

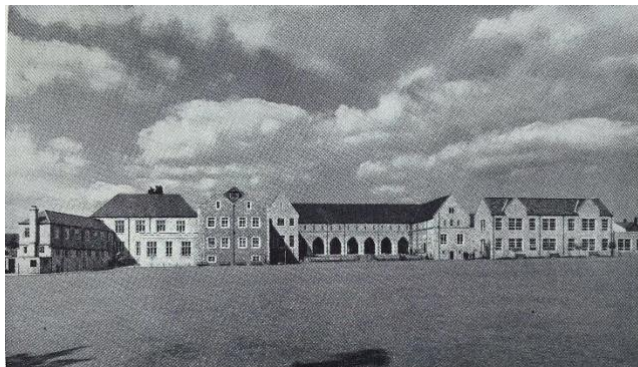
AT HOME IN THE 60'S

A CASE STUDY

Welcome back to the Upson family whose story will now move on a generation. Reg retired from work in 1967, aged 65, enjoyed a brief retirement and died of aggressive leukaemia just before his 70th birthday in 1972. Winnie sold the family cottage and moved to a small village north of Winchester where elder son, Alan, had built her a bungalow close to him. She was later accommodated in an annexe of his house and died aged 90 in 2002.

We now take up the story of the youngest son, Keith, whose journey through the educational system was described earlier. The 60's launched him into the most productive years of his life from the age of 18 to 28. Let's see what effect the cultural and technological changes had on his life.

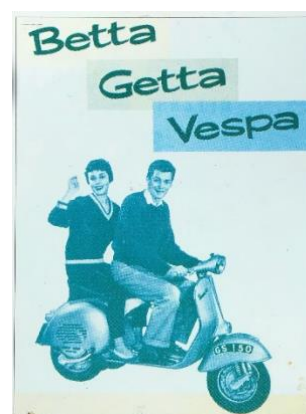
In 1961 Keith joined the elite 5% of the population fortunate enough to gain entry to University or College of Higher Education. He was admitted to St. Luke's College, Exeter, an all-male residential teachers' training college for a 3-year course leading to a Certificate in Education. Founded in 1840, the College was steeped in tradition and exuded a public school ethos. Students were referred to as 'gentlemen' and were expected to uphold their elitist standards and set an example to others. The ethos underpinned every academic programme to ensure that every student was sufficiently equipped with the foundations of a teachers' authority – a depth of knowledge, understanding, skill, and confidence. Year by year the pressure built to create the work ethic necessary for professional practice ahead. It became something of a cloistered existence relieved by 14 weeks of teaching practice in schools.



Finance was then never an issue. All fees for education and board and lodgings were met by the Local Education Authority and each student was allotted a minimal grant for personal living expenses. Keith received £27 per term to cover all extraneous expenses like laundry, stationary and equipment, clothes, personal items, sundry consumables and leisure. A weekly visit to the cinema might have been affordable at 1/9d, but the budget did not support much beyond the occasional drink and a supply of cigarettes. At 1/9d for 10 even this was tightly controlled. Amongst the student body there was, needless to say, some flirtation and experimentation with the demon drink, but this seldom got out of hand and was constrained by both the discovery of 'hangover' and affordability. Most leisure time was spent in a variety of college activities centred largely on sport and a large variety of clubs. There was little appetite for television or radio. Both were too sedentary for energetic young men. Keith

became involved with the College Operatic Society taking a leading role in their 1963 production of 'Riddigore' for which he received the College Arts Prize, and was amongst the pioneers of the College Geographical Society, but he was not seduced by any more riotous pursuits. Outside the Rugby Club's after match binges, there were none. As an all-male College there were no organised disco's or parties beyond the annual Rag Ball and girls were generally not welcomed on campus. In any case Keith was, by then, preoccupied with a certain young lady at home.

Keith met the love of his life at school shortly after he had been accepted to study at St. Luke's. Jennifer was a 4th former as he worked through the upper 6th. By the summer of 1961 they had become inseparable soul-mates about to be torn apart by 3 year's absence at College. The first term was difficult. Allocated hostel accommodation, Keith was subject to College regulation which restricted his ability to visit home to only 3 weekend passes per term with a good reason in each case. Their courtship was therefore unexpectedly limited to letters and a few stolen hours together in Salisbury on some Saturdays when both co-ordinated cheap-day rail journeys. Fortunately, Royal Mail was then efficient and letters posted one day were guaranteed to arrive the next. The strain of separation took its toll, however, and in an effort to cement their relationship they took the unprecedented step of becoming engaged to be married on Jennifer's 16th birthday in January 1962, a move not entirely welcomed by Keith's parents wary, as ever, about what their son was getting into. The ramped up pressures served only to bolster their determination to cling to each other and as time went on they were able to manoeuvre more time together. During his 2nd and 3rd year at college he was assigned private digs free of college restraint. He then took to travelling home each weekend on his Vespa Scooter, a 3½ hour journey of 120 miles each way in all weathers. There were times when he arrived frozen to the seat! The relationship never wavered. When in 1964 Keith finally returned home to live they laid plans for their marriage in August 1965.



Needless to say during these year's money was in short supply. Keith earned extra money during College holidays, Post-work at Christmas and either shop-work or working on the roads during the summer, which eased his situation and enabled him to run the scooter. Jennifer left school in 1962 and took up employment with Eastleigh Borough Council as a Junior Clerk. Her earnings were also meagre, around £5 per week, providing scope for keeping abreast of fashion but for very little else. At this time, however, money was largely an irrelevance. Their only aspiration was to be together. Both identified with the romantic pop music of the times. However, whilst both had record players neither could afford to buy records. Both enjoyed dancing, especially jiving, but opportunities were limited to the occasional Saturday evenings. Visits to Coffee bars were more frequent but most leisure time was spent at home where Jennifer's parents, sensitive to their needs, provided space and privacy. They also provided and paid for holidays and frequent days out absorbing Keith into a happy family unit.

Keith graduated in 1964 and, having gained acceptance for a post by the Southampton Education Authority, he was allotted a placement at Shirley Warren Secondary Modern

School on the outskirts of the City. There he was put to work teaching Maths, English, Geography and History to mostly below average ability 11 to 13 year-olds in a Nissan hut situated in a field 400 yards away from the main school buildings, out of sight and out of mind! Whilst there were some Maths work books, there were few other text books and limited supporting equipment beyond blackboard and chalk This was make or break time for a probationary teacher. A baptism of fire.

With a wedding looming and no chance to accumulate any capital, Keith and Jennifer were confronted with stark choices about their future. There was no way they could afford to buy a house. His starting salary was £630 per year, a take-home pay packet of just over £39 per month after stoppages. A three-bedroomed terrace house then sold for about £2,500. The maximum mortgage available was calculated on the basis of three times the salary of the main breadwinner. A wife's earnings could not then be taken into consideration. Consequently, even if they could have found a deposit, the most they could borrow was well short of what they needed. With no alternative, therefore, they went in search of somewhere to rent. There was then a real shortage of property, and what was available was pretty grim and pricey. Fortunately, luck was on their side, and a chance conversation with a friend led them to the landlord of a small terraced house in Bassett on the northern outskirts of Southampton. He was a young entrepreneur who had recently bought the house and was in the process of bringing it up to letting standards, principally by adding a bathroom to it. Upon the recommendation of their friend they were offered the tenancy for the sum of £4-16s-0d per week, including rates. This was an enormous sum, nearly half of Keith's weekly wage, but they had two salaries coming in and felt very lucky to have found a house rather than a flat. They took occupation on August 1st, 1965 and swung into action to scrub, clean, furnish and equip it so that they could move in after their return from honeymoon on August 28th.



The house was very conveniently situated. It was less than a mile from Shirley Warren School and only yards from the main road to Winchester where Jennifer now worked having transferred from Eastleigh Borough Council to the Education Department of Hampshire County Council. One of her colleagues lived locally and gave her a lift to work, yet another stroke of luck! The house itself was a tiny two up and two down terraced house with a 6ft X 6ft kitchen and an adjoining bathroom. Having decided to rent, they started shopping for furniture as early as January and set aside a bedroom suite and a lounge suite that they particularly liked. In July, when their needs became clear they completed the purchases and added other essential items to the list. By August, with a little help from their families and the generosity of friends they had managed to create a cosy and comfortable home.

The main living room stretched across the whole width of the house and was about 14ft X 11ft. It was accessed by a narrow passage from the front door and had been newly decorated



with pastel shaded wallpaper of modern design. The fashion of the time was for long sleek furniture and the 3-piece suite they had bought consisted of a 6ft 6inch studio couch which opened to a double bed and 2 arm chairs. It cost 69 guineas. They also installed a sideboard, also long, low and sleek, at a cost of £25, a coffee table, and a cheap tufted carpet bought straight from the mill for a princely price of £5. The room was enhanced by a large mural painting fixed on the chimney breast, something fashionable at the time, and a half-moon 'Readycut Wool' rug which they had made during the long winter evenings.

The front room was tiny, little more than 10ft square with bright red wallpaper with a floral motif. It became the study / music room which was furnished with home-made furniture and a piano acquired for nothing.

The kitchen was even tinier with just about enough room for a gas cooker, a cabinet and a small table and two chairs. The cooker was the only item they bought on higher-purchase. The cabinet, manufactured by Remploy, was versatile and convenient offering larder space, a drawer for cutlery and kitchen tools, a drop down work surface and a large cupboard for pots and pans. Ideal for such a small space. The table and chairs were gifted from a relative and were the only second-hand furniture they had.



Upstairs they only furnished one bedroom where they installed the second big purchase of their married lives – a bedroom suite comprising one large and one small wardrobe and a dressing table and stool. Manufactured by Lebus it cost 59 Guineas. The double bed which completed the set, along with all the sheets, blankets and bed cover were a wedding present from Jennifer's parents. The bed alone cost £40 with blankets then retailing at £4-16 shillings each.

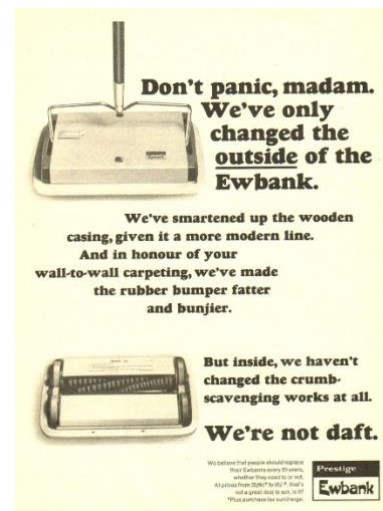
Outside the back garden was about 75 feet long and the width of the house. It was an untouched jungle which Keith tamed in the weeks before their wedding creating a vegetable patch, a small lawn and rockery. He also reclaimed the path to the back gate so that he could drive his scooter up to the back door. Altogether it was a perfect starting point to their married lives, not least because it was theirs!

Keith and Jennifer were both children of 'austerity'. Both were unused to extravagance and wary of overspending. A lavish wedding was, therefore, not even a consideration when they were desperate for money to equip their new home. Their wedding was consequently an intimate affair with a guest list of only 30 of their closest relatives and friends. Stag and Hen nights were suitably tame and civilised with not the slightest possibility of after effects that would tarnish the big day. A Church service was followed by a reception at a local restaurant the following day. The emphasis throughout was upon rites and meaning rather than

ostentation and display. They honeymooned at a guest house known to the family in Shanklin on the Isle of Wight and returned to their new home a week later totally penniless. There they began to discover the joys and challenges of independence and the value of privacy.

Like most young couples they found it such a pleasure, even a relief, to have their own space. It was just so nice to be able to be themselves without the knowledge and judgement of others. There, in the early weeks, they began to establish routines and to settle a division of labour that was equitable and robust. Being young and pliant they moulded easily to each other's needs and learned to give and take and cope with each other's fractious moments without ever arguing or falling out with each other. In the early weeks most pressure fell upon Jennifer. She worked the longest hours and was away from home from 7-45am until 6-20pm. From the beginning she took her domestic responsibilities very seriously. Her mothering instincts were very strong and there was never any expectation that Keith would do either the cooking or the washing. This was then regarded as women's work. So when she returned home she had to start again. After a few weeks, therefore, she sought employment more locally and took up a clerical post with the local co-operative society. But this did not last long. At Christmas she fell pregnant and succumbed to a severe bout of bronchitis. A Doctor ordered complete bed-rest since the insistent deep coughing threatened the foetus. The scare frightened her into giving up work completely to concentrate on impending motherhood. This reduced the pair to very near the poverty line. Only by buying the cheapest food, hand-making maternity wear and cutting costs to the bone were they able to stagger to the end of each month with just pennies to spare. They were back to austerity just where they started.

Throughout this period, they had no appliances. Their budget would not stretch to a washing machine, dryer, vacuum cleaner or refrigerator. None of these was by any means universal in the mid-60's and they realised they could cope without them. Washing was therefore achieved by hand at the kitchen sink and drying was hastened by a large, heavy wringer, just outside the back door, which they acquired for nothing. On occasion large loads of wet washing were scooted to Jennifer's parents 4 miles distant to be 'spin dried'. During the dark months airing was achieved on a clothes horse in front of an open fire. Housework relied upon a Carpet Sweeper and Dustpan and Brush, a duster and tinned wax polish. In the kitchen there were no gadgets beyond an electric kettle. Hot water was supplied to the stone sink from a gas 'Multipoint' Geyser installed in the bathroom next door. Without a refrigerator shopping for fresh food was a daily task. Conveniently, there was a parade of shops little more than 100 yards away which met their needs for meat products, bread, groceries, medicines and hardware. Supermarkets were then in their infancy and there were none in the vicinity. With their budget restriction non-essential items were off limits. This included many things we would now take for granted. New clothes, photography, eating out, books, records and leisure pursuits costing anything were all out of the question. So too was Bank Credit. Any overdraft, no matter how small, prompted a letter from the Bank manager requesting an interview. Higher-purchase on larger items was



available, but they had the sense not to be tempted. The only luxury they allowed themselves was a television which they rented just before Christmas 1965. By then this had become almost a universal necessity.

The one major asset which they owned was the trusty Vespa Scooter which, from the beginning, had made their relationship possible and had so successfully kept them together throughout the 3 years Keith was at College. Life would have been unthinkable without it. It was their passport to freedom. It now provided the cheap and vital link to work, family, friends and anything and everything in the extended local area. Like most young active people Keith and Jennifer were seldom still for long. Outside of the novelty of housekeeping and gardening they were out and about. Primarily, however, they shared a common interest. They were both active on the stage. In the autumn of 1964 both were auditioned for, and accepted into 'Southern Theatre Productions', a company staging musical shows at major venues in Southampton, Portsmouth and Bournemouth. This provided the most important outlet for their energies and a healthy amount of camaraderie and social contact. It also provided their only flirtation with luxury – an annual dinner dance at a top hotel, black tie and ball gown essential!

In April, whilst Keith and Jennifer were performing in 'White Horse Inn' at the King's Theatre, Southsea, they received the first of several good news stories that came their way in 1966. They were being offered the tenancy of a large, 3-bedroomed, Victorian Semi-detached house for a weekly rental of £1-12s-6d, one third of what they were currently paying. At the same time Keith received the 2nd of about 10 or 12 annual increments to his salary as he gained experience in the teaching profession. With Jennifer now 4 months pregnant both were fortuitous and relieved the stress of end-of-month penury.

The house was situated in Sholing on the eastern edge of Southampton and was nicely situated overlooking a recreation ground. It was owned by a property millionairess who employed Keith's mother, Winnie, as a cleaner / companion and it had been vacated by an elderly woman who lived in just one room. The remainder of the house had not been occupied for years and was in a grim state. Even the nails of the war-



time blackout were still in evidence around the windows, the toilet was outside, and there was no bathroom or hot water. The entire ground floor was boarded to a height of 4 feet, the cupboard under the stairs had been used as a coal-hole, and the very large garden was an overgrown jungle with a barely recognisable path leading to the road. The landlady installed a bath, hand-basin and a multi-point gas water heater in an out-house-like room next to the kitchen but all further improvements were left to them. It was a challenge they were happy to accept. During June and July, they set too to update a bedroom and the lounge, the minimum necessary to make the house habitable.

In the main bedroom they rapidly honed the skills of paper-hanging and painting transforming it from dingy 30's to bright and modern 60's in just a few hours. Downstairs, however, the lounge was more challenging. The Victorian wall-boarding was hideous and they gained permission to remove it. This left bare brick wall throughout the ground floor which they had to pay to have plastered. Within 3 weeks, however, that room too was lifted into modernity leaving 2 people overwhelmed with their achievement and eager to do more.

They moved in in July and during the following weeks and months worked hard on the improvement process enjoying making something out of nothing. With the redundant wall-boarding, for example, Keith was able to build a connecting passageway to the outside toilet, in effect building it in, and, during the long school holiday he cleared the garden creating a rockery with broken concrete from a base he had uncovered. He also prepared and seeded a large lawn and peeled back the undergrowth to make a large vegetable plot. All was immensely satisfying.

Not all was sunshine and light, however. Old houses have their problems. With no central heating the house was cold. They only heated one room with a 3kw electric fire. The remainder of the house was unheated. It was not uncommon, therefore, to awaken in winter to beautiful patterns of condensation frozen on the inside of the bedroom window. To protect pipes from freezing they bought a 'dalek' like paraffin heater to keep the temperature of the kitchen and bathroom just above freezing. There was also a problem with winter damp and condensation in several rooms at the rear of the house most especially, the bathroom, where wallpaper applied to the outer single-brick wall soon un-pealed. The other major inconvenience was the outside toilet. If you were taken short in the night, it was a long walk through a cold house to reach it. Although the wall-boarded construction gave protection against wind and rain it was still not a place to sit and muse. It had distempered brick walls, a high cistern and a heavy door with a latch, so typical of the Victorian privy.



Despite the drawbacks Keith and Jennifer spent five very happy years in this house. So much creative energy was invested in it that they formed a real emotional attachment to it. What made it particularly special, however, was the fact that it was the home into which their children were born and spent their early years.

Life changed irrevocably in October 1966 with the birth of a son, Stephen, at the Maternity Hospital in Southampton five miles distant. Taxied there in the middle of the night Jennifer was taken into the delivery suite whilst Keith was dismissed and told to go home. There were no such thing as birthing partners then. Birthing was women's business and still clung on to an aura of mystique. After a forceps delivery Jennifer was kept in hospital for 9 days giving Keith and her father time enough to prepare and decorate a second bedroom to accommodate the baby and to collect the pram and carry-cot etc. so kindly donated by the family.

The arrival of the first born brings about the most fundamental change in lifestyle and values. You have to learn very quickly how to cope with the demands of an infant. Their very helplessness seems to stimulate an all-enveloping love which draws out the instinct to protect, care for and nurture. They quickly become the centre of your world. The new found responsibility is more of a purpose in life than a burden and it brings a unique kind of satisfaction and fulfilment. The mission becomes to ensure that the baby is comfortable and has everything it could possibly need.

In an age before the advent of disposable nappies and modern feeding practices, routines were very different and much more labour intensive. Jennifer used terry towelling nappies with a disposable nappy liner designed to protect the baby from the coarse material and to take the worst of the mess. Folding them, putting them on a tiny baby, and fastening them with giant nappy pins, was a work of art. Much more significantly, however, was the fact that they had to be washed, dried and aired daily. This was not an easy task. They had no washing machine and, in any case, the nappies needed to be boiled. Drying them in winter was a nightmare. It therefore became an urgent necessity to invest in a Burco Boiler, a spin dryer and a Flatley dryer for airing. With such limited financial resources Keith gave Jennifer the down-payment on the Spin Dryer as a present for her 21st birthday! The Flatley was second hand and expensive to use so, where possible, clothes were aired on a clothes horse or on a large fire guard before the electric fire.



Burco Boiler



Hoover Spin Dryer



Flatley Dryer

The arrival of the baby was accompanied by a fortuitous change of circumstances. In June Keith learned that he was to be awarded a promoted post at school adding a further £120 to his salary. He had survived his first year of teaching with colours, was brought in from the cold to a classroom in the main school complex and was given much more of his main subject to teach. Furthermore, early in 1967 they discovered the 'Budget Account', newly introduced by Lloyds Bank, and Brian Mills Catalogue shopping. Both were to open up their world and relieve their anxieties. The Budget Account allowed them to overcome the tri-monthly problem of trying to meet the Gas and Electricity bills at the same time. This always reduced them to praying that nothing else would crop up. The Account worked on the principle of estimating the annual cost of utilities and other bills, and then of paying in 12 equal monthly instalments,

thus spreading the cost evenly. So, for example, by adding the cost of vehicle maintenance to the list, they could pay for any major repair without having to worry. The whole thing made their lives much easier. So too did Brian Mills Catalogue and, by budgeting a constant amount each month to this kind of retail outlet, they found they could afford things which they would otherwise have found very difficult to buy. In the ensuing years they spent a great deal of money in this way. It was a great advantage to have things when you needed them, rather than when you could afford them. In this way, therefore, the Hoover Constellation Vacuum Cleaner came into their lives, their first foray into the realms of the unaffordable!



In the early years of teaching the salary was so poor that there was no question of a holiday. Keith needed to find a job for four weeks during the long summer holiday to help prop up finances. For two years he was employed by a friend as a painter and decorator – a useful addition to his skill-set. He then spent one summer in a temporary post analysing road accidents for the Ministry of Transport. The additional income gave latitude for completing the internal make-over of the house and to meet the growing demands of the family.

With the arrival of the baby transport became an urgent issue. There was no way to take a baby on a scooter! They found the answer in a little Isetta Bubble car which could then be driven on a motor cycle license. It was a right hand drive, 3-wheeled vehicle with a 250cc 4 stroke engine which cost £175. The baby's carry-cot fitted beautifully on the back shelf and there was space for all the other paraphernalia either on the bench seat or on the floor. After the scooter it was a luxury to be out of the weather. However, it had its drawbacks and provided only a short-term solution. It was not a reliable starter, it was noisy, not overly stable and light enough to be dangerous in a strong head wind. However, it had all the operating



characteristics of a car and in the summer of 1967 Keith took a course of 6 driving lessons to polish his skills, entered his driving test and passed. Shortly after a school colleague offered him a little A35 van for £60. After the Isetta it seemed as quiet as a Rolls Royce and was firm and positive to handle. Unfortunately, however, it guzzled oil, which, thanks to the budget account, Keith solved by fitting a reconditioned engine for the cost of £30. This car went on to serve them well for the next 3 years.

Upon the birth of baby Stephen, Jennifer settled to a life of domesticity. There was then no provision for infant care, and no expectation that mothers would delegate their responsibility and take up employment unless it dovetailed with their partner. She quickly fell into a routine of child care punctuated with the daily rituals of laundering, shopping, cooking and cleaning. New to the area and a non-driver she had no means of transport and, once again, had to rely upon local shops for provisions. Fortunately, this was not problematic. There was a wonderful butcher next door but one, and an old style pharmacist just beyond who adeptly made up linctus to meet the symptoms of his customers. There was also a run-down grocers and a newsagents very close, and a greater range of outlets little more than 400 yards away. All was therefore exceptionally convenient. The first Supermarket offering cheaper prices and the lure of Greenshield Stamps opened in 1968 about 2 miles distant. The routine then changed to weekly shopping by car. At about this time the family also acquired a small refrigerator from friends for next to nothing, further lessening the need to shop daily.

Naturally life now revolved around the child. Excursions beyond the local area took some organisation and were less common. The new routines included visits to the grandparents at the weekend, more especially Sunday lunch at Jennifer's parents. During the week entertainment and amusement was home based. Like most parents they endeavoured to provide Stephen with things that had an educational bias. By the 60's most die-cast metal and tin toys had been replaced by highly coloured and pliable plastic ones. The electronic age had not yet arrived so most remained fairly unsophisticated and mechanical in operation. Apart from the early toys designed to introduce shape, colour, size and to stimulate manual dexterity, Stephen's toys erred towards cars, tools, building bricks and model animals but like most inquisitive infants he was just as happy with paper, card, plasticine or anything else within his reach. Books were made available from the beginning and story-telling became an important element of the bed-time routine. Once able to walk he also had ample space in which to play in the garden and he was soon sat astride a tricycle and in a pedal car careering around the newly created lawn. He also quickly discovered the attraction to the dirt and mud!

The presence of a child immediately limited possibilities for parental leisure and dented their involvement with Southern Theatre Productions. Whilst Keith rose to become a principle tenor with the Company, involved in one or two major productions each year, Jennifer had to step back, managing only the occasional appearance depending upon the availability of baby-sitters. As time went by Keith was also called upon to appear in an increasing number of concerts and cabarets, further marooning Jennifer at home. Whilst Keith's life was therefore becoming ever more challenging and frenetic with School and Theatricals, Jennifer's was becoming lonelier. Time together became very precious and cosy evenings at home together in front of the television were treasured. Television had become the mainstay of home entertainment. Still, for most, black and white with 2 or 3 channels and restricted hours, theirs received a signal from a set-top aerial, which, depending on atmospheric conditions, had to be moved around to achieve a dependable picture. Often the best results were achieved by



holding it in the middle of the room! Nevertheless, it provided some compelling programmes. Keith and Jennifer closely followed the National and Local news programmes, and were drawn to favourites like *The Avengers*; *Dr. Finlay's Casebook*; *The Forsyte Saga*; and *Dixon of Dock Green*; but there were many others. *The Informer*; *The Third Man*; *Lorna Doone*; several screen adaptations of Dickens novels; *Dixon of Dock Green*; *Coronation Street*; *The Saint*; *Juke Box Jury*; along with Talent shows like *Opportunity Knocks*; *Game Shows*, *Quiz Shows*, and a wide variety of passing Documentaries. All were popular. There were also a variety of American shows which invaded air-space and which also gained a regular following like *Peyton Place*; *The Munster's*; *Bewitched*; and *Bonanza* to name but a few. Barring Sunday evenings, however, television was in no way addictive and they never went out of their way to watch it, there were too many other diversions. In the warmer months Keith especially found relaxation in gardening. Following the example of his parent's generation he had a particular interest in growing vegetables and was generally keen on neat and tidiness. Equally, however, he enjoyed the physical exercise which offset his sedentary professional life.

Smoking had become more of a habit as their responsibilities grew, and by the mid-60's both were smoking 10+ cigarettes a day. Several attempts to give up failed in the business of everyday life. But there was no drinking. Alcohol still remained an indulgence for festive occasions, chiefly Christmas. Neither was eating out affordable. Restaurants were then few and far between and relatively expensive and take-away food was limited to Fish and Chips if you were fortunate enough to have a shop in the locality. Visits to the Cinema and Theatre, not uncommon before the birth of the baby, came to a stop. They were replaced by more child-centred activities in the local playgrounds, parks, shops and local attractions with more frequent visits to the beach in summer. Freedoms became even more constrained in August 1969 with the arrival of baby number two!

. The gift of a little girl, Kathryn, was a blessing. After two miscarriages it was the cause of great celebration. The second baby always seems easier than the first, and it doesn't take long to fall back into the established rhythms and routines. But siblings are seldom alike and whilst Stephen, the first born, placidly sailed through infancy, Kathryn's journey was less calm. It quickly became evident that she had been born with a Hiatus Hernia. This seriously restricted her food intake to the extent that, during feeding, she would regurgitate milk in some quantity. A Doctor was called and confirmed that there was nothing to be done and that she would eventually grow out of it. So, they became accustomed to her condition and came to know exactly when to cup a bib under her mouth to catch the outrush! They even propped the top end of her cot up on books in the hope that gravity would keep her food down! There followed one or two other emergencies needing medical attention, leaving the parents anxious and bereft at what could be causing the baby to grizzle and cry for hours on end. Nothing, however, could mar the joy and satisfaction of watching two little tots grow up. It was a mission that Keith and Jennifer immersed themselves in and enjoyed beyond measure.

The 60's was, then, a time of unprecedented growth for Keith and Jennifer on a wide range of fronts. They were totally absorbed in life's challenges and responsibilities as their world opened up. All was new, exciting and incredibly rewarding. The outside world therefore largely passed them by. They were aware of the political and cultural shifts but they had little

effect on their everyday lives. They may have been swayed by fashion and have benefitted from some technological advance, but the headline hysterical movements in pop culture were but pictures on the television and they had no grounds to recognise the anti-establishment and anti-authoritarian hippie movements which were far removed from everyday life. They certainly took advantage of their gathering wealth and standard of living, but only truly understood their fortune by a retrospective comparison of their young lives against that of their parents. Whilst the 60's was an exciting and up-beat decade with opportunity a-plenty, the majority of people, as always, were immersed in the struggle of every-day living.