

News roundup What's been going on? Click & go
The treadmill of
Internet shopping

A Healthy 2013
Mrs Wally ditches
the calories

Year planner
We sort out your year
in advance

10 ThingsBob's Thanet facts & fancies



with thanks to Martin Howard for front cover photo

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Seth Scotches the Rumour

Following repeated comments about Morelli's floating around Facebook, I wrote to Louise Morelli who has replied:

"We have heard this rumour before. It has been circulating for over a year now. Incredible! We have no idea who started it. It would be interesting to know...

"I can absolutely confirm that our Broadstairs store is not closing and there is no truth at all in the rumour. The shop is owned and run by the Morelli family and we have absolutely no plans to close this store and certainly haven't invited McDonald's to open here!!

"Our ice cream parlour has so much history and memories and is extremely precious to all the family members. We have been serving the people of Broadstairs since 1932 and will continue to do so, with the fifth generation of the Morelli family currently ensuring you all receive freshly made ice cream 364 days a year (as we do have Christmas day off!).

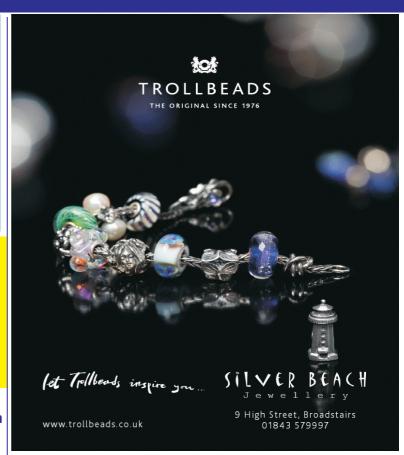
"Rest assured that Morelli's is here to stay!"

I hope that helps to put the record straight Many thanks Seth Proctor

Is 10.30 the new Midnight?

So what was all that about? New Years Eve fireworks at 10.30pm. Worse thing was my wife thought it was midnight and demanded her new years kiss. I only had to do it all over again an hour and a half later I want compensation

Name and address withheld for marital harmony reasons



Bowling for Beginners

If the Christmas celebrations and all the hype of the New Year have left you feeling jaded or despondent and your life is lacking direction. If your friends and family seem remote, why not take up a new challenge this year. Broadstairs and St Peters Bowls Club have so much to offer. Our season begins in April with a Grand Opening Ball to encapsulate St George's Day. We have an orchestra coming along to play music from the Forties so why not become a member and join in the fun.

Our Bowling club has a busy social life and what could be better than meeting new friends, learning a new skill and having a wonderful social life into the bargain.

Don't worry if you have never played before we are always pleased to welcome new members to our club and we can offer you the bowls, shoes and friendly free tuition to get you started. You d be amazed how quickly you pick it up and begin to feel a part of the club. We have players of all abilities who encourage and help where they can.

In the winter we play short mat within the club, Friday evenings are social nights and once a month we have a Party night, St Patricks, Race Night, Valentines night etc etc. for the ladies there is a choir or a gentle keep fit class, we welcome young and old couples or single ladies or gentlemen so don't sit there feeling lost or depressed come along. Feel the fear but do it anyway.

Josephine King Broadstairs & St Peters Bowls Club

Thanet Film Society

Tuesdays at 8pm at The
Palace Cinema
7th Feb: We Need to Talk
About Kevin
14th Feb: The Ides of March
21st Feb: Take Shelter
28th Feb: The Light Thief
6th March: Tyrannosaur
13th March: The Salt of Life
20th March: In a Better
World
27th March: Kill List

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My town and I

In which fellow Broadies tell us what they think about the town in which they live - Darren Hehir

I came to Broadstairs to meet a woman, and I never really left. I went away repeatedly as I still had a life and a job in a far-away city, but each time I returned it felt a little bit more like coming home. Like I had always belonged here, but was only now discovering this. It took about a year for me to move here, to really make it home, and by the time I did I had fallen in love with the place. I loved the peace and quiet, and slower pace of life. I loved the fact that locals who had never lived elsewhere did not seem to realise it is peaceful and quiet and has a slower pace of life. I loved the fact that when people told me that Thanet had it's own micro-climate, I would smile on the inside, knowing that everywhere I have been in Britain the locals believe that. Now I live here, I have started to believe it myself, even though I know it is probably not true. One day I too will tell a visitor from far away that we have our own weather here, more like France than England.

I continue to fall in love with this strange little town on the edge of what many people refer to as an island. How can this be an island, I think, I did not cross water to get here. There is more than one definition of island. They know this. I am just learning. Foolish, cityhardened, me.

I love the fact that each June people dress like extras from a new production of Oliver, and nobody bats an eyelid. Some of these people even look comfortable doing this. I love the fact that each August the town is invaded by men with beards and unusual trousers. Men, and often women, that drink from pewter tankards, and stand around watching other men, and often women, dance around hitting each other with sticks. During this time you can buy a drink in one pub, and walk into another with it. And they let you! I told my city friends about this and they did not believe me. Sometimes, during the summer, there are fireworks. For no apparent reason other than it is Wednesday. The lady in the paper shop knows my name. I once asked in the shop if they sold electrical tape, and the chap offered to lend me his roll. There is a proper hardware store, with a man in a brown coat who will disappear and rummage in a drawer, regardless of what you ask for. They had electrical tape, obviously. It was in the back of a little drawer. The kebab shop delivers! My city friends did not believe this

I have only lived here a few short years, but I cannot imagine living anywhere else. I have a pewter tankard. I have a beard. (In fairness, I have had a beard all my adult life). I have started to believe that I live on an island.

And the woman? She became my wife. She became my life...

What's your story of how you came to live here?

Let us know at
thebroadie@googlemail.com

Tales of Yore

Long before any editor had come up with the notion of publishing a letters page in the local newspaper, Thanet councillors instead expressed their disapproval with one another by shaking a floret of that hardy Thanet brassica, the Cauliflower, at their adversary - Hence the term "An attack of the Cauliwobbles"

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A VAST NUMBER OF OUR REPEAT SUMMER TRADE CUSTOMERS HAVE TOLD US THIS PAST SUMMER THAT THEY WON'T BE RETURNING TO THE TOWN BECAUSE OF THIS AND THE TROUBLE THEY HAVE HAD WITH THE YOUTHS ON THE BEACH AND IN THE TOWN IT SELF.

WE CONTINUE TO HAVE SHOPS IN DEAL AND WHITSTABLE WHICH ARE BOTH INCREASINGLY VIBRANT TOWNS AND HAVE AMPLE FREE PARKING (THANET DISTRICT COUNCIL TAKE NOTE) ON STREET RIGHT IN THE CENTRE OF TOWN.

WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING MANY OF YOU AT ONE OF OUR OTHER STORES IN THE NEAR FUTURE .

Notice on Window of High Street shop

It's so sad to see the closure of another retail business on the high street.

Maybe it's a sign of the times we're living in at the moment, perhaps the influence of Westwood Cross and the wholesale lack of interest in encouraging independent retail. Or maybe it just exactly what it says on the notice.

Either way, isn't it about time that either TDC or our town council came up with a town plan to help stop the rot and create a coherent vision for the future of Broadstairs - just like they did for Margate!

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The World Beyond Broadstairs

Russell Crowe has recently won plaudits from the cinema going public for his amazing portrayal of an actor who can't sing or act in the block-busting Les Miserable the life story of Britains favourite grump Les Dawson

The winter Flu epidemic hit the headlines after numerous wards at the QEQM were closed due to patients being ill

Facebook has reached a global record of one billion users which begs the question, what do the other seven billion people in the world do when they see a cat pulling a face?

Prince Harry admitted to taking some Taliban looking people out of the game, which was nice of him as that's surely better than Taliban looking people on the game

The French have been making bad smells all over Kent after a factory in Rouen reported a chemical leak.

The UK health protection agency reported that there was no risk to health. The French Health Protection Agency reported "Hmmpf" whilst shrugging their shoulders.

Education secretary Michael Gove recently visited a Cliftonville primary school to remind children what strangers look like and that certain adults are best avoided and should not be spoken to under any circumstances. Mr Gove announced that "He will be saying more about how we want to help children in care in the next few weeks". Presumably by re-instating the workhouse.

Independent Councillor John Worrow will not be standing for election again, a move that will undoubtedly be celebrated at the local Conservative Party.

Councillor Ken Gregory was let back into the conservative fold despite failing to apologize or sit an anger management course after insulting Mr Worrow by suggesting that it would be a good thing if he died of Aids, shortly after this incident Councillor Mrs Punch appeared brandishing an iron frying pan and accused Councillor Crocodile of stealing the sausages, at this point an inept policeman arrived at the scene but struggled to find the accused sausage thief even though Councillor Bayford repeatedly suggested that the policeman turn around and arrest the culprit standing directly behind him....or something like that.



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They always think three inches is really eight

"I'm going out, I may be some time", no really, don't try and stop me I really am going out, what's that you're putting the kettle on - well okay just one more cuppa, now where's that camera

Yes it definitely snowed, you especially could tell on the Broadie Mag' Facebook page after we suggested you post up your favourite snow pic you'd taken that morning. Well blow me down what a lot of photos, from artistic to sweet, moody and atmospheric to just plain grey. All of which proved a sexually psychological point that has just been blamed on men's insecurity for many years, and that is, the snow wasn't eight inches deep, is was just three, but we all got excited by it, we all took photos of it, and we all wanted to show them off.



Where have all the people gone.

"Hello, Hello, Is there anyone there, Can anybody out there hear me. Hello."

By 'eck it's been quiet in town in the last few weeks since Christmas. It really is no wonder even some of the big boy all singing all dancing businesses have gone to the wall, and in some cases, some of the big businesses that once destroyed all the little businesses.

Apparently people have changed the way they shop with this year being the first that online Christmas shopping has overtaken high street shopping. The way we shop has undoubtably been changed over the last decade, and whilst we can all moan about how things used to be better, in the long run it won't help solve the issue of what an earth do we do with the High Street. We've all rather sleepwalked into becoming characters in the film 'WALLe', come on, remember the huge overweight gargantuan humans consigned to hovering chairs who just tapped stuff into the armrest computers and then received their goods from small motorised robots - well that's the logical next step.

Whilst the demise of retailers that have to compete with Internet shopping and the digitisation of music, film and entertainment has been quite devastating for the High Street, as has the move to out of town complexes with shops the size of submarine pens. I sincerely hope all is not lost. Take a look at towns that are still a success story, what have they got that we haven't? Browse-ability....Now shopping has turned away from a daily drudge of necessity to retail therapy/pleasurable activity, people like to browse, if we can't give them designer labels, DVDs, cheap clothes and Shoe shops, then we're going to have to give them something more interesting to look at. Lets take a look at the Southern town of Lewes. About the same size as Broadstairs and not quite on the bread line. Yet they've still got a main thoroughfare worth visiting, and yes people do. One of the main pulls of the town is the Vintage antique shops, four story buildings stuffed full of yesterdays tat and nonsense that is just so popular at the moment. Why can't we do that in Broadstairs? Vintage and secondhand shopping can compete with the internet because of its Browseability and general popularity and the fact that you really need to look at what you're buying, it would also attract people with money in their pocket, and trust me, once you start looking around these sorts of shops you don't come away empty handed.

Now for the rant

But what of the Internet shop? Do you know what? I don't give a toss if it is cheaper on Amazon, all shops would be cheaper if they were as immoral as a company that has found ways to not pay any tax in the UK on goods sold. Is this really the society we all want, where the only company always has the word Tesco after its first name? (Yes we do know who you are 'Harrow and Hoole' which begs the question if you are so proud of your Tesco's name why aren't you shouting about it on your new Coffee shop frontages). Do we really want a modern supermarket responsible for every aspect of our lives from what we are fed as babies all the way through to who buries us, because that's what we're going to end up with if we're not careful. A country where competition has been so stifled, that the only money spent is syphoned off into share dividends as opposed to within the community where you live. Your council, your government and those who you supposedly look to, to look after your interests have spent the past thirty years leading this country into a rampant capitalistic economic culde-sac, with promises of never ending growth whilst simultaneously stamping industry (You remember, people making stuff out of other stuff) into the ground. Just like every other political ideal from Communism to Fascism, Capitalism has been shown to have just as many rich and varied faults as all the other political and economic fashions. We now have a

society wholly dependent on the concept of buying new things, for which those idiots in charge have built whole new retail temples for us all to go and pray in on a Sunday morning. Well do you know what - you can keep your Westwood Cross, a place so devoid of any soul, if everyone in Thanet just turned away and didn't look at it, it would probably turn to Salt. And don't give me that old nonsense about creating jobs, it redistributed jobs away from community and put profits into rich corporate pockets. I want to be able to shop in a community, where people know my name, where service is the main reason for visiting a shop, where you can interact with other likeminded humans. The retail expansion and subsequent e-retail has been disastrous for communities, the loss of pubs, shops, post offices all community hubs lost to the solitary confinement of sitting alone in front of a computer pretending you're not alone with three hundred online friends, all with a strange background sense of loss they can't quite put their finger on. This year is crunch year, this could be the year where you lose any semblance of High Street altogether. If that happens it will be a greater loss than many realise and the sad truth is it will be all our own doing because we sleepwalked into wanting to save three pence on a can of Baked Beans.

The best thing that could happen to this country is the sudden closure of retail parks and the movement of retail back within the communities where people actually live, a tax on internet shopping may also bring people back out from their darkened rooms, away from their solitary existence shooting prostitutes on Grand Theft Auto (A Computer game), blinking into the light and actually once again learning to communicate with their neighbours face-to-face and then maybe behaving like the communal animal that is written into their DNA.

On a similar note.

Hands up those of you who remember all those "Dole on Sea" headlines in the national press when referring to the East Kent Coastline. Well, expect them again rather soon because its all down to the capping of benefits and the sad truth that claimants up in the big, big city may well no longer be able to afford to live in the big, big city. The recent housing benefit cap paraded by those rich kids in charge and subsequent 1% benefit cap passed through the commons by a bunch of chuckling monkeys who sat there and laughed as they consigned the less fortunate to a poorer life, was of course accompanied by their "Skivers V Strivers' mantra, a typical piece of vile propaganda which has been described as 'Rich people getting rich people to tell the middle class people to blame poor people'. With the seemingly odd need for our government to demonise parts of society that have been made poorer by, amongst other things beyond their control, the fiddling of rich fools in the banking sector, and the odd belief that ever increasing growth is somehow possible and sustainable. It's those poor people who could well soon be adding to the increasing poverty of Thanet through their enforced migration to cheaper areas. One thing is for sure, turning areas into poorer ghettoes has never worked and has never been for the greater good. Boroughs in London have already reported that evictions of poorer families have already started which has in turn has seen the removal of children from schools in areas now seen as 'Too Expensive' Some schools have reported a twenty percent drop in attendance as families have suffered the physical and emotional upheaval of having to find cheaper areas in which to live, presumably so the likes of Channel 4 can fill up these freshly evicted families homes with the sort of people that certain London Boroughs will find more palatable for their undoubtably refined tastes, perhaps all those rich kids who are constantly paid off with golden handshakes worth millions will now be able to re-invest their money in some highly profitable apartments in newly up and coming areas of London, strangely reminiscent of the same places where those poorer people used to live There's an old saying that goes along the lines of "You can tell a nation's character by how well they treat their animals", well perhaps

that should say "By how they treat the poorer members of society". Watch out for more of the hate filled bile from some of the national papers soon with headlines referring to a Dole town near you in the coming year.

But yes, I have visited Westwood Cross

there, I've said it, It's almost like coming out of the closet. I mention that because the little scene I witnessed played out at the shopping Mecca that is our new High Street. It didn't quite sink in at first but after contemplating the scenario over a pack of dried Mango (No fat but very tasty) I couldn't decide whether to laugh or be sad. You see, Tesco has a new little building next to it with the sign informing the passerby that it is a "Click and Collect". Now I haven't looked this up but I am assuming it's a point for the home internet shopper to pick up what they have purchased online, whether that be a weeks shopping or a new set of Anvils or something.

As I passed by I witnessed a rather fit an attractive 30 something woman in a posh 4x4 picking up her groceries, she was wearing the full gym kit, y'know, all Lycra and sweat bands. Perfectly innocent I hear you say, but let's just analyse this a moment. This lady has decided to do her weekly shop online, she's sat down at her computer and spent probably fifteen to twenty minutes trawling through the website picking out her items and popping them in her virtual shopping trolley, more than likely this is to save herself a bit of time, or so she thinks. She's saving this time because her life is busy, she's perhaps a mum with two kids to pick up from school, maybe the boiler is being serviced in the afternoon and she's got to be home between twelve and six. So she's a busy person, time is important to her, she has to work, who's going to pay for the 4x4 and gym membership, after all she's gotta have gym membership, otherwise she'll start putting on weight. So whilst she's at the gym the shopping will be done and she'll be able to pick it up when she finishes her workout.

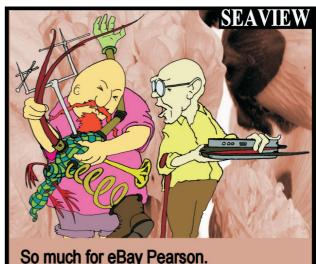
Or perhaps to put it another way - Because we fill up our lives with un-necessary chores and chattels which involve us being stuck sedentary in front of an expensive computer screen that comes with full internet access and Sky movies, we then have to work longer hours to pay for all this crap which means we have less free time and therefore have to find new ways to make up those lost hours, that's why all that expensive crap has been designed to save you time. However because those aforementioned labour saving devices and applications have cost you money and made you sit in front of a computer screen you now have a sedentary job which means you need that out of town gym membership (Which costs you money and you drive to) to stop you getting fat. I suppose the alternative is to ditch the online grocery service, ditch the expensive petrol motor that nobody ever seems to factor in when working out the cost of buying from Tescos et al, and walk down to your local shop which involves the necessary daily exercise you need, This might also enable you to ditch the gym membership, which in turn means you perhaps don't need to work so hard, which means you're saving time and have more time to actually interact with your family, friends and the community in person instead of spending your time interacting with two hundred friends you don't really know on social

media, all that time saved may also contribute to you not finding the

need to eat on the go from high calorie lines marketed at people with a "Time drought". You'll not need to be consuming those very expensive lifestyle drinks either, which are targeted at people who need an energy hit, just so they can get more work done which in turn means they'll be able to afford food on the go and expensive energy drinks. There you go. Richer, Slimmer, more time on your hands, happier and with a real active social life. Become a Dosser. Ditch

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So much for eBay Pearson. Yours was supposed to be a biography of Winston Churchill. Mine should have been a mountain bike!

Paolo



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Happy New Year to all our customers Our customers

Your Special, so special

Broadstairs and St Peters Town council are considering dipping their hand into our pocket to pay and extra £10,000 to Kent Police for an extra bobby, (albeit a special constable), on the beat. The move was suggested after the dodgy publicity Broadstairs received after last years shenanagins during Folk Week and some instances of anti-socail behaviour on the beach. Mr Lawson was quoted as saying "More and more people are visiting **Broadstairs and St Peters at the weekends** and we need to have a visible police presence, not just during events like Folk Week, but all the time"

It's hard to disagree that an extra bit of policing would be a good thing, but i'm not quite sure where all these people are at the weekends as i think most retailers and publicans in town would say they seem awfully elusive. Perhaps one good measure of visitor numbers would be to find out if car-parking profits have fallen.....

Car parking Profits fall -Blimey didn't see that coming

Free parking in four car-parks across Thanet has been sighted as one reason why car parking profits have fallen over the past year, however a spokesperson did say that the loss was outweighed by the benefits to the local community that free parking brings. Which is nice. What does seem a bit odd though is that **Cabinet member for Parking Cllr Alan Poole** didn't mention the real blindingly obvious even to a short-sighted meerkat with a blindfold on reason that car-parking profits had fallen by nearly £200,000 even though visitor numbers in Thanet have risen according to the visitor information centre. Reap what you sow TDC.

Even More Special

Blimey - Wait two years then two come along together. Ann Barnes, potential friend of superheroes and Kents' very own police commissioner has announced she wishes to get taxpayers to foot the bill for another 100 or so police officers / PCSOs. The cost to you is £2.79 per year extra which takes the amount you pay per year to Kent police up to £141.47

The other alternative of course was to not spend £100 million pounds on the election of **Police Commissioners and instead employ** another....wait for it....can you guess...... 120 police officers per county wherein a police commissioner now exists.

Loopy

The Thanet Loop service run by Stagecoach has announced travellers will have to wait



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another few months before the introduction of a fleet of brand new buses. The new transport was due to be in place this month but has unfortunately now been put back until April. We can only hope the new buses have a slightly nicer fragrance to them than the old bus we travelled on back from Ramsgate just the other day. I think the term "Dead Alcoholic Goat" conveys all you need to know about said

Kent Highways and TDC did

Yeah we know, steady yourselves. Good to see pavements being gritted, roads being salted and even the odd visit from the road clearing snow plough. We think the teams at TDC and KCC did a spiffing job, so well done to them. However the icy conditions have left some of the roads looking like an El Almain car-park with pot holes the size of tank traps. Give KCC highways a call 08458247800 to report the abyss in a road near you.

The Duckworths' Duck ducked out but then ducked back



A hunt for the Duckworth family Duck ensued after the Duckworths posted a "Duck Lost" note on the "Broadie Mag" Facebook page. We're pleased to say that with some help

Duckworths duck was soon apprehended in Gladstone Road and reunited with its own duckpond. Perhaps it had got a little worried by the Christmas festivities and the smell of Orange sauce wafting from the kitchen

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After a Harbour **Porpoise was** recently washed up dead on Viking Bay. people contacted us asking us who was responsible for dealing with such an incident.

Here's Jon Brooks with the answer.

"I get asked all the time "what do I do if I find a Whale Seal or Dolphin on the beach?"

Hopefully this will answer all your questions.

Firstly the golden rule...keep your distance, particularly with seals. All marine mammals carry bugs that can be caught by us humans. These can cause some nasty long term illnesses. Seals are the UK's largest carnivores and WILL inflict nasty bites!

That said they all need our help.

Observe from a safe distance, check for signs of injury and call the right people. Record your exact location and any relevant details for the rescuers. Please wait on scene for them to arrive.

British Divers Marine Life Rescue (BDMLR) are the UK's lead organisation for the rescue of these beautiful creature. Even if you call the RSPCA they will call us. We have trained Marine Mammal Medics all over the UK and have a great team in Thanet.

If the animal is sadly dead there is a legal requirement to inform HM Coastguard. The details must be recorded and filed.

Between BDMLR and the coastguard all can be sorted. They will be able to contact anyone else that needs to know.

It is important that with cetaceans (whales and dolphins) that a post mortam examination (PME) is carried out. This is done for CSIP

(Cetaceans Stranding's Information Programme) by ZSL (Zoological Society of London) based at London Zoo.

Contact details

BDMLR:- Jon Brooks East Kent Coordinator 07931 744788. HQ 01825 765546 Dover Coastguard:- 01304 210008 or 999 and ask for the Coastguard." Jon Brooks VSMM. Horizon Sea Safaris. Marine Mammal Medic East Kent Area Coordinator BDMLR. www.horizonseasafaris.co.uk



There was more stitch than bitch at the inaugural meeting of Broadstairs' latest club and the rumour that the Nelson ran out of Pinot Grigio that night is apparently an exaggeration!

The next 'gathering' is on Feb 14th 7.30pm at The Nelson Pub Everyone is welcome, lots of friendly advice for all levels, including beginners. Bring your latest project along, knitting and sewing.





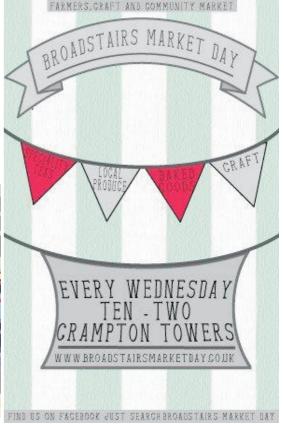
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The next twelve months

January

Its the Christmas sales at Westwood Cross, Well it would be had they not started whilst the Turkey was still warm. Let's face it, a lot of the offers you get from the big named clothes shops are just cheapy lines you've probably never seen before that have been brought in especially for the sales, okay, legally they've been on display in a far flung outlet for one nano-second at full price but you just can't beat garments that have stitching moistened by the blood and tears of impoverished third world infants working fifteen hours a day in a hot and humid dingy sweat shop. But still jeans for a fiver, Bargain.

February.

Yes, it's snowing. Now's the time to get in your big old rear wheel drive gas guzzler and go out for a drive, preferably up a steep hill, y'know, like the High Street, just so you can get stuck halfway up and act surprised. Leave it at home - you're not that important. There won't be a Bread/Sugar/Milk shortage. Make a snowman - haven't you seen the film - you'll fly off and get to see Father Christmas - it's all true I tell you.

March

Get out in the garden, smash up the useless garden furniture you bought last year that broke when your fat friend sat on it after two many Stellas and take it to the tip, whilst you're at it, the dead Christmas tree needs digging up too, oh and the barbeque has gone rusty. Imagine your plot will be a garden of Eden this year, think of the French beans growing in the summer sun, New Potatoes steaming on a plate with herbs freshly cut from your ornamental herb garden. At the first sign of any sun, proceed to Viking Bay, purchase an Ice-Cream and pretend that you're not hypothermic after five minutes

April

Recover from the operation to remove three frostbitten toes after going paddling in the freezing March weather on Viking Bay. Spend far too long at the shops perusing clothes that are two sizes smaller than you actually are, readying for your summer wardrobe - the nights are getting longer too which means the outside drinking season will soon be upon us. This means you really must buy that Barbeque, you know, just like the one you bought last year that went rusty and ended up at the tip. Still the good thing is at least you'll be outside and not watching the X factor on TV which has probably already started. At the first mention of Simon Cowell, sellotape your eyes shut and force popcorn into your ears.

May

Get yourself some bells, two hankies and copious quantities of real Ale, preferably real Ale with a name like 'Old Lobotomys' or something similar and proceed to a grassy knoll on the morning of May 1st - its all to do with something Pagan - don't ask me, it's got to be better than going to work though. Alternatively get on a train and go to Rochester, there's people there who'll be doing it for you.

Your summer wardrobe should now be fully ready, be sure to wax your Kagool and fix the hole in your Wellingtons. If you haven't been out yet at night enjoying the open air, then you'd better hurry up, it's June next month and the nights will start drawing in again - WHHHHAAAT.

June

Its the middle of the year, the shops will be celebrating by starting to stock their Autumn selection - Bikinis out - Boots in. Watch out there's either a coach load of serial dressing up fetishists in town or its Dickens festival time. You've invited your neighbours round for drinks and burnt food, prepare the stomach pump, first aid kit, inform the burns unit to expect an arrival. It's also the start of the fishing season, so at least you'll get some peace and quiet when your beloved decides its time to take themselves off to a lake somewhere to feed fish. Turn on the TV, Glastonbury is on, which reminds you that you really must go one year as you 'Can still throw some moves on the Dancefloor' - really, your forty eight for goodness sake and the bathroom still hasn't got any tiles on the wall and the last CD, yes 'CD' (You still can't download) you bought was Country and Western.

July.

You know that garden of Eden you planned in March, well two grow bags with four wilting tomato plants doesn't count, and man those weeds have gone crazy, pick up a Wickes catalogue and turn to the page on stone patio tiles and concrete - first signs of rust have appeared on the Barbeque and the fish pond is near to overflowing. Your swimwear should now be in constant readiness, if you're male then a pair of trunks just like those that Daniel Craig wore in his first 'Bond' film should be at the top of the drawer, female then its a Mylene Class white Bikini ensemble - except of course you both are as white as the Pilsbury Dough boy and your children wont go shopping for clothes with you anymore. Has anyone noticed its getting darker earlier.

Notes

Chamber of Commerce quizzes:- 15th Feb, 10th May, 23rd August, 25th October Sun 17th Feb 11am Rock Doc Walk at Botany Bay Mon 11th March 7-9pm Week 1, Basic Archaeology Course Crampton Tower Museum Sat 23rd March 7pm The Seventy Chamber Choir of Thanet, Holy Trinity Church

August

Well it's Folk Week. Go out, get drunk, stand in the road and er' that's it. For goodness sake, get a life. Try something different this year, take the kids to the hobby horse club and learn to juggle, oh and you really must buy some weird clothes get your hair braided and smoke some funny smelling tobacco that you found in the bottom of your rucksack from the last time you went camping in 1998.

The week after Folk Week look at all the ridiculous things you purchased only seven days ago - are you ever actually going to play that tin whistle and why have you got bells attached to your laces.

Now's the time to try out the sea temperature - blimey its a barmy six degrees - bore everyone who hasn't been in for a dip yet that its 'Just like the Med'. But make a mental note never to wear that bathing costume ever again after seeing a photograph your friend put up on Facebook.

September

That's it, summer's over. At the first sign of that 'Nip in the air' proceed to Viking Bay, purchase an Ice-Cream and go on and on about the glorious Indian summer we are now in. The kids have gone back to school so it's time to play spot the 'First Years' at the secondary school - it's very easy, they're the highly polished smaller ones being shoved into bushes by the older kids. Laugh out loud at all the girl students who have spent the last three hour primping themselves for school and are mentally telling themselves "I'm too pretty to wear a coat", even though its starting to rain. All this talk of schooldays makes you remember your years there - it's time to pull over the car, gaze wistfully into the distance and cry a bit, or a lot, depending on how traumatized you still are. Make a mental note to look up your school friends on Facebook to see if they are looking older or younger than you you can bet your life they're doing the same - purchase photoshop and remove your double-chin from all those snaps. It's harvest time too, so get out into your garden and bring in the bounteous crop to get you through those winter months - however its difficult to make much chutney out of three blighted green tomatoes and a slug ridden courgette - must do better next year

October

'Its Christmas' So said Noddy Holder, and so says every sodding supermarket who have had decorations in stock since September 20th. Its also the food festival, but hey, that's okay summer is over and you need to put on a winter layer and that cardio-vascular system needs a bit of a work out. Three large burgers and a

croissant later proceed to the chemist for some Rennies or A&E. Time to start thinking about buying those presents - so it's time to go on and on about buying your gift list locally only to get 95% of you goodies from Amazon and the other 5% from a boot fair. And dont forget as they say on Amazon, "twenty five other people who purchased this product also divorced within one month" or something like that.

November.

Fireworks night is here. Nothing like an evening's entertainment which not only celebrates the failure to destroy Parliament but also relishes the torture and subsequent grisly death of a group who had become deeply concerned about the persecution of a religious community. Happy days. Don't forget to go on and on and on about the fireworks over Viking Bay, enquiring repeatedly about the start time and whether or not the weather will be windy, rainy, snowing or all three. I can now confirm they start somewhere between 6pm and 11.30pm, they'll cost somewhere near four and a half grand and ancient Latvian coins placed in a collection bucket wont even buy a sparkler.

December

Yes its here. Remember Einsteins theory of relativity, which states that "Time lasts longer when spent with relatives". But ignore that old curmudgeon, I mean what did he know. Search desperately round obscure shops in the vain hope of finding an advent calender on December 5th as you forgot little Gemimas. get stressed, buy a tree, decorate a tree, sweep up the mess, get stressed, stuff a huge dry bird full of walnuts and sage, eat too much, drink too much, suffer the inlaws, get stressed. Buy ill-fitting presents and power tools for various family members and remember the true meaning of Christmas....which is...er', with all that other nonsense it's quite easy to forget-

On the thirty first, dress up in your best Bernie Clifton walking ostrich fancy dress and go to the pub. get bemused looks from the other 99% of people who didn't get dressed up like an idiot. Ready you New Year's resolutions in earnest knowing full well they won't last more than a week

N	otes
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Memorable Dates

April 29th. The Brigadier's Birthday.
Folk Week 9th - 16th August 2013.
Broadstairs Food festival, 4th, 5th, 6th October 2013

Broadstairs Spring fair Kents finest food & crafts Sat 30th March - Mon 1st April

Eat Food, Not too much, mostly plants*

At this time of year I am always on a diet. To be honest, I'm always either on a diet or cheating...but at the beginning of the year I always start with a renewed vigour. This year, I have decided to eat healthier and exercise (I know, it sounds faddy to me too). At the moment my eating healthier is mainly taking the form of grilled fish/meat with something or something and salad – heavy on the veg, following the wise words of Michael Pollen 'Eat Food, not too much, mostly plants'. It is really nice to make nice fresh, light, clean food that you know is doing you good but it does get a bit samey having grilled salmon and stir fried veg every night so I have started to liven things up a bit with some new quick easy accompaniments to plants.

Turkey burgers/patties.

500g pack of minced turkey breast, onion, garlic, handful of coriander, sprig of thyme, salt, pepper, chilli flakes.

Finely dice the onion and soften slowly in a splash of olive oil. Once the onion is nice and soft, crush a clove of garlic and sweat off for a minute or two with the onions.

Set the cooked garlic and onion aside for a minute to cool while you chop the coriander and strip the thyme leaves. Once the garlic is cooled a little, put everything in a bowl and squish through your fingers to mix. You can get 4 good sized burgers from this mix or 6-8 smaller patties. Just roll the mixture into a ball and then flatten. Pop on a plate and put them in the fridge for at least half an hour to firm up.

To cook – You just need to pop in a non-stick frying pan for about 3-4 mins on each side. Obviously the timing depends on the thickness -you need to make sure that this is cooked right through as it's vital that poultry is cooked properly.

I serve with watercress, radishes, cucumber, toasted seeds and yoghurt with a little mint stirred through.

Fishcakes

Potatoes, Fish, eggs, salt and pepper, herbs, oil, flour.

You can make fishcakes from either fresh, smoked or tinned fish – the choice is yours. I tend to make them with either smoked mackerel or fish tinned in olive oil. Quantities are really hard for this one – I just use however many potatoes I think look right. We're looking for at least a 2:1 ratio of potatoes to fish. All you need to do is boil some potatoes until cooked through - check by sticking a knife in one – when they slide off the knife easily, they're cooked. Then mash with a masher or a fork, you can add a knob of butter or a dash of olive oil to loosen slightly but you want a firm mash not a creamy mashed potato mash if that makes sense. If I am using tinned fish, I use a little of the olive oil the fish was in to mash with in order to add a little extra flavour.

Leave the potato to cool slightly before seasoning and adding a beaten egg, fish broken up into small pieces, and whatever herbs you want. I think parsley and basil are good. Then you shape, dust with a little flour and pop in the fridge ready to be fried and served with salad or with a couple of poached eggs and some grilled tomatoes. These can

*Michael Pollen

be frozen which makes life even easier – just pop in the oven frozen and bake until golden brown.

Lentils

I love lentils. They are so versatile and cheap. We eat a lot of lentils, Wally makes a mean spicy lentil soup and I always add them to a veggie curry to bulk it out and up the protein count, but I have just started to use them as a side to a nice piece of grilled meat, you can buy them precooked in a handy sachet, tinned or cook them yourself.

Lentil side dish

250g Puy or Beluga lentils, a pint of water, onion, garlic, olive oil, splash of wine.

Rinse and put the lentils in a pan with the pint of water, it's said that you shouldn't salt pulses when you're cooking them as it toughens them up so just leave the water plain. Bring to the boil then turn down to a simmer for about 25 mins. Drain. While your lentils are cooking dice the onion and slowly sweat off in a frying pan with a splash of olive oil. Crush and add the garlic clove once the onion is softened, then add a splash of wine to the pan and let the alcohol bubble off before stirring in the drained lentils. Season, and serve with grilled chicken/pork or some lovely butchers sausages and something green - I favour curly kale or pak choi. Yum Yum Yum.



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TEN THANET THINGS TO TELL T'OTHERS

PLAY



KATE, TURN MAUDE ADAMS THE LIGHTS OUT J. M. BARRIE'S

Cynthia Asquith (1887-1960) was married to the Prime Minister's son Herbert & during WW1 was private secretary to J M Barrie (author of Peter Pan). She also wrote several books herself including children's books, ghost story anthologies, royal biographies and two novels 'The Spring House' and 'One Sparkling Wave'. She and her husband owned 'Marylands' in Marine Drive, overlooking Botany Bay and used it as a holiday home.

Whilst staving there in July 1913, she first met D H Lawrence who was staying at 28 Percy Avenue for three weeks holiday, they became lifelong friends. David Herbert (DH) was also visited by Katherine Mansfield. So it was all happening in Kingsgate that summer as I'm sure it still does.

Incidentally...DH who wrote the odd racv novel, apparently wouldn't 'partake' with the lights on.



SO YESTERDAY OSWALD

In the 1930s The British Union of Fascists held meetings in Acol and Minster and had their headquarters at 47 High St Broadstairs. There was a rumour that the German Foreign Secretary, von Ribbentrop, often visited the town as the representative of a champagne company. In March 1936 a Margate magistrate fined five Blackshirts, three BUF members and two sympathisers a total of £14 for 'Jew-baiting'.

Hey Dudeman

The name comes from Dudeman's Farmstead. It is referred to as Dudemeiton in 1186, Dodeminton in 1270, Dodmanston in 1332 and Dodomayton in 1348. Thomas Rbf of Dumpton was bound over in the sum of 5 pounds for threatening to kill his wife. East Kent Jimes 7th July 1909. Shan't say anymore as we got into a lot of trouble on facebook asking peopelhow Dumpton should be pronounced.

Hercules, he comes from Barcelona

The figurehead on the outside of the **Boathouse in the harbour (And The Broadie** front page header) is from the Hercules, a Spanish brig which came to grief on the Downs* on 16th January 1844 *the Downs are the stretch of Kent coast between the land and Goodwin Sands.

T.R.

MRS R

Elmwood House built by Sir James Fisher in 1801 at the junction of Elmwood Avenue and Callis Court Road. In 1889

The view from the conservatory

it was bought by Alfred Harmsworth who then spent two years renovating it before he moved in. he was said to have kept an alligator in the pond or the conservatory, depending on the season.

is lovely though deadly

The five gardeners it took to look after the gardens were housed in a cottage in the grounds known as the Bothey, now called Gardenia Cottage. When Harmsworth was propaganda minister in WW1 the Germans tried to assassinate him. At 11.15pm on 25th February 1917, a German destroyer, G85, fired a shot at Elmwood House but missed and hit the cottage instead, killing a woman and her two children.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford spent part of their honeymoon here.

Greengrocers

There were 114 greengrocers and fruiterers listed in Thanet in 1957. There were 9 in 2005 excluding supermarkets. How many now?

So Louisa, how do you feel about having a gap named after you?

It was originally named Goodson's Stairs in 1873 Thomas Crompton designed and paid for a new wrought iron bridge to replace an old and dangerous wooden one and named the Louisa Gap Bridge after his daughter Louisa. His wife was also named Louisa and she was a singer and a very good friend of jenny Lind, the Swedish opera singer. The bay got unintentionally named Louisa thereafter. The old bridge was replaced in 1963.



We Are Not Amused

The Jubilee Clock Tower was built as a gift to the town by H H Marks JP, MP in 1897 for

Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. To commemorate the landing of the Viking ship Hugin in 1949, a Viking ship weather vane was made by C

Hodson of the Reading Street Garage. An electrical fault caused the tower to burn down in

1975 but apprentices from Thanet
Technical College rebuilt it in

commemoration of Queen

Elizabeth's Silver jubilee

Thomas Hardy', 'Poems' and 'Ireland and other Poems'. His 'Birthday Verse' alludes to his childhood in Broadstairs. Alcohol was his downfall, not only in that he drank rather a lot but also that he died from injuries he received when he fell off a bar stool.

ISLE OF THANET







AND FINALLY - NO 10

The tenth and final fact for now is that all this information and loads more is available in Bob Cawthorne's book 'The lsle of Thanet Compendium'.

All above reproduced with Bob's kind permission.

Available from Victory News Broadstairs. 01843 869368

That's three times and counting

Well, I do believe that's three times we've reported that demolition work will start soon on the buildings at the bottom of the High St. As you may have noticed - work hasn't started, unless you count the incredibly large blackboard that Panther Securities have kindly put up - (Didn't supply any coloured chalk though did they?) With the great lack of work going on we can only assume they've just decided to save a few quid and are waiting in the hope that the building will just erode naturally. I mean, it worked for Richborough Castle didn't it

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YOUNG BRONDSTNIRS

Hi, my name is Annabelle and I'm seventeen and have lived in Broadstairs for as long as I can remember. For the last few years I've noticed that Broadstairs has gradually changed and sadly not necessarily in a good way. I used to love events such as Folk Week but last year especially I refused to even enter the town during the event; my younger brother and his friend felt threatened at half past two in the afternoon! This isn't how I want people to see Broadstairs, either locals or visitors. Recently I have decided that I want to do something to help and I would like to involve some of the younger people within Broadstairs and St Peters.

My aim is to develop a group of young people aged 14-20 who either live in, go to school in or even whose parents own businesses in the town. I would like for us to have our say in some things that go on within Broadstairs and my hope is that we could create a group in which young people can not only come along and meet new people, but at the same time come up with ideas that we may be able to put into action for the benefit of the town and it's young people. It would be for anyone within this age group to have their voices heard. My hope is that in doing this it will give young people such as myself a focus and social outlet, with hopefully a few laughs along the way! Currently I am looking into arranging a meeting place for us along with the other details that would need to be taken care of beforehand; however I do need some help first - Finding a name for this group! I have created a temporary Facebook page called 'Young Broadstairs', if anyone has any ideas as to what they would like the group to be called post your ideas up on the page. If you can't come up with a name of your own then just take a look and if there is one in particular that you prefer then just give it a like. Watch this space for further updates! **Annabelle**



By the time our next issue hits the streets of Broadstairs, we will finally have got our website up and running. It's only taken us four & half years so not bad for the Broadie crew.

Anybody will be able to download past and current issues for a small charge, so no more need for you to post to your dear cousin Frederick in Outer Mongolia anymore.

There will be sporadic blogging by various members of the crew.

The Scotsman:- General ranting about local stuff, perhaps even not local stuff too.

The Brigadier:- Much along the same lines as per the mag', Oh heck.

Broadie Maggie:- The female side of the mag, trying to preserve a sense of decorum & possibly about shiny things

We already natter on Facebook and Twitter so hopefully this will be as much fun for us and you.



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It was Wednesday night when the phone rang. Ring Ring. Upon The second is reported by members of the public, but they were also rested in will translations there also a rested in will translation at the clinical state.

It'was Wednesday night when the phone rang. Ring Ring. Upon answering it I instantly knew it was the illustrious editor of the Broadie. "Yes, I'll accept the reverse charges", I said to the operator. "Philpot" he said. He sounded tired and confused, or possibly eating a pickled egg. "Philpot, it's the editor here. I have to go 'incognito' for a while, and I need you to write me an article in my absence...." The police investigating operation Weeting have caught up with him I thought. "It needs to be with the office by Friday" he continued, "and I'd like it to be about some of the more unusual aspects of the town". "What will you pay me for it?" I questioned. "Bad line, can't make a word out your saying..." he said, as he fained a slight whistling sound, he has perfected for such occasions. "Just get it to me for Friday" he mumbled, as he hung the phone up.

Luck would have it that I had spare time on my hands. The present Mrs Philpot being away at her sister Edith's (a woman who has been a martyr to an injury she sustained during the Cod War). Racking my brain, I fingered through a selection of books that I had accumulated over my life. There I stopped upon the complete works of Charles Fort. When it comes to anything unusual, Fort is the perfect starting point I thought......

Charles Hoy Fort (1874 – 1932), for those that don't know was an American born philosopher, writer and researcher, who spent the greater part of his life based in the UK. He was, for ease of description, an Edwardian 'Arthur C Clarke'. He was the first person to record and document any and all unusual happenings – covering everything from Aliens and ghosts, through to Spontaneous human combustion and sightings of large cats. Basically, anything that we would now call the Unexplained. Whilst Fort meticulously documented any and all unexplained events around the world, he was often selective in offering an explanation for such events, and would often resort to philosophically using the phrase "Weird Shit Happens". Fort is an invaluable source for any person interested in the unexplained, and his research and teachings continue today in the excellent monthly periodical Fortean Times, and related television programme.

Gingerly fingering through 40 years of Fortean Times magazines, and Forts' related books I came across a number of historic oddities that will be of interest to my fellow Thanetians.

I start my first tale on a hot summer's day in 1950. Holidaying in Cliftonville (an unexplained event itself for the current reader), a Mr John Handley took a dip in the sea. Swimming in the direction of Kingsgate, with the aim of reaching Broadstairs, Mr Handley came face to face with a sea serpent. This creature rising from the water less than 300 feet from him. He described it as being grey in colour; the width of the head and body being approximately two feet; The length of this creature being some 40 plus feet; and most notably, that its' ears protruded in the manner of a horse. This description being comparative to that of the classic Kelpie sea serpent.

Whilst the solution to this sighting would now be put down to a sizeable discharge from the Joss Bay sewage outlet, no such solution existed in 1950. Unfortunately as too many moons have passed for this writer to look locate Mr Handley, I think we will have to file this incident under the heading Weird Shit Happens.

My second tale goes back to the dark days of World War One. On the evening of 14th June 1916, reports of loud unexplained noises were filed from Dover to Faversham, and all along the Thanet coast. Not only were

these notes reported by members of the public, but they were also noted in military dispatches, thus giving them a level of authenticity that is rarely available to a writer. The noise was described as being a short intense burst, which was distinctive in its purity. It was further confirmed that the army had checked and dismissed military activity as being its source. There was no accompanying visual activity to compliment the noise; and the noise was heard that quiet Sunday evening on three occasions, then no more.

Whilst neither Mrs Philpot nor I have been party to any loud bangs, and as mystified as the military must have been in 1916 (even considering it being a German weapon in development), the researcher is possibly able to offer an explanation using modern knowledge. I would suggest that the sound heard by so many people was in reality what we would now define as a 'sonic boom'. This being possibly caused by astronomical event; such as a meteorite, or shards of such, entering the atmosphere. Whilst I have no record of the weather on this day, if we had some cloud cover on the south coast of England, then this may have masked any visual content to this incident.

For my third and final tale today, I would like to take you back to the year 1797 and to the centre of our Island, to the then hamlet of Manston. There on a night raging with a storm notable enough to be commented on, a local landowner set out in a single horse drawn trap. Heading towards Margate, as he passed through Manston, both man and horse were struck by lightning. Carriage, horse and rider all left the road, crashed through a fence, and ended up consumed by the black waters of the then Manston pond. Where, come the morning and clear weather, a suitable selection of locals had been recruited to recover said contents of the Manston pond. Upon pulling the cart from the water, it was noted, by a stunned crowd, that the dead rider remained completely in situ; still holding the horse reigns and still sitting in his seat. He remained dead, but still had the appearance of riding his trap on its' diabolical journey.

To the Georgian Thanetian this must have been a most damned and unearthly sight. A living corpse, ridding his trap to an untimely meeting with death. To the modern reader, this is quiet explainable as a corpse locked in muscle spasm, caused by a massive shock of electricity, caused by the lightning. But, this is where the modern reader has the advantages of both science, and the decline in supernatural beliefs. Well, dear reader, here we reach the end of this editions stories, a short and brief gimps of the many Fortean stories that taken place in the fair isle of Thanet. I believe that should the Police refuse our editor bail, then I may be back for future editions of this fine publication. I have however told our editor in no uncertain terms that I am not prepared to work out-of the offices of the Broadie magazine. The wooden orange crates that are used as furniture in such, not only caused me great discomfort, but Mrs Philpot took nigh on a week to remove all the splinters, many of which were far too close to the writers unmentionables!

However, splinters apart, future articles may include The Monkton Witch Trials or The History of Thanet's connection to that most monstrous of Victorian fiends, Jack The Ripper. So please remember to pack your bucket, spade and surgical knife for a future trip to sunny Broadstairs.......

Yours, waiting for payment,

Albert Philpot: Somewhere near Balmoral Gardens.

The Broadie Page 21

Cleaning up our finest assets

Dave Melmoth of Joss Bay Surf School fame writes:-

As your South East Rep for Surfers Against Sewage, I will be organising 3 beach cleans for the SAS "Big Spring Beach Clean" Campaign. The aim is to help tackle the marine litter crisis hitting UK shores, and to raise awareness of SAS campaigns and the importance of the fight against the deformation of our coastline........

"Surfers Against Sewage (SAS) is calling on coastal communities to get involved with the SAS Big Spring Beach Clean on 22nd, 23rd & 24th March to help tackle the marine litter crisis hitting UK shores."

The Thanet SAS Big Spring Beach Clean will take place:

on Viking Bay In Broadstairs Kent. Between 11am and 2pm on Saturday 23rd March 2013 and on:

Margate Main Sands, Kent. Between 11am and 2pm on Sunday 24th March 2013. Ramsgate Main Sands, Kent. Between 11am and 2pm on Monday 24th March 2013 and on:

So get ready to roll up your sleeves for UK beaches. Please contact me at info@jossbay.co.uk to register your interest to participate and for more details.

Further information will be available regarding the SAS Big Spring Beach Clean on the Joss Bay Surf School Facebook page







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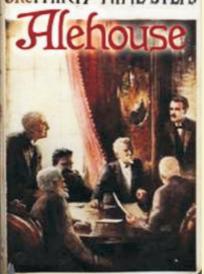
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Well done to Mark from Broadstairs Metal Craft for crafting a galvanised steel mount for the old stick from the Bay.

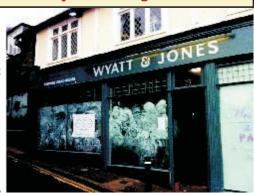
Good to see it back - Charlie would be pleased. For those who want to go take a look, it's right next to the old boathouse on the pier

New restaurant, 'Wyatt & Jones; in Harbour Street will be open soon (if not already). A superb original refit and a fantastic menu on the way look set to make this one a real winner.

The rumour mill has started, with the news that there'll be another Micro-pub coming to town at the top of the high street - we'll have to wait and see what comes of that one.

Oh and the Co-op is due to open, but personally I find it very difficult to care

There's been quite a few closures over the winter



period, but on the upside the old'Restaurant Exquisite' restaurant has now been let as has what was 'DJs' sandwich bar. Lovetts estate agent has also relocated to the bottom end of town

Sadly though - No new shops as yet

Page 22 **The Broadie**



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Shocking News

Dr Mike Dadd, Broadstairs resident and member of the South East Coast Ambulance Service, has, in collaboration with The Community Heartbeat Trust and SECAmb managed to acquire a defibrillator for placement within





The defibrillator (worth £1800) is to be placed in the pier area within a local business, however because the local business is not open 24/7 another option has arisen. BT have a scheme where phone boxes (mainly K6 - red ones) can be adopted by the local community (Parish Council) and seeing as BT are removing the telephone service from the pier, the box on the pier is up for

adoption for £1 subject to approval by TDC.

The plan is to place a strong and secure coded cabinet in the phone box which will hold the Defibrillator. This would mean this would be available to the community and general public 24/7 throughout the year to potentially save a life. Every minute a person in Cardiac Arrest is untreated their survival rate goes down by 14% (BHF Data).

The very short application for this would come from the Parish Council itself and then the local community would maintain the phone box which will keep this iconic landmark in the town for years to come and maybe save a life of someone you know.

The scheme seems undeniably sensible, especially considering the access problems to the jetty area in the summer months and the amount of people on the beach.

Whilst Defib' kits do come with a complete virtually foolproof set of instruction, Mike informs us that training would also be given to a number of people who are normally in the area at different times of the day and are willing to be called upon to administer - should the need arise.

http://www.communityheartbeat.org.uk/adoptatelephonebox.php













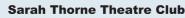
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February

Sat 9th The Prisoner of Zenda
Sun 10th Spring Classical Concerts
Sat 16th Tweedy?s Lost Property

Fri 22nd,Sat 23rd & Sun 24th Waiting for Godot
March

Sat 9th Schubert The Wanderer Sun 10th Spring Classical Concerts Sat 16th The Magic Flute

Sun 17th Pardon the Pun Sun 24th The Wizards of Kent

Thurs 28th Thanet Music & Drama Festival Gala Night Sat 30th Easter Variety Show



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http://www.broadstairsbluesbash.com/lineup.html

- Programmes available from Friday 8th
 February (£1) at The Lord Nelson, The Wrotham
 Arms & The Neptunes Hall.
- Headliner is The Blues Band (SOLD OUT)
- Late Night Massive Blues Party at The Pav, Friday 22nd Feb
 10:30pm with Steve Roux & The Brass Knuckle Blues Band (Tickets only £5)
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- WE WANT TO KEEP THIS FRIENDLY FESTIVAL RUNNING, SO PLEASE SHARE THIS EVENT, INVITE YOUR FRIENDS & GET SOME COOL BLUES!

THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES/ONE NIGHT ONLY

The global movement known as VDay is coming to Margate. Sunday February 17th 7.30pm The Tom Thumb Theatre.

This fundraiser is of the level normally only seen on the stages of London's West End with a star studded celebrity cast of women including; Nancy Dell'olio (the uber-glamorous & flamboyant reality celebrity), Pauline McLynn (famously known for her performance as Mrs Doyle in Father Ted, more recently seen in Shameless), Legendary 60s screen actress Rita Tushingham (A Taste of Honey, Dr Zhivago, Smashing Time), TV and Radio presenter and performance artist Amy Lamé, Beverley Hills and others about to be confirmed.

The show is an initiative from Oasis Domestic Abuse Service, the Thanet-based charity working with victims of domestic violence, who will benefit directly from the 100% ticket sales going directly to the cause.

Oasis fundraiser, Loukia Michael said, "We are privileged to have the chance to work with Jan Dunn and her talented cast who have all waived their fees to show their support for Oasis. There is a desperate need for our work, particularly with children and young people, and I can't thank Jan and the cast enough for what they have done for us. Jessica and Eoin from the Tom Thumb Theatre have also offered the venue for free so all proceeds come to Oasis."

The charity that will benefit from this show: www.oasiswomensrefuge.org

Tickets are available from https://www.justgiving.com/oasismonologues *we reserve the right to sell any remaining tickets for £25. These will be for the performance only

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