

Wish You Were Here



SKIPPKO
Research Team

Wish You Were Here



Introduction

Have you ever been at an airport in the UK or Spain and looked at the departure or arrivals board? It can be astonishing to see the number of flights to Spain or arrivals from the UK. The cities seem to flash up so quickly that the next one appears before you finish reading the last one. Of course, it wasn't always that way. Most British people didn't start to enjoy proper annual holidays until after the Second World War and most ordinary working people couldn't afford to travel abroad until package holidays and charter flights became well established in the late 1950s and early 1960s. When Britons grabbed their suitcases for their first trip abroad they headed most of all to Spain. Spain was quicker to get to than other destinations like Greece, boasts seemingly endless miles of Mediterranean coastline and was far, far cheaper than other countries like Italy or France. Over the decades, the number of Britons jetting to Spain has soared from the hundreds of thousands to the millions and now the tens of millions. Many Spanish resorts have become a home from home and even if we haven't visited them, we all know about Benidorm, Magaluf and Torremolinos.

Read through this scrapbook produced by a team of community researchers working with arts organisation Skipkko and the University of Leeds, and you will find so many stories of first journeys, encounters with new ways of life and new experiences from dancing flamenco to watching bullfights. It is a history of transformation as opportunities developed and holidays became perhaps the main way ordinary people became more familiar with other cultures. These stories, taken from interviews conducted by the research team and from interviews in the Mass Observation archive are filled with joy. I hope when you read them, and when you look at the artwork they have created, you find the stories as delightful and revealing as I did about what it meant to travel abroad.

Peter
Anderson



Planning

I would have been 19 years old... I'd been unwell and I was working for Wallace Arnold. I worked on the British side of the company and they said that I needed to have a break and they gave me the choice of going to Torquay or Mallorca and it was winter so I obviously chose Mallorca and when I was out there I was under the supervision of the tour managers on Mallorca and they booked me into a hotel.

Hiall
Barcelonas
artikecture is
amazng
Gaudies tited
garden over
looking the eiff
twhel-



My first holiday abroad was in Mallorca in 1983. I was 18. I went with my sister and my mum. This was our first holiday abroad and we got a yearly passport from our local post office in case we didn't like going abroad. We purchased traveller's cheques and off we went.



Stuart

We went to Benidorm... It was the first holiday that we'd gone away... abroad. At the time I went with my family and my brother was just about to turn 12 and at that stage, he got half price on the airfare.

It was a package holiday... and we thought that was really exotic because we didn't go on holidays. You know, we'd gone to Butlins and... we'd stayed on farms. Our holidays were very much in England. And so, to go abroad and stay in the hotel was really quite exotic.

I think my mum and dad just thought, right, we'll go on a big holiday... and we'll get the deal of the half price or we're not going to be able to afford it. We didn't go abroad again for years and years and years. So, this was, you know, THE holiday.

What a lovely place
Sevilla is - home
of the Flamenco!!
Great tapas.
A Magnificent Church
(it might be a Cathedral)
Lovely trip on the
river. So much
to do and see.
X



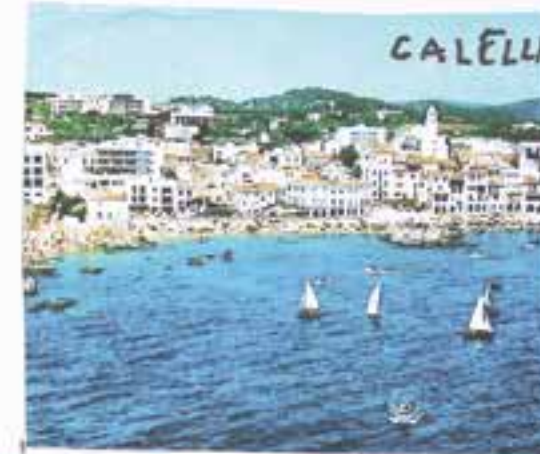
UNITED KINGDOM OF
GREAT BRITAIN
AND NORTHERN IRELAND



PASSPORT

Heather

I have 30 days holiday a year from my job, made up of 25 days, plus five "associated days" which combine with bank holidays at Christmas, New Year, May Day, Spring and in August. We are expected to use an unspecified proportion of it in the autumn, winter and early spring. Our holiday year runs from January to December, but we can carry it on until the end of the following March if we still have days in hand - but no further.



After two hours my back ached from standing, so I returned slowly through the crowd to my daughter's, where open house is always kept for the two carnival days. People came and went - Italians, Canadians, New Zealanders and compatriots, mostly people I already knew, so I sat and chatted with them and drank vodka chased with Red Stripe.



I first travelled abroad in July 1968 when I was 19 years old. I went to Lloret de Mar on the Mediterranean coast of Catalonia... with a boyfriend, and another couple. This was a holiday organised by Martin Rooks, travel agency.

Frances

I went to Calella in 1967. I was 24. Actually, we didn't choose to go to Spain. We actually booked a holiday to Austria and Lido di Jesolo in Italy, but there weren't enough people going, so they cancelled it and they offered us this one in Calella. So, it was kind of a mistake in a way. It was myself and my husband. That was the first time we'd been abroad. We were thinking of buying a house and I think we decided we'd have this holiday as a bit of a splurge before we did. **Jennifer**



We were so excited! Called in at Thomas Cook travel agent, already knowing we wanted to go to Spain. The lady, very smart in a lovely blue uniform, sat opposite us with a welcoming smile. She nodded as we showed her the page in the glossy brochure of the hotel in Calella where it boldly stated, "Fun for all the family, everything under the sun, free child places."

Our son was four at the time, so giddy at the thought of going on a plane and paddling in the blue, warm sea. The payment was made using cash and we were given a long receipt! We were told that the flight out would be at 9am from Leeds and Bradford Airport, so we knew we would have to get up very early to get to the airport two hours before. **Yvonne U**



Where and when



WHO WENT and WHEN

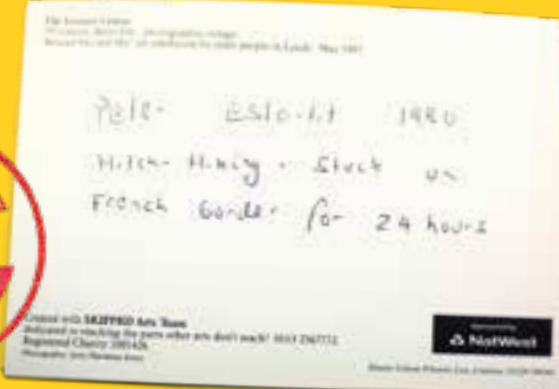
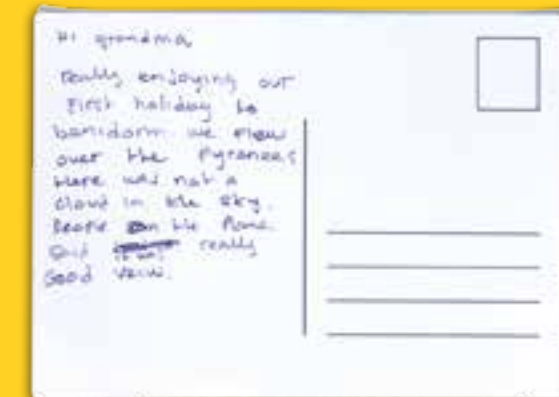
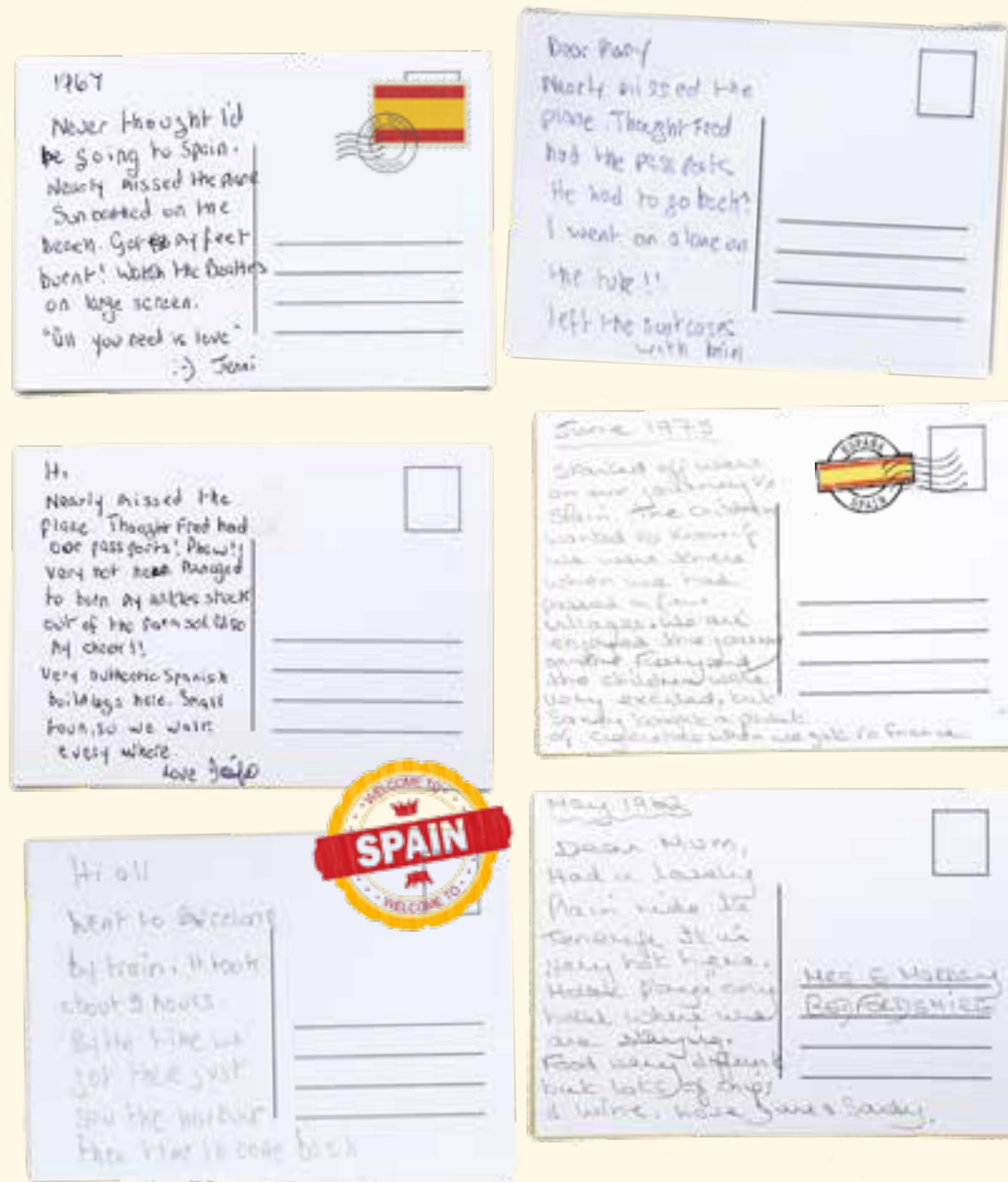
- Yvonne U. 2025
2017-2016
2013
2007
1987
 - Paul 1986
1980
1978
 - June 2002-2017
 - Jenni 1991 2006 2006
1967 2008 2016
 - Kausar
 - Jackie 1986?
 - Lesley 1984/1985? emigrant-de-mar
 - Lesley (London) 1992/1993? London
 - Wily 2008/2008/2010/2018 - grm Canada
 - Peter 1988
 - Josh 2025, 2012
 - Stuart - 1969 - work/holiday
 - Pearl
 - Calliella 1982
 - Salou 1991
 - Menorca 1993
 - NERJA 2002
 - Barraça 2011 + 2012
 - Gran Canaria 2014
 - Andalusia 2019
 - 1968
- FRANCES
LLORET DE MAR



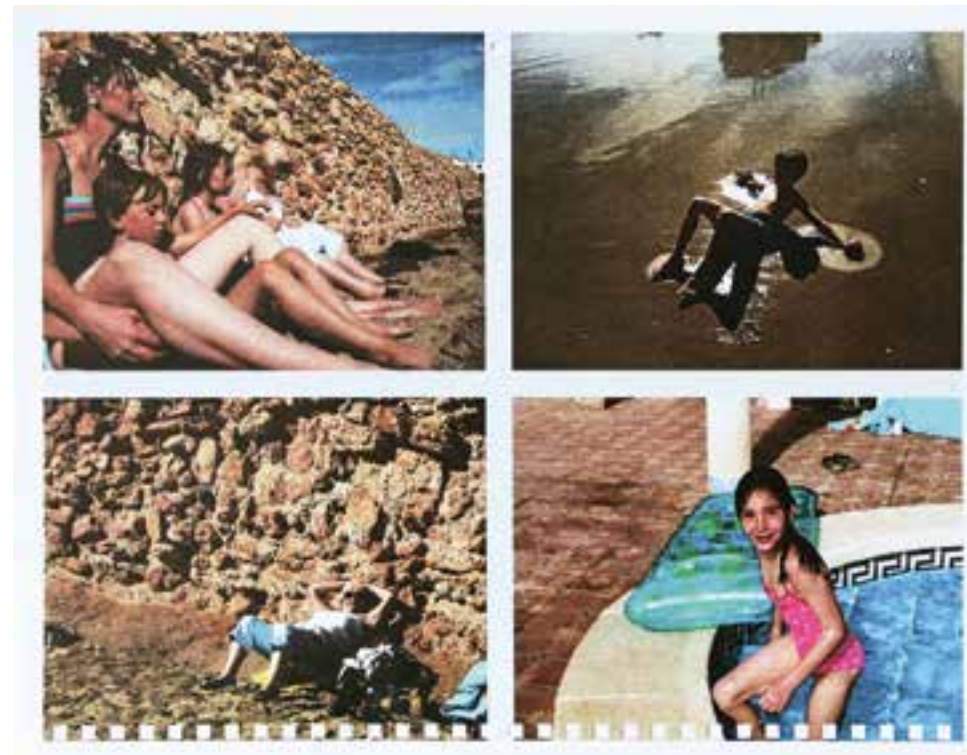
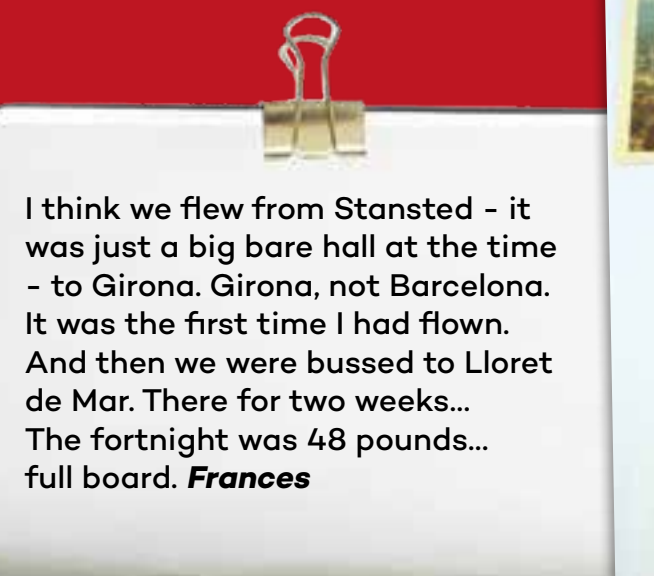
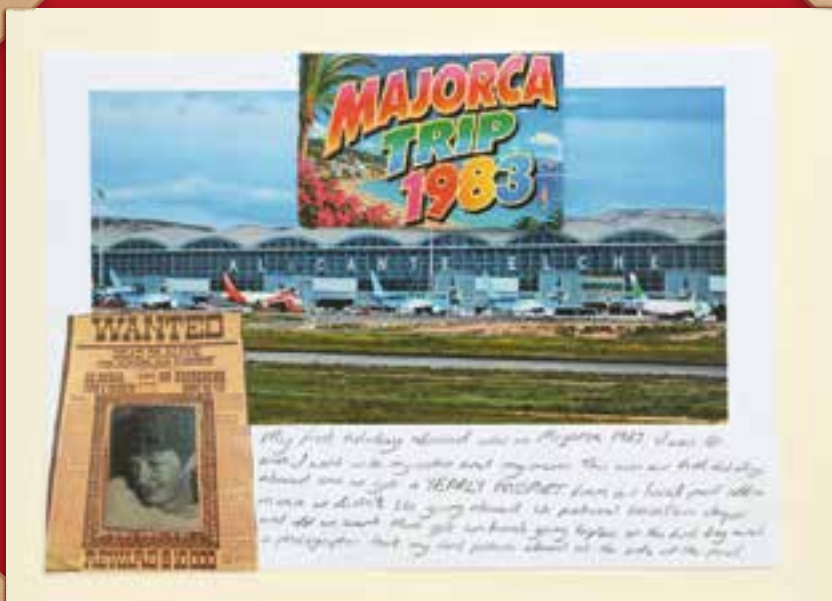
Getting there

Alicante Airport. Arrived safely with my mum and my sister Michelle. This was our first holiday away abroad together. The doors of the plane opened. It was like being in a tin. The hot air rushed in. It was very late at night. The air was still and a buzz of activity was all around our plane. Marched to the passport control. We were like sardines. British arriving and departing at the same time. Looking for three cases on the conveyor belt. They all looked the same. It was a nightmare. Everyone was speaking Spanish. We only spoke English. We were looking for our tour guide to find our coach to take us to our hotel. The Thomas Cook rep gave you a coach number and sent you to your coach park. Trying to find the right coach was a nightmare. The drivers stood outside the coaches, all well-tanned and smoking, talking to each other and mumbling, "the British" in Spanish. We finally got to the right coach and then they took us to our hotel finally. **Jackie**

Two weeks later, the airline tickets arrived for each of us – we were all so excited! My grandad said he would take us there in the car so two weeks later, the suitcase was packed, the passports checked and kept with the traveller's cheques in a special wallet. The birds were just waking up at 5:30am. when my grandad arrived – my husband ran round the house, checking that we hadn't left anything before he finally locked the front door. I ensured I had taken enough toys and books to keep our son occupied during the journey there. A very emotional farewell to my grandad as we walked through the automatic doors to the busy airport. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest – what if we missed the flight? What if we went to the wrong gate in the departure lounge? Luckily, a Thomas Cook rep was waiting for us with our names on a large placard and I could finally breathe again. **Yvonne U**



My first ever holiday to Spain was scary as I'd never left my brothers' sides before. I was worried if they were going to be okay. Not seeing me for two weeks. Will I relax? I so needed this break. I got a call from the care manager. My brothers were happy and content. At last, I can relax. As soon as I started to relax, I decided to go and do all the things that I wanted to do, like going to the beach, had a ride on the donkey, sightseeing, saw the beautiful buildings. I even went to the Bullfight Museum. **Kausar**



I went to Tossa de Mar. They're all de Mars, aren't they? Yeah, we went on a coach from Leeds, so that was an experience ... driving through the Pyrenees, because Tossa de Mar, the de Mars, they're all near the Pyrenees, just on the border, aren't they? It's a long way on a coach. 24 hours... Do you know that song, Rainy Night in Georgia? He had eight songs on a loop for 24 hours. So even now, when I hear that song, I can't stand it. **Paul**

I hitch-hiked to Spain. I think I was about 20, 21, something like that. That was 1986. There's a place called Estartite... which is in Girona. And that's like one of the first places you can get to in Spain, which is also why I think a lot of the holiday packages went there. But I remember being stuck on the French border for a day, because nobody would take me across.... Finally, some Chinese guys, with a VW van, who didn't care, picked me up. I remember I'd been stuck there for like, I don't know, 15 hours or something. I had virtually no money. I remember that as well. **Peter**

It was a bit of a joke actually, because we set off and then we realised we didn't have our passports. We each thought that the other one had the passport. So, we were living in London at the time, and we were going on the tube to the airport. And my husband went back. So anyway, so I was panicking a bit then because I carried on on my own. I thought, is he going to get there? We're going to miss the plane! So that was a bit of a panic. **Jennifer**

We went on two coach holidays to Cap de Hague on a coach. When we went on the coach, the one that went bankrupt, we ordered a luxury caravan and then because they'd gone bankrupt, we got a tent. And you know, we had the best holiday. **Elaine**

Food



Cost of a large paella in 1964 is between 150-300 pesetas ! Between our friends it was delicious had one later in the week too!!

Food in Spain is still as lovely today as it was in the 60s. However, there are many more places like Burger King, McDonalds and pizza places. I prefer the Spanish cuisine. Like Paella. Prices have obviously increased. I went once to a place that did el menu del dia for 100 pesetas per person. For that we could eat as much as we wanted. There was a notice to ask not to take more than we needed at a time, that we could go up and fill our plate as many times as we wished.

I have tried almost all the tapas going in various places. They do a stew which is meat from the bull. It was tasty and very tender.

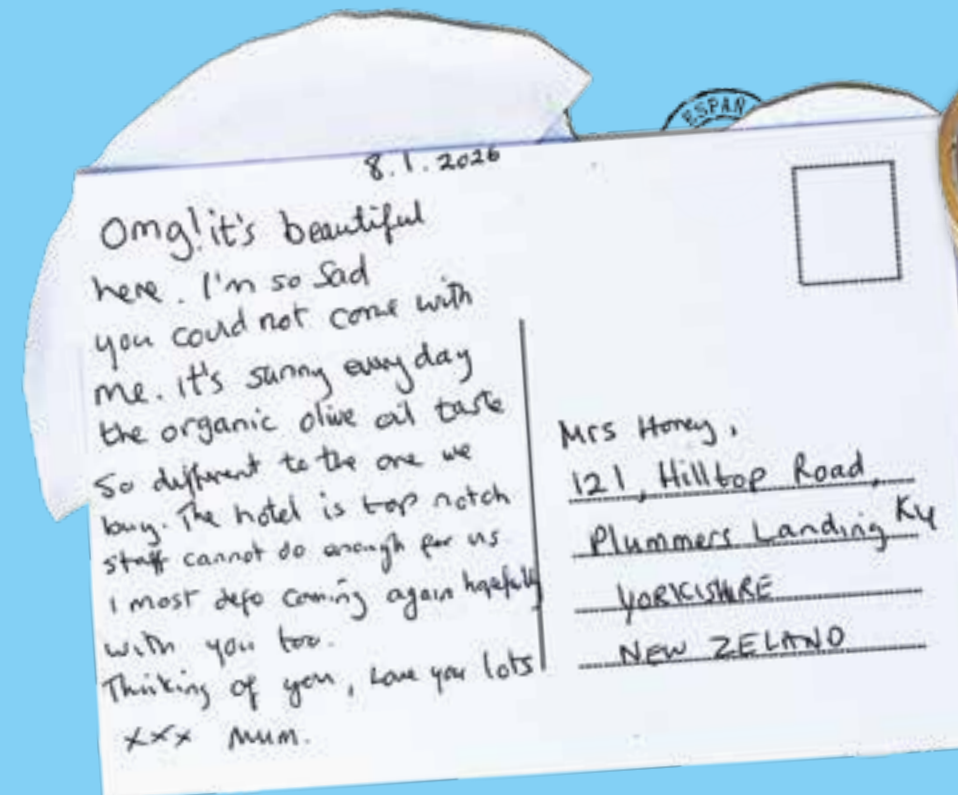
Albondigas is one dish. This is a dish of meatballs in a nice rich sauce. Tortilla is an omelette made with potatoes, onion and perhaps ham. Jamon and queso is a usual tapas. There are too many to mention. **Janice**

The best thing was a huge paella. A lot of us from the hotel, we went out to this open-air restaurant, which was under the sky, under the sparkling stars, so it was very authentic. It was high up, it was a beautiful view... and we had a massive paella in the centre of the table, and it was lively and it was fun and it was an enjoyable event. **Jennifer**

I enjoyed sitting down with lots of others and eating even though we sat with strangers. I loved the food. I absolutely loved it. The Spanish seem to enjoy healthy food, which I enjoyed. And the wine. I like the wine. **Elaine**



I think our family was quite adventurous and we would go out and try different foods. I can remember going to a little restaurant where there was a flamenco dancer... So that would have been all your paellas and lots of fish. **Heather**

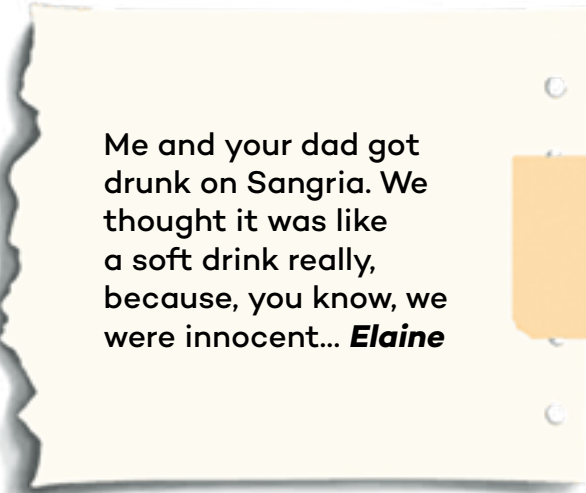
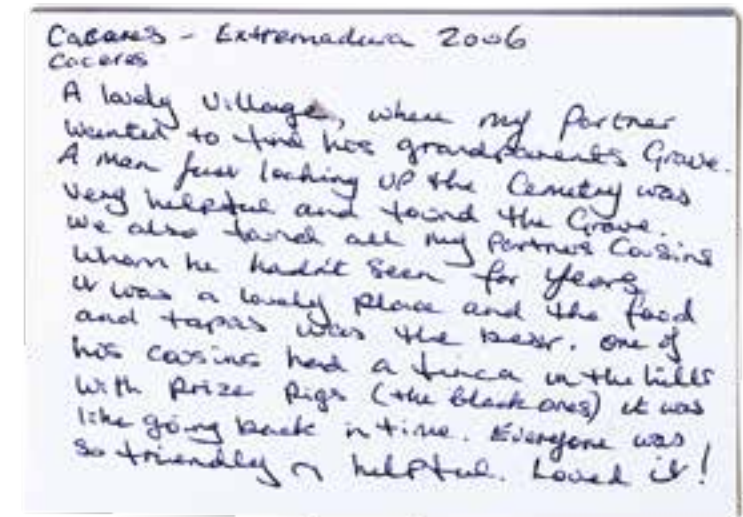




The meals... I think it was Menu Del Dia, but in those days, they didn't call it Menu Del Dia, it was Menu Turista. It was a three-course menu. So, you'd get maybe soup and bread and what have you, and then you'd get, I think you might get a vegetable dish. Then you'd get your meat or fish or something. **Frances**



Menú del día
casero
1º Plato:
Paella Mixta 13
Entremeses Variados
Fritada Aragonesa
Ensalada de Tomate y Bonito



I remember the beer being really cheap. You could get quite a bit to drink and go to different bars and I remember... if you couldn't speak Spanish, you looked at a menu and it'd have the meal on a picture and you'd say, "I want that" and so, if you couldn't speak Spanish, you could communicate that way. We never learnt any Spanish, you know, if we got stuck, we went to the Thomas Cook rep. **Jackie**

I got a bad tummy bug - I didn't eat any salads or have ice in my drinks (Spanish teacher at night school class warned us about this).

Food was not good. Pink soup with what looked like rabbit droppings in it. Sunday lunch was two hard-boiled eggs in tomato sauce with green beans. Dessert was either a rectangular piece of cake or a rectangular piece of ice cream. I had to buy chips for my son. We passed a place with chickens on a rotisserie and went in one day and shared a whole chicken (I assume with chips) and a large jug of Sangria. We also went to a vineyard and had a wine tasting - I was dismayed at how tipsy some people were becoming so my son and I went to a small bar nearby and had some beer. **Pearl**



Culture



Madrid. I have visited this beautiful city many times. The Museo del Prado is a museum full of famous paintings. It's huge. I have been twice and still not seen all the paintings. The most famous one (I think) is the last supper with Jesus and the apostles. **Janice**

We went by train to Barcelona; cathedral had scaffolding round it; wandered around the city and found ourselves in a quieter area. We were feeling the heat and decided to return to Calella but there were not many people about to ask the way to the station as it was siesta time. Eventually I asked a man in my best basic Spanish, and he took me by the arm and led us to the station and the correct platform – it was different to the one we had come in on. **Pearl**

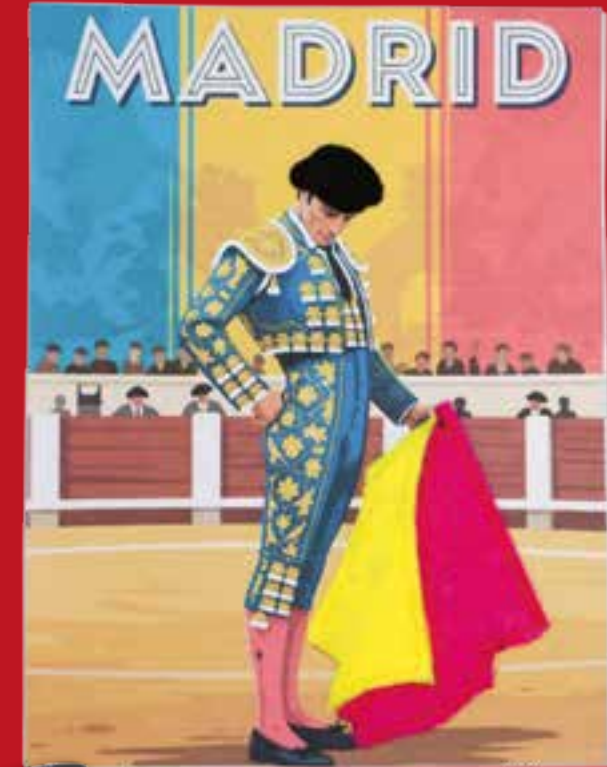
We did a lot of walking in the streets, literally at the end of the day. After dinner, we walked in the streets and the streets were crowded. We wanted to see the shops, and what was going on. What I do remember, because we used to go out early in the morning, was... a lot of females seem to be involved in the shops, and they used to clean the pavement outside of shops at that time and still do in a lot of towns now. **Frances**

Barcelona. Amazing! Yes, amazing. The architecture, the cathedral.... Gaudi! That was incredible. The park, I've just done a little sketch of the park... the tiles are absolutely amazing! Incredible, the colours, the technique that he used. I remember there were some musicians playing in a little kind of corner somewhere and so that created the atmosphere of Spain as well. **Jennifer**

I liked the way of life in Spain. It was very relaxed and we were treated very well. I didn't like to sit round the pool. I liked to get away to where there was history or up in the mountains. **Elaine**



I had to go out flamenco dancing, which was an experience with the castanets and the clicking shoes. I felt so beautiful in that beautiful dress. And I must say the hotel that we stayed in really, really took good care of us. And it was nice to be cared for. I'd never had that experience before. I felt so relaxed and it was the best ever holiday, which I'll remember for a long time. **Kausar**



Park Güell
Barcelona
Sgrung tiles
designed by
Gaudi.

The colours
are amazing

Research Team
Barkstae
House
Leeds

Hi there,
Having a great
time in Spain
Loving the
Flamenco
Pearl



Madrid. 1988-2017-2022
The first time I visited Madrid was when I was on holiday in Algarbe (Spain) - it was a winter. we travelled by Class by train - what an experience I loved Madrid - on this visit I was introduced to chorros and chocolate yum yum. The best now. Then a little place that sold flussets or the local white wine.

Another Mini trip when staying
in Cortina. This place was
Buenos El Sur was a little town
and just outside a place where cars
do not have right of way. It looks
like a cowboy town. Went to the
top the horses found and slept
beneath your feet. Quite an
experience.

the soft
musical
language
of
Spain



Mijas Pueblo is another favourite place of mine. It is rather touristy, however there are a lot of things to do and see. There is a famous church that was built in a rock called La Pena. The story goes that two children saw Mary appear, so a shrine was built. It's like a little church. Every Wednesday and Saturday they do flamenco in the square where the locals perform. The donkeys are still used for the tourists, but over the years they have started to look after them. They also do a horse and carriage that takes you round this beautiful pueblo. There is a lovely garden that looks out to sea. When I first went it was just an outlook area. Now the gardens are full of flowers and proper paths.



There are some lovely restaurants, no McDonald's I might add. There is a bull ring which shows bull fights and a museum about bull fighting. There is also a small museum which shows the smallest of things. For example, a psalm written on a stamp. Of course, there is a magnifying glass to look through so you can read it. **Janice**

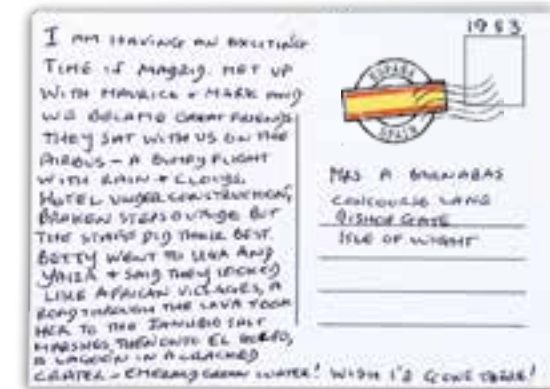


Switzerland - MMS

A long tunnel while driving in 1980's. I should suggest it has been very few years ago. I returned to find little had changed - there is now a station on the side from the long railway track (20) on the end. As to history, it was a day of history's - there is a statue about that has an emerging, shiny colour. with about 100 miles. Very quiet is just like for the 100 of many (which is a holiday is good) this is because they have chosen to hold over the weekend because they are of good - there is dancing, drinks and (mostly) the 100 of good. There is a green hat is very big. They give the river a green hat is the best a (water) shaped hat of sleeping bag. The entertainment goes on for the two days. The local was (at the time) very strong) was fine and the other went up and killed their hats.

Smaller
This is a well known city. Most
people have heard of it. It's
full of the Spanish Culture.
Grand Mexican architecture and
large scale houses. Such as San Juan
Santo (Willy West at first). The
Catedral de San Juan is one of
the largest in the world. There
has to be a famous public place.
There is also a small hotel here
which holds the best famous
view.

Cultural differences



July 1968 - A Mock Bullfight



July 1968 - Bullfighting in Barcelona

Because everything was so new and I was with my boyfriend, everything was exciting really. But the only thing that made me very sad is that when we went up the mountains there was people living in caves. and the children, when they heard a car, or I think we were on a motorbike, they'd come running out and beg. And I found that very difficult to take. And I got to the point that the next time we went, I took loads of sweets and gave all the sweets away. **June**

I used to always be fascinated with the police because they used to wear guns and you never saw that in England. **Paul**

What fascinated me were people riding round on scooters. They were whizzing past you, no helmet on. It was really dangerous, and they were papping their horns, and then you'd see a car, and they'd have no seat belts on, and they'd be smoking their head off, and tootling away. Then there'd be animals crossing the road, "well, this is different!" **Jackie**

I've been, to a bullfight. Brutal. I didn't enjoy it. They were very barbaric. It was just so unnecessary. It was so unfair on the bull, it was all one-sided... They do it in certain stages, like they get somebody on a horse that weakens the neck and that. By the time the matador comes out, it's nearly dead on its legs. I thought, "this is just cruel, it's just animal cruelty." I'd never go to another one. **Paul**

I went to a bullfight, but it was a mock bullfight I went to, because I wasn't overkeen on bullfights per se, but I thought I'd go to a mock bullfight and see what that was all about. And then I did go to a bullfight in Barcelona. I was away up at the back there in the bull ring... I've never been keen on bullfighting, and I wouldn't want to see a bullfight now, but it was an experience. **Frances**



This interior is typical - all golden + the facade brief of the church is added on to an older part that was originally a mosque - like all Spanish churches, it is pitch black + you can only see each chapel etc as it is lit up. Very nice.

Really enjoyed visiting this church absolutely beautiful
- yvonne

We went to a market where lots of people tried haggling with the traders. One man got on the coach boasting that he had only paid 10 pesetas for his rug; then another man got on the coach saying he had only paid 2 pesetas! **Pearl**



My memory of it was that we were going to a different country with different customs and different ways of dressing... there was a lot of the older ladies who were wearing black. It felt like you were going somewhere different...

It was just the whole culture, the dancing, the little, tiny alleyways. I can remember climbing the steps on a donkey, so that was the taxi ride - you got on a donkey to go up to the top. It was... quite hilly where we were. So, I think just the whole experience of going somewhere was very different really. **Heather**

I remember when me and John went to Mallorca... In England you start at 7 o'clock and do a pub run till 11 and then go to a nightclub. Anyway, me and John got ready, got in all the decent gear and that, and set off at 7 o'clock - went to this pub and it was just totally dead. There was no nobody in at all and we thought, "oh, this is rubbish there's no life here at all!" We didn't realise that people didn't start going out till 11 o'clock at night, you know what I mean?... Because the rules in Spain were different to England. We had final orders, didn't we? Last orders at 11 o'clock. We used to ring a bell, didn't we? **Paul**

I remember the waiters always being nice to the English girls and you know, they ended up having like holiday romances and then they were nice to older women as well because they'd want to get bigger tips! Yeah, I remember that. There were a lot of male waiters. **Jackie**

The other thing that struck me way back then was, there was a lot of animals in the street. There was chimpanzees, there was pottery sellers with their donkeys in the streets, barrel organists outside the hotel, that sort of thing. So, it was quite a fascinating place. And people who came with performing monkeys and the people were actually playing on some sort of instrument that I'd never seen before. So, it was a whole new world for me. And I didn't know at all what I was going to see, what I was going to experience. **Frances**



When we were getting ready to go home, we were waiting for a bus to come in the early hours of the morning. That's when kids go to school - at 5 o'clock in the morning - because that's the coolest part of the day and because it's light as well. And that's why they have a siesta in the afternoon. Makes sense, doesn't it? And then when we go on holiday, we're all about, aren't we, at that time? The locals are all thinking we're mad. **Paul**

We decided to go for a weekend trip to Madrid. And this is typical Spain, they said, "Oh yeah, there's a coach operator down in the town, you can go book with him". So, we went down and there's an English guy running English-speaking tours from the Spanish town to Madrid ... But that is the other side of Spain, where they live in Spain. There's a heck of a lot of Scandinavians, a heck of a lot of English, and they're all there in the winter and they all get out in the summer ... It's too hot, too busy in the summer, so they tend to fade away. But the guy who owned the fish shop came from Wakefield and we were going around all the bars and stuff, and they were saying, "Oh and he comes from so and so, and he comes from so and so". **Stuart**

We found a bar where all the staff were Scottish and took a liking to my son when they found out his dad worked for Scottish and Newcastle brewery. When someone gave any of them a tip, they would ring a bell and jump up on the bar counter and lift their kilts up - traditionally wearing no underpants!!!! **Pearl**



Now they do the tomato one where they throw tomatoes in the street instead of doing the bull fights. And it's called, I don't know what the festival's called, but they throw tomatoes. **Elaine**



History



In the 50s, Spain were just coming out of their difficult years... so, it was in a transition as it were. Franco wanted to develop his economy. ... All of these places were developing, hence, tourism opened up and so forth... I mean there was a huge building programme going on... during the 50s. **Frances**



The History Of the Virgin Of The Rock Mijas Village

In the village of Mijas in the year 1536 lived Pedro Bernard Manrique and his wife Juana Alcantara y Toranzo, both born in the area of Trujillo. The couple had a son called Pedro who married Catalina Loure Sanchez in 1573, she being the daughter of Juan Loure Flores and Pilar Sanchez Estrova, from merchants from Toranzo of Toledo, family of the parents of Juan Flores de Juan.

The couple had two children Juan and Juana, both working up the was 12 and she was 16. Their father bought them a few lands for them to look after.

One Sunday, the 10th of May, (being the day of holy Trinity) at midday the two children were playing, when all of a sudden the most beautiful dove flew between them. The children ran to catch the dove. They caught it while it was perched on the old tower where the baptismal fonts appeared. They smiled and kissed the dove with tenderness and were lost for words. They smiled thinking it had all been a dream, as the dove was no longer there.

When they returned home, they told their parents what had happened, but they took no notice of their child talk.

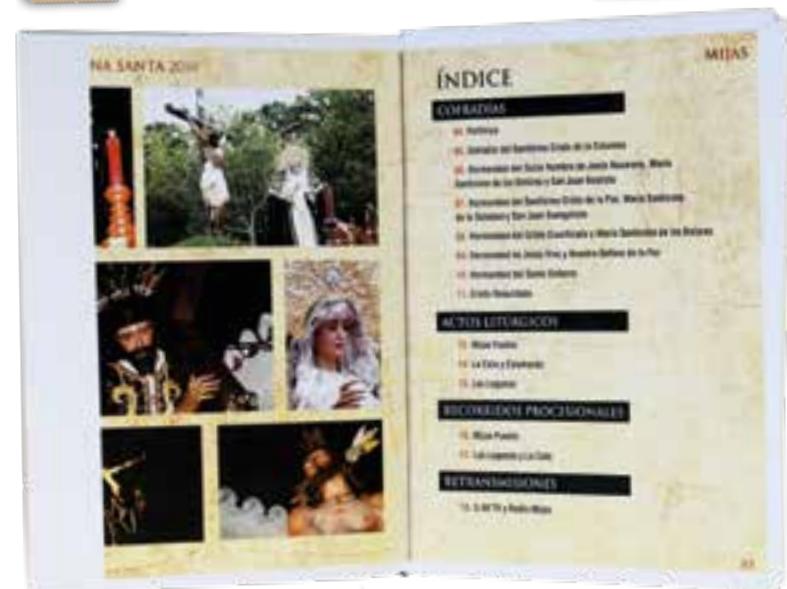
The next day, Monday the 21st of May they returned to the same place, having forgotten everything that had happened to them the previous day. Once again at the same time and at the same place the same happened to them. Again they told their parents what had happened. Their parents told them that they should not return to the site, as something could happen to them.

They did not return until Wednesday, 2nd of June. They had once again forgotten everything that had happened to them. It was midday and the children were looking after their lands when they heard a voice: "Look at me Juan", they turned their heads to see who was calling them, there they saw the dove perched

History of the Virgin in the Rock. This picture is of the Virgin that is inside the Rock which looks like a little church. It's very beautiful inside. Thousands of people visit it daily to pray.

Hi Sarah,
Such a shame you are having house altered & can't come to Spain. Julie & I had a good flight, but in a comfy hotel near the Palace. The trip is amazing - Toledo was the realisation of a lifetime's dream - the grandeur, the ambition, the fanaticism & the lunacy of Spain. The beautiful Synagogue in Toledo illustrated the tortuous mysteries of the Jews as well as the art influence of the Moors. At one time, Moors, Catholics and Jews lived and worked together - a Golden Age - when will they ever learn? Ethics of tolerance, a recent experience of a Jewish Sister Service - truly ecumenical with Christians, Jews, many who had met in Germany at a study centre for Chasidim, Jews & Moslems - Hope Springs Eternal!

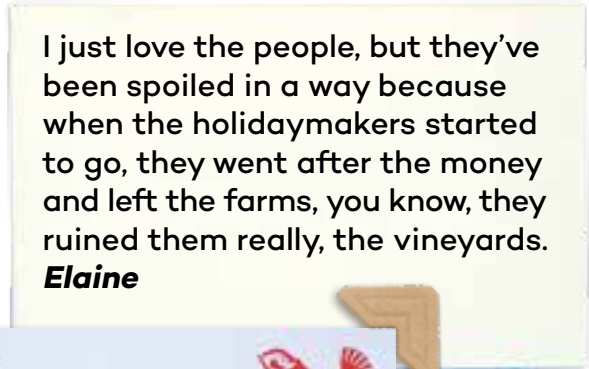
Sarah Burton
Larch Avenue
Retford Forest



I went back when I was probably, I don't know, about 22, to Benidorm again. I went with a friend, and it had drastically changed just in those... 10 years. I thought it was a real shame. Yeah, I just thought it felt very anglicised and very... everything is becoming... much the same. And I just thought it was a real shame that the culture of Spain had changed and had to adapt to tourism and everything. I thought it was a beautiful place. And I think... it still obviously appeals to a lot of people. But travel and everything... is so easy to do now and it's become so cheap now to do. I think it can spoil places and I think we take advantage of it and we've become used to it and we expect, we just expect England abroad with a bit of heat really. **Heather**

I think that bullfighting is now a lot in tourist resorts and less in cities. So, it used to be a really big Spanish pastime, but I think football's got more and more and more popular and it's becoming a thing for tourist resorts. I went to Barcelona and there was a big bullring and it's now a shopping centre. It's kind of changed quite a lot. **Peter**

When I went to Tenerife, in the part that we went to, there was just one hotel. It was the Hotel Player. **June**



I did go around the whole island, places where even tourists didn't go in them days. I went around the whole thing... Nowadays they're developed. But they were more rural, more country - even some of the coastal places. They were just quiet rural places. But as I say, I suppose I'd be surprised if I went back now because it's a long time since I've been there. It's like everything else, isn't it? All concrete...

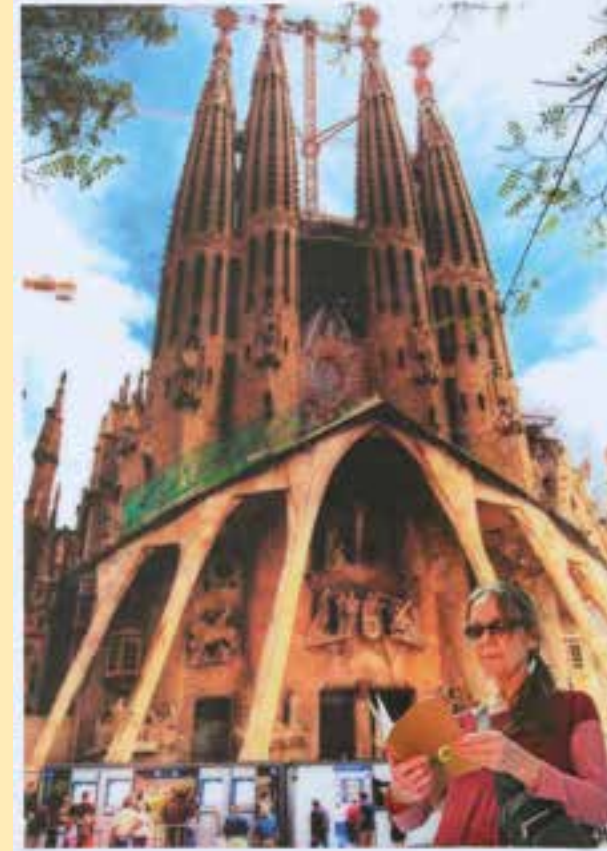
Stuart

I can remember on a night, you couldn't sleep because it was so hot. There was no air conditioning in our hotel. They didn't have it at that time. It was early on. So, it was very hot.

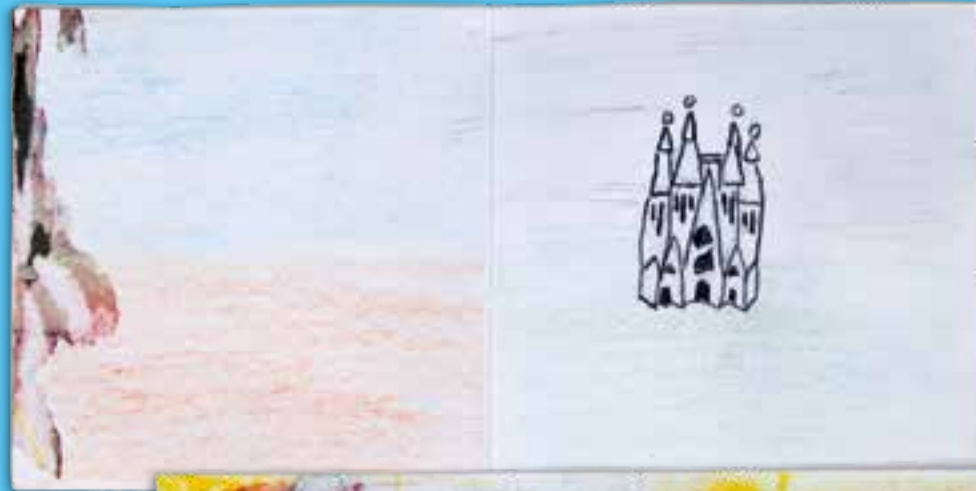
Jackie

When I went, the air conditioning unit, you had to go to reception and pay whatever pesetas for a key. But the Brits used to tell the new Brits coming in to get a Bic razor and use that as a key. So, everybody had Bic razors stuck out of the air conditioning units to put them on, because all it was were a triangular key. So, we all got free air conditioning. They used to charge a fortune for air conditioning. It's all standard now, isn't it? **Paul**

When I went there, that was in 1962, 63, something like that. You didn't see young ladies out without part of the family with them or with somebody escorting them. You never saw young ladies on their own. And they were very strict about what you wore on the beach. But I found the male population was very - because I was only young - but I found the male population were very appreciative if you look nice. *June*



Beaches



I almost lost my son in the sea. He had gone out on his lilo and got into trouble as it got caught by the wind and kept escaping his grasp. He ran out of steam but kept treading water. Another swimmer caught hold of the lilo and returned it to him so that he could paddle back to the beach. I couldn't make him out in the sea as there were quite a few people in there; I wouldn't have known if anything had happened to him until later.

We both went in the sea but, after seeing effluent in the water and being pumped out of the sewer pipes, we kept out. **Pearl**



I remember it being so dazzlingly bright. That's one of the things I remember. I remember the sea being incredibly blue, which you don't really see in this country very often. **Peter**

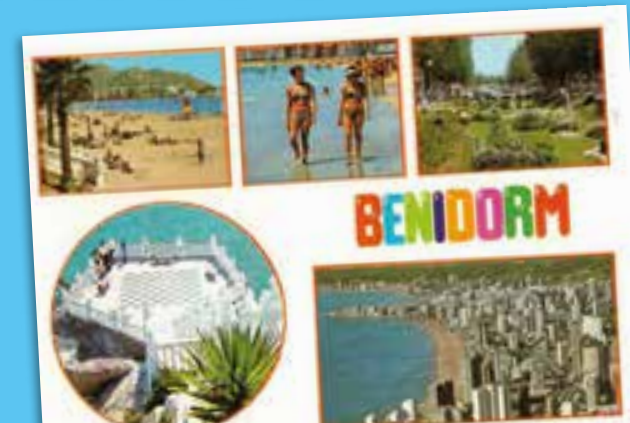


The thing I remember most about it, this is an awful thing to say - the sunshine was stunning, but I burnt my back, so I had a big problem whilst I was away ... I had a smashing time, but.... in them days, you didn't think about suncream. There wasn't such things. I was really sore. **Frances**

Hot. It was hot. In fact, I got sunburned. I was a bit naive about going abroad, and although I was lying under one of these huge beach umbrellas, there must have been bits of me that were still sticking out. And even though the sun was kind of a bit hazy, it was still strong enough. And I got burnt and I felt very embarrassed. **Jenny**

It's where I learned to dive in an outdoor swimming pool... I can remember learning to dive. I can remember being sat on the side. I can remember getting really, really bad sunstroke, you know, because we weren't used to that heat. And at that stage it was at the time where sun cream wasn't that important really, where you just sort of put on one stage, if that, really. So, I can remember really burning my back. But yes, it was the first time swimming in an outdoor swimming pool. **Heather**

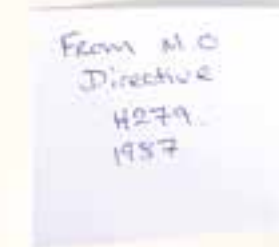
We weren't really aware of it, were we? You know, like sun cream and that?... Now they're really strict with suntan lotion and stuff like that. But they used to put oil on ... that's what I used to do. You used to start off with factor fourteen or something and work your way down and there was like factor nought or one. I went black! **Paul**



Souvenirs



Mum got sunburned going topless on the first day and a photographer took my picture at the side of the swimming pool. That was my first picture abroad. **Jackie**

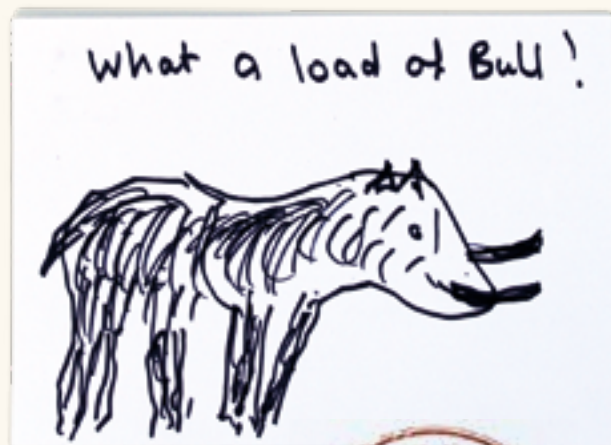


I have got a souvenir. I've got a beautiful decorative belt. It's kind of like a studded belt. Yeah, really nice. It's a bit too small for me now... **Jennifer**

I remember bringing like a doll, a Flamenco dancer back... in a plastic container. **Jackie**

I can remember we went on a trip, and we saw lemons on the tree for the first time. And that was absolutely amazing... I can remember being on the coach and going, "look at all these lemons that are there!". And we actually went... lemon picking. That was an organised trip that you went to. And we brought home bags of lemons on the plane. **Heather**

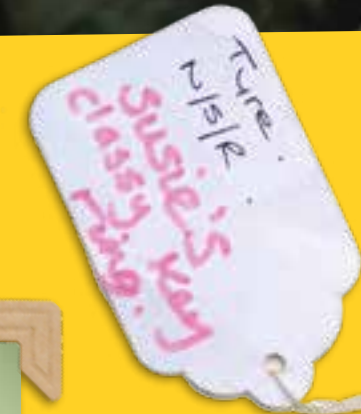
I never brought souvenirs back when I was working. But when we were there on holiday, there would have been souvenirs, but I don't know where they are... my wife died, she was a collector of things, and there's stuff all over the house... the annoying thing is that I had a collection of holiday brochures going back to the 1950s... National Holidays, Shearings, all sorts of people... And I just had stacks and stacks of them. I had big filing cabinets for all these brochures. And.... I decided they were taking up a lot of space, and I threw the whole lot away. **Stuart**



I can remember my mum and dad brought back ... one of those sangria pourers where you had to hold it away from your mouth and then they poured. It was like a fountain of sangria that came in your mouth. So that was on the side for ever such a long time with the little Spanish dolls... and the fans. I bought... it was probably about a four-foot sombrero. So again, that was fine to bring on the plane. And I can remember being on the plane where people had stuffed donkeys... and I think my mum and dad probably bought some things from Duty Free. **Heather**



I have two souvenirs. There's castanets, and there's a compact, you know those compacts that women used to have. A compact that's got a couple of dancers on it. Spanish dancers obviously. It's 56 years old now! **Frances**





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Skipkko Arts Team are based in Holbeck, South Leeds. Since October 1988, Skipkko has been one of Leeds' leading visual arts organisations specialising in engagement, advocacy, bringing communities together; enabling the lives of ordinary people in Leeds to be celebrated, marked... and remembered.

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Oh, Beautiful Island

Oh, beautiful island
True gem of the sea
Slowly revealing
Your beauty to me.

Cloudless reflections
Over oceans of blue
Smiling, curvaceous
Of candescent hue

The scents of the summer
Of Jasmine and rose
The laughter of children
Warm sand in my toes

Oh, happy the day
I return to your shore
And the halcyon days
That I still hunger for.

Yvonne U

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