

LETTERS

Love, marriage ...1957 truly was a diamond year

THE year 1957, when according to a [Warwick University](#) study (Mail) we were all supposed to have been happiest, was the year my husband Albert and I married, on June 9. This year we will celebrate our diamond wedding anniversary.

Of course, everything was different then. My parents organised a wonderful wedding for us. They didn't get into debt, even though there was no credit in those days. My father (a baker) was left with only nine (old) pence in his pocket.

We had a honeymoon in Majorca and the only reason we could afford this luxury (£208 for two weeks) was because I'd worked in the Civil Service and was given a bonus for each year I had been there.

We started our married life in a very small basement flat in Earl's Court, West London, which we rented for seven guineas a week.

There was no sex education in those days, and I was so innocent, that I had to look at pictures of Michelangelo's statue of David so I would know what a naked man looked like. My husband, being seven years my senior, was able to teach me. These days, young people know everything from a very early age — though we don't think this is necessarily a bad thing.

Despite bouts of ill-health, we are positive people and both looking forward to a happy Diamond

Jubilee year.

PAMELA GOLD, Pinner, Middx.





Memories: Pamela and Albert Gold on their wedding day in 1957