

Dover is a small town on the sea but it has great docks. Ferries go to France and Belgium. Here are such big docks because Dover is the nearest town to France.

... Dover is known for its history because there landed the first Romans in Great Britain.

... The landmark of Dover is Dover Castle, a big castle on the top of a hill ...

... Dover Castle is in good repair. It's very lovely. Every night you see it because it stands on one cliff and it's always lit ...

Every year a lot of foreigners come to South Kent College in Dover who want to learn English ...

In Dover there are few shops ...

... The most important square is the Market Square. There are always many tourists and English teenagers. It's a meeting place

for young and old ... There is a pedestrian way from the Market Square

For the people and children of Dover there are parks, playgrounds and a big Sports Centre where you can swim, play table tennis, squash and many other sports.

.... The beach at Dover is clean and you can go swimming in the English Channel but there are so many stones

.... the water is dirty

.... There is Dover Water Sports Centre where you can borrow surfboards canoes and sailing boats

Dover has built the White Cliffs Experience museum. There you can see the whole history about the white cliffs

.... I think Dover is very interesting

.... Dover is small but interesting and a nice town.

The Golden Triangle: Castle Street to the Sea

PART 3

A. F. (*Budge*) Adams

I must apologise for a slightly misleading statement in the last issue of the *Newsletter*. Though the shop lately occupied by 'The Bench Street Newsagent' has the bigger return frontage in Townwall Street it is, in fact, No. 12 Bench Street. Court & Co., the Wine Merchants who were the first occupants had by 1905 left the premises and installed in their place were Fletcher's the butchers and, on the first floor, Neville Jennings, a hair-dresser. 12 Bench Street over the years, has had many occupants

but they are of no concern to this particular part of the story of the Golden Triangle.

Until the rebuilding of Townwall Street the "The Wine Lodge", which stood on the site of the present "Brittania", was very typical of a good class 'pub' in those parts in the south and south-east that also had an annual influx of visitors. It is interesting to note that the public house known in 1899 as "The Chandos" was the year previously called "The Liverpool Arms" but, unusually, there was no simultaneous change of occupying publican. Before the building of the National Harbour, Dover was an accepted and well-thought-of watering place and in fact the houses on Marine Parade were built as lodging houses for the numerous visitors. Do not be misled by the term



Townwall Street 1938
(premises at left now Ristorante al Porto)

'lodging houses'— in the last century the words had a connotation that differed from today's. The houses provided accommodation for wealthy people from London and beyond who would arrive as complete family units with their maid- and man-servants, the nurse-maid for the children, and their brougham for Sir and Madam and would occupy a whole house and stay for a month or more. The town profited by their presence, and the bigger shops reflected the expansive life style of their seasonal customers.

North-eastward, next to Bottle the Chemist in 1896 was a poulterer's and greengrocer's shop run by a Mrs Divers and next to that was the Granville Hotel – not a hotel in the modern sense, just a pub. At the side of the Granville Hotel was one of the original fire lanes, known as St. James's Passage and on the other side of the lane, a Mrs Licence kept a stylish lodging house at No. 35, Barrington

House. In 1898 the extensive ground floor was altered to make several business premises, one of which was occupied by the Granville Dairy and another by Emery Bros, Plumbers and Painters. By 1905, or perhaps a little earlier, the dairy was no more and Mr C. A. Wilde, father of one of our most respected lady members, had opened the Granville Cigar Stores. Mr Wilde remained in occupation as a newsagent and tobacconist until at least 1940 but by the early 1930's Emery Bros. had departed and in their place was installed Mr Pittock, a butcher, Mr Fish a greengrocer and a Mr McHardy who ran a Tea Room. With the exception of Mr McHardy all were still in occupation until the fateful days of 1940

Two houses further on lived a man with the unusual name of Umfreville and next door to him was John Part, a hairdresser. Then came Townwall Passage, another ancient fire lane, and the "Sussex Arms". One or two smaller properties came next and then the yard and back entrance to the Gordon Boys' Orphanage. Still north-eastwards, within a further ten metres, came Fox Passage now subsumed into the extended Russell Street and, until the rebuilding after war damage, marking the end of Townwall Street.

Clarence Street, which could be said to have been a continuation of Townwall Street was offset to the left by three or four metres and thus the side face of the first building on the right in that street faced

C. A. Wilde's shop in Barrington House
almost exactly on site of present Light of India





Townwall Street after bombing in 1940

directly into Townwall Street. It was occupied by G. J. Buckland & Son who were undertakers and carpenters. We children would stand at the wide-open doorway sniffing the smell of oak shavings and watching coffins being constructed. When we were very young Mr Buckland, Snr. would give us offcut sticks with which to propel our wooden hoops and, when we were a little older, the longer sticks we used when playing 'tip-cat'. A five or six inch piece of wood about 1sq. inch in section and pointed at each end lay on the ground before us. If we were right-handed we would tap the left-hand pointed bit with Mr Buckland's stick and the 'cat' would leap into the air. One then sharply moved the stick to the right ready to smite the falling 'cat' with a mighty whack, the objective being to drive the 'cat' as far along the road as possible. Unfortunately

The 'Robin Hood', 1930



mis-directed contact was inclined to result in a broken window and then we were in deep trouble from which we could only be extricated by our long-suffering parents who paid for the damage.

The seaward side of Townwall Street from its junction with Clarence Street was, for 45 metres or so, a rather untidy collection of stores and workshops built on each side of a long bill-poster's hoarding. The hoarding marked the site of an intended 19th century continuation of Russell Street via Liverpool Street and Guilford Lawn to Marine Parade and though it originally concealed an

undeveloped site the area was utilised during the 1914-18 war when a Y.M.C.A. recreation room was built on it, with access from Liverpool Street. The hoarding remained and the Y.M.C.A. continued in occupation until the early days of the last war when the building was converted to a British Restaurant. It was severely damaged, almost destroyed, about the time of the bombing of the Grand Hotel and the restaurant moved to St. Mary's Parish Hall in Dieu Stone Lane.

The occupants of these stores and workshops in Townwall Street changed fairly frequently and could at any one time have been coal and log merchants, second-hand clothes dealers, shoe repairers and indeed any enterprise that needed temporary accommodation. In or about 1935 the embryo Ely's Garage was there.

A little further westward was, in the first 25 years of this century, the large livery stables and stores of Eastes, the corn-chandlers who were also in business in Castle Street and farmed at Guston. My most vivid picture of the place is of huge shire horses being exercised and the smell of the fodder and hot dung. But when motor cars and motor lorries came into use and the horse had declined as a power

source the building was taken over by a Mr R. D. Carter who changed the livery stables into his 'Grand Garage'. Continuing westward there were two tea-rooms separated by a general shop and a private house and then at the corner of Wellesley Road and opposite Mr Wilde's shop was a rather superior second-hand shop that could very nearly be rated as an antique dealer's establishment.

On the other side of Wellesley Road was No. 8, 'The Round House,' where from about 1895 to some time after the end of the first world war had lived the Rev'd. T. Shipdem Frampton. In about 1933 it housed the Dover Central Club, a non-political affair and open to all. At this point Townwall Street was in fact a bridge over the Dour though there was no obvious evidence to show this. But between 'The Round House' and Mr Cuff's shop, a length of tall brick wall surmounted by a line of York stone slabs. This wall was an upward extension of the bridge's parapet wall beyond which the river ran open to the sky to the culverts under New Bridge. There was an access door in this wall with a flight of stone steps leading down to water level which was used by Corporation workmen when cleaning out the river.

The river Dour in flood - St. James's Lane. (The multi-storey car park now replaces the brewery building on left. The boy in the jersey is the writer.)



Squeezed between the end of the wall, the river and No. 7, and thus with a triangular floor-plan, No. 7a was, since about 1915 and until the outbreak of the last war, a lock-up stationer's shop run by Mr T. H. Cuff who had previously been connected with, and possibly ran, the stationer's shop in what later became the Hotel de France. Though Mr Cuff used it for a much longer period this particular shop has gone down in history as Mr Vickery's war-time Oyster Shop even though its span of use as such was fractional compared with the time it was a stationer's. After Mr Vickery closed down in 1949 or '50 it was used as a tobacconist's until demolition preceding the formation of the new Townwall Street.

Nos. 7 & 6 were unusual in that they were built with their backs to the street. Their frontages enjoyed an extensive view of the bay which they lost when Camden Crescent was built in 1840. In 1879 when my father came to Dover he worked for nine years in No. 6 which was then the premises of Mr. R. Hynes, a bookbinder. Next door, No. 5, was the shop and workshops of F. C. Bartholomew, my maternal grandfather. He was a cabinet maker and upholsterer and when my

widowed grandmother died in the early 1920's the premises were sold to Hart & Co. who there opened their china and glass warehouse.

At No. 4 in 1920 was A. W. Pinto, a qualified electrical engineer and I remember the very bulky pieces of equipment he stocked, their size largely conditioned by the needs of a 100 volt supply. Dover, incidentally, was one of the last towns to change over to 230 volts. No. 3

208 housed a long succession of photographer's from the last years of the 19th century until Ray Warner left it and moved over to a purpose-built shop on the other side of the street when Townwall Street became the A.20 – the place where most readers will remember him. The occupiers were, in succession, W. H. Broad, pre-1897 to 1914 or thereabouts, E. V. Bowles to sometime in the 20's, and the notable Miss Dorothy Sherwood until 1938 when she was joined, in the same premises, by Lambert Weston & Sons with, I hope I recall correctly, Ray Warner as manager and subsequently proprietor. Beyond the photographer's shop in 1900 was Farrier & Toms, very fashionable costumiers, but by 1905 the double-fronted shop was shared with Adams Bros. (no relation) who were cutlers. Just prior to the '14-'18 war it became an equally fashionable hairdressers and so continued under changing occupiers until 1949 or '50.

No 1 has, perhaps, a greater claim to fame. From about 1895 until the middle 1920's it housed the dairymen's business of E. W. Farley, later to be amalgamated with A. W. Woodhams, another dairyman, of 41 Castle Street. Mr Farley was Mayor of the town throughout the whole of the 1914-18 war and was indefatigable in caring for the interests of all the townspeople. He was instrumental in bringing about the lighting and extension of many of the caves used as air-raid shelters and at the end of the war he was knighted and became Sir Edwin - the only name we who were young at the time used for him.

The premises at the junction of Townwall Street and New Bridge had an entrance on the

corner as did the Bench Street Newsagents opposite, and though there was a similar extensive frontage in Townwall Street it was, in fact, No. 1 New Bridge. From earlier than 1895 until demolition in 1852 the premises housed an unbroken succession of chemists, the most notable of which were Harcombe Cuff and Edwin Craig who, between them, covered the period from 1905 until sometime during the last war.

Almost all trace of Townwall Street disappeared during the construction of the A20 and all that remains is the group of restaurants at the end next to Bench Street where the frontages, with the exception of the ground floors, are original and untouched. The lay-by outside these premises almost exactly defines the width of the old street and the frontages of the buildings on the seaward side were, again almost exactly, where now is the double yellow line on the inshore side of the east-bound carriage-way.

The final instalment will appear in the next issue.

The Gateway flats under construction, before the re-making of Townwall Street.

The bakery in Woolcomber Street, approximately at the corner of the Sports Centre main building, and Henley's filling station at the junction of Woolcomber Street and the new Townwall Street are centre and right in foreground.

