

## THE ORIGIN OF ADAMS PRINTERS

Some extracts from the writings of Budge Adams

When I was born, in 1909, my father was fifty-four years old and when he was born, in 1855, his father was also fifty-four. My paternal grandfather, therefore, had the distinction of being born fourteen years before the Battle of Waterloo and thus three generations of the family has covered the space of nearly 200 years.

I understand that my father's sister, Emma, nine years older than him, was the focal point of the family after their parents died. She was probably involved in placing my father in an apprenticeship with Messrs Eyre and Spotiswoode, the Queen's Printers in London, as a book finisher. When my father was 22 years old he was 'laid off' by his employers and he recalled that it was Aunt Emma's suggestion that he took a short holiday before looking for a job. He said, 'You may well be right but where shall I go?' Without any hesitation Aunt Emma replied, 'Go to Dover.'

Several times my father told me that when he came to Dover he 'took lodgings' at a house in Bulwark Street, just under the walls of Archcliffe Fort. No reason was given but in researching the 1881 census I discovered that a Charles Adams lived at 11 Bulwark Street and that he came to Dover from Essex. Could he have been a relative? I have not been able to establish the connection but think it too incidental to be ignored.

Within two days of his arrival in Dover my father was lucky enough to enter into six

weeks temporary work in his trade of book-finisher with Mr. Hymes, a bookbinder in Townwall Street. He remained in this 'temporary' capacity for eleven years and never thought of returning to London. He married Rebecca Cadwick in 1875 and in 1888 started his own business in Priory

Street. After this his links with the family, apart from those with Aunt Emma, became very tenuous. My father's first wife died in 1899 and he re-married, to my mother, toward the end of 1908.

My father had moved the family business to 37 Castle Street in 1903, having previously been in premises in Priory Street and Ladywell, and in No. 37 I was born, in a large Edwardian double bed with heavy brass ornamentation and rails, where, in the early hours of the 21st of November, 1909, I first saw the light, not of day, but of a bat's wing gas burner. Here,

in Castle Street, in accommodation over the shop, I spent many of my early years.

The story handed down to me by my parents (and they should surely know) tells me that my life was very soon at crisis point, for at six weeks of age I was seriously ill with pneumonia. Dr. Kent insisted on draconian measures to restore me to health. The basic, in fact the only, treatment was fresh air in maximum quantity. The room in which this minor miracle was to take place, the second floor front, was cleared of everything except



No. 37 Castle Street today

34 the shell of an immovable chest of drawers, my cot, a folded blanket for me to lie on and a sheet to cover me. Everything else was out, even the carpet and curtains. My cot was placed close up to the window and the sash fully opened. Years later my parents told me they complied with Dr. Kent's instructions with considerable misgiving and in their

hearts prepared themselves for an infant's funeral. However, Dr. Kent was right and knew what he was doing and though I have a depression in my chest that I understand was caused by the illness, his uncanny ability to cope with the situation enabled me to live through more than eight most astounding decades.

## LOUIS XVIII IN DOVER, 1813

by Terry Sutton

Dover has witnessed many intriguing episodes in international events but none more so than in 1813 when Louis XVIII waited in our town to return to his homeland of France to take back the throne.

In April of that year the Allied powers had forced Napoleon out of France for a while, and they wanted to re-establish the monarchy in that revolutionary country. European monarchs would then sleep easier in their beds. Louis, 59, fat and suffering from gout, had lived in exile in England for 21 years and great preparations were made in Dover to speed his progress through our port to his native country.

The military lined Dover's streets from Buckland to the harbour and a British fleet was in the bay to pay its respects.

Towards evening on 23rd April 1813 the Prince Regent, later to become George IV, and the Duke of Clarence entered the town with a great entourage of noblemen. A little later in the evening, Louis arrived. He was accompanied by a train of French princes and royal dukes who received a great welcome as they processed down London Road. Guns on the ramparts of Dover Castle fired in salute while Dorvians who lined the streets added to the joyous welcome.

The influx of visitors to that evening was so great that beds in the town could not be had for love nor money. The Prince Regent and his brother the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV) passed the night in Mr Fector's house on Customs House Quay while Louis slept on board the royal yacht which was moored in the basin, now the

Granville Dock.

On the following day the departure of Louis was a great spectacle. Ranks of soldiers enclosed the whole harbour, while yachts and small boats, flying the flags of many nations, ringed the harbour mouth. The Prince Regent and his suite took up their position on the North Pier head (now lost somewhere in the concrete of the international hoverport) while once again the guns roared out from Dover Castle.

A fair wind and fine weather carried Louis and his party to Calais in less than three hours after passing the pier head at Dover. He was greeted with delight by many in Paris but it was soon to end in tears. Eleven months later, Napoleon landed in the south of France and within 20 days was back in Paris.

Louis was not waiting around to receive him. Without even telling his ministers, he slipped away in March 1815 to Belgium. On the way one of his suitcases was stolen and he seemed more upset about the loss of his slippers than losing the throne of France.

Napoleon took to the battlefield again against his old adversaries at Waterloo. During the fighting the British lost some 15,000, killed or wounded, the Prussians 6,000 and the French 25,000. Napoleon abdicated and was exiled to St. Helena where he later died.

Louis was recalled to France, where he died nine years later. The monarchy, although restored, had not much longer to survive. A new emperor, Napoleon III, was waiting in the wings.