

Britain's 3rd Best Beach

The Anchorage is situated in West Wales, and is close to Britain's most unspoilt beaches. The Sunday Times recently listed one of The Anchorage's closest beaches - Westdale Bay - the third best beach in the country.

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Britain's best beaches Blue Flags are all very well, but many gorgeous beaches don't qualify - because they're too unspoilt. We've found eight that really make the heart flutter.

It's the only guidebook you'll need to find our very finest beaches. Or, at least, that's what Britain's tourism bosses would have you believe. Their new directory, the first of its kind, lists all 372 beaches that either fly a famous Blue Flag or have won the UK's (slightly less demanding) Seaside Award.

But there is a difficulty here. To get its flag, a beach doesn't just need to have nice, clean water. It must be easy for anyone to reach - even the most dedicated couch potato. It must have a lifeguard or a telephone. It must have toilets, and drinking water, and a Punch and Judy man. Well, not the Punch and Judy man - but you see our point. This long tick-list of mandatory facilities explains why Bournemouth got the highest blue-flag score. Now, seriously, Bournemouth is nice - but it's not the best stretch of seaside in the country.

So, what do we really want from a British beach? Not sunbathing: we can go to the south of France for that. And not concrete-clad resorts full of forced fun, either. No, we want scenery - scenery so wild, it scours the soul. We want sheer cliffs, hard sand and not a soul for miles. You'll find few beaches like that in Visit Britain's new guidebook - they are excluded precisely because they're so unspoilt.

And we say, good - more for us. Here, our expert travel writers reveal Britain's real seaside stars, a personal selection of our most beautiful, least municipalised strands.

[Read the article overleaf >>>](#)

No. 3 of the Sunday Times List...

WESTDALE BAY

Pembrokeshire

It's the sense of contrast that singles this place out. Here, in Wales's south-western corner, the land is barely a mile wide, and yet its sides are as different as Land's End is from Lowestoft. On the eastern shore is the leafy village of Dale, sheltered from wind and waves and heaven-sent for anyone who likes pottering about in dinghies. On the west, its face turned to meet the Atlantic swell, lies the beach at Westdale Bay.

I found the latter by accident. I'd spent a day sailing at Dale and was hoping to complete my shot of seaside with the view from the cliffs of St Ann's Head. But I missed the turning, and out of curiosity parked by a couple of other cars. This'll only take a minute or two, I thought to myself: a quick peek over the cliffs and I'll be back.

I was there for hours. A footpath led me down a steep grassy bank to one of the most perfect British beaches I've seen: 150 yards of golden sand, hemmed in by cliffs and scoured by the ocean. It was all but deserted, too: just me, a handful of surfers and the setting sun. We couldn't believe our luck.

Sean Newsom



Westdale Beach

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