THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE-2(3)

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Mowll's, the solicitors, were very early occupants of Nos. 34-36 and possibly the first. I have a grateful memory of Mr John Mowll, an enormously tall man, proportionally broad and heavy, who extracted my arm when I, aged eleven, had foolishly wedged it in the grating of the gutter drain outside his office. The solution to my problem was really simple: Mr Mowll sent one of his clerks for a bucket of cold water which he poured over my arm and wrist and then, grasping me under the armpit, he pulled with all the considerable force of which he was capable, and I was free! It hurt a bit but the damage was slight and I was happy to have escaped so relatively easily and with my hand, miraculously, still attached! I am reminded by the memory of this incident that Mowll's strong-room in the basement was used, during the last war, an an effective and very handy air-raid shelter into which many of those living or working nearby would dive when shell or air-raid warnings were sounded.

On the opposite corner of Russell Street, Weaver's stationer's shop was, prior to 1914, the "Victoria Hotel and Billiard Saloon" and was, amongst other things, the headquarters of the Dover Cycling Club, a very well-supported and active organisation. The premises were built expressly as an hotel, it being thought by the developers that Russell Street would be continued onward as a new thoroughfare to the Sea Front and that the site would have great potential. Property owners in Fector's Place and St. James's Street were not co-operative and the extension was never built. High up on the Russell Street frontage can still be discerned the words "Victoria Hotel" in large black lettering painted on the brickwork.

At No. 42, next door but one, a stockbroker had his offices and then, at No. 46, was Mr G. J. Carter, the Superintendent Registrar of Births and Deaths for the entire Dover District. Next was Pepper's, the butcher's shop, now a take-away food place, and then there was Miss Norah Murch, the milliner, whose elegant premises were later "antiqued" and became Gibb's "Old Curiosity Shop." The bearded Mr Forster, who was succeeded in my time by Mr E. G. Sharp, had a chemist's shop where now is Blake's Wine Bar and he also did business as a mineral water manufacturer. In those days most small town chemists made and sold mineral waters by retail as a side-line and one could always buy a bottle of mineral water and drink it in the shop from a glass the chemist would provide.

On the walls of the chemist's shop and of the terrace terrace of shops opposite there were a number of brightly painted advertisement panels. Brockman, the cycle dealer's and Easte, the corn chandler's, were particularly striking.

Next to Forster's, where now is the auto spare-parts shop was the showroom of the Dover Motor Company, with workshops in the factory in the rear. Originally this building had been occupied by E. Hills & Sons, coach builders and specialist coach painters who for many years did the painting and lining of the Daimler bodies that were made by Palmer & Son at Cherry Tree Avenue and at the foot of Coombe Valley Road, originally a brewery and now occupied by a large

block of flats. In the large rooms above Hill's showrooms were Cresswell & Newman, architects, surveyors and civil engineers and where now is the restaurant known as Dino's was another butcher's shop though, previous to Dinos occupation, Fremlins used it as their offices. On the corner of Dolphin passage were the offices of Alfred Leney & Co., proprietors of the extensive Phænix Brewery on the site of the St James's Lane Multi-story car park. The firm was later integrated with Flint & Co. and between them they operated well over 200 tied houses in East Kent. The offices, which were originally stone faced, were badly damaged during the last war and were rebuilt in brick but to the same design and all the present-day dimensions and features are as originally conceived. When the Leneys ceased to brew in Dover, at the time of their amalgamation with Fremlins, the offices were taken over by P. Hawksfield & Son, an old-established local firm of coal merchants who were later absorbed into the Powell Duffryn Group and were operated by Corralls. Now, in 1989, occupied by a bookmaker and a shipping and forwarding agency.

During the 1914-18 War Leney's offices were the focus of very considerable interest on the part of the townspeople. In each of the two windows on the Castle Street frontage large sloping boards covered with green baize were fitted, and every day, as copies were received, telegrams from the War Office were posted there advising next-of-kin that their serving relatives had been killed or were missing in action. I have no idea whether or not these telegrams were also delivered to the addresses of the relatives but I recall, vividly, the tears and anguish of those who first read the dreaded new of their loss in the windows of those offices in Castle Street.

On the other side of Dolphin Passage, where now is "Images," previously the famous Granada Cinema, managed for many, many years by Mr Sydney Sale, was Leney's coopers' yard, where barrels were made and repaired. That cask-yard produced a distinctive smell, of beer-soaked barrels, new timber for staves and the blacksmith's forge where the barrel hoops were formed and shaped. The barrels were smoothed with a particular and heavy type of spokeshave and the shavings were inches deep in some parts of the yard. The entrance to the yard from Castle Street was through a pair of enormous wrought-iron gates beneath a similar arch that was surmounted by a very large and brightly gilded figure of a phænix standing in a leaping fire with wings outstretched. On the apex of the high pointed roof of the brewery in Dolphin Lane was an even larger gilded phænix that was removed during the 1914-18 war when its use as an aiming or ranging point by enemy gunners and airmen became obvious.

Next to the yard, moving on toward the Market Square, was a confectioner's shop above which were the auction sale rooms of Flashman & Co. The sale rooms extended above part of the Antwerp Garage, owned by the Dover Motor Company where they operated a taxi business under the management of Mr Lou "Broncho" Gearing, a daring and flamboyant driver of the firm's Model T Fords. Next was a small tobacconist's shop and then the return frontage of Flashman's big shop occupied the last fifty or sixty metres of the street.

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