



THE Living **M**emory **A**ssociation **NEWSLETTER**

THELMA says, 'Bring me back a stick of rock!'



Hooray for the holiday camps! Pontin's at Blackpool in 1960 - the heyday of the holiday camps. Martha Allan and her son Alistair are getting around the camp in a two-seater pedal car.



The long-legged giant at Butlin's holiday camp in Ayr. The three children are (L-R) Kevin, Eileen and Pauline O'Donnell. They're enjoying their Butlin's holiday, 1966.

The Dodgems at Pontin's Holiday Camp, 1960.

The Dodgems were my favourite, as a kid I loved banging into things. Also remember winning a goldfish at the Shows. We named it *Goldie* and it lasted a week before it died and we flushed it down the loo!

Says Rab Auld.

The chalets at Butlins were like miniature houses. It was a great place to go on holiday. There was lots to keep you entertained. **Says Mary Auld.**





Anne Stephen is having a donkey ride on the beach, in 1935. Donkey rides were a big treat. Can you remember how it felt, swaying from side to side with gritty sand in your sandals and your little legs astride the donkey's rough coat, as it plodded patiently along the beach, often with its harness bells jingling?

The outdoor pool at Burntisland was 'refreshing'! It was decidedly chilly and had a terrifyingly high platform, (or maybe I was just wee at the time). I climbed up there and couldn't bring myself to leap from it so I had the humiliating experience of climbing down again. **Says Susan Bird.**

I did my first 'solo' swim without the aid of my rubber ring at North Berwick outdoor pool. I think it was because it was so cold it was better to keep moving! I was quite pleased with myself but unfortunately no-one in my family witnessed this momentous occasion as they weren't watching! **Says Joyce Miller.**

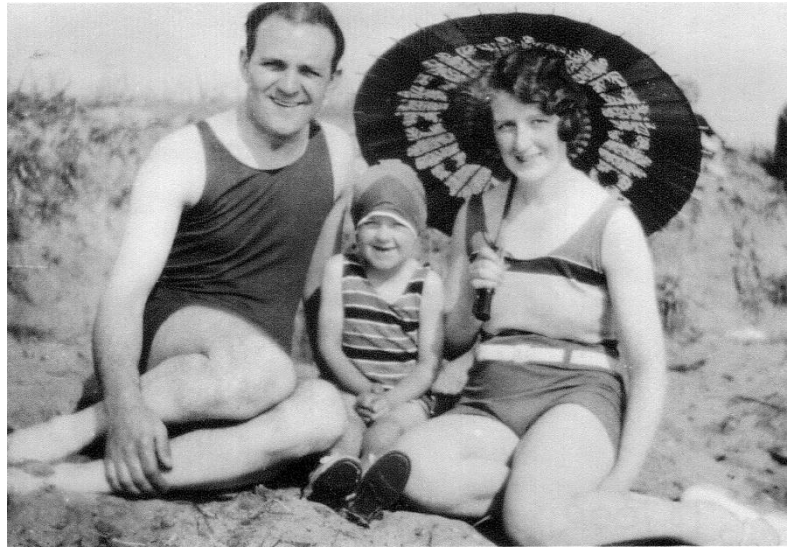


Miles Tubb on his holidays in 1964.



Mr Henderson (on the left) and Mr & Mrs Davies, on their holidays, in 1962. The iconic Blackpool Tower is there in the background. Sitting on deckchairs on the beach does not seem to have been a reason for the lady or gents to compromise their dress code. The sombreros definitely give a continental flavour to the scene, though!

The beach is at Leven in Fife, in 1931. Archie Walker, his wife Isabella and their son Chris are enjoying the sun and the sand on their holiday. Great swimwear, and that parasol is so chic!



Susan Young is paddling with her two cousins, both called Mary. The one on the left was Mary McNaughton. This would have been taken in the 1930s and was probably on the west coast where they often went on holiday together.



Evelyn Whitfield with her daughter Susan on a camping holiday in Loch Lomond in 1965.



Barbara Donaldson with her daughter Mairi on holiday in Stornoway, in 1964.

A caravan holiday at The Red Lion Campsite in Arbroath in 1957.

I loved the way the seats in the caravan became the beds at night, then in the morning they were turned into seats again. And the lights in the caravan were gas mantles which gave off a soft cosy light. **Says Sheena Grahame.**



A plane load from Scotland arriving in Gibraltar in 1965. The beginning of the package holiday abroad.

Soon everyone would be jetting off to Spain, Greece or Turkey on a holiday that guaranteed sunshine, something Portobello, Largs and Kinghorn couldn't always promise to deliver!




Do you have memories, stories, or photos you'd like to share?

Please get in touch:

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