

## Seaside 3 - On the beach

### Source 14

Extract from the personal unpublished "memoirs" of Florence Alice Holloway (1901-1994)

At the moment it's only "1911" and we went to Worthing for our holiday. I can't remember if we went each year but one or two stand out in my memory....Our tin trunk was always sent on in advance to await us in our lodgings, "digs" was the common name thereof. Theatrical people still use this word I believe. We booked two bedrooms and a sitting room and the lady of the house cooked and cleaned for us.

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The good thing about "digs" was that if the weather was really bad, you could stay in and play games. But I don't remember many bad days. Frank and I loved browsing in the local museum, which had a fine collection of birds in glass cases. Also saw my first platypus in a pet shop! Stuffed! Of course when fine we lived on the beach, stony until the tide went out, then about half a mile to find the sea. Plenty of rock pools and a treasure trove under the pier. Lined up near the pier were small carriages pulled by goats, landaus, wagonettes and a Cinderella coach. For a treat we used to ride back through Chapel Road which was the main street, to our rooms. Then we could also ride back on a donkey.