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Good lord, someone does read this bit. Best I don't swear any more then. Er, I don't know what to say now that I know you're watching, my palms are a bit sweaty and I'm getting a little nervous.....go on, away with you, and shut the door behind you or I'll tell my mum. Don't keep staring like that, you're really freaking me out.....

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Your letters thebroadie@googlemail.com

What a sUPRISE.

Dear Broadie.

I notice that Vere Road car-park is still not for car-parking. Once again Broadstairs businesses and residents have been taken advantage of by a company only concerned with their own profit. I seem to remember someone saying that the footpath at least would have been open by now. As ever, profit, houses and the rich few come first Mobile beauty therapist

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North or South

Disgruntled of Broadstairs

Whilst reading your Broadie Magazine issue 39 in the hairdressers the other day.

I noticed you said that Margate is Thanet North - Actually you will see that it s divided between South and North, Cliftonville comes into Thanet South. I am sure if you check this out with the Council Office you will get the correct information. Just thought you would like to know.

Cheers for now Jean Wisker

Hoppy of Pierremont

Dear Broadie could somebody kindly explain the purpose of the hand rails on the steps leading into Pierremont Hall? At first sight it would appear they are a health & safety requirement to assist the not-so-steady-on-their-pins but try it...it doesn't help. Having had been in a temporary state which necessitated the usage of the aforementioned architectural wotsits they were useless.

One must presume they are therefore purely adornment.

Regards Hoppy of Broadstairs

Silly Us

Dear sir
The picture of the
building on page 23
of the last issue was
of course not 'Where
Seth's Café now
resides' but number
fifty the High Street,
Broadstairs. The
giveaway was in the
picture (The large 50
on the front fascia)
Silly you.

Regards Mary





That's another sign of climate change Pearson. The students were here all winter!

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You know nothing Jon Snow...

That's John the newsreader not the curly haired hunk from Game of Thrones.....

All the major players are making some truly stupendous promises that will be broken quicker than a sandwich toaster purchased online for a fiver; makes you wonder where all the extra billions will come from. Any day now we're expecting promises of a tax rate of 1%, VAT down by half, spending on the NHS to rise by twenty Billion, tax free cats to stroke for the over seventies, inexpensive homes for the under tens and chocolate pancakes for all.

It's amazing how much money you can find when there's the general public in need of a bribe

Craig is doing the rounds

Prospective Tory candidate and ex UKIPper Craig Mackinlay was recently photographed in Harrington Ironmongers, the pic was later posted up on social media for all to see, Craig went on to highlight the possible connection between Harringtons and the famous 'Two Ronnies', 'Four Candles - Fork 'Andles sketch.

Harringtons; what a tremendous outlet, the amount of stock they actually hold, you can pop in for almost anything, a minute later they'll appear from the cavernous depths of the back room clutching a box of bits that doesn't look like its been opened since 1969, which lo and behold contains the obscure piece of metal you were searching for.

I know this to be true as in Craig Mackinlay's photograph I can clearly see just what I need to fix the flap on my remote control aeroplane; at least it looks like there's a Right wing nut in the pic.

Youthful Will

Young Will Scobie has recently been spotted doing the rounds about town for the Labour Party, fresh faced with smiles and enthusiasm, he rather reminded me of a young Labrador, eager to please and with a playful bounce in his step. Will is rigorously pushing the fact that he actually resides within the constituency that he is aiming to represent; but he'll only be allowed to represent you once he's done the washing up and tidied his room.

Nation of Ooog

'It's a joke' said a local chap, 'He should be banned' said another. Right on the first count with a hint of irony and a deeper hidden message or two, but generally just a joke. Not a terribly funny laugh out loud sort of joke involving men of three different nationalities which might be more in line with certain other parties form of comedy, but a joke nonetheless. Perhaps that's why some are a little confused. Some need their comedy a tad more accessible, some need it a tad more racist, and some don't get it no matter how silly.

'Dem liberals

Russ Timpson is the Lib Dem candidate for Thanet South, unsurprisingly the Lib Dems want to Save Manston airport, they're generally against Fracking but might be persuaded and he lives in Ash in Kent, so at least he's in the same county. Oddly we haven't had anything in the way of canvassing shoved through the letterbox so we're just relying on his website which is normal Lib-Dem Moon on a stick sort of fare. He's probably unlikely to win much other than the big rosette they give out at horse shows for putting in a good round with a fall at the third.

Reality Party

This is the political party started by 'Bez', he of 'The Happy Mondays'

(a popular (ish) group of the 1990s). Seems an odd name to chose by a fellow who has spent a fair amount of time living in a rather different reality to most people, although I must admit 'Bez's Acid House' at Glastonbury festival is quite a fun place to visit. Anyhow. Nigel Askew of the Queen Charlotte Pub in Ramsgate is your man standing for Thanet South, he could quite fairly be classed as having centre left policies, he's not at all happy about local government incompetence (can't disagree there) and is not keen on the other Nigel either.

On a more positive note, he does have a lovely big green bus and likes to badger Al Murray about what on earth he thinks he's doing.

The other pub landlord

What an earth does he think he's doing? Al Murray wants the channel tunnel bricked up, he'd like Boris Johnson put on his very own island, and has a foreign policy that questions 'Germany has been quiet for far too long - just saying'. At least it's a little easier to see the joke with Al.

Save Manston Airport

Just like most of the other parties Ruth Bailey wants to see Manston remain an airport. (It's a bit of a giveaway with that name) She realises they probably won't win but is using the opportunity to raise awareness of the issue and work with other parties to keep Manston Airport on the agenda. Perhaps they should be working more closely with Al Murray on his foreign policy, there's a distinct possibility we'd need another runway if we took his approach

UKIP

Nigel, (the other one)

Mr Farage wants to save Manston Airport. Probably so we can fly Spitfires from it, shoot up some hun and be back in time for a pint of warm beer served in the mess. He loves Thanet does Nigel, he really wants to live here, it's the only reason for coming, really, yes really he does. According to his website the party is unashamedly patriotic; thus ignoring foreigners such as George Bernhard Shaw, Voltaire and Mark Twain.

In the Green

I like lan, he's always out for a bit of a bundle. He's jumped from party to party and now appears firmly rooted in the veg' patch down on old Green Party farm. He's certainly shaken things up a bit down at TDC, but has he got enough support for parliament?

He likes music, beer and curry and is learning the guitar, so he is officially just like every other middle aged man you know.

United Thanet

Grahame Birchall is standing to get rid of TDC and ditch KCC. Once this is done he's happy to give it all up and let a by-election take place. Getting rid of a fair amount of councillors at TDC is surely a good thing; we've got a few tips on how to do that, all of which will probably get you into trouble.

Indy Tim (Pulled out of the race according to his website)

Well, we were going to include Tim, but going by the blurb on his website he's pulled out of the race. Suffice to say he's not a happy bunny with TDC as it stands, he'd like some action on the environment, especially cleaning up some old chemical production sites and as for Manston, let's just say he's not keen

Last but not least

Dean McCastree is also standing for election as an Independent, he has previously stood for election in Brent, but would now like dearly to become your MP for Thanet South, he generally goes by the moniker of Bert, which has got to be a good a reason as any for electing him - Isn't it about time we were represented by a Bert?

District Council Elections

BEACON ROAD

BINKS Roger Keith: BINKS Rosalind: BUCKLEY John:

EDWARDS Gordon John: HOLDEN Debra: MATTERFACE Jenny: OSMOND Sam:

BRADSTOWE

BROWN Jemima: HAYTON Bill: HOGMAN Peter:

MATTHEWS Sheila Mary:

OYEDIRAN Bayo:

PARSONS David Andrew:

RUSIECKI George:

KINGSGATE

BAYFORD Bob: FULLER Bowen:

SYMONDS Richard Leonard:

ST PETERS

DEXTER Roy: GOSMAN Malcolm: GREGORY Ian: KING Tess: LEYS Charlie: SADLER Barnabas: SAVAGE Jason: SYMONDS Margaret F

SYMONDS Margaret Elizabeth:

VENESS Keith Robert: WILTSHIRE Zita:

VIKING

AL-KADI Khoshnaf Mohammed Ali Mohammed:

BAILEY Ruth Angela: HAMLYN Kate Louise:

MACDONALD Thomas Oswald:

OSMOND Zara: PEARCE Mike:

SAUNDERS David William Harry:

SAUNDERS Mave: STUBBINGS Mark:

TAYLOR-SMITH Rosanna Theresa Daphne:

Conservative Party Candidate
Conservative Party Candidate

UKIP

The Labour Party Candidate We Are The Reality Party The Labour Party Candidate

UKIP

The Labour Party Candidate Conservative Party Candidate

UKIP

The Labour Party Candidate

Independent

Conservative Party Candidate

UKIP

Conservative Party Candidate

UKIP

The Labour Party Candidate

Conservative Party Candidate

Conservative Party Candidate We Are The Reality Party

UKIP

The Labour Party Candidate Conservative Party Candidate The Labour Party Candidate The Labour Party Candidate

UKIP

The Labour Party Candidate Manston Airport Ind' Party The Labour Party Candidate The Labour Party Candidate UKIP

UKIP

Conservative Party Candidate Conservative Party Candidate

UKIP

Conservative Party Candidate

Broadstairs Town Council

Election of Parish Councillors

BROADSTAIRS AND ST. PETER'S - BEACON ROAD

BINKS Roger:
BINKS Rosalind:
BUCKLEY John:
EDWARDS Gordon:
HOLDEN Debra:
MATTERFACE Jenny:
OSMOND Sam:
SAVAGE Caoimhe:
VENESS Keith:

BROADSTAIRS AND ST. PETER'S - BRADSTOWE

BAYFORD Jill: BROWN Jemima: HAYTON Bill: HOGMAN Peter: MATTHEWS Sheila: OYEDIRAN Bayo:

PARSONS David: RAWF Aram: RUSIECKI George: Conservative Party Candidate Conservative Party Candidate UKIP

The Labour Party Candidate We Are The Reality Party The Labour Party Candidate

UKIP

Conservative Party Candidate The Labour Party Candidate

Conservative Party Candidate Labour Party Conservative Party Candidate

The Labour Party Candidate
Independent - Putting Broadstairs
Residents Before Politics
Conservative Party Candidate
The Labour Party Candidate
UKIP

BROADSTAIRS AND ST. PETER'S - KINGSGATE

BAYFORD Bob: Conservative Party Candidate

FULLER Bowen: UKIF

SYMONDS Richard Leonard: The Labour Party Candidate

BROADSTAIRS AND ST. PETER'S - ST. PETERS

DEXTER Roy Christopher: Conservative Party Candidate LEYS Charlie: UKIP

MATTERFACE John: The Labour Party Candidate
MOORE Paul: Conservative Party Candidate
SADLER Barnabas: The Labour Party Candidate
SAVAGE Jason: Conservative Party Candidate

SMITHSON Duncan: UKIP

SMYTHE Roger: Conservative Party Candidate
SYMONDS Margaret: The Labour Party Candidate
VENESS Valerie: The Labour Party Candidate

BROADSTAIRS AND ST. PETER'S - VIKING

BENNETT Ted: UKIP

COOPER David: The Labour Party

MACDONALD Thomas:

OSMOND Zara:

PEARCE Mike:

POOLE Emma:

The Labour Party Candidate

UKIP

UKIP

Labour Party

SAUNDERS David: Conservative Party Candidate
SAUNDERS Mave: Conservative Party Candidate
SHAW Peter: Conservative Party Candidate

STUBBINGS Mark: UKIP

TAYLOR-SMITH Rosanna: Conservative Party Candidate WALKER Jacqueline: The Labour Party Candidate

There you go, most of those standing for election to Parliament realise that TDC in all its glory needs a rather firm hand. Some councillors need a firm kick up the arse, some councillors should have retired long-long ago, (in fact the only time I have ever seen one particular one is on election day when he turns up to pretend he gives a damn).

Personally I'd expect a local councillor to live in the ward he or she represents, that's surely why they're called local councillors. Vote wisely: But here's a thing... I'm not sure I care very much for those who have been voted in time and again because they wear the correct rosette for the electorate's national party. Frankly they've made a right royal mess of a lot of terribly important local issues, they've not listened, they've lost and wasted money hand over fist, wasted time and effort with petty in-fighting and have been perceived by the electorate as utterly incompetent. Perhaps it's time to try somebody new

Here's what the Standards Committee said back in 2013 after investigating the shenanigans at TDC meetings.

"There is a local suspicion of secrecy, corruption and distance between the council as it is perceived in the [council] offices in Cecil Square, the reality of people's lives and the needs of the district."

They said they had witnessed "many personal attacks" between members at public meetings "Attendance at council meetings is seen by some to be a

'Squabbles affect services'

form of entertainment,"

"The council has the appearance of a dysfunctional organisation whose behaviour and internal squabbles adversely affect the delivery of services."
(Source BBC Online)

Family Fun at your convenience

For too long now Broadstairs has been Charles Dickens this, Bleak House that. Thankfully this is about to change as Thanet District Council have listened to popular public opinion and want to celebrate other delights Broadstairs has to offer tourists and residents alike.



The 'Celebrate Broadstairs Initial Loo of the Year 1992 Award Winner' festival will take place this summer and hopefully be the first of many annual events.

It will be a family day with competitions segregated along gender lines to maintain Dickensian modesty. The men's' event will consist of 'chase the fag butt around the urinal' with the lady's being a slightly more endurance based 'how long can you squat for without touching the seat'.

To celebrate diversity, there will also be an event for the French community which is mixed gender and focuses on rather disturbing porcelain square with 2 footprints on. For our German residents there will be a 'guess which sausage I ate last night' event.

Broadstairs being a town of dog lovers, there will of course be an 'identify the breed of dog whose poo I just trod in' and for the kiddies there will be a 'throw wet toilet paper on the ceiling' competition.

As a special treat for all visitors there will be a guest speaker from the local anti European party giving a speech on 'How our policies align with faecal matter'. There is local controversy that this party speak doodoo, but hopefully this speech will dispel all myths espoused by the media.

There will be food stalls available but after a tragic accident with a pilot run, chocolate brownies will unfortunately not be on the menu.

I hope you and your families attend what I'm sure you'll agree will be a delightful day of toilet based fun for all.

Round the Bend

Here's a clipping from the archives. From the 1992 Loo of the year awards which saw Broadstairs toilets receive awards for cleanliness and praise for their extended opening hours in the summer season.

What went wrong? Should Broadstairs revive the event in these times of public inconvenience, especially considering that TDC barely spend a penny nowadays on the necessity of a good sit down.

For those interested in the subsequent review of the event please see the clipping on Page 16



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A small nodule at the eastern end of England by Crispin Smith

Camilla Long, well-established journalist for The Sunday Times, visited Thanet recently and had this to say about it:

" a small nodule of erupted spleen at the eastern edge of England a little bit of throbbing gristle that, given enough anger, enough bile, enough precision dyspepsia, could suddenly, magnificently, detach itself entirely this election."

As a fan of words. I cannot help but admire her language, but the thought process behind what brought about this vitriol requires closer scrutiny. I don't wish to relate Camilla Long's article as though I'm reporting news. It's abundantly clear that it has already resonated across the district and the entire country; locally, Camilla Long might not hope to expect a warm reception in future, since her analysis of our district was as well received as a suppository of Tabasco. However, as a local resident, I do feel the need to discuss the possible reasons why she wrote it.

If, as a visitor, you arrive one day in any Thanet town and take a stroll, the chances are that you will encounter some element of deprivation. It could be as small and innocuous as a piece of vandalism at a bus stop to something quite a lot more significant like a row of empty shop fronts. The signs are there that we do not live in an entirely prosperous world. Margate, one of the towns that Camilla Long visited, has this impecunious façade in abundance. Once a thriving seaside resort, Margate suffered greatly as a result of the rise of foreign holidays, as did every town like it. Broadstairs too has lost a chunk of its verve to the commercial monopoly of suburban retail. These are just examples; there are multiple and complex reasons for our district's historical problems, which are beyond my permitted word count.

The point is - if you wish to focus only upon the negative aspects of what you see around you: the depressing decline, the desultory dereliction and the disproportionate deprivation, then Thanet is certainly the worst place in Britain, and never likely to change.

And yet, we know that isn't the case.

We know about the rejuvenation of Margate, and the glorious reopening of Dreamland. We know about Broadstairs Folk Week and Dickens Week and the truly splendid and sumptuous food festival. We know about the incredible restaurants and bars that are scattered around every town. We know one or two of them are nationally renowned. We know about the Ramsgate Regatta this summer. We know about the Turner Centre and in turn we know about the rich vein of creativity that occurs here, particularly from our young people. We know that hundreds of schools across the world choose Thanet towns to send their students to learn English. We know of the eager and resilient spirit of those who make our communities what they are. We know that due to the friendliness of its inhabitants, the beauty of its environs and its abundant supply of splendidly British sand. Thanet is noted as one of the most popular places to visit in the entire country. We know of the numerous grassroots, community-led campaigns that passionately strive to make differences for the better.

Because of course, she wasn't really writing about Thanet, she was writing about UKIP. Nigel Farage has decided, in his wisdom, that South Thanet is the constituency for him. He joins an already established brigade of UKIP members, some of whom you may have enjoyed recently on television. I cannot begin to imagine what caused Nigel Farage to wake up one day and declare 'I must stand for the people of South Thanet!' but that it is indeed a fact: the leader of UKIP will appear on your ballot paper.

Camilla Long wrote about a vision of Thanet that Nigel Farage would like you to focus on. Exploiting our in-built cynicism and negativity is what helps reactionary parties such as UKIP to succeed. She wrote of anger and bile for a very good reason. Feeling depressed, embittered and disillusioned about our area is fuel to a party that presents a charismatic leader with easy answers. Nigel's scapegoat for the country's problems is often immigration. He forgets or ignores the fact that our quite splendid country is borne of and continues to thrive with immigrants and instead often uses them as his go-to excuse (including traffic on the M40). It is unfortunate that he has been able to market himself on this xenophobic motif, forgetting quite profoundly that immigration provides a net profit to the country, and instead chooses to present 'the immigrant' as some pernicious single entity. Nigel would like us to forget that immigrants are people who you know: people who own businesses, save lives, mend your shoes, go out to dinner, read books, write books, sell books, defend the country, process your accounts, prescribe your medicine, chat to you in the shop, feed your cat when you're on holiday etc. In short, they are people who have helped to operate and shape the vibrant country that is globally admired. But we remember. We won't forget who they are, surely?

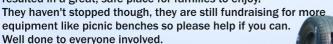
Nigel Farage's campaign for the South Thanet seat is not entirely centred around his thoughts on immigration, however. His website lists concerns over policing, child protection, Manston and our architectural heritage. He is entirely right to highlight them as matters to be dealt with. But how? It is interesting to note that whilst he is able to paint a sorry picture, his solutions for the same are scant. We are simply expected to rely on the blind trust that UKIP will bring that ever-so-miraculous 'change'.

As the son of immigrant parents, I must try hard not to solely resent the UKIP campaign for alienating a significant and worthy portion of our population. Instead, as a proud resident of Broadstairs and Thanet, I should resent the campaign that alienates the optimism, creativity and potential that we all possess. In addition, I should focus quite intensely on the fact that we do not need to help a political opportunist become an MP in a constituency he has chosen strategically. We can, as is abundantly exhibited, continue to make this marvellous bit of the country thrive very well without his presence.

(Disclaimer - I am not affiliated with, nor a member of any political party. I am also not affiliated with, nor a member of any organisation that stands against any political party)

Broadstairs Memorial Recreation Park

The Revive our Rec campaigners must feel very proud of their achievements at the rec. Their hard work over the last two years has resulted in a great, safe place for families to enjoy.







It's a Dream come true

After an absence of many years Margate's very own theme park 'Dreamland' is set to re-open on Friday June 19th. I'm sure we don't need to remind readers of the various ups, downs, fires and misfortunes to have blighted the fun park over the years, let's just hope that the management concentrate on the high times when visiting the attraction was deemed a treat. Hopefully they will be a little picky when it comes to the rose tinted glasses, I'm not sure post millennium UK is quiet as comfortable as it used to be with attractions such as the Fun house that intentionally sent gusts of highly compressed air up ladies skirts enabling passers by to gawp at women's frillies, there'll also probably be some objection if the throwing of hoops over small slowly asphyxiating goldfish swimming upside down in plastic bags was to make an unwelcome reappearance. And here's hoping that we've seen the last of what can only be described as the scariest humans in existence; those in charge of the 'Knock the cans' concessions, who never really seemed too tolerant of those who questioned the practice of blu-tacking the pyramids of tin to the shelving.

Mc Gone

Mc Donalds of Ramsgate King Street has now shut it's doors after 30 years trading. 'We really didn't see that one coming' said a local trader who was concerned what this meant for the Ramsgate shopping centre. And he has a point, who'd have thought a giant like Maccy Ds would be pulling out of a high street location, not even the infamous and fictional McDonalds Bulgarian Homosexual Wedding pie, sorry I mean 'Lobster Roll' could save them.

Sources at the restaurant simply announced 'The store will shut on 29th March as the business is no longer viable'

Hammer down at York Gate

After some intense bidding Frank Thorley of Thorley Taverns recently came out as top dog in the auction to buy The Pavillion on the Sands and York Gate House. The combined final hammer price for the two properties came in at a tad over a million. Whilst it is pleasing to see a local family firm investing their time and money in Broadstairs there is also the concern that now Thanet District Council has its grubby little mits on a pile of cash they will whisk the money away to the central coffers and do as they normally do by spending the money just about anywhere else other than Broadstairs.

Richard the Third

With the recent reburial of King Richard III, history buffs in Thanet are now desperately searching the archives for the possibility of finding someone of historical note who is dead, missing and famous. Plans so far are to dig up the main car park just off of Ramsgate High Street in the hope that someone of note has been laid to rest by the ticket machine, TDC are of course using the excuse of redevelopment to allow such an important local excavation to proceed.

Apparently there are a few dead kings to choose from such as Harold II, Henry I and King Stephen who is thought to be somewhere in Faversham.

However, so far no dead monarchs have come to light in Thanet.

Do you have a dead monarch in your vegetable patch? Then get in touch on our necro-monarch curious help-line.



It was one of those boring old days last Saturday, the sky being the same imagined colour as John Majors Y-Fronts, clouds full to brimming with dank drizzle and not much in the what's on section except a heritage bus event at Detling show ground - we stayed home.

And what do you eventually do when you get utterly bored, the fifth cup of tea drunk and the clock gone well past two. Yup, the telly went on.

I know, I'm a weak, weak man who should be out under the bonnet with a roll-up hanging from his lip but ever since they replaced carburettors with Apple Macs, I haven't had a clue what on earth does what.

So yes, there I was wandering through the channels, hopelessly searching for something that didn't include pensioners flogging off their memories in some of the most empty auction houses in the country in the vain hope of topping up their retirement pot. Yes, I even went down the list far enough to reach those channels only available at certain times of day, yes you at the back shrinking into your seat, you know the ones.

And then I noticed CITV. For the uninitiated CITV is the advert hungry channel for the under 12 shop-a-holic. On from 6am in the morning to 6pm at night; dont worry other kids channels are available should twelve hours of colourful screaming and guffawing not be enough for young Dakota.

There's a seemingly troubling belief of late that those darling bundles of fun that we pop out from time to time to keep us in Werthers originals when we get old, must somehow be kept amused for their entire waking hours, and amused mainly by the use of one brightly lit screen whether it be hand held or bolted to the wall where once 'Constables Haywain' stared out from the peaceful idyll.

Boredom was such a wonderful thing when children's Television

was considered a bit of a treat, on for only a couple of hours before Nationwide started, just when the entire youthful masses simultaneously yawned and went outside to play Ting Tang Tommy (a hide and seek game not to be confused with a UKIP slang term for eastern foreigners now residing in the UK).

There was of course lunchtime TV for children too, that is If you were lucky enough to catch something non-fatal from the grubby kid at school with the dribbly nose who smelled of wee, this subsequently allowed a stay at home on the proviso that the doctor supplied you with an alcohol based sweet fruit syrup to lessen the swelling in the throat.....Result! Alcohol, sugar and a warm bed full of comics. The downside was that the late morning / lunchtime helping of childrens TV was designed for schools. These programs, probably created by an evil thinktank hell bent on ruining those 'fake illness' days off from the local comprehensive, were designed so that even though you were ill at home there was the unlikely chance you might actually learn something, this was also weighted alongside that irritating parental argument 'If you're not well enough to go to school, you're not well enough to go out and play'.

This argument troubled the parent who spoke it, the poor mum had to balance the thought of their child calculating the odds of getting the following day off school (ie: getting under their feet for yet another day) against accepting that some sort of miracle had occurred and the little treasure has suddenly got well enough to go out and play, coincidentally just as the last chimes of the Magic roundabout had ended thus announcing the grown up news and current affairs programmes

In the 1970s there was many a slightly drunk child undergoing a sugar rush who suddenly became well at 5.35pm

But what about all those hours when there wasn't anything on the telly-box. No handheld devices to play with except your dad's metal mechanical calculator (remember them?) purchased from 'Marleys' with unfathomable instructions. No mates to play with, as those losers were all at school, just a slightly miffed mother who kept popping out for five minutes presumably to snaffle a glass of Double Diamond with her neighbour two doors down.

That's about when boredom set in.

Boredom was your friend back then, boredom is useful commodity long since forgotten about by children the world over, oh the joy of boredom. For boredom induced a need to find something to do. After all you couldn't just sit there staring at the 'Haywain' or the painting of the 'Dusky maiden holding a bulrush' so loved in 1976 and strangely back in fashion again at the moment, hoping that something was going to happen or just waiting for a boffin to invent 24 hour kids TV. Boredom became the instigation for so many games, wars were fought with little green men purchased in boxes from 'Peggotys' in St

Peters, imagination turned the cushions of the wooden framed settees and chairs into smuggling tunnels and underground lairs inhabited by cut-throats and bogeymen, copies of 'Peanuts', 'The Beano' 'Whizzer and Chips' and 'The Dandy' were read time and again resulting in the creation of a personalized comic strip created with the fallback Christmas present of the 1970s, the set of coloured felt tip pens.

Boredom created the fishing game in the loft which involved a short boat rod, a large hook made from a coat-hanger and the ability to catch any number of forgotten items from various eras past, with an imagination creative enough to believe that an old set of Cricket pads really could be a Stingray from the depths of the Barrier Reef, boredom enabled park-keepers to spend their days chasing dozens of groups of five or six kids around Northdown Park every early evening, attempting to get them to behave themselves and just play footie instead of throwing sticks at each other and turning the wooded area into a dirt track for bicycles. Boredom turned the bed into a boat, a race-car or the USS Enterprise and boredom helped enable the creative mind to throw off the shackles of the humdrum and everyday, for there was a lot of that in the 1970s.

Boredom started all those games in the back of the car, who could get the most waves back from strangers, how many green cars were there against how many beige cars (beige always won) and that firm family favourite Eye-Spy which spawned those 'I-Spy' books which kept kids amused for hours on long journeys looking out for exotic sports-cars and motorcycles, thus gaining points from the book and the joy of showing off to your chums that you'd seen something they hadn't

Electric switches have helped kill boredom, boredom has been replaced with games on the Playstation that remove creativity, instead immersing the participant in the often way too adult imagination of the designers of the game itself, designers who perhaps have taken their inspiration for the events portrayed in their video games from such things as real life. Sure it's fun, but it's only fun all the time it isn't an obsession that shrinks the gamer into a darkened room on a hot summers day, especially when there's always the option of being outside in the real world, imagining for themselves they are the character in the game searching, for a treasure that might actually exist somewhere in the boring old outdated thing named reality.

At a recent gig at the superb 'Ramsgate Music Hall' I witnessed four girls, who instead of taking notice of the excellent musicianship chose to stand facing each other gazing soulless into the abyss of their mobile phones, as all the time something really worth seeing just passed them by. The narcissism of the selfie and the often ridiculous obsession with staring at a screen at every given opportunity will I hope, eventually fade, perhaps we'll get back to

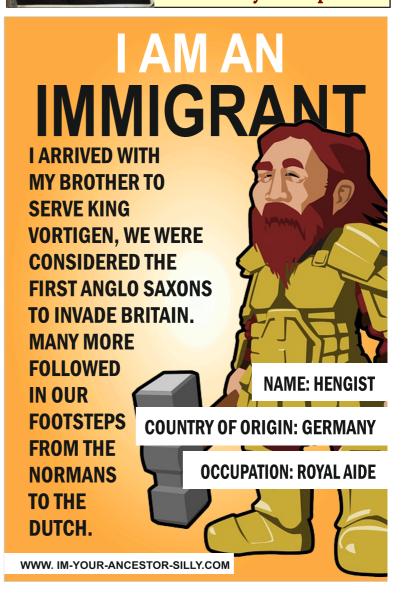
standing on the platform having a chat with our friends instead of mooning at Facebook updates, virtual reality may give way to plain old reality, and boredom might once again become a force for good.

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The Independent Isle

Look out! He's back...... Fairfax Carswell, Broadstairs leading conspiracy theory author, returns with a completely bonkers and fictitious view of an independent 'Fanet. Presented over several sloppy chapters by a man who insists on eating his soup using only a fork...... Don't believe a word of his lies.

The Americans did it in 1776, The Scots nearly did it last year, and we all hope the Welsh will do it..... I'm talking INDEPENDENCE.

So why not Thanet? Could we go it alone? Could we out independence Farage?

As we all know Thanet was once an island, separated from our neighbours on the mainland by the Wantsum Channel. Could we achieve this again, both physically and economically?

This question has taxed the brains of the greatest thinkers in Thanet since time immemorial........

To take a level look at the feasibility of independence we must look back to a report originated under the term of Ted Heath (God Bless Him) in 1974. In what became known as the Wantsome (their misspelling) Report 'Ted Heath' looked at the feasibility of isolating the whole of Thanet to turn it into a retreat for delinquent young boys. The report concluded that dredging the Wantsum to its original 3 mile width and 100 feet depth, along with related crossings and infrastructure, would cost approximately £18 million (£172 million in modern terms) and take 3 years to complete.

So this is both our benchmark and stumbling block to physical separation from the mainland.

So physical separation is possible and affordable; but what would we have to do once we have snapped our umbilical cord.

Having separated from the UK we would first need to form an army to protect our borders. Here I suggest that we look to the largest demographic at our disposal...... The elderly. I suggest

that we bring in compulsory conscription for the over 65's. Those with mobility scooters can form motorised battalions, and anyone who has not had a hip replacement will be eligible to join the 'special forces'. Training camps to be set up at Kingsgate Bay, and martial law to be introduced. Trained and ready our next move must be to use our crack troops to seize The Goodwin Sands, which we shall absorb into our country. Once this is done we shall be formally renamed Thanet Including The Sands. And from this we must form an acronym to use on a daily basis as a name for our newly formed country........

The bridge linking us to the mainland will be named The Ted Heath Bridge (TH1 for short). Toll booths, made from modified beach huts, will be manned by members of the St Peters Indoors Bowls Club, resplendent in their whites. To raise income we shall immediately charge a levy for using the bridge. £1.50 to cross from the mainland to our country; and £300 for anyone who wants to cross from our country to the mainland.

Next we must turn to the economy, to look at how we would survive and prosper.

Nationalising the Thanet Loop is a no-brainer. But logic tells us to really succeed we must look towards our greatest commodity with which to trade with the rest of the world. Here we must turn to the famous Thanet cauliflower.



Elderly Thanet residents practicing for the invasion of the Goodwin sands

Pinned to the commodities market, the Thanet Cauliflower could do well, so long as we support it with cheese-sauce based trading treaties. This will lead us into a period of what will be known as Cheddar-diplomacy. However, we must prepare for resistance to this from Europe. I believe that Brussels will object to our cauli's......

Let us turn our eyes now to the trickiest of subjects....... Currency. This was Scotland's downfall to independence, and we must learn from their lessons. The pound is out, as is the Euro. The only option is for our own new unique currency. Here I suggest we turn to another natural resource at our disposal, and in turn a celebration of our glorious marine past. I suggest we use and launch The Thanet WINKLE. Pegged to the Swedish Kroner, the Thanet Winkle will become an internationally traded currency (with its lower denomination of the Cockle). These will be easy to trade, with no requirements for cash machines, as we should be all able to find these lying about on the beach.

Borders secured and expanded, economy growing and new currency trading; we are already in a very strong position.

Next we must build the image for our country. Firstly, we need a new national anthem. I propose this to be based on How Much Is That Dog in the Window; with the lyrics slightly changed to be more cauliflower relevant. Then we will replace the old emblem of the British Bulldog with the new emblem of the Thanet Winkle. Also a new stamp will be introduced, depicting Ted Heath at the opening of the Margate YMCA in 1972. Finally we will bring in a new flag, based on the former French flag of 1939 – 1945...... White.

To commemorate our great achievements Poor Hole Lane will be renamed Liberation Boulevard.

To govern the new country I propose that we move from the old tainted TDC headquarters in Margate, to a small one bedroom upstairs flat just off Pierremont Road. I further propose that after a period of stability, we open up to democracy and make the position of King available to anyone who owns their own van; to be held on a lottery basis. So there dear reader you have it. My view of a utopian country. Every bit of it achievable and every bit of it within our grasp. But what if it all went wrong, I hear you say. Well, this has also been thought about.......

In the deeply unlikely event that this did not go to plan then we would look for an excuse for going to war with a third party. Here I suggest we declare war on the Isle of Sheppey, because "they were looking at us in a funny way". History has shown that a defeated country will receive international aid; and we must not forget that Bob Geldoff only lives down the road if we need him to knock us out a quick charity record.

"In the next edition our regular fruit-loop, Fairfax Carswell, asks the question on everyone's tongue, are Ted Heath's bones buried under the Lidl car-park at Westwood Cross?"

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Dictators in the attic

Time weighs heavily upon me (28) vears and 27days at moment of writing) and soon The Allweather Clothing Co Will be no more. I am retiring and moving on to pastures new.

Over time my adventures and observations have been chronicled by this very magazine: My on going nonsense with the folk week horsemen, (who I note now have their own restaurant on the outskirts of town), the revelations concerning women and their strange feet, my dogs preference for the taste of language students picnics, to name but a few.

But one tale I have not shared, is perhaps the strangest of all. I had not been in business long, still at the old shop premises in Albion Street, when a thin, scrap of a woman, think of a cross between Mrs Overall and Edith Piaf, wheeled her shopping trolley over the threshold one wet afternoon in April. She gestured to the Shetland sweaters in the window (100% wool in 6 pleasing shades and a snip at the price) and asked if I had one in her size. I did, she chose the colour, I put it in a bag and placed it on the counter.

From her trolley she produced a black bin-sack tied with string.

She undid the knot, and brought forth another bag similarly secured, and another, on and on for what seemed like an age, till finally, like a conjurors assistant she drew out an ancient ' Harrods' green carrier, in which was her purse.

She paid, put the bagged sweater in the 'Harrods' bag, then reversed the whole process, re knotting as she

We exchanged a few banal

pleasantries about the weather and she left.

Odd, perhaps, but not enough to register on the 'weird meter'. Next morning, on the stroke of 9, there she was, waiting for me to open. I feared the worst. Thinking I was about to start the day with a refund I unlocked and let her in.

She loved it! It was the best sweater she had ever bought, she said, and chose another, this time in the heather blue.

The trolley was opened, its innards laid bare in the prescribed manor, and her purchase consigned to its depths as before.

This time she insisted on shaking my hand before she left, and told me we were now friends.

When she bought the third sweater (

same palaver) she came over all thoughtful and told me that she was having some trouble at home.

" Ah!" I said, keeping things lighthearted. " Trouble with the old man....A story old as time."

" No " She replied. " I live alone.....Or did until 'HE' moved in."

She lowered her voice and beckoned me closer.

I leaned in.

"Someone is living in my loft and I think I know who it is."

"Perhaps it's squirrels?" I suggested. "Hitler."

For a moment I was speechless. "Do you mean 'the' Hitler? Adolf Hitler, one time leader of the Third Reich?"

"Yes."

"Well how do you know it's him?"



Peter Ellis leaves Allweather Clothing for the last time!

"The noise."

" What's it like?"

"Jackboots. Jackboots, marching from one end of my bungalow to the other."

I looked at her. She stared back.

"Are you frightened? Would you like me to call someone? A relative maybe?"

"Bless you, no." She said, laughing. " They might think I was a bit loopy."

When she came in for the fourth sweater I had to ask.

"How are things at home? Any better?"

"No, worse!" She said. "He's started coming down in the night."

"Really?"

"Yes, when I'm in bed."

"How do you know he comes down?"

"He wees behind the television."

" Surely not?"

"Oh yes....He doesn't think I know, but next time I'll be ready for him."

With a flourish she pulled out a child's cricket bat from her trusty trolley and slapped against her open palm.

"£1.50 From the charity shop....Got it this morning..... Bugger won't know what's hit him!"

I was selling a pair of boots to a builder weeks later and we got to talking.

"Strangest thing." He said. "I'm doing a job on a bungalow round the corner, re-plastering a ceiling, some poor old dear has some how managed to fall right through it. She'd gone up into the loft, God knows why.....Neighbour found her in a pile of rubble.

"Bloody heck!" I said. "Is she alright?"

"Funnily enough, even though she broke a leg she is surprisingly chipper....Game old bird.

Neighbour told me that she's as nutty as a fruit cake, has been for years apparently.....

Be glad when I'm finished though, bloody place stinks of wee."

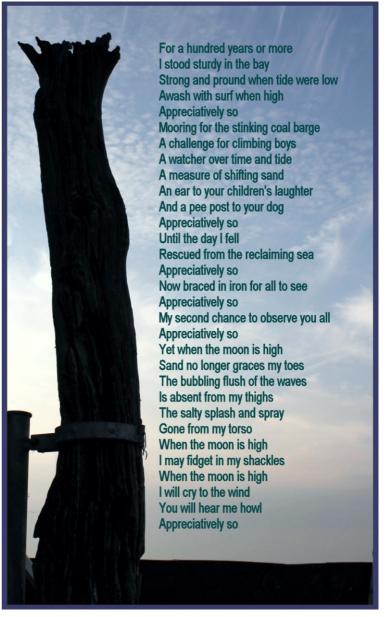
Before my lips could form more questions, he had taken his boots and gone.

Was it the same woman? Same bungalow? I never did find out.

Goodbye Broadstairs thanks for all the fun.

Peter. The Allweather Clothing man





Clippings on the Brigadiers doormat.

Here at The Broadie we can but do as we say we are going to do. Eh? Y'know the header on the front of the paper; for Broadstairs by Broadstairs. On returning from a night out the Brigadier on stumbling through the door noticed a greying

envelope had been pushed through one of the cracks in the woodwork.

This is the second of the two press clippings we managed to prise from the clutches of the silly old duffer. Please see page 6 for the first.

Ian Caplis.

A bit of a stink at the Initial Loo of the Year Award 1992

There were scenes of chaos yesterday at the first "Celebrate Broadstairs Initial Loo of the Year 1992 Award Winner" festival.

After years of intense pressure, Thanet District Council conceded objection to popular opinion and gave permission for the event to go ahead but are now scratching their heads at the disaster that has been locally dubbed as "Broadstairs Toiletgate"

From the start the festival was beset with problems. Organisers had failed to foresee that Barry, the key holder for the toilet, had been over indulging in a champagne lifestyle at his penthouse apartment with sea views in Ramsgate. After an hour of calling and no answer, event organiser, John Crapper, turned up to find Barry unconscious and quickly recovered the key and returned to open the toilets and start the festival for a slightly impatient but delighted crowd.

All was looking good but unfortunately the slow start was just the beginning. In the "Chase the fag butt around the urinal" there was a mix up over what a urinal is and which fag butt competitors should be chasing. In the local beer tent, an inebriated competitor saw a fag butt in an ash tray on the table and started the competition early. Screams were heard as wet patrons dashed from the tent and jumped over the cliff in a desperate attempt to get to the sea to wash themselves off and purge the

ammonia from their eyes.

After all fatalities were dealt with, a stiff upper lip was maintained and the festival continued...more problems arose.

The lady's squatting competition began without a hiccup as did the French event although there were complications when a holidaying antiques roadshow expert mistook the porcelain square for a Quing dynasty vase and demanded the event be cancelled immediately. The German sausage identifying event was where the real trouble laid.

Augustus Baumgartner III, five times German sausage eater of the year national champion and twice runner up, decided to push his boundaries on currywurst. With the help of a Phall curry expert from Birmingham, they concocted the strongest currywurst any German...any man has ever eaten. Augustus ate what has now been dubbed "Uber curryworst III" in his honour 5 hours prior to the event. When it came to passing the sausage from his digestive system, a toxic cloud was also released. Festival goers soon started to have symptoms from inflamed and tearful eyes to burning throats and nausea. One festival goer compared it to the 1969 Bogside riots in his hometown in Northern Ireland. He was quoted as saying "I only came for a day of toilet filled fun with the family then this happened, I thought the troubles were behind us"

Within the hour a local army unit turned up in hazmat suits and declared Broadstairs sea front a no go zone with quarantine procedures in place until the cloud dispersed. Unfortunately the children didn't like this and instead of throwing wet toilet paper on the ceiling, started throwing it at the soldiers and all hell erupted. I cannot and will not describe the scenes that followed. To try and calm the scene whilst garnering political points, the local anti European politician stepped in, unfortunately slipping on laid out dog poo for the "Identify the breed of dog whose poo I just trod in" and falling like a sack of British potatoes on the ground injuring himself in the process. As the paramedics were carting him off he was heard yelling "bloody immigrants, look what they have done to this wonderful festival, they sold Manston and are the root of all our problems". He is reported to make a full recovery and will make his faecal matter speech at a later date.

To cap it all off, after the event a financial irregularity of the toilet company was discovered and Barry the key holder is now under investigation for financial irregularities in the Broadstairs Loo of the Year accounts. Allegedly Barry had been charging for four ply toilet paper whilst providing two ply toilet roll procured on the secretive toilet paper "brown market" as it is known. The money he saved was used to fund his champagne lifestyle and pay for his luxury penthouse apartment with sea views in Ramsgate.

The future of the festival is now in doubt, event organiser John Crapper was quoted as saying "All my hard work, dreams and enjoyment of the people is now down the toilet"

SHOP WATCH





1 & 2. **Signature** Hair and Beauty & Candle Room 10 York St 01843 864257

The salon used to be called Loretta and is the same people but has had a lovely 'make over' with part of the salon now turned into an area selling Yankee candles. lamps, diffusers and wax burners.

3. The Cow Shed

Opened on March 30th where the **Smoothie Boat** used to be in Eldon Place, between the **Amusement Arcade** and The Little Art Gallery.

Serving milkshakes from your favourite chocolate bars. biscuits and sweets.

A Hat-trick of Hats

As promised at the excellent Spring Food Festival, here's the hats and bonnets lovingly made by numerous children.

Can you spot yours?





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Mrs Wally's Asparagus tips

It's that time of the year again, fantastic lovely spring and do you know what that means? Asparagus, that's what.

You can get it all year round shipped in from Peru or

Mexico having been cut ages before and chilled for its

entire journey, but it doesn't do it any justice. To my mind there is no greater pleasure than trotting off to Cliffsend and getting freshly cut asparagus straight off of the field - failing that, you can always go to the asparagus shed at the Minster services or pop into one of our fantastic local veg shops. I love asparagus and value it a great deal more knowing its limited edition and I can only feast on it like a glutton between mid-April and the summer solstice in June.

We love asparagus and for our first feast of the year we usually just put a big pan of water on and steam it before dotting butter over it and eating it with our fingers standing in the kitchen.

Chargrilled asparagus is lovely - just heat up a griddle pan and put it on to blacken slightly. You don't need any oil while it's cooking but it's lovely with a bit of olive oil drizzled over it once it's done. It's great added to a big bowl of salad and served up with some roasted chicken or roasted summer squash topped with toasted hazelnuts.

If you want to make a real meal out of ithere are a couple of my favourite dishes where asparagus really is the main event.

Asparagus Carbonara

This isn't one for you if you're watching your waistline but it's worth it even if you only have it once a year.

Pack of pancetta or about 300g chopped, big bunch of asparagus (about 500g) with the woody ends snapped off, splosh of white wine, the leaves of a fresh sprig of thyme, 4 egg yolks, about 100ml double cream, big handful of grated parmesan, salt and pepper, pasta - spaghetti is a classic choice.

To make the carbonara sauce, put the egg yolks into a bowl, add the cream and half the Parmesan, and mix together with a fork. Season lightly and put to one side.

You need to cook your pasta while you're cooking the asparagus - you need a big stock pot with a generous pinch of salt and once it's boiling, put the pasta in and get cracking with the rest.

Remove the heads from the asparagus and put to one side. Chop the asparagus stems into little pieces about 1cm long. Heat a frying pan up nice and hot and chuck in the pancetta, once the fat starts to run, add the asparagus stems, give it all a good stir up together, then splosh over the wine and let it sizzle down and evaporate. Season well with freshly ground black pepper, stir the heads and the thyme into the mixture and turn off the heat.

Once the pasta has cooked, you need to work quite quickly. Scoop out a ladleful of the cooking water and then drain the pasta. Mix it into the pan with the asparagus and pancetta before tipping back into the bigger pan, adding the creamy mixture and the cooking

water. You need to do this without any heat on - the eggs will cook with the heat of the pasta, but you'll scramble them if you put any other heat on them. Sprinkle over with the remaining parmesan and serve.

Easy-peasy Asparagus tart

This is quick and easy because frankly, life is too short to make your own puff pastry. I go for an all butter pastry and always have a couple stashed in the freezer to cobble a quick meal together.

Pack of ready-rolled puff pastry, a beaten egg, about 500g asparagus with the woody ends snapped off, 200g creme fraiche, 4 egg yolks, a generous handful of grated parmesan, 100ml double cream, a handful of chopped basil, a handful of chopped chives, a crushed garlic clove and freshly ground salt and pepper.

Preheat the oven to gas mark 7 or about 220c. Unroll the pastry and place on a baking sheet. With a sharp knife, score a line around the pastry, about 1cm inside the edge. Lightly prick inside the rectangle with a fork and brush the edges generously with beaten egg. Lay the asparagus in neat lines, facing the same way, inside the border of the pastry.

Mix all the other ingredients - apart from a couple of tablespoons of parmesan - and pour over the top of the asparagus being careful not to get the mixture on your scored edge. Sprinkle the parmesan over the top and then put in the oven for about 35 mins. If your edges start to burn, you may need to turn the oven down a little bit. This is yummy with a rocket salad and some lovely Parma ham or prosciutto torn over the top.

My top tip - stock up on kitchen asparagus at the farm; the stalks are a bit too bendy or funny looking for the supermarkets but taste just as lovely and are mega cheap!





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Pass the crab sandwich

I've just re-read an article on Thanet in the Guardian that made me want to spit. No not the piece in the Times written by the half-wit Camilla Long who raised her hatchet and just kept chopping away for no other reason except that her own London sensibilities were in turmoil, probably because she'd just travelled away from ancestral home to somewhere that has suffered a bit in recent times.

The Guardian article was written by a local ex-café owner who spent her words bemoaning the rise of UKIP in South Thanet, she went on to not only mention the lack of availability of Crab sandwiches in the little town of Broadstairs but to complain that the introduction of 'Lobster Rolls' to the area was treated with as much suspicion as if they'd been labelled 'Bulgarian Homosexual Wedding Pies'. Presumably these suspicious sorts were the same faction that apparently dismissed urban refugees and in-comers as DFLs' (Guardian: 28/03/15)

For those of you unfamiliar with the term DFL it refers not to every metropolitan type that wanders down from the big city, just to the few who wander down from the big city with the self appointed saviour attitude that us silly yokels haven't a clue and need to be saved from our own ineptitude by someone who just happened to live in London. This is, as if their previous residential location gives them a magical degree of superiority over those who live with their backs to the sea. I remember well, a young lady of good London stock who descended into Broadstairs with as much self publicizing fanfare as she could muster and proceeded to inform anyone who would listen that she was going to 'Shake things up a bit, and teach Broadstairs how to dress'. As you can probably guess, her clothes business didn't prosper and shut down within the year.

Local retail businesses do not prosper when you only open for three days a week, as especially has been seen so many times in Margate's Old Town with the coming and going of business ideas that couldn't be considered much else other than a hobby; quite often a hobby which doesn't give potential customers what they actually want but instead tickles the fancies of the business owner who has a fairytale

notion of what they want to sell. Expensive Olive Oil or Shabby Chic French crockery look all well and nice on the shelves, but you're not going to make a living selling one a month to someone who just happens to be visiting for the weekend from Hampstead. Crab sandwiches are very tasty, it's just that when you live at the seaside you don't necessarily always want to eat seafood, and when you do, as most knowledgeable locals already know, you go and buy a ready prepared Crab from 'Fruits de Mer' at the Broadway, stop of at Crusties for loaf then go home and make one.

The article unsurprisingly went on to rally against UKIP and all it's demons (For there are many). Now, I'm no fan of Nigel but maybe it's time to just let democracy take its course, nobody is going to be put off voting for him by articles in The Guardian or by listening to rude shouty women on Question Time who have forgotten their manners. Nor are the bone-headed members of the EDL suddenly going to spring up and shout 'Good lord, you're absolutely right all along, how silly of me'

just because someone on an anti-UKIP march produces an un-witty placard.

There's many reasons why people are tempted by UKIP, but lecturing by metro lefty middle classes whose lives have not been affected one jot by immigration or who have never lived in areas of high poverty is probably not going to have much of an impact.

Londoners, and 'Urban refugees'; (a self important metro lefty title if ever there was one)...... you're not dismissed, you're absolutely welcome here.

DFLs (note the difference) - you came here for the quintessential seaside experience, you loved the beach, the old world charm and the slower pace of life. I've heard tell that at least one of you has marvelled at the idea that locals can go to work wearing flip-flops, that when the day is done there's no better place to watch the sun go down with a pint in your hand, than the jetty, perhaps you also believe as many do that we do have our own micro-climate, that the Palace is in fact the best cinema in the world and that ownership of a beach hut is considered akin to reaching nirvana.

I'm not railing against change, on the contrary, change Is fun, but perhaps you've missed the point rather if you just want it to be more like where you came from in the first place, because I'm telling you, most of us are pretty happy as it is.

G. Johnson, Broadstairs

Nipper writes in from days gone by

Dear Broadie Ed.

Sir, I was Nipper Smith, the coal bucket monitor at this, my Broadstairs prep school, quite a long while ago. That's me in the centre with a day off, it being Sunday and the weather properly warm. I am a bit dead nowadays, so have taken an opportunity to ask you, through a local spirit medium if any of the fabulous future machines proposed by Mr H G Wells ever came about - particularly that new-fangled electrical Central Heating machine which could help one travel through time by use of a special command clock. Yours etc

Nipper



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The constant juggling of financial support for resources by local authorities since the austerity drive has impacted on many areas and KCC are currently looking at how to fund local libraries.

From KCC's website:

'Kent County Council (KCC) is transforming the way it delivers its services as well as reducing costs. Library, Registration and Archive (LRA) services are valued by communities, which is why we have given a lot of consideration to how we deliver them for the future. From many options we have looked to find the most sustainable that will deliver customerfocused services and contribute to the savings KCC has to make.

KCC's preferred option is that we set up a Charitable Trust to deliver the LRA service.'

There was then a consultation period which started on 12 Jan 2015 where a consultation document was available and several roadshows around Kent which ended on 8 Apr 2015. The document included a questionnaire for feedback from the public.

The Public Libraries Act of 1850 gave boroughs the power to provide free book lending services for all which had an enormous effect on improving literacy.

They are still needed today not only to help with literacy but to provide a public space where information is available to all. A Europe wide survey last year showed that libraries are valuable for supplying computer and internet access especially to the elderly and those seeking employment.

Many libraries have been closed because of cuts so we should take advantage of ours to make sure we keep it as the community space that it is.

Many libraries are now run totally by volunteers which may be acceptable in a small community but would be a sad loss for us. There is no suggestion as yet that this could happen here but we need to be proactive to ensure that it doesn't materialise as a money saving action.

Activities at Broadstairs Library

Baby Rhyme Time on Tuesdays 2:00 - 2:30 pm Baby bounce and rhyme for under 3's and their parents and carers.

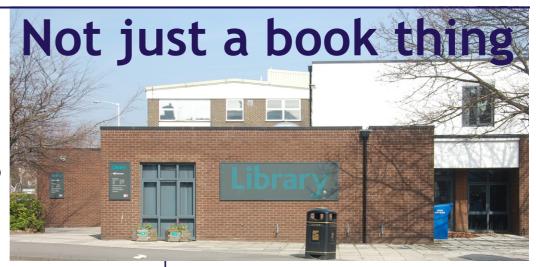
Talk Time on Tuesdays 9:30 - 10:30am and Wednesdays 10:30 - 11:30 am 'Come and join our weekly group where you can make friends and share activities. Everyone is welcome.'

Reading Group meets on first Wednesday of the month 2 - 3 pm IT Buddy sessions on alternate Tuesdays 10:30 am - 12:30 pm; Thursdays 10 am - 12 noon and alternate Thursday evenings 6 - 7 pm; Fridays 2 - 5 pm.

Ancestry help on Wednesdays 2 - 4 pm

New Deal collection for advice on training, learning, careers and jobs

There are also individual events like a recent Harry Potter event for



children and the summer reading club (5 – 11 yr olds)when children are encouraged to read six books over the holidays.

Home Library Service

providing you with books and other items of your choice, such as spoken word cassettes or videos, on a regular basis. If you have any special requests they can be obtained free of charge through the Library Reservation Service; either telephone the library and ask for a member of staff who deals with the Home Library Service, or send a note with your volunteer when you return your books.

The Home Library service also has a service were people can borrow an i-pad for a few weeks. During this time they may have 8 x 1hour guided sessions with a volunteer at home to show them how to use the internet etc.

Broadstairs Mobile Library Service Tel: 07740 183760

The library bus visits us on a fortnightly basis.

Week 1 May Thurs 7th, Fri 8th

Week 2 May Thurs 14th, Fri 15th

and so on.....

Week 1: Thurs

Hopeville Ave: 9.40 - 10.25 Detling Ave: 1.40 - 2.10 Manktelow Court: 2.20 - 3.20 Prestedge Ave: 3.30 - 4

Week 2: Thurs

Vine Close: 4.20 - 4.30

Magdalen Court: 9.15 – 9.30 Linley Road: 10.30 – 11.20 Old Green Rd: 11.30 – 11.45 Botany Rd: 11.55 – 12.15 Percy Ave A: 2.05 – 2.20 Percy Ave B: 2.25 – 2.40 Rumfields Rd: 4 – 4.15 Wilkes Rd: 4.20 – 4.45

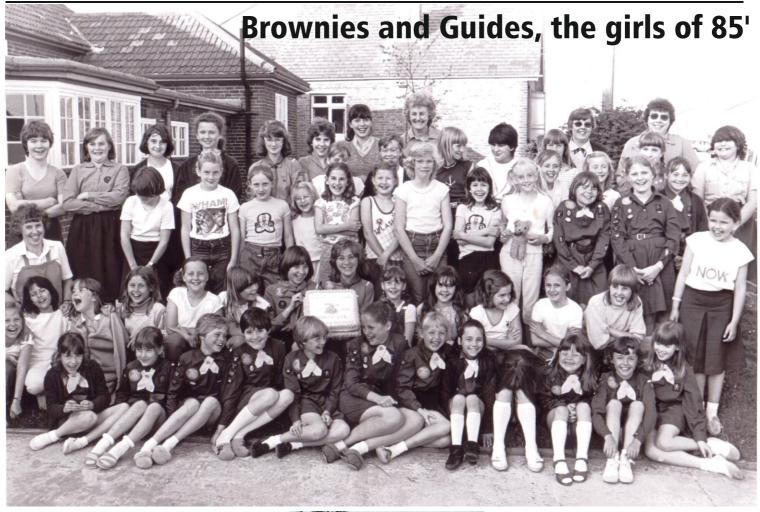
Week 1: Friday

Westcliff Rd: 9.20 - 9.40
Eastern Esplanade, Cheviot
Court: - 9.50-10.10
Lanthorne Rd, Foreland School:
10.15 - 10.30
The Silvers: 4.05 - 4.25

Opening Hours

Sunday Closed
Monday 9.am - 6.pm
Tuesday 9.am - 6.pm
Wednesday 9.am - 6.pm
Thursday 9.am - 8.pm
Friday 9.am - 6.pm
Saturday 9.am - 5.pm

E-mail: broadstairslibrary@kent.gov.uk
Website: www.kent.gov.uk/libs



These joyful photos dropped through the letterbox a while back. Sent in by Beryl Smith, who lives in New Brunswick, Canada. Beryl is pictured back row third from right and is also holding the cake in the other two pics.

The photo was taken in 1985 outside St Mark's Church Hall in Pysons Road We posted this photo onto Facebook

to see if anyone recognised themselves. We were quite amazed to see the response of so many Brownies and Guides who recognised themselves. Its not a concise list so perhaps you can fill in the blanks

(We'd like to be able to credit the photo but unfortunately the name on the back is unreadable)





Front Row. From left to right. 3rd: Susan Kirstie Allsop Longhurst 7th: Sarah Woodward (nee Long) 11th: Leah Roberts Second Row: ? Third Row girls standing: 2nd. Kerry Hickmott 3rd: Leanne Needham 4th: Katie Geldard 5th: Sally Geldard - Goode 6th:Samantha Smith 8th Wendt Whitcomb 9th: Sandy Wilson 11th: Jennifer Garbutt Were Fourth Row:? Fifth Row. Centre back (next to window) **Tess Watkins**

(If we've got any wrong our apologies but Facebook wiped our account out with all the details)

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How my friend's grandfather went rogue

By George Monbiot, published in the

Guardian 31st December 2014

Arthur, my friend Steve tells me, was a wonderful grandfather. He loved the company of younger people, and always had a good story to tell. He remained as sharp as a pin and lived independently until his death at 101. His gold retirement watch, which stopped on the day he died, still sits on Steve's beside table.

Throughout his official working life, he toiled blamelessly at the General Post Office. He was a union official, popular and respected, who was active in local politics. It was after he retired and received his watch that he went rogue. He fell in with a crew of geriatric delinquents and started working the racecourses.

The greybeards had the ticketing system stitched up. They were the dependable stewards – bowler-hatted, with perfect manners – who met the millionaires off their helicopters. Their job was to sell these people stupendously expensive tickets for the VIP enclosure. The tickets camed in sealed packets, numbered and dated. A couple of members of the grizzled racket worked inside the ticket office, and issued more packets than the sellers were likely to use.

On the way to the helipad, the old crims would open the surplus packets with a razor blade, extract one or two tickets from each pack, then melt the wax seal and, pressing it back into shape, use it to close the opening they had made. They sold the black tickets on their own account, and each made many hundreds. The old boys in the office then logged the packets back in, recorded them as complete and put them in the incinerator. When Steve was a teenager, he helped his grandad for a day with what he believed were official ticket sales, for the standard wage of a tenner. When the job was done, one of the gang members pressed £150 into his hand

It might have been through this venerable crew that Arthur met a dissolute auctioneer, a functioning drunkard, also advanced in years, with a sharp eye for business and a selective blindness for how it was conducted. Arthur was employed to bid up prices in the auction room, and to help move the goods selected for sale. Her Majesty's Revenue and Customs soon began to take an unhealthy interest in Arthur's affairs; eventually he was stung for £6000 in back tax.

One day the two old rogues were working through a house after probate had been granted, with one of the sons of the deceased, when Arthur stumbled across something not listed in the will. It was a box containing sixty George V gold sovereigns, minted in Pretoria in the 1920s. The horde was worth many thousands.

There were two options. The first was to declare the find, whereupon it would be listed as an asset of the deceased's estate. It would then be subject to inheritance tax, and the residue divided among the beneficiaries of the will. The second was to say nothing and split it three ways. The three philosophers examined the question long and hard, interrogating it from the point of view of

Socrates, Aristotle and Epicurus, before divvying up the loot. Arthur took his share and hid it in his house. He told his family about this good fortune, but never revealed where he had stashed the treasure.

He was not a hoarder. On the whole, he preferred cash, and sold most of what he possessed, even – to his sons' distress – his wife's jewellery after her death, bar one diamond and some of the gold it contained, which he had turned into a signet ring. He lived sparely, in the way that people of his generation often did. By the time he died, his house was almost empty: just a few sticks of worthless furniture and some bric-a-brac fit only for the skip. But his family knew he had not sold the sovereigns.

There are not many hiding places in a 1950s bungalow: none of the priestholes or tunnels or sliding panels behind which gold is traditionally hidden. So, after the old man's funeral, when Steve and his father went to clear his house, they never doubted that they would find the horde. They rolled back the carpets. They pulled open the base of the divan. Steve brought in a ladder and checked the pelmets of the heavy old curtains. They lifted the insulation in the loft and searched inside the water tank. By the time they had finished, every crevice and cornice had been examined. The house was empty, a mere shell of the old man's life, in which no sign of his presence remained, except the faded carpets, which they had relaid, and the curtains. Reluctantly, they gave up. They appointed an estate agent and put the house on the market.

Steve's father tried to contact the auctioneer, but couldn't track him down. Perhaps the old soak was on a bender: he had, after all, failed to attend the funeral, which was surprising, as the two adventurers were known to be close. But some time after the house was sold, the auctioneer at last rang back. "Oh no," he confirmed, "he never sold the sovereigns. They were just about the only things he kept." "So where are they?" "He used them as curtain weights."

Steve's father has also now passed away, so we don't know exactly what he said when he rang the new owners. But we know that he trod a delicate line between discovering what he was after and not alerting them to his intent. The conversation went something like this:

"We didn't go through the house as carefully as we might have, and I think we could have left some items of sentimental value behind. I was wondering whether they might still be there." "Well the house was completely empty. There was nothing in it except the carpets and the curtains."

"Ah, those lovely carpets and curtains! I can't think of them without picturing my father sitting in his armchair." "You want the curtains and carpets?". "He didn't leave very much behind you see." "I'm sorry to say that we've ripped them all out." "Well yes of course, that's perfectly understandable. What did you do with them?" "We put them in the skip." "Is the skip – is it, er, full yet?". "Oh yes, they took it away on Thursday. It all went to the dump. If you'd rung a couple of days ago ..."

*The names in this story have been changed.



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May to 28 th JUNE 2015 LISTINGS. Unless otherwise stated all productions are Professional

Saturday 25th April at 7.30pm

Ladies GoDiva

An outstanding triumvirate, in the mould of Fascinating Aida. They are hilarious, glamorous 'old school' divas with big voices and even bigger personalities. Performing original songs penned by the hugely talented and celebrated Helen Goldwyn this trio, all of whom have graced the West End stages, love to have fun and mix a modern sound with a vintage feel.

> £12.50 paid in advance/Friends £14.50 on the doors

Sunday 26th April at 3.00pm

Spring Classical Concert 3

Peter Hewitt, piano. Schumann "Carnaval", Beethoven "Moonlight Sonata" Tickets: £10.00 adults, £7.00 children. Season ticket available

Saturday 9th May at 7.30pm The Sounds of Simon

A tribute to the wonderful music of Simon and Garfunkel. The Old Friends Duo tour is how the songs are meant to be: just two voices and one guitar. This is the music of Simon and Garfunkel up close and intimate. Relive the classics, from Mrs Robinson, to Homeward Bound, as well as some rarely heard songs like A Most Peculiar Man, and A Poem on the Underground Wall. Paul Simon is a wonderful songwriter and this is your chance to hear these songs as they were originally performed. Paul and Art are played to perfection, bringing in elements of their famously

fractious relationship, as well as replicating the beautiful harmonies flawlessly. This is a wonderful show filled with excellent music, nostalgia, and a genuine love for some great musicians.

Tickets: £12.00 paid in advance/Friends, £14.00 on the doors

Sunday 10th May at 3.00pm

A Wealth of Woodwind Wonders

With Paul Shand and David Ruddock Paul will play solos for flute, clarinet and saxophone including Annie's Song, Stranger on the Shore, and Take Five together with the Finzi Bagatelles and Weber Concertino

Tickets: £10.00 all seats, Family Ticket at £32.00

Saturday 16th May at 7.30pm (Doors open 7.00pm) Raw Shark presents

The Wantsum Brewery Sessions 3

Folk Dance night with The Inexplicables plus Funky and the Two Tone Baby. Tickets: £8.00 paid in advance/Friends, £10.00 on the doors. Unreserved seating. Plus the Wantsum Real Ale Bar.

Saturday 23rd May at 7.30pm

Meet Tommy Atkins

This brand new play written by award winning author James Ruddick and playwright/actor Peter Gill, details, through the eyes of a simple 'Tommy' the reality of war for those who actually fought it. In an astonishing solo performance, 'Meet Tommy Atkins' takes the audience through his war - a war that saw him fight at Ypres, Passendale, Loos and on the Somme and that took him to the depths of despair but also brought him unique comradeship that

he would never find again. From the beginning of the war to the end, Private Tommy Atkins was there. This is his story. Tickets: £12.50 paid in advance/Friends, £14.50 on the doors.

> Sunday 24th May at 3.00pm The Mosaic Cat presents

The Paul Gunn Company

A survival guide to the mysteries of modern etiquette revealed in song.

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The right man or even the right Miss! Paul Gunn Company have crafted their own distinctly British innovative sound from the four corners of the Commonwealth, with piano-based songs in the tradition of Noel Coward, Tom Lehrer and Fascinating Aida. Tickets: £10.00 paid in advance/Friends,

£12.00 on the doors **Unreserved seating**

Saturday 30th May at 7.30pm

Last of the Summer Wine - Treading the **Boards**

This is the story of two men, father and son, who made comedy television history, 'Last of the Summer Wine' was the world's longest running television comedy series. Bill Owen charmed audiences with his characterisation of 'Compo' in the series for 27 years - upon his passing, his son Tom joined the series and subsequently made history.

Tom today tells the story of two careers his own and his father's - the highs and the lows, the laughter and the tears in a memorable evening of anecdotes, songs and film clips

www.beyondeternitypromotions.com Tickets: £12.50 paid in advance/Friends. £14.50 on the doors.

Saturday 13th June until Wednesday 17th June.

Nightly at 7.30pm, except Sunday at 4.00pm

Broadstairs Dickens Festival present in association with the Sarah Thorne **Theatre Company** A Community Production of

Barnaby Rudge

Adapted from the Charles Dickens novel by John Goodrum.

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prejudice, love and revenge. TICKETS:

£10.50 adults, £5.50 children paid in advance.

£12.50 adults, £6.50 children on the doors.

All seats unreserved and available from STTC Box Office, Dickens Festival Kiosk (and on line from either Broadbiz.co.uk or STTC web site)

Saturday 20th June at 7.00pm.

Oliver Twist

An adaption of the classic novel by **Charles Dickens**

Join the STTC Juniors as they follow the young orphan on his adventures with Mr. Bumble, the Artful Dodger, Nancy, Bill Sykes, Fagin and many more favourite characters.

Tickets: £7.00 adults, £5.00 children.

Sunday 21st June at 3.00pm

Afternoon Concert

with Christine Heinz, violin and Patrick Dunn, piano.

Beethoven-Spring Sonata, Bartok -Romanian Folk Dances - Schumann -Three Romances, Elgar - Salut d'Amour. Tickets: £10.00 all seats, £32.00 family ticket.

Sunday 28th June at 3.00pm

Thanet Light Orchestra

This local orchestra will perform a mixture of popular classics and light music, with a few surprises! £8.00 paid in advance/Friends, £10.00 on the doors. A Community Production.



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The Brigadier

Back to the back pages for me again I see, must have done something to upset them in their ivory towers, I'm not bitter though, dear me no. And the so and so's forgot my birthday last year, not one bottle of gin, not even a lemon. We'll see what happens at the end of April this year, although I'd imagine they're all going to be getting far too excited about the pending election to worry about an old dodder such as 'meself.

I can't really remember how many elections I've voted in, whatever it is since we kicked old Winnie out; won the war but lost the country, which was a little careless.

There seems to be have been little interest in elections in the past couple of decades what with voting numbers falling off the chart, probably something to do with politicians being such utterly boring grey individuals who speak this modern nonsense without answering the questions put to them. Say yes, instead of 'we're clear on this point' and then be anything but, say no instead of 'In the last government so and so didn't do this', talk like Stanley Unwin, but for gods sake you silly people be a bit more interesting and a bit more human. I've never heard so much piffle spoken by a person since General Percival drank a bucket load of the local brew out in Malaya and was laid up for a week with the galloping malaccas. Thank the lord for people such as Dennis Skinner, a man known for having a bit of get up and go, even if his age got up and went. I do love this quote from him though, which is certainly worth repeating:-

"Half the Tory members opposite are crooks." When told to withdraw this remark by the Speaker: "OK, half the Tory members aren't crooks."

'Stop bloody shouting and stab the bugger', that's what the decibel loving Sergeant Major used to say to us back in basic training. 'It's all well and good gabbling on at the enemy, but you wont be much use if you're out of breath by the time you get to 'im' is how he put it.

And I suppose the same applies to our politicians. Just get on with it and stop telling us what you're going to do - just do it.

It's so much easier to put the X in the box nowadays, they've even got a

whole games thingy dedicated to it. You can vote on the internet, vote from abroad, get someone else to do it for you and I suspect that before long you'll be able to Facevote or use some other odd social media whatchamacallit handheld device. Well the only handheld device I trust is a tin of corn beef, and I've cut my hand on those a few times too. Voting needs to be made more troublesome, reverse psychology if you like, perhaps we could insist that the vote must be cast in the voters own blood, tell them they can only vote if they can correctly name pictures of random songbirds of the UK, maybe tree identification questions, or perhaps Gin brands of Britain. Anything really, here's a few that should suffice

- Q: is Rozanne Duncan a nutter?
- Q: Should I let rich folk off of paying tax?
- Q: Should Sir Phillip Green be strung up in the square?
- O: How much does gin cost per pint?
- Q: Which 'In the night Garden' character most resembles David Cameron?

Simple questions requiring simple answers, if you get less than three out of five correct then I really don't think that the electorate should have your choice of politician thrust upon them as you are clearly a prize winning bumpkin

But why an earth listen to a crotchety old fool such as myself, if you wanted that we could just go an elect the same sour faced bunch of dumplings we did last time.



The Widow's Confession

This book found its way into the old manor a few weeks ago. Sophia Tobin has a family connection to Broadstairs, she was so taken with the history of the area she incorporated many local sights into the story.

It's Victorian England, A group of visitors arrive in Broadstairs, they've come from far and wide, each has their own secrets and whilst the buttoned up airs and graces of

Victorian society prevail, things are not as civilised as you may have imagined. A body of a young woman is found on the beach sometime after their arrival, a strange message scrawled into the sand beside the corpse.

There is resentment and distrust by the local residents who are concerned that one of the in-comers is to blame for the spate of deaths.

The story is eventually tied up tight enough to satisfy most readers with a rather unexpected ending.

A fine read. Atmospheric and gripping, with strait laced fallibility, secrets, lies and lost innocence poking out from under the crinolines at every turn. Local residents will also enjoy the descriptions of hostelries, churches and the sights and sounds of mid 19th Century Broadstairs.

Sophia Tobin is a Sunday Times bestselling author for very good reason. Thoroughly recommend.







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