

round, so they made those prisoners walk up that hill and it was very steep in those days (it still is steep). When the cabs carrying the prisoners came along I used to run indoors because they were big prisoners and you'd see them chained to the policeman.

Now the whole place is so different. It's so altered. But Athol Terrace houses are much the same. I think my family owned No.1, No.3, No.7, 8, 11, 12, 13, and 14 at one time.

I didn't want to leave my house, I liked it up there. We had a lovely view of the channel, you know, from the drawing

room bay window. I didn't want to leave there, but my brothers – one was a bachelor and one was a widower – they said come for a month. So I said "Alright, I'll come for a month, I can't stay any longer", because I knew what I was in for – two brothers – so I stayed for a month and I said "I think you'll be alright now." And they said "We can't manage without you. You'll have to stay." I said, "I can't. I really can't." Because I didn't want to leave my house. Anyway, being a sister, I suppose I gave way. And that's where I am now, at Number 1. And when they died they left me the house.

Dover Regatta

A. F. DYER, Member No. 153)

When I was a young lad, I used to spend a lot of time on the beach at Dover. I used to talk to the local boatmen and play between the many boats parked up-turned along the beach.

I became friendly with Mr Amos, who was a photographer and had a studio in Snargate Street. He owned a whaler and used to take me with some of his friends around the harbour, sailing.

I used to look forward to the Regatta, as Mr Amos used to enter into the Carnival

spirit and entered his boat as a "Viking Ship". It was always decorated with shields and flags. We used to row along the shore, singing and larking about to the amusement of the crowds on the beach. Of the crew, I can only remember a Mr Sedgewick and his son, who was a signwriter.

To add to the fun, we lads used to buy confetti to put down the girls' necks as they walked along the promenade. They all used to enjoy the happy fun. In the evening coloured lights were switched on along the promenade and there was always a firework display on the Prince of Wales Pier.

They were the Good Old Days ! ! ! !

AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY THE PROMENADE PIER WAS THE 'GRAND STAND' FROM WHICH TO WATCH THE REGATTA

