

THE Broadie

For Broadstairs by Broadstairs

Issue 11

INSIDE
THIS
ISSUE



50p

Where
Sold

The Brigadier

The Brigadier is away.
Her ladyship isn't

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Snow? What Snow

Yes we know it's a
while ago

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at you

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By Jiminy, times is 'ard. That's what we hear from traders all over, not just in Broadstairs, although we do have that special problem named KCC Highways department who have blocked the roads of Broadstairs for well over a quarter of a year.

Unfortunately that's had a knock on effect to us, so that's why we haven't had an issue out in over three months. But hey ho, summer's on the way and hopefully trade will pickup for everyone, assuming the dreaded double dip recession stays away.

So this here issue sort of contains some of the stuff going on since Christmas.....like snow. We are also trying to get you off your bums and encourage some sporting activity, so there's a couple of pages from two of our local clubs. Oh, and we still need a regular contributor from St Peters to let us know what's going on up that neck of the woods

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Childrens Ballet Classes

Wednesdays at Holy Trinity
Church, in Broadstairs

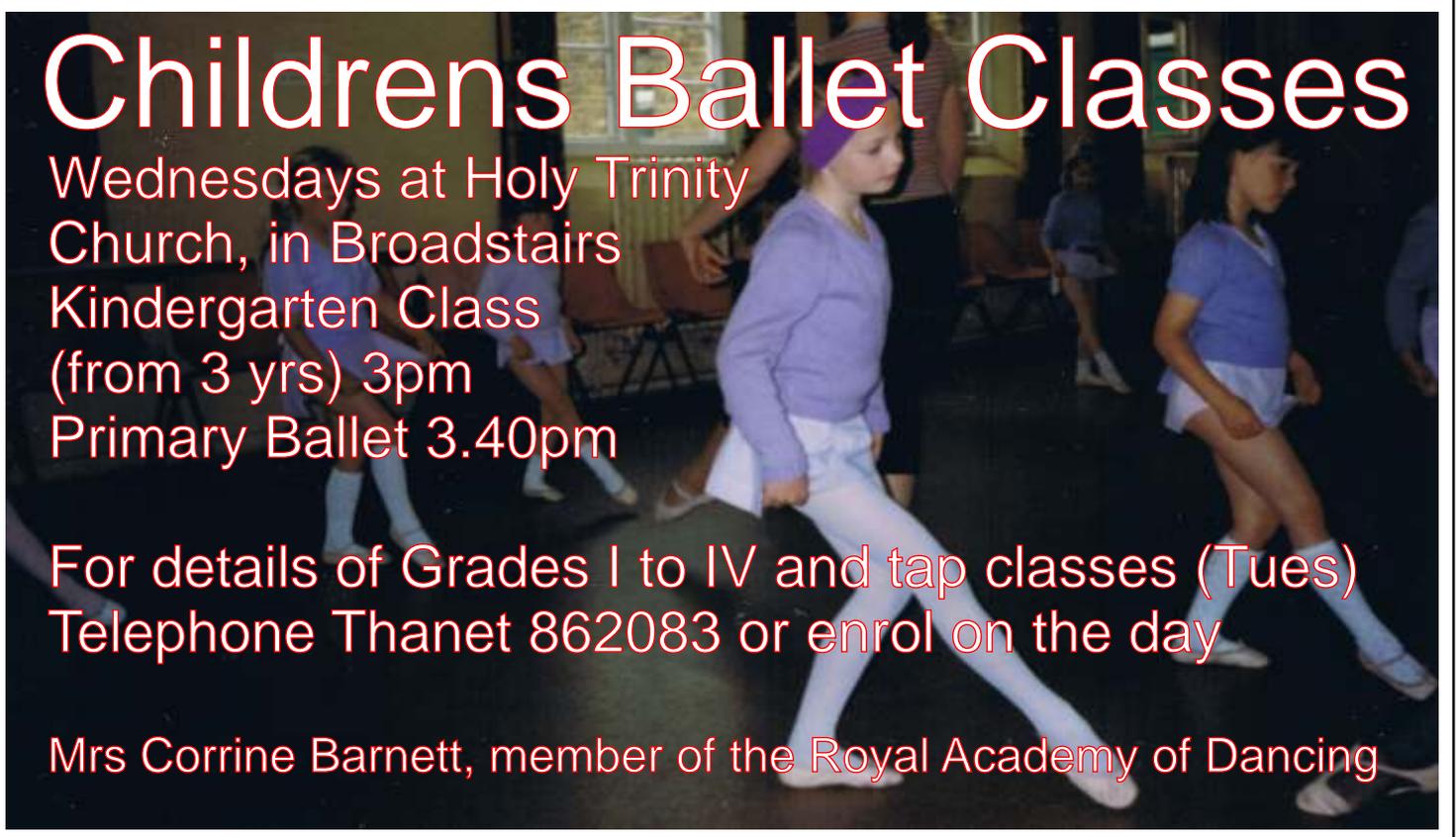
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Your Letters

Poppies

On behalf of the Broadstairs Poppy Appeal, I would like to take this

opportunity in thanking the Broadstairs Troop ACF and the Ramsgate and Broadstairs Sea Cadets, plus all those who put themselves out to help and collect this year, plus all those people who put their hands in their pockets to donate to this year's appeal.

I'm very pleased to announce that as of late December the Broadstairs Poppy appeal has raised £25,756.83. This is an increase of over £8000 on last year.

kindest regards

Clive Richards, Honorary Poppy Appeal Organiser.

Grumpy Bigger

This bloody town's a bloody cuss,
No bloody train, no bloody bus,
And no one cares for bloody us,
In Bloody Broadstairs.

The bloody roads are bloody bad
The bloody folks are bloody mad,
They make the brightest bloody sad,
In bloody Broadstairs.

All bloody clouds, all bloody rains,
No bloody kerbs, no bloody drains,
The council's got no bloody brains,
In bloody Broadstairs.

Everything's so bloody dear,
A bloody bob, for bloody beer,
And is it good? - No bloody fear,
In bloody Broadstairs.

The bloody dances make you smile,
The bloody band is bloody vile,
It only cramps your bloody style,
In bloody Broadstairs.

No bloody sport, no bloody games
No bloody fun, the bloody dames,
won't even give their bloody names,
In bloody Broadstairs.

Best bloody place, is bloody bed,
With bloody ice, on bloody head
You might as well be bloody dead,
In bloody Broadstairs.

(with thanks to Capt' Hamish Blair)

REH

Broadstairs

(You think that was miserable? We had to take out a verse because it was probably unintentionally libellous. Ed.)

All at Sea

Just a few shots of us enjoying the Broadie as we sail between the islands of St. Kitts and Nevis.

In Photos Julian Rigby, Tracy Rigby & Joshua Temple

Tracy Rigby, Somewhere warm



Double Dipped

Dear Sir

I am writing to protest most strongly at the absolute debacle of New Years Day on the beach at Broadstairs.

Since moving here, I have tried to integrate with the common people of Broadstairs by getting an allotment, getting a

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dog and lying down in Albion street to try and effect a road closure during Folk Week. Now I am told to gain credibility as a resident, I need to participate in a New Years Day swim - yet another initiation ceremony - for charity. I duly arrived at 11.55am stripped and ready. Precisely at noon I followed some screaming banshee types who entered the water to fulfill this obligation. At 12.10pm I emerged from the experience, physically shocked but mentally satisfied that I had achieved what many of the attending wimps in their warm coats, scarves, cups full of hot mulled wine, thermal socks, bobble hats etc could only dream of because of their lack of moral fibre.

Imagine then, my horror, at seeing Mr Connell and his entourage descending on the beach at 12.15pm saying that "Theirs was the official swim". It

appeared that I had been duped into blindly following a rogue outfit determined to create their own lunatic fringe. Shades of Balaclava here as the 600 followed that idiot Earl Cardigan mistakenly down into the wrong valley and the Russian guns. And me with my swimming hat, let alone a balaclava. So, to avoid humiliation and to the obvious mirth of the surrounding crowd, I was forced to strip again and plunge myself into the frozen briny for a second time.

Only the existence of my treasured box of matches managed to avoid a severe case of hypothermia upon re-emerging onto dry land. You can rest assured that I will no longer be seen anywhere near water again.

Sincerely
Captain Matthew Webb.
Rectory Road

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Paul Conyers-Silverthorne

Broadstairs has lost a larger than life character with the death of Paul Conyers-Silverthorn.

He was a perfectionist. He loved the English language and could get quite angry about misplaced apostrophe's and was intolerant of anyone who was lazy enough to casually split an infinitive (sic) (Broadie proof readers please note).

Born and bred in Broadstairs, he was, in every sense, a giant of a man. He really cared. He cared for his family, he cared for his friends and he cared for Thanet.

Goat-herder in Greece, entrepreneur, general manager of Sally Line at its peak, one time deputy head of T.D.C., bon viveur, contributor to the Broadie, published author, town crier and fierce advocate for tourism in Thanet, he will be greatly missed.

Paul always fought for Broadstairs and when he was confined to a wheelchair with no legs and crippled hands Broadstairs repaid his love. He greatly appreciated the assistance of local shopkeepers and especially the ladies in Tesco on the High Street who would rush to help him. He trusted them to take from his wallet whatever was needed.

To him this typified the warmth and spirit of the town.

It is said that to see how much you will be missed you should stick your hand in a pail of water, remove it and see how big a hole is left.

In Paul's case the pail would be empty.

Vale Paul
Harry Lagan

Its Just a Coffee!

Dear Broadie, I felt impelled to write to you after witnessing, what I believe, the worst case of DFL syndrome I have ever seen. Being a DFL myself, I felt highly embarrassed listening to what I heard in the company of my two friends who live in the town. My partner and I had come down for the weekend to visit our friends and went for a nice Sunday walk along the beach with our dog. We decided to stop for a drink at The Pavilion and found a table outside. The lovely girl behind the bar brought out a little bowl of water for 'Barney'(our dog... not one of our friends!) and we sat enjoying the sun which had made an appearance.

All of a sudden a high pitch squawk, from a lady on the table behind me, interrupted my perfect morning. "I ASKED FOR A MACHIATO..." A what? I thought... I've never heard of such a thing. Is it a new razor that's come out? "SHE SAID I COULD HAVE A CAPPUCCINO OR EXPRESSO, BUT I WANTED A MACHIATO"... Ah, a caffeine based beverage. What's wrong with asking for just a coffee, especially in a local pub and not a global coffee emporium? "YOU'D THINK THEY'D MAKE AN EFFORT FOR VISITORS... THAT'S WHY I HATE THIS COUNTRY SOMETIMES".

Not only did this DFL request an obscure hot drink in a pub, criticise the country in which she was born because they couldn't provide said beverage, but then continued to complain about the "BLAND" Cappuccino she had been served. All of this at the top of her voice, she then blurted out "I WON'T BE COMING BACK". I thought - THANK GOD.

I would like to thank all the staff at the local pubs and shops in Broadstairs who put up with these kind of DFL's and battle on regardless and apologise on behalf of those DFL's who do appreciate all the hard work and effort the local people put in to making Broadstairs such a welcoming place to go; as a home from home.

Yours Sincerely,
Copper Nob

Five Fun Fings



Dear Ed,

Please may I offer the following five ephemera 'facts' (Ahem), concerning Broadstairs:

1. Boom: This captured WW1 German field Howitzer was



installed to combat early roving gangs of so-called graffiti 'artists' in town. One phone call to the mayor/ess and a sort, sharp, shock would soon be winging its way in their direction, courtesy of the duty Town Clerk. Pointing towards the Broadway, its other job was to reduce speeding by DFL char-a-bancs and Stropopy Jalopy drivers (early Chavs) impertinently driving into town at more than 5mph.

2. Female flesh:-

The bylaw prohibiting exposure of the ankles (and anything above) in Broadstairs Bay (Viking Bay) is still in force! The one prohibiting any form of sea bathing etc after 1pm was repealed in the early 20th Century.

3. Heavy Metal:-

During a ferocious storm in the late 1920, when Viking Bay cliff support walls were being installed using the new-fangled technology of reinforced concrete, lead-lined coffins were washed out of the cliffs and some slipped into the building site area below by the Pavilion mortifying workers arriving the next day. Who collected the coffins and where they were interred is still a mystery, and which plebs like us could afford lead-lined coffin burials anyway? However no fishing weights are recorded as being sold between the years of 1920 and 1925 in Broadstairs.

4. Look out for Ghosts.

"Victoria Parade's ghost often looks out of the first floor lounge window of the Old Broadstairs Club towards its neighbour's balcony & street. You may recognize this as a very popular local modern-day hostelry. Don't look for too long.....its scary

5. Move over Dan Brown:-

The architectural geometry of the old remnants of Albion Street's Norman Conquest-era, Chapel window closely conforms to Leonardo Da Vinci's theory of Harmonic numbers said by some to also infer significant dates, persons and supposed miracles of the Christian Bible.

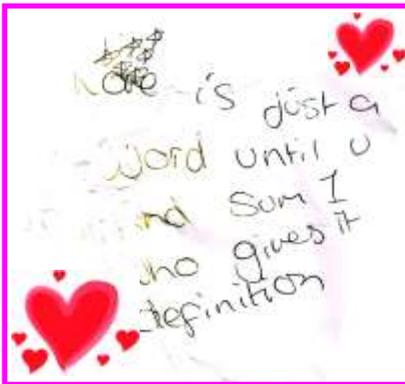
Simon Gerrard
Owlers Nook



Amy Hits 30

Here's a Broadie face we all know and love, the one and only Amy Headley. Happy 30 Birthday from us at the Broadie we don't do birthday congratulations to any old fart but we do make exceptions for local legends

Lost & Found No 4



Snippets of notes lost on the streets of Broadie and found by us.
(any personal info deleted)

One for Valentines everywhere.
"Love is just a word until you find sum 1 who gives it definition"

Intro.....

By Jiminy, times is 'ard. That's what we hear from traders all over, not just in Broadstairs, although we do have that special problem named KCC Highways department who have blocked the roads of Broadstairs for well over a quarter of a year.

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With thanks to Jessica Bexon for the photo

Dippers & Dunkers

A big well done to all those who raised money for the Liver Foundation by dunking in the near freezing briny on New Years Day. An even bigger well done to those who dunked twice due to following an earlier dunk into the sea before the main event.

Ken and Jill from the Neptune would like to pass their thanks to all those involved and would love to hear from any of those people who dunked this year just for the fun of it to see if they would be interested in making 2011 a bumper year for the Fund Raising dip in aid of the Liver Foundation.

If we could have some bids we in for 2011

we may well be able to get the Brigadier to join in the fray with his knitted bathing costume and Pith helmet.....now there's an offer the ladies can't refuse.

The event sure does bring in the crowds, so if anyone or perhaps a business out there would like to sponsor the event please contact Ken or Jill at The Neptune in Albion Street,

More cutbacks

Broadstairs is to lose its Tourist Information centre as part of the ever ongoing cutbacks by TDC. Hmmm.....Doesn't really make a whole bunch of sense if you consider the need to encourage tourism. What about re-siting it in a local shop, I'm sure one local shopkeeper wouldn't mind the extra trade that the potential increased footfall would bring

Her Ladyship



Due to an incident over the wintry period my beloved husband sustained an injury to the back of his head after it came into sudden contact with an iron skillet. This was due, in part to himself comparing the presentation of the gorgeously burnt Christmas Pheasant to his mother-in-law. Or as he put it, "You really should get some face cream for your twin Hilda, her skin's very dry".

It has therefore befallen to me, his dearly beloved to amuse and delight you this issue. I have therefore readied the butlers old computer and without further ado I will have the column fit to bursting as I pound away on Benson's laptop.

As is the British way it would seem wrong of me to carry on without mentioning what a terrible winter it has been, it's interesting to note that depending on who stops you in conversation about the subject, it is always comparable to their age as to how bad the weather actually is, old Mrs Badcrumble from the esplanade compared it unfavourably with 1953 saying that "Ooow that were a bad year, it were so cold the Frenchies walked across the channel on the ice to buy our Kentish Huffkins" Alternatively young Master Wentworth of Rectory Road likened it to 1991 with tales of the birdbath freezing over..... Ah the youth of today, three inches of snow and they can't get their Capri off the driveway. I do remember 1953 rather too well, probably because I'm reminded of it every night, as I'm not entirely convinced that my beloved has changed his socks since, his feet certainly haven't yet thawed, as I often find out at bed time when the nightly ritual of warming his tootsies on my nether regions* manages to make him erupt in gaffaws and giggles.....silly old fool. It may be that he still has frostbite from his time in the Tobruk,.... yes I know it's rather warm there but he got a little tipsy one night in the regimental canteen kitchen and fell asleep with his feet resting in the freezer, he lost two toes as I recall, they only found them when one of the junior officers rescued them from bobbing about in his potato soup. But that's enough about that old goat.

I'm very glad to say that the good weather will be with us soon, Mr Fish from the met office informed me personally that we can expect months of rain and showers which normally guarantees terrific sunshine. Talking of weather forecasters I've also noticed that why when Miss Caddy Lee Preston (you know the one with the hair like Rod Stewart and all those teeth) or any other local weather girl gives us the weather on our local news channel is she then followed up by another forecaster (usually male) telling us the weather again but in a different way? Don't they trust her? And why do they sometimes tell us that we've got a fifty percent chance of rain? Surely if it's fifty percent then they might as well say "It might rain, but then again it might not".

Bring back the little man with the spectacles, he used to make me laugh with all his jumping about like a startled mole. I always say "You can trust a little man with spectacles" That is unless his first name is Heinrich.

I do of course look forward to good weather and enjoy immensely the hours I spend in my deckchair gazing wistfully into the distance watching all the young men go by in their bathing apparel

Goodbye for now.

*Ankles



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The White Stuff



What, snow in Broadstairs? Well yes, it has been a few years since the white stuff graced us with its presence. Loved by some & loathed by others, at least it did give the budding photographers

of Broadie a chance to get out and take some real Dickensian feelgood photos that will be surely gracing the front of family Christmas cards for years to come.

(Top right we have a one eyed snowman, being guarded by Oliver and Poppy, unfortunately for Poppy it would seem she too has been dipped in the snow by her brother)

There's nothing like an early morning walk in virgin white, untouched snow, the lightness of the slight crunch beneath your feet as you step forward into the imagined Arctic Tundra as all you can hear is the muffled beating of your own heart through the inside of your fur-lined hat....and then you're confronted with the sight of three separate bloody great dog burgers turning your tableau a rather messy' icky brown colour. What is it with dogs? Perhaps they get the same pleasure as small boys do when they pee in the snow. Unfortunately I was told off by my mum for doing that when I was nine, it wasn't the peeing in the snow she objected to, it was the fact it was in the girl next doors handwriting. Not much to complain about with TDC either, (Blimey), the main roads were gritted, teams were sent out to also grit the high streets and main thoroughfares, not all bins were collected, but trust me you don't want a Dustcart sliding down the road at you as happened to my motor as I watched it disappear gracefully down Knights Avenue pirouetting faster than Jane Torvill as I chased after it like an out of control Todd Carty..



Ralph the Postie, Still in his shorts

Parking to benefit the town? In other news:-

Just come back from Whitstable where lo and behold there's a group who have taken it upon themselves to come up with a novel parking plan that not only provides parking for visitors but also lets that visitor decide how much they pay and how long they stay. The scheme is run by the local chamber of commerce in conjunction with a local school and with the wholehearted backing of its governors, quite simply the tarmacked school playground is opened up for parking which is then supervised by volunteer local charity workers, the driver parks up and pays a donation on the way out. And after speaking with the chap on the gate it would seem that because the money isn't going straight into the council coffers the people using the car park are also willing to freely donate more than they would have done if they'd used a council run car park. Okay the local authority doesn't get the money but at least you know where the money is going. And at least it's not paying for a hoard of parking attendants who seemingly don't know the meaning of the term "restraint" or "common sense".

Having said that of course the local authority in Whitstable doesn't like it, as it "Takes revenue from the council" and has recently tried to come up with many different reasons why the scheme shouldn't continue. Unfortunately the local authority in question has also forgotten that it is a public body and should perhaps help rather than hinder a group of individuals with a beneficial idea, and as any businessman knows, competition can be a healthy thing.

So what could we do in Broadstairs to emulate the scheme. Well the first thing that springs to mind is the amount of concrete that is available at all the large schools at the top of town which could be used as parking space, an enterprising person could also lay on a bus service to take day-trippers down to the main part of town, or maps could be printed for those willing to walk and perhaps stop off at businesses and attractions, such as The Crampton Tower on their trek down to the beach. The other benefit would be freeing up the town from all that extra summer traffic that clogs the roads and raises tempers. The scheme could maybe be run by a school PFA or by a group of volunteers, it could be even be a council run scheme, thus solving any conflicts over revenue.

It's quite possible that KCC would also put up obstacles with regards to using school land, as they have done in Whitstable but as the chap at the gate in question pointed out "It's our land, and we've all already paid for it".

Another point worth considering is that because of the proposed sell-off of part of Vere road car park for building works the town is once again going to have its parking places cut quite significantly, add that to the sad fact that if day-trippers that are not used to the town come and visit they will now be funnelled off away from the town-centre at the new Queens Road junction to an area where there is no official car-parking in the direction of Ramsgate. Before those visitors realise where they are they'll be hitting the Ramsgate road roundabout at which point we've possibly lost them.

It may have escaped the attention of road planners and those in charge that we now have a local economy that largely is based around tourism, yet those tourists are going to be discouraged by lack of parking and bad road design, if that is the case then just maybe, capturing those important visitors by putting extra parking up at the schools and ferrying them into town could benefit the local community and by default the local council greater than the potential loss of a few parking pounds in a council run meter.

Come on. There's lots of shops need filling at the moment, there must be someone out there with a good idea to make a buck or two. We have the old pet store in Charlotte street, the premises opposite the old fish shop, don't forget "Market Fayre" up by the war memorial to name but a few. We'll be chasing the owners in the next issue to see if we cant persuade them to increase their efforts into finding new tenants

Graffiti seems to be on the rise again, with some truly filthy individuals who seem to want to let the public know about their sexual preferences. If you see graffiti and want it removed Call 01843 577743, a message may be left, or e-mail:- gordon.hunt@thanet.gov.uk or Community.safety@thanet.gov.uk and by fax on 01843 577656. The team at TDC is more than willing to help and should be congratulated on their efforts. Don't forget, if the graffiti is of a particularly unpleasant nature TDC will do their utmost to remove it as quickly as possible.

Broadstairs Design

Here's a couple of interesting statements from the Broadstairs Town Design Statement" which is available to view on the local town councils website. It's well worth a look as it helps clarify where the local council stands on a whole host of issues, especially concerning planning.

"The Principal Planning Authority, and the Town Council as a consultee, when considering applications for further development at Westwood will take into account the applicant's proof of need for any further retail and leisure development, the scale of the development, transport impact and highway implications. The applicant is also required to provide a document indicating that there would be no unacceptable impact on the vitality and viability of the Broadstairs town centre and the Westwood Cross shopping centre."

"Any further development at the Westwood Cross town centre will be subject to limitations on the class of use for leisure, retailing, office, financial and professional services, and restrictions on retail warehouse stores and the goods they can sell."

It is undoubtably a shame that this wasn't considered before Westwood Cross was actually built.

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hello,.....hic

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not impartial to
having the odd beer.

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on the pier on a warm
summers eve watching the
world go by. This here picture
comes from a "JP Salmon
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What our boys in blue are
doing is anyone's guess,
perhaps they're just paying
tribute to the actor Jack
Warner (*to younger readers,
he starred in Dixon of Dock
Green playing a policeman*)
who once used this fine pub
as his watering hole, but it
sure looks like a warm day
and boy oh boy does it get
hot in uniform.

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Oh yes, we are back in business. The snow has gone and the days are getting longer. The time to stock take

your seed has come.

This year I have a new addition to my gardening arsenal. It comes in the form of a greenhouse (try to contain your excitement please!) so I have the added bonus of being able to extend my growing season and try to grow something new. Melons, I've always been a fan and now I can try them for size. I will let you know how it goes. If you haven't got a greenhouse then you can still sow outdoors early by warming the soil first. This can be done by laying out black matting a few weeks prior to planting. Old compost sacks are good for this. Once the seeds have germinated use a cloche to keep them toasty. Using this method means Peas, Beetroot, Carrots, Lettuce and spring onions can all be sown early and if you didn't get a chance to overwinter your Broad beans then these can also be done. Put your seeds in double rows of 2 inch deep drills with 8 inches between each seed. Peas are grown in a similar manner but with just 2 inches between seeds. The back edge of a rake makes a good drill.

Due to my disastrous plot last year I'm only growing easy care veg this time. I'm going big style on Potatoes, Onions and courgettes. I have already overwintered Garlic and Broad Beans. I have decided to grow just first early and main crop spuds and leave out second earlies. This is due to the large scale on which I'm going to grow. I've chosen two different types of first earlies, both of which I have never grown before but come highly recommended. The first is 'Rocket', which should provide a high yielding crop with good eelworm resistance (not that I have ever had a problem with that I hasten to add!) and the second is 'Vales Emerald' which I am told are delicious. My main crops are 'Pink Fir Apples' which I know from experience are both stupendous and diverse. They can be picked early and used as salad potatoes or late and roasted. I have very recently dug up the last of last year's crop and they are still tasty (especially if they are sliced, par boiled, thrown in to a baking

tray then covered in hot paprika, garlic, thyme, salt and black pepper then shoved in the oven for 25 min's. Wally's s

spicy wedges -



lovely!)
Your spuds will need 'chitting'. You do this by placing them on a bright, cool

window sill with their eyes facing up. After a few weeks they should produce little shoots which will give them a head start once planted. Egg boxes lend themselves to potato holding nicely. Incidentally Pink fir apples in my experience will not

produce very big shoots if at all. I assume that commercial growers use potatoes that do the same otherwise it would be a nightmare to plant them all out without damaging the shoots. If anyone knows if I am correct with that theory then please let me know.

I have recently been informed of a way of stopping Parsnips and Carrots that you may have left in the ground from re-growing. Simply loosen the roots with a fork but don't dig them up. Doing so apparently gives you an extra month to finish them up.

If you are reading this and the weather has been consistently horrid and not conducive to sowing then relax, this gives you more time to finish planning and digging your plot. Remember if the soil sticks to your boots then it's too wet to dig (so back to the sofa with your seed catalogues and 'The Broadie' it is then!). On the topic of planning, every year I draw a map of my plot with what I have planted marked accordingly. This means I can rotate my crops without any confusion.

Well happy New Year and good luck with the new season!

Wally's top tip: Use old plastic drinks bottles as miniature greenhouses for individual plants.

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Grab a Racket

We're trying to get you lot fit this month....or perhaps we just want to see those legs.....you decide. We've invited two local sports clubs to tell us a bit about themselves, both are based in St Peters Recreation grounds and both are very successful, so whether you like a good forehand smash or grappling with odd shaped balls look no further

For some people, tennis is something that only happens for two weeks each Summer in London SW19. However, even they will have been vaguely aware of Andy Murray's recent exploits at the United States and Australian Opens and will have begun to recognise that tennis really is a year-round sport.

Here in Broadstairs we have a thriving tennis club where play goes on throughout the year. The Broadstairs and St Peters Lawn Tennis Club, to give the Club its full name, is based at the St Peters Recreation Ground in Callis Court Road (next to Thanet Wanderers Rugby Club's ground). The Club have six all-weather, floodlit courts which are in almost daily use. Broadstairs Tennis Club was founded in 1939 and has seen many changes over the years. For a start, despite the Club's official name including the words "Lawn Tennis", they no longer play on grass. The Club also actively welcomes all-comers – it is a million miles away from being an elitist Club for which only a select few need apply. The Club now has over 200 playing members ranging in age from 6 to 80+ with an equally wide spread of playing abilities – from complete beginners through to county league players.

In 2009 the Club was awarded the prestigious Tennis Clubmark, to recognise achievement of excellent standards. The Tennis Clubmark means the Lawn Tennis Association endorses and supports a club's tennis programme, policies and procedures, action and development planning, and club management.



While the Club's main focus is obviously tennis, there are many other activities that take place among the members including: social events including dinner dances; monthly suppers; afternoon barbecues at the Club and on the beach; bike rides; walks; table tennis matches; golf tournaments; badminton; and even a ski holiday in the French Alps.

Social tennis takes place every Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday Morning (from 10.00 to 12.00) and on Tuesday and Thursday evenings (between 7.00 and 9.00). This works on the basis of turning up and playing with whoever else is there. If you fancy a game why not go along to one of these sessions (£2 for non-members) and see how you get on.

You can get further information from David Roger on 600540 or Theresa Shearer on 866084. For juniors there are various courses available depending on age and ability. Contact the Club Coach, Scott Taylor, on 07775 938986 for details. You can also visit the Club's Website at: www.broadstairstennisclub.com

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The Merry, Merry Wanderers

"We are wanderers, merry merry wanderers, we like dr**king," So begins the signature tune of Thanet's largest amateur sports club. They may be merry, but have you ever wondered why they are wanderers and where they came from? Perhaps this article will enlighten you... If not come to St Peters rec any Saturday and find out for yourself!

The first recorded game of rugby in Thanet was played in the 1870's, when a team from Margate played a side from Herne Bay. Strangely enough, the first club formed for the playing of rugby was called Margate Football Club, which came about in October 1878. The club ran until at least December 1883. On 4th October 1886, a meeting was held to "consider the best way of reviving the old Margate Football Club". (Some things never change!) Out of this meeting came "Thanet Wanderers Football Club" with the local MP as chairman. It's odd to note that the club was to play both rugby and football, and HTB Hodges was captain of both teams. The club played both codes until the soccer side folded in 1887.

The club didn't have a ground of its own, or a clubhouse and many of the early fixtures were played at Southwood, now home of Ramsgate Football club. Wanderers disbanded in 1915, when many members went to fight in France. Reforming in 1922, the club grew until the Second World War intervened. Rugby started again in 1946, and the next year, Wanderers at last found a home pitch at St Peter's rec, thanks to Broadstairs and St Peters UDC. This still left the problem of a clubhouse unresolved and the club used The Crown in Broadstairs, plus the Callis Court

(now the Lanthorne pub) Fortunately, in 1959, the landlord of the Clarendon Hotel, now the Bradstow Mill, allowed the club to use an empty room over the old garage of the hotel. With a base at last, the club grew and in the 1960's had over 90 players on the books. The late 60's and



early 1970's saw a team regarded as being one of the best in the club's history taking the field, with players such as Ian Jenkinson gaining county honours.

The club continued to grow and a new clubhouse became a must, and in 1977, planning permission was granted for the club to convert the old cricket pavilion in St Peter's rec, which was done for the princely sum of £6500! This clubhouse was fully used, and many present members have misty eyes when they recall the 2cm depth of beer on the floor most Saturday evenings.

Wanderers celebrated their centenary in 1986, in an extended clubhouse which served the club well until an unfortunate mistake with a match by local criminals lead to the destruction of the building by fire

With typical zeal, the committee seized the opportunity to rebuild and with the help of lottery sponsorship and generous grants from other sources, plus tremendous fundraising by club members, the present clubhouse rose from the ashes in 1996.

The 90's were a time of success, with the first team developing from a colts side into the juggernaut which in the 1996/7 season swept all before them to win the first Intermediate cup in a memorable final at Twickenham, where the much fancied Doncaster team were deservedly beaten by a team captained by present director of Rugby, Tom Carlier. The first team also secured promotion to London Division One the same season.

The seasons since then have seen mixed fortunes, with Wanderers finally winning the Kent cup in season 2000/2001, but being relegated to their present level of London Division Two (South) where they presently occupy a mid table slot.

So what can the present day Wanderers offer Broadstairs and the rest of the Island? Not just 5

regular adult sides on a

Saturday, but a thriving junior rugby section which on Sundays offers coaching by qualified parents and club members for age groups from 6 to 18. Not forgetting the girls' teams and women's XV, who fly the flag for the fairer sex.

There's the marvellous clubhouse with the new balcony which was opened in December 2009 and is available for community hire (Contact Gerry Doyle 07811 732038 for details) Next season, the club celebrates its 125th anniversary and there are a wide variety of events planned. If you want to know more, why not log on to www.thanetwanderers.co.uk, and if you are really up with it, try the club's facebook and twitter pages.

We are wanderers and we like more than drinking, so why not join us?

By Simon Kemp, Vice chairman TWRUFC, with due acknowledgement of the late John Treharne's centenary club history



Victory News

4 Nelson Place, Broadstairs

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Pothole old boy



There she goes, another one of our fearless brave bus drivers comes a cropper down one of the many newly made Thanet potholes which have been carved out by the near Arctic conditions.

In the meantime good 'ol KCC Highways have been busy block paving the road (Paving? Road?) to make it look nice whilst ignoring the bleedin' great holes appearing all over the place. So here's their number so all you good people can phone 'em up and tell them to come and fill the gaps before you lose you postman to the abyss.

KCC Highways:- 08458 247800

Information for Free?

We've been reading in the other local press that it's costing £40K per annum for the local council to conform to the Freedom of Information Act. We can only assume that the costs of this has only been made public because the council may well see it as an un-necessary expense. It's surely a shame that TDC are willing to pass on information that they want to show us, but often with-hold information which may appear damaging or be somehow used against our local council. A few years ago before the act was put in place we tried (unsuccessfully) to get TDC to tell us exactly how much had been spent on each Council subsidised festival and event within Thanet, so we could compare the derisory amount spent on Folk Week to the huge amounts spent on other events. After numerous e-mails and enquiries we got absolutely nowhere, even though we were asking about something that should have been public knowledge. Should we need the FOI act? No because our council should be wholly transparent. Do we need the act? Absolutely yes, so we can keep an eye on where our hard earned is spent, and to double check what some may not necessarily want us to see



Aphrodisiacs



Defined as a substance which stimulates an increase of vitality or sexual desire.

The origin of the word stems from Aphrodite the Greek goddess of love and desire. Legend has it that she arose from the foamy sea from the severed genitals of Ouranos (Uranus) husband to Gaia and father of the titans. It is said that Aphrodite may be the same as Venus and Aurora and many other goddesses sharing the same traits.

For almost as long as humans have been self aware, we have searched long and hard for ways of improving libido. Many, many foods and minerals have been awarded the title of aphrodisiac and peddled by many a physician or trader as a 'cure' for impotence. Unfortunately these rarely stand up to scrutiny and so in recent times have been ridiculed by 'scientists', however there is truth in some of these claims for those of us whom from time to time have a depression in attaining the virile state of mind required. Libido is a state accomplished by the careful balance of hormones and neurotransmitters and so can easily be tipped, although the body in its eternal wisdom and the power of self preservation will always struggle to maintain this balance.

Most civilisations have some historical record of use of aphrodisiacs and there are most probably many more recipes and mixtures that were not documented.

Egyptians:

leaders in medicines and way ahead of the rest of the world technologically in their time. Possibly the most well known of the Egyptians was Cleopatra, known for her beauty and seduction of the men around her with perfumes and opiates. Love and sex ran deep through the religion of the Egyptian gods. The favourite food of the god of fertility Min was a lettuce (not the lettuce you get in the supermarket) and this was considered a great aphrodisiac. Celibate priests refused to consume onions lest they were provoked into sexual temptation. Other plants considered aphrodisiac were **fennel, ginger, pomegranates, coriander** and **radishes**. some non plant items were pearls dissolves in wine and baboon faeces.

Romans:

Like many other civilisations the romans were very open and exploratory of sexual experiences and not many things in terms of sexuality were deemed taboo. Most practices seen as unallowable and illegal were usually defined by class and social distinctions. The Roman gods played a big part in leading how the society saw sexuality. Like Aphrodite, Venus was a goddess of love, fertility and desire, often depicted naked. Cupid, son of Venus, is well known for his role as the god of beauty and erotic love. Stories of the gods often involved sexual encounters and seduction. The biggest aphrodisiac that the romans employed was, like Cleopatra, perfumes and scent. The Romans in general used massive quantities of **frankincense** and **myrrh** to woo the opposite (and just as frequently same) sex.

Greeks:

As stated before, the term aphrodisiac comes from Greek roots. Honey was a well known stimulator of the vitality in the ancient Greek times. Some even believe it to be the origin of the great 'ambrosia', food of the gods but this is mostly conjecture. **Honey** has been thought of as an aphrodisiac throughout the world. The honeymoon isn't called that for nothing - couples used to drink mead on their honeymoon to sweeten the

future of their marriage. Plant bulbs were often fried and consumed to increase libido although I would not do that if I were you as many of them are poisonous. The great physician himself Hippocrates stated that lentils help keep you virile throughout your life.

Mayan/ Aztec:

And finally we come to chocolate (**Cacao** - translated as 'food of the gods'), not only used for its sensual and luxuriant texture but cultures including the Mayans and Aztecs considered it a great delicacy and aphrodisiac, especially it seems when combined with spices and chillies. It is of no surprise really as the cocoa bean contains many chemicals related with states of happiness and euphoria and as with many aphrodisiacs it is used as a general stimulant.

Some other items of note:

The doctrine of signatures(DoS) is an age old idea that often if a plant resembles a body part, it is likely to be good for said body part. And so often vegetables such as carrots, parsnips and asparagus were labelled as aphrodisiacs because of their similarities with a phallus.

Mandrake the popular plant used in witchcraft and magic was stated in the old testament of the bible as being able to make a barren women conceive, like said above this is partly because of the beliefs that the root resembles a woman's thighs.

Yohimbe, a quite commonly used plant extract in america mostly for its chemical component yohimbine (an alkaloid) and its effect on impotence.

Oysters. Yes I had to mention these slimy little things. They have been known in popular culture and as far back as roman times as being an aphrodisiac. Some claim, in conjunction with the DoS, that this is because they resemble the woman's vagina, however it is known that they do contain plenty of zinc thought to improve male virility and D-aspartic acid and N-methyl-D-aspartate in small amounts which have been linked with release of sex hormones.

Nutmeg has been used in china by women for its effects on libido and some studies have shown increased sexual activity in mice when taking nutmeg. As with most things nothing is conclusive about its effects on human sexual behaviour.

Shatavari is known as indian asparagus. in Sanscrit Shatavari means 'she who possesses 100 husbands' giving a clue to the fact that it has been used to increase female libido to supposedly cope with such a situation.

Anaphrodisiacs:

As you might imagine these have quite the opposite effect on the libido. Funnily enough **alcohol** is considered an anaphrodisiac because although it decreases your inhibitions, it does make you less physically able. **Chasteberry** (agnus castus) was frequently used by monk as the name suggests as an aid to reduce their libido. Herbalists believe that it is however dose dependant and especially in women can either stimulate or depress libido.

It goes without saying that a lot of the properties of an aphrodisiac are in the mind and the best treatment incorporates a strong belief that what you are taking will work

The information provided here is purely for interest sake. If you wish to consider taking any aphrodisiacs such as these please talk to your local herbalist first.

For more information please email me @

wjwoodcock@hotmail.com

William Woodcock Bsc (hons) MNIMH

A MOST STRANGE & CURIOUS GUIDE TO BROADSTAIRS

Wherein will be found set forth much unreliable information and many quaint conceits.

Taken from the book by Arthur Helliar written in 1924 and reproduced by Michael's Book Shop in Ramsgate.

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CHAPTER THE FOURTH

BEING rather a lengthy one, as it deals with an important subject, to wit the Beach

And now we come to what is really the most important part of Broadstairs, and that is the beach. Should you be the fortunate possessor of a family, the first thing to do is to procure a bucket and spade, either by fair means or foul. You can borrow your landlady's household bucket and the horticultural implement of your landlord if you like (or rather *they* like), but owing to their size these savour rather of a vulgar ostentation. You can pinch them on the sands when their juvenile owner's attention is distracted momentarily by dear Uncle Mack and his Merry Minstrels (of whom more anon), but the method we really recommend is to purchase them at one of the numerous emporia in the town, where you will be welcomed with open arms, so to speak, the tradesmen of Broadstairs being specially noted for their politeness, and enjoying a world-wide reputation for geniality. Having procured these necessary adjuncts, then comes dear Daddy's chance to indulge in the pastime of constructing sand castles and incidentally contracting back-ache. Now most fond parents pretend that they only join in this sport in a spirit of self-sacrifice, just to amuse the children: but don't you believe it, dear reader, they enjoy the fun every bit as much as the nippers do, if not more, and very often do not prove nearly such efficient architects as the kiddies. We ourselves, though not exactly in the giddy hey-day of youth (whatever that is!) yield to no man in the joy we experience in constructing miniature break-waters of sand, and endeavour to keep the unruly ocean in its proper place. The most exciting event of the sort we ever experienced was some years ago on the occasion of a particularly high tide, when we helped to construct a dam (sorry!) in front of the door leading into the bar of that quaint and pleasing hostelry, y'clept (known as we had to look it up) 'The Tartar Frigate', in order to try and keep the flowing tide from invading the cellars. The ocean won! It was a pretty



sight (though not one appreciated by the landlord) to see herrings and haddocks gaily swimming round the bar parlour. We are intellectually capable of introducing a joke here about a small Bass, but it has been done before, we will refrain. The rocks on the beach are principally inhabited by limpets. Now personally we cannot see why a limpet should want to reside in a picturesque place like Broadstairs at all. They live in houses without any windows, they seldom, if ever, venture abroad, and appear to take no interest in the beauties of nature. We consider that a limpet would be just as happy in a London slum and the valuable space they occupy could be used by more appreciative creatures. Shrimping is a favourite form of sport with young people, but we should not advise you to go without lunch in the fond expectation of a high tea, simply because Gladys or Henry has been provided with a net, the catches seldom proving large enough to provide a whole family with nutrition. The Broadstairs shrimps, though delicate in flavour, are inclined to be disappointingly small in size. It is true they can be kept in a glass jar until they attain edible proportions, but we do not advise this as they are difficult to rear in

captivity. Another popular form of amusement on the sands is digging a hole behind the chair of some stranger (corpulent for preference) deeply engrossed in a book. When the chair has toppled backwards and the victim emerges from the pit, it is as well to cultivate an innocent expression and appear to be intensely interested in something out at sea. A short time ago some brainy individual suggested in the local press, among other improvements (we shall refer to another in the next chapter) in order to make a nice playground for the children that the sand should be removed from the shore and the beach neatly asphalted over; but we are pleased to say that up to the time of going to press the authorities have not acted upon the idea. If you do not feel inclined to walk up the steps to the promenade you will find that with admirable forethought a lift has been provided. It is frequently a touching sight to see some visitor from London suddenly burst into floods of hot, scalding tears when he hears these well-known words:-

"Stand clear of the gates, please" so forcibly do they remind him of his own native Tube (as it were) and make him think for the moment that he is back again in Piccadilly Circus.

Taken from the book by Arthur Helliar

Shop Watch

There are lots of interesting new businesses sprouting up here and there since our last issue. Thankfully filling up the empty shops. Here they are:-

Two new eateries of note, both Italian but very different from each other.

La Dolce Vita, café bar, (Les Joules as was) has been revived by Andrea & Tracey. They are very proud that their food is freshly made, from lots of produce mainly cheese & meats, imported from Italy every few days. Quite a bit of their food is organic. I haven't tried anything there yet but it looks as if plenty of other people are finding there way there.



Nonna's Kitchen

1 Oscar Road

Small but perfectly formed & packed full of stuff. Sisters Lucia &

Linda, who were born not far from their new venture, told me that 'Nonna' means grandmother and that though they are both nonnas, the café is named after their Italian Grandma. There

are traditional snack type things, sandwiches and home made cakes but their different idea is to have pasta and home made sauces to eat in or take home. Good idea to pick up something different whilst out to have at home. The recipes are all authentic Italian home cooking.



Opposite Pierremont there is a new carpet & rug shop, **Pickwicks**. They have a large range of carpets to suit all pockets, from Axminster to more everyday prices & a 'huge' selection of rugs (so Steven the manager tells me).

The High Street Dental Practice which opened recently had queues nearly up the High Street on the day they started. As an NHS dentist they were very quickly in demand and it took just **FOUR** weeks to fill their books!

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There is a new clothes shop at The Broadway, where Cyber Central used to be. (They have now moved a little way along St Peter's Road. Thanks for the speedy rescue recently guys; it's amazing how devastating a loose screw can be if it's in your computer). The new business is **Icke & Co** which sells both men & womens' clothes. I was surprised because from a brief glance in passing it looks like mainly blokes clothing. Danielle & David assured me I was wrong & that they sell designer clothes such as Ralph Lauren & Timberland.

Bay 158 at the corner of Carlton Avenue are now offering a picture framing service since the gallery next door to them has closed down



There is a new UPVC windows, doors & conservatory shop opened next to Cat's Whiskers, called **Lighthouse Windows**.

There is also rumoured to be a new beauticians, a nail bar, a fish & chip shop & even a nightclub (not sure about that one) & the usual gossip about other strange & wonderful businesses that may/may not appear. Some so under wraps I can't even tell you.....see I can keep a secret.

Nostalgia in Broadstairs

Richard Lewis

There's always a lot to be nostalgic about in Broadstairs, but I didn't think I'd become nostalgic about nostalgia itself. Or I should say Nostalgia with a capital 'n'. Perhaps it's the effect of the deep dark tunnel of winter. Even a few weeks' refuge in Spain have failed to overcome it. The fond memory of Nostalgia persists like a brilliant and strange Dalí painting. We'd walked out one summer morning making for the sea. The weather was good and the sun shone on the firmament of the beach with its star-like clusters of children, its rainbow windbreaks, its flying Frisbee saucers and its Tardis Punch and Judy. We felt glad to be there, two figures strolling the promenade and jetty.

Lunch made it even better. Dishes irrigated with Rioja brought on a new warmth and the crispness of the white tablecloth put a jaunty spring into our elbows. Then at last we stepped back out, blinking, into the sunlight. The afternoon positively sparkled as we picked our way along the seafront towards the bandstand. There was fun in the air, and soon we became aware of the strains of music rollicking towards us. On the bandstand we made out the shapes of a duo surrounded by their dark electronic materials. One man leant into the microphone and sang with the smile of long experience on his face, the other good-naturedly bent over his keyboard and did the backing.

'How about a tea?'

'I think I can feel a Magnum coming on.'

We parked ourselves on a chair and let the sound of the sixties wash over us as we sipped and nibbled. The singer was in fine voice and had a repertoire stretching from the heights of Roy Orbison to the depths of Elvis, with a great deal of sixties sundries in between. He was a bandstand veteran with an eye to keeping his audience happy and, as he joked between numbers, requests were tossed towards him on the breeze. Nothing could ruffle him and he stood captured in a halo of serenity as he sang his way through the afternoon to the backdrop of sea and boats. His rhythmic partner bobbed genially back and forth as he moulded his keyboard-playing to the front man and twiddled knobs to get the electronic backing right. He was another veteran of the seafront, with his spindrift hair blowing in the wind and his open-air face beaming with focussed contentment. Occasionally he also sang a chorus, or did some vocal backing.

Just as we were deciding our musikfest had run its course and it was time to move on to other adventures, a new song started up which made us pause. The amiable backing man had launched into a Cliff Richard number and with a mixture of laughing and singing produced: 'Bah, ba-ba-ba-bah, ba-ba-ba-bah, ba-ba-ba-bah.' After a couple of 'bah, ba-ba-ba-bah' reprises the front man crackled into action and gaily sang Cliff's 'In The Country':

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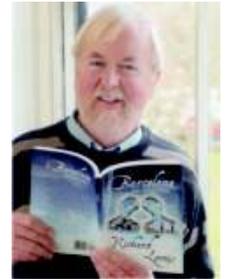
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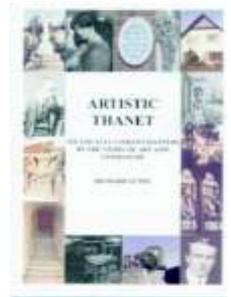
'You're going to find mebah, ba-ba-ba-bah..... way out in the countrybah, ba-ba-ba-bah.'

It was a huge joke between them both, and with their happy audience. And as we finally walked away, nothing could stop us half-singing, half-murmuring: 'Bah, ba-ba-ba-bah.' I looked around a last time and noticed their board propped up against the bandstand – a board I hadn't been able to see before from the angle we were sitting at. Their stage name leapt out in big white letters: NOSTALGIA.

How persistently a chance encounter can stay with you. Ever since, I've been nostalgic for Nostalgia and can't wait for the summer to come again. And whenever I want to summon a smile and feel the whole thing flooding back, I merely intone: 'Bah, ba-ba-ba-bah', and somewhere in the house the echo returns to me.



Richard Lewis lives in St Peters and is the nostalgic author of 'Barcelona One More Time', an 'autobiofictional' book about going to live and work in 1970s Barcelona. The book is available direct from the author (email: richard.lewis7@yahoo.co.uk), from Amazon or from the local libraries. He is also the author of the local history book 'Artistic Thanet'



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Events and Listings

March 2010

Fri 26th 7pm Speech & Drama Festival. Concert & Prize Giving. Memorial Theatre Hilderstone
www.thanetfestival.org.uk

Tues 30th 3pm St P's Old Boys & Comm. Ass. Easter Tea.
 St Peter's Memorial Hall 864162

April 2010

Fri-Mon 2nd - 5th 9-5pm Art Exhibition. Promenade. 862885

Sat 3rd 3pm Easter Concert. Holy Trinity 865565

Sun 4th 10am Craft Fair. Pavilion 800999

Weds 7th 7.45pm Dickens Fellowship. Dickens House Museum. All welcome. 860159

Sat 10th 7-9pm Canterbury Waits. Early Music Group. York St Methodist. 864246

Mon 12th 7.30pm Isle of Thanet Geographical Ass. 'New Zealand' - B. Withington Park Hall. 602051

Tues 13th 7.30pm The Broadstairs Soc. 'Rationed Fashion' - Lee Ault. Park Hall. 868835

Weds 14th 7.30pm St P's & B Horticultural Soc. 'Spotlight On Kent' - H. Wills. Park Hall 601095

Thurs 15th 2pm Thanet Deco & Fine Arts. St Pancras, Canary Wharf & friends - London's railways & underground stations'. St Peter's Church Hall. 580389

Sun 18th 7.30pm Evening wit the Broadstairs Concert Band. Pavilion 581185

Mon 19th 7.30pm B'st Victorians Social Evening Crampton Tower 863841

Mon 19th 7.30pm Thanet Fuchsia Group. 'Butterflies & Wild Orchids of Kent' - D. Wilkes. St Peter's Church Hall. 225122

Regular Meetings/events

Every Mon 7.30pm B'st Chess Club Memorial Theatre, Hilderstone

Every Tues 7.30pm

Learn to Salsa Pavilion 600999

Every Tues 6-7pm Brownies. York St Methodist Church 601932

1st Tues 2pm

TARA St Peters Memorial Hall 603332

2nd Tues 2.30pm Island Floral Group.

St Peter's Church Hall 592987

4th Tues 7.30pm

Island Greenfingers' Club. Portland Centre, Hopeville Ave 831618

2nd Weds March 7.30pm Thanet Amnesty Group. Friends Meeting House, St Peters Rd 295536

Every Weds

Beginners 8-9pm Intermediate 9-10pm

Line Dancing St Peters Church Hall 585537

Every Weds 7.30pm

Bridge Club. Portland Centre,

St Peter's 604954

www.bridgewebs.com/broadstairs

Every Weds 7.45pm Thanet Festival

Choir Holy Trinity Church 602332

Every Thurs 10-11.15am

St Peters Old Boys & Comm. Ass

St Peters Memorial Hall 864162

Every Thurs 2-3.30pm Line Dancing.

St Peter's Memorial Hall 603332

3rd Thurs 2-4pm Broadstairs Ladies

Lifeboat Guild Holy Trinity Church 861306

Every Fri 7-9pm St Peters Old Boys & Comm

Ass, WHIST St Peters Memorial Hall 864162

Every Weds & Fri 5-7pm Beginners Skating

Every Tuesday 5-7pm Advanced Skating

Every Sat & Sun 5-6.30pm Climbing Club

Revolution Skatepark & Climbing Centre

866707 www.revolutionskatepark.co.uk

4th Broadstairs Scout Group

Mon & Weds Beavers & Cubs Fri Scouts

Tues uniform shop Belvedere Rd 226486

Thanet Film Society

fts@thanetfilm.co.uk

March

30th : Morris:

A life with bells on

April 13th : A Prophet

20th : Capitalism:

A love affair

27th : Still Walking

Useful websites

www.visitthanet.co.uk

www.activethanet.com

www.broadstairs.gov.uk

www.BroadstairsFoodFestival.org.uk

www.thanetkids.co.uk

Broadstairs Clubs & Organisations

Angling Society 865566

B & St P's Art Group 848016

B & St Ps' Bowls Club 861283

B & St Ps' Concert Band 581185

B Cricket Club 602681

B Lifeguard & Swimming Club

865292

B Sailing Club 861373

Back Care Exercise 601631

E Kent Lacemakers' Guild 865102

E Kent Morris Minor Club 867270

Joss Bay Surf School 07812 991195

Kent Surf School 866707

N Foreland Badminton Assoc

01227 374919

N Foreland Golf Club 862140

Pilates classes 861375

Rock Doctor Walks 0870 2646111

Thanet Archery Club 863561

Thanet Male Voice Choir 865819

Thanet Squash Club 865484

Thanet Wanderers' Rugby Club

593142

Vikings' Sea Angling Soc 865566

Walkers' Friend 07801 508958

The Seventy Chamber Choir of Thanet

Concert of "The St John Passion" by

Handel, plus selected choruses from

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Sarah Thorne Theatre Club

Memorial Theatre, Hilderstone

www.sarahthorne-theatreclub.co.uk

0845 2626263

[Caruso & the Quake - Sat 20 Mar](#)

[Life's Winding Road - Sat 27 & Sun 28 March](#)

[The Boyfriend - Sat 3 & Sun 4 April](#)

Max Miller, the Cheeky Chappie - Sat 10 April

Blue Rhythm Kings - Sun 11 April

Picture of Dorian Gray - Sat 17 April

Spring Classical Concert - Sun 18 April

Victorian Music Hall - Sat 24 April

[Patrick Dunn - Sun 25 April](#)

Sat 20th March 10.30-12

Thanet U3A Coffee Morning to discover
 the group's activities. All welcome.

St Peter's Church Hall. 295084



Sat 27th March

11-3.30pm

St Peter's & Broadstairs

Horticultural Soc.

SPRING FLOWER SHOW

St Peter's Church Hall

The organisers of Ramsgate Week, sponsored by Vattenfall, are collaborating with Broadstairs Sailing Club to incorporate a dinghy sailing regatta into the 2010 programme. A six race dinghy series will take place on 21st and 22nd August.

The exciting addition will result in a fleet of over 200 boats - IRC, Cruiser and Dinghy - sailing off the coast between Ramsgate and Broadstairs on Saturday 21st August. Ramsgate Week IRC and Cruiser fleet will sail from 16th to 21st August.

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