

THE STORY OF SANDGATE

[First noted as a guard post in the thirteenth century, Sandgate's history really begins with the building of the castle in 1539 on the orders of Henry VIII. It formed part of a chain of defensive forts, together with Walmer, Deal and Sandown, constructed at a time of possible invasion by Spain. It had a keep, a gatehouse and three towers connected by galleries, all enclosed within a stout wall. The complete building accounts in the British Museum recount that the workmen came from far and wide and were housed in tents. Stone was taken from the beach and the lately dismantled local priories, 147,000 bricks were used and the total cost was £5,544. It housed a captain and a garrison but was never attacked, save by the sea which has done much damage over the centuries. Queen Elizabeth ~~rested there~~ on a progress through Kent. Close by there was a Watch House which sheltered the excisemen in their age-long battle with the smugglers. *visited it*

Jacob des Bouveries' estate map of 1697 showed an empty stretch of coast. In 1773 a boatbuilder, Fabian Clayton Wilson, took leases of the beachy ground from Lord Radnor and put up some 30 cottages for his workmen, some still standing at the bottom of Sandgate Hill. The business flourished, providing 7 28-gun frigates for the American Revolutionary War, launched from the beach, which was covered with timbers and boats on the stocks. Other shipwrights followed and the trade continued for nearly 100 years, ending with the rowing boats made by Dick Graves in the old black boathouse (eastern end of the Riviera).

In 1794 during the war with France the War Department bought 230 acres at Shorne Cliffe which was to become one of the foremost military establishments in the Kingdom. In 1803 there was a very real danger of invasion by Napoleon; 120,000 troops and 2,000 ships were rumoured to be massing in the Channel ports. The Royal Military Canal and the line of Martello towers were built, four on the heights above Sandgate. The Castle also was adapted to this pattern. Every able bodied man and every boat was listed and evacuation plans made. General Sir John Moore commanded the Light Infantry Brigade at Shorncliffe, training the men in tactics of mobility and speed which were to be so useful in Spain. Stout officers

were made to run up the hill to ~~the~~ the Camp. The General rented Sir John Shaw's house while his mother and sister were in York Cottage (Castle Rd.). He went on to his command in Spain and a hero's death at Corunna. There is a memorial to him on the Esplanade. Napoleon's invasion plans were defeated by the Channel and the Camp land returned to pasture.

The village meanwhile was growing as a small and select resort attracting genteel visitors. Purday's Guide of 1823 enlarges on its advantages, the sheltered aspect, salubrious air, hot and cold seawater baths and numerous bathing machines. Thomas Purday started a business in 1799 which became the centre of the village's social life. It included a circulating library, fancy goods, a reading room and musical entertainments in the summer. Here the young John Gough used to read to customers. Son of the village schoolmistress and a former soldier, he later emigrated to America and became a well-known temperance orator. He described the village in his autobiography, the daily coaches passing through on their way to London, the annual fair on the green featuring a pig-faced lady, donkey races and merry-go-rounds. ~~There~~ There was also a darker side to village life - the smuggling gang with their coded signals at night and two murders on the beach.

William Wilberforce came for several summers and Mrs. Siddons enjoyed the sea bathing. Brick villas used as lodging houses were being built and also a resident gentry class emerging. Two substantial mansions were erected - Bellevue by Lord Darnley of Cobham Hall in 1806 and ^{Engcombe} ~~the other~~ by Henry Dawkins ^{in 1821} at the other end of the village, both having beautiful gardens planted with choice shrubs. In 1814 the first school started, 1d. per week was charged. At first housed in ^{Chapel St.} ~~rented~~ ^{then in} rooms by the Castle, a permanent home was provided by charitable funds (later the Artillery Drill Hall, now the Sea Cadets HQ).

Wilberforce had lamented the lack of a church. In 1816 there was a Methodist chapel (site of White Court) and in 1822 Lord Darnley provided a handsome ^{classical} Chapel-of-Ease in his own grounds, designed by George Repton. The Congregational Chapel (1883) is now the Little Theatre (FHODS).

But there was no controlling authority and the village was not a healthy place, judging by the Rammell report produced in 1849 with the co-operation of the inhabitants. There was a small water company in Wilberforce Rd. but many houses still used well water. The drains were appalling, many discharging on the beach and 60 houses had no drains at all. There was no rubbish collection to deal with the 23 dunghills and 16 piggeries. The main road was the responsibility of the Turnpike Trust which had a toll gate on Sandgate Hill till 1877, but the side roads were not made up and there was no street lighting. The 1840s were a time of reform and Sandgate was chosen as a model of what could be done. A Local Board of Health with nine members and powers to raise money and enact byelaws was elected. Its minutes illustrate the process of reform - a new pure water supply from Honeywood Springs provided, water closets and drains installed and inspected, gas laid on, muddy yards paved and nuisances inspected. The Medical Officer of Health wrote an encouraging book "Sandgate as a Residence for Invalids" though unfortunately a year later the village suffered an outbreak of cholera causing 48 deaths. This was meticulously investigated and the new drains were found to be at fault, badly laid and jointed with clay.

The Rev. Sebastian Gambier was the first Chairman of the Local Board. ~~The Chapel had become too small and was replaced~~ Church activities were important; penny readings, a lending library and clothing club. The Chapel had become too small and was replaced by St. Paul's in 1849, designed by S.S. Teulon. The same architect was used by Sir John Bligh who had inherited Bellevue from his father and rebuilt it as Enbrook Lodge, a comfortable country house which ^{he left to} his daughter, the Countess of Chichester, inherited. James Morris, a wealthy Governor of the Bank of England and noted local philanthropist had bought Encombe. There was a Dispensary for the poor and the Sandgate Workingmen's Institute provided opportunities for further education.

In 1855 the Government was recruiting mercenaries to serve in the British German Legion for use in the Crimean War and 3,000 men were stationed at Shorncliffe in newly constructed wooden huts facing a wide parade ground. The villagers' welcome was warm at first, but cooled somewhat with frequent cases of theft, drunkenness and desertion. The men, who had

been visited by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, were sent to the Crimea a few months before peace was declared. Their places were taken by British troops and the Camp has been in use ever since. Later Royal visitors were the Kaiser, Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Dragoons and the Prince of Wales, the future Edward VII. New buildings were put up in 1891. The names of the regiments stationed there would be a roll call of the British army and it was invaluable in two world wars, both for training and for troops waiting to embark for the Continent.

The presence of so many men of course affected village life. Wives were billeted there and the troops would come down in the evenings to relax in Sandgate's many pubs and beershops. Rigden's "Bricklayers Arms" was enlarged to become the popular "Alhambra Music Hall" with singers, dancers and performing dogs on the programme. It was later Maltby's "Mansion of Mirth" and then Sandgate's only cinema "The Rex" which closed in 1948. There was a house of refuge for prostitutes, the girls being mostly laundry workers from Cheriton. There were two places where men could relax without the temptation of alcohol: Miss Lucy Papillon's Soldiers' Institute and the John Gough Coffee Tavern, /opened by John Gough himself in 1879 on a visit from America amid scenes of tumultuous enthusiasm (the Masonic Hall)

There was a volunteer Fire Brigade at least since 1859. This was reorganised in 1882 with 10 men, 2 officers and a new fire engine, the latter to be kept in the Fire Station, a ~~the~~ distinctive building in the High Street, erected through the generosity of the Misses Reilly, nieces and heirs of James Morris. Young men could also join the Artillery Volunteers, housed in the old school with smart uniforms, regular rifle drill and reviews at Woolwich and Dover. They were commanded by Capt. (later Col.) Fynmore.

In the mid-nineteenth century Sandgate's population increased from 1,200 to 2,000. It had become a lively shopping centre as the journey into Folkestone in the jolting horse busses was uncomfortable and slow. There was now a great range of food shops, military tailors and bootmakers, three linen drapers, five milliners, two chemists, a bank and a newspaper. Miss Purday went bankrupt and her stock was sold at auction.

Sandgate should have had its own railway line according to plans made by the South Eastern Railway in the 1870s which hoped to cut ten minutes from the London to Paris journey by building a branch line from Hythe to the harbour. This would have entailed crossing the Broadway (High St.), knocking down the Castle and running trains along the coast via the gardens of Radnor Cliff. The line was made as far as Seabrook but the rest proved too expensive. The Castle was saved and became a museum of the South African War - and an air raid shelter in World War II. The South Eastern made a horse tramway from Hythe to the bottom of Sandgate Hill in 1891 and alighting passengers could take the new water-powered lift to the top of the Leas. In summer there was the "toast rack", an open carriage. In World War I the horses were called up and their places taken by frequently rebellious mules. Neither lift nor tram survived competition from the motor busses.

The old school had become overcrowded and a new building designed by Philip Hardwick, was given by James Morris on land provided by Lord Radnor. The neo-Gothic building, now living accommodation, still stands opposite St. Paul's Church. After the 1870 Education Act which eventually led to schooling for all children, Sandgate School remained Church of England. For some years it had the best attendance record in England and a notable headmaster in Arnold Ulyett who was keenly interested in scientific education. May Day was celebrated with a maypole, a May Queen dressed in white and Friar Tuck. During World War II the school closed and Mr. and Mrs. Neale, the joint heads, accompanied the children to Wales. After their return the Kent County Council took over financial control. There was little room for new pupils when the Golden Valley area was added and the school moved to new buildings in Coolinge Lane.

In 1894 the Local Board's functions were taken over by the Sandgate Urban District Council. By this time sanitary conditions were good and the death rate low. Folkestone now voted to extend its boundaries and annex Sandgate. The village resisted fiercely, instantaneously financing Folkestone's profligacy with a library and artisans' dwellings, but Sandgate itself was in financial trouble because of the cost of keeping up the sea wall, repeatedly damaged by floods. The wall supported the

main road but the KCC refused to accept responsibility. Eventually after a long legal battle which went to the House of Lords, Sandgate won and could recoup its costs, an important decision for other seaside towns. It stayed independent till 1934 when it was merged with ~~Shepway~~ the Folkestone ~~Borough~~ Council and is now part of ~~Shepway~~ ^{of} Shepway.

In 1891 there was a dramatic rescue of 27 sailors at Seabrook from the wrecked ship the "Benvenue" on its way to Australia by the volunteer crew of the Sandgate lifeboat, which had been presented by Hannah Rothschild. The wreck was a danger to shipping till Trinity House decided to blow it up in spite of local protests. In 1893 the western end of Sandgate suffered a landslide after an abnormal amount ^{of} rain. 72 houses were destroyed or damaged, though there was no loss of life. This was a disaster for the village and loss of trade for the lodging houses. A national appeal raised £9,000 to be spent on repairs and a deep drainage scheme for the unstable area. The Vicar, the Rev. Russell Wakefield, did much to support the community at this time.

In 1891 a convalescent home for slum children was opened, the Beach Rocks. The clergyman who started it, the Rev. James Jones was accused of fraud and died a broken man. The Government bought the building (site of ^L) and turned it into a home for soldiers wounded in the South African War. River

Sandgate became a centre of literary life when H.G. Wells came in 1898 to recover his health, first to 2 Beach Cottages then to Arnold House, Castle Rd. He ~~then~~ decided to build himself a home, Spade House, designed by C.F. Voysey and built by William Dunk. He stayed for ten years, became a Borough Magistrate and wrote some of his best books there such as "Kipps" and "Tono Bungay". ~~"The Sea Lady"~~ "The Sea Lady" describes the impact of a mermaid's arrival on a respectable Sandgate family. "Little Wars" sets out the rules of an elaborate war game played all over the house and garden with his ^{two} young sons. With his wife ^{and} Jane, Wells entertained ~~many~~ many literary and political figures - Henry James, Shaw, Conrad, the Webbs, Ford Madox Ford and local MP Sir Edward Sassoon. Other literary residents were Florence Warden and the flamboyant Mrs. B.M. Croker, both popular novelists. ~~John B. Croker (1908-1961) was an author of the family of local wine merchants.~~

Jocelyn Brooke (1908-1966) was a member of the Brooke family of local wine merchants. His three volumes of autobiography "The Orchid Trilogy", Proustian in flavour, describes his childhood in Radnor Cliff and botanising excursions along the Lower Road, as well as life as an army private.

In September 1914 Shorncliffe Camp took in 20,000 recruits destined to go to France. They were billeted all over the area and many had to sleep in tents, coming and going in quick succession. The Beach Rocks became the Bevan Nursing Home with an open air ward for septic wounds. Canadian accents were heard everywhere. 46 young men of Sandgate were killed including Lance/Cpl. Cotter who died in action and received the VC. One bomb fell on the site of the War Memorial in a raid that killed 60 in Folkestone.

World War II was very different. Though evacuees arrived during the deceptive peace of the phony war, Sandgate became part of Britain's front line of defence when France fell. The beach was mined, there was barbed wire ~~along the Esplanade~~ and everywhere machine gun posts in the cliffs. This, together with the Home Guard, were to turn back the might of Hitler's troops, so near across the Channel. It was rumoured that the 17th Infantry Division was to invade between Hythe and Sandgate to avoid the gun batteries at the harbour. Some three quarters of the population had left, shops and houses were deserted and the school closed. The Chichester Hall housed the ARP, Enbrook the Fire Service and the Castle the Home Guard. There was damage from mines along the Esplanade, from bombs (Chichester Rd., Prospect Place, Coastguard Cottages) and shells (Star & Garter Home, school and church). Great relief was felt when the French coast was freed but then the Vls started, many being destroyed in the skies above Sandgate.

Life since the war, as everywhere, is very different. The old family houses are divided and blocks of flats stand along the sea front. The High Street is choked with traffic and the trade of the small shops has gone to the supermarket. Spade House is an old people's home and Encombe is a vacant site with a housing development in the grounds.

The Victory Celebrations - a letter:

Derek St Clair writes:

At the age of about three I arrived, still in a pushchair, at 127 High Street, Sandgate, with my mother and father and 9 years old sister Joyce. My father, Captain F C G St Clair, RN, had been a victim of the "Geddes Axe" whereby huge cuts in the economy in 1922 had resulted in servicemen in particular being arbitrarily retired. The armed forces were far too numerous for peacetime after World War I and, along with thousands of industrial workers had to be scaled down drastically.

With difficulty, since there were so many unemployed chasing too few jobs, my father managed to be accepted as HM Coastguard Inspector for south east England. With this job went the residence in Sandgate rather grandly called "Admiralty House" at No. 127. His office was the last of a row of small coastguard cottages near the memorial to Sir John Moore (1761-1809), who was British commander in the Peninsular War.

Next to our house was a small building which housed life saving apparatus in the form of a large cart fully equipped with breeches buoys, miles of rope in oblong boxes, very big rockets to which rope was attached and fired over the ship in distress so as to rescue the shipwrecked mariners. This vehicle was hitched on to a lorry and towed to the nearest point on the coast to the wrecked ship.

Before the advent of sophisticated navigational aids such as radar there were frequent wrecks off the coast of Dun-
geess. My father and his coastguards were kept quite busy. Often cargoes were washed up on the beach by our house - cargoes such as boxes of white shirts and Huxley & Palmer's large square tins of assorted biscuits - alas no longer available these days in the shops. Once there were many cases of apricot brandy for the taking! I remember too a load of motor car tyres which floated by, and we children got

one shilling per tyre as salvage money. Most winters saw very heavy seas, and we had to have wooden shutters to protect the windows facing the sea from being smashed by the tons of shingle which were thrown up. In summertime we had a raft attached to an empty oil drum and anchored to a block of concrete. What fun we had swimming out to this raft when the tide was up! We also had our own lobster pot which we visited weekly to see what we had caught.

So many members and visitors came to the June meeting to mark the 50th anniversary of the end of the Second World War that there was insufficient time for everyone to have their say.

One such contribution has been sent to the Newsletter by Mrs Jeannette Champion, of James Morris Court, who recently received an evocative letter from Mr Derek St Clair, now living at Godalming, Surrey. It paints such a vivid picture of what life was like in those days that we give it almost in full.

My mother, of Irish extraction, was fond of horse racing. In 1930 she backed "Blenheim" the Aga Khan's Derby winner. I think all Sandgate had a flutter on it, as there was a strong tip for the horse from a well-informed resident. My mother won £250 (about £10,000 today) and straight away went out and bought my sister an Austin Seven from Martin Walters for £90.

Alas, the following March my father died suddenly of a heart attack, which came as a great shock to many hundreds of people from Folkestone and district. The funeral service in Sandgate Parish Church was attended by representatives of Legion branches from all over the country; and the funeral cortege stretched the length of the High Street.

I well remember the cinema in Sandgate when silent films were shown. The manager's son was a friend and I used to get free seats in the best part of the cinema - the balcony. A Mrs Lawton, who lived opposite, was the piano accompanist. Her son John joined the Royal Navy and became Chief Gunnery Instructor to the Fleet.

The highlight of the year as far as I was concerned was the "Cheerful Sparrows Fete" which took place on Sandgate Hill, moving later to Cheriton Road. My father was very active with this function which was a charity collecting money for the Victoria Hospital in Folkestone. There was always a tombola with tickets at half-a-crown with fantastic prizes. Martin Walter donated a car, while one year the first prize was a house on the Dover Road, so this day called "Tombola House".

After my father died my mother was befriended by a Mrs Phillipson who lived in a beautiful house called "Encombe" and we lived for a while in the thatched lodge at the entrance to the driveway. Built into the wall a few yards from this lodge was a special place for changing into bathing clothes which we used as changing on the beach was forbidden in those days. I spent many days at Encombe as playmate to the two adopted daughters of Mrs Phillipson - Betty and Barbara.

Goldsack and Holderness in Sandgate High Street were well-known car repairers as well as suppliers of accumulators for the early and rather primitive wirelesses of those days. Col-

(Continued on page 3)

Derek St Clair's letter continued

(Continued from page 2)

man's were our grocers and Mr Colman himself, in his best suit and bowler hat, would call on my mother at Christmas

time and present her with a big tin of biscuits.

Opposite Admiralty House was a small sweetshop run by white-bearded Mr Jordan, who would kindly see me across the road to catch the bus to school in Folkestone. The bus fare was one penny which dropped me off at Grimstone Avenue, from where I had



to walk to Feltonfleet School run by Mr Counsell. This school was obliterated by a landmine in World War II.

Among my contemporary pupils were the actors David Tomlinson and Michael Bentine. Often I would walk home to save the penny to spend on Mr Jordan's gobstoppers.

My father used to run the annual sports-day in Sandgate Parade when there was a greasy pole, a greasy pig to chase, and three-legged races. One year the two girls in this type of race came a cropper on the tarmac and one badly injured her kneecap and had to be fetched by ambulance. Once a neighbour who lived on the seafront told my father to report that she had seen a boy dive off the breakwater and as far as she could ascertain had never surfaced. My father and two coast-guard officers, all trained in life-saving, rushed round and used a rowing boat to search the area. Eventually the poor boy was pulled up on the end of a grapnel, but although my father spent hours trying to revive him, it

was to no avail. It appeared that he had broken his neck when diving. The memory of this is indelible, and I have always been wary of the sea since.

After having danced the night away at the Leas Cliff Hall my sister would often take me to Seabrook to the "Black Cottage" which sold delicious bacon and eggs after the pubs had closed. This was a very popular venue for the young folk of the 30's.

In about 1929 there occurred a mini-tidal wave after teatime. The sky went mauve, the wind dropped and all was still. Suddenly, far out to sea, a huge wave arose and rushed towards the shore at high tide. I was very frightened and my sister thought the end of the world had come. The sea water flooded our house and spilled out on to the High Street. My sister attended school on the Lower Road, Sandgate, not too far from the Castle. She and I would act as guides sometimes and spin lurid tales about dungeons and torture chambers to the horrified visitors. We got quite a few tips though, so they must have enjoyed our stories.

Another lasting memory is of the Star & Garter Home for disabled servicemen, of which my father was a Governor. There were some appallingly injured men there, some without limbs, yet who painted with their mouths as a hobby. My father organised concert parties to entertain them.

I loved Sandgate, and Folkestone too, and visit quite frequently to this day.

the lasting memories of a small boy

But this involves disappointments, too. I'm afraid. One such disappointment is to see the Grand Hotel carved up into flats. Each year as a small boy I went to a Christmas children's party there. Conjurers, dancers and comics were laid on. Best of all though were the vanilla ice-creams in little corrugated paper cups which were freely distributed. One year I ate 25 - a record for the time!

♦♦♦

From the Chairman

Tributes to our late President appear elsewhere in this newsletter and indicate how much we are indebted to her pioneering spirit. She would appreciate the improved appearance of Sandgate. Several houses and shops have been repainted and the hanging flower baskets provided by Shepway Council and organised by our Committee Member Peter Daughters, have enhanced the general effect.

Assistance is required in the Archivist's area of activity and I shall be pleased to hear from anyone willing to help.

Many of you kindly contributed to the Chichester Memorial Hall Clock Re-

pair Appeal. My wife, who is vice-Chairman of the Committee of Trustees, has asked me to say that the first stage of work has been completed - the clock is now showing the time - but the casing has been found to be rotten and must be replaced during the next twelve months for safety reasons. This will add to the current shortfall of some £600 in the repair fund.

My best wishes go to Fred Moore, who has been missed in the village during his illness, and to you all for the autumn.

GEORGE EDMUNDS
Chairman

♦♦♦

Extract from early guidebook about the attractions of Sandgate.
John Gough's account, Purday's Library, early visitors, Mrs. Siddons and William Wilberforce.

How did the village start? 1539 Henry VIII's castle, British Museum accounts. The Watch House.

1773 Arrival of boatbuilder Fabian Clayton Wilson and others. Cottages built for workers.

1794 Purchase of 230 acres of land by the War Department at Shorne Cliff. Britain at bay, invasion precautions.

Alteration

to Castle. Sir John Moore and the Light Brigade.

Camp left empty till 1855. Training of mercenaries to be used in the Crimean War. 37,4000 soldiers and how they affected village, traders, beer shops and pubs, Alhambra music hall.

Voluntary help: two Soldiers' Institutes, House of Refuge for

young women, and for residents, Literary Institute, Penny Bank, the Dispensary, Volunteer Fire Brigade, *Artillery Corps, Beach Rocks*

1849 Rammell Report, a key document. Present state, bad sanitation, no lighting, *sew* drains, water. *Convalescent Home*

1850 Local Board of Health established and its activities

(drawn from minutes). 1900s attempt at takeover by Folkestone.

1894 Local Board now Urban District Council. 1934 merged into Folkestone Borough Council, now part of Shepway.

Local attempts to deal with floods, the Sandgate Landslip a national appeal, (wreck of the Benvenue the cause?), continuing into 20th century. Road damage proved to be the responsibility of the County Council.

The School, premises by Castle, rebuilt *elsewhere* 1866, James Morris, Lord Radnor, transferred to Coolinge Lane. *Private schools, Cashe Glen, Conamara*

The Church, Lord Darnley's chapel, St. Pauls. Role of clergyman important in village life.

Transport, horse busses, tram, lift, abortive attempt by South Eastern Railway to build line across village and on to harbour. Residents and houses, Lord Darnley, Sir John Bligh and Enbrook. James Morris at Encombe. Literary, H.G. Wells, Jocelyn Brooke, Mrs. B.M. Croker

The 20th century. S. in WW II. Loss of identity, local shops replaced by antique dealers. Voluntary activities, Scouts, Sea

Cadets, purchase of Old Fire Station by Heritage Trust, *Sandgate Society*, Chichester Hall, FHODS, Rowing Club,

Saga now proceeding with new HQ. 1,000 new jobs.

Tourist trade still active, pubs, some excellent restaurants.
Above all, residents and visitors appreciate what they have
always enjoyed - Sandgate's unique natural advantages, the
curve of the bay, the wooded backdrop and the shining sea.



Sandgate no longer fearing invasion

FIRST NOTED as a guard post in the 13th century, Sandgate's history really began when Henry VIII ordered the building of the castle in 1539 - along with those at Walmer, Deal and Sandown - in case of invasion by Spain.

Nearly 300 years later six Martello Towers (fortifications with canons) were built as coastal defences at Sandgate, being among many along England's south coast to check the potential invasion by Napoleon - which never materialised.

These days Sandgate, which snuggles up against Folkestone as part of Kent's Garden Coast, spends a lot less time trying to keep people out and much more time going about the business of attracting visitors.

A haven for collectors, with its many varied and interesting bow-fronted old antiques shops along the high street, Sandgate is fast becoming known as one of the leading centres for collectables in southern England.

Many of the items now being sought in the antiques shops were new when the author H.G.Wells had a house built in Sandgate. He lived there between 1900 and 1910 and he clearly found the area conducive to writing, producing some of his most valuable work there, including 'Kipps', 'The History of Mr Polly' and 'The First Men in the Moon.'

He and wife Jane entertained many literary figures at their home, Spade House, including Arnold Bennett, Henry James, J.M.Barrie, Joseph Conrad and George Bernard Shaw.

Although Sandgate owes much of its

popularity and unique atmosphere to things past - and the late Georgian and Victorian buildings, with their fine examples of balconied stucco terraces and traditional Kent weather boarding continually remind you of this - the present and future are very much on the minds of the people that live there.

The insurance and travel company, Saga, has built a striking new office development which accommodates six hundred employees, bringing new life and employment, while more than £1 million is being invested in the regeneration of the lower Leas Coastal park, located along the Sandgate to Folkestone seafront.

It will include formal gardens, play area, wildspace and sculpture and the project is

Preservation and chips

THERE IS added enjoyment when you sit down to a plate of freshly-prepared fish and chips in The Little Fish Shop, close to Sandgate High Street. You are also supporting an excellent example of urban regeneration.

The weatherboarded building with a higgeldy-piggeldy roof sits comfortably in the 18th century setting of Sandgate, but it is nearly as new as the spectacular glass headquarters of the Saga Group, a stone's throw away in Military Road.

There has been a fish and chip shop on the site for many, many years but it is only in

the seven years that Brian Armon has been involved that a quiet revolution has taken place. Brian respects the charm of old Sandgate but believes that people must be able to get their food in beautiful condition in comfortable surroundings.

He is an enthusiastic builder as much as he is a caterer, so he enjoyed the challenge of preserving the feel of the high street with the efficiency of a modern business.

Walk through the lower restaurant and up the stairs to the 'cottage' restaurant and you step over a great baulk of ancient timber. It has been there since the early 18th century and could have stopped the project in its tracks. The preservation enthusiasts were ready to get tough if the beam were cut but fractional adjustments to the levels of the staircase overcame that problem.

Similarly, some digging and filling ensured that the walk-in refrigerated room, the massive new kitchen and elegant patio were created from the decaying properties surrounding the original fish shop.

Brian Armon is not competing with nouvelle cuisine or designer dishes. He knows that 100 people at a time could easily fill his restaurant, enjoying a dozen variations on fish and chips at attractive prices, with all the traditional extras of the meal - like mushy peas and pickled onions. Home-made sweets include spotted dick, meringue and creme brulee. There is beer, select wines and lots of tea and bread and butter to remind customers how good traditional English fare can be.

Outside and in, the Little Fish Shop is a great example of the taste of England.

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Military 45: 27
Fishes next Sandpiper
In 1891 - begins 1756 p.p.
pages 318.

The appearance of the new building is undergoing of for the better. The of the London Sanatorium Home is completion, and is energy and directing Jones. Its appearance really charming. A in front of the buildi fully supplied. She easterly and northerl understood with its sing is quite a model c and much good work it. We understand ing will be ready f patients at an early and ventilating apar Mr. O. H. Smith's n also nearly finished. people appearance, t approved aspect of t

THE SANDGATE SOIL SLIP

TOM MALTRY'S GUIDE.



PON your arrival at Sandgate Station, and enquiring the road to the ruins, any man on the station, from the courteous Station-master, Mr. Caudell, to the boy who collects tickets will direct you to "Keep to the left." Presuming you are here met by a Guide to whom the locality is known, he will first—at short distance from the Station—point out to you a vacated residence known as Littlebourne Lodge. In reality Littlebourne Lodge has borne a great deal, and is considerably dislodged, the walls and ceilings being badly cracked. Turning up an opening on the left you are shown Cheriton Cliff Villa. The doors of this domicile are owing to the Landslip rendered unfit for opening and shutting, and furniture and goods were at considerable risk lowered to the ground from the windows. On the sea front opposite you'll notice a badly damaged groyne. Re-crossing the road and still keeping to the left you reach a terrace of seven houses, known as Sunnyside. The tenants here mainly depended on summer boarders for maintenance and support, but owing to severe damage to the houses—both inside and out—it is scarcely likely, unless repairs are rapidly proceeded with, that the usually comfortable and charming apartments therein will this year be occupied by visitors.

At the back of Sunnyside Terrace you may be shown one of the gardens belonging to Tavenor Bros., fruiterers and florists, of Sandgate. This garden is in a generally upheaved condition. Adjacent stands Wellington Place, situated on an elevation at the rear of Wellington Terrace. The houses on the Terrace and in Wellington Place are also deserted by the tenants. The apartments in Wellington and Gloucester Terraces have for years been among those most sought after by visitors, and the calamity means a terrible loss to their late tenants. Keeping to the left of Wellington Place you

reach the Clarendon Inn, which, notwithstanding the dilapidated condition of the houses on either side, stands tolerably firm in comparison. Business, up to the time of writing, is still carried on, though very great inconvenience has been caused to the landlord and his wife not having been able to procure proper food, in consequence of the damage done to the stoves. Neighbourly assistance has, however, been forthcoming.

Adjoining the Clarendon stands (so far) three cottages, the lower two being completely parted. The gardens in this neighbourhood are also in a terrible condition. While inspecting the Clarendon Inn and adjacent cottages you stand on Brewer's Hill, a much frequented road leading to Shorncliffe Camp. Almost exactly half-way up this Hill a spacious gap in the path occurred, and for some time the water from a broken drainpipe rushed with great violence towards the sea. Men have been at work here since Sunday, and the roadway is now partially restored.

Descending Brewer's Hill and turning again to the left Castle House is brought to view. This house was occupied by Mr. Mark Judge, a gentleman of influence, who since the catastrophe has come prominently and worthily forward in the interests of the sufferers. The east wall of this residence is parted in the centre, and the ceilings and floors are in a state bordering on collapse. On the left of Castle House stands Prospect Place, consisting of five houses, each being more or less damaged, and, like the others, deserted. Three other smaller houses at the rear of Prospect Place are in a similar condition. In a garden immediately at the rear of the houses referred to above the visitor will be surprised at the sight of greenhouses and vineries fallen and falling, flower beds upheaved, and stone steps and palings lying in startling confusion. This garden is also the property of Tavenor Bros.

Retracing your steps and bearing to the left you reach Farleigh House, which, though considerably damaged inside and out, has been purchased since the disaster by Mr. J. J. Jones, of Beach Rocks. On the left of Farleigh House you enter the gates of Encombe, the property of Miss Reilly, by whose kindness visitors have been enabled—by paying sixpence at the gates—to witness some of the most strange and serious results of the Landslip. The money paid for admission is added to the Relief Fund, and it may with satisfaction be chronicled that during the first four days the grounds were thus opened to the public nearly one hundred pounds were in this way collected.

Cornation Mug 1911. (The cup is red)
(on display shelf)
The other side ~~shows~~ has a Sandgate seal
showing the castle & is inscribed
"Presented by Lilla Countess of Chichester".

All Sandgate School children
received one of these. This particular
one belonged to Elizabeth (Dolly) Evans
(née Tago). She was born in 1900 in
Wilberforce Road, grew up with her 3
brothers in 1 Martello Terrace, and
lived from 1945 - 1963 at 7 James Morris
Dwellings where her husband Bill was caretaker
and then for 20 years at 50a Sandgate
High Street. She moved to ~~Dorchester~~ ^{Dorset}
to live with her son Bryan and died
in 1991.

Link with photo on Sandgate
website which shows 4 children
(Dolly & her 3 brothers - George, Tim
& Tom Tago).

Mug found to be chipped and cracked 23/11/09/AFB.

Tanglewood
29, Military Rd.
Sandgate
December 7th 1970

Dear Edith,

You will think I am a long time in answering that surprise letter from you, which I see is dated October 6th. But I was and am very very glad to hear from a voice from the past. It was so sweet of Grace Hopper to put you in touch with me. She & her brother always turn up at the early service on Sunday. She dresses soberly but attractively usually in pale grey - not a short dress - with a little white collar. Her hair tied with a black bow in the nape of her neck. She looks a little like a Quaker & its suits her.

You know the Bureau has been pulled down? There are a lot of gaps in Sandgate now, & though it is very

That was rather frightening! Again I went to Ireland, through, & when there one of the principals got ill & left the company & so her parts were divided up between a few of the smaller part people.

I lost my father in 1927 when we were living in a house not far from Shoreditch Station. Mother & I bought this house in 1935. She passed on in 1952 at the age of 94. It was

lovely to have a meadow at the back until it got crammed with houses a few years ago. But there are the trees of the Sher & Sartor place (Police Training College) still to look at. I wouldn't leave Taylwood for the world! We've had a succession of Vicars since we came to Sandgate. It was your mother who came to tell us that Mr. Blackburn had suddenly died, in Tintindun I think. Last week-end I went to stay

in Bethlehem with our former Vicar &
his wife, the Blakenys, & was very
happy with them.

I can't imagine your having grand-
children!! I shall always see you just
as you used to look. That war made
such a difference to loads of girls who
married Canadians. Yes, it was very
sad that you could not get over in
time when your mother went, but perhaps
your memory of her looking younger

is a good thing. And you will be so
thrilled when you meet in the other
world. I expect she often is with
you. And your father too. You wept on
my shoulder when he was taken.

Please keep in touch with me!
Happy Christmas!

Yours affectionately
"Dolly".

Handwritten extracts ⁽¹²⁶⁾
from historical resources
relating to Sandgate.

— 0 —
newspaper cuttings
from mid-19th
Century.

— 0 —
Photographs

— 0 —
Compiler not known

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS (PLEASE SHOW YOUR POSTCODE)

Miss D. Palmer

"Tanglewood"

27. Military Road

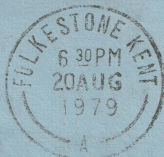
Sandgate

Folkestone CT20 3BQ

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD
NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE;
IF IT DOES IT MAY BE SURCHARGED
OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

SECOND FOLD HERE

BY AIR MAIL
AIR LETTER
PAR AVION AEROGRAMME



Mrs E. Baillie

152, Stibbard Avenue

Toronto

Ontario

M4P 2C3

Canada

You to answer your lovely long
letter, dated July 20th. You ask "How are you
feeling?" I am very well generally, though
an arthritic right hip keeps me indoors, or
in fine weather - the garden. But this has been
rather a chilly summer apart from an occasional
hot day. This happens to be my birthday, & the
room is fragrant with quite lovely flowers sent
from Essex friends by inter-flora. Of course this
is a Sunday, so Cards etc. arrived yesterday,
lots of them! Your letter is so very interesting.
You have a varied life & seem to enjoy it.
My lawn is now shorn, I having had to buy
an electric mower. I couldn't do gardening

myself these days as I have a certain amount
of arthritis. Otherwise I am well, good sight,
good hearing, strong heart. You certainly live in
a beautiful part of Canada. Do you know I
can always visualize you eating a large slice of
bread & jam in one of the corridors of the
Baron. That building has been pulled down, I
don't know why. I see Grace Hopper going up &
down this road, looking as usual.

Yesterday I had the radio on - I have no T.V. -
& to my surprise, in a programme called -
"Baker's Dozen", with a Richard Baker, I sat
up & hearing this: "I am now going to play
on a record for a Dorothy Palmer of Fillingim-
of "The Cobbler's Song" from "Chin Chin Chin",
as she toured in it years ago" (!). I did, in
1920 for some time in the British Isles.

Later in other plays, notably Shakespeare.

Most people have T.V. but I have not, &
I suppose millions of people have only the
radio (which used to be called "wireless").

We shall soon have antenae. My rowan tree
is full of berries which the birds love.

Sigrl Wilks was in "Tynwald" Hillside St.

Hythe. Katherine died a few years ago.

"My" meadow at the back is no
longer a meadow but packed with houses.

The High St. has one long line of antiques

go there. The Pleasure Gardens Theatre is no more, but The Seas Pavilion where I used to act in, is still going strong, - of course

The Seas Cliff Hall. Sandgate has its "Little Theatre" on the site of the Congregational Chapel. The Methodist Church was pulled down & has flats, with no view at all! -

Well, I must go up to bed, & listen-in to my other radio, battery set. Sometimes I fall asleep & wake later to find I have not switched it off!

September 2nd 1972

Tanglewood
27, Military Road
Sandgate

My dear Edith,

What a nice beginning to September to get your letter today! Thank you for remembering me. I can only see you as I last did see you — a smiling pink-checked girl eating bread and jam! And no doubt you see my very fair hair & very slim waist-line. (Well, I'm not "fat" now, but no longer 25 with waist!) Folkestone; Sandgate keeps its village character, & is not going to be spoilt with those high, ugly blocks of flats, which have taken away so much of English old-world charm. We used to dislike "Victorian" buildings & furniture. Now we see these things as something quite charming! All the same, these are still unspoilt villages, & miles on miles of open country, little lanes & one lane? In you do get our moss. As I don't like heat it has suited me. I don't know what became of the Castle Museum. I never knew there had been one. I don't now there are so few hymns left, just "young" hymns where husband died groups. Since my "pro" days — in the dim past! — the only drama I've indulged in have been a "Recital" of readings from Shakespeare & the reciting of "The Death of Munchausen" in the then village hall (now gone) and hymns — bit of "Munchausen" between their Choral Society's singing of other bits of that fascinating work. And before the war I played "Our Lady" in a Passion Play in Sandgate Church. I can't call to mind anything else, & I leave the local drama in the excited hands of the very good local artistes! "Stage Fright" on first night was a nightmare I never got over! I do still encourage quite a bit of verses, or prose, to keep my brain oiled. R.T.V. but listening-in is a delight. Folkestone is having North Sea gas at the end of the month, which means scrapping my two gas fires, one of which they will replace by a more modern one at a small cost. I'm not dependent on gas, as I have electric fires too. But as you know, we sometimes get power cuts, & always have to have a supply of candles. Got a coal fire.

Your life sounds very happy, dear Edith, & your writing very romantic. It is often heard about the red tints of autumn & the great lakes. Once a year, as near to July 1st as possible, the Ceremony of placing flowers on the graves of Canadians killed in war is celebrated after an interval during the Second war. I am glad they revived it as we were told

that "that sort of thing has to stop some time....". It was my father who first thought of it when strolling near the cemetery & seeing the poor desolate graves with their wooden crosses it struck him that it would be lovely (& a comfort to relatives of these soldiers) to have an annual ceremony when schoolchildren of Foleshill, Sandgate & Hythe could place bunches of flowers on these graves. This he organized, & in those days there would be a military band, the Mayors & important people attending. Well, this has been revived, but with only the Sir John Moore Schoolchildren there. The Foleshill Mayor & the British Legion attend, & there are speeches & some wreaths at the War Memorial there, & of course the lovely children with their little bunches of flowers. I have attended too, & then we repaired to the Mess & had drinks & eats!! It is all touching. Our Vicar takes us in his car. There are now proper headstones with a maple leaf on them. I hadn't known that my quick father was a romantic man. He evidently was. He passed on in 1927 when we were living near Sharncliffe Station in a then newly built-up area. I'm glad you got the Sandgate Mag: Perhaps you are wise not to re-visit a spot that would surely stir up memories of days best treasured in the memory.

What a lot I've managed to write on this one sheet of paper, to be posted Monday. I never can manage a satisfactory letter on an air-mail letter! Grace Hoppe will be so interested when I tell her I have heard from you! She always looks so nice & dresses just to suit her, & with her hair do & general style giving a Quakeress effect. I can't think of anything special to write that would interest you - & what I can say most time I can't imagine!! But you have adventures & I'll always love to hear from you.

With loving recollections -

Dolly.

Thursday night
January 3rd 1974

Tangleswood
27, Military Road
Sandgate
CT20 3BG. Kent

My dear Edith,

It was lovely to get your Card & the letter in it by Second post today. I had been wondering whether I had or hadn't sent you a Christmas Card. (There is somebody else abroad with the same name.) Now I must apologise on all fours, as evidently I did not! But yours, with postmark December 15th, only came today.

I like the snowy card, though it makes me shiver, → your photo! What a very good-looking person you are. Not quite different from the young girl I remember eating bread and jam in the corridors of The Swan. That building is no more. But the memories remain. What a lot has happened to us both since then. Was it in a former incarnation? Your

Thursday night
January 3rd 1974

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CT20 3BG. Kent

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It was lovely to get your Card & the letter in it by second post today. I had been wondering whether I had or hadn't sent you a Christmas Card. (There is somebody else abroad with the same name.) Now I must apologise on all fours, as evidently I did not! But yours, with postmark December 15th, only came today.

I like the snowy card, though it makes me shiver, → your photo! What a very good-looking person you are. Not quite different from the young girl I remember eating bread and jam in the corridors of The Broom. That building is no more, but the memories remain. What a lot has happened to us both since then. Was it in a former incarnation? Your

news of your numerous activities makes it clear that you are "a live wire" & evidently enjoy your life to the full.

Canada seems to be about the only country left in the world that is sane and normal and happy. I don't know about N. Zealand.

Australia is changing. Perhaps even that isolated Tristan de Cunha is not quite the same since her young people had a taste of European life? And so your daughter Joan hadn't expected our St. Paul's, Sandgate to be so big. On Christmas night at the service is was full, though that certainly is the one service in the year when it is so well attended. I suppose it is rather big for such a little town. We call Sandgate a village, but it is now no longer sparsely populated, & you would not like to see the changes at all. My meadow crowded with houses, though quite nice ones, not like those big

factory. like ones which seem to be
springing up in cities. Folkestone is
changed. Bouverie Square isn't square,
hardly a hotel left. Bobby's, now
Dubenham's, changed in character. No
Plummer Road's. No Musgrave. However,
there is a lovely Garden Centre near
Kingsnorth Gardens, with hot-houses, &
a garden full of lovely things, & a
very good restaurant for coffee. In
Sandgate, where they pulled down that
nice hotel opposite the post office they
are about to build a block of flats.
I expect you know that the High St.
is one long line of antique shops. I
got my bread at a green-grocer's,
but it is oven-baked & brought down
from Folkestone. The one chemist is
excellent. One grocer's is now a
teen-age frock shop. The nearest
paper shop is a good florist's—all

to the good. And my road has now
a path both sides. Alan Gibson is
as cheerful at funerals as he is at
weddings— a real "live wire."

I don't know what they will do when
the Police Training College^{down}— that huge
building that was Star & Garter after
Lord Darnley had it in its smaller
dimensions. There is a little stream
not far from this road. Perhaps you
read a verse I had in the Magazine
(asked for by the Vicar). Surely I
can see it by looking over a wall
when I choose that way into the
High St. But I'm sure Grace Hopper
tells you all about such things. She
is a dear little person & dresses
almost like a Quakeress. She isn't
very strong, but seems very active.
I like her immensely.

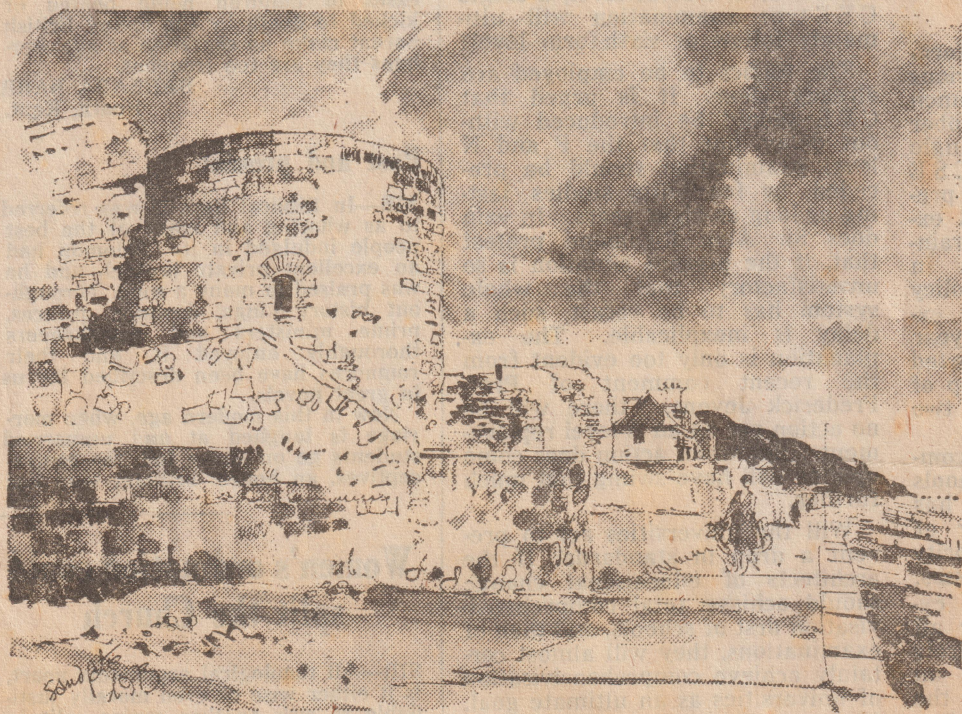
I am enclosing a snap of me
 taken in the garden last year.
 Gone are my golden locks! I am
 lazy these days, & though I do a
 certain amount of church work as
 the Magazine will tell you on the
 Sidesman's List! And I am the
 one who keeps the list of names
 for the Thursday afternoon Service
 for Healing. Now we mustn't use
 much oil these services are being
 held in the Church Hall which
 has gas fires. At home I have
 plenty of coal & cook by gas.
 Though I don't cook by meat!
 Cheese in plenty. And fruit. So
 that when I am invited out, as
 I was on Christmas Day, I feel

I don't want to eat anything after it for a week! But I'm older than you. In 1914 I was 24, and that August 25. So if you are good at arithmetic you can see just what I am now. But I've had a full life. The touring years ago was interesting; though I'm glad I gave up the stage years ago. We have no Pleasure Gardens Theatre now, but the Leeds Pavilion is going strong in the summer months. Buses are infrequent & have no conductors, but we can always take a taxi if necessary. Well, here's wishing you & yours a lovely year -
 Much love - Dolly.

Thanks
 for
 maple leaf.

DAY OUT OF LONDON

First in an occasional series



Sandgate Castle

Drawing: Geoffrey Fletcher

COMING DOWN TO KENT

MY idea of a day off is to spend it in pursuit of the ordinary and humdrum. My idea of the ultimate in this respect is to wander in brick-built streets in places like East Ham.

Here I can elude the feeling of collapse in a low-toned atmosphere of terraced houses, disused non-conformist chapels and betting shops; here, at little cafes, I can have chips with everything and chrome-yellow jam tarts.

However, I realise that others may prefer a day out of town — a matter of a few hours, easily arranged. Nothing can be simpler from London.

For few of the diversions of Victorian London were more agreeable than going down to Gravesend by the steam packet from the Pool on a Saturday morning in summer.

Dickens, in "Boz," describes the trip in his characteristic, easy style: the people who lost their baggage and, finding it, lost their seats; the knowing ones who produced telescopes and broke out into nautical terms; the season-ticket holders with families at Gravesend.

At that time, it was esteemed as a minor watering place for the middle classes, a sort of cross between Greenwich and Margate. The town is still recognisable as such: much Regency and early Victorian architecture survives, giving, with the older clapboarded houses, a special character, one that makes Gravesend right for an unusual atmospheric day off.

From the pier you can see

By Geoffrey Fletcher

what the Victorians saw as they disembarked from the paddle boats: a Regency brick terrace on one hand and the picturesque timbered pub, The Three Daws, on the other. In front are ancient houses and, over them, the spire of the Georgian parish church, where Princess Pocahontas, an Indian maid who was the first North American Christian, was buried in 1617.

Along the waterfront is another church, a little Victorian chapel for mariners, and next to it the Clarendon Royal Hotel, all ship-shape and Bristol fashion. I stayed there in 1950, after returning from the anniversary celebrations at Dunkirk, in a tug boat that got stuck on the Goodwin Sands, and very glad I was to sample its hospitality.

There are a good many smaller pubs in this most interesting town — The British Tar near the Jubilee clock tower and The Trocadero in Windmill Street, still with its "Bottle and Jug Department."

Another, and unspoilt, rendezvous for an away-day is Sandgate, with its long pebbly beach, High Street of interesting shops, including antique shops, and Sandgate Castle, a Tudor fortification rebuilt as part of the Martello defences against the threat of invasion by Napoleon.

To get to Sandgate, take the Folkestone train from Waterloo and, at Folkestone bus station, take a No. 10 or No. 105 bus to Sandgate. Eat either at the little Wel-

lington Hotel, just off the promenade, for just under £1, or at Wendy's Café in the main street.

Sandgate is exactly right for a restful day off: a walk or a book on the beach, with a huddle in the curio shops thrown in.

I am so prejudiced in favour of Tunbridge Wells that I cannot write anything objective about it: I think there are few things more agreeable than a stroll under the elm trees on the Pantiles.

Tunbridge Wells, elegant and civilised, is the spa for Londoners. I am mad on spas, and never go to the Wells without taking the waters — both on the spot, and then home with me.

You can sit under the Regency canopy, and have your iron water at a little table above the spring, bubbling in its marble basin, and watch the world of the Pantiles, wonderfully un-1973, go by.

You can lunch at one of the pubs or restaurants, such as the Steak House, on the Pantiles, and afterwards either wander over the common or infiltrate the town.

Visit the 17th-century church of King Charles the Martyr, Hall's second-hand bookshop almost next to it, and the villas by Decimus Burton around Calverly Park.

Rarest of all, in the High Street, is the only surviving Victorian cigar divan known to me — tobacco and cigars at the front, and behind it a small room where you can drink wines, beers and spirits in a completely 19th-century setting.

Sandgate and its good old days

DAYS when Sandgate was prosperous and flourished with its own railway line, fire brigade and lifeboat service were remembered last week.

Chichester Hall, Sandgate High Street, was packed for a journey back to the late Victorian period by Mrs Ann Nevill.

Her talk touched on many aspects of Sandgate life in the "good old days."

The talk, organised by the Sandgate Society, dealt with the village and its environment, plus its "personalities"

Main topics dealt with were the local school, Enbrook House and its grounds, the voluntary fire brigade service and the old railway line.

The next event on the society's programme is a Christmas wine evening on Wednesday, December 8.

● Mrs Nevill gave a similar talk to members of Hythe's Civic Society at the Canon Newman Hall, Dental Street, Hythe, on Thursday evening.

Fay's bid

HEAD receptionist at Hythe's Hotel Imperial Fay Hargreaves could become the Hotel and Catering Benevolent Association's new personality girl.

Fay has reached the final of the 1982 Catering Princess contest, staged by the association.

EARLY SANDGATE

1. Beach

2. Beach

now instead of 3 houses only, a sizeable village
 Just by the Castle, jumble of workmen's cottages, large boat
 building shed, and beach covered with timber, huts for drying
 nets as at Hastings. Activities of Fabian Clayton Wilson, came
 to S. in 1773, took a series of leases from Lord R. of land
 round Castle Green to erect houses for ^{built irregularly} workmen. Shipbuilding
 yard, built ships for the American Revolutionary War, capable
 of carrying up to 200 men - must have been launched from beach
 on fine day. Seems extraordinary, but room very small and Gvmt.
 commissioned ships from v. small ^{private} dockyards where other business
 carried on. Thames yards the biggest at Woolwich and Deptford
 then Chatham and Sheernes, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Bristol, Dover
 small places such as Sandwich, Shoreham and Whitby and Sandgate.
 Between 1771 and 85, 7 28 gun frigates were built and 4 smaller
 vessels, besides privateers and vessels for trading purposes.
 Tradition carried on by Graves, old black boathouse at
 bottom of R. Cliff, he built cutters, small yachts, sailing
 luggers and rowing galleys.

7 28-
 Gun
 Frigates
 4 16-
 Gun
 Sloops
 or 2
 Gun
 Ships

3. J.B.-9.

4. Coffee
Tavern

Closely connected, twin trades of smuggling and fishing;
 John Gough has left account - he was born in S. 1817, father
 a ^{Soldier} ~~sailor~~ who served in the Peninsular Wars on pension, mother
 village schoolmistress. Left several vignettes of life in S.
 (he emigrated to America in 1829, after working on a farm
 ended up in New York, and sent for his mother and sister. He
 lost his job and his mother died in a garret, lacking food
 and warmth. He took to the bottle, and became an actor,
 later took pledge and became temperance speaker, audiences
 running into thousands. He returned to S. later to open
 Gough temperance coffee tavern, his coach drawn by men not
 horses and saw his birthplace, old schoolfeinds and mother's
 old scholars and lectured in the schoolhouse. D. 1886.

Portrait
 Bust of John Gough

5. Fleur de
Lis

S. he said ideally adapted by its position for smuggling.
 Martello towers used as accommodation for man o war's men,
 pacing beach with pistols and cutlasses. Smugglers sink the
 silks, laces, brandy and tea in watertight barrels, leaving
 marker buoy, return with some fish, then go out at night to
 get them, oars muffled, no lights in sts, one flash the signal.
 for unloading. Fisherman to be arrested with tea in boots,
 revenue man cut down by a dozen knaved. no one could say who
 murdered him. False names.

EARLE SANDGATE

1. Sir J. M.

Apart from fishermen, boatbuilders and smugglers, next reason for growth, existence of Camp. 230 acres had been bought by the war Dept. on the hills and here for 3 years from 1802 Gen. Sir John Moore trained the famous light Brigade "the finest in respect of discipline that ever was formed in England." He applied an intelligent and humane mind to the art of warfare, avoiding harsh punishments, sharing their ^{men's} ordeals and racing them up the hill from Sandgate to Shorncliffe, encouraging to leave the pothouses there for swimming and sport, dancing and music. Above all, he trained them almost as guerillas, to harass the enemy in small bodies with accurate fire, to be prepared for action at all times, and to avoid the rigidity of fixed lines of battle firing to order like machines in favour of fast moving sharpshooters, attacking the enemy from unexpected angles.

2. Marine Hotel

He lived in S. at Sir John Shaw's house, later the on site of Coastguard Cotts. end of S. Misses Podevin's Marine Hotel. He brought his mother and sister to stay at York Cottage. It was at S. that he came galloping back from a visit to Dungeness where he was inspecting defences, the signal for invasion (wrongly) having been given.

"Dad's Army" master
Boys to fight French

1. Early view
 2. Engs
 3. "
 4. Cottages (new)
 5. KMM Hse
 6. Pables
 7. Royal Kent (Ship)
 8. Chapel
 9. Wm St. Chapel
 10. School
 11. Fair site
 12. Purdays
 13. Brown 2 Wm Rd.
- Back down Military Hill into Broadway, line of houses mostly small weatherboarded cottages, sign of 'Military Tailor' 3rd element of growth, S's sheltered situation; small and select watering places, had bathing machines, hot and cold sea water baths, smarter than Fne. because of the military. Mrs. Siddons 'There are little neat lodgings and good wholesome food - they would not suit a great Countess but a little great actress is more easily accommodated.' William Wilberforce, followed by a swarm of evangelical clergymen, stayed several summers with his family, and bewailed the lack of a church - only Wesleyan Chapel; ~~young Princess Victoria~~ and Duchess of Kent (Royal Kent), vogue for sea bathing, cure for diseases inc. scrofula. Under Fne's control, unmade roads no street lighting. Lord Darnley acquired the Enbrook estate and built a handsome house and garden in 1806 - he gave the land and built a small Chapel in 1822, designed by George Stanley Repton, son of Humphrey Repton, who had designed library at Cobham Hall of plastered brickwork with small belfry. There was a school in 1814 in Wilberforce Rd., this moved to a site beside the Castle in two rented buildings. These were sold and a new school erected (architect Edward Gotto who made mess of H.G.S. rebuilding) the land being given by Lord Radnor and funds for building appeared for by the Minister of the Chapel, 3 rooms and a residence. (Still standing at back of Sea Cadets) 1846
- There were daily coaches to London, Hastings and Brighton, or Dover. J.B.G.'s account of coach arrival: the coachman and guard in their scarlet livery, the shining spirited horses, the sound of their feet on the hard road, the dogs barking as the guard sounds a merry tune on his bugle and people throwing up their windows to see the coach - it is almost the perfection of travel. He tells us also of the fair, the main street lined with booths, the array of toys and gingerbread, the pig faced lady and 2 headed calf, Ingy on his elephant, shows, swings, merry go rounds, donkey races, conjurer's booth, harlequin and columbine, drums, fifes, panny whistles and bag pipes all playing together. PURDAYS library, started 1799, reading room and daily newspapers, musical entertainments, postmaster, better than Fne.
- 2 slides*
Fanny Burney -
Messence
Francis
Azela
Burdett
Colt
- Belle Me (2)*
Chapel
St. Martin's
Wm St.
- 1 slide*
- 1 slide*

1. Moseley

2. Moseley

3. Moseley
Bygate
Enbrook

4. Church

5. Church

6. Gate

7. Jenner

8. Bank

9. Bazaar

10. Purday
Sale

5. R. Chiff
Moseley

6. Peter
Cade
etc.

1855

Down the hill from the station, through Fne's growing rows of lodging houses and houses to rent - past Sandgate Plain to top of Coolinge Lane - on S. Hill some handsome houses building. Road better, S. houses of wood replaced by brick. Whole of old church, except sanctuary, has been pulled down.

2 slides
Moseley
Church

1849

New one double in size, had 893 sittings, not so pretty, S.S. Teulon

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ New hotels have replaced

old inns, and new shops: 3 linen drapers, 5 milliners,

2 fishmongers, 4 greengrocers, 3 hairdressers, 4 houseagents,

4 bakers, 5 boot and shoe makers, 4 butchers, 6 beershops,

7 grocers, 2 chemists, 6 carpenters and a collector in income

tax. (now 2 grocers, 1 fishmonger, 1 greengrocer, 1 chemist

1 baker, 2 butchers but something like 27 antique businesses.)

~~XXXXXXXX~~ Past the toll gate, kept by Jarvis, surley old

man with wooden leg, would lock gate at dusk retire early

and fall into sound sleep. "Corpse" wheeled through in

handcart "Lord will reward thee, Jarvis." *Removed 1877*

Enbrook house pulled down, ~~picture~~, to be replaced by new

house, also Teulon, occ. Sir John Blight, 2nd son of 4th Earl,

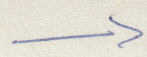
sister married Rev. John Brownlow, P. Vicar. He was in the

Diplomatic Service and Eng's envoy at Hanover, retired to S.

His only d. married Earl of Chichester, Countess (hence

Chichester Hall.* Enbrook not so used by townspeople as

Encombe.



PURDAYS. 1865. Miss Purday had taken over and was bankrupt and a fund put on foot to provide here with small annuity. One contributor said "If I send any money to Miss Purday herself, her kind heart may be tempted to give to those whom she finds more in want than herself." Contents of sale - ~~xxxxxxx~~ crochet hooks, writing paper, pencil cases, combs etc. and 5,000 volumes. Serious reading Baptist and eveangelical papers, Scott, Dickens, Byron, Gibbon, sermons and "Adventures of a Ladies' Maid", "A Monk and Married Man", "A Woman's love" etc.

pledge suite
4 slides
Shops
Purday's
1 slide
1822
Henry Dawkins
Encombe
1852 JS-
Morris
1832 S
Purday's
united state
Enbrook 3
slides
Purday (2)
Encombe
Purday (1)

Inc. no of visitors - S. as a residence for invalids. Old black boathouse. A stay in S. a cure for every ill (George Moseley, Dispensary Surgeon). Quiet amusements, no balls, boating botany reading, nature to take its course. cures TB scrofula; temperature compared with Auckland, Siena or Cadiz, barometric pressure with Rome or Naples. Cases at dispensary analysed, 6 cases of cholera 2 of leprosy, 26 of TB in 4 years, and these were visitors.

EARLY SANDGATE

To end of village, then on beach, awful smell. What lay beneath surface? "Report to the General Bd. of Health on a preliminary enquiry into the sewerage, drainage, water supply and sanitary condition of the inhabitants of the town of S." issued under Public Health Act by Thos. Rammell. Large towns set up missing authorities to prevent disease via better drains and water supply, paving and lighting. S. a model of large village (inspected by E. Chadwick.) S. proba. not untypical. Meeting at New Inn, Rev. Gambier, Incumbent of Chapel, Mary Graves, lodging house keeper, Bradfield Jenner, Chemist, Wm. Pledge, grocer, Ed. Rider and Thos. Jordan, private schoolmasters. Describes town, one main st., sheltered, lie of land for drainage and sewers, old wooden houses and new stucco, barracks from last war, pop. 1,200 growing at 3% No rates levied, no body, but streets watered, policeman provided at £23, but only 6/- remains, dispensary. DRAINS. 1. Cesspools in beach, filled with large stones, blew up, emptied once or twice yearly. 2. Drains discharging on beach above high water. 3. Tubs emptied into sea. Evidence as to smells, fevers and diarrhoea, Rev. Gambier said 3 families in train, 2 went to Fne. 1 to Dover. Committee of householder found 13 drains discharging on beach, 60 houses having only tubs, pails or boxes, 2 in kitchen and 1 served 6 families, no refuse disposal or of the leavings of 23 dunghills, 14 piggeries and 4 slaughterhouses, poor in stable yards, wet and offensive, no provision for surface draining and flooding frequent. WATER; from wells cd. be polluted, or small w. works at undercliff, supplied 56 houses. In fact there was plenty of water, also at Encombe. One w. works pipe serving cottages had soapsuds coming out of it. PAVEMENTS. Turnpike rd. maintained by trustees, muddy in winter, dusty in summer, no footpaths except private ones. LIGHTING. None. Encouragement to immorality. Answers - to reform boundaries from Military Canal to S. Hall; Local Board to be constituted; every town to have piped water and drains in kitchen and W.C.s. (cost £1,700) Drains - to go right out to sea, every house to have 3 drains (cheaper than cesspools) loans raised for 30 years at 5% interest. →

1. Hylle Rd.

1. Beach

2. Beach
(S.S.)

S. from Sea

side

Band 8
Hert
(2)

inc.
Poderni

1. Rev. Gambier

Mrs. Mrs. 3. Cherry Stn. are 75408 7. 16

SANDGATE. Local Board, Cholera outbreak, dispensary.

2. Local Board

Minutes - only a few objectors on expense grounds. Rev. Gambier 1st Chairman, Rev. R. Wakefield, Sir Ch. Keyes etc. Slow progress towards betters, fines on those who did not clear pigstyes. Thos. Rammell, Inspector of nuisances. Clerk at £20 pa. New water supply, clear and sparkling, looked after as carefully as wine merchant does wine. Fne. W. Co. for part of village; no constant supply, sometimes only 2 hours daily. Rates collected, gas on via Fne. Gas Co., yards and courts paved, rain water channelled, scavenger appointed (not always attentive). Mr. Valyer reported for not clearing manure: complaints from residents, Miss Podevin said gent had bathed from boat to annoyance of residents, lamps not lighted, by 1853 new drains constructed, help given to small householders to pay for them, so far had cost only £2,850. 28 tubs used for privies removed, 101 cesspools filled in. By 1860 Honeywood springs bought for extra water. Read election description.

4. Cholera Book

Aug. 54 a month of close, stagnant oppressive atmosphere, meat became tainted, smells lingering, vegetable crops destroyed by blight, no cool sea breezes. CHOLERA. ³Autumn, 48 cases fatal, 45 recovered, nearly 1 in 10. Another report made to see what had gone wrong, su pply of water analysed. 31% S. W. Ws., 29% well or pump water,

5. Cholera Book

12% Fne. Ws. Water from Shorncliffe hillside and Castle Hole had run out in summer and was very brackish. Pipes used for distribution had run alongside old cess pools, not used but full of sewer gas.

6. Cholera Book

A cross section died, 11 visitors, Mr. Flisher of Fleur de Lis, surgeon's assistant, servants, labourers, drapers boy, etc. Mrs. Neville, laundress. Real culprits new drains, some higher than specified, and on inadequate foundations, some jointed with clay, some blocked with shingle, some pipes too small. Ld. R.'s sea wall built to prevent sea water percolating into wells, kept in seepage from disused cesspools.

7. Dispensary Rules

There was a small Dispensary for the poor - to relieve gratuitously the suffering and industrious poor with medical advice and medicines those who do not receive more than 2/- per week per head. Not servants. Subscribers could recommend patients acc. to amount of subscriptions.

8. Dispensary Building

Doctor would visit, or surgery held 1 pm. daily, bring own bottles. Various suggestions for a hospital, infact James Morris offered a thousand pounds in 1871, and it was generally thought a good idea, but never came about. When Fne. was at loggerheads with S. over boundary question, it refused to take patients in isolation hosp. and hosp. suggested in Cheriton. but no one outside S.'s boundaries, wished to take infectious S. patients. →

Hy Sh.
Hy Sh.
Wih Sh.
J. Jones picture
Seach Rocks

Esplanade (Royal Kent)
Hy Sh. Cabstand S-Hill

11-

SANDGATE

In the 1880s Mr. John James Jones came to Sandgate and bought large marine residence - director of the London Samaritan Soc. used to bring down children from slums for sea air. Rebuilt and opened by Lady Watkin. ^{Sir E. and} Every comfort cost 20,000 ²³⁰ affecting ^{patien ts.} descriptions of cases BUT not all it seemed. Truth accused him of pocketing funds "I could not advise anyone to send him money for any purposes." He ~~xxx~~ did arouse gt. opposition in S. accused the local board of extravagaince and brought down infectious cases suffering from ~~Hip~~thereia, ~~BT~~ TB and various skin ~~d~~iseases, letting off the same houses in the summer to visitors. At one time he woned 23 houses in St. and threatened to buy up half the house property on the market at low prices. Great local feeling against him - Florence Warden the novelist left. He bought a party of children on the beach, making faces at his neighbour acc. to Mr. James, and when they next met in the High St. a fight was started with them scratching and kicking in the ga tter. He died in 1904, but house had been taken over by Cvmt. to house troops from S. African War who arrived yellow and ill - they had no money in ho~~s~~pital and fund set on foot to provided them with tobacco money. 3 sh

S. African
men.

Awful trippers
Catered

Also blamed on Mr. Jones and chaap day fares from SERCO, was influx of awful trippers and hotels catering for beaffeast parties of workmen. They undressed on the beach, got drunk and one old lady asked Sir Charles Russell to dance a jig with her. 2

Nov.14. 91

Bencence

However, Mr. J.J. helped to launch lifeboat on its most outstanding feat. A large four rigged ship was travelling from London to Sydney, got blown on to rocks at Seabrook. Some of crew tried to swim ashore and were drown~~ed~~. The rest ~~of~~ took refuge on the mizzen mast and they sat in the rigging, boat had sunk. When dawn came, they could see the shore~~s~~ and make out the colour of ladies' dresses. Rockets launched but fell short. Hythe life boat capsided, littlestone and Dover

Crew saved

cd. not be laundhed. 7 pm. wind abated and S. boat launched temp slipway made with faggots, other one washed away. with volunteer crew, postal clerks, bricklayers, art. volunteers. Reached boat and number and frozen crew fell into boat like so many bees, regardless of water in bottom. Taken to Harbour and Leckies Rest. baths, bed and food, cheer upon cheer rent the air. 4

sea
Lidy 2
4
slide machines
2

Coke 1
Fire
Orgade 3

1. Lifeboat
house

S. Lifeboat had been given by Hannah de Rothschild, called Mayer de Rothschild in memory of her father (richest heiress in Eng.) m. Lord Rosebery. Arrived 1875 and attended 2 timber ships driven ashore at Littlestone, the Grosser Kurfurst (2 German battleships colliding with great loss of life), Plassey wrecked nr. boathouse and crew saved. Benvenue. In the end launching because of wreck of sea defences and boat moved to Hythe - house called Goose Cathedral, became a cafe, pulled down for filling station.

The Benvenue had to be blown up, as it was a danger to shipping at low water and wreck seen at low water 2nd, 1st the Calypso. charges laid by diver and fired by electricity. Mr. Jones held meeting and warned of cracks in ceilings etc.

Done by Trinity House engineers, with series of small charges.

Candshide

On Sat. March 4th ¹⁸⁹³ at 7 pm. there was a sound of rumbling and falling masonry. Inhabitants rushed into street- terrible landslip ~~in~~ Chapel St. (Wilberforce Rd.) to Military Hospital area of 1m. completely devastated; buildings rent from top to bottom, floors heaved up, Encombe carriage drive dropped several feet. No loss of life. Cows of sightseers arrived, slight amount of subsidence on Sunday and Mond. This was truly disaster on a national scale. 70 houses affected, 24 had to be pulled down. Homeless put up at Nat. Schs. and Coffee Tavern. Immediate reaction that this was due to blowing up of Benvenue, Trinity Hse. should be held responsible. Rev. R. Wakefield offered rich living elsewhere, glad he had not yet taken it. Meeting of local Bd. held and report commissioned. Also Nat. Disaster Fund opened with 2,000 contributions from all over Eng. and overseas, servants visitors etc. Trinity House said they had used small charges. 5
REPORTS: One to local Board, one to local Gvmt. Board, article x1 in Nature, reached roughly the same conclusions: whole area liable to landslip, had been landslides between Rlwy Tunnel and Stutfall Castle. The hard Fne. beds were lying on soft S. beds, soft water 80 ft. thick in parts retaining clay, and underneath limestone. There had been abnormal amount of rain and very low tide and slippery clay simply slid forwards. (R. Cliff same conds. but not so much collecting ground for water.) Conclusion, that adequate drainage would greatly reduce risk of repetition £8,000 had been collected and this was partly spent on new drainage, partly on house repairs and assistance to the homeless. As often happens with relief funds, there was some dissent over actual distributions.

Candshide

Candshide

Candshide

5,000 drains
2/3 house
repairs