

## Seaside 1 - Getting there

### Source 13

Extract from the personal unpublished "memoirs" of Florence Alice Holloway (1901-1994)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. This year there was a rail strike, a rarity in those days, and our tin trunk which was always sent on in advance to await us in our lodgings, "digs" was the common name. We booked two bedrooms and a sitting room and the lady of the house cooked and cleaned for us. It was a real holiday for mothers. Apart from looking after the kids of course. We went two or three times to the same small but comfortable house, and the same small comfortable landlady made us welcome. Mrs. Churcher, 20 Wenban Road. Frank and I had to learn it by heart in case we got lost in the wilds of Worthing or knocked down by one of the luxurious carriages which were pulled along the promenade by poor old chaps, who appeared more in need of the ride than their hirers. Old dames with lap-dogs or old men with drooping moustaches.

The waiting between booking our rooms and the great day when we went to the local station with more cases, seemed ages. One double-basket fitted inside the other. It also provided a cradle for a small baby. Frank and I shoved all the things we wanted into this case, and Mother promptly took most of them out. However, mysteriously they turned up when we arrived. This basket was then sat on to enable the strap to be buckled round it. Bags for things needed on the journey. Face-flannels and towel. Biscuits and lemonade etc. Arriving at Victoria, with the noise and crowds, getting the tickets and porters rushing up to carry your bags! Truly! Getting into a second class carriage, the first class too "posh" and expensive and third class full of kids stuffing as soon as they got onto the train. Second class was just right. Non-corridor but a "loo" in each carriage! At least I remember a "loo" between four seats and six seats on opposite side. I'm sure we opened that small door more than necessary on a journey, which didn't take much more than an hour or so. You can wash your hands by pressing a button and filling a small basin, so the flannel came in handy.

Once started, we looked out on the passing scenery, picking out places which we recognised. Passing through Merstham tunnel we knew we should soon see the "downs", which since those far-off days, I've loved. Then the suburbs of Brighton loomed up and we began to get very excited. Leaving the big station, within a few minutes we glimpsed the actual sea! Not wild rocky coastlines or magnificent vistas but none-the-less, "the sea"! The nearer we were to Worthing the plainer we could see it. At last arriving

at the station, another porter carried our cases to a cab. I always wanted a smarter one. The first one in the rank always seemed shabby.

Not a long time as our “digs” were at the back of the town. A warm welcome from Mrs. Churcher, and a mad rush to open our cases which were carried up by one of her schoolboy sons. There is a flourishing firm of builders bearing that name, I hope it belongs to that nice family, or their descendants of course. On this occasion our tin trunk had not arrived owing to the aforementioned strike. Mother had to go and buy nighties for Kate (aged 4) and me 10 (nearly), change of underwear etc., which pleased me, having new garments. Off went Mother next morning to the station and laid down the law, and she could. Five foot seven and stately and I don't think ever afraid of anything. Apologies from Southern Railway and on returning home for tea, the tin trunk had arrived. Having been “found” where strikers had put it. Mother sent the bills for our new clothes and I believe the railway paid.