

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

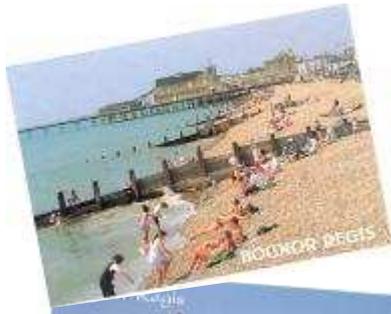
Our return journey to Worthing took us through the town of Littlehampton which successfully manages to combine seaside fun with a small and busy port.



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 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

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

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.

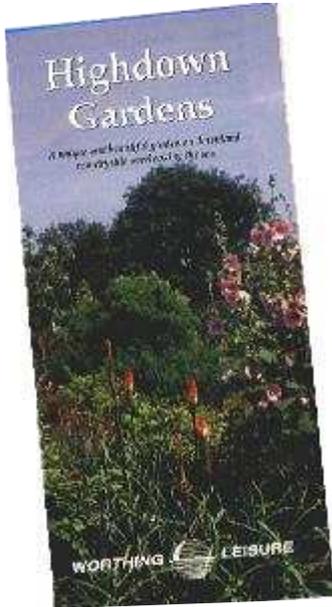


Basil was one of two cats at our hotel and whichever way you look at it.....



..... 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

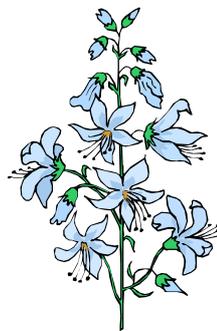
interesting. The Chalk Garden was created out of a chalk pit where there was little soil and very unfavourable conditions for plant growth. The garden owes much to Sir Frederick and Lady Stern who worked for 50 years to prove that plants would grow on chalk.



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.

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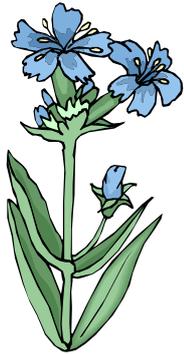
Some of the residents of Highdown's Cave Pond



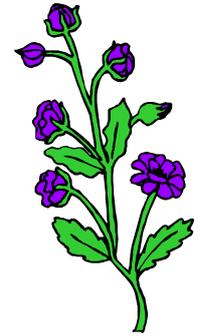
The gardens continue beyond the old chalk pit with some natural passages.

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.

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.

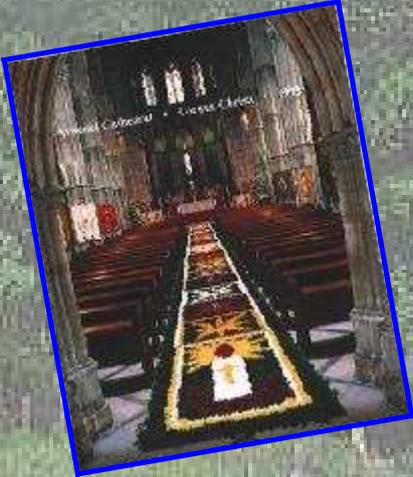
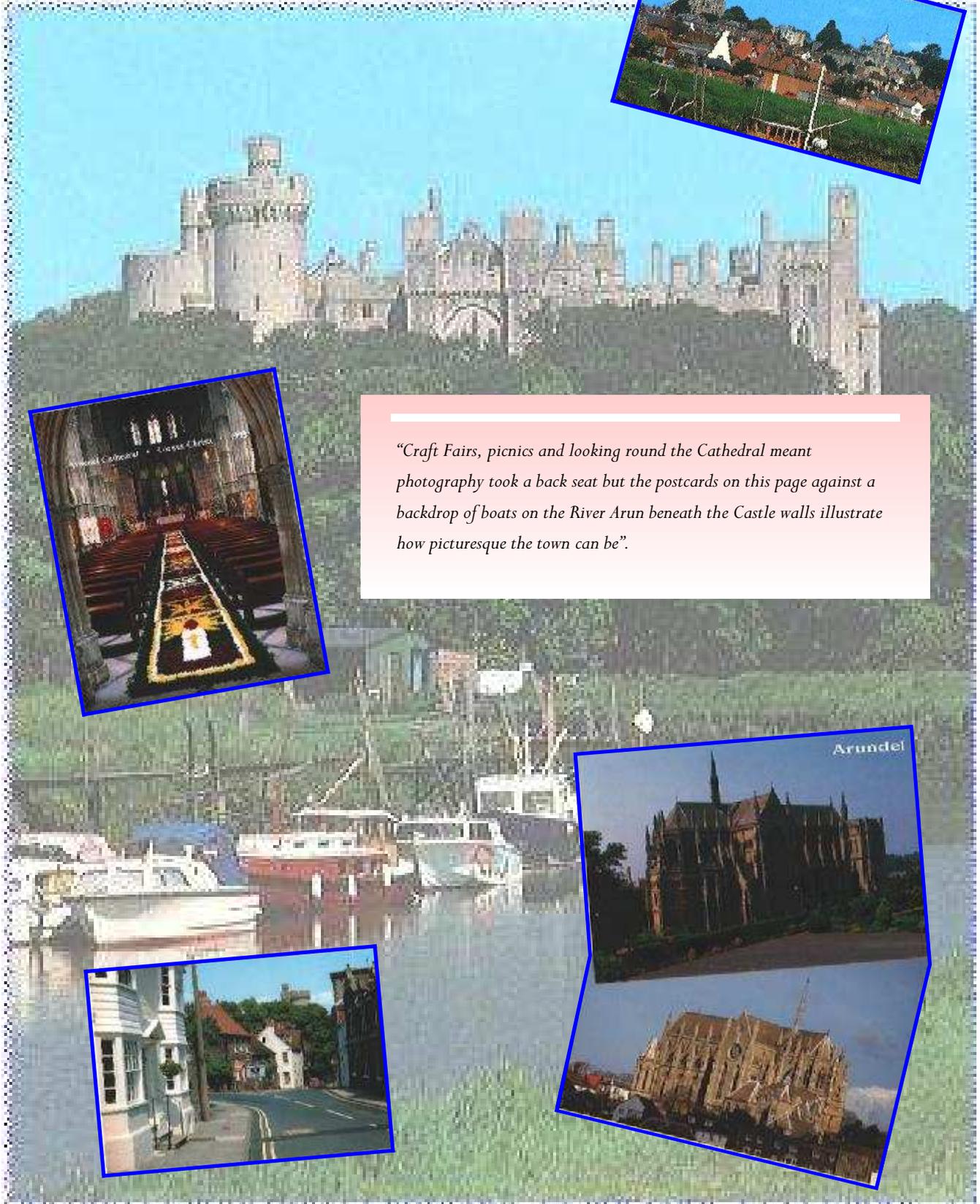
May your visit to this Cathedral be a blessing by bringing you closer to Jesus Christ, deepening your trust in the love and mercy of God and in the power of His divine and indwelling Spirit.

I'm sure we can all subscribe to that.

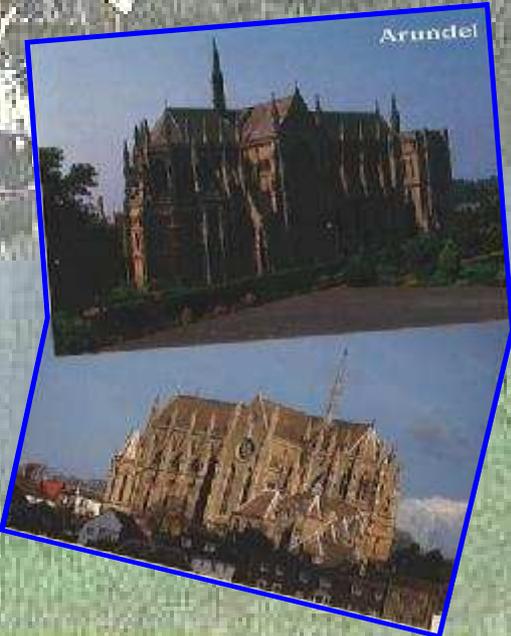


Arundel Castle

POSTCARDS 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 circum-navigated this impressive building, called in at the gift shop and then headed off to explore “The Lanes”.

AN A-MAZE-ING SHOPPING CENTRE



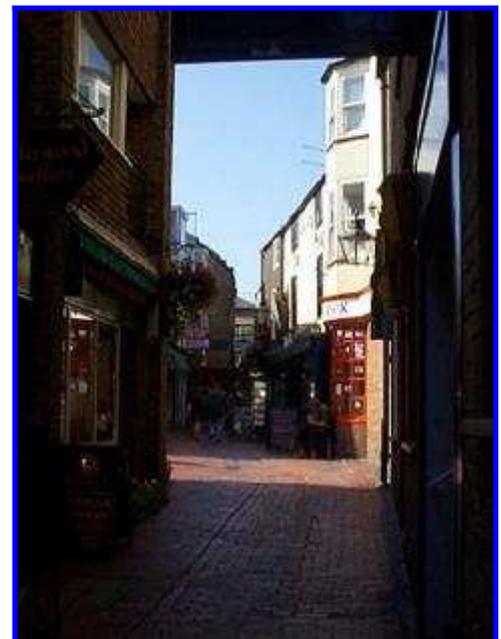
Flowers, narrow passageways and eating houses galore all add to the cosmopolitan atmosphere of “The Lanes”

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.



A peaceful corner in Lewes Castle.



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.



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.

gliders and parascenders 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

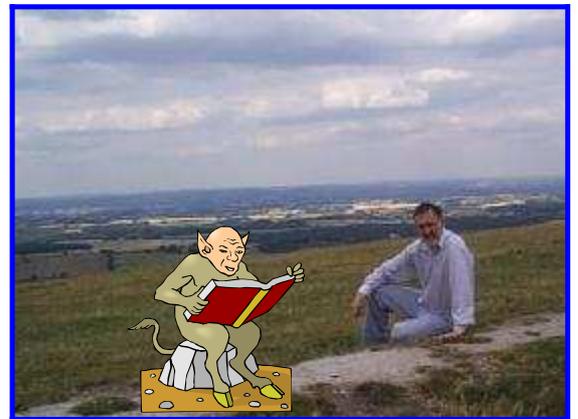
"The Devil dug a trench to allow the sea to flood in"

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.

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£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

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

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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.



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

CHARMING CHICHESTER

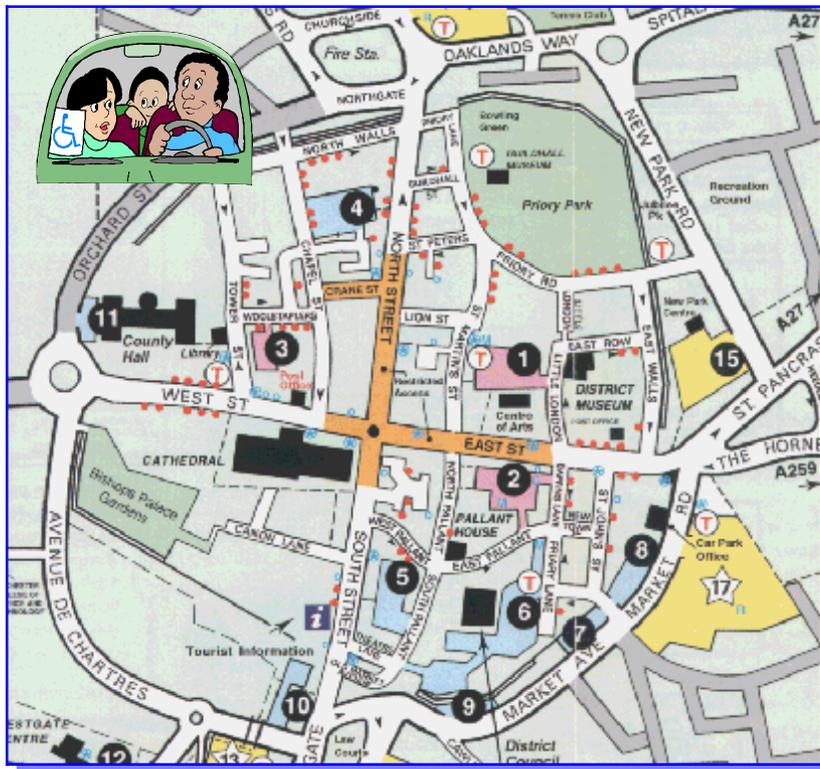
There was a lot of traffic on the roads in Chichester but we followed the signs for the city centre, the cathedral and car parking. We knew that *"Orange badge holders may use on street City Centre parking spaces with no time limit or payment"* provided the disabled person is *"either driving the car 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.



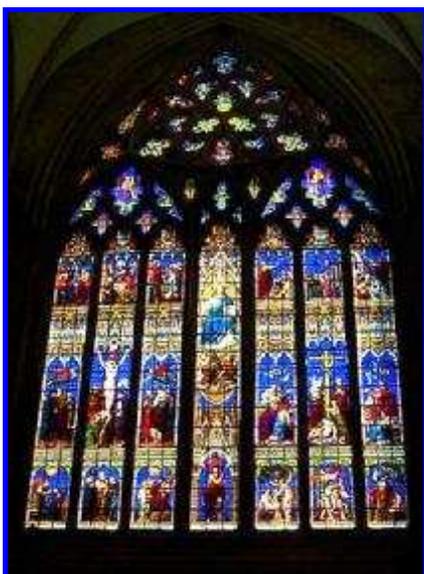
*Thanks be to Thee,
my Lord Jesus Christ,
for all the benefits which
Thou hast given me,
for all the pains and insults
which Thou hast borne for me,
O most merciful Redeemer,
Friend, and Brother, may I know
Thee more clearly,
love Thee more dearly
and follow Thee more nearly.*



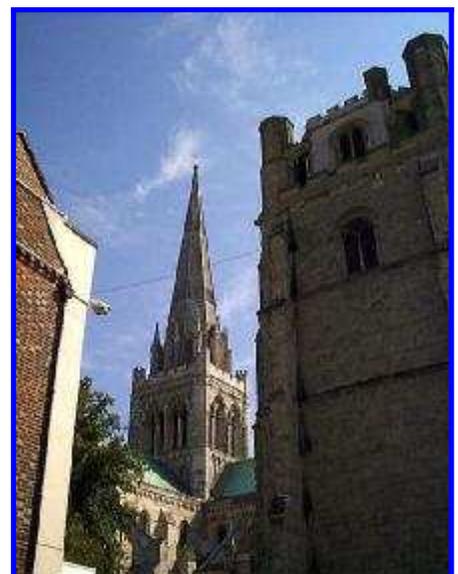
Stained glass, stonework and a vaulted roof combine to provide a haven of peace right in the middle of the city.

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.