

A Week In Worthing

August 1998

Like Morecambe goes with Wise and strawberries with cream, Worthing in August is synonymous with bowls. Host to the National Championships each year, we were in Worthing in 1998 when the competitions were in full swing.

Although we were not there specifically for the championships we did find time one afternoon to watch some of the local talent in one of the many parks.

But there is much more to Worthing and East Sussex than bowls as this publication sets out to prove.

Read and enjoy the words and pictures of this diary of a holiday.



By Garth Newton

THE GOLDEN DAYS

**If only we could call a halt to time
And hold the summer at its golden
prime.**

**If only we could keep this lovely day
But all too soon the bright hours slip
away.**

**Yet, might we weary of eternal June
Of endless summer and perpetual
noon?**

“A Week In Worthing”

recalls a few

“Golden Days”

we are thankful for having experienced.

A Week in Worthing

By Garth Newton

A Week In Worthing
August 1998

THE DIARY OF A HOLIDAY

This journal is a record of a week's holiday spent by Garth and Sandra Newton and Sandra's mother, Elsie Evans, during the summer of 1998.

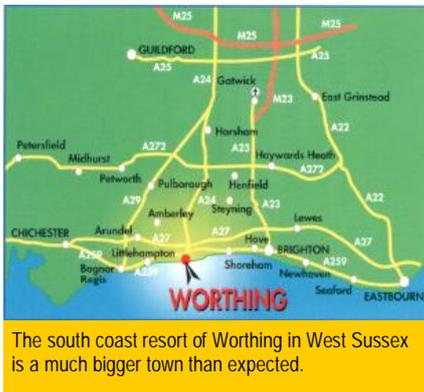
The publicity says, "With a shingle and sand beach, a pier and bracing air, Worthing is a popular seaside town." Originally a fishing village, Worthing developed into a seaside resort during the 18th century and is now the biggest resort in West Sussex.

We were surprised by how big it was having spent several holidays in previous years visiting Minehead in Somerset which is really only a village in comparison. Minehead is in fact a quiet little town on the Bristol Channel with one main shopping street containing a number of well known chain stores such as Boots and W H Smith's.

Worthing on the other hand has pedestrian shopping precincts and is almost comparable to our local centres in Nottingham or Derby.

Worthing then, was to be our base for a week in August 1998 from where we would explore the surrounding towns, villages and countryside as well as the town itself. We were blessed with good weather for most of the following pictures will prove and thoroughly enjoyed our time on the south coast.

The publicity goes on to say that Worthing has five miles of seafront and the area has many other attractions. The following pages display just a few of these attractions – there are still many more to be explored.



The south coast resort of Worthing in West Sussex is a much bigger town than expected.

BOATS ON THE BEACH



Left: A publicity shot of Worthing Beach but yes it's true – fishing boats are still a colourful sight on the seafront and local fishermen still sell their catches along the promenade

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Goodwood	14
Chichester	15
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Holiday Highlights:

- Colourful gardens
- Historic towns
- Castles and Cathedrals
- Devil's Dyke and The Trundle – South Downs beauty spots
- Seaside attractions
- Areas of outstanding natural beauty

August 1998

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7 Arrival	8 Worthing	9 Littlehampton
10 Arundel	11 Brighton	12 Chichester	13 Lancing	14 Home	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						



.....and they said we wouldn't get a tan in England.

Our Schedule

- Saturday 8th – A stroll along the seafront and some street entertainment in Worthing
- Sunday 9th – Bognor, Littlehampton and Basil the cat
- Monday 10th – Gardens at Highdown and a visit to Arundel
- Tuesday 11th – Along the South Downs via Brighton and Lewes followed by a walk on the pier.
- Wednesday 12th – A racecourse, a cathedral and a tree – Goodwood, and Chichester.
- Thursday 13th – More of Worthing and a trip to Lancing College.
- Friday 14th – Our home for the week – Bonchurch Hotel

Saturday – FIRST IMPRESSIONS

We arrived in Worthing on Friday afternoon and after our evening meal, we took a leisurely drive for a few miles in both directions along the coast just to get our bearings and find our way about.

The next morning, still in leisurely mood, we continued our explo-

rations but this time on foot. A stroll along the seafront in the pleasant summer sunshine was interrupted by a pause in a shelter to read the morning paper and take in the sea air. Our vantage point provided us with a fine view of Worthing's Pier abandoned by the retreating tide. Scavenging gulls on the beach were disturbed by a visiting Japanese family who crunched down the pebbles with excited children to enjoy a morning on the sand.

Itchy feet soon got the better of me and I too left the refuge to wander on the

beach and take a second picture looking back towards the shelter and the prom.



The Pier at Worthing



A view of the prom from Worthing beach

Street entertainment

Following our jaunt along the seafront, we ventured into the town itself. One of the things that struck us immediately was the quality of the street entertainment. Used as we were to local buskers strumming guitars and attempt-

ing to sing with voices that were never designed for such a task, we were pleasantly surprised in Worthing by the sheer professionalism of the town's street entertainers.

We first encountered a group of South American musicians known as "The Amazonas" performing traditional and authentic sounding pan pipe music outside Marks and Spencer's on one side of the street and Boots' (behind the scaffolding) on the other. As a memento of our holiday we purchased a CD of their music.



The Amazonas – a group of South American musicians playing authentic pan pipe music.



Cassettes and compact discs were on sale and proved popular with many a passer-by.

THE STICK

As we moved further down the street, the South American music gave way to guitar sounds which echoed around the shopping area. Expecting to see several people playing a number of instruments, it came as quite a surprise to see just one man sitting under an umbrella with nothing but a huge amplifier and the neck only – of a guitar. It transpired that the instrument obviously influenced by an

"The instrument has both bass and lead guitar strings on the neck and it is played by tapping the strings."

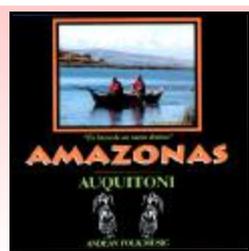
Indian Sitar was known as *The Stick*. Invented by an American, the instrument has both bass and lead guitar strings on the neck and it is played by tapping the strings. Expertly played in Worthing by Derek Dallenger, it proved another example of the professional street entertainment in this part of the country. Another CD was soon added to the collection.



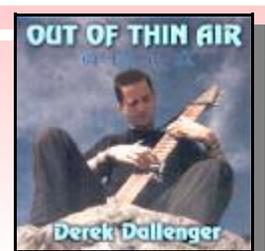
Professional street entertainment in Worthing town centre.



Derek Dallenger and The Stick



**A
Collection
Of CDs**



“It could be you” - and it was

Whilst sitting in Worthing town centre listening to the soothing melodies of Derek Dallenger, it seemed a good opportunity for Elsie to chance her luck with a £75000 scratch card purchased from the newsagents just across the street. She carefully removed the silver covering from each of the symbols and thinking it was another loser, she was about to discard it. Sandra however, peering over her mother’s shoulder (even without the aid of her glasses) could see that there were three £10 symbols on the card – a winner! Returning to the newsagents to redeem the card, Sandra was greeted by an

incredulous shop assistant who asked “Do you want the money?” Apparently she expected all winners to take more scratch cards to the value of the winnings. We’re not that silly! It’s better to have one £10 winning card than risk another ten £1 losers.



£10.00 better off in Worthing town centre as a scratch card comes up trumps.



Elsie’s luck did not stop there though. As it was Saturday, we had also picked six numbers each for entry into the National Lottery. In that evening’s draw, three of Elsie’s numbers came out of the machine and she was another £10 to the good – not a bad start to our holiday.

An afternoon in the gardens

In the afternoon we continued our explorations of Worthing and wandered into Steyne Gardens. My itchy feet soon got the better of me though and leaving Sandra and Elsie sheltering from the sun in the shade of a big tree, I continued further along the seafront to Denton Gardens, the Aquarena Swimming Pool and along The Esplanade before returning along the Brighton Road to rejoin them in Steyne

Gardens. Along the way, I stopped to take a picture of the sunken garden (*below left*) in Denton Gardens and both this and the publicity picture (*below right*) provide evidence of the beautiful flower beds that are available for all to enjoy and appreciate.

Beautiful flower beds are available for all to enjoy in Denton Gardens



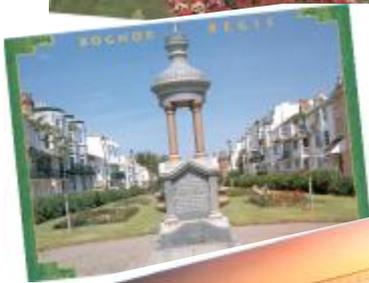
Denton Gardens, Worthingthe real thing.....



.....and the publicity photograph. Both provide evidence of the colourful flower-beds that are a feature of the gardens.

SUNDAY – BOGNOR, Big BOATS.....

We once went on a day trip to Colwyn Bay on a Sunday and were disappointed because it was "closed".



On reflection this was not really surprising as the Welsh licensing laws prevented the sale of alcohol but you would have thought that a fairly major seaside resort on the south coast in the high summer of 1999 would have been able to offer more to its visitors. Bognor Regis for all its royal connections and famed pier jumping antics in man-made (so-called) flying machines was just a little bit deadly on the Sunday morning we chose to visit. It's a pretty enough little place with some well designed gardens near the sea front; a small shopping area; a little train that trundles holidaymakers along the prom and a shingle beach for the children but, like Colwyn Bay, Bognor was closed.

Opposite the pier a small "restaurant" offered morning coffee and as we are partial to a drop of the filtered stuff we were

tempted to try a cup. Coffee it may have been called but hot brown flavoured water would be a more accurate description. It is fair to say we were not overly impressed with Bognor.

A few weeks after our return home a television

news broadcast showed highlights of people in silly costumes throwing themselves off the pier in all sorts of contraptions and trying to glide as far as possible. Most of them landed just yards from the end of the pier in the freezing cold sea. The sight of this prompted the quip "If I had to spend much time in Bognor, I think I'd throw myself off the pier as well".



We concluded our visit to Bognor by walking along the seafront before returning to the car. I did not take any photographs in Bognor but stopped on the way at a kiosk selling the usual seaside novelties and paraphernalia to buy some postcards. These serve to show some of the sights we saw during our visit and are reproduced here.

Littlehampton

Our return journey to Worthing took us through the town of Littlehampton which successfully manages to combine seaside fun with a small and busy port.



The Harbour at Littlehampton – a haven for fishing boats, pleasure craft, freight carrying vessels, swans and seabirds alike.

We easily located the harbour which stands astride the mouth of the River Arun but were not successful on this visit in finding the Lifeboat Station. Parking restrictions curtailed our brief search for it, so we resolved to return later in the week and allow more time. We hoped it would have a Souvenir and Gift Shop similar to the one in Minehead where we could purchase RNLI Calendars for 1999 but sadly when we did locate it our hopes were to be dashed.

"If I had to spend much time in Bognor I think I'd throw myself off the pier"

.....Little Boats, Body Shop.....

Adjacent to Littlehampton's Harbour is an area of gardens and amusements and here can be found more boats. These are available for hire for use on the boating lake. Rowing boats, paddle boats and canoes, brightly painted in all the colours of the rainbow add life and vitality to this attractive area.

Whilst in Littlehampton, we also managed a successful recce to locate Anita Roddick's Body Shop factory. This, with its offer of factory

"Rowing boats, paddle boats and canoes, brightly painted in all the colours of the rainbow"

tours and the Trading Post where special offers of Body Shop products would be available, was the target for a visit later in the week. To be fair it would be

hard to miss the factory as it occupies several large sites alongside the main A259 road into the town.



More boats but of a smaller scale and purely for enjoyment on the Boating Lake adjacent to the harbour at Littlehampton.

..... Bands And basil

Sunday afternoon saw us back in Worthing and on a sunny but windswept seafront. It was to be another musical afternoon, firstly listening to a Brass Band in the Lido and then viewing the Salvation Army as it played and paraded along the seafront back to the Citadel. Sitting in the prevailing climatic conditions resulted in all of us experiencing a tightening of the facial skin and the taking on a healthy looking weather beaten complexion – could this be the start of a sun tan?



Worthing's Lido – Site of regular Sunday afternoon Brass Band concerts.



Basil was one of two cats at our hotel and whichever way you look at it.....



..... he was a very friendly cat.

Monday—the low down on Highdown



Monday dawned bright and early – or so we were told! By the time we had roused ourselves, had breakfast, got ourselves together and decided on a

One of the best Tea Rooms in West Sussex

course of action for the day, it was almost time for morning coffee. Hence our first port of call was just a

short drive from Worthing. With a promise of “One of the best Tea Rooms in West Sussex” we made our way to Highdown Gardens. The coffee was certainly better than that of the previous day’s in Bognor and the gardens proved very

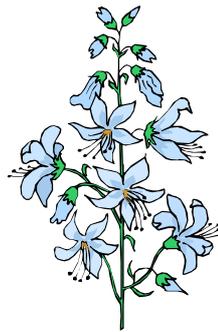
interesting. The Chalk Garden was created out of a chalk pit where there was little soil and very unfavourable conditions for plant growth. The garden owes much to Sir Frederick and Lady Stern who worked for 50 years to prove that plants would grow on chalk.



The Chalk Garden containing many rare flowers and shrubs originating from China and the Himalayas.



The Cave Pond is an attraction for children and adults alike.



Within the Chalk Garden is a small pond known as the Bamboo Pond which was created in 1910. Also created in that year is the slightly larger Cave Pond (pictured left) which was built on the site of a pig sty and lime kiln.

Much more could be written about Highdown gardens but we’ll let the pictures tell their own story.

HIGHDOWN TEA ROOMS
“One of the best Tea Rooms in West Sussex”

Quaint Tea Room with delicious Homecooked Food

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7 days a week 9am - 5pm

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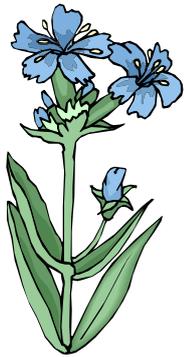
Some of the residents of Highdown’s Cave Pond



The gardens continue beyond the old chalk pit with some natural passages.

Bequeathed to the council

Sir Frederick Stern died at the age of 83 in 1967, when his wife carried out his wishes and gave the gardens to Worthing Borough Council. Although it is thought that the gardens look at their



More colourful flower displays at Highdown.



best in spring and early summer, they are well worth a visit at any time of year.

With one last look at the plants and flowers we bade farewell to Highdown and made our way to Arundel.

A craft fair, a castle and a cathedral

We arrived in Arundel before lunch and found lots of people there. A Craft Fair was in full swing close to the Castle gates and with all the interesting stalls to explore, photography took a back seat. Purchases of presents and souvenirs were followed by a picnic lunch on the car park of a wild life sanctuary. Arundel was inundated with too many day-trippers for our liking although we fell into that same category ourselves. With its picturesque uneven streets many on an incline, it is not wheelchair friendly so we abandoned any plans of touring the Castle.

Before leaving Arundel, we called in the Catholic Cathedral of Our Lady and Saint Philip Howard. I picked up a leaflet as I entered which states *"The immediate impression gained on entering the Cathedral is one of light,*

calm, spaciousness and welcome." This was anything but true on our entry. The Cathedral was in darkness and two men were up aloft tuning the organ.

"The Cathedral was in darkness and two men were up aloft tuning the organ."

Throughout our time in there, one of the men was playing the scales getting higher and higher all the time. The noise droned on and on – I'm sure the end result of their work was worthwhile but it was not the most harmonious sound I have ever heard.

Two other memories of the Cathedral are of the stations of the cross which had been carved into the stonework around the interior and a couple of paragraphs from another leaflet available in the Cathedral:

Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem about 2000 years ago. During his first thirty years he shared in the daily life and work of an ordinary home. For the next three years he went about healing sick and troubled people and teaching small groups in villages, in the fields and by the lakeside. He gathered twelve ordinary men to be his helpers. He had no money. He held no university degrees. He wrote no books. He commanded no army. He wielded no

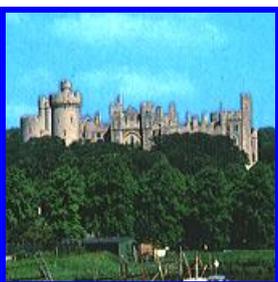


Hills and Spires at Arundel

political power. During his ministry he never travelled more than two hundred miles in any direction. He was executed by crucifixion at the age of 33. For over 1,000 million people, world-wide, this man, Jesus Christ, is God-Among-Us.

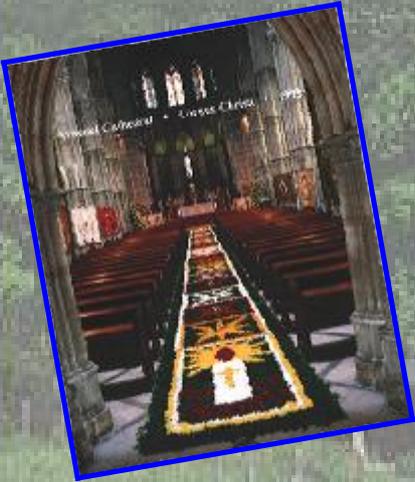
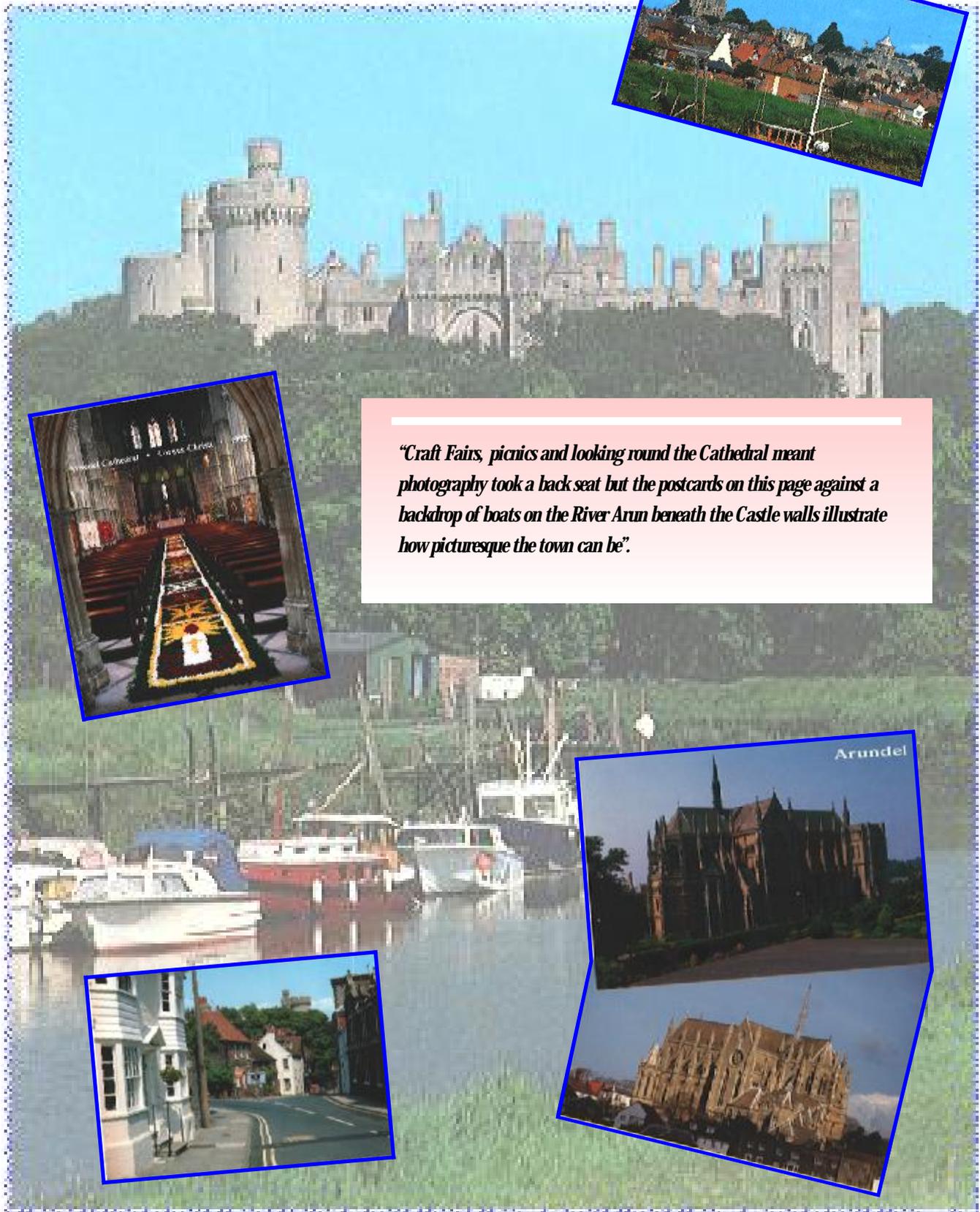
May your visit to this Cathedral be a blessing by bringing you closer to Jesus Christ, deepening your trust in the love and mercy of God and in the power of His divine and indwelling Spirit.

I'm sure we can all subscribe to that.



Arundel Castle

Post cards from arundel



“Craft Fairs, picnics and looking round the Cathedral meant photography took a back seat but the postcards on this page against a backdrop of boats on the River Arun beneath the Castle walls illustrate how picturesque the town can be”.



Tuesday – the day we got lost!

Well we didn't actually get lost – we always knew where we were and where we wanted to be. But I did manage to get onto the wrong road out of Lewes and head off in completely the wrong direction for two or three miles before realising my mistake.

That happened in the afternoon – our morning had been spent in – and out of - Brighton. The “out” part was a mistake too. For many years, from the pictures I had seen of Brighton's most famous building, The Royal Pavilion, I had envisaged it to be facing due south and situated on the promenade overlooking the sea. We drove into Brighton via Shoreham-On-Sea and Hove along the coast road fully anticipating the Pavilion to loom large on our left hand side. We drove into Brighton on the coast road ... and straight out again towards Newhaven but caught ne'er a glimpse of the famous façade.

“We drove into Brighton on the coast road ... and straight out again”

Returning to Brighton we espied a car park for “The Lanes” - one of the town's other attractions. Without more ado, we parked and continued our exploration on foot. Tourist signposts soon led us to the Pavilion as the photo-



The impressive – if elusive – Royal Pavilion in Brighton's town centre.

graph above shows. It is actually in a very prominent position in the town centre and not on the seafront at all. We circumnavigated this impressive building, called in at the gift shop and then headed off to explore “The Lanes”.

An a-maze-ing shopping centre



Flowers, narrow passageways and eating houses galore all add to the cosmopolitan atmosphere of “The Lanes”

It would have been quite easy to get lost in “The Lanes” too but this we avoided.



Apparently this is the oldest part of the town and many of the buildings were originally fishermen's cottages in the 17th century. Nowadays these have been converted into curio shops, old

bookshops, antique dealers and expensive jewellers. While we were there, many people including tourists like ourselves were looking round but we saw very little evidence of purchases being made. We pondered on how many of the shopkeepers managed to make a living but reflected that they would not have to make many sales at their inflated prices to pay their mortgages. Perhaps the fairly close proximity of London with its affluent business men accounted for their success in business. The shops in “The Lanes” evoked memories of the “Yuppie” culture and a get rich quick environment.



An entry leading to “The Lanes” – Brighton's maze of narrow passages that date from the 17th century.

From the cosmopolitan resort

Although very interesting to see, being a shop-keeper here seemed altogether too risky a business for my liking. I could see many of them facing closure and ending up in the bankruptcy courts.

We spent several hours in Brighton, wandering around soaking up the atmosphere. Although much of "The Lanes" area was obviously traffic free, the rest of the centre of Brighton was very busy. Vehicles of all shapes and sizes hurtled about and the town was reminiscent of a busy city than a holiday resort. We all felt that there was far too much hustle and bustle here to make for a relaxing holiday.



Brighton is a very cosmopolitan town – a town for the young, trendy and energetic. It is hardly a place to "get away from it all" which is what we like to do on holiday. It is easy to understand

why the London to Brighton run in vintage cars is so popular – giving the town the chance, as it does, to return briefly to a bygone age when the pace of life was not so frantic. It's a chance for the older generation to enjoy themselves. We "oldies" in search of a little relaxation, headed for Lewes.



Hannington's, one of Brighton's biggest departmental stores, is situated in "The Lanes" area of the town.

..... to the historic county town



Norman turrets rise high above the county town of East Sussex.

Reinforced by a late lunch beneath the walls of the Norman Castle, we ventured along main street in Lewes as far as the Tourist Information Centre. A window display for the RNLi prompted us to enter in search of some 1999 calendars but unfortunately they were not stocked there.

Lewes, the county town of East Sussex, occupies a hilly site and from here all the roads descend into the lower parts of the town astride banks of the River Ouse. Nearby the South Downs rise to over 700 feet and as this was to be our next port of call, we retraced our steps and set off in search of Devil's Dyke and promptly got lost.



A peaceful corner in Lewes Castle.



Barbican House, on the right at the entrance to the castle is now a museum.

Up on the downs

Passing through Lewes in the opposite direction, we eventually found the road back to Worthing which led over the South Downs via the local beauty spot known as Devil's Dyke. Popular with ramblers and walkers,



Our first view over Devil's Dyke to the Weald beyond.

hangers and paragliders alike as well as coach parties and private car owners, all were represented on this particular Tuesday.



Designated as an "Area Of Outstanding Natural Beauty", many footpaths are to be found including the long distance "South Downs Way".

A place of legends

"The Devil dug a trench to allow the sea to flood in"

The Devil's Dyke is actually a V-shaped cleft in the downs, but much of the area adjacent to it is now known by the same name. The 700 foot high hill which overlooks it not only has a public house cum restaurant at the top, but it also houses the Devil's Dyke Golf Club.

According to legend, the Devil dug a trench to allow the sea to flood in from the English Channel to engulf the



Smoke rises above the village of Fulking as stubble is burnt in the fields at the foot of the northern escarpment of the South Downs.



Garth is joined by a companion to enjoy the view from Devil's Dyke.

churches of the Weald and combat the growth of Christianity. A woman watching him held up a candle. The Devil fled mistaking the light for the rising sun, never to be seen again (*despite photographs to the contrary*).

The views from the top of the Dyke were spectacular and as we drove away along the foot of the northern escarpment through the pretty Sussex villages, the views upwards to the flying machines above were pretty impressive too.



Strolling

Most of our evenings whilst staying in Worthing were spent walking off the excesses of our evening meal around the town and along the seafront. Unfortunately live entertainment was rather scarce or not to our taste. It transpired that experience of previous years had shown that



A view back to the town of Worthing from near the end of the pier

when the Annual Bowls Convention took place attendance at live shows had been rather poor. Apparently all the bowls players wanted to do was retire to the nearest hostelry and recount their successes or bemoan their failures in the competitions of the day. To be fair we could have gone to American Wrestling, Line Dancing, the cinema or even an afternoon Tea Dance but in general we preferred to make our own entertainment.



Proof, if needed, that we actually made it onto the pier.

One particular night, when we reached the seafront, a gale was blowing and we were forced to seek shelter among the shops to pursue some ardent window shopping. Tuesday night however was calm and pleasant enough for us to venture onto and along the length of the pier. Fading light and the flash of the camera made Sandra and Elsie appear like cardboard cut-outs in the photo above but it serves to illustrate our evening stroll.

Star Attractions

Joe Brown, Wayne Dobson, Des O'Connor, Billy Pearce, Richard Digeance, Susan Maughan and the Ted Heath Band were just some of the stars appearing in Worthing during the summer of 1998 but the only stars we saw were in the heavens above.



As the sun set in the west, the lights twinkled eastward along the coast towards Brighton.



Red sky at night - and the promise of another fine day tomorrow.

PAVILION THEATRE STAR ATTRACTIONS

WORTHING'S VICTORIAN SEASIDE FESTIVAL SPECIAL EVENTS

7 JULY - 7.45pm
JOE BROWN & THE BRUVVERS
 Some of the live music you've never heard before and guaranteed to get you singing along. (see page 1 for details)
 TICKETS: £10.00 (incl. 10% discount)

8 JULY - 7.45pm
THE WAYNE DOBSON
 A hilarious and hilarious comedy show with a special message for all the boys.
 TICKETS: £10.00 (incl. 10% discount)

15 JULY - 7.45pm
DES O'CONNOR
 Back to back with the comedy show and a special message for all the boys.
 TICKETS: £10.00 (incl. 10% discount)

16 JULY - 7.45pm
RHYTHMS OF AFRICA
 King Macc...
 TICKETS: £10.00 (incl. 10% discount)

EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
 7.45pm - 1 JULY to 16 SEPTEMBER inclusive plus 3 JUNE

COUNTRY MUSIC NIGHT
 Where its FUN to participate.

COUNTRY LINE DANCES
 Fully qualified Resident Dance Instructors:
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 Live music from:
 3 JUNE: THE GLEN MITCHELL BAND
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 12 AUG: CONLON & CHAMBERS
 19 AUG: KELVIN HENDERSON BAND
 26 AUG: TEXAS GUIN
 9 SEPT: KALIBRE
 16 SEPT: CAROLE GORDON, BOB NEWMAN & SLIM PICKINS

Large fully sprung dance floor
 All tickets: £3.50 advance (£4.00 on door)
 Season tickets: £17.40 Choose any six of the above Country Concerts or Line Dances but pay for only five!

THURSDAY EVENING
 16 JULY to 3 SEPTEMBER inclusive

PREMIER WRESTLING PROMOTIONS present

WRESTLING Spectaculars

WEEKS OF BIG GRAPPLING ACTION
 FEATURING THE TOP STARS OF THE RING
 The Worthing '98 Knock Out Trophy, Numbemania Trophy, Tag Team & Solo Bouts

Tickets: £5.50 (ringside reserved)
 £5.00 (adult unreserved)
 £4.00 (OAP unreserved)
 £2.00 (child accompanied by an adult)

Wednesday - trundling Around



From The Trundle, the South Downs roll northwards to a horizon obscured by a mid-morning heat haze

Wednesday saw us setting off in the direction of Arundel again but this time instead of taking the road into the town, we continued round the by-pass and headed off in the direction of Chichester. We were to return along the Arundel by-pass later in the day but more about that on page 16. As we neared the outskirts of Chichester we followed the advice of our host for the week, Mr. Carver and followed the signs for Goodwood Racecourse. A pleasant drive northwards over the South Downs along country lanes and through wooded valleys eventually led us to the main entrance to the racecourse and the splendid looking hotel and grandstand.



“.....the chalk footpath led the eye over the pastoral scenery“.

As the road started to descend just beyond Goodwood, a public car park at a bend in the road proved an ideal spot to break our journey. From the car park a footpath led up to the high point in the area which is known as "The Trundle". The long hard climb to the top left me panting for breath but the views in all directions despite being restricted by a mid morning heat haze were well worth the effort. To the south and west it was just possible to make out the sprawl of Chichester; to the north the chalk footpath led the eye over the pastoral scenery of the Downs and to the east, the green turf that is the finishing straight of the racecourse was evidence of why Goodwood justifiably claims to be glorious.

Enriched by the experience I retraced my footsteps down the hill and we continued our descent from the Downs with the intent of visiting the Gardens that surround the college in the village of West Dean. It was still not yet half past ten and upon reaching West Dean, we found that the Gardens did not open until eleven. Rather than wait for the opening we revised our plans and decided to make our way the remaining six miles into Chichester and seek out another cup of coffee.

GOODWOOD RACECOURSE
 Racing at Goodwood in 1998

MAY
 TUESDAY 19TH
 WEDNESDAY 20TH
 THURSDAY 21ST

JUNE
 WEDNESDAY 3RD
 FRIDAY 5TH (EVENING)
 FRIDAY 12TH (EVENING)
 FRIDAY 19TH (EVENING)
 FRIDAY 26TH (EVENING)
 SUNDAY 28TH

FESTIVAL MEETING
 TUESDAY 28TH JULY
 WEDNESDAY 29TH JULY
 THURSDAY 30TH JULY
 FRIDAY 31ST JULY
 SATURDAY 1ST AUGUST

AUGUST
 FRIDAY 28TH*
 SATURDAY 29TH*

SEPTEMBER
 FRIDAY 11TH
 SATURDAY 12TH
 WEDNESDAY 23RD
 THURSDAY 24TH

*To be confirmed

For all enquiries and free GENERAL INFORMATION
 LEAFLET telephone 01243-755022



A glorious day and a glorious view. Where else but Glorious Goodwood!

Charming Chichester

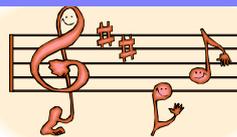
There was a lot of traffic on the roads in Chichester but we followed the signs for the city centre, the cathedral and car parking. We knew that "Orange badge holders may use on street City Centre parking spaces with no time limit or payment" provided the disabled person is "either driving the car or is a passenger." We were fortunate enough to find a parking spot in the shadow of a tall building sheltered from the sun and really close to the centre. Soon afterwards we were sitting in a small bakers cum restaurant drinking that welcome cup of coffee.

Suitably refreshed we began to explore the alleys and alcoves as well as the main streets that make up the shopping centre in Chichester. In one such alley we came across "The Coal Mine" - a shop selling "Distinctive Figures Handcrafted with British Coal". We departed with several examples and were several pounds less well off but it was hard to resist these exquisite ornaments, the only difficulty being in knowing which to choose.

Chichester is a lovely little city centred around the City Cross from which four pedestrianised roads radiate in, and are named after, the four points of the compass. An antique market was in full swing at the end of East Street, a gypsy proffering her wares at the entrance. A one man band also on East Street sat playing and singing whilst operating a dancing puppet with his foot. Two girls played classical music on violin and flute in North Street while a jazz band entertained the crowds at the foot of the City Cross.

There were hundreds, nay thousands of people in Chichester on that sunny Wednesday but for all the bustle of the crowds, the traffic free environment only served to enhance the pleasurable atmosphere. Thousands of people so what chance then of meeting someone we knew in a city nigh on two hundred miles from home. Well we did and not once but twice! Firstly we met Nora Czypak a distant relative who lives in Mapperley Village, a couple of miles from our home. She was waiting for her husband Steve who was replenishing stocks for their caravan based on a nearby site. A close relative of Nora's used work for the Duke of Norfolk as housekeeper at Arundel Castle so on reflection it was not all that surprising that Nora and Steve should choose to base their caravan here.

A little later we were to bump into two girls who hail from Sutton In Ashfield and who were staying in the same hotel as ourselves. Chichester was becoming quite a home from home.



The City Cross built in 1501 as a gift to the poor, it is still a frequent meeting point for people.

A Haven Within A Haven

Once inside the city walls, traffic free Chichester is a haven of peace. The four roads radiating from the City Cross divide the inner city into four quadrants and it is the south western quadrant that is dominated by the medieval Cathedral. A grassy area outside was littered with prone bodies either soaking up the sunshine or seeking respite in the shade of the Cathedral. The Cathedral itself provides another haven within the an already peaceful area. There are many features within to delight the visitor including the lovely stained glass in the Great South Window.

“...a centre of Christian worship and community life for 900 years.”

Whilst we were admiring the architecture, an announcement came over the public address system asking everyone in the Cathedral to pause for a moment and join in the prayer of St Richard, Bishop of Chichester 1245-1253.



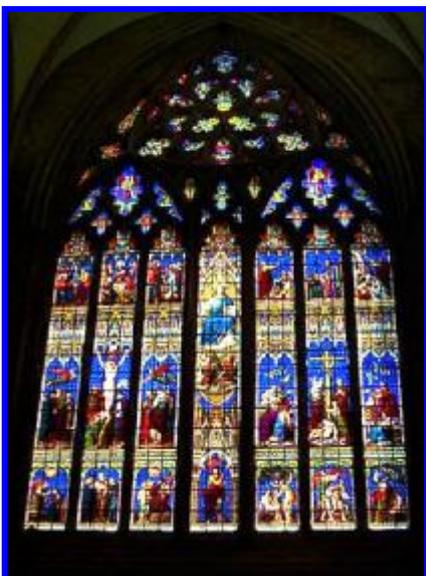
*Thanks be to Thee,
my Lord Jesus Christ,
for all the benefits which
Thou hast given me,
for all the pains and insults
which Thou hast borne for me,
O most merciful Redeemer,
Friend, and Brother, may I know
Thee more clearly,
love Thee more dearly
and follow Thee more nearly.*



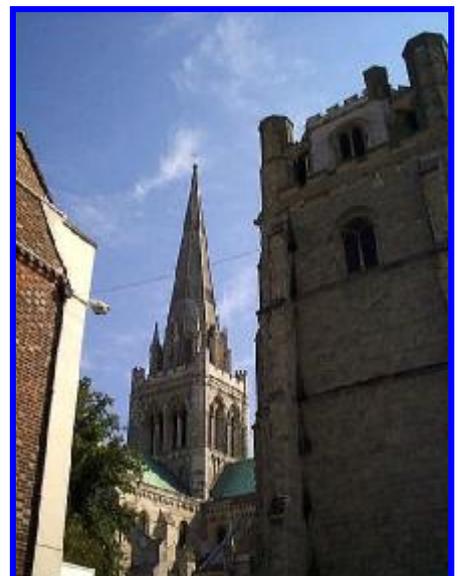
Stained glass, stonework and a vaulted roof combine to provide a haven of peace right in the middle of the city.

Chichester Cathedral has been a centre of Christian worship and community life for 900 years and is one of those places where, once you have been, you long to go back to again to see some of the things you missed the first time around. I hope it is not too long before we make that return visit.

Immediately outside the Cathedral entrance is the old Bell Tower which has now been opened to the public as a souvenir and gift shop selling religious items of all descriptions in aid of the Cathedral.



The lovely stained glass of the Great South Window.



Chichester Cathedral framed between a Georgian house on the left and the old Bell Tower on the right which now doubles as a souvenir and gift shop.

The Tree!

Our return journey to Worthing first of all took us back to the Arundel by-pass. Heavy traffic forced us to a crawl and gave us the opportunity to enjoy the landscape across the fields to the impressive turrets of the castle. The opportunity seemed too good to miss and retrieving the camera from the back of the car, Sandra attempted to capture the view from the window of the slow moving vehicle. The third attempt provided the picture on the right. The first (right below) was perhaps taken from a little too far away but the second caused roars of laughter as the perfectly framed castle was obliterated by a tree as we cruised by. You must admit though that it's not a bad picture of a tree.

"I think that I shall never see, a poem"



The Castle across the meadow – Arundel from the by-pass



..... lovely as a tree!

Where's the castle, Doc?



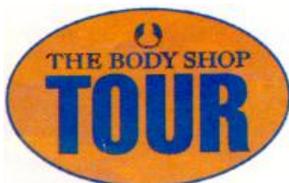
Green grass, blue sky, the white outline of a marquee and the picturesque outline of a castle – idyllic England on a summer's afternoon.

We continued on a meandering route from Arundel, following country roads and by-ways as we headed homewards. We are fond of purchasing local produce to take back as presents such as cheese, cider and apple and cider jelly from the West Country. So when we saw a sign pointing to a vineyard, we followed a gated road which led us to a bungalow at the end of a grassy track. The place seemed deserted apart from some hens that were scavenging among the vines. A small scribbled note in a window informed us "SOLD OUT _ MORE WINE LATER IN THE WEEK". It was unlikely that we would be passing this way again so if we wanted wine we would have to look elsewhere

Bognor last Sunday and that's saying more than enough – we left the Trading Post to enter Littlehampton itself.

We'd pack a lot into today – The Trundle, Chichester, the search for the vineyard and a visit to the Trading Post but we still had time before returning to Worthing to look up the Lifeboat Station in Littlehampton. I found the boat-house – there was no gift shop – but it was empty. The crew were out exercising in the river estuary and I could here them shouting out instructions to each other just beyond the sea wall. Unfortunately our search for RNLI Calendars was going to be fruitless this year.

Our route eventually led us to Littlehampton, not far from the Body Shop's Trading Post – somewhere we had promised ourselves we would visit and this seemed as good a time as any. We caught sight of Anita



Roddick and her husband patrolling their empire and then, laden with bath oils, perfumes and lotions, to say nothing of another cup of coffee - and we'll say nothing except it was reminiscent of

"We caught sight of Anita Roddick and her husband patrolling their empire".

Thursday – Our Last Full Day

As we did not want to be riding round the countryside too much today due to our journey home the following day, we spent the morning wandering around the shops in Worthing looking for last minute presents for family and friends back home. We had to stop of course for the obligatory coffee at one of the many coffee houses dotted about

the shopping centre. Most, if not all, had tables and chairs outside for their customers and as we sat we were amused by the antics of seagulls as they begged for scraps from the tables. The free visitor guide "Resort '98" states that "Worthing's sunny warm climate means that most days you can sip your cup

of cappuccino al-fresco at one of the town's many pavement cafes." and for once you can believe the publicity.

Another feature in central Worthing which we had noticed and commented on earlier in the week was the use of old fishing boats as containers for flower displays. These make a welcome sight and add a splash of colour to the pavements. I took the opportunity during our wanderings to photograph one of them.

There is another area of greenery in the middle of town bounded by the hairpin shaped Liverpool Terrace which is popular with picnickers and dog owners. If you can pick your way between the droppings of both it is quite an attractive area as the picture below right shows. It's a shame that as a nation we are not more litter conscious. Anyway after our morning sojourn, we travelled a short distance to one of the highlights of our holiday –Lancing College Chapel.

"We were amused by the antics of seagulls as they begged for scraps from the tables"



The obligatory coffee together with a begging gull.



A novel use for a disused fishing boat.



This small island of natural beauty right in the centre of Worthing was spoiled by litter.

A Gem Of A Building

We had arrived in Worthing the previous Friday afternoon and after unpacking, had strolled into the town centre before returning to our hotel for our evening meal. Still wanting to get our bearings and find our way around I had decided to take an evening drive along the coast. Heading off westwards towards the setting sun, we had travelled four or five miles along the coast road and then turned inland into the urban sprawl that makes up the outskirts of Worthing. Retracing our route back to the centre of the town we had continued along the coast in the opposite direction as far as Shoreham-On-Sea.

The Ordnance Survey Landranger Map I had of the area indicated a harbour at Shoreham but this turned out to be a commercial harbour with freight containers everywhere and not at all like the picturesque harbours we had become accustomed to on the North Devon and Somerset shoreline in previous years.



the College and was possibly the Chapel itself. We had determined there and then to investigate further before our holiday was over but decided, due to its close proximity, to leave it till later in the week. We did not venture to this impressive building until the day before our return home and what a gem it turned out to be. It was certainly one of the highlights of the week and a fitting climax to our holiday.

Founded by Nathaniel Woodard in 1848, Lancing College is a boarding and day school for 13-18 years old boys and also for sixth form girls. It is the foremost School of the Woodard Corporation, one of the largest groups of independent schools in the country, the nearest to our home being in Work-sop, Nottinghamshire. Work on the Chapel

did not commence until 1868 and building work is still not complete. We were greeted on arrival at the Chapel by an elderly gentleman who appeared at the door of the Verger's office. He was most apologetic as we would not be able to see the building at its best. Cleaning was in progress, all the chairs had been moved to the sides and wooden planks formed a ramp up to the raised altar.

Nevertheless, the splendour of the Chapel was still apparent. "Chapel" it may be but it is as grand as any cathedral. The nave soars to an impressive height of ninety feet, and the beautiful tapestry behind the altar puts (in my humble opinion) the renowned Graham Sutherland effort in Coventry Cathedral to shame.

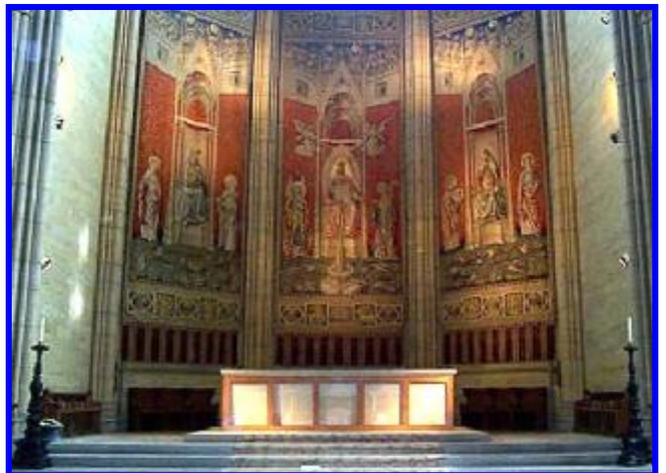
"It was certainly one of the highlights of the week and a fitting climax to our holiday"



The Gothic features of the Chapel (right) in the grounds of Lancing College.

As the light began to fade, I had turned the car inland again to return to Worthing on the A27. As I did so, I had become aware of a floodlit building on the sea facing slope of the South Downs. "Stately home?", thought I, "Or maybe a private institution of some sort". "Was it open to the public?" and "Would we be able to visit it?" were questions that also crossed my mind. By now we had reached the A27 with the building was on our right. We had come to a stop at some traffic lights and I had noticed a signpost with the word "Lancing" pointing to the left. Suddenly everything had fallen into place as I remembered catching sight of a leaflet in the hotel reception advertising Lancing College Chapel.

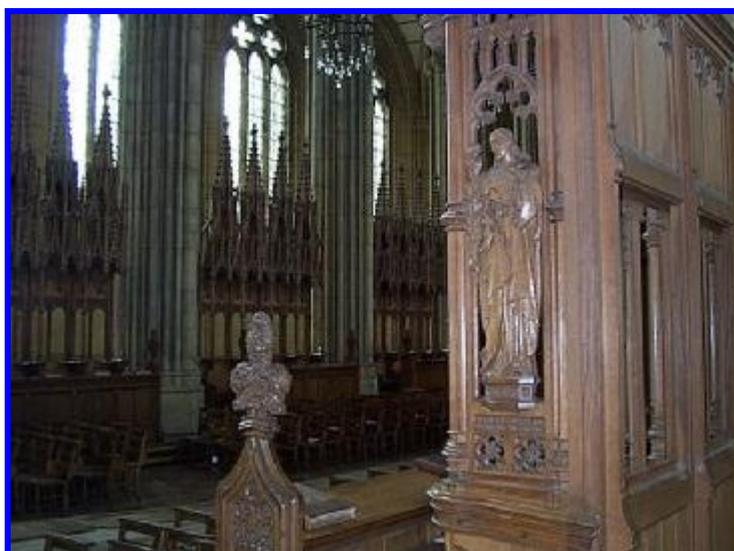
Lancing, once a small village, has now been swallowed up by the spread of its bigger neighbour. Surely this impressive building on the hillside was something to do with



A richly coloured tapestry adorns the wall behind the altar.

Loving Craftsmanship

Our friendly Verger pointed out the Rose Window at 32 feet in diameter, one of the largest in the country. He also told us that when he first came to Lancing the whole of the west end was just corrugated iron. The Rose Window was not installed until 1978. He very kindly gave me a personal guided tour of the Crypt reminiscing about the war when all manner of things were stored there for safe-keeping. A German bomb had landed in an adjacent sports field narrowly missing the Chapel – someone was certainly watching over them then.



The fine craftsmanship that has gone into the building is evident in the detailed wood carving.

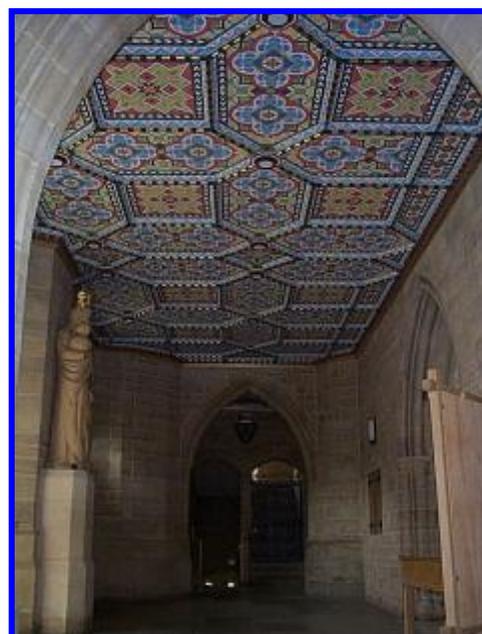


The magnificent soaring lines of the Chapel rise to over ninety feet and lead the eye to the splendid Rose Window installed in 1978

PRAYER OF THE FRIENDS OF LANCING CHAPEL

ALMIGHTY God,
 through the hands of our
 Founder and many benefactors
 You have given us this house of
 prayer
 as a symbol of your presence and
 your glory;
 bless the work of the Friends of
 Lancing Chapel,
 that guarding and enriching what
 we have inherited,
 we may do our part in making this
 building so reflect the beauty of
 holiness
 that many may be moved to give
 their lives in your service,
 and become living stones in your
 eternal temple;
 through Jesus Christ our Lord,
 who is alive and reigns with you
 and the Holy Spirit,
 One God, for ever and ever.

You may have gathered that I was quite enamoured by Lancing College Chapel. Although of recent construction, I would not call the building "modern". The new entrance incorporates a painted ceiling of medieval design and the Chapel itself was built of local sandstone in the Gothic style of the 13th Century. Already urgent stone restoration and repairs are needed. Inside however the love that has gone into the workmanship is obvious. Craftsmanship that I thought had long since been lost was evident in the wood carving on the screens and the whole place exudes a warmth and welcome. I believe the Chapel to be unique – though old in style it is new in construction. I could imagine myself back in the Middle Ages when many churches were constructed. This is what they would be like. Lancing College Chapel is a wonderful building – and all to the Glory Of God.



As soon as you enter the porch, you realise you are in for an architectural treat with just one look at the medieval design on the ceiling.

A Warm Invitation

Before leaving the Chapel, there was still time to return to the nave to admire the splendour of the building and then to purchase some postcards (some of which are reproduced below) and a guide book.

Some more visitors arrived including a young couple in a sports car. It transpired that the young man was an ex student of the College and he had brought his girlfriend to show her the Chapel. As the verger and the man began reminiscing about college life, we took our leave but not before the verger bade us "A safe journey home" and invited us back when we would be welcome to join them at a service. We

"There was still time to return to the nave to admire the splendour"

thanked him for his kindness and his welcome and then left him to extend the hand of Christian fellowship as even more visitors arrived.

Our return journey was short but slow as we encountered the beginning of the rush hour traffic. The immediate priority was to fill up with petrol in preparation for the trip home on Friday and then it was back to the hotel to pack and get ready for our evening meal.



Even with the chairs pushed to the sides to facilitate cleaning, the Chapel exudes a warm welcome.

Pictures Of Lancing



"Inside or out, the views of Lancing are equally impressive"

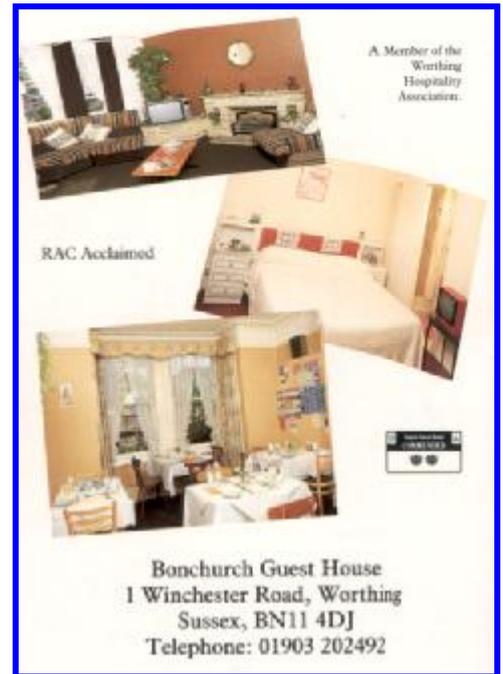
Friday - Our Holiday Home



The front cover of Mr and Mrs Carver's brochure for the Bonchurch Hotel.....

It would be wrong to end our holiday for 1998 without mention of our accommodation for the week and our hosts, Mr and Mrs Carver. They had shown us splendid hospitality, fed us well and had always been ready to offer advice on where to go and what sights to see. It is doubtful had it not been for Mr Carver's directions that we would have ventured to Goodwood and over The Trundle when we visited Chichester (or Chits-ter as he pronounced it). That would have been a shame since it had been one of the highlights of the holiday.

Mr Carver had also recommended the drive along the foot of the South Downs through the pretty villages which we followed on our



..... and the back showing the lounge, a bedroom and the dining room.

"They had shown us splendid hospitality, fed us well and had always been ready to offer advice"



return from Devil's Dyke as well as lots more local beauty spots, many of which

we were unable to visit in just one week's visit. If we ever decide to return to Worthing, there are plenty of places that will be well worth a visit.

Mrs Carver too, for her part, played her role in the background. We generally saw her at meal times preparing food in the kitchen for Mr Carver to serve, except on one occasion - his day off to play golf - when she had to prepare the food and serve it as well. The food was good, wholesome, and there was plenty of it. Our rooms were always clean and tidy although we were warned that if we left the window open, we would very likely receive a visit from one of the cats. We were stocked with a good supply of provisions for that late night coffee and biscuits or early morning cup of tea and you can't complain at that.



Together, Mr and Mrs Carver worked hard to make our holiday both enjoyable and memorable.



Not too dissimilar from the brochure, although the fence between the front lawn and the car park has disappeared, this photo of the hotel was taken early on the morning of our departure.

Homeward Bound



After loading the car with all our luggage and a hearty breakfast, it was time to say farewell to our hosts and the other guests in the hotel before winging our way on our

homeward journey towards the M25 and M1 back to Ilkeston. We left behind the well manicured front lawn and carefully tended and colourful flower beds of the



Bonchurch to return to our own garden obviously in need of some attention and careful weeding after our week's absence.



"It was time to say farewell to our hosts and the other guests in the hotel."



The carefully tended front garden of the Bonchurch Hotel

A Welcoming Sight



The Bird Bath

A final look at the flowers in the garden of the hotel that had been our home for the last seven days and we left Worthing behind to set off for Derbyshire. Our homeward journey was relatively uneventful and we made good time up the motorways.

We had enjoyed our holiday but it was good to be back in the more familiar surroundings of our home town and to view the welcoming sight of our own garden.

Is this a weed?



The Gravel Path

Back To Reality



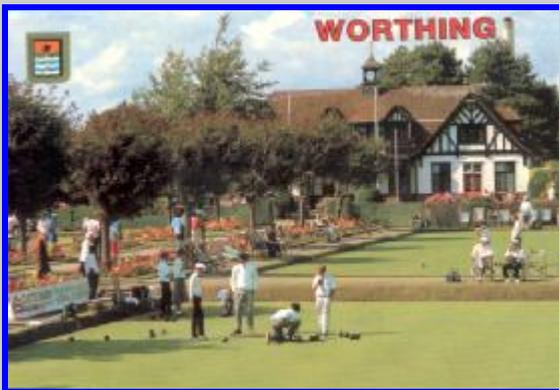
So that's it for another year. We'd planned it, booked it, looked forward to it, experienced it and enjoyed it. But it is behind us now and to paraphrase Lloyd Grosman, "Put those shades away, unpack that luggage – the holiday time is over." The brochure (left) just about

has it right when it says "Worthing – The Best Of Sussex Coast And Countryside". We'd done a lot in our week away but all those romantic dreams of dramatic sunsets and exciting explorations in unknown landscapes were soon forgotten as we returned to normality of daily life – there was still the laundry to do! Still, in the best traditions of all those holiday programmes on TV we'll finish with a view of the sun reflecting off the sea near Worthing Pier.



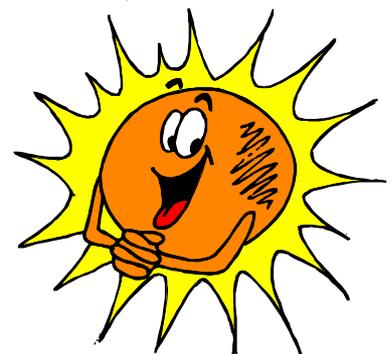
Like Morecambe goes with Wise and strawberries with cream, Worthing in August is synonymous with bowls. Host to the National Championships each year, we were in Worthing in 1998 when the competitions were in full swing. Although we did not actually attend the championships we did find time one afternoon to sit and watch some of the local talent in one of the many parks. But there is much more to Worthing and East Sussex than bowls as this journal sets out to prove.

Read and enjoy.



Some of Worthing's bowling greens in Beach House Park that have helped to make the town famous and host to the annual National Championships

Well, that's another job well done.



A Week in Worthing

