

## HOLIDAY HAUNTS:

ILFRACOMBE, MARGATE, NEWQUAY, BRIDLINGTON;  
SANDOWN AND RAMSGATE.

BY WILFRID KLICKMANN.

### ILFRACOMBE.



*From a photo by]*

*[W. H. Bennett.*

So far as I have been able to search in text-books, no reference whatever is made to the peculiar astronomical phenomenon observable at Ilfracombe.

In addition to the usual monthly illumination supplied by the lunar authorities—good enough in its way for odd jobs, such as working the weather—the town far surpasses any known planet in the number of its own particular moons ever revolving in and about itself. These are locally known as honeymoons. Go to Ilfracombe at any time and you will be aware of their existence

in all stages of luminosity, the period of their effulgence varying from two to four weeks on an average. They are to be found at all seasons of the year, though their numbers and brilliancy during the summer months are likened to meteoric showers.

No sooner does one moon show signs of waning (and a request for the loan of a Bradshaw is a sure indication) than the visitors' list announces the advent of new moons, causing smiles of satisfaction on the face of the landlady, coupled with chuckles of kindly maternal tolerance.

No one has actually seen in concrete form a veritable honeymoon. They exist, nevertheless, and their presence is known through each being accompanied by two devotees, bound by solemn promises to one another to maintain the ancient esoteric moon-worship in all its integrity.

Certain infidels—to be found, alas! everywhere—find humour in the simple faith which unites true believers. Opposition, however, is powerless to cause either an eclipse of the moon itself or apostasy from the faith.

Close attention to the subject reveals a

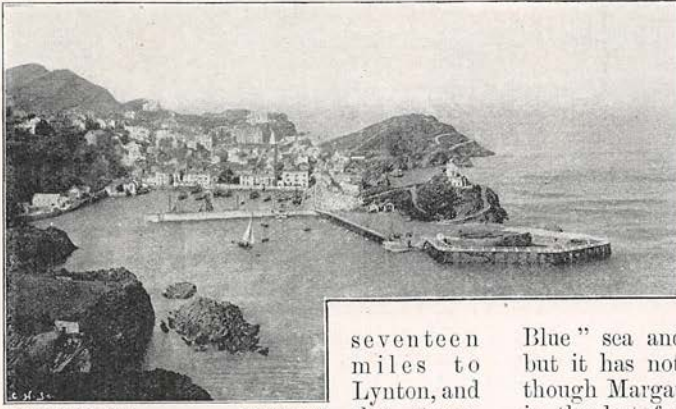


*From a photo by]*

*[Frith & Co.*

remarkable similarity of action among the worshippers of the honeymoon. They all find it necessary to take the coach for

Margate. Those who have not been there for many years will be pleased to hear that the town still exists. Some places flourish on



From a photo by]

[Prith & Co.

THE HARBOUR, ILFRACOMBE.

seventeen miles to Lynton, and the steam-boat trip to Clovelly is

considered essential. They say the same things to one another in the firm belief that they are perfectly original, and one and all are expert in the manipulation of an umbrella or sunshade to screen their devotions from the impious gaze of the heathen.

The town authorities, be it said to their great credit, have always shown a sympathetic desire to foster the devotional instincts of the honeymooners, and have done their best to make Ilfracombe an earthly paradise. A portion of the rugged sea-front has been laid out in magnificent walks and promenades, such as the Capstone Parade and the incomparable Torrs, where an evening gathering is regularly held, accompanied by instrumental music. These services are largely attended, and are seasons of great refreshing to the initiated.

Why Ilfracombe should be the Mecca of the "Pilgrim of Love" is too sacred a subject for discussion. The historian reverently accepts undisputed facts as he finds them, and, estimating the future by comparing the present with the past, it is safe to say that this phenomenon, hitherto unrecognised by scientists, is one likely to be of permanent duration.

MARGATE.

"THE seaside" is a generic phrase, but to many it is only translatable by the word

statistics, and others subsidise a photographer, whose seductive pictures annoy the eye with their frequency of appearance. Margate comes under neither of these categories—it is simply Margate, a town with an immense past and a strong hope in the future. The London, Chatham and Dover Railway in its early days did exhibit a coloured print with a "Rickett's

Blue" sea and contiguous railway station, but it has not appeared for some time, and though Margate's *clientèle* may have changed in the last few years, the town points with pride to the day when its claims were pre-eminent. Time was when the local Mrs. Bardell hung her card for only a few hours before it was taken down, and her cat was a recognised institution.

True, the comic papers still hang their perennial jokes on the peg of the ancient popularity of the place, but perhaps that after all is the point of the humour. Things



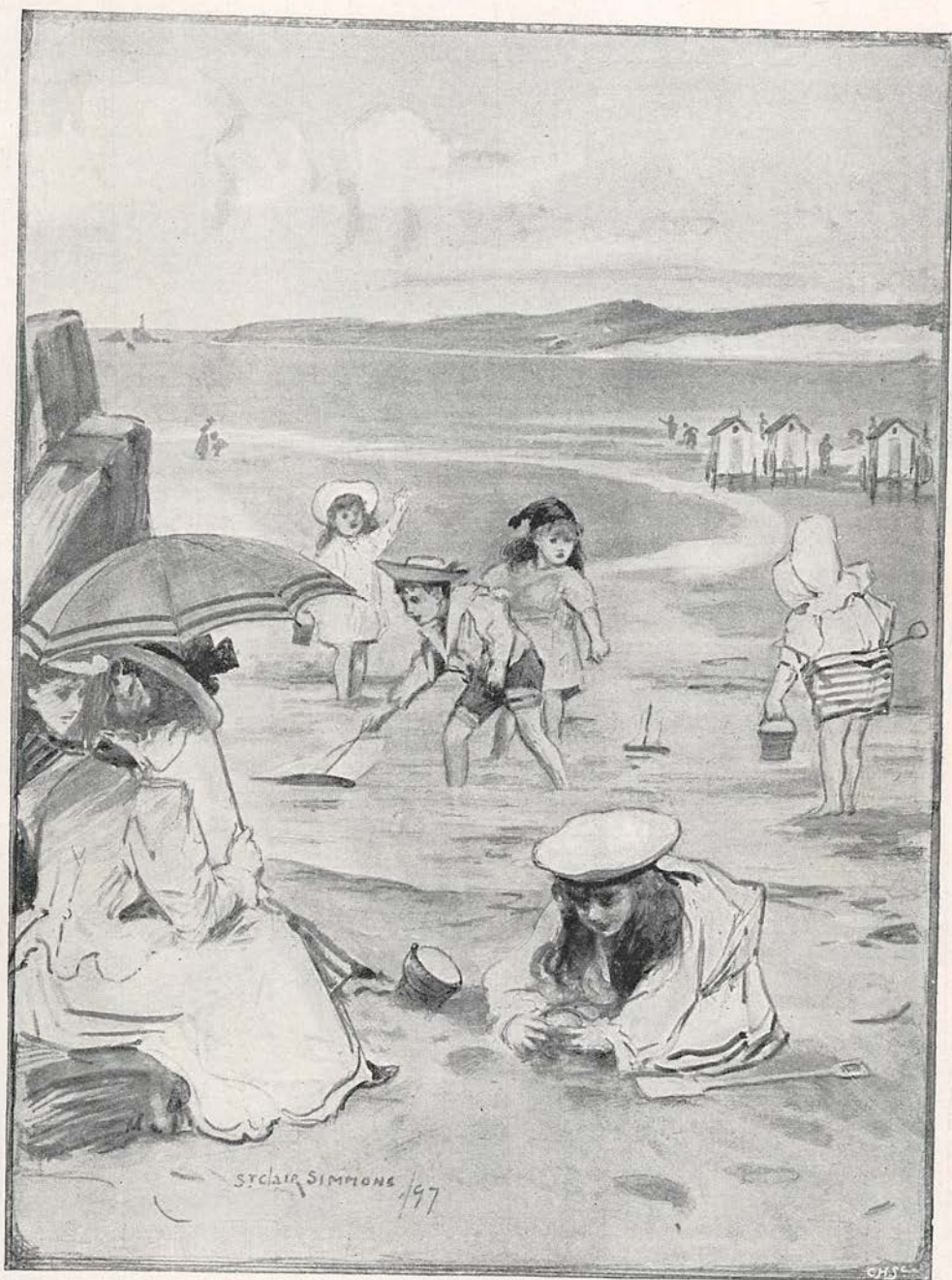
From a photo by]

[Prith & Co.

NEWGATE GAP, MARGATE.

however are changed. Many of the former *habitues* prefer to fleetingly share the joys of Margate by the daily cheap trip of steam-boat and train, while the regular summer holiday is taken farther afield with the friendly offices of a personal conductor.

What an event it once was to await on Saturday nights the arrival from London of



WHEN THE FLOWING TIDE COMES IN!

the "husbands' boat," and listen to the loving greetings between husband and wife while the former was only half-way down the

cobbled with stones sacred to the memory of Clark Russell, but Margate has its air! and London has men and women ever ready to take their fill. Children do say the minstrelsy are blacker and more musicianly, and that a pailful of Margate sand has more potentialities than the same amount from elsewhere. Be this as it may, it is mainly the remembrance of Margate air that brings crowds to the steamboats and passengers to the Chatham and Dover.



From a photo by]

THE JETTY AND CLIFF, MARGATE.

[Prith & Co.

gangway! Inquiries of health were always preceded by "Have you got the tea?" or "Did you bring Willie's socks?" and so forth. One would feel sorry for the husband who left the deck without the inevitable parcel.

The longshoreman Billies may now deplore the non-arrival of the family party, for children weigh light in a boat, but their absence is bliss to the landlady. Margate is not what it was; even the landlady is different, and the writer who once said she was easily distinguishable among the other birds of prey on account of her crooked bill, spoke of former generations.

It is only the most obstinate of philistines who ventures on the jetty in the evening without changing his clothes. Go as you please all day, paddle if you will, bronze your neck, and with the briny air pickle your throat by wearing the white flannel shirt and blazer, but at night please remember you are not at Southend!

Cornwall may boast its daily visitation from the Gulf stream, smooth sands may be found in Sussex, Kent may have its fashionable leas or wild warrens, and streets

of Cornwall, has no connection with any other establishment of the same name.

There is a breeziness at Newquay, the memory of which sets off the pen at a smart canter—an exhilaration of atmosphere that stimulates the healthy, but which should be treated with respect by the delicate-chested, unless the summer be of the warmest. There is so much to be said of Newquay, and so little space in which to say it, that not half the tale will be told unless the catalogue



From a photo by]

NEWQUAY.

[Prith & Co.

style of Walt Whitman's descriptive poems be adopted, i.e.—

I see the sands on the sea-shore; I see the rocks  
enclosing the sands;  
I see the caves, and the smugglers' caves;  
I see the boats, and the fishing-nets of the cottagers;  
Fishermen! O fishermen!



Conciseness must be the order. Newquay being exposed to much of the strength of Atlantic gales, and facing north, is somewhat bleak in winter, but enviable in summer. Then its atmosphere is of the freshest, its scenery the loveliest, and its waters the bluest to be found in Cornwall. Unless one has actually seen the brilliant blue of Cornish seas, such a description is received with a mental discount.

Every seaside resort grows quickly nowadays, but in 1862—not so long ago—Newquay was a village of thirty-nine inhabitants, three of whom formed “the gentry.” Today the remnant of that thirty-nine have before them in Newquay a forcible example of the march of time. The town numbers



From a photo by]

BEDRUTHEN STEPS.

[Prith & Co.

its visitors by the thousand, and local energy offers them the best of accommodation, from the superb Atlantic Hotel to an emergency shake-down on a sofa.

Artists know Newquay and love it; and concerning it, Cornish folk are divisible into two classes: those who have been there, and those who have not. The former are going again, while the latter won't be happy till they get there.

A remarkable feature of the coast line is the Towan Head. It is a natural pier, and one worthy its designer. From its extremity the advent of the pilchard is sighted. Speaking of fish, “sport” is to be had in abundance; crabs and other shellfish from the old Dane Rock, and trout from the Porth stream, in addition to the usual pot-luck with a leaded line.

The visitor in his wanderings may find confusion in the frequently occurring name, Porth. It is applied indiscriminately to a bay, an island, a river,



From a photo by]

A ROUGH-SEA ON THE CORNISH COAST.

[Prith & Co.

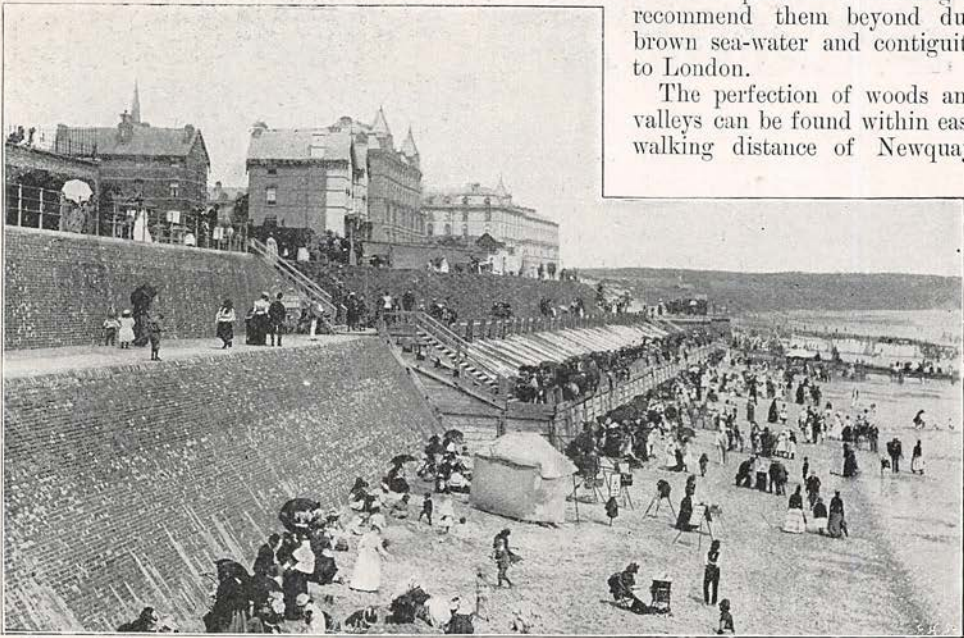
a village, and town, as well as forming the latter half of double-barrelled names such as Mawgan Porth and Perranporth, both places being close to Newquay, and very interesting. The Porths are varied by being called Porthmoor, Newport, or Maenporth, and lack of originality is certainly shown in having Towan Head (the natural pier), with several Porths close at hand, and then a Porth Towan about a dozen miles lower down the coast.

Every self-respecting town in Cornwall has a saint and Holy Well—a distinction more highly esteemed than even a stork's nest in Scandinavia. I know not if an ethereal parliament of holy water sprites exists, but if so,

at hand as *locum tenens* to St. Ambrose in case too great a demand was made on the latter's resources by baptismal parties or the Independent Order of Good Templars. He serves his patrons as well to-day as hitherto.

The sands alone are worth coming to see; and those who know only the South-Coast variety find Newquay a revelation. Crystalline, compact and brilliant, they are the delight of the artist and pedestrian, the roadway for the cycle, and the arena for tennis, cricket and football. Strangers to Cornish scenery have no conception of its natural beauties and wealth of colour in water and rock, neglected, strange to say, in favour of places with nothing to recommend them beyond dull brown sea-water and contiguity to London.

The perfection of woods and valleys can be found within easy walking distance of Newquay,



From a photo by]

BRIDLINGTON QUAY.

[Prith & Co.

then Newquay returns two members: to wit, St. Ambrose and St. Carantocus, who flourished in the flesh A.D. 460. These saints were a thirsty race, and the Cornish springs were irresistible. The pious memory of about a hundred of them, including, of course, the famous St. Keyne, is still preserved in the county and recorded in book form by Mr. Quiller-Couch. Newquay's diaphanous clergy are located at Cranstock, a village about a mile distant. St. Ambrose Well, as such, is gone, and on the spot stands St. Ambrose Villa, but the stream is still there, and doubtless finds consolation in the thought that saints may come, and saints may go, etc. St. Carantocus was always close

and the sheltered Vale of Llanherne, with fern, flower, tree and stream, once seen, will always be a fragrant memory.

Briefly, Newquay compels admiration even from the least susceptible; while gentlemen with long hair, slouch hats and "rolling" eyes, break out into such lines as—

Hie thee to that Eden by the sea,  
Which bards call Dreamland, and the world—  
Newquay!

#### BRIDLINGTON.

THERE is no mistaking the county of Yorkshire. Within its hospitable boundaries one can travel from anywhere to the other place

for only so much! The Yorkshireman takes his pleasure gaily—he will have it, too! and though he is the readiest to conform in an orderly manner to the railway company's regulations, his joviality on an excursion is conspicuous. Would you sleep on the homeward journey after a long day's wrestling with a hot sun? He tells you racy stories and offers a cigar guaranteed to promote wakefulness; while another man—"keen o' making brass," as Charlotte Brontë describes the Yorkshireman—offers for sale gilt-framed oleographs to recoup himself his holiday expenses.

On the morning of a "Half-a-crown there and back" we stood in single file, hundreds of us, forming an immense queue beginning at the excursion booking-office window of Hull station and ending somewhere in the direction of Great Grimsby, intersected at intervals for vehicular traffic. It was remarked that though the Humber caused a temporary break, an elderly man wearing a sandwich-box and a flask was discernible on the opposite bank with a strong following!

The booking-clerk looked severe when I named *Burlington*. There is really no such place, but Bridlington is pronounced Burlington in order that the natives may understand one another. When the train finally stops and the saltness in the air bespeaks the pleasures to come, do not ask to be directed to either Bridlington or Burlington for that polyonymous town is inland. The place you want is called "the Quay." An omnibus connects the two, and the visitor who rides pays twopence, but

to the Yorkshireman the fare is two pennies—and he walks.

The Quay is large, as quays go. In



From a photo by]

[Frith & Co.

THE PARADE, BRIDLINGTON QUAY.

addition to its maritime uses it provides safe anchorage in the roughest of weather for eight churches, a dozen hotels, numerous boarding-houses, public meeting rooms, clubs, schools, a recreation ground and cycle track within easy reach of a cottage hospital, the latter being in friendly juxtaposition to a convalescent home. They do look after you in Bridlington! There are public baths, a switchback railway, stately parades and sea walls, and a proportionate number of inhabited houses. There is also said to be a bar somewhere in the town.

The utopian atmosphere of Brighton,



From a photo by]

[Frith & Co.

SANDOWN.

where all are equally welcome on the green promenade facing Brunswick Terrace, is peculiarly absent from Bridlington. Should

English coast-line. The late Lord Tennyson had great objections to certain of the Isle of Wight railways. Astonishing as it may seem in this utilitarian age of Progressive Councils, the Poet Laureate actually protested that an extended series of brick-built railway arches, of uniform colour and characteristic simplicity of design, lent no charm to the eye or ornament to a landscape! Such mental obliquity was generously disregarded by Parliament, and in indirect consequence we see the flourishing town of Sandown.

Ever since the days of geological upheavals the beautiful Sandown bay, with its outstretching cliffs on either side, has yearned to

take to its embrace, man, and all his relations. Strange to say it is only during the last thirty years that this favoured locality has received recognition. As soon as the genius who presides at the foundation-stone-laying of a seaside resort realised his responsibilities on the south-east coast of the Isle of Wight, he promptly showed



From a photo by]

SANDOWN, TOWARDS DUNNOOSE HEAD.

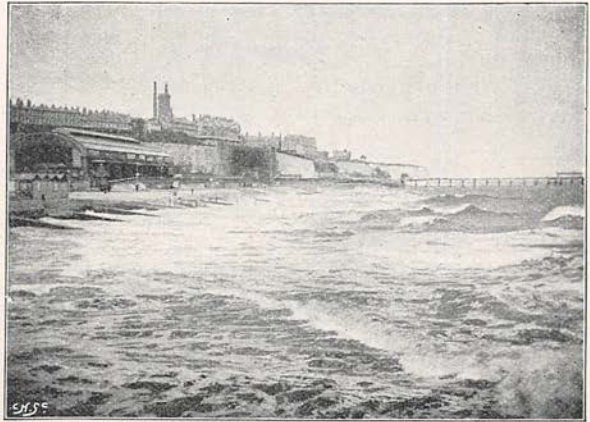
[Prith & Co.

you wish to join the calm, contemplative gathering of Olympians on the Prince's Parade after a good morning's fishing from the harbour piers, then present yourself at yonder barred gates and crave admission. Deliberately the warder gives you a searching glance and inquires: "Have you fourpence?" So much incredulity lurked in the query when addressed to myself that I suspected the gatekeeper of wearing Röntgen spectacles. Solveney being established, what joys were then mine! A more distant view of the sea than before, band music, chairs, a little grass, a few flowers, and limited space for walking! How tastes differ! Many would rather be here than tramping it along the cliffs to Flamborough Head, climbing rocks in company with innumerable sea-birds, playing tennis on the sands, or sitting at a point of vantage to catch an incoming breeze on an outgoing tide.

Happy those who can spend days and weeks in this delightful bay! But towards dusk the peripatetic is reminded that there is a tide in the affairs of an excursion which indubitably leads to the railway station.

### SANDOWN.

SANDOWN is the natural offspring of the influence of a railway on a lovely portion of



From a photo by]

RAMSGATE, FROM THE STONE PIER.

[W. H. Bunnett.

how much he could do in a short space of time.

The town's ancestry may be meagre, but it presents none of the shortcomings of the *nouveau riche*. There is a sedateness and staid respectability about Sandown that its rivals on the mainland envy but can never surpass. You perceive it the moment



you set foot on its fine promenade, and acknowledge its presence as you approach the town either from Ryde or from Shanklin, which is distant a couple of miles. Not that you can select any one particular spot more than another, and say, like Eugene Field's miner, here are to be found "the cramey delly crame." But an indefinable something sustains both the visitor and resident in the proud belief that the innate qualifications of Sandown guarantee permanence to its attractions.

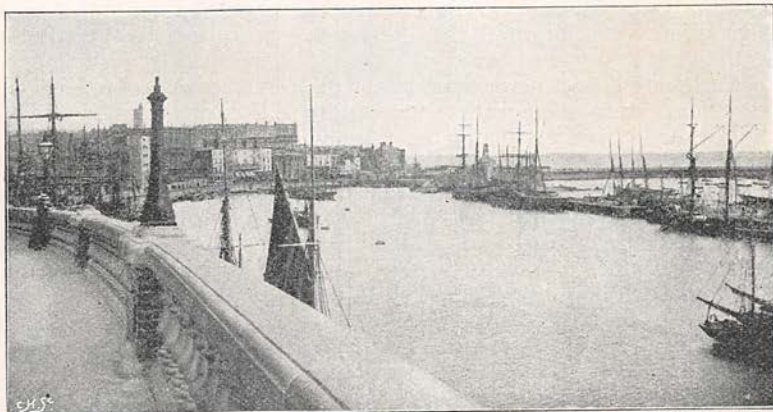
The Culver Cliffs guard the bay to the north, and are rich in antiquarian interests.

Seeing an ancient gentleman, spectacled and broadclothed, searching among the rocks with a hammer and small black bag, I approached him with the air of a seeker after truth.

"Sir, the readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE are hungry to learn the source of Sandown's greatness. Can you enlighten me?"

He meant well, but his enlightenment

inform me that the secret of Sandown's prosperity is of archaeological origin, in that, on a farm near by, had been discovered relics



From a photo by]

[W. H. Bunnett.

RAMSGATE HARBOUR.

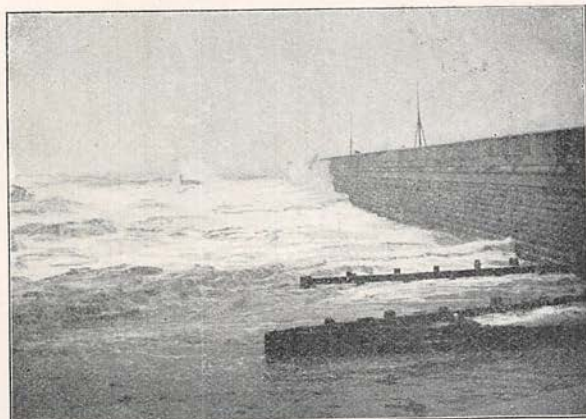
of Roman occupation beyond price. You may tell me there is agricultural depression in England, but the resources of our country are marvellous. Aided by modern scientific research and up-to-date machinery, any farmer of average intelligence can now cultivate at will eloquent crops of sign-boards and advertisement hoardings, setting weather at defiance. But what think you of a farm that can produce a genuine Roman villa of more than twenty rooms, with matchless mosaics, pottery, coins, and so forth? Truly a great find, and one to confer immortality on any district.

One may be antiquated, however, yet not an antiquary, and Sandown offers splendid alternatives. Dare I remind you that its sands are really of the finest in the kingdom, that its bathing facilities cannot be surpassed, and that its *locale* is in close proximity to some of the choicest scenery in England's garden?

The town itself possesses a fanciful irregularity of design, and postage stamps are bought at a chemist's shop, facetiously known as the *pill-ar* box!

#### RAMSGATE.

SELECTING Mr. George Washington, the oldest and most wrinkled longshoreman on the Ramsgate beach, as a fount of information, and placing a metal disc superscribed with the Queen's image in his hand, I was rewarded with a nod of intelli-



From a photo by]

[W. H. Bunnett.

OFF THE HARBOUR PIER, RAMSGATE.

painfully reminded me of mineralogy and crystallography lectures at the Birkbeck.

Translated into the language of "the man in the street," the old gentleman wished to

gence and a smile, the dimensions of which can only be described as an "outsize."

Confidence established, sundry mutual courtesies followed, and in the course of conversation I was informed that Ramsgate was the most attractive place on the face of the earth, and that it never rained there in the summer unless moisture was really needed! The requirements of the town in this respect not being dissimilar to other places, the statement was readily accepted.

I was solemnly assured that the satisfaction derived from the use of a Ramsgate bathing machine, as compared with any other similar apparatus elsewhere, was phenomenal.

Pursuing a genial subject, my informant further stated that his opinion of every other seaside resort was distinctly low.

The fish topic was one not to be missed, and, on the veracity of Washington, I am permitted to state that at Ramsgate the competition for the bait is very keen, large fish always snapping it up before the smaller fry have a chance. As a rule the catch is only limited by the size of the boat. People experienced in these hauls usually have a second boat in tow for the surplus!

Warming to his work, the old fisherman soon had under the critical survey of his mind's eye every pleasure, sailing, and rowing boat of the United Kingdom. With an

impartiality only to be exceeded by a political newspaper, the whole were condemned as absolutely unseaworthy, with the solitary exception of Ramsgate craft.

In municipal matters the ancient mariner was equally well informed. With a comprehensive sweep of his arm he bade me look at the whole of the orderly town, with its quaint streets and well-kept promenade. I was to take it from him that there is not to be found anywhere a town whose Council so readily grasps what is required to be done for their town's prosperity and welfare.

Vainly did I endeavour to suggest a flaw in the perfection of Ramsgate. The man had an answer to everything; pointing to gardens, shelters, seats, band, troubadours both black and white, the pier, the convenient harbour, and an enthusiastic lifeboat crew, whose prowess (as I understood) exceeded the combined efforts of all the other lifeboat crews on the east coast of Kent.

Questioned as to the reason for this remarkable energy, the old man admitted it was the stimulating atmosphere, fresh from Pegwell Bay, combined with the exhilaration one would naturally feel from a residence at Ramsgate.

Rather than imperil any further the man's future state, I disengaged my coat from a recently tarred portion of his up-turned boat and wished him "Good-day."

