

Letters to the Editor

Letter written to our Secretary, Leo Wright

Thank you for your reply a while ago to attend our annual lecture, being given by David Rees-Jones of the Civic Trust in January. I understand your comment about the distance from Dover to Rye, especially on a winter's evening. I fear I may have included you because the Dover Society's name in the Civic Trust list intrigued me.

I was brought up in Dover and, by a remarkable piece of serendipity, the August 1999 Newsletter, which you kindly enclosed with your reply, included the names of two people I met. I also played the 'cello at that time and Frank Fuller invited me to join the Minerva Orchestra when my mother took me to the Coronation concert mentioned in the article. Unfortunately I had already joined the Dover Orchestra and was under pressure from school not to take on any more outside activities or risk my exams. At Dover Orchestra I met the other person mentioned, Fred Seeley.

There were no other of my contemporaries playing in the Town's orchestras, as I recall, but many sang in the Dover Choir. Perhaps sometime you will publish an article about its history.

I would certainly be pleased to know.

Very good wishes, Paul Tweddell

P.S. Copying your address also brought back memories of the time when I was the organist at Temple Ewell before I went to college between 1955 and 1957. I persuaded some friends to form a choir and we managed to sing an anthem each high-day. I can remember three of the sopranos — Pat Marsh (she went on to work at the long-gone local NUM office in the town), Beryl Taylor who married Douglas Blake (he was a bass and they moved to the NW to join the new motor industry at the time near Liverpool) and Douglas's sister (who worked in the library and took my overdue books back!) I think the last may still be living in Temple Ewell.

I was playing at morning service when the vicar (Canon - but can't remember his name) fell down the pulpit steps, was taken home and sadly passed away the following Sunday. Rev. Magson was the curate and a fine preacher, and the church warden was another impressive man who had retired from the primary school quite a few years earlier (I can't remember his name either). He had pruned an apple tree in his garden on the old A2, fallen down and was hors de combat for many weeks of singing the responses at church.

The Dover Counselling Centre PRESS RELEASE

Dear Editor,

We are pleased and very proud to announce that the Dover Counselling Centre has been selected by the British Association for Counselling to provide 'Continuing Professional Development Training' to counsellors in the BAC's first ever pilot scheme, to ensure that counsellors regularly review their practice.

Continuing Professional Development Days BAC is evaluating this programme for the purposes of its CPD Scheme.

Ref: CPD Delegates must be trained to Diploma level. A four day programme including lunch and refreshments.

Workshops for Counsellors run on various Saturdays throughout the year in Dover.

Ref CPD/WFC Cost: £70 per day including lunch and refreshments.

Experiential Residential Weekends A tranquil venue includes a two day workshop, bed and all meals.

Ref: CPD/ERW

Experiential Groups Weds 6.30-9.00pm at Dover Counselling Centre, 12 week closed group. Ref: CPD/EG. Cost: £120 for 12 weeks.

Supervision for individuals and groups variable. Ref: CPD/SI or SG.

Personal Development in the form of Therapy by experienced counsellors with Dover Counselling Centre. Ref: CPD/PDT.

Please ring 01304 204123 for further information and availability of spaces on courses.

All usual thanks, yours sincerely,

Mrs S. Janet Johnston MBE
General Manager

Two letters from David Atwood Apology

Dear Editor

In the August Newsletter in my report on the St. George's Day Parade, there is an error in the second paragraph, in that the arrangements for the parade were made by Dover Town Council and not Dover District Council.

In view of the fact that James Summerfield, the Deputy Town Clerk, gave me all the details as regards the arrangements and guest list, etc. I feel that there should be an amendment in the next Newsletter.

I hope you are of the same opinion, because he went out of his way to give me all the information.

Kind regards, David Atwood

NOTE FROM EDITOR: Sincere apologies to David Atwood and James Summerfield for the error in Newsletter 35.

23rd October, 1999

Dear Editor,

When I learnt in 1995 that the DHB were creating a new cruise liner terminal on Admiralty Pier, I approached Budge Adams with the idea that now was the time to erect, in the vicinity of the old Marine Station, a plaque to commemorate the arrival, on the 10th November 1920, of the "Unknown Warrior".

Budge asked me to write to him on this matter so that the suggestion could be put before the committee. In the course of my letter I wrote: "My father who worked for the DHB at the time witnessed this historic event. From time to time he spoke to me about it and, even after 50 years, found it difficult to recall the solemnity of the occasion without becoming emotionally upset".

Last week I happened to come across various papers that my father had accumulated during the latter part of his life. He died in 1970. Among these was something he had written in November 1956, which, in many ways, explains the reason why the homecoming of the "Unknown Warrior" made such an impact on his.

Enclosed is a reprint of what he wrote.

Yours sincerely, David Atwood

THE ARRIVAL OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

Samuel F. Atwood. 29th November, 1956.

It was the occasion of the homecoming of the body of the "Unknown Warrior" when passing through the Port of Dover on the journey from the battlefield of France for burial in Westminster Abbey.

As an employee of the Dover Harbour Board, with some colleagues I was enabled to witness the

ceremony from the cabin of one of the dockside cranes.

As the destroyer, HMS Verdun, bearing the body, approached the quay side we saw the coffin, draped with the Union Jack, on the after part of the ship. Below us on the quay side were representatives of Royalty, the Services, the Church and civic and other dignitaries. Awaiting on the quay was a guard of honour and the Band of the Royal Fusiliers, under Bandmaster Bradley.

The vessel safely moored, the pall bearers proceeded to bring the coffin ashore. As they approached the gangway the band prepared to play, the Bandmaster's baton poised in the air.

What music did we expect? Undoubtedly a funeral march, possibly Chopin's. But no, as the pall bearers descended the gangway it was to the stirring music of Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory".

Triumphantly, the body of the "Unknown Warrior" was brought ashore to the strains of this martial music. It was a most moving moment, which brought tears to the eyes of all the onlookers and now, whenever I hear the music of "Land of Hope and Glory", I recall this scene with great emotion.

Shortly afterwards I spoke to the bandmaster, expressing my appreciation of the music. He told me that Chopin's Funeral March had been suggested, but he thought something more martial was required. He informed his commanding officer accordingly and was told, "Go ahead, Bradley, play "Land of Hope and Glory" if you wish. If everything goes off alright you take the credit, but if there is any adverse criticism, then say it was played under my orders".

Ninety Years Young

On Monday, 15th November, at St Paul's Social Club, Maison Dieu Road, a party was held to celebrate the 90th birthday of Budge Adams. The hall was crowded with Budge's children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and friends and acquaintances from every decade of his life and every facet of his wide-ranging interests.

After the toasts Budge was invited by his two daughters, who had organised the event, to cut his splendid (and delicious!) birthday cake and to make a speech. He thanked everyone present, saying that each person he knew was part of his life, which he compared to a vast mosaic, with every person a stone in the intricate pattern. He was delighted that so many friends surrounded him on this special occasion. We, in turn, felt privileged to share it with him.

Merril Lilley