats into a block.

Over the other side of the shop we would queue for meat or fish and queue again for sugar etc.

Model Railway

As boys, my brothers and I had an O gauge clockwork train set. Then on one Christmas morning I opened my presents and to my surprise – I had an O gauge model electric railway a present to us from Mum and Dad. I couldn’t wait to see it laid out on the floor, and it wasn’t much more than a circle of track, an engine and a couple of carriages, so not much could be done as far as a layout was concerned. OO gauge was beginning to be a much more popular size as it was quite possible to get a decent layout on a 6ft x 4ft board. I think one day Dad and we boys went along to a model shop in High Road Tottenham and part exchanged the O gauge for a OO gauge railway. I think at the time we bought an engine each, with some trucks and carriages and some flexible track. This system was far more versatile as the track was cut to size and pinned to the board. We added to the railway by using our own pocket money, Christmas and birthday presents – signals, points, buildings all added to the layout.

Other Hobbies

At home I was keen on painting, drawing, model making and gardening. There was an Angel Fish in a tank in my class room which I had drawn and on one Saturday My drawing of the which copied it to another piece of paper. I spent that morning

with my water colours producing one of my first pictures – I still have it to this day. I also liked painting pictures of the large ocean liners which we saw in Southampton Water when we visited dad's cousins Leslie Louie. The Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth were favourites of mine. Once or twice I visited a work colleague of my father who was an artist. He and my father worked together in The Co-operative Wholesale tailoring factory. He inspired me and encouraged me to paint in watercolour. See elsewhere about gardening, coin collecting and photography.

Festival of Britain 1951

The 1950s were definitely a time of poverty even though the war had only finished in 1946. I did not realise the importance of the Festival and celebrating a 'free Britain' as I was only 3 years old when the war finished – I had never known anything

different. Things were, however, just beginning to look up, the Festival of Light in 1951 being an example. The festival site was built on the south bank of the Thames opposite Charring Cross station. The Skylon, a commemorative tall slim structure pointing to the sky could be seen from some miles away.

Then there was the Dome of Discovery. I loved it all. I had so much wanted to go, so thank you Mum and Dad. See page 30

Teddy Boys, Mods and Rockers

There were groups of Teddy boys and girls meeting on street corners. We were scared of meeting a group of Teddy boys after dark not knowing what might happen to us if we did. I have learned since then that they probably not all were violent, it was just the way they dressed.

They had slim black trousers, moustaches, long hair and thin ribbon type bow ties. Mods owned motor scooters and the rockers had motor bikes. They would travel in large groups to seaside resorts on most Bank Holiday Mondays. The police and the rest of us would tremble in fear when they met up together. The Mods were always very smartly dressed to the ninth degree and wore very smart modern clothes, whilst the rockers were rough and ready, greasy and dirty—well I thought so anyway at the time. There was always the risk of fights and scuffles. I suppose if I'd had the choice I would have been a mod – but not really though! I guess they are still about now. Sometimes we see the Rockers on their huge Harley Davison bikes, but now in their 70s and 80s.

Eating Out

We never went out to eat in a restaurant in the 50s and 60s, I expect that they were too expensive. I very rarely went to a pub and it was not until I started work that I visited one.

They were not the same as they are today. Then, they were mostly drinking houses. It wasn't until much later on during the 1980s and into the 90s that pubs really started to accommodate families starting to provide hot meals. It was rare to find a pub serving food on a Monday and then not all pubs were open for food at all until the 1990s when the turn of the Millennium saw a big change to eating and drinking habits. Now it is difficult today to find a pub that doesn't serve food.

Popular Music

Pick of the Pops was broadcast, I think initially on the Light Programme when the BBC thought that they ought to be providing something that the young people wanted, but this was only once a week and I tried recording the top 5, or the ones I liked every Saturday evening. As I say all this was on the only channel available at the time, the BBC, until

Radio Luxembourg, [Your Station of the Stars] came on air, the first, commercial radio channel which was funded by adverts. The announcer would say, 'requests by post should be sent to Keynsham spelt K-E-Y-N-S-H-A-M'. Then Radio London came along, followed by Radio Caroline, all completely illegal in this country so they transmitted from vessels off shore. 'Pirate' radio as it was known. Eventually this so called illegal broadcasting came to end in the mid 1960s when the BBC introduced Radio One because they and the government saw a need to provide music which would appeal to younger people.

The BBC's Light Programme was replaced with Radio Two, The Third Programme by Radio Three and The BBC Home Service with Radio Four..

We had a Dansett record player which was great, which I converted to stereo by using a stereo cartridge and wiring the second channel to the Tape recorder input. It was very exciting to hear instruments spread across the room. It had not been done before. Many people thought they would rather have a good mono system than a poor stereo system. I thought it was fun though, and an achievement at the time.

Ideal Home Exhibition

During the springtime the family often visited the Daily Mail's Ideal Home Exhibition in Olympia.

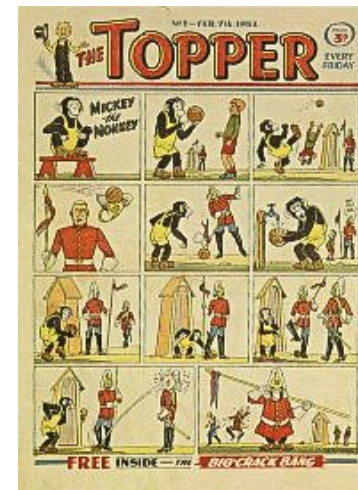
Cinematography

I was keen on cinematography and showing films. So along came the purchase of a projector – a 9.5mm with sprocket holes down the centre of the film. I bought it from the CWS warehouse in Leman Street, London, it was a hand operated 'Pathé Ace' machine with a couple of 4 minute films – 'Saving Minnie Mouse', and 'North-West Frontier' – silent films of course. My cousin David had an electrically operated machine, also 9.5mm – a Pathescope Gem.

Firework night, Yes we had fun. Our friends in Walnut Way would join together to make a huge bonfire in the 'field'. We went out collecting 'a penny for the guy', and bought penny bangers, and crackerjacks. Some boys at school showed off their tupp'ny bangers which they had bought, – they made bigger bangs. Yes, we boys could buy fireworks those days from the local shops.

Comics of the day were the Topper, a favourite of mine, the Dandy, Beano, and the Robin were all liked by many.

Then there were the Eagle and Girl which were popular amongst the older boys and girls.



Telephone Service

The telephone was invented by Alexander Graham Bell in 1876 and he went on to set up the Bell Telephone company.

One company the Post Office Engineering Government Department, POED was responsible for the telephone network in England, that is all apart from the town of Hull which had their own telephone company.

I came home from school one day, and Mum said to me in the sitting room, "what's different?" I looked around, – and looked around, looked again and suddenly I saw the telephone sitting on the window ledge. It was a party line, something we don't have today. It meant that to get the dialling tone the receiver had to be lifted and a button pressed. As we lifted the receiver just occasionally it was possible to hear our neighbour speaking if they were using the line. The reason for this arrangement was that line plant was scarce and so it was the only way to get a telephone.



Later on we could transfer to a direct line, or keep the party line, or shared service as it was correctly called for a reduced rental. Customers were referred to as Subscribers or Subs.

Some of my school friends introduced me to telephone tapping in public call boxes. Lift the receiver and then using the cradle buttons, tapping out a number – very difficult – but they seemed to have fun. It was all very naughty, as it was a way of getting through without putting money in the box. In reality it very rarely worked, but never-the-less we all looked round for a policeman. If it happened today the policemen would give youngsters a wide birth, but in those days we respected

policemen – they were 'authority'. Never could I have realised that one day I would work for the Post Office – the only telephone company at the time. Both of my uncles worked for Post Office Telephones, one in the office another as an engineer. My grandmother told me that Horace had climbed a telephone pole – oh no! not when he was working for them, but as a boy! Horace was not to be the engineer, but it was his younger brother Edward who did.

My grandparents, as far as I can remember always had a telephone in the hall – Stamford Hill 6346. I know now that it was because of Edward being on emergency call that they were given a free phone.



Left : A GPO 'type 331' phone as used in Buckhurst Hill and above ... an older '232 type' as used at my grandparent's home, in Tottenham.

In those days one would dial STA6346 as all telephone numbers in London had a [London dial] that is with letters and numbers. Later on as the population in the capital grew telephone numbers and dialling codes were running out and the Post Office became short of codes. So they were discontinued, and numbers only put in their place. Then the London area was split into two: inner and outer. 071 for inner and 081 for outer, then 0171/0181 or 0207/0208 as they are now making all national phone numbers 11 digits in length.

I eventually joined the Post Office Engineering Department in 1964 once the family had moved to Worthing.

Coinage

As a boy and during my early adult life I enjoyed searching through my change, then in pounds shillings and pence £ : s : d.

– The pound was divided into 240 pennies

There were 4 farthings to the Penny, 2 ha’pennies to the penny, 12 pence to the shilling, and 20 shillings to the pound. A Florin coin was valued at two shillings.

Then there was a Half-Crown coin valued at two shillings and sixpence. This pre-decimal coinage had been in circulation for hundreds of years with very little change. Queen Victoria was the first to make an attempt at decimalisation by introducing the Florin at one tenth of a pound.

Farthings and ha’pennies were not very common when I was growing up, my mother said that farthings were generally spent



Coins that were in general circulation before decimalisation can be seen above. A full description can be found in My Redman & Amos Families.

in haberdashery shops as the cheaper material was often priced at a penny three or t'pence three meaning a penny three farthings or tuppence three farthings. As mentioned earlier in these pages, cubs and a scouts, had 'Bob -a-Jobweek' once a year, held during the week following Easter -a bob being the nickname for a shilling. At school, for arithmetic lessons we had sums such as -

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{£ } 3 : 7 : 3 + \\ \text{£ } 6 : 15 : 9 \\ \hline = \text{£ } 10 : 3 : 0 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

I did a paper round and received sums such as seven shillings and sixpence 7/6, twelve and six 12/6 and fifteen shillings per week, 15/-. I first became keen on coin collecting during the 1950s, and had a particular interest in the reign of Queen Victoria. I don't really know why, but it might have been because I thought that they were extra pretty coins.

There were three designs of coin during her reign, the Young Head, Jubilee Head and the Old or Veiled Head. As well as finding some Victorian coins in my change I very occasionally found a much older one - maybe one of the Georges of the early 1800s or a William IV, but nothing further back than that.

When I started work in 1958, my wages were £3 : 0 : 0d per week and after tax I took home £2 : 15 : 3d in a little envelope = Two pounds, fifteen and three, or £2.76 in today's money. It doesn't seem a lot today, but not having worked full-time before, I felt well off and I did a lot with it.

People say today, 'Oh it must have been very difficult using money like that?' '12 pence to the shilling, 20 shillings to the pound, how on earth did you manage?' I thought nothing of it, and like everybody else, we had all grown up using it - it was second nature! Easy really!

Growing Tomatoes and Cucumbers

Tomato and cucumber culture was a favourite pastime. I think that I was inspired by going to a small one man nursery at the bottom of the road where I bought my plants. I would go to his house, walk down his garden to an area of many vegetables and to the left a very long greenhouse - it must have been at least 50ft long by about 20ft wide. This is where he grew the tomatoes but the cucumbers were grown in a separate structure with side walls 4 or 5ft high up to the eaves. The soil [border] level was taken almost to the top of these walls with a path between the borders - approximately waist or chest height. I was impressed to say the least! My growing of the fruit in my garden was not quite up to that standard or scale although I did try to imitate it as much as a 13 or 14 yr old could do. Later when the family moved to Worthing, I continued with my hobby buying a 13ft x 8ft Dutch Light greenhouse.

When I got married in 1970 and had my own garden of course I had to have a greenhouse to grow my tomatoes. I had been suffering with nasal problems and polyps for many years - since I was 16 - not realising it was mostly to do with the pungent smell given off by the plants, particularly towards the end of the growing season. One year, my wife Hilary said that she would clear the tomato crop out of the greenhouse for me so that I did not have to breathe in the green haze that they produced, and I have not really had a problem since. Too much of a coincidence to think otherwise than the cause of the problem was the tomato plants. During the 15-20yrs before this I had numerous appointments with the hospital outpatients trying to find the answer and dealing with the polyps! I love tomatoes to eat, but as far as growing them is concerned - I think I will give them a miss.

Angel Fish

It was the first time that I was left at home, I did my first water colour painting - an Angel fish, copied from a sketch I'd made of some fish in a tank in the science class room at school. I still have it, and it has been copied by my granddaughter Chloe!

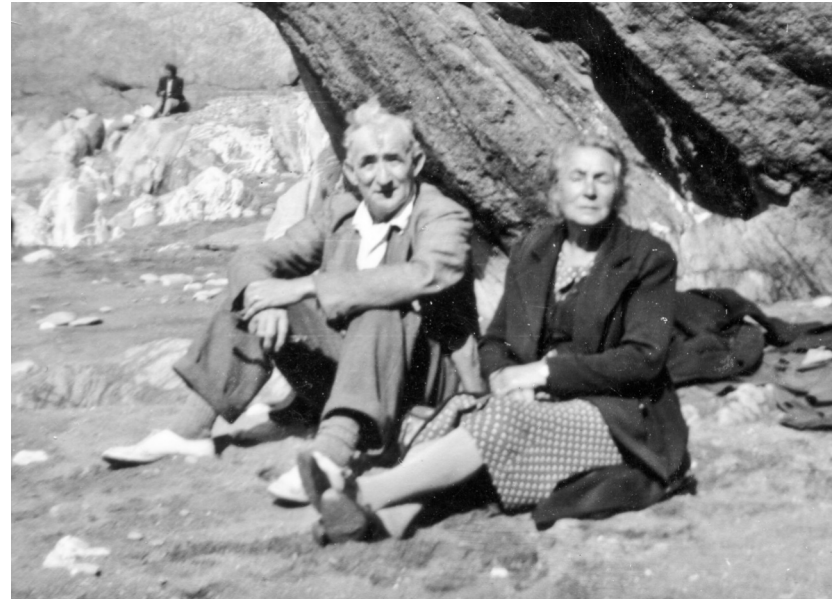
See section 7 - Grandparents.

Holidays

Before going on our annual holidays mum and dad had to pack a trunk with a fortnight's holiday clothing. The trunk was wrapped in sack type material, tied and sealed with strong string. Dad arranged for a courier to collect the trunk and have it taken to the holiday destination – usually a bungalow, caravan or some other rented accommodation. It was never a hotel – we just couldn't afford it.

Not having a car, our journeys were always by train. We often spent our holidays with grandma and grandpa, usually on the East Anglian coast. or going to Ifracombe and Combe Martin in Devon

I can remember a particular holiday in 1958: we caught a train from Liverpool Street station in London, steam of course, via Beccles to Norwich and Great Yarmouth.



Above:
Grandma & Grandpa on the beach at Combe Martin.
Note: he is wearing a suit on the beach!

Left:
Leaving Beccles bound for Yarmouth

Photos taken with my newly purchased Ilford Sportsman 35mm camera.



Left The wooden holiday homes at Mundesley

Below: Port Isaac on the North Cornwall Coast

We changed trains at Great Yarmouth onto a branch line towards Potter Higham, the family leaving the train at Scratby Halt for a taxi to Mundesley.

On that holiday I remember going out early one morning to buy a newspaper. On the way back from the shop I must have been really engrossed in what I was reading because I walked into the bungalow next door to ours where another family was having their breakfast! I apologised of course and quickly left. The trouble was that all the holiday bungalows on the site looked exactly the same, so I couldn't be to blame? – Could I?

In 1959, the country opened up for us as this is when we bought our first car. Once we had our Mini, places further afield became good possibilities for our holidays—places like Snowdonia in Wales and Port Isaac in Cornwall. See p34 First Car





Starting Work

Early in December 1957, I attended an interview with Nickeloid Electrotape Co Ltd. in the City of London EC4 — a block making company associated with the printing industry. I was shown around the firm and before I returned home the manager said, 'would you write a letter to me explaining what you have seen today' — Oh help, I thought, I just wasn't keen on writing and I was never very good in English lessons at school. What had I seen, and can I remember it correctly, enough anyway to write about it? I duly wrote the letter and put it in the post. Obviously the letter was acceptable as I was offered to start work shortly after Christmas that year.

I was not too well a few days after Christmas, maybe it was to do with nerves, after all my life was about to change radically. What was it really going to be like? — the only working experience I had had was in a tomato nursery during my school holiday earlier in the year.

However, I did start the following week early in the new year, January 1958.

It was very different from school, starting at eight o'clock in the morning and going on until five was a very long day and a real struggle at first until I got used to the hours. I was used to finishing before four at school. The company was in Upper Thames Street not far from St Paul's Cathedral, so my 40 minute journey to and from work was catching a train from Roding Valley shortly after 7am to St Pauls, both stations on the Central Line.

Whilst serving my early years as an apprentice, I was sent to visit each of the various departments to ask the people what they wanted to eat for morning and lunchtime breaks. For the morning break, I went to little café next door to buy Cheese or Ham and tomato rolls or sandwiches. They even had beef dripping on the menu!

Then again at lunchtime, I would walk a few minutes along the road to a restaurant which was next door to Blackfriars Station. They offered various cooked meals as take-a-ways.

I seem to remember the meals were put on plates for me to carry back to the hungry men. I don't remember taking any plates back, but I suppose I must have done.

I enjoyed the work reproducing photographs into half-tone images ready for printing onto paper by the national newspapers and high class magazines like Vogue. My apprenticeship was 5 years long and during that time attended the London College of Printing and Graphic Arts in Clerkenwell.

Men who had completed their apprenticeships and had become qualified, were known as 'journeymen' – I had to address them as 'Mr' this or 'Mr' that, never by a Christian name. And yes it was referred to as a Christian name and not a first name or forename.

I generally had a cooked breakfast before going to work. It was egg and bacon mostly and sometimes smoked haddock or Kippers. Oh, by the way it was always a boiled egg on a Sunday.

During 1958 work started on a building project for a new Mermaid Theatre which was opened in 1959 with 'Lock Up Your Daughters'

The building site was next door to where I was working in Upper Thames Street so I was able to watch its progress during my coffee and tea breaks. On the left of the picture you can see the outside fire escape staircase where I sat to watch the men working on the building.



The Mermaid Theatre shortly after opening with a production of Lock up your Daughters.

Our First Car

It was sometime in 1958 or 1959 that I was involved in producing advertisements for the revolutionary new car with a transversely mounted engine. They were almost the same specification except for the colours and the badges. It was launched in 1959. As a family we were quick in realising that this would be a good buy at the time £450, and so it wasn't many days before we placed an order with Steward and Arden for a Morris Mini Minor. The registration number was 3549VW. See advertisement on page 71. This was our first family car – five in a Mini!! We even went to Wales. How do you get to Wales in a Mini?

One in the front and one in the back!!

We were able to take my grandparents down to visit their home villages of Stebbing and Billericay which they appreciated very much. Grandad from Billericay briskly walked up to his old front door, and with his walking stick gave a door a few loud knocks! Embarrassing! I can remember grandmasaying, "O Fred", as she called him, "don't do that"

Our second car, an Austin 7 Mini 6008MD – see photo.

Photo taken in 1961 outside of our house in Walnut Way.



Learning to Drive

Looking at old cars £50. More or less everyone wants to drive when they get to seventeen, and I was not an exception. My first driving lesson was with the British School of Motoring in Worthing. Petrol then was 4/6 a gallon (approx. 5p/litre) Why Worthing of all places?

Let us go back to when I was 16 years of age and was having increasing problems with my nasal passages and breathing clearly. After a number of visits to see my GP, appointments at the outpatients clinic in London, I was admitted to the London Hospital's Annex in Brentwood to have a nasal polyp removed.

Within a couple of years I had frequent appointments with the hospital either as an in-patient or an out-patient, which was causing me to have time off work. My manager could see that I was in discomfort and asked if I had a friend or a relative who was living in countryside or by the sea. Well of course I had my Auntie Violet. He offered me 2 or 3 months off work as long as I write to him with news and how I was getting on. My aunt was willing to put me up for the period so I took the opportunity to learn to drive. It wasn't long before I had booked myself in for eight lessons, as I say, with the BSM, in an Austin A35.

When I returned home after my stay in Worthing, I wanted to carry on with driving. This time I booked 6 lessons with a private company, driving a Morris Minor hoping to take my test some months later. My father who had learned to drive with the Army during the war had not driven since and so he came with me and sat in the back keen to get some experience before buying his own car. Although he was legally permitted to drive and had a full driving license, he had not taken a driving test as it was not necessary in the 1930s and 40s. At the end of my lesson he would have a turn to drive, taking the opportunity of using the driving school's car for a bit of practise after all, he hadn't driven for ten or twenty years.



I took my driving test at Leytonstone on a Saturday morning, using the school's Morris Minor car. Within a few yards of starting I approached a very busy High Road.

I waited and waited for a gap in the traffic, somebody stopped to let me out and of course I stalled the engine. Tried again and stalled. Needless to say that I was very disappointed and failed that test. Six months later we had bought our own car (I shared the cost 50% with Dad), and I arranged for 3 or 4 more lessons and took the test again, in our own car, and this time in the newly opened test centre in Buckhurst Hill. I am glad to say that on this occasion I passed and for the first time I was allowed to drive on my own – a very odd experience not to have anybody in the passenger seat.

Once I had passed my driving test, I had my eyes focused on passing the Institute of Advanced Motorists test.

I first became aware of the IAM whilst on holiday in Port Isaac, Cornwall – I remember seeing a Morris Mini displaying the IAM badge. It was parked outside a little cottage in one of the

many narrow fishing village lanes. I plucked up courage to knock on the front door, and asked the lady who opened the door some questions. She told me a little about the IAM, gave me a telephone number, and an address.

I was, and still am, keen on improving my driving skills so I followed up my enquiry. The IAM head office told me that I would need to have about 25000 miles driving experience before I could take the test. At the time I was driving to and from London to work covering 15000 miles per year so within a couple of years I had driven the required amount of miles. I took and passed the 2hr test in February 1962 in Wanstead. – I had to make a 30 minute commentary on my driving including what I was seeing and why and what I was doing..

Any motorist displaying an RAC or AA badge on the front of their car would be smiled at and saluted to by a patrolman standing at the side of the road, or sitting on motor bike with side car.

Photography

Joseph Niepce was the first person to create a photographic image before the Frenchman Louis Daguerre produced a photographic image using silver iodide process with a long exposure and then developing it using a mercury vapour.

William Henry Fox Talbot has gone down in history as the inventor of photography because he was the first person to make a negative on paper coated with iodide in 1835. Once he had this negative image on paper, he was able to create any number of positives and that process more or less stayed the same until digital photography was introduced in the 1990s.



When did I buy my first camera? I do not really know – it wasn't 1835! I can vaguely remember having a Kodak Brownie whilst at school, but it wasn't until I started work in 1958 that I began to take a keen interest in photography.

One of my working colleagues lent me an 8mm cine camera over a weekend to try out. I was also bitten by that bug – moving pictures! Having a cine camera was little good on its own, so along came a Bolex 8mm projector which I bought from the CWS Warehouse in Lemon Street, London. Later I bought my own 8mm Bolex cine camera and later still a 16mm Bolex. I made quite a few films, mostly of the family but sometimes of places that I had visited. Film was expensive so I could not do as much as I would have liked. Including a sound track was very difficult as recording sound at the time, for amateurs anyway, had to be done on a portable tape recorder, again very expensive at the time, and then transferred to a mains tape recorder at home. Synchronisation was a massive problem, especially lip sync – almost impossible to achieve.

It wasn't long before I wanted to buy a better 'still' camera – so I set off and brought myself a 35mm Ilford Sportsman.

I suppose that my interest was encouraged because of my love of and interests in—Painting pictures, Gardening,

**The
ILFORD
team**



for colour photography

Here's how to indulge your enthusiasm for colour photography without spending a fortune. The *Ilford Sportsman* is a first-class 35mm miniature camera, attractively styled and designed for quick, easy operation. Soundly made and thoroughly tested, the Sportsman incorporates such features as an *f/3.5* coated lens, 3-speed shutter synchronised for flash, depth-of-field scale and rapid lever-operated film-wind—yet it costs only £13.17.4. Loaded with Ilford 35mm Colour Film, the Sportsman produces strikingly beautiful transparencies, glowing with true-to-life colour. *Ilford Colour Film 'D'* (balanced for daylight) and *Ilford Colour Film 'F'* (balanced for clear flashbulbs) are supplied in 20-exposure cassettes. Price 21/6 each including processing.

ILFORD LIMITED · ILFORD · ESSEX

Landscapes and also I was working in a photographic environment, reproducing photographs and going to the London college of Printing and Graphic Arts.

I can remember buying my first colour film, a 10ASA transparency film, so by today's standard, very slow. Never-the-less it was fantastic to use this colour medium after experiencing black and white all the time. We were on holiday at in Norfolk at a little village called Mundesley. One evening before the sun had gone down, I went out by myself and found a group of cottages lit by the setting sun. Click. And that was my first colour photograph.

Oh! and don't forget that I couldn't see the result straight away as I would do today with a digital camera, I had to wait until I had taken all the exposures, maybe 12, 24 or 36 and then send the film off to the processing laboratory and wait. In about a week's time the photographs, either as prints or slides would be delivered through the door. Quick, let's have a look, had they come out all right, were they under or over exposed? Were they in focus? Or were they blurred because I had moved the camera or the shutter speed wasn't fast enough?

The Approaching '60s

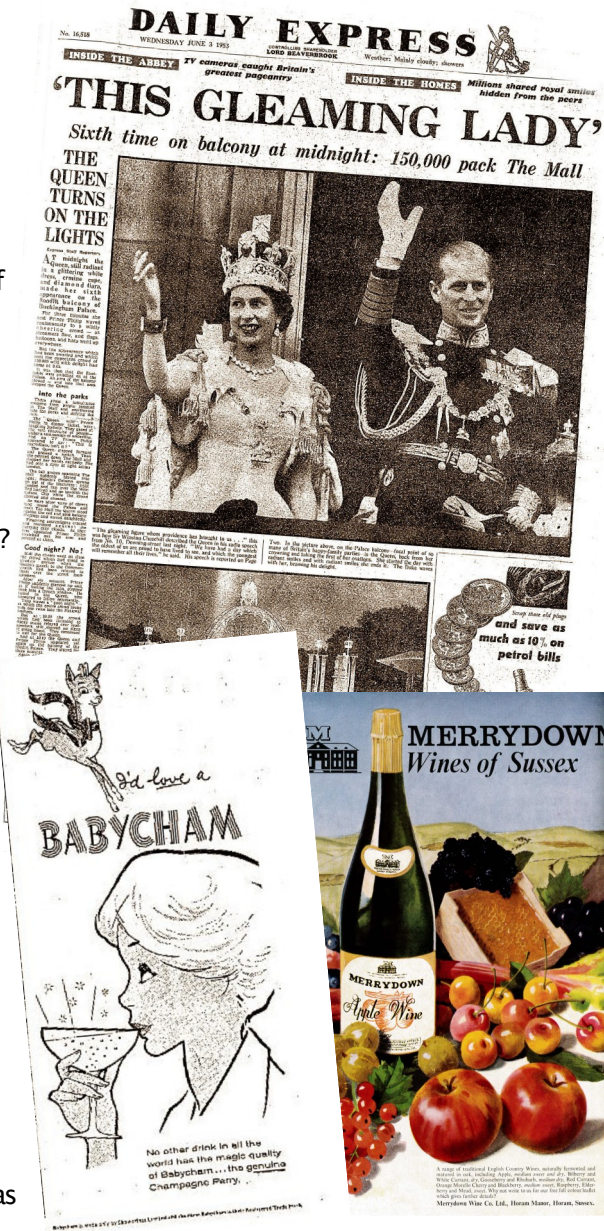
I remember various performers and groups in the 50s and the 60s: The Beverley sisters, David Nixon, Bob Monkhouse, and on the BBC Light Programme Sunday lunchtime The Billy Cotton Band Show – Wakey, Wakey! There was also Crackerjack with Eamonn Andrews on BBC television, and Hancock's Half Hour on the radio.

Young people were enjoying lots of freedom – perhaps more than their parents would have liked. It was very much in contrast to the austerity of the post war years – the 40s and early 50s, and now it was time to let their hair down for the approaching 60s.

And to come – a lot more colour, design and the shops were to be much brighter. These were to be the days of the mini skirts, juke boxes jives, Mods and Rockers and go karts.

By the time the 50s were drawing to a close many of our steam trains were disappearing being replaced by diesel and electric powered trains.

Dr. Richard Beeching was responsible for closing Branch lines and steam was in decline.





World's most
exciting car...with
engine mounted



EAST **WEST**

across the frame

[illegible]

£350 Plus £145 Purchase

Small Crossword

1									
2									
3									
4									
5									
6									
7									
8									
9									
10									

1 Across: A small, round, hard fruit
 2 Across: A small, round, hard fruit
 3 Across: A small, round, hard fruit
 4 Across: A small, round, hard fruit
 5 Across: A small, round, hard fruit
 6 Across: A small, round, hard fruit
 7 Across: A small, round, hard fruit
 8 Across: A small, round, hard fruit
 9 Across: A small, round, hard fruit
 10 Across: A small, round, hard fruit



...TRY TO REEF BUSH WITH THE HELP OF
...H. In two only, two entirely new sailing
...with the high wind, the sailing
...SPECIAL S. BUSH, and the
...and is in sailing.

Living in the 1960s

Life in the 1960s

There were Teddy Boys in the fifties – we were frightened of meeting them, they had knives and things which were dangerous – yes we kept well away. I expect that most of the boys were good lads inside, but we didn't want to find out, maybe for the worse.

By the time the sixties had arrived I think that the Teddy Boy era had died out, and there was a new phase: Mods and Rockers. Mods were smartly dressed with suits, shirts and ties and scooters like Lambrettas or Vespas. I wanted one of those, my parents thought that they were too dangerous. Rockers on the other hand had big motor cycles wore scruffy clothes, long hair and were generally unkempt.

If I could have chosen I think I would have often to be a Mod – motor bikes were definitely not for me. More or less on every Bank Holiday and some Saturdays they assembled on the seafront at Brighton or the Isle of White. This was generally fine if they were on their own, but if the Mods and Rockers should meet, then trouble could easily erupt! If mobile phones had been around then, I am sure that they would have loved them!! It was a police nightmare!

'March of the Mods' and 'The Twist' were definitely the dances for the 60s. On television we watched Opportunity Knocks with Huwé Green, Steptoe & Son, That Was the Week That Was with David Frost and Millicent Martin – I didn't think much of that satirical programme – making fun out of everybody else! Cassius Clay fights – he used to make us laugh as he was always so full of himself, "I am the best boxer, I am pretty." He used to fight other boxers like Henry Cooper. No he is not a relative of ours.

Singers at the time: The Beatles were very popular indeed certainly amongst the girls. Everywhere the group went they were followed by crowds of screaming girls. Our parents thought it was crazy! The girls screamed at the airports whenever the group flew to America and back. Wherever they went the screaming, crying girls would follow – almost out of control and out of their minds. There always had to be a Police presence to keep control. It was manic!

I think that we young people knew that we were living through the best times ever. We were away from Victorian England with all its strict rules, and our parents had got through the war. Things were now looking up. We were especially enjoyed the Festival of Britain and the Coronation. There were epic films at the cinema, and romantic musicals in the theatre and in the cinema many written by Rogers and Hammerstein.

Everything was much more colourful and seemed to be getting much more relaxed, and I am sure that we, as young people were much freer than young people had been for many years before. As mentioned before, by the time the 60s had arrived so had the mini-skirts – much to our parents disgust. The skirt lengths barely covered the essential parts. Some of the boys, I seem to remember, called them pelmets!

You could buy music on long playing vinyl records at 33 and a third rpm, or the smaller Extended Play [EP] records at 45 rpm. I bought many records, orchestral, sound tracks from films, and musicals. Dusty Springfield was popular and so was Lonnie Donegan – he lived round the corner from me in Buckhurst Hill. My first EP record was Do-Re-Me from the Sound of Music, I bought it one lunchtime from a shop close to Ludgate Circus; the shop assistant called out to one of his colleagues, 'do you know there are 13 Eps in the Sound of Music series?' They obviously hadn't sold many at that time! There were typically about six for most similar shows.

Hilli to read from here

I went to shows in London, both on the stage and shown in cinemas, although the screens weren't so large or quite so impressive as the sound systems of today. Although over the following years these things improved dramatically. Stereo sound changed from just two speakers in the auditorium to a number of speakers giving the audience the impression that sound was coming from all around, including behind you.

Hydrogen Bomb Tests

There was a time in the sixties that America and Russia were testing Hydrogen Bombs – H-bombs as they were generally known. Then tests were carried out with underground explosions, not quite as bad, but putting dangerous radioactive material into the atmosphere. Fortunately the nations of the world saw sense and agreed to stop all testing. Nations today are particularly concerned when some of the developing countries in the Middle East make moves to develop a nuclear weapon.

Christmas Dinners and Parties

The family had some good get-togethers at Christmas usually meeting at my grandparent house in Tottenham. We would play many games like Charades, Murder in the Dark, as well as card games – whist, or solo whist. My cousin David often had some new games to introduce to us all. We often had Christmas dinner here as well, a chicken which grandpa had killed, plucked and then drawn. We occasionally had goose or turkey. The meat was always accompanied with roast beef, because I was told it made the poultry go further, and beef was a lot less expensive. Different today. There was a familiar smell at Christmas time – the only time of the year that Dad and Grandpa smoked cigars.

We would have birthday parties too, and New Year parties with our friends in Walnut Way.

Life was beginning to look up. We boys met girls for the first time. Mum was always worried whenever we went to a party down the road in case we might get into mischief – we didn't of course. I think we were all too scared of the opposite sex.

Late night parties were a new experience for us as young people, parties were being held in some of my friends' houses. It was quite common for many parents to go out for the evening and to leave the house available for the young people to party in. I know my parents and others like them were not too pleased and frowned on the idea. We weren't stopped from going, our parents wouldn't have done that, but I do know that they were worried. They had heard stories of young girls getting pregnant, so I think that they were justified by being a little worried. It was about this time when the contraceptive pill became available, known simply as 'the pill'. When it came for us to have a party of our own, our parents stayed at home with us – of course!

Clothing

I wanted to get away from tradition and so I bought suits with jackets that had some very colourful bright lining. Bright blue, red and gold – why not? they were gay. Whoops, I shouldn't use that word today but they were jolly and yes they were gay. Gay means something else now. I have checked in the Oxford dictionary and it says in there the word, 'gay' means showy, brilliant, bright-coloured, and finely dressed.

I was very fortunate in having a father who worked in a tailoring factory where I could go and be measured for a bespoke suite. I think that I only paid for the material. Good buy hey?

I spent most of the 1950s as a child and teenager, and by the time the 1960s had arrived I had grown up! Well I thought so anyway! After all, I had started work, going to ballroom dancing, the theatre and cinema.

The 1960s The Decade that Shook Britain

Some say, 'the Fifties were in black and white, and the Sixties in brilliant Technicolor'. They were known as 'The Swinging Sixties' because of the new freedom. The country was only just beginning to forget the troubles of the war which had finished less than 15 years ago.

At the time I did not realise how much life had changed in the last decade, as I was thinking more about growing up than about how life had been in the '40s. Looking back on it, Oh yes! I can see now. The '60s were years full of hope and promise – anything was possible, well my generation thought so anyway! When I reached 17, I was quite worried about being 'called up' Otherwise known as 'conscription'. Young men were called to serve in the army, the navy or the air force for two years. I knew some of my old school friends had received their call up papers, and I was getting increasingly anxious about it, not wanting to go. A few months later conscription was abolished. I was so glad.

The Mini-skirt became very fashionable during the 1960s. The mini was designed to be free and liberating for women, particularly young girls allowing them to move around in ways which were not possible before.

Pocket transistor radios allowed young people to spend their free time listening to music whilst on the move, and more or less every teenager owned one. The microwave was invented allowing women to spend less time cooking and have more freedom to enjoy themselves.

1963:

The Profumo Affair, a scandalous mix of sex, spies and government, captured the nation's attention. John Profumo, the Secretary for War was discovered to be having an affair with a Russian military attaché.

1964: The Beatles became well known with the release of their first album. They influenced the lives of many young Britons – Beatlemania excitement was everywhere. Airports, Canada, America and of course this country. You name it, Beatlemania was everywhere!

Sir Winston Churchill died at the age of 90 on 24 January 1965 after suffering a stroke 2 weeks before.



1969

On 2 March 1969 Concorde, the world's first supersonic airliner, made its maiden flight. It was a joint venture between Britain and France. The aircraft retired from service in 2003 after a fatal accident in that year.

The biggest change in clothing, however, was not for me as a young man, but for the girls. I don't think that my parents thought much of it, as the girls were wearing mini-skirts barely covering their bottoms. At the time I just accepted it, after all that was how it was, it was all part of growing up. Although my generation wasn't aware of it, the '50s was a time not very long after the war had finished in 1945 – so by the time the '60s had arrived, it was time to let our hair down and try some of the new fashions. There was an attempt to change things in the '50s but the biggest change of all was in the '60s. We were growing up fast!

Change of Occupation

I was still having many problems with my nose and breathing easily and consequently making frequent trips to see the doctor or attending out-patients appointments. I began to consider whether a change of occupation might be a solution to the problem as the printing environment was quite dusty, also I had to manage working and with nuisance acid fumes – used for etching. With this in mind I spoke to my Uncle Edward, who was employed with the Post Office in Telecommunications engineering with the idea of becoming a telecom. Engineer like him. He told me what the study would be like to prepare for the necessary examinations.

I thought that any interview that I might be asked to attend would stand me in good stead, and I could prove to the Post office that I was keen.

I enrolled myself on a couple of basic courses with the Walthamstow Technical College.

Twelve months or so later, I was pleased to gain a couple of certificates; Engineering Drawing, and Basic Telecommunications Practise. Could I could get a job in Worthing? – that would be nice – working by the sea. The family were already thinking seriously about buying a house in Worthing.

My Auntie Violet, and my cousins David and Gillian had moved to Worthing in the mid '50s.

Auntie Lily, now retired from Ever Ready and recently married to Len Fiddament was also planning to move to Worthing. So it

wasn't long before they too decided to follow suit. They moved with my elderly Grandma Amos to 93 Congreve Road.

Spanish Onions

I have always been keen on a Spanish onion with Cheese. I was told that my mother had it for supper the evening before I was born, also Grandpa apparently liked it too for his supper before going to bed. My cousin Shirley said, "Poor Grandma!"

Allotment & gardening

Mum and Dad had an allotment, not far away, no more than 10 minutes walk. I was keen on gardening and enjoyed growing vegetables on a 'large scale' Watering meant a few minutes walk down to the River Roding, dipping a bucket into the water. Unfortunately, it was necessary to make quite a number of trips. We grew potatoes and many varieties of vegetable. I was keen on growing tomatoes, the bush variety on the allotment, and the standard variety at home in the greenhouse. I usually raised the plants from seed. To get an early crop, I bought half a dozen or so from the nearby tomato and cucumber nursery.

Sunday night at the Royal Albert Hall

For a time the family would go out to concerts of light orchestral music, not every week but about once a month – or when there was something we especially wanted to hear was on the programme. Two or three times we preceded our visit by going to evening service at the City Temple when Dr Leslie Wetherhead who was the minister or there was guest preacher at the time. Living in Buckhurst Hill made it easy for us to get home again after the concert performance. I think that we only once went from Worthing.

Ballroom Dancing

Every Monday, Tuesday and Friday I would go along to dancing lessons with 2 or 3 of my friends. We went to one of three venues and on a Friday, which I think was the main night, I was able to drive to Leytonstone where we met in the church hall

for our lessons. The evening generally started off with a new routine in ballroom or latin lasting for about an hour, and then we would spend the rest of the evening dancing many other dances to music from singles records – 45rpm. No tapes or CDs.

On Mondays and Tuesdays we would meet in a school hall, I think a bit more low key, but still dancing, and still practise.

If there was a dance on a Saturday we would also certainly go. Occasionally we would have professional dancers come and give us a demonstration and then we would have the opportunity of dancing with them. After lots of time and practise, I was recommended to take the Bronze Medal. It was on a Sunday afternoon and I was glad to pass! I can say that at that time I wasn't very comfortable doing something like that on a Sunday, however after more dancing practice and work for my Silver Medal I was recommended to that examination too. I decided that I couldn't go as it was on another Sunday. I think times and attitudes have changed a great deal in recent years, and I am sure that if it happened today, I might think differently.

Introduction of Postal Codes

By the end of 1959, the General Post Office had started a major programme of introducing individual codes for each industrial premise and for groups of houses and streets.

The first group of characters, BN13 indicates which town in this case, Brighton, and the sub-district BN13 equals Worthing, High Salvington area. The rest of the code indicates which street, building or groups of houses.

The programme wasn't completed until about 1975.

Since then, optical character recognition has been introduced enabling the sorting machinery to read the codes and print the appropriate phosphorescent dots onto the envelope, making sorting much more efficient and quicker.

During the '60s, the public had to be encouraged to write the new codes on the envelopes as for some reason they were not keen on the change taking place. London were given district codes many years before that – like London N18, London SW17 and London EC4 or WC2.

The Six-five special launched in 1957 to fill the gap when television stopped broadcasting the end of the children's programmes in the afternoon. The programme was broadcast on a Saturday evening from 6.05pm [hence the title] until 7.00pm. It was I think the first time the BBC had transmitted rock or pop music, or the new skiffle groups.

Late Teens

One day in my late teens, after work I met my father at Mile End after he had finished his work in the office. From there we went to catch the bus, and looking back on it now we probably went to my grandparents house in Tottenham. It was a dark, and very, very wet night.

After a short walk and a wait at the bus stop – fortunately for not very long, we were glad to board the bus and to get out of the heavy rain, dad said, upstairs, there are seats downstairs. Up the stairs we went to the top deck, extremely smoky I could hardly breathe! The windows were misted up on the bus, and I couldn't

see much outside and I didn't know where I was. Dad wasn't sitting next to me as there was little room on the bus. Eventually we reached our destination, and was glad to get out of the smoky atmosphere.

Worthing

On one of our visits to Auntie Violet in Worthing, my parents were obviously thinking seriously about moving to the south coast as my cousin David said to us, "I know where so new houses are being built" We visited the building site, liked the small estate in Whylands Avenue and decided that we should make a move. How was I to manage this? I was working in London starting at the early hour of 8 o'clock. How could I get there? The first train from Worthing did not arrive in London Bridge until 8:10 or thereabouts. Were we really serious in moving?

All this was at the time when my father was being asked to move to Manchester, as the CWS Tailoring factory where he was Chief Clerk in Mile End Road, London, was being relocated to the midlands. The family had many discussions. Mum and Dad obviously had serious talks on the subject, another option being that Dad could take early retirement or whatever they called it then – he was 52. He and Mum decided that he should leave the CWS and move. Martyn was the first in the family to move to Worthing staying with Auntie Violet during the week whilst he worked with Worthing Rural District Council. Colin was about to start his surveying career so was able to start in Worthing with Fuster and Gamble.

Dad had found an opportunity for an appointment with the Excess Insurance Company in Warren Road, the building now used by the Sixth Form College.

As far as I was concerned, I spoke to my employer about the problem I had of travelling from the south coast and

not being able to get to work until 8.30am. The trade union was also very much involved with the decision making process. My employer and the Union agreed that I could start work at 8.30am and work an extra 1/2hr in the evening. Excellent !

Our time was coming to end at Walnut Way, and everything seemed to be slotting into place for our house in Walnut Way to be put on the market, it had been our family home since the end of the war in 1945. Sad in some ways, but exciting in many others, it was to be a new life for us all, a house and home by the sea.

Once the house was sold and I knew that the family was definitely moving, two or three of my friends came to see me shortly before we actually moved away, I had been friends with them for quite a few years, going to dancing classes three times a week as well as going through school together earlier in our lives.

It was difficult to leave them, and I believe that I have never seen them again since. Quite surprising when I come to think about it!

The time came for the removal men to arrive. It was September 1963 and they started removing the furniture from the house into the van – were actually going? – was it really happening? It was the first time that I had seen the house empty. I can remember a neighbour from across the road calling in on the day we moved – Bill Dines. We were all standing in the kitchen and Dad said to him, "Do you know that you were the first visitor to come into this house, and now you are the last"

I do not remember anything of the journey down to Worthing but I suppose the removal company drove down to arrive at our new property the following day.

I expect that we would have stayed with Auntie Violet.

I don't remember much about our journey down, but I think that we stayed overnight with Auntie Violet in her house in Brougham Road, Worthing before meeting the removal men in Whylands Avenue the following day.

So that was it, our time in Buckhurst Hill had come to an end. I had said goodbye to my friends, one of them came especially in his mini to see me off, and as I mentioned earlier, I have not seen him since. Nor any of my Buckhurst Hill friends come to that.

I have tried looking them up on various social media

sites with a view of contacting but I have not been successful.

Mum had weekly phone calls her brother, Edward. They took it in turns to ring each other, usually on a Sunday afternoon. He called her 'Tich'



Building of 5 Salvington Hill, Spring 1963 My mother, Winnie with our dog 'Sandy'.... and of course our little Mini..

Worthing, Whylands Avenue

My life was about to change forever!

The family moved to 5 Whylands Avenue, Durrington, Worthing, Sussex in September 1963. It was now becoming a reality that I was to be getting up at the crack of dawn to catch a train to London. Dad was still with the Co-op Wholesale Group for a short time and so travelled with me to London Bridge.

We caught the 6.20 from West Worthing station. I continued travelling to London for only three months working with Nickeloid Electrotape Co Ltd., before I decided to make a career change to the Post Office Engineering Dept. I was successful in my interview with the Post Office to start work in a Telephone Exchange on 4 March 1964. In that change of occupation I had to reduce my income by a good 50%, but I believe that it was well worth it – they say that health is more important than money. Before making the change to the PO, I had previously tried to find a printing job in Brighton, but with no success.

In many ways it was quite a difficult decision to make – I was earning over £22/week in the printing industry, dropping to £11/week with the Post Office Engineering Department.

The family spent many days either visiting Auntie Violet with Gillian, or Auntie Lily with Len and Grandma, all in central Worthing. David had already left home by then and was married to Elizabeth. We also had many return visits from them.

The family started to look around for a place in which to worship. Having been used to an Anglican church we went to a few services in churches of that denomination. Not being particularly happy there Mum & Dad were drawn to the Congregational churches in the area – Shelley Road and Goring. When we visited Goring we were given such a warm welcome and we knew then that we had found 'our' church, especially as it was going through an interregnum and therefore had no minister. Mum and Dad became members in 1964 as transfers from High Cross Congregational Church in Tottenham. I became a member in January 1966.



Every New Years Eve a public dance was held in the Assembly Hall to which I liked to go to. Other young people from the church would also go, and we had some good times.

I very much enjoyed landscaping our new garden in Whylands Avenue, buying and erecting my first 'proper' greenhouse, an Alton 13' x 8' Dutch Light.

The greenhouse I left in Buckhurst Hill was made from old window frames which Dad had acquired from somewhere. The new greenhouse was to be used for growing tomatoes.

Change of occupation

I applied for an interview with the Post Office at the age of 22 – if I managed to secure the job it would mean a big very reduction in salary. After all, I was earning £23.00.00 a week with Nickeloid and my starting pay with the Post Office would be £11.10.00 (£11.50) a week, so quite a reduction and so needed careful thinking. I duly went along to the interview in Worthing and was offered a job with the telephone exchange installation team. It was a big decision to make, do I stay working in London on good pay; or do I leave the printing industry for good and join the Post Office. Well I did decide to leave, as I thought that my health was far more important than money.

I gave in my notice with the printing company in London and eventually started at Swandean Exchange, Worthing on 4 March 1964. I was unable to start an apprentice as I was over 21, but I did go through the adult learning scheme, attending the PO Training College at Stone in Staffordshire. This meant spending some considerable time away from home – a week, a month, six weeks and sometimes 2 or 3 blocks of six weeks. All to do with telephone exchange construction, how they worked, finding faults.

As well as the PO training courses, which I believe that the PO thought to be most important, I had to take a number of City and Guilds examinations. Intermediate, Final and then Advanced Studies in Electronics.

I applied for a move to Brighton in 1969 to join their Planning Team, where I helped to design new exchanges and exchange extensions. The exchanges then were all electro-mechanical with the first all electronic exchange opening in the midland in 1969. Arundel and Ashington were the first electronic exchanges to open in the Brighton Telephone Area.

Assassination of President Kennedy

Then there was the assassination of President Kennedy on 22 November 1963. I think that most people living then will remember exactly where they were at the time – we were eating our dinner round the table one Thursday evening with the television on, when the announcement was made that Kennedy had been shot. After that Dad shortly went off to choir practice at the church. We were all shocked.

Sir Winston Churchill Dies

The well known former Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, 1940–45 and 51–55 died on 24 January 1965. A commemorative silver Crown coin [5 shillings, 5/-] was issued to mark the occasion and for his service to the country.

Hilary Catherine Stephens

I first met Hilary at church in 1965, and in 1966 we went for a walk together with other young people. A Whit Monday Ramble as it was called. We don't have Whit Monday Bank holidays any more – the holidays are May Day, on the 1st 1 May, and Spring Bank Holiday, on the 31 May.

SECOND TO NONE



For finest Virginia tobacco as you really should enjoy it, change to **GUARDS** exceptional filter cigarette — any standard.

3/6
TWENTY



NEW LOW PRICE £26-17-6

HERE'S THE BEST SELLING CLEANER

AND HERE'S THE SECRET...



...THE EXCLUSIVE BEATER BAR

THE HOOVER JUNIOR

Only the Hoover Junior has gently beds your carpet to prevent cutting with its 23 teeth... and it does it better than any other vacuum. The Hoover Junior has gently beds and withers dirt that gets hidden deep into your carpet and the teeth which stay ever-ready to beat and clean. Only the Hoover Junior can clean the carpet this way. Here's the proof... clean your carpet with any other vacuum. Then try a Hoover Junior. You'll see how the Junior removes all the dirt and dirt other vacuums leave behind. Make a deposit and 12 months' payment of £20. See your Hoover dealer today.

Radio Times Incorporating World Radio
June 24, 1967 Vol. 175 No. 2225

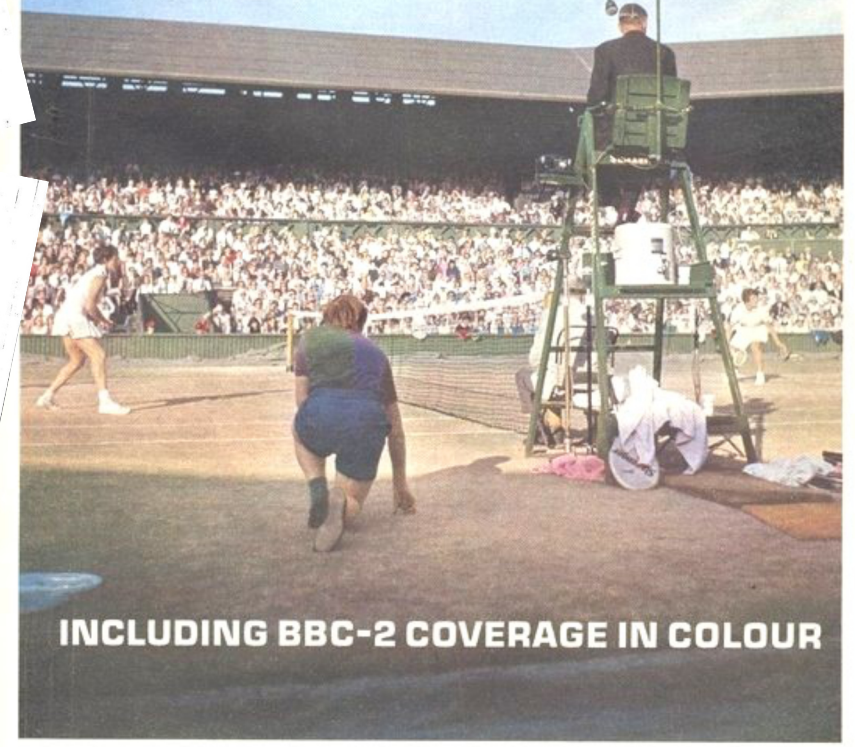
LONDON AND SOUTH-EAST

JULY 1-7

SIXPENCE

Radio Times

WIMBLEDON EVERY DAY



INCLUDING BBC-2 COVERAGE IN COLOUR

DAILY EXPRESS
MONDAY JULY 31 1969
Weather: Drier, spots, very warm

3.56 am: 'One small step for man but one giant leap for mankind'

MAN STEPS ON TO MOON

MAN set foot on the moon at 3.56 this morning, as Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin, lunar surface forward by four hours, became the first men to walk on the moon. The dramatic step was broadcast live on the moon by the Apollo 11 mission, the first of the Apollo program, the first of the Apollo program, the first of the Apollo program.

THE LANDING: Page 2
Where next? and OPINION: Page 6

POCKET CARBON
A new type of carbon...
The British Motor Corporation Limited

Install SERVOWARM NOW
MURRAY OFFER CLOSING JULY 31st
MONEY OFF!
Send NOW for discount card

TRICITY
today's top-selling electric cooker
TAKE EACH OTHER TO SEE
TRICITY 'MARQUIS'...
TRICITY 'VISCOUNT'...
TRICITY 'GARDEN'...
TRICITY 'GARDEN'...
TRICITY 'GARDEN'...

your baby

Ostermilk and Farex
are backed by all the experience of Glaxo Laboratories

COUNTRY LIFE - FEBRUARY 17, 1966

THE SPIRIT AND JOY OF A TRUE MG
MG have thought of the family car in the past. It has the performance, handling and comfort for the family car. It has the performance, handling and comfort for the family car. It has the performance, handling and comfort for the family car.

THE BRITISH Motor Corporation Limited

DAILY EXPRESS
SATURDAY NOVEMBER 23 1963
Weather: Rain at times
Price 3d

KENNEDY ASSASSINATED

A sniper's bullet

Seconds before: His smile for the crowds

ARRESTED

Continued on Page Two

World mourning: Page 2
He loved London: Page 3
Photomonts: Pages 4 & 5

President Kennedy was assassinated today by a sniper's bullet.

From DAVID ENGLISH, Dallas, Texas, Friday

Defective hugs on the rear of President's car as Mrs. Kennedy bawled frantically over her shot husband

Seconds after this, the dying President was cradled in his wife's arms

On to police HQ—Mrs. Kennedy

Strait to hospital

Continued on Page Two

4. HILARY'S YOUNGER DAYS

1947–1969

Hilary Catherine Stephens was born in Mill Hill, Hendon on the 19th October 1947. The forecast for the day was unbroken dry weather for that time of the year. She was told that the doctor in attendance during the birth, came down the garden to the chicken run and the rest of the family to announce, "It's another girl!" She grew up with two older sisters, Barbara and Jane and went to Dollis Infants & Juniors primary school in Mill Hill. Her father, Charles Stafford Stephens a Chartered accountant worked in the West End of London. Her mother, Mary Stephens [née Thompson] stayed at home as most mothers did those days, to look after the house and family.



Charles Stafford Stephens c1914



Charles & Mary taken on cruise c1980



Hilary c1953 School photograph

Mary in her younger days was a school teacher, who followed the path of her father— a headmaster in his own school in Felixstowe Suffolk.

Hilary moved to moved to Worthing with her parents and two sisters, Barbara and Jane during 1958. They had a new house built in Arlington Avenue, Goring by Sea, just a few miles to the west of Worthing on the Sussex coast.

Charles, her father decided that he should continue to work in London and to commute from Worthing . He said that he thought it was well worth it when he got off the train at Goring and smelt the fresh sea air. – quite a contrast from the London air.



Hilary started her secondary education at West Preston Manor school – a privately run girls' school, although boys were admitted up to the age of 7. Some of the girls boarded, but Hilary travelled every day by bus.

Every year towards the end of the summer term the school had their prize giving event to which family were invited. Soon after I first met her in in 1966 I was invited too, which was quite a privilege.

Some of our first times out together were —

1. Joining other young people from the local churches for a Whit Monday Ramble. This was at the time When Whit Monday, a bank holiday, the day following Whit Sunday. Now we have May Day and Spring Bank Holidays.
2. Going to a Sausage Sizzle, again organised by the churches in the vicinity. This was an evening event somewhere close to the top of Bury Hill roundabout.
3. On our own, to see the film 'The Sound of Music' at the Odeon cinema. The Odeon now demolished, was where the Arcade is now at Liverpool Gardens/Montage street.

Sunday School/Junior Church

Hilary was teaching in the Junior Department of what was then Goring Congregational Church and her mother was leader. I was invited to join the team, which I did. I am still involved with the church now, not as a teacher but doing other things.

Her sisters, Barbara and Jane were not married at the time. Jane, a nurse was working as a Sister Tutor in Canada for some time.

Full Time Teaching Career

Hilary has always been keen on teaching so it was not a surprise to discover that she too wanted to follow the paths of her mother and grandfather. She went for an interview at the Eastbourne College of Education where she started a 3 year course in primary education specialising in biblical studies. I went to meet her most Saturdays travelling by train to Eastbourne. Then of course return home again catching the last train home.

When she came home for a weekend, I would often travel with her together with her mum and dad back to Eastbourne on a Sunday evening in her father's Austin Princess.

Once or twice I remember staying in her digs for the Saturday night coming home again on the Sunday. I slept on a couch in the lounge, not particularly comfortably, but never mind, we were together!

I remember her first appointment in the reception class at Hurstpierpoint Primary School. We often travelled together in our little Wolsey car to Hurst, dropping her off at the school then me driving on to Brighton where I worked for BT in Circus House. Sometimes we did it the other way round, where Hilary took me to Brighton, drove on to Hurst, then picked me up again on the way home at the end of the day.

Engagement

Austria was our first holiday together and on our own in 1968, and I was somewhat surprised that we were allowed to go and Hilary's father had said yes. I suppose this was mostly due to the fact that we were going with the Congregational Holiday Fellowship. Hilary and I caught a train to Victoria being waved off by our two families standing on Durrington Station. We met the group at Victoria about 12 or 20 in all. Down to Dover on another train, across the channel Folkestone where we boarded an overnight train, steam of course, to Innsbruck. We handed our passports to the leader in order that we were not disturbed through the night – we had to pass through a number of border controls before we arrived in Innsbruck at lunchtime the following day.



We were shown to our 6 birth cabins, 3 bunk on either side. We thought that was a bit daring, after all we had never slept together before – well we were not quite together!

We did some wonderful things there, actually we were about 20 minutes journey away at Steinach, some miles south of Innsbruck. There were coach trips around the Tyrol, Dolomites in Italy, we watched the new motorway being built, went for walks sometimes as a group, and sometimes on our own. Every meal time we took in turns to say prayers. I shared a room with another chap called John I think, I wasn't too keen on that.

I am glad that we were on our own for some days, as on Tuesday 20th August 1968 Hilary agreed to marry me. What I would have done if she had said, no, I don't know, I hadn't thought about that! I think that I was confident in knowing what the answer would be.

When we arrived home after our eleven day holiday Hilary's Mum said that knew that we had become engaged because she could see it on our faces!

Top: On the train Boulogne to Innsbruck

Left: Pension Bendelstein, Steinach, *Photo Collection Risch-Lau, Vorarlberg State Library*

I had my 16mm cine camera with me, of course, on holiday and on our first day in Steinach my light meter refused to work, I knew immediately that was the case because it was giving me ridiculous readings. So after that it was educated guesswork, f16 for bright sunny days, f11 bright cloudy, f8 dull cloudy and f5.6 for anything below that. It seemed to work as I was pretty well satisfied with the results when the film arrived processed in a week or two's time.

Hilary and I arranged a date and time for our wedding. The 1st August 1970 seemed a good day and it suited everyone who needed to be there. Rev Wallace Hayward, the minister, would conduct the service and after discussing everything with our parents decide for a mid-day wedding to give people who would have to travel long distances plenty of time to get to the church. – Goring Congregational Church.

I had bought a Wolseley 1500 in 1966 from an elderly friend from church, Mrs Edith Townsend she knew of a neighbour who had a car to sell. [Picture of this car below and on page 91].



This was our first car, but Hilary was a bit miffed about it, I learned afterwards, because she hadn't help choose it.

Never mind it was to be different next time.

In 1969 we had a holiday, on our own again, in Grasmere in the Lake District.

We drove there in our little green Wolseley and stayed in 'Chestnut Villa' a Bed and Breakfast.

Photo Top Right: Hilary at home.
Above: Our Car Parked by Ullswater Lake

My Future Wife

I first met Hilary in 1966 at church and we went along to a sausage sizzle near Whiteways roundabout. Obviously we got on fairly well as we followed that one Saturday evening to see the new film, 'The Sound of Music' at the Odeon Cinema, Worthing.

We went on walks together often on a Sunday afternoon either on the downs at High Salvington or on the beach at Goring. Every year on Whit Monday, –not known as that today, but it was the Bank Holiday immediately following Whit Sunday –the young people of the church organised a Whit Monday Ramble, and of course we didn't miss that. Hilary was living at 7 Arlington Avenue at was training to be a school teacher at Eastbourne College of Education and for a time she had some digs fairly close to the college buildings, in Whitley Road. While she was at college I used to visit her on a Saturday travelling by train from Worthing.

We obviously spent much time together either at her house and garden in Arlington Ave –picture of me below, or in my house and garden [greenhouse] in Whylands Ave. Picture left: a day out in Winchester.



Holidays –In 1966I spent one or two weeks at a hotel in Torquay with my parents and a church friend of theirs, Mrs Townsend.

I would write letters to my ‘new’ girl friend from the hotel to the college in Eastbourne. Her sister Jane now back home after her midwifery stay in Canada was also in Torquay for a while and so she was invited to dine with us once or twice. One Sunday after we had all worshipped together in the local Congregational Church, Jane and I went for a walk and picnicked together.

Right: The hotel in Torquay.

Below Getting saddled in in Rhayader before one of our long treks. Hilary’s mum on the brown horse and me on the black.



In 1967 Hilary’s Mum and Dad asked if I would like to go to Rhayader in Wales for a pony trekking holiday with them. I didn’t need much encouragement to accept the offer! thoroughly enjoyed that spending more or less all day and every day for the week riding a horse –once allocated a horse we kept the same one for the duration of the holiday. Of course before being given on we were measured to ensure that we were given the right size animal, and then instructed as to how to saddle up. Off we went up onto the hills sometimes sunny days, sometimes cloudy and drizzly and other days quite heavy rain. We were miles away from anywhere, up in the clouds, through bogs and swamps, narrow footpaths on the hill slopes, open fields and woodland – O duck your head and mind that branch!.

Wedding Arrangements

During the early part of 1970, preparations were beginning to get well under way. The guest lists were no doubt finalised by then, hope we haven't left anybody out who we should be inviting.

Martyn was to be Best Man, Colin Chief Usher and Hilary's sisters were to be Bridesmaids.

Martyn and Carol were married in 1968 and more recently Colin and Andrea in 1969 and who wedding I was Best Man. That was quite a decision to make, for me to be Best Man at my brother's wedding – it was the speech that was going to be the problem, after all I still had a speech problem with stuttering, nowhere as bad as it was all those years ago, but never-the-less it was there. Hilary and I discussed it at length one day when we were in Oxford. I decided then that I should do it, and so I did.

I had some favourable comments afterwards, so I think all went well.—and I haven't fallen out with my brother.

Thinking about our own wedding, cars had to be ordered, flowers seen to, the church and minister had been booked, organist arranged, we were going to a choir. Wedding present list, photographer, invitations, hire of clothes—the list is almost endless as with any other wedding. But, this was OUR wedding and it was different!

I had a calendar at work on my desk in Brighton to count the days down.

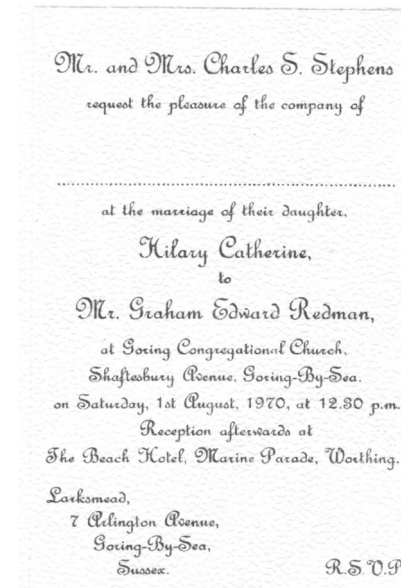
I was keen on Coin Collecting, I was a Numismatist! It was good fun the looking through the change in my pocket to what interesting coins there might be — there was always the possibility of something turning up that was very old, or interesting, or in good condition that was worth a lot to me as a collector.

I would go along to the bank, fairly regularly and ask for £5 in

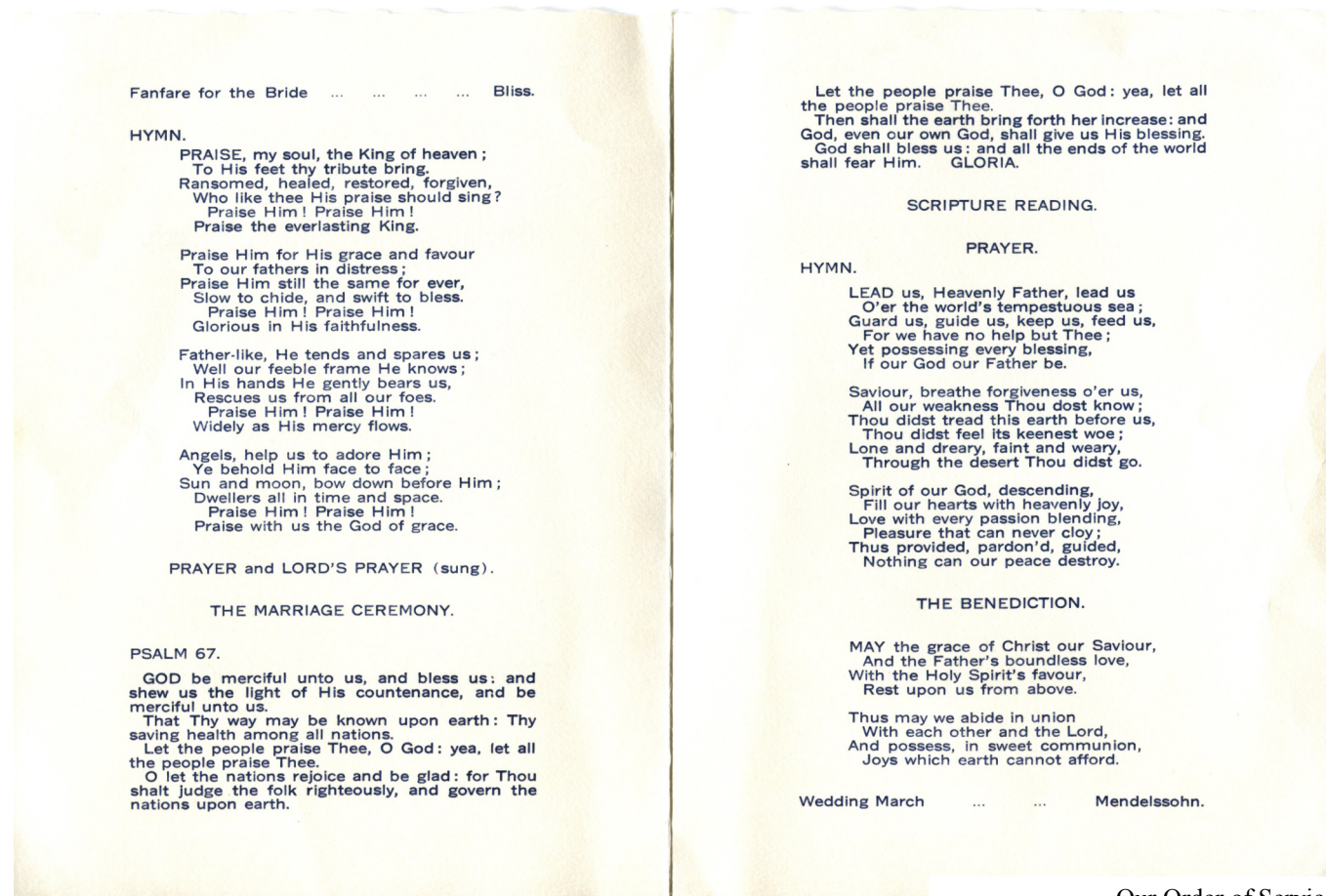
pennies or half crowns or whatever I wanted. There was a shop close-by to my office in Brighton which sold the odd coin or two. Some of my office colleagues were also interested in coins and we often exchanged coins. 1969 saw the end of the half crown followed shortly afterwards by the ten shilling note.

I often saw in the shop down the road, gold sovereigns for £7 or so—doesn't seem much today, but as I was saving up for wedding and I had a future wife to think about, I decided that I shouldn't.

Grandma had not been too well for some months and Hilary was collecting large print books for her to read at home in Congreve Road, Worthing. The last time we saw her, although we did not it would be so at the time, was just a few days before our wedding when we took her a book and she was in bed. One of the reasons why we called in that day is because we knew that she wouldn't be well enough to be with us for our special day.



The last day at the school is very clear to me, the last day of the summer term in 1970 – our wedding was on the 1st August. I collected her from school, she had an armful of presents with her. We stopped the car at the side of the road about half a mile away from the school to examine the gifts. Since then she did do some supply work but this became increasingly difficult in married life and with a growing and demanding family. Much has now changed since she started teaching. I don't think that she would want to return now.



Our Order of Service

5. OUR MARRIED LIFE (Part 1) 1970–1999

August 1970

So the day had finally arrived, 1 August 1970, and it was sunning and warm. Uncle Edward, Auntie Freda and John stayed with us overnight at Whylands Avenue. We all had our breakfasts and generally got ourselves ready.

Had we remembered everything, will the cars be on time?, Martyn should be collecting the button holes etc.—he was best man so we were sure that all had been covered.

Eventually, well it seemed eventually to me that the car did arrive to take Martyn and me to the church on time!



Above: Kim my brother Martyn's daughter, presents the bride with a horseshoe with my parents looking on.

Left : Signing the register book with Rev Wallace Hayward, in the Minister's Vestry.

Hilary arrived at the appointed time, well maybe the standard minute or two late. She said that she had to drive round the block a couple of times because she and her Dad were early. A working colleague of mine shot a 16mm film of the day. I asked him in particular as we were both keen on 16mm, now transferred to digital.

We had about 150 guests in all. Reception was held at the Beach Hotel during which time a sea fret came in making it a very misty afternoon for us to drive away to London in our little green Wolsey 1500.



After the reception at the Beach Hotel, no longer standing, but converted into flats we got ourselves changed into our going away clothes—Hilary had knitted herself a tangerine dress, picture x. We said our goodbyes and went down the steps of the hotel to our waiting car which Martyn had just brought to the front door for us.

I hid our Wolseley car in a lock up garage behind the hotel which Martyn retrieved when it was time for us to leave. After all it was at a time when many young people would play pranks, paint lipstick everywhere and had been known that it took some couples several minutes cleaning up before they could drive off, and we didn't want that to happen to us.

We drove away, and what a contrast – it was so quiet just the two of us in the car after the noise and bustle of the reception.

We drove through South Street and Chapel Road in Worthing, up the A24 to London via Richmond Park where we stopped for a breather and to shake most of the confetti out of our clothes.

The Prince of Wales Hotel in the West End of London, fairly close to Harrods store was to be our resting place for the night. Having booked in we walked along the road looking into the shop windows and the bright lights. There was time for a small bite to eat in the hotel before going to bed. What a day! I thought to myself at the time, “I must remember this, it is only going to happen once”. I tried desperately throughout the day that nothing should be forgotten, and I don't think that it has.



Pictures: Hilary at Loch Ness and me on the City Wall, York.

Sunday morning soon came round, and yes I had a kipper for breakfast!

We drove from London to York where we boarded, car as well on our overnight journey to Inverness. At the station Monorail terminal where we assembled waiting for the official to drive the car onto the train, a porter calls out,

“Mr & Mrs Redman” who are they?

We looked at each other with a smile, it's us. The car was taken from us while later found our seats or two birth cabin.

Arriving in Inverness on Monday morning we had our breakfast at a nearby hotel and collected our car from the station car park. From there we drove to Lairg and during the week visited and stayed nights and the desolate north coast of Scotland – John O Groats, Melvich, Thurso, Cape Wrath (which is the most northern point in Scotland), down to Ullapool and Inverness.

Having driven along the north coast 'A' class road—single track and not seeing another car for miles, the town of Inverness seemed a long way south. We stopped at a little Post Office in a village on our way down to Ullapool to send a Telegram to Jan and Geoff who were getting married on the 8th August. It seemed as though we had been married for ages by then.

After a day and night in Ullapool, it was time to move on and leaving Scotland behind. This time we didn't catch the train south, but drove to Peterborough to stay a couple of nights at Hilary's Uncle Christopher's house followed by our next stop of two nights at my Uncle Edward's house in Cuffley, Hertfordshire.

This turned into only one night, as it was here we heard of the death of Grandma Amos. The news was obviously kept from us until we had got back from Scotland, no doubt to avoid spoiling our holiday. We returned home to Worthing on that following to her funeral. Uncle Edward and family and the two of us drove in convoy. Grandma's ashes were taken to Enfield crematorium to be with those of Grandpa's.



Our last holiday for just the two of us was on the Isle of White 1971 before our first baby was born some months later.

Brougham Road

As a married couple, we spent some weeks first at Hilary's parents house then for some weeks in my parent's house.

Auntie Violet had a holiday home in Brougham Road which she let out and as this was available from September or October we were able to stay in there for a few months until our new house was ready in Patching Close.

I continued my work in Brighton at Circus House still with the Post Office. In the mornings Hilary and I drove to Hurstpierpoint where she worked in the reception class of the primary school. I drove on to Brighton. In the evening Hilary made her own way to Brighton and met me in Circus House car park when I had finished work.

This went on every day.

Hilary left Hurstpierpoint school a few months before our first child was born. On 15 November 1971, at 6.15pm Edward Paul was born in Worthing Hospital. A few days later we brought him home in our car, Hilary holding him whilst sitting in the front seat—no seat belts at the time!

Decimalisation

I thought that it was a sad day when the United Kingdom Government decided to abandon the old currency for decimal coinage that we use today. Pounds Shillings and pence [£ : s : d] was coming to an end in 1971 and a date had been fixed.

Decimalisation, took place on Monday 15 February 1971 – known as Decimal Day, or D-Day.

The Half Crown was taken out of circulation [demonetised] prior to D-Day, in 1968, the Farthing a few years earlier. The ten shilling note was withdrawn in 1970 following the introduction of a new 50p piece.

Generally people were not too happy about the change particularly the older generation. After all, they had lived all of their lives knowing that there were 12 pence to the shilling, and 20 shillings to the pound. Now we were being told that is all coming to an end, the old coins will be replaced with newly designed decimal coinage. 100 pence to the pound. I can remember showing my mother some of the new coins before D-day, and she said to me, 'It doesn't feel like real money!'

I can also remember seeing older folk handing over their purse or emptying their pockets and saying, can you take it from here please? Trusting! – but we all got used to it – we had to. We were all sure that everything went up in price in the process!

Actually, Queen Victoria did attempt to change things early in her reign to decimal coinage when she introduced the florin in 1849, Two shillings, or on tenth of a pound.

Decimalisation put a stop to a lot of coin collecting, as there was nothing interesting to be found in the change, it was all new! There was, however, a short spurt of some interested people quickly gathering a small set of the coinage that they were used to. So the pounds, shillings and pence had gone, gone forever! Whether liked it or not, we had to get used to living and dealing with the new coinage.

O yes, the £1, £5 and £10 notes did stay with us. I guess we should be grateful about that – we could have been using dollars by now !! I am thankful for that!

Maybe, one day the interest in coin collecting will return, but probably not much before 2040, when the oldest of our present coinage will have been in circulation for the best part of 70 years.

The decimalisation of the pound came to be blamed for an increase in inflation.

1973

Britain with Ireland and Denmark joined the European Economic Community (EEC) on the 1 January 1973.

This treaty was to stay until the united kingdom had a referendum, on 23 June 2016 and voted to leave from the Union December 2020.

A tremendous amount of discussion and unrest in Parliament took place from 2016 trying to get an agreement together.

The operation was known known as Brexit.

3 May 1979

Conservative Margaret Thatcher became Britain's first female prime minister. She had been the party leader since 1975,

She came to power on the promise that the Conservatives would cut income tax, make it easier for people to buy their own homes and curb the power of the strong trade unions.

DAILY EXPRESS
MONDAY FEBRUARY 15 1971
Weather: Sunny spells, showers
Price 21p

It's D-for-Dotty Day!

Call goes out: Don't worry... you'll soon get the point of it all



It's child's play—if you've got jumbo-sized coins to learn with the those Surrey schoolchildren.

POST: IT'S HOPEFUL

Express Industrial Reporter CLIVE THOMAS

AFTER four hours of hard bargaining, union leaders and postal chiefs parted without finding peace last night—but at least with an air of optimism and the desire to keep their talks going.

In a joint statement, the negotiators said their first meeting in more than two weeks will resume this afternoon.

Death riddle of Soccer star Robledo

Union of Postal Workers secretary Mr. Tom Jenkins said...

'Payola' probe by BBC

Express Staff Reporters

ALLEGATIONS that "payola" payments and other inducements have been made to get pop records played on radio are being investigated by the B.B.C.

Diphtheria: Five new victims

The coronial inquest...

Dazzling...

Police...

Happy landing

Police...

Survivor No. 6

Police...

34 die on train

Police...

Arson probe in baby ward blaze

A BLAZE drove a baby of mothers-to-be from their maternity ward last night.

120 taken out

Police...

Boy falls 50ft

Police...

LATEST

TV-Radio programmes Page 14

PHILIP WINS

Police...

PHONE 353 0000

353 8000

TELEX 21041

The Leicester Permanent for people who want the easy way out.

By the easy way out we mean getting your hands on your money whenever you need it. But not only that... We also mean a safe and profitable investment (5% clear of income tax) that allows you to sit back and enjoy it. You use it when you need it, forget that it's your money... to put in and take out as you please.

PETROL: NEW PRICE RISE ON THE WAY

Leicester Permanent Building Society
Head Office, 100, Victoria Road, Leicester, LE1 1 1 1. Branches in all the main towns and cities.

Early in the 1970s Hilary's mum was looking around at new houses knowing that we would be or were looking for one.

We moved away from Brougham Road and I watched with keenness the building of our very first house. We were excited watching the builders and planning what we could do with the inside and garden. We couldn't afford a garage at £250 extra as it took all of our savings to pay for the deposit and then to be stretched with a large mortgage.

Once built and we had moved in, I dismantled my greenhouse which was in my parents' garden in Whylands Avenue, and re-erected it in our new garden.

In July 1972 Jane and Eric with ourselves and other members of the family were invited to Chris Blackman's wedding. The Blackmans were some good friends of Jane and Hilary which they had known for years. Picture right.

Below: The building of our new house in Patching Close.



Patching Close

1971–1975

Whilst on holiday on the north coast of Devon, this time with our little boy, Paul, I started to grow my beard and it hasn't been shaved off since. Our garden wasn't very large, maybe 30ft square. But, what we did not grow in there is not worth mentioning. I can remember Hilary's Uncle Frederick coming to see us one day was amazed and dumfounded by what he saw growing. I also had a greenhouse in which I grew, would you believe, tomatoes amongst many other plants. During the summer of 1974 when Hilary had gone into hospital waiting for number two, Paul helped clean the pram and bicycle and to get these ready for the new baby. Geoffrey Charles was born on 2 July 1974 at Zackary Merton Maternity Hospital, Rustington. I took Paul along to see his little brother for the first time, and he said looking at Geoffrey, "He's got ears on!" Well yes Paul I am glad that he has. Photos below.



27 Patching Close



Sea Place

1975–1986



81 Sea Place

Working

I was beginning to take an interest in promotion within the Post Office/BT and with that in mind I knew that I would have to meet a board in an interview. I had already attained the relevant City & Guilds qualifications and had the required training courses. I had a couple of attempts at interview before I was successful in passing for a election of posts in Headquarters based in London.

Once I had the promotion board behind me, I was able to apply for a number of posts within the areas of work for which I had passed. I eventually joined a Computer Support Group in Lutyens House, Finsbury Circus in the City of London. I felt very strange working here, almost like a fish out of water, after all I knew nobody and most of the people I met were direct entrants from universities, and not as I had been risen through the ranks in a local telephone area. Never mind I was there in a management capacity. Assistant Executive Engineer.

Students

We had foreign students from most of the summer months. Hilary kept a little exercise book with a photograph of each of them and she invited each to write a little something about their stay in England. Some would return for another year, whilst others had their siblings come in other years. From France, Germany and Spain they came, and from further afield in the Middle East, Africa and Japan.

I became interested in the Spanish language when a particular family from Madrid stayed with us over a number of years. First a young lad of 14 years of age, Juan, came and returned for the next few years. He must have had a good time and his experience in learning English must have been successful as his two sisters and younger brother also came to spend some time with us. I started to learn Spanish through a BBC television course 'Digame'. This was before the days of being able to record programmes, so it was quite difficult to keep up with the course, especially as it was broadcast on a Sunday morning at a time when I was getting ready to go to church. However, my interest was fired and whilst the Madrid family was with us I was able to practice a little with them.

Holidays

Our young family had a number of holidays in Barbara's and Eric's passed on little caravan, 'Dumpy' We loved camping and so bought ourselves a new Compact Sprite. This was a rather novel van and it turned the heads of many other motorists whilst on the road. The height of the van was little more than 5 feet inside, and we would see from the look in other passers-by's eyes that they were puzzled. How could anyone stand up in that? Well they couldn't, except for Paul and Geoffrey, when we arrived at the campsite we would push each end up in turn raising in effect the walls to the full height of about 6 feet.

Also in 1974 I became an Elder of the Church. In 1971 members of the Congregational Church and Presbyterian churches voted that we should unite and become one, United Reformed Church

We had some wonderful holidays in this little 'Compact' referred to on the previous page, going to visit Jan and Geoff in their home in Paignton Devon, on the Isle of Whyte where we were nearly washed and blown away. On that occasion the boys had gone to bed in the van, but I am sure that Paul was well awake, I went outside to try and take the awning down. I had to battle with the torrential rain and very high winds first of all pulling out the ground pegs and guy ropes. Then dismantling the awning itself all now from the inside. I can laugh now, but it was hard work at the time—the force of the wind pushed the awning pinning me against the caravan. But I couldn't stop, I had to carry on until the job was done. Finally I pulled the last remaining piece of awning from the van, quickly bundled it up into a sort of ball, and pushed into the relative quietness of the caravan, closing the door behind me. Phew!

The time now was about 9 o'clock, I suppose and we needed to get home. The first ferry in the morning was 5 or 6 o'clock-ish and we hadn't paid the land owner for our pitch. We thought about it and decided that we should pack up camp there and then and drive to the ferry port. I would sort out the bill tomorrow when at home.

On another camping holiday was in Scotland in the valley next to Ben Nevis. We must like windy holidays as on one or two nights we could hear the wind rushing down the valley, and then



suddenly, 'whoosh' the caravan rocked about – quite scary really, but this time we didn't leave camp, but we saw the effects on other people's tent etc. We did have some lovely times as well, visiting France a few times. Dordogne, West Coast and South West France into the Pyrenees mountains.

Our camping holidays came to a sudden end on the death of our little Compact. Did you guess it? You would be right if said wind. The hurricane of 1987 hit the South Coast of England with terrible consequences. The Compact was crushed by one of our falling trees, missing our car, both on the driveway by inches. The car was insured, but wasn't damaged. The caravan was not insured on the driveway, and was damaged. Had the van have been parked on the road or on a campsite – then it would have been covered with insurance. So there we are – we decided that we wouldn't replace it but have other types of holidays instead. Continued on page xx

Painting

Whilst in Sea Place, I started painting again, mostly landscapes, some from my own photographs, others purely fictitious. Whilst some were in watercolour, I did enjoy working in a new medium, for me anyway, acrylic. Unlike oil it was a water based material and dried extremely quickly which was a advantage in some ways and a disadvantage in others. I could almost immediately paint over previously painted areas—which was good. However, if I were to put too much out on the palette at any one time it could easily dry before I could get round to working with it. There are retarders and all sorts of other things and tricks I did – be I am getting technical here.

For a time I exhibited some either in special shows or in one of the local libraries. Some I managed to sell and others I still have at home—not all on the walls.

There were two small fish ponds almost connected together with a little bridge across. For a few years we kept some rabbits, going along to shows and learning about the animals. There was a time when I thought that my job was in jeopardy, so we increased our stock to something like 40 or 50. They were not difficult things to breed, they almost breed like rabbits!. We ate some and gave some to other members of the family. It was all a bit of a test to see if we could manage if I ever lost my job. Well it didn't ever come to that, and so reduced our stock again to a sensible level. Paul had his own rabbit, Ragabones, which he acquired from school which he looked after very well through all these times, even when all the rabbits had gone, Ragabones was still here.

The garden was however, somewhat overlooked by our neighbours and we felt that we were not as private as we would like to be.

Gardening

During this time, times were hard. We had for a time a rather unsuccessful allotment. It was a 10 minute drive in the car away, which meant putting all the tools etc in the boot and hope that by the time I got there, I hadn't forgotten anything! On one occasion, I planted 50 –100 cabbages only to find on the following day that nothing was to be seen—they had been eaten by pigeons or much more likely, by rabbits. That wasn't the only time that this sort of incident had happened – I was spending my time feeding the livestock! Potatoes were fine, and why I didn't carry on with that vegetable alone I shall never know. I think that I was too focussed on losing the green stuff. So I gave it up. Sad when you think on how keen on gardening I was and still am.

Our back garden was only average in size – 50 or 60 foot square, something like that. I couldn't do much in the way of growing vegetables, I did however have a 13x8 greenhouse in which I grew my beloved tomatoes.



My father, Norman and me on the Bluebell Railway

1984

A twelve month national 'Miners' Strike' over pit closures began on the 12 March 1984.

The Prime Minister at the time, Margaret Thatcher pitted her authority against the militant left wing trade union leader, Arthur Scargill.

There were violent clashes between the striking miners and the police force. The strike eventually failed and was called off after a year, allowing the pit closures to go ahead. The strike, however, left a legacy of deep bitterness between the Conservative government and members of the union.



Estate Agent's Photo of Ash Lea Cottage. c1985

Time to Move

So it was time to put our house on the market and to sell 81 Sea Place, and look for another property hopefully with more ground and a bit less overlooked. We liked Sea Place and Hilary said that she wished that she could lift the house up and move it to a new location! How often has that been said before? It wasn't that long before a buyer had been found.

Whilst I was at work, Hilary was looking around and she found a house in an agent at the Thomas a'Becket.

The bungalow was on Salvington Hill.

After making 2 or 3 visits to the bungalow, checking measurements etc, would this fit in or would it be just too big? – we decided that it was the right thing to do, and that was to move from Sea Place.

After all we fell in love with it and we liked the large garden. The back garden was much bigger than anything I had experienced before, 130ft x 60ft!

Contracts were drawn up, exchanged and completed and we agreed to move on Lady Day 1986. Ever heard of Lady Day? – we hadn't! Paul was 15 and Geoffrey 13.

31 SUSSEX LIFE AUGUST 1985

Motoring
Tony Tucker

New MG Maestro offers character with comfort

The discontinued MG Maestro is a superb replacement for the Austin but the 1.6 litre engine is a far more powerful character without losing the creature comforts. It gives more space and more in the MG should challenge the opposition.

For a really sporty 1.75 and "two" and in many respects, here it is. The Maestro is a superb character that can offer this MG's happy combination of performance and sharp, precise handling with the practical vision and four side doors, family-sized space and a fine hot resistant rate.

Stiffer structural bars make all the difference in progress through the corners.

Large electronic fuel injection (hence the "EFI") gives a healthy 115 horse power to drive the front wheels through the rain, making changing Honda manual gears with just the right ratio to maintain a vigorous line of acceleration in seconds.

To be sure there are engines, something or engines when pressed hard through the gears, but the MG's strength and smoothness, elegant handling and pulling power due there is nothing to gain from revving it to the permitted limit.

I have driven these MGs on dry roads and through rain, through hills and down hills, through traffic and through the rain.

The two-litre MG Maestro offers character plus comfort.

Not everybody likes Austin Rover's for anyone else's electronic instrument displays, trip computer and value for money. In reference to those who prefer conventional dials, the electronic instruments are an optional extra at about £200.

Incidentally, reader Douglas Clement found his Maestro's computer console after two years because had completely gone with the rain eventually replaced the faulty part.




33 SUSSEX LIFE—JULY 4, 1985

Now is the time to see us!

To choose a superb minik jacket for those cool summer evenings. To put your winter same time consider having them cleaned and new patterns.

Or to take advantage of our favourable allowances in part exchange.

All good reasons for seeing us now, and remember we have been Eastbourne's leading furrier for almost half a century. We'll be happy to see you.

50 Grove Road, Eastbourne.
Tel: 32182.

David Jackson

10-50%^{net} compounding to 10-78%^{net} (15.39% gross equivalent)

42 SUSSEX LIFE MAY 1985

Now is the time to see us!

To choose a superb minik jacket for those cool summer evenings. To put your winter same time consider having them cleaned and new patterns.

Or to take advantage of our favourable allowances in part exchange.

All good reasons for seeing us now, and remember we have been Eastbourne's leading furrier for almost half a century. We'll be happy to see you.

50 Grove Road, Eastbourne.
Tel: 32182.

David Jackson

JAEGER AT

DRESSWELL
GOWNS for JAEGER

YOUR LEADING STOCKIST FOR LARGER SIZES. BOTH JAEGER AND OTHER CONTINENTAL MANUFACTURERS

Specialists in 36" - 50" hip


Clothes for the discerning customer
76 GEORGE STREET HOVE SUSSEX
Telephone: Brighton 738120



SUSSEX LIFE

July 1985 70p

Return to Chichester Goodwood's glories Summer outings



36 SUSSEX LIFE JUNE 1985

CO OFFER YOU FREE!

A NEW NEFF DOUBLE OVEN WORTH £425

- Free Design and layout of your kitchen
- High Quality Units direct from the ARCO Factory
- Installation by ARCO fitters to your satisfaction
- Wide choice of natural wood or laminate finishes
- The ARCO Guarantee safeguards your investment

VISIT OUR HORSHAM SHOWROOMS AND SEE THE MANY LABOUR SAVING FEATURES ARCO KITCHENS OFFER

an ARCO representative to call ☐ Name ☐ Address ☐ Tel

To: Freepost: Arco, Unit C1, Foundry Lane, Horsham, West Sussex




THE NISSAN SILVIA ZX.



NISSA

Ash Lea Cottage, Salvington Hill

1986—1999

Why did we want to move on Lady Day? We didn't, it was the previous owners who wanted to move on that date.

In any case what was it all about? – after all, we had never heard of it before! I knew from my family researching that in September 1752 Great Britain switched from the Julian Calendar to the Gregorian Calendar, but I didn't that had a connection with Lady day. Prior to 1752, the year began on 25 March.— Lady Day. What I didn't know is that in today's legal world, the year is divided into quarters beginning on 25 March, 24 June [Mid-Summers Day], 29 September [Michaelmas Day], and 25 December [Christmas Day]. 11 days were 'omitted' from the 1752 calendar - i.e. 2 September was followed by 14 September.



One of the attractions of the new house was the large garden. The rear garden measured 60 feet wide by some 120 feet long.

The previous owners Mr & Mrs Humphreys said that that they had enjoyed themselves so much here that they were sorry to leave the bungalow behind. I think that when the time comes for us to leave, we shall feel the same too.

However, we saw that much needed to be done in the bungalow and I had plenty of ideas for the garden.

Whilst the kitchen was clean and tidy, the design looked as though it had come out of the 1950s so needed modernisation and re-designing.

Photo taken just prior to the Loft Conversion in 1996.

Much redecoration was carried out by us in the years to follow and we had a small wooden conservatory built onto the back. – you might just see it in the picture.

The Big Storm

We had been in the bungalow not much more than twelve months so when in the autumn of 1987 a terrible storm and hurricane hit the south coast of England. We were woken very early on Friday morning 16 October when the loft hatch fell open with ladder attached. Crash. We all wondered what was happening. Of course we all got out of bed and looked out of the windows. To my dismay I saw one of our macracarper fir trees lying across the back garden obliterating my view from the kitchen window.

We looked out of the loungewindow to the front, and found another tree down – this one missed our car but crushed out little caravan. What a mess.



When it was eventually light, we could see the real damage – by this time 7am the wind had died down so it was safe to go outside. Our shed in the back garden was mostly destroyed and a few other trees were in a dangerous condition.

In some ways, and putting all the damage aside, we were glad to have the trees removed, after all there were about a dozen on the south side of the garden taking lots of light. When we had a peep at the garden one afternoon in December before we moved we remarked to each other how dark it was and what could we do about it.

When I took this photo on page 102 [bottom right] to show some work colleagues in London, one of them said to me, 'is that your drive?' – am sure that he was serious. The road did indeed look more like somebody's long drive, than Salvington Hill.



We had to call tree company in to cut up into sensible lengths what had fallen. I had a small electric chain saw and axe to get to the next stage of logs, mostly very big. Not far short of a pile or piles of, I think trunks, not logs yet. The other trees which were left standing, for safety's sake had to be brought down and cut up.

We had a large bonfire which lasted and which kept alight for three weeks. With not an awful lot of encouragement from us.

Those logs were stacked all around the garden for a number of years. As we needed them for our open fire I would cut and chop up some more and stack them piles close to the back door.

They have been supplemented two or three times by the felling of few other trees. It wasn't until towards the end of 2012 that I actually bought some logs. – not bad from a storm in 1987, not that we want another one! We don't have a fire all the time and we also burn coal. We light a fire now during particularly cold weather or if we need one to cheer us up.

In recent years we have found it useful to keep the fire in all night, keeping the house lovely and warm. We can do that now, now that I put a stove in since 2000. Once the effects of the storm had died down it was time to replace



the sheds and we were fortunate in being able to make a claim for that. We replaced the sheds for one large wooden one which we could use to keep our restoration project – a 1934 Austin 7 saloon. The shed could also be used to store garden tools. We started work on the Austin before we moved in 1986, but now, the bodywork needed a lot more attention than we could afford to give it both financially and time.

I think also that it was getting too much for us and we had interests elsewhere, so it had to go. We did have some fun though with old cars, going to many classic car shows. This probably sparked Geoffrey's interest in the A7 as he later decided that he should buy a 1933 A7 Tourer, this time though, on the road. He has spent many hours on that replacing it with a more sporty A7. Paul whilst mechanically minded decided that this type of motoring was not for him – too dangerous on the modern roads.

In September 1988 my parents celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in a marquee in Colin's and Andrea's garden at Broadbridge Heath, Horsham. The family got together and bought all the food items from various supermarkets for a lunch-time meal.

All of my family were there and I think that was the last time that we were all together, except for Auntie Violet who had died some ten year or so earlier.





Pond With plenty of help from Paul and Geoffrey a fairly large pond was dug out, about 30 inches deep at its deepest point. After this picture was taken, the pond was enlarges to 2 or 3 times that size.

Dogs The family had two dogs, an Old English Sheepdog 'Moppet, and a little mongrel, called Minnie. Moppet, rescued, was the second sheepdog that we owned, the first was, 'Bubbles' which we bought from a kennels near Southampton. They were much loved – Minnie although a lot smaller than the sheepdogs was always the boss. It was not new for me to have dogs, as when I was 11 or thereabouts we had a little mongrel called Sandy – born in a sweet shop – he ate a box of whipped cream walnuts! – before he belonged to us.



The Garden

It has been big enough to accommodate different types of activity including various layouts according to the time available, I had little time whilst working, and according to what we wanted from the garden.

Some years ago we bought a long case clock built in 1702. The movement was taken to a clock repairer and I took on the task of renovating the case. – in the garden! I had to get some parts turned and shaped in a professional workshop.

In its history the top and bottom of the clock had been removed or cut in order to get the clock into a low room. I had some pieces of oak from my parents old bed and tallboy which I thought could be put to excellent use!

For many years while I was working in London most of the bottom part of the garden had become terribly overgrown and needing attention. I didn't have the time so I had to put it out of my mind – at least for the time being. Hilary did what she could and did what I could do at the weekends. There were of course many other jobs to do in the house.

I retired from work in March 1999 and spent very much more time in the garden clearing the bottom of the garden for vegetable and fruit growing. Friends of ours, Peter & Christine Graham from Caddington were visiting us not too long after I had finished work. He brought his little 'Mantis' rotavator to turn the ground over. I was very impressed and decided that I should buy one for myself – I think that it has been the best investment that I have made for the garden.

Goring United Reformed Church Video Recording

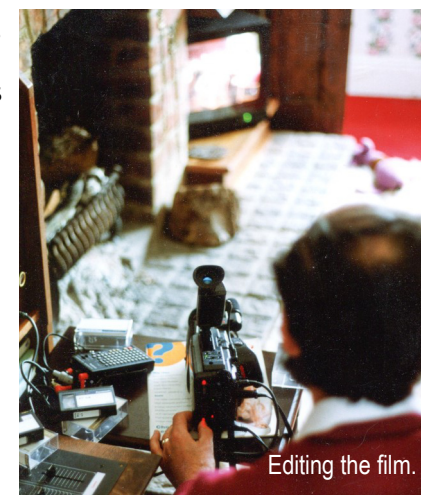
The church was approaching a big anniversary of 50 years. Many folk were involved in the preparations for a celebration, what could we do? It started It was decided that we should have a special weekend with something happening on each day from Friday to Sunday. Church magazine & Handbook.

With me being keen on making moving pictures and cinematography, and with the advent being able to create films on magnetic tape, I decided to make history film of the church. The Church opened in August 1940 with a move of a number of people from Shelly Road Congregational Church.

A plot of ground had already been purchased south of the new railway station, Durrington on Sea, but building work was delayed because of the outbreak of the second world war. The early congregation in Elm Grove School Hall from 1940 until the new church was opened in 1947 on the new site. The present building was opened in September 1961, turning the Church of 1947 into a main hall. In the film, various organisations were shown with its groups, people and history of the buildings.

It was 90 minutes long and was shown two or three times during our weekend.

I spent many many hours from 1987 to 1990 visiting and filming all areas of the Church's life – ie, Boys' and Girls' Brigades, plenty of other groups, past ministers where I could or if unable to, writing to them.



Then there was all the editing – all manually copy from one tape recorder to another; before computers were able to do the job far more efficiently and in far less time.

Each time a copy was made, some definition was lost as we were at the time dealing with analogue television. Never mind we got there in the end – hard work – but very enjoyable.

I had a break, a big one, due to the family growing up I suppose, from the mid '70s to the mid '90s.

Hilary also became a serving Elder generally during the times that I was not serving. She was also Church Secretary for a number of years being followed by her sister, Jane. She became I suppose a 'personal secretary' to William Connelly, our minister, helping him out in the vestry. William at the time was writing a biography of Dora Greenwell the hymn writer, and Hilary spent a lot of time on that project, doing much of the computer work.

While serving as an elder it is usual also to serve on another committee or group. Hilary's was and still is has Pastoral responsibilities, Church & Pastoral Secretary, and mine Property Management. When my predecessor died in 2003, I became chairman of the group.

Youth Club

For a few years Hilary and I ran the Church youth club – this was hard work, with some very difficult young people, but others very nice and helpful young people.

Pets

We had a number of pets over the years, mainly dogs and cats, although Paul had a rabbit ragabones that seemed to go on for years. We also had guinea pigs and for a time, rabbits which we bred for meat, partly encouraged by the fact that I thought that I might be losing my job. 'Bubbles', an Old English Sheepdog was bought as a puppy from Southampton way, Minnie a little mongrel came from Climping, and another Old English 'Moppet' was a rescued dog from Whitstable in Kent. See picture on page 77. Minnie died in 1989. It was a particularly sad day when Moppet died as she went into the garden early one morning as was the normal practice, where she just went to sleep by the pond. I think that we have had 3 cats in all, – Prunty, black. Bella, and Barney a big male tabby.



Hilary's 1973 Mini PLP 373L. Sold to America



Paul and Geoffrey

The 1980s and '90s were the times when Paul and Geoffrey were leaving school starting college and work.

They both did paper rounds from the top shop in High Salvington. Geoffrey also worked on a Saturday morning for a time in a Chemist shop in Findon Valley. Paul left school in July 19xx went for an interview and medical check with BT and started work with them in 1988 and going to training college.

My working Life with BT

My career move from Brighton in 1979 was to join a computer support group in Lutyens House, Finsbury Circus in the City of London. Coming from a 'Telephone Area' I brought some local knowledge to the work, – most of the people in the team were from university backgrounds. A few years later I moved within Lutyens House to a completely different branch of BT – Broadcast Television. You didn't know that BT was involved with TV? – well neither did I at the time, and knew very little about TV. I think that they saw me as having computer experience. Yes I suppose compared with knowing nothing, I knew a bit more than that, and in their minds, that made me an expert! I don't think so really! They wanted to introduce a computer or two into the office. BT was involved in providing broadcast television connections up and down the country, or links, from the studios, switching centres, and transmitters. Some of those links were on analogue coaxial cable, radio, fibre optic and radio for the longer distances.

During this time the group moved from the City to a new building at the Angel Centre, Islington. I travelled from London Bridge to 'The Angel' station on the Northern Line. A very narrow and dangerous island platform, but I was glad to see that shortly after I moved to that area, work had started on complexly redesigning the station, re-laying of the tracks and the building of a new separate platform and an escalator instead of an archaic lift.

The mid 1980s saw me making another move within the Angel Centre building to a Closed Circuit Television Group. CCTV unlike broadcast television where links up and down the country were provided for the broadcasters, BBC, IBA and CH4; CCTV was really to do with surveillance. Individual customers would need to monitor their premises in another part of town. The County Councils liked to monitor sections of their highway, generally motorways. Borough and District Councils wanted to monitor their own shopping centres and roads. The Police Constabularies also needed to tap into some

of the above also requiring their own networks for crime prevention. Before I came to and end of full time employment as a design, planning, and installation manager known as a Project Manager, I was engaged with installing a system for one of the railway companies. Linking their London terminus with many stations and trains in the network. Sussex Police and South west Trains were two of my biggest clients.

I retired from British Telecommunication PLC [BT] after nearly 40 years service. At the age of 58, I was fortunate in that the company gave me my full pension there and then. I had previously asked my superiors if I could leave but the answer was always, no. So it was surprise to me when asked early in 1999 if I would like to go. I gave them the answer the following morning.

Very quiet after that. I missed the people most of all, so it took me some years before I could really accept it.

Now retired, although technically speaking I was on a week's leave, we went with Peter and Christine to their time share apartment in Scotland. It seemed very odd to think that I had actually finished work – for good! It took me some months for me to realize that I had finished.

Communications

From the end of the 1960s until the end of the millennium saw a massive change in the way in which we communicate with one another. When I first joined Post Office Telephones in 1964 plans were well under way to modernise the telephone network. Apart from London and other metropolises, many areas in the provinces were served by manual exchanges where a caller would just pick up the telephone, be connected directly to an operator, and ask to be connected to a particular number. The operator would answer and say, 'number please?' and she, and it was usually she, would put you through for your time allowed. After that time had expired she would but in and say, 'your time is up caller, do you wish to pay for further time?' – usually it was no thank you, and the call ended.

At one time in the 60s, Worthing and Eastbourne were two of the largest manual exchanges in the country. Goring by sea exchange was already automatic when the family moved to Worthing in 1963. Worthing manual exchange was above the Post Office in Chapel Road, and whilst I was involved with exchange planning in Brighton, one of my tasks was to organise the provision of another switchboard on to the first floor of the exchange. Difficult – if you carefully look at the building now in Union Place, you will see from the slight change in the colour of the brickwork where a window was removed to crane the equipment in.



In 1968 two new automatic exchanges were opened in Worthing thereby changing the way we use the telephone in the town for ever. The two new exchanges were one in Ivy Arch Road in the town centre, and the other, Swandean, the main Worthing exchange in Durrington Road. These two exchanges together with the existing exchange in Mulberry Lane, Goring provided a complete 'linked numbering scheme' for the town. Shortly after then the surrounding towns and villages like Arundel, Clapham, Findon and even Littlehampton were given new numbers, where the first 2 or 3 digits of a number provided the routing to that particular area. When my family first moved to Worthing, our telephone number was Swandean 2717, but once the area had become automated our number had changed to Worthing 63717. Later on all the telephone numbers in the town had become 6 digit, which required another digit addition – 603717, but by this time I was married and had moved.

I seem to remember watching a programme called, 'Tomorrows World' where a new telephone facility was to be introduced – the facsimile, or FAX as it was later generally known. We were told that we could transmit pictures and diagrams over the telephone network. Wow! – how could they do that.

Very soon after that or at about the same time, the introduction of Brighton

Area's first fully electronic exchanges, Arundel, Ashington and Loxwood. Previously to that all automatic exchanges were electromechanical in operation – Strowger. Named after Almon Strowger who invented the step by step system.

Telegram

Hilary and I married in August 1970 and went on holiday to the north of Scotland. Whilst there our friends Jan and Geoff were married, it was the week-end after ours and we wanted to send a message to them. We called into a little Post Office and sent a 'Telegram'. To send this one gave the Post Office clerk the message you wanted to send and the he or she would type the message out on a telegram typewriter where upon the message was sent over the telephone, or more correctly over the telegraphy network to the Post Office at the distant end. There the printed message on a strip of paper was taken off the machine and stuck to a special Telegram card. A Telegram boy would take this message to the recipient, in our case to Jan and Geoff's reception party, and to be read to the guests by the Best Man. The whole operation taking no more than a couple of hours. Good at the time, and the only way at the time to send a printed message. No email or FAX then.

Working in London

Sometime after my career move to London and during the mid 1970s, I was introduced to a Cellphone. A radio telephone and so called because could be carried around the country moving between 'cells' of transmitters and receivers. I was able to borrow one from the office and give my family a call from just down the road I think – they were amazed. Of course the cellphone has advanced so much, now called a 'Mobile' and it is much smaller that it was in the '70s – and lighter too. The networks over which they operate have also changed from G to 2G, 3G and now as I write 4G.

From the early '80s to the end of the millennium saw the introduction of the small office computer. The computer was around a long time before that, but they were large, very large, the size of a room, and probably a big room!

I witnessed the biggest ever change in the way in which we, BT, worked in our offices. Before the early '80s all writing, sketches etc were written down or drawn on paper and photocopied. We had typing pools with teams of typists tapping away, typing reports or whatever for the offices which they served. As the computer was introduced, initially one or two for an office, then later one on every desk, the office workers would carry out more and more of the tasks themselves,

previously done by the typists.

Changes in computer design operation were rapid once they were introduced to every desktop. They became faster more powerful and more reliable as the years went on. During the course of my work. I can remember visiting one office in London towards the middle to late '80s and wondering to myself what was different? – what was wrong with the office? Well there were no computers on the desks. I doubt very much today that they is an office worker anywhere without a computer on his or her desk.

Sending my reports, diagrams, instruction and photographs were done using the Royal Mail service, and if convenient by FAX.

This not applied at work, but also at home. I wanted to send photographs to somebody or ask for a catalogue, then that was by post – always by post there was no other way. Only when I was at work could I send and receive a FAX. It took time, yes, well that's the way it was.

In 1998/9 BT provided me an email address, graham.redman@bt.com but I wasn't keen on the idea. I would much rather put the stuff in an envelope and use the post, or FAX as a second resort. Why should I bother with e-mail, it didn't always work and I was familiar with using envelopes and post, and I had always used it in the past.

Leave me alone, I am happy the way I am. 'It's time to have another computer, your present one has been updated by another model and is now out of date', they would say. Use 'Windows' it's much better than DOS [Disk Operating System]. "Leave me alone" I certainly said to myself and maybe to some of my colleagues, I am happy the way I am. "O you must try Windows, you will like it". Well yes I did in the end have new computers, with Windows, and I have to admit it I did get used to them.



Training in BT

As a manager, I had to attend a number of training courses, most of them were external courses run by outside organisations. This was interesting as it brought me in contact with other people who were not working in BT.

I can think of some of the training courses I attended. – public speaking; this was a bit nerve racking at the time, it ran for a week, I think, and the first task we had to do was to report to the rest of the group as to how we got to the venue. All videoed. We were told that by the end of the week each one of us would have to prepare a 30 minute talk. How can I do that? Speaking was not one of my talents – if it was a talent certainly not the strongest. But the course was all about that so why should I worry, after all everybody else had to do it, and I didn't know them. By the end of the week I suppose I did.

It was all OK in the end, I quite enjoyed it.

Many of the courses I attended were to do with team building. I cant remember what they were about, but I do remember abseiling down a cliff – scarey! – but I did it. When I reached the bottom, I realised that I had enjoyed it and wanted to do it again,be didn't get the opportunity.

Something else that I did was to attend a course on safe roof access and mast climbing – we used the BBC mast near Oxford. I was well harnessed with all the safety strapped and clips etc, and of course qualified instructors.

Picture below: The family at Pinewood Close, Horsham xxx

Clockwise from bottom left: Winnie, Graham, Hilary, Andrew, Hannah, Geoffrey, Jenny & Maria, Colin, Charmain, Paul, Martyn, Norman, Andrea.



My Mother

My mother had a fall in Goring Road shopping parade, my father noticed her lying on the pavement as he was driving past. She was taken to hospital in Worthing and Dad drove to the hospital. This was to be the last time he drove. Paul took his Nissan car home and a few months later, Geoffrey bought it from him. Whilst she was in hospital with a broken femur she also had trouble with her feet, and I believe that they troubled her much more than her hip did. Shortly after that my father also had a fall. The family arranged for them to spend some time in a nursing home before being fit enough to go home again to St Botolph's Road. I don't think that she ever recovered from her fall, and she was also coping with much medication, and in those days tablets were dispensed in jars, and not in sealed metal foil.

On Thursday evening 25 January 1996 after attending Church meeting, Hilary, Paul, Geoffrey and I went to bed as usual and within 30 minutes we had a telephone call from my father to say that Mum had died. We jumped in the car and drove quickly down to the flat and met up with Martyn and Colin.

Loft Conversion

During 1994 we were still the family of four – Hilary, Paul, Geoffrey and me – living in the bungalow and we were finding it a bit of a squeeze! We needed more space and would like to build in the loft. How could we do it? Where could we put a staircase? Suddenly it came to us. Why Hadn't we thought about it before? In the bathroom of course, relocating the bath into a new room upstairs. We had plans drawn up, approached the local authority or permissions etc, arranged the finances.

At this time Paul was seriously thinking about moving out and looking for a house of his own and getting on the property ladder. Should we still go ahead with the build? Paul was keen that we should still go ahead, even though he would probably move away. So we instructed Tony Mephram, a loft specialist to go ahead at a cost of about £25000. Tony was a ex working and college colleague of our friend Chris Marshall.



Left: The first delivery of timber before work starting early in 1996 - and above. The work in progress showing the bedroom in the foreground, looking towards the landing and bathroom.

Our parents were keen on our proposals and were looking forward to seeing the changes except of course Hilary's mother who had died some years earlier. Then sadly in the same month of January, Hilary's father and my mother died. So it was very sad that they did not see the changes made to our house.

The builders finished the construction, but left the decoration to us. So brushes and paints at the ready, wallpaper in the bathroom and some willing helpers it wasn't long before all was done.

Paul did by his house in Columbia drive shortly after we completed the work. He didn't really leave home, as he still had his meal and spent most evenings with us. He slept and did his washing at his house, but not much more – CB radio maybe and out with his friends. Things stayed much the same until he met Mary in ~~xxxx~~.

Holidays 1980s and '90s

Until 1987 when our caravan was destroyed by the horrendous storm that autumn, most, if not all of our holidays were spent camping.

We went to some lovely places, mostly in England; the New Forest, Devon, Kent, Isle of Wight, Scotland at the foot of Ben Nevis, France including Paris – yes in a caravan. It was easy to find our way in to Paris, but getting out again was quite another story! A satnav would have been very useful, but in those days they hadn't been thought of.

Classic Cars and Shows etc

Many a Bank Holiday was spent visiting an old car show, we loved going to them and longed to have one of the cars of our own.

We did buy a 1935 Humber 12 which we collected from a South London house, then having completed the paperwork drove it back to home to Worthing. We had some fun in it, but not for long as it needed so much work, more in fact that we could handle and for the size of garage we had.

We sold the Humber and bought a 1934 Austin 7 Ruby again in need of much work. We stripped it down, worked on the chassis and wheels, put the body back on and realised that it needed more time than we had to spend on it. So reluctantly, we had to say goodbye to the project. In many ways a relief, other ways a bit sad. It was however, not for us, and we had other things to do with the family. Much later on Geoffrey still keen on classic cars bought an Austin 7 on the road – a much better option





1990

Margaret Thatcher resigns as Prime Minister and leader of the Conservative Party on 22 November 1990 and John Major became leader and Prime Minister a few days later.

1992

Channel Tunnel opens on 6 May 1992 linking London and Paris by railway.

The Channel Tunnel provides a rail link between the two cities, something that



had been planned for over a century. The tunnel became the longest undersea tunnel in the world, measuring 50km in total, with 39km of it under the sea.

Three bores were made – two for trains and one for service – and lie an average of 40m below the sea bed.

1997

On the 31 August 1997 Diana, Princess of Wales, died in a car crash in a Paris underpass. Diana was the ex-wife of Charles, Prince of Wales.

On 6 September, one million people lined the streets of London for her funeral.

1999

The Euro was introduced on 1 January 1999 as a single currency for Europe but Britain decides not to join. There was widespread unease amongst the British people to stay out. The 'euro' was launched as an electronic currency used by banks, foreign exchange dealers, big firms and stock markets in 1999.

Euro coins first hit the streets of the 12 'eurozone' countries on 1 January 2002.

26 March 1999

All good things have to come to an end, so they say.

I had been asking for an early retirement from BT for a few years, so it was no real surprise to me that one day towards the end of 1998 that I was asked if I was still interested in going. I answer was, 'I will let you know in the morning when I have had the opportunity of speaking to my wife. I was given my package details and of course I needed to work out if it was financially viable.

At the time I was 57 and due to retire anyway when I reached 60. It worked out very favourably for me as I was given a pension immediately once I had left the company and it was calculated as though I had reached 60. I returned to the office the following morning, and I had no difficulty in saying, 'Yes!'

As I had a few months to go before actually leaving the company, I programmed my annual leave quota to give me fewer days in which to work each week. By the 19 March I had 5 days holiday to use. I took my team along to the Black Rabbit Hotel, Arundel for our monthly group meeting which included a meal.

After lunch I was presented with some gifts, handed in my BT pass which I had had for over 35 years, said some difficult farewells to my working colleagues — now friends, and departed. All very strange, and quiet I had actually finished work. Could I really believe it? Not really.

That following week—end Saturday 20 March we went with our friends, Peter & Christine to their timeshare Scotland.

Peter at that time was still working, and I still could not believe that I was not going back to work, it took me some number of weeks, and I think that this probably months before it really sunk in was my new way of life.



6. MARRIED LIFE (Part 2) 2000–2020

– The New Millennium

Salvington Hill

As the old millennium was drawing to a close, many organisations were very concerned about finances, banks and many other companies using dates in their computer programming. The year in the dates would go back to 00. What would be effect on industries etc.? Would we all lose out? Will there be a massive computer crash across the country? There was quite a scare amongst many. The 1st January 2000 was reached and everybody expressed a sigh of relief. There was no need to fear.

The Prime Minister at the time, Tony Blair joined a party at the new Millennium Dome in London. The controversial dome ended as a massive flop and closed at the end of the year, December 2000

Firework display

There were many firework displays right across the country and at strategic points there was a lantern which could be seen from the next point—maybe about 20 miles away. All over the country there were lanterns burning. Worthing had it's own display with fireworks being set off from the end of the pier. I think the show started at 11.30 or 11.45pm. There were stalls along the prom selling all sorts of things including beef burgers and the like. We took my father along and he thoroughly enjoyed himself at 88 years old. He never reached his 90th birthday as he was to die on 13 February 2001.

The 11 September 2001 has gone down in history. A day when most people will know exactly where they were and what they were doing when it was announced that the Twin Towers in New York had been destroyed by a terrorist attack. Much has been written about this terrible attack and can read about it elsewhere, but basically two high jacked aircraft were flown into the north and south towers causing them to fall to the ground with a massive loss of life.

Hilary and I belonged to a painting club at the church run by Hilary's sister Jane Bond. – a small group of about 12–16 people drawing and painting in all mediums.

We became more involved with church activities, Hilary as Secretary and me with property management..I took on the roll of editing and producing the 'Chronicle' monthly magazine — later to be issued quarterly.

60th birthday

Paul gave me a voucher for an hour's flying lesson at Shoreham Airport. It was great!. We flew from the airport over our house where I took the controls, then over Goodwood, Chichester, turning at Selsey for our return journey back to Shoreham, You would will be pleased to know that the instructor, a young lad, took back the controls for landing. I had my cousins join the rest of the close family for a meal round the table.



Graham, left with his two brothers Colin and Martyn with their father on the occasion of his 89th birthday August 2000. taken in Colin's garden at Horsham.

The Introduction of the Internet and the World Wide Web

Whilst the internet had been around for a number of years, and I was working with computers since 1980, it wasn't generally available until 2000. Even then it was limited to the few who were really interested, with slow dial-up connection.

Whilst home computers were available in the '80s and 90s they were not very popular until the turn of the millennium when the internet became more accessible. I first used a computer in 1979 when I started to work in London. When the office changed their suite of computers in the 1980s, I think, and they were being disposed, I took the advantage of bringing one home. Very big by today's standards and the screen was black and white. It was very slow and had 7" floppy disks – not holding much information at all.

The internet in conjunction with the much newer World Wide

Web [www – invented early in the '90s] made the transferring of computer data possible across the world. And so it was all over the world information could be transmitted.

It wasn't until the much faster broadband connections were in place and optical fibre cables were laid that keen interest in the internet and the World Wide Web was more common place. This interest grew rapidly during the first ten years of this new millennium with connection speeds getting fast and faster. Computers became much more reliable. People really began to shop on-line and by 2012 there was a tremendous change to shopping habits, family history research and other researching requirements. These changes of shopping habits caused a severe impact on the high street retailers, struggling to survive in the new environment. Between 2010 and 2012 we saw Woolworths go into liquidation and then within a few months of each other—Comet and Jessops fell to the axe.



Along with the closing of these well known stores came a reduction in the number of printed handbooks that we had previously enjoyed when a product was bought. More and more were instructions to be found on the internet. Purchases were more often than not made by a credit card as apposed to cheques which were the normal way some years before.

Banking could now be carried out on-line [not to everybody's like] – we were all used to calling into a bank in the high street to withdraw cash and make payments, set up standing orders and direct debits.

Garden:

The garden is about 120ft long and 60ft wide, so quite large by some peoples standard. The photo to the right was taken in 2007 so the fruit cage that we have now is not showing.

In the front garden can be seen Geoffrey's Volkswagen, the 3 Series BMW Y96 STR, and Hilary's purple Mini can just be seen with its nose showing.

The windows on the front of the bungalow were replaced during the latter part of 2012. Vegetables, fruit cage, bad weather of 2012.

The layout of the garden over the years has constantly changed. A fruit cage was erected in 2010 and has made a huge difference to our fruit crops – not disturbed by birds—so we can grow raspberries, strawberries, blueberries in tubs and gooseberries in peace. The birds don't seem to worry about the blackcurrants which grow quite happily outside the cage.

The fruit is put to good use; either being frozen for the winter months or making into jam.

In the picture can be seen two plots of cultivated soil one nearer the house, and another further down the garden with a row of cloches.

The plot nearer the house is where the fruit cage is situated, and the area where cloches can be seen — leeks, potatoes, onions, shallots and courgettes are grown.

The Family: Paul

Paul moved to buy his own house in Columbia Drive and met Mary in Chichester .

It was a very hot and sunny day at the end of July 2004 for Paul's & Mary's wedding. They were married by Rev David Perrett at Mary's home church in Basingstoke, 'Church of the Good Shepherd'.

After a lovely holiday in Barbados, which Paul had secretly arranged, they returned to their new home in Cradock Place, Worthing.

Paul, was working with BT in Crawley then later in Brighton whilst Mary was teaching music in Portsmouth.

Chloe Elizabeth was born in Worthing Hospital in September 2007 and so Mary gave up full time employment but taught part time in Worthing and privately at home. Chloe attended a play group attached with the church and in September at the age of 5yrs started big school.

Nathan Edward came along in October 2012 also being born in Worthing Hospital. On that day Hilary and I collected Chloe from school and took her to see Mummy and Daddy with her new little brother. She was speechless. Well for a time anyway! She loves him to bits is an understatement.

Read more about Chloe and Nathan on page 103. Paul continues to work in Brighton.



Paul and Mary: 31 July 2004 — Church of the Good Shepherd

Right: Chloe Elizabeth on her birth day. September 2007

Below: Nathan on his birth day with big sister, Chloe. 2012





The Family: Geoffrey

Geoffrey has not, at the time of writing, moved out of 5 Salvington Hill.

One of his passions is the owning and running of an 1930s Austin Sevens. The model in the picture is his 1933 Austin 7 'Type 65' sports car.

Another passion of his is the growing of cactus in a greenhouse devoted to the purpose.

He spent some years working at Smithkline Beecham in electrical engineering and decided then that once he had completed his apprenticeship he should apply for a course at Chichester College for a university degree in music. Mary was also at the college working towards a degree in music. Once he had received his BA degree he wanted to find another job.

In 2001, he was successful in



Pictures -

Top: A stop for lunch on the 'Autumn Amble' Austin 7 run outside the Cricketers pub, Duncton, Sussex.

Left: Section of cactus collection in his greenhouse, 5 Salvington Hill.

securing a post with West Sussex County Council Library service at Chichester library as an information librarian. Being very keen on music and in particular playing the church pipe organ, one of his ambitions was to gain a qualification with the Royal College of Organists.

It involved about four years of hard and intense study and he was very glad to reach the end of his studies and be finally qualified. He went to Southwark in London in March 2013 with Hilary and I to receive his diploma.

Geoffrey bought his first house, in January

Geoffrey at the organ console in the church, Goring URC
Geoffrey at the organ console in the church, Goring URC
... and Below: 27 Patching Close
... and Below: 27 Patching Close



2014. Would you believe it – No. 27 Patching Close. Amazingly, it is the same house which we lived in when we were first married, moving out in 1976 – very strange, not planned at all. Geoffrey started his life here.

Although we owned the house in 1974, and it was where Geoffrey spent his days, he now faced a large programme of decorating and other jobs to do. Plastering, plumbing and electrical work to see to.

Family History

Once I had retired in March 1999, I was able to spend a lot more time researching my family history. Previously to that Hilary had spent a number of hours looking into my family as well as her own – after all, I was working full time, and so had little time researching..

When my work took me to places that were useful to Hilary and her family research, she very often came with me. Gloucester being an example; I would go off to my meeting and CCTV surveys, whilst Hilary would spend the time in the Record Office doing her research. Devon and Suffolk were other places we visited courtesy of BT.

In the earlier pages of this book I said that I began my interest in family history with my Grandmother when I was very young. I dabbled with it over the years but nothing serious until I had finished work.

Now retired Hilary and I spent a number of years driving, and sometimes by train, to various record offices, towns and villages in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, Wilshire and of course Devon and Gloucestershire. Not forgetting the National Archives in Kew where spent many hours looking through naval history books, very old and sometimes disintegrating muster records. This is where we found records of my great great grandfather, John Cooper and his years serving with the Royal Navy. Fortunately all of the places we needed to visit were below a line if you could make one, from The Wash down to the West Country. Sometimes we would do the trip in a day, other times we would have an over-night stay which gave us a welcome break.



Hilary got to a point where she was really struggling with her research, especially those parts of the family where London was involved. So densely populated, with so many parishes close to each other, and baptisms being performed by the vicar a number of times every day of the week including Christmas Days, it was very much like looking for a needle in a haystack!. Then there were members of the family elsewhere in the country that were not registers. Why is it that their brothers and sisters were registered but not the person that she was interested in ?

As my research went on, I needed to document the findings in some sort of logical order, and so I began by devoting a page to each member of the family. I then assembled the pages in a little booklet. Rearrangements needed to be carried out, photographs and more pages added. It wasn't until I had reached 70 pages or so and Hilary had said to me, 'You are not writing a little booklet, but a book! – I too realised.



Above: collecting the books from the book-binders
Right: Cutting the special 'Family Tree' cake which Hilary had made.

I looked into getting the book professionally printed but I quickly realised that it was going to be more cost effected to buy a new printer, print it myself and still have a printer at the end of the job. I looked around for somebody to bind it, as it going to be soft or hard bound. A small company of bookbinders was discovered in Lewes run by a couple of ladies. I quickly warmed to them and both Hilary and I were impressed with the work that they had achieved.

After speaking to my relatives as to what they may like in the book, a decision was made to have about 30 hardbacks, and a similar number of soft backs.

Once I had printed the pages and taken them to Lewes it was now out of my hands. Scarey stuff!. I could no longer make any more changes.



Please don't let anybody see any mistakes now. If there were any, they should be far and few as it had been proof read quite a few times by various people. So the book had finally gone off to the binders and I waited for the phone call to come and collect the finished article. I printed the covers and arranged for a 'book launch' day on 20 August 2011 to which I invited all members of the family. We had a wonderful day and a wonderful gathering of 50.

It was so very good to meet up with some branches of the family we had not seen before, and of course meeting up again with those we know so well.



The Family Gathering on 20 August 2011. Goring United Reformed Church Hall

All surnames are Redman unless otherwise stated.

Back row L-R: Paul, Molly & Trevor Larcombe, Leon, Barry, Geoffrey & Colin, Rob Crossley, Andrew Alicia & Jayne, Maureen & Ian Cooke, Jane Lee, John Amos, Alan Watts, Charmaine Crossley, Mary Deryck & Heather Bayley, Martyn, Jack, Hannah, Graham, Chloe, Hilary, David East, Alan Turnbull, Doreen & Ron Harrison, and Chris Lee

Front row : Chris, Lorraine Turnbull, Shirley Chambers, David, Andrea, Benjamin Crossley, Mary East, Maureen, Lesley Amos.

Our Changing World – and Life

Time does not stand still, and the older I get, I seem to be repeating what my parents and grandparents have said many times before – ‘the days are getting shorter’. In fact they are getting longer. I recently saw a programme about the moon and its importance to life on earth. At one time, the moon was much closer to us, too close to support life on earth, but is gradually moving further away, not very much at all. I think that programme said about a cm a year. When the moon was much closer to us, the earth was spinning much much faster than it is today, so the days would have been shorter, now of course they are actually getting longer! I don’t think that any of us will be worried about as I guess it will take millions or billions of years to make a big change. I have mentioned some of the changes that I have experienced in my lifetime, but I must say that when I was boy in the 1940s and 1950s I had to travel everywhere by bus and train. Unless families had a lot of money, and my parent didn’t, public transport was the norm.

Even since launching my first book in 2011, changes are still taking place. Much more is done using the internet: speeds are very much faster, and people without a computer with a broadband connection must be feeling at a disadvantage. Many adverts these days, I think assume that you have a computer. Many people today have a tablet and/or a smartphone. Hilary and I bought our first smartphones in 2014. Only in the last few years have we seen a rapid increase in the ownership of smartphones. Before we bought our new smartphones, we thought that everybody we saw holding a mobile using the telephone for texting, but we soon discovered that this is not the case. There are lots of other things that can be done – internet connection, games, diary, banking etc etc.

I was glad to erect our fruit cage, protecting much of the soft fruit from birds. We have grown raspberries, both summer and autumn varieties, blueberries, red and white currants and of course strawberries. Slugs and woodlice tend to be a problem when growing strawberries outside. I have discovered that growing them in grow-bags on the greenhouse staging is a good solution.

I make jams with the fruit, including blackcurrants, plum and greengage grown outside of the cage.

Spanish

I have been interested in learning Spanish since we had students from other countries stay with us in the 1980s, but have not really had the opportunity or time to study much. By 2010 we were going on holiday to Spanish speaking countries – the Canary Islands mostly, then in 2013 to Madrid and Andalusia, also to Lanzarote in 2014, and Murcia with the family in 2016. So I really wanted to be able to speak some of the lingo and hopefully understand what was being said to me. Most importantly to ask my way around and to order food in restaurants. I have been studying on an internet course which has been very helpful, I also attended a college course just for one year. I continue now following the internet course. How did all this start? – See page 83

Mobile phones

I was first introduced to a mobile telephone during the 1980s I think, whilst working for BT. It was quite a large instrument – a bit bigger than the handset of an ordinary landline telephone. Since that time they have become smaller and much more powerful. They can now connect to the internet, send/receive text messages, play games, send and receive emails, whereas when they first became available all that could be done was to make telephone calls. Round about 2008 the smart phone was introduced, and I bought my first smartphone, a Samsung S4 in 2014. It does everything, – well, nearly everything. Hilary also bought her first smartphone – a Sony, during the same year.

Celebrating My 70th Birthday

On Saturday 21st January 2012, Hilary and I treated ourselves to a matinee performance of the Nutcracker by the Birmingham Ballet Company at Sadler's Wells Opera House. We travelled by train from Worthing to London Bridge and by underground to Angel station which incidentally, has the longest escalators of 197ft on the London Underground. We had sausages and mash for lunch in 'The York', a nearby pub, before the 5 or 10 minute walk to the opera house. After the show we caught a bus to Victoria station for a meal before catching a train back home by 9.00pm.



Driving

You will probably have read earlier that my parents and family bought our first car, a Morris Mini Minor in 1959. It changed our lives forever, and has never been the same again since. Of course we still travel now by train and bus, I have a bus pass, but it is just not the same. It was a joy to drive in the 1960s with hardly any traffic on the road, rather similar to our experience in Lanzarote in 2014 – hardly any traffic. I have owned many cars between 1959 and the present day, my present one, a BMW series 3 which I bought in December 2011. That is a pleasure to drive; the trouble is that it doesn't ease the traffic problem on our roads today. So it is even more important to try and improve our driving skills, trying to be much more aware of the driving conditions, our own attitudes, reading the road, knowing what can be seen in the distance as well as forecasting what is likely to happen.

The Institute of Advanced Motorists introduced a Masters programme in 2011, taking driving standards to a much higher level. It wasn't long before I decided to follow that programme of training, so I arranged to take the test in 2015 – this was to be in Chigwell, Essex, only a mile or two away from Buckhurst Hill where I grew up. As well as testing my driving, I was required to give a running commentary and take a theoretical

test. I decided that I should drive to Chigwell the day before enabling me to wake up refreshed on the day of the test.

I took the opportunity of looking around my old familiar roads, buildings and of course to see again the where I grew up – 60 Walnut Way. All so different now, it all looked so much smaller and cramped. I also visited the forest, 'Lord's Bushes'

which is part of Epping Forest and then I went on to see Roding Valley railway station, not much change there. My Primary School building had been demolished and a new Buckhurst Hill Community School built not far away from my school.

It was all very interesting taking my mind back to the old days. I think now that this was a good thing to do before taking the test the following day as it made me think about other subjects.

Back now to the Masters Driving test. I had already discovered on the previous where I was to meet so I was able to drive straight there without any problems. My examiner joined me in the car, and once the initial nerves had settled down, I was able to sit back and enjoy the drive which lasted about 90 minutes.

I was instructed to drive along a part of the M25, M11, fast single carriageway 'A' and 'B' class roads, much narrower roads and on some occasions almost down to farm tracks. Some of the roads I did recognise, but most had changed beyond belief. After a good drive, I was pleased to reach the end and enjoy a cup of coffee with my examiner who went through his comments and report. How had I done? He said, 'wait a moment I will tell you in a minute' A very tense few minutes for me, but he did tell me after our coffee – I had passed with distinction! – I couldn't believe it.

The whole experience lasted for just about 2 hours. I went for a drink and for something to eat before my drive home.



Church Commitments

After some 15 years as chairman of the Property group, I decided that I should hand the job over to someone else, so I wrote to the elders advising them that my last day on the group will be 31 December 2016. Easier said than done as I still get questions to answer and jobs to do. To be fair I did say that if a particular task was required or a large project to be supervised, then I will be happy to do that.

Hilary has at the same time finished her term of office as an elder and Church Secretary.

Are our lives now much freer? – they should be, but I don't think so!

Holidays:

In 2002 we planned a big holiday to Norway with Saga; big for us as we had never been on such a holiday before. It was usually camping holidays either under canvas or in the caravan. This is the holiday where I was inspired to paint a fairly big picture of Songnauforden in acrylic.



Above: Hardanger range in Norway.

One year we went to visit a school friend of Hilary's in Ireland flying to Cork, and hiring a car to drive to Valerie's house in

Channel Islands

We spent many a year returning to our favourite channel island – Guernsey – not in the same hotel, but we did love the island. Although we had taken Paul and Geoffrey to Jersey it wasn't sufficiently attractive for us to return. Whilst in Guernsey we visited Herm, Sark and Alderney. It was whilst eating our breakfast in Guernsey with Geoffrey that we heard of the death of Dianna Princess of Wales. Quite a shock when the waitress gave us the news. After breakfast we went to our rooms and would you believe it, the news was all over the television channels.



Right: One of the lovely paths in Guernsey.



Malta

Malta was not somewhere that I had been yearning to go, but I was persuaded, just a little, when I was researching into my great great grandfather's naval career. I made an appointment to meet up with the vicar and vergier at St Paul's Cathedral, in Malta, not London.; there we were helped to go through the original parish records. Unlike anything we had done before in the county record offices where we had to search using fiches. —not an easy task.

If you have ever been to Malta, you will certainly not forget the old and decrepit buses. It was very unlikely that a newer bus would come along.

It was lovely and warm eating our ice creams on 5 November!

When Chloe was very small, Jane and Chris Lee invited us to go with them to Leiden in Holland, not many miles south of Amsterdam. We flew to Amsterdam leaving Chris and Jane to make their way by train. Hilary and I had been to Holland on a previous occasion with Worthing Coaches on a trip organised by a painting group.

Chris' brother, Tony, was working their but away on holiday at the time so we were able to stay in their house for the week. It was a treat to ride bicycles effortless on the level ground.



Canary Islands

Gran Canaria in the Canary Islands was a place we visited in the spring for about three years in succession from 2010, 2011 and 2012.

Saga had booked us into a good hotel, Reina Isabel which was situated not many yards from the beach. The front entrance was just a few minutes walk from the shops and bus station.

I loved trying out my very limited Spanish—first being introduced to the language when we had Spanish students many years ago in Sea Place.

Barbara joined us in 2011 and in 2012 a church friend on a cruise at the time spent a few hours with us.



Canada & The Rockies

The Rockies in Canada was somewhere that I had always wanted to go to, and this was to be the holiday of a lifetime in 2012. We set off from London Heathrow early one Saturday evening and after a long 8hr flight we arrived in Calgary at 8.30pm the same evening. We met up with our Saga rep and the following day boarded a coach which was to take us into the Rockies up staying in Banff and Jasper.

Early one morning in Jasper I caught sight, or heard then first, of a flock of geese flying down from the north. I had my camera with, of course, and quickly swung it over to find the geese in my viewfinder. Click. Click. Click. click.

Not too late to miss the train though at 8.00am! We joined the Rocky Mountaineer, Gold Leaf Class, which was very special, but very much worth the extra that we paid. The Gold Leaf carriages had two floors, upstairs seating with a wonderful viewing facilities and downstairs was the restaurant.

The train ambled very slowly through the countryside arriving in Vancouver two days later. We joined up with rest of the Saga party ready to embark on the Holland-America line, Zuiderdam, for our 7 night cruise up the Alaskan coast to

Juneau and Skagway, returning to Vancouver via Ketchikan.

The landscapes that we experienced were out of this world, snowing mountain tops, crisp and cold air, glaciers especially in Glacier Bay where the captain brought the huge ship to a standstill for us to take in the breathtaking views.

We will never forget some of the wild life that we saw; Elk by the side of the roads, Salmon, Brown Bears in various locations and catching a salmon – that was amazing!.



Glacier Bay. Photo take from on board the ship early one morning

There were plenty of White Headed Eagles some in flight others perched and the we were extremely lucky to see and photograph one in flight catching a salmon.

During that week we were extremely fortunate to have remarkably good and sunny weather, as according to the captain it had never been as good as it was that week. We were lucky indeed to have very good weather for the whole two weeks, broken only on one day with a spectacular thunder storm.

Spain: Madrid & Andelucia

Since we had the Caturla family stay with us as students in the 1980s, we have had a desire to meet them in their own country – Spain. On various occasions we have tried to make contact with, but it wasn't until 2012 that we did manage to write to them. Thanks to my niece, Kim who put us in touch via LinkedIn.



Top L-R: Me, Elena, Hilary, Gaby & Juan.

Below: La Farmara, Lanzarote outside of La Casa Dominique.



It was fabulous then to meet up with Juan, Gaby and Elena and families at Juan's flat in Madrid in September 2012. We spent a lovely evening with them, and had a wonderful tapas meal prepared by Juan's wife. We then went on by AVE train to spend a week in Port Umbria, not far from Seville in Andelucia.

Elena's husband, introduced us to some bungalows owned by a friend of his living in Lanzarote. We had previously booked for a holiday in May 2014 on that island but with Saga, but on seeing photographs of the bungalows and reading about the location, and the website quickly changed our minds.

In August 2015 we tried our first river cruise—a week in Northern Italy. The ship had about 120 passengers and 42 crew on board, spending a few days in Venice, cruising along the lagoon, and the nearby River Po. I took over 1000 photographs – but that was the easy bit – the time consuming part comes later when back at home, editing and deleting the many pictures that are not up to standard.



Our ship for the week: River Countess



Captain and Vice Captain

Many years ago when I first started this fascinating hobby of photography, the cameras were not the digital type but held 35mm films which had to be processed and prints made. Before a holiday I would purchase one or two rolls [depending on where I was going] of 24 or 36 exposure colour film, or black and white if I wanted to. Then when I returned home, the film[s] would be put into a special envelope and sent off to the laboratory for processing, there were many chemist shops too that took in films for developing. Then it was an anxious wait, generally a week, but less if I was lucky for the films and prints to be put through my letter box. Were they correctly exposed and in focus?, ie too dark or too light, as there was no way of knowing until I saw the prints.



Entrance to the Grand Canal, Venice

It's not like that today though, I just look at the back of the camera, also it is second nature now for children to look over the photographer's shoulder after a picture has been taken. 'Can I have a look please?'

How things have changed. I still have my 35mm film camera which takes some very good pictures.

In some ways, I think that it was easier years ago when I didn't have the number of pictures to sort through. On the other hand, I couldn't make any adjustments – no computers then! – but now it's more work!

They say you can't have everything!

Spain: Murcia 2016

Early in 2016 Paul and Mary said that they have the opportunity of having a villa in southern Spain for a week in June. The villa belongs to an aunt of Mary's which she lets out to holiday makers — this particular week in June she had free, and so Mary was offered to use it for our family. On 1 June we flew out from Gatwick airport to Murcia San Javier airport and hiring cars for our time there. We had the use of a swimming pool which Chloe and Nathan particularly liked and could easily have been in the water all day and every day. However we do many other things – times on the beach and in the sea, to Cartagena by train, eating out. All very warm experiences. A good time was had by all.



Our Villa

Los Nietos Station



Geoffrey and Nathan



Chloe at Cartagena

Cornwall October 2017



We enjoyed a wonderful train journey from Paddington down towards Penzance. Travelling first class we were served unlimited drinks, sandwiches and cakes etc on the journey. We changed trains just short of Penzance travelling on to St Ives on a little two car diesel.

I arranged for a local florist to have a bouquet of flowers delivered to the hotel dining table ready to greet Hilary.

It was her 70th birthday and I wanted to make something special and to celebrate the event with her.

The following day we collected our hired car from Penzance which we used for our week's stay. We had a good time, had some lovely walks and visited many places even though the weather was quite wet.

The flowers lasted well, easily for the week and Hilary was able to leave them for the staff to enjoy.



7. GRANDPARENTS

To more or less finish this book off about our married life together, I now put something together of being Grandparents to Chloe and Nathan. They say that nothing will be the same again, and we can certainly vouch for that! I seem to have adopted the name 'Doi-doi' by Chloe and it appears to have stuck with Nathan. I am told that it is my own fault because when she was younger I would creep up on her saying, "doi-doi-doi-doi-doi"

I guess it is the obvious name. She occasionally calls me Granddaddy especially when with her friends

Hilary and I took the family for a few days in Paris, during August 2010, travelling there by Eurostar. Chloe loved it! Mind you I think the rest of us did too, having a meal on the train from St Pancras arriving in Paris 2¼ hrs later. We stayed in a hotel in the city centre more or less doing our own things during the day but meeting up for mealtimes. Travelling around in Paris by Metro was fun too. Chloe was not quite 3 years old.

Not being able to speak French, I had to leave the conversation to the others. Chloe's first experience of the language was in the hotel – she would be greeted by the waiter, 'Bonjour Mademoiselle' She still remembers it now, and of course the train journey.





Left: Gran, Chloe & Nathan on my birthday 16 January 2013

Below: Nathan at 'The Ark' mother and toddler group July 2013 and Chloe in our garden, August 2013

All taken at 5, Salvington Hill, Worthing.





Family photo taken in the garden of 5 Salvington Hill, 2013

Nathan's First Birthday
4 October 2013
at 11 Cradock Place, Worthing





Nathan:

Top: 'Bubbles' –December 2013

Top right: 'Bath-time at Gran's' –June 2014

Bottom right: 'St James's Park' –August 2014

A treat for Chloe, taking her to see The Sleeping Beauty at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden in London.
Top Right: Hilary, me, Geoffrey, Chloe and Nathan came to Durrington station to wave us off - with Daddy!
Middle right: Lunch at the Royal Opera House.
Bottom right: The Auditorium.

Below: The train journey.





Weekdays: On many weekdays before Nathan was born, Mary would spend times at 5 Salvington Hill, bringing Chloe up for lunch and/or afternoon cups of tea, and during the summer times in the Garden, Whist Mary was teaching on a Saturday morning, Paul would often bring Chloe to see us and have a chat.

Time to help Gran with Sunday lunch

Sundays: On most Sundays after going to church the family would come to lunch at Gran and Doi-doi's house. This has generally been the practice before and after Nathan was born.



Chloe started Durrington First School in September 2012 just before her 5th birthday. Every Wednesday, Mary would teach music at Davison High School, with Gran and/or Doi-doi collecting Chloe from school, taking it in turns, for the school run before setting off to Rainbows at 5:15pm. On other days and times, Chloe would attend gymnasts, swimming, and ballet classes, – quite a busy girl!



Above: Collecting Chloe from year 1 - Class teacher is Miss Champion.

Right: Nathan in the garden at 5 Salvington Hill





Chloe, ready for Rainbows on a Wednesday afternoon.

Above left: Angel Fish drawn by Chloe age 6½, similar to the picture that I drew and painted as a 13yr old teenager on the right.

September 2017

Life is once again changing rapidly, Chloe and Nathan are very quickly growing up whilst Hilary and I stay the same. We believe that it is very important for us to stay the same and provide a stable place here at 5 Salvington Hill.

Chloe reached 10 on 25 September inviting three girls to our house to make and eat pizzas and to watch Cinderella in our cinema room. Not quite sure how much film they saw – or was it more of playing on the bed or going to the loo about a hundred times, but I do know they had a good time. Then as usual they have a family party at Paul's and Mary's house on the weekend between the two birthdays.

Nathan, five at last on the 4th October celebrated his birthday with a party at the church the following week – end, inviting many of his new school friends.

Nathan started school in September with Mrs Bourne as reception teacher. He is enjoying himself very much, not sure whether he will be saying the same in ten year's time! His last day at 'The Nook' playgroup was in July, dressing up in his new school uniform, as he requested, thinking that he would be going to big school the following day!

Nathan ready for his first day. Are we happy? - or not?



Every Wednesday we collect them both from school, They would both come to our house whilst Mary taught piano at her house. We knew it was a good reason to have a big garden as they both enjoy themselves outside.

We give them a drink and a biscuit, sometimes on a warm summer's day I would call in to the local shop to buy ice creams for us all. We played games both indoors and out according to the weather, hide and seek was a favourite, '... 8, 9, 10 Ready or not I'm coming to find you' When the fruit was ready in the garden, we'd pick that. Chloe liked to help Gran in kitchen to bake. Often they would watch CBeebies, and CBBC or another channel's equivalent.

Chloe has finished Brownies in July 2017 and is now going to Guides. [Brownies is for little children, she says.]



She is a keen gymnast and is doing very well on Saturday mornings, but now, having moved up a group meets on a Monday evening at 'The Vale' school, Findon Valley.

Chloe says that she prefers gymnastics to ballet which she used to do a couple of years ago.



She and Nathan both enjoy swimming and Chloe learning to play the piano – her days must be longer than ours, as I don't know how she fits it all in without getting too tired. A couple of times a year, Mary arranges for her piano pupils to take part in a concert at the Church. Parents and friends are invited – good for the children giving them experience of playing in front of an audience.

8. ALL CHANGE –It's now 2020 !

Can somebody stop the clock please? I have heard that said manytimes before, most of all I think by my grandparents!

In 2017, I thought I was coming to the end of my writing, after all we had had a lovely holiday in Spain with Paul & Mary's family and Geoffrey. Nathan had started school and Chloe was in the last year of primary school. I had written a conclusion and included a page showing the ancestral family tree for Chloe and Nathan.

What a lot has happened since then, in just 3 years — so very briefly, then I shall go into detail later.

1. Chloe was successful in getting into her chosen secondary school.
 2. Nathan has gone up a couple of classes.
 3. Hilary has had a couple of cataract operations.
 4. I more or less lost sight in my right eye.
 5. My cousin David died.
 6. A long time has been spent designing and editing the church website.
 7. We had a couple of holidays one a cruise on a dry Danube river, and the other in Italy.
 8. Coronavirus (Covid-19) badly hit the World and this country.
 9. Golden Anniversary
-



1. Chloe was successful in getting into her chosen secondary school.

Davison high school was the school of her choice. A longer journey than she was used to, involving 15 walk, a bus ride to the other side of town then another short walk to school. On the way she meets up with other friends of hers.

2. Nathan has gone up a couple of classes.

In the newly named 'Durrington Infant & Junior' school he has moved from reception class in 2017 to year 3 in September 2020.

Now eight years old he was ready to move up from Beavers to Cubs



3. Hilary has had a couple of cataract operations.

The second more successful than the first. We decided we would go privately to a clinic at the old now disused building of the URC in Shelley Road. A wonderful consultant, wonderful job, and we wished we had had him for the other eye, but sadly we can't turn the clock back. She has trouble with painful eyes now, even though she uses drops, but little helps.

4. I more or less lost sight in my right eye.

During August of 2018, I can remember driving along the Angmering By-Pass realising the vision in my right eye was not as it should be, a shadow began to appear from the bottom up.

It could only have been 3 or 4 days from when I first noticed the problem until 50 or 60% of my right eye view was covered in shadow. I began to realise that something may have not quite as it should be in the morning, shortly after waking up — I thought it was just a sleepy eye. An urgent trip to see an optician in Worthing when he immediately referred me to the Southlands Hospital — that afternoon!

After a number of tests there I was told that I had permanently lost the sight in my right eye. I could not believe it! That is not possible, I thought. The nerve carrying information from the eye to the brain was irreversibly damaged because of high blood pressure. Today in July 2020, I am not totally blind, but I can see some shapes and not much detail. Although I think the right eye just maybe improving, it has an overall detrimental effect on the whole vision. The optician believes I am better with it as I have some peripheral vision — which is a benefit.

5. My cousin David died.

Obviously, I had known him all my life, after all, we had grown up together, spending many, if not all Christmases at our grandparent's house in Tottenham. He was seven years older than me, I suppose I looked upon him as a big brother. His parents were my parents brother and sister, so he was as close to being a brother with actually being one.

David with his parents and sister Gillian would either come to visit us in Buckhurst Hill or we would visit them for the day at their house in Bush Hill Park. Gillian was a very sad case for her parents, David and for the rest of the family in general. She never really developed mentally beyond the age of about 18 months. The family found it quite an embarrassment when Gillian was present in our house particularly when we had friends visiting us at the same time. Maybe we were much more aware of her presence than any of our visitors were. I can remember hearing from my parents that on many occasions David would take himself out for bus rides, I suppose to get himself away from the situation he found himself in at home.

David moved to Worthing in about 1956. This was to be with both his parents, but his father sadly died shortly before they were due to move. David with his mother, my Auntie Violet, decided they would carry on with the move to Brougham Road as he with his mother and father had already chosen the bungalow.

Many times we visited them in Worthing. As mentioned earlier in this book, I was troubled greatly with breathing problems in the late 1950s, during the time I was serving my apprenticeship. My manager asked me if I knew anybody living in the countryside or by the sea I could stay with. He was kind enough to give me 3 months holiday to see if the time away might help — as long as I promised to write to him regularly, which I did. Whilst in Worthing I took the opportunity to go to the nearby BSM [British School of Motoring] and learn to drive.

David was still living at home and during some evenings we would go to a cinema. There were ours in Worthing and one in Lancing, so we took our pick according to what was on. It was David who showed us where some new houses were being built in Durrington: we were taken with them and liked them very much, to the extent Mum and Dad with their family decided to move.

Hilary and I continued to visit David firstly at his house first in Worthing, then in Reading and finally in Stafford. We went to Stafford to celebrate David's 80th birthday in February 2015. We kept in regular telephone contact keeping each other up to date with our news events and health problems. He lost sight in his left eye not long before I was having problems with my left eye. He kept on saying to me that he thought he was better off completely losing sight in one eye rather than in my case partially losing sight in an eye. I wasn't so sure about that. It was good to keep in touch at that time.

I was very sad to hear that David suffered a stroke early in June of 2019 and was admitted to hospital, unfortunately it was not suitable or convenient for us to visit him. He died not long after, on 27th June 2019. Hilary and I had a holiday booked to go to France and Italy for late July of that year so we anxiously waited for the funeral date to be announced. Unfortunately, it fell on the 22 July shortly after we had started our travels, so it was impossible for us to go to Stafford.

That was a great disappointment to me exacerbated by the fact I was not able to see him again before he died. A chapter ended!

6. A long time has been spent designing and editing the church website.

Those who have had anything to do with websites will know that there is always something to be done and pages updated. The Church website is no exception. I built the original site during the late 1990s and registered the domain in May 2001. During 2019 I rebuilt the site hopefully making it far easier to navigate and included a site search box. At the same time I launched a Church App for Android and Apple devices simplifying things when working on mobile devices. Alongside the website, I continue to produce the quarterly Chronicle magazine and Church Handbook/Directory.

7. Holidays since our time in Cornwall, River Danube and Italy.

In 2018 we planned holiday going with Saga to a cruise on the Danube. An early flight to Prague from Heathrow airport meant it was sensible for us to stay Saturday night in a nearby hotel. All went reasonably well in Prague for a few days until our transfer coach journey to meet up with our river cruiser in Germany.

Somewhere along the autobahn in Germany, the coach burst one of its tyres which delayed us by quite a few hours. Phone calls were made by the organisers to arrange for the breakdown vehicles to be sent out and to change the tyre, and because of the length of delay, our point of meeting our ship was transferred to further down the river. We boarded our ship late in the day ready for dinner. Fine we thought!



Waiting for the wheel change



The Danube's Low water level

Not many days into the cruise we quickly realised that further delays were about to happen. Low river levels. Very low water levels so much so that on occasions we could hear the ship grating the bottom of the river. The captain decided that he could not go any further until water levels had been increased. We don't usually wish for rain on holiday, but this time we did. After 2 or 3 days we were off again, but in the process had to miss some of our planned ports of call. As we sailed further down stream to Vienna, water levels were not a problem and so after a few hours stop we carried on to our final port of call, Budapest, from where we flew home. Not a particularly good holiday to say the least! I claimed a refund from Saga for the inconvenience.

I love travelling by train, so for July 2019 a trip to Italy via Paris was arranged. In the months preceding train tickets were purchased on line for Paris to Milan, Milan to Sienna, and Sienna to Rome. We first flew to Paris for overnight before catching our scheduled TGV from Gare de Lyon. Before leaving our hotel, I checked the train departures only to find our train to Milan was cancelled due to a landslide in Switzerland. We checked out, walked across the road to station, looked at the departure boards and yes it was correct, the train was cancelled, and there were no others. To cut a long story short, we had to put our thinking caps on and make some very quick decisions. We decided that would have to fly, first to find a flight from Paris Orly airport.

No flights from there so we eventually flew from Paris Charles De Gaulle to Milan on an Air Italia scheduled flight. We arrived to check in to our hotel at about the same time we would have checked in had we had travelled by train. So all was not lost, apart from some extra expenses.

Whilst in Milan we travelled north to spend a day at Lake Maggiore, before catching a train south to Florence and to the pretty part of the country, Siena in Tiffany.

A week later we moved on from our hotel to go south to Rome where we spent about four days. We visited the Vatican, Catacombs and of course the Coliseum before flying home.



Photo taken by the owner of the restaurant in Siena after enjoying a lovely meal.

8. Coronavirus (Covid-19) badly hit the World and this country.

Towards the end of November 2019 there were news items on the television reporting that a new virus was attacking parts of China, supposedly originating from a live food market. I didn't think too much of it at the time, after all it was a long way away.

Christmas came and went, the new year arrived and as we went further into the year more was being broadcast about the spreading of this new virus, Coronavirus 'Covid 19'. It very quickly spread into Europe, reaching Italy, France and Spain with devastating results; many people becoming infected and then sadly dying. It was I believe February saw the first cases in the UK by being people who had travelled in from China. Cases very quickly escalated and by 16 March 2020 the Health and Social Care secretary, Matt Hancock told the house of commons that social contact should cease. The Prime Minister, Boris Johnson told the country that as from 23 March people must stay at home requiring some businesses to close.

To a certain extent during the summer months cases and deaths reduced somewhat, but the effects from having the disease were to many, long lasting. Restrictions were lifted to a certain extent enabling people to meet under particular guidelines.

This was not to be for long, however, as by October many parts of the country, including France, Italy and Spain were beginning to suffer again. There seemed to be no answer to the problem. The more restrictions were put on the country to control the virus, the more the economy was being damaged. Restrictions were again lifted for about 4 days over Christmas to enable families to get together and socialise, but for a detrimental effect, as by early the following year numbers were beginning to rise again.

This was no big surprise to many. The country was now longing for a vaccination programme to start and by the end of January three different companies had produced a vaccine. The government had set in motion for everybody (except children) to have the 'jab', starting with the most vulnerable, the elderly and key workers and ending up with much younger people. It was to take some number of months to complete. Unfortunately, the virus was continually mutating, producing new strains of the disease, which caused another problem with the effectiveness of the inoculations. I think there will always be trouble with Coronavirus just as we have with flu and other infections.



9. Golden Anniversary

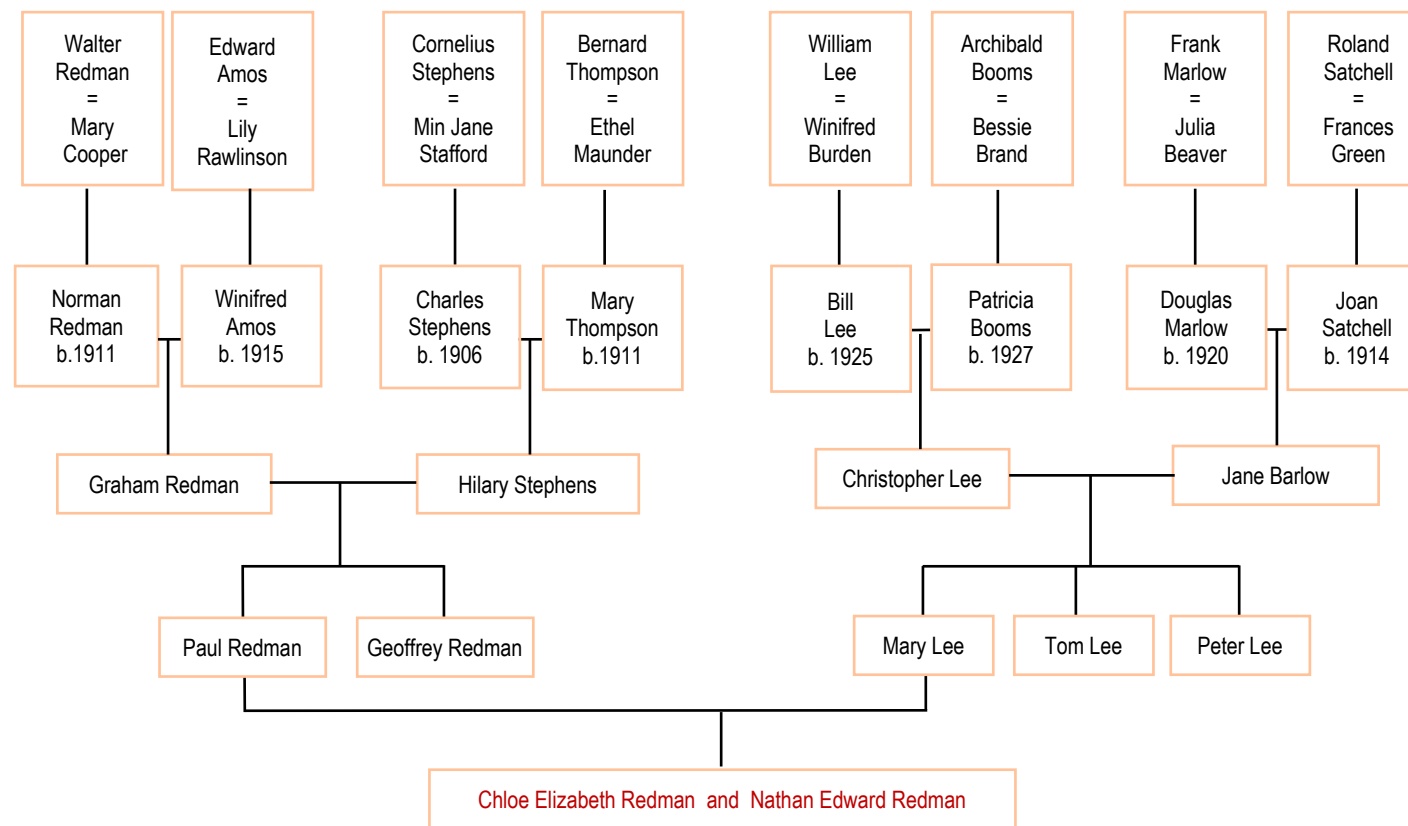
On the 1st August 2020 we reached and celebrated 50 years of married life together. How can we celebrate it with family? Had it not have been for the virus, I would have liked to have taken the family for a week-end away somewhere, perhaps for a meal on a train, but it was no use thinking about it too much as it was no longer relevant.

In the circumstances we decided we would have an Indian take-a-way in our garden. The weather seemed to be settled and as we were approaching the actual date was proving to be hot and sunny. This celebration was to be like no other we had experienced. The government had laid down strict rules over the country and we had to abide by those and of course it was essentially for our own safety. Social distancing, and being restricted to numbers of people we could invite influenced us as to what we could do.

A good meal was delivered and was enjoyed by Paul, Mary, Chloe and Nathan, Geoffrey, Jane as well as Hilary and me. We had said that when all was clear from the virus and the country was back to normal again we will celebrate properly. Whether we ever will is another matter.

9. FAMILY TREE

Family Tree dating from about the middle of the 1800s



10. CONCLUSION

So there we are, life in a nutshell!

In these past pages, I hope that I have given you an incite as to where our early ancestors come from and how some of them travelled vast distances, for their time anyway. From Wilshire to London, and from Kent to Essex and London.

Then also an incite into my life, from the dark days of the war in the 1940s, through the brighter 1950s, 1960s and 1970s. Through more modern times of the electronic era – the 1980s, 1990s and into a new millennium. Already we are coming to the end of 2017. Nathan has been born and since I wrote my last book, and he is growing up so quickly, and had had his 5th birthday and started school. His big sister is also growing up quickly, she is now 10 and in year 5. It is also very difficult to know when to stop writing, to draw the line, and to start publishing and printing.

Do I wait for Chloe to start secondary school? Do I wait for Nathan to move up a year or two? – I could wait forever! So I have decided to draw the line now – Chloe, 10 and Nathan, 5.

Future years writings and photographs can be put into a photo-book or books. At least I have achieved what I wanted to achieve, and that was to write something about my life from the 1940s, and my experiences with my grandparents, through the 1950s and '60s with my parents, and then my married life with Hilary from 1970.

My earlier book, 'My Redman and Amos Families' is more about family history and family trees etc researching back to the fifteen and sixteen hundreds.

As I write now in the summer of 2017, I continue to grow some vegetables, top fruit and soft fruit, making jams from the fruit picked, freezing the apples and blackberries for the winter months and making marmalade from Seville Oranges.

I am taking people out with the IAM encouraging them to improve their driving skill ready for the advanced driving test.

Keeping the church website up to date takes up some considerable time. Hilary and I are looking forward to another holiday in Cornwall—this time on the south coast. It is good to do this whilst we are fairly active. I still have plans to go abroad again – we liked the river cruising – I love using Spanish, don't really want to forget it, so relish the chance of using the language whenever the opportunity arises.

We like to get out to enjoy ourselves as much as possible and away from the household chores. We belong to a walking group which meets monthly – this includes a lunch out at a pub. Whenever possible, it is good to take ourselves out on our own seeing the occasional film and finding a good restaurant. I partly converted one of our bedrooms into a cinema with four proper cinema seats from Porthmadog in North Wales.

As I finish, I wonder what the world will be like for Chloe and Nathan in 70 or even 50 years. One thing is for certain that I will not be here to write about it. I pray that all my family and others who read this book will worthwhile and enjoyable lives – life is what you make of it. So enjoy yourselves and spare some time for others.

God Bless you all.

Graham, otherwise known as Doi-Doi. xxx

11. INDEX

