



**For Broadstairs by Broadstairs**

**60p**

**Issue 49**

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The more eagle eyed amongst you might have noticed that our next issue is to be number 50. 'Well blimey how did that happen' we hear you say....and frankly we don't know either. Anyhow, It's going to be a large issue with a whole host of scribbings from contributors past and present. All we've got to do now is sit down and do it.

As always - any written contributions greatly received

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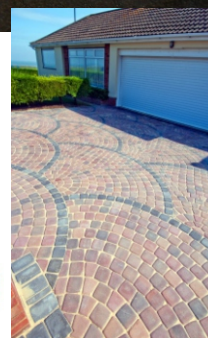


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**Your letters**    thebroadie@googlemail.com

## A Breast or Abreast?

Dear Brigadier

I really enjoyed your article about Albion Street as I often get involved with a good swear up at drivers who are very impolite and bullish towards little old ladies such as myself as I centre my car up the road, after all I was born here.

However, I was very upset that you wrote of Broadstairs PIER, you blithering idiot, really you deserve to be demoted to a lesser rank! All genuine Bradstonians know that it is a JETTY, so in future please remember this fact, otherwise my pensioner pals will smother you in really smelly seaweed from Minnis Bay, so watch it.

I also noticed that instead of writing ABREAST you said A BREAST which I found rather weird as you just about managed to spell everything else correctly, you Twit!

Yours sincerely

Potty Anon.

## Old Romantics now surely

Dear Sirs,

I understand that Thanet District Council is considering opening up a New Romantic Heritage Trail across the island.

Surely, when we can not decide what to do with Manston Airport, this is a potential waste of money to all tax payers.

Come on TDC, get it sorted.

Anonymous

## Wally Wilton and his Wonderful World of Winkles

Sir,

I must draw your attention to an inaccuracy in Issue 48 of the Broadie in the Fairfax Investigates article. Walter Wilton, a distant relative of mine, was not the son of Bartholomew and Ada Wilton (family motto "tot homines tam paulo", "so many men, so little time"), but the illegitimate offspring of Ada and Spanish buccaneer, adventurer and businessman, Philippe El Verde.

Late in the 1700s, El Verde spent long periods, moored up in his 300ft Supergalleon, "Corazonmiente" off Viking Bay, the remainder of the time moored outside territorial waters off Jaywick, Essex in order to avoid punitive import taxes on his cargoes of lingerie and Jamaican rubber mattress protectors and to avoid having his masts and rigging stolen by the locals.

At some point during the 1797 Broadstairs annual Clog Hurling competition, El Verde and Ada, both "ninpopical" from local rhubarb wine, found themselves alone in a beach hut, and the inevitable transpired.....well 9 months later to be exact..

Wally was the result of this tryst, and to his credit, Bartholomew forgave Ada her indiscretion and raised Wally as his own, until around the time of Wally's 18th birthday when Bartholomew inherited a large some of money and slung them out onto the street and into the poorhouse. Bartholomew's family motto being "eu gestum" or "job done".

As history shows however, Wally was made of sterner stuff and went from strength to strength, realising that the world was his oyster.....or to be precise, his winkle.

Regards KS



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**Broadie proof reader finally spotted**

Dear Broadie

Here is young Rory Bubble reading The Broadie whilst Mummy & Daddy shelter from the rain at The Four Candles' stall at this years food festival. Do we win a prize?

Krista

Broadstairs

*You do but unfortunately the Brigadier drank it already. - Cheers*



**Overheard**

Dear sir/madam

Here is an entry for your genuine overheard conversations

Police sergeant to his constables on the beach.....

*"Right, time to round up the Pot Heads"*

Kevin



**Keep still Mum. It's the Watershed Choir and their damn Adult Carols!**

**The Lady in an Hotel**

Scene 1: A Large Hotel bedroom with French Windows onto a balcony with sea-view

A member of staff enters. The Lady (aged about 80) is standing in the centre of the room.

Carspratt

Lady

C

Lady

C

You rang m'lady?

Ah, Carspratt, yes...

Is there something wrong m'lady?

Indeed there is Carspratt.... When I asked for a room I expected one with a window.

Er, yes m'lady... perhaps you'd like me to point out this large glass area over in this wall? That would be the window m'lady, through which, if I am not very well mistaken, one can see the sea. It might not be herds of wildebeest sweeping majestically across the plain... it might not even be Torquay, but it is a view which would otherwise be invisible if your room did not in fact possess a window... Indeed, I do believe it would be quite difficult to see anything at all without the benefit of that particular transparent device. I feel that I must boast that all our rooms do in fact have windows; we find that most of our guests like to be able to see out.

Lady

That is quite enough Carspratt; you are deliberately being obtuse, not to say rude and sarcastic. I am well aware that that is a window, but I wish for one that will open thank you.

C

Of course m'lady. Perhaps I can indicate the handle here which allows the whole door to open. Alternatively, there is a window above the door which does indeed do the same.

Lady

I would prefer a gentle breeze to the gale that might enter through the door... and what do you propose I stand on to open the other window? Would you have me tottering atop the dressing table stool perhaps?

C

Sorry m'lady. No, of course not. Perhaps we could find an alternative room for you?

Lady

Oh, so some of your rooms do have windows opening in a traditional, reachable fashion do they?

C

I believe so m'lady; is there anything else, while I'm asking?

Lady

I think that this room has all else I require, and many items I don't such as the ubiquitous trouser press. Can you tell me how many people do actually use them?

C

You'd be surprised m'lady.

Lady

I'm sure I would... a trouser press but no opening window. Extraordinary!

(This is obviously a completely fictitious account, and any resemblance to any people or incidents is totally coincidental, and it certainly didn't occur in any hotel in Broadstairs...)

L Macolline



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 Tue 20th Dec 10am and 1.30pm School Groups only  
 Wed 21st Dec (Day Off)  
 Thu 22nd Dec 2.30pm  
 Fri 23rd 2.30pm  
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# Tending the plot



*What world is this if full of care. We have no time to 'sit' and stare*



Of two deaths that occurred in 1485 that of Richard the third – the last Plantagenet King – was probably more noteworthy than that of Richard Culmer the Broadstairs boatbuilder and landowner. However over 500 years later we still revere Richard Culmer as the benefactor who left 6 acres of land for the benefit of the needy people of Broadstairs and St.Peters.

This 6 acres, virtually untouched, is now owned by CT10 Charities and leased to Culmers Allotment Society Ltd.

The plot-holders and their associates manage and cultivate this ancient space – a double value to Broadstairs as we have the benefits and enjoyment of using the land and the money raised in rent passes to the CT10 Charities to support those in need locally. Besides this our management, under a 20 year lease, ensures the continuation of a green space in the middle of the town when there is an ever increasing demand for such land to build on.

We have 110 plots of varying size and rent collection takes place in October and at this time of year we have a number of plots becoming vacant .

If you have always wanted to grow your own healthy veg and maybe save the cost of your gym membership it might be worth thinking about an allotment. I have to add that despite what you read or see on television results are not instantaneous and any plot will require some digging and regular attention. Besides this we operate as a Mutual Society so all members are expected to put in some of their time towards keeping the place going.

If you're interested send an email to:

[culmersallotments@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:culmersallotments@hotmail.co.uk) and we will let you have some more information.

**Chris Morrissey Culmers Admin Team**

## Grandma's Garden & The Pie Bush

Years ago we grew veg & herbs & fruit & made wine & chutney & jam and then work/life/children got busier and we moved & moved & moved & moved and still clung to growing stuff in ever decreasing plots of garden and made chutney & jam with friends overspill of produce and foraged blackberries and then this year I spent ££s buying damsons to make jam and lovely though it was – all gone now – it seemed as if we were missing the feeling of having grown the stuff ourselves.

Then... I saw this from Culmer's Allotments

'Culmer's Allotments in Broadstairs is now into its third year of self-management. We now hold a 20 year lease of this four acre site from the freeholders, the CT10 Charities.

There are 110 plots in total and there is always a waiting list.

However, at this time of year when tenancies are being renewed there are usually a number of members who decide, for different reasons, to give up their plot.

The list of people waiting therefore is usually at its shortest at this time of year and we'd welcome applications from anyone who'd like to join us.

Culmer's Allotments Society Ltd is a Mutual and our Admin Team volunteers actively manage the list and re-letting process so that waiting time is kept to a minimum.

Maintaining an allotment can be hard work but can be immensely rewarding. There is also the social benefit of meeting other plot-holders. For those with limited experience of gardening there are several skilled lifelong gardeners who would be willing to advise if needed.



The garden centre in Vere Road also offers a 10% reduction for Culmers plot-holders.

If you would like to find out more about our site and join our waiting list please email [culmersallotments@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:culmersallotments@hotmail.co.uk)

I emailed straight away expecting to go on a waiting list but in a few days we were there being shown lovely plots of land to choose ours from. The 'Garden Controller' took us round and explained the rules and answered all our questions.

It was like Christmas, really exciting, my daughter and I and two small grandchildren wandered among the beautifully tended although winter plots and were shown poor neglected plots, some in quite a bad way. We loved one plot for its position and layout but decided it was just in too bad a way for us to take on and probably too big. So we chose our plot.

There are approximately four sizes and your rent is dependent on this plus you have a small extra annual amount to cover water, also dependent on plot size and we have size B with A being the smallest. I also paid £5 for my daughter to be my assistant so that if I throw off my mortal coil she can take over. You also have to agree to give several hours to maintain the general areas.

I love the idiosyncrasy and non-conformity of allotment plots with rusty corrugated iron fences and wind chimes and flags but most of all I love the beautiful rows of carefully planted seedlings and the crumble of the dark soil showing how well tended it is.

We have a shed! Which we're very pleased about and it's full of quite useful things left by the previous gardener who had to give it up reluctantly so hopefully we can carry on where they left off and grateful that they left us some raspberries, gooseberry bushes, blackcurrants and some herbs.

We're quite a way off that but when we get ours cleared and healthier we shall see...

"So Tilly" say I to three year old "What shall we grow?"

"Carrots"

"Yes, definitely carrots, what else?"

"Pie



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# Round up

It's been an interesting few weeks. It all started off around the first week in November when the Humbler than thou factions in the poppy police chastised me for wearing the plastic flower on the wrong side and with the leaf pointing to half past eight - after receiving a warning that in future years this may result in a public flogging sponsored by the Daily Mail I adjusted the flowery clock to the correct time so as to not offend anyone else and proceeded onwards to Tesco to pick up some ingredients for a Victoria Sponge. I'm not a brilliant baker, but I am keen. Especially after watching the sad and final episode of the 'Bake Off' on the BBC. It must be a terrible loss for them - however it will mean from now on we don't have to put up with their downright lies that they somehow 'Come back the next day to bake their showstopper'. If they do come back the next day they must all smell terrible, as you might not have noticed they were all wearing the exact same clothes as the alleged day before - fraudsters the lot of 'em.

Of course in future and when it does appear on Channel 4 hosted by Ant or Dec or Carol Vordeman or the resurrected ghost of Fanny Craddock we won't be baking any of that foreign muck. After firms were advised by our beloved home secretary that foreign workers may have to be listed in zee-little black book, many media / lifestyle companies are considering doing away with foreign recipes. No more aromatic coconut curries, wave goodbye to Lasagne and Macaroons, we can report that from 2017 all recipes on the five main terrestrial channels will consist of boiled peas and minced beef served with gravy and mash. Even Rice-pudding is out as the rules state 'If it can't be grown in East Anglia - it's off the menu'

We went 'down to Margit' the following day to visit Mr Turner. 'What a fantastic use of light' said the women next to me. 'Oh isn't it marvellous' replied her older friend or maybe mother. 'Was it always misty back then' I enquired 'Or did he just need a new set of glasses'. Blimey people can really make you feel uncomfortable with just a stare. Don't miss the three screen movie on next door. A really rather fantastic event only let down by the great lack of overweight teenagers eating popcorn and rustling through their own body-weight in Haribo Tangfastics. Highly intelligent and moving films but not for the faint-hearted.

We joined in the happy throng later in the week promenading around town with the grandchildren dressed in our finest Halloween ghoulish outfits. My beloved did point out that there wasn't much need for me to make an effort as in her words 'what you wear most nights quite frankly disturbs me'

No serious problems occurred that evening and the community spirit shown made all our hearts sing or scream or generally let out baleful howls as the gelatine and chocolate blocked the dietary tract for a good week and a half.

It's disgusting said one typically angry person who'd clearly been watching too much daytime TV. 'It's just bloody more Americanisation isn't it'. 'Well maybe it's certainly come to the fore in recent years' I replied 'But it's no bad thing; 'You do realise don't you? - American, Portugese or Iranian it's just a bit of fun'.

And what with Teresa May looking to re-instate the 1537 witchcraft



act it seem more relevant than ever.  
I don't think fun was on his agenda.

Thence came the high court judgement. Oh gawd. don't mention that.  
I did once. Once!

'But we can't show our hand to those darn Europeans' Went the argument.  
Look the thing is. Those who voted Brexit are going to get Brexit. If they didn't there'd be a plague of high blood pressure and unrest and nobody wants to see the editor of the Express implode as the front cover page announces a call to the barricades - that is after you pick up your free pitchfork from Tescos with every issue  
Even though nobody actually knows what brexit actually truly means. Does it mean staying in the single market, does it mean we'll legally be able to kill Frenchmen with a bow and arrow in Waitrose, does it mean that purchasing Brie will become an act of sedition - I really don't know and nor does anyone else. That's why it needs to be discussed by our chosen representatives and Craig Mackinlay. It is not a game of poker. The rest of the EU knows what we have in our hand, they know because up until we leave the EU it's their business to know our business and vice-versa. They know our hand because they can see our hand and we can't magically produce a new suit.  
'I see you have Queens, Clubs, Hearts and Diamonds Mrs May' says Mr Junckers whilst stroking a long haired white cat in a menacing manner. 'Arrgh but what is this? Spanners, who came up with a suit of 'Spanners' and why did we not know - argh.... foiled again'.

We discovered this week there is not going to be a Viking Bay sand mound this year to protect the rear of the beach. It's doubtless a shame but surely TDC are missing a trick here. Make it pay. I'd give 'em twenty quid to play big boys sandcastles with a JCB and I'm sure so would a lot of other adults. It's odd because I was sure digging trenches and building sand walls would be right up our councils street. Perhaps the only other explanation is Chris Wells has buried an enemy of TDC under there and doesn't want it disturbed - 'here's a monkey beach team manager, no mound this year and we'll say no more about it'

Astoundingly Teresa also announced that Heathrow will have another runway, within minutes the QEOM was deluged with an influx of Manston supporters at A&E spluttering and coughing out feathers as almost simultaneously a particularly dim manager at KCC announced in a rather dull meeting that 'Let's put 50mph signs up on the Thanet Way,



- you know the one, just after that single carriage road that winds through that farmland and has a speed limit of sixty'. 'Oh that one' came the cry from the bored gathered masses at the 'What shall we do that defies all logic' meeting 'Yes lets'

In other and wholly unrelated news the government announced that they will help solve the housing crisis by bulldozing three villages to make way for a aeronautic infrastructure initiative in Surrey.

'Who knows where we'll put the houses needed to make up the shortfall' announced a government representative as he poured over an OS Map of South East Kent with an evil gleam in his eye.

It was announced that farmland at Joss bay won't be sold off for housing - something I'm sure many people will be relieved about. I realise that the Asset register is there so council owned assets can have their worth discussed, however you can't help think that there must be a better way to do this than the way it happens at the moment. Up and down the country differing communities are waiting in line to be up in arms because options need to be considered and views sought on plots that can potentially put some money back in the coffers. These plots often mean much more than cold hard cash to those communities, a point so often missed by councillors. Building on that land at Joss Bay is undoubtably a profitable idea, but a stupid idea nonetheless, an idea which probably never needed to be discussed at all considering the likely public outcry.

The beach is a classless place where the richest are as anonymous as the poor - building high end apartments looking down on such a busy beach would perhaps be seen as taking away from that ideal, and that my dear reader in my opinion is not on.

And then it got cold. One fine day in late October you're parading on the beach in nothing more than a Hawaiian shirt and a set of yellow budgie smugglers the next you're wrapped head to toe in loft lagging kept in place with a bungee cord (Trust me it'll be on all the catwalks next year).

'You can't blame me I voted to remain in the summer', spoke a local chap rather ambiguously as I met him walking down Albion Street just yesterday 'Only Brexit has a Brrrrr', and with that he was off up the road presumably to go home to put a pair of trousers on instead of those silly combat shorts

After getting cold for a few days those funny old colonial cousins of ours across the pond decided to play political Boggle and really stick it to the global elite by voting in a member of the....er....global elite. You remember the same global elite that our Nigel kept going on about and presumably stopped going on about as soon as he stepped in a golden elevator slightly reminiscent of one owned by a certain Bavarian corporal.

I personally can't look at Donald without a tear in my eye as those flowing blonde/ginger locks remind me of The Brigadiers late ginger pussy cat Mr Bix.

'What say you' I asked an American lady of my acquaintance - 'Oh really, I just despair sometimes' she said. 'Even with Brexit - I'm glad I'm here'..... And who can argue with that.



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# Thanet Hidden History

Here's a few more cuttings from the Thanet Hidden History pages to whet your historical appetite. Visit them on Facebook for a whole host more.

By Frank Leppard

Martyn Jolly sent in this amazing picture of all the workers and drivers of the Thanet tram service and says "my great grandfather started working here after he was invalided out of the army in 1916 " It was taken at the St Peters Depot which is still standing and in commercial use today at the foot of Northdown Hill. I have added another picture with more online and a brief history.

On the 4th of April 1901 the The Isle of Thanet Light Railways (Electric) Company, later known as the Electric Tramways & Lighting Co. Ltd opened a new electric tram service which linked Ramsgate, Broadstairs and Margate. The Ramsgate terminus was at the town's own railway station which was at the junction of Margate Road and today's Station Approach Road.

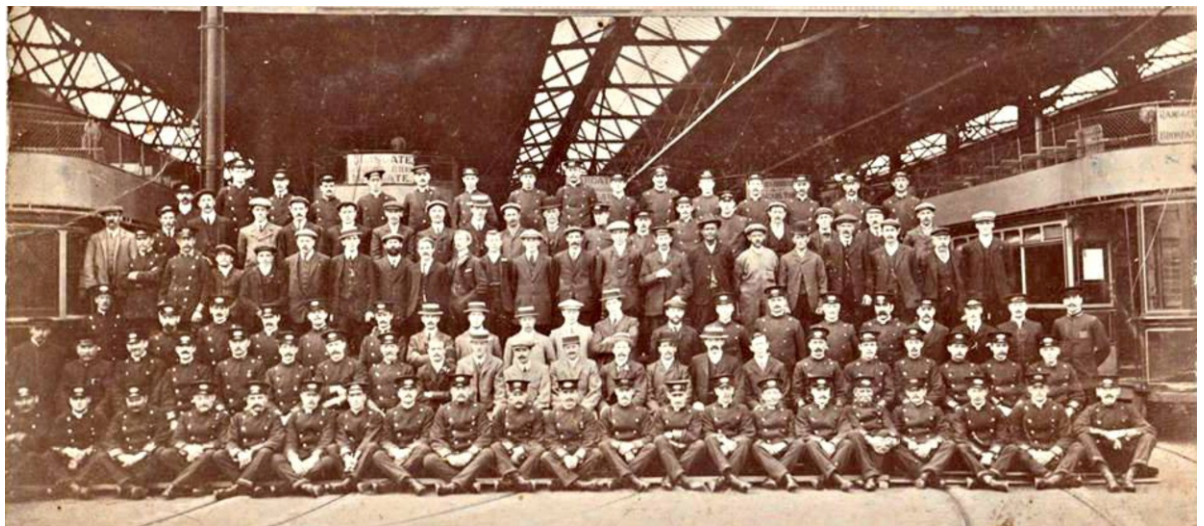


From here it ran along its own private track to Park Road then followed Grange Road and St Augustine's Road, The Paragon and down Royal Parade to the Royal Harbour. The route to Broadstairs took it up Madeira Walk, along Wellington Crescent, Plains of Waterloo, Belle Vue Road and then on a private track (now Dumpton Park Drive) to Broadstairs and on to Margate. The route went for 10.8 miles in length, It sadly closed in the 27th March 1937.

## Northdown Ale

Hidden under a paving stone in rural Northdown is the Well that produced the water that made the famous Northdown ales, mentioned in Samuel Pepys diary in 1661 . The building in the pictures was the main building for brewing with the well directly behind and if you look at the right hand side of the building, you see the wall is gabled so to allow the horse drawn carts to go past and round the back without knocking bricks out of the buildings corner. Below is the section from his diary where the ale is mentioned .. With thanks to the owner for permission to visit the private property.

*'Then comes in my brother Thomas, and after him my father, Dr. Thomas Pepys, my uncle Fenner and his two sons (Anthony's only child dying this morning, yet he was so civil to come, and was pretty*



*merry) to breakfast; and I had for them a barrel of oysters, a dish of neat's tongues, and a dish of anchovies, wine of all sorts, and Northdown ale. We were very merry till about eleven o'clock, and then they went away'.*







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## The Shadow of man and other works

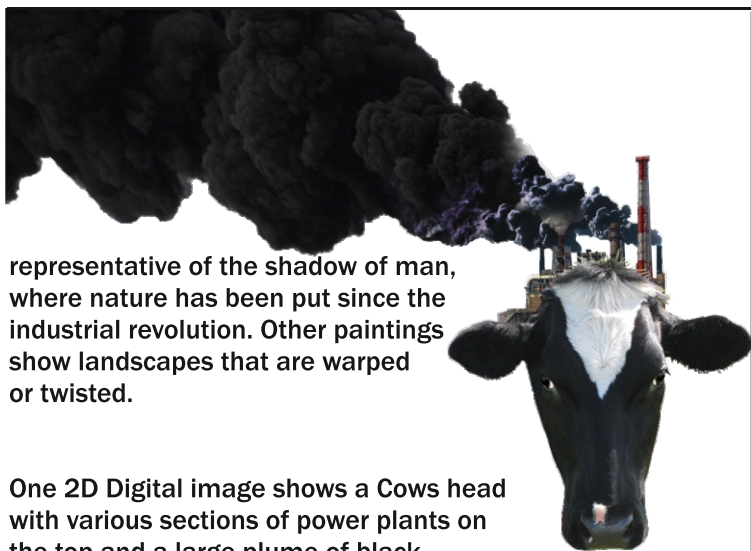
I'm Kyle Roberts, a 24 year old artist and Gallery assistant at Turner contemporary, living in Broadstairs. Born in Llandudno, Wales, I moved a lot throughout my Childhood and teen years before finally settling here, where I live with my Fiancé and daughter. For the past 3 years, during Folk week, I have held small and intimate exhibitions in my shed, seen on tourist maps as the "Victorian Washhouses" just off of Church Road, wherein I sold my first piece of art. I use a variety of media, including Oil paints, collage, digital and darkroom photography, etc...

From an early age I used art to make sense of my somewhat erratic thoughts and feelings, and of the world around me. Expressing who I am, as every artist does, using whatever tools were at my disposal. As much as I try and avoid one single medium I also strive to vary my style and experiment as much as I can, finding something I quite like and expanding upon it, until I feel It's run its course and moving on to something new.

However, my most recent works have concentrated specifically on the environment and the impact us as humans have upon it; especially concentrating on our path towards catastrophic climate change, through the destruction of the natural world for resources and Animal Agriculture.

One series of untitled oil paintings on salvaged wood, show tall figures looming over various landscapes and seascapes;





representative of the shadow of man, where nature has been put since the industrial revolution. Other paintings show landscapes that are warped or twisted.

One 2D Digital image shows a Cows head with various sections of power plants on the top and a large plume of black smoke emerging from the chimneys. This was created to raise awareness of the hugely damaging affect Animal Agriculture has on the environment, creating approximately 32 Billion tons of CO2 per year (51% of all worldwide greenhouse gas emissions) and how simply cutting beef and dairy from your diet is the best thing you as an individual can do to help stop Climate Change.

I'm doing my best to make a positive impact on our planet and I believe if we all do our part we can leave behind a world my daughter, her generation, and generations to come can be happy to call home.

I plan on arranging more exhibitions in the coming months and you can keep up to date by checking out my Instagram @krobertsart or contacting me at kroberts23@hotmail.co.uk



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## The Naming of Toasters

I've had an on off relationship with all things kitchen over the years. I first fitted one at the tender age of twenty-one in readiness for the arrival of a little bundle of joy. It was in my first house in Ramsgate, purchased on learning

that fatherhood would soon be upon me and that it was about time I should stop mucking about and learn to be an adult, hence came the mortgage, house, marriage and a whole bunch of paraphernalia, white goods, soft furnishings and other fancy goods that fill the home, get in the way and end up in the cupboard under the sink with the Breville sandwich toaster and electric Foot massager.

On the whole electrical gadgets are quite nondescript in their sexual orientation, character and demeanour, they're not particularly renown for holding their own in a conversation about the political situation in Central America, nor do they manage to convey to their user/owner anything resembling an opinion. Well that was until I bought my first toaster.

I was new to toasters. Back in our family home all the bread ever toasted was crisped under the grill; go on, you remember, the eye level grill which held above it a rack for warming plates and cups; which incidentally was a rather great idea lost to history for now because all kitchens seemingly must look like a minimalist marble slab without openings or functions until buttons are pressed to reveal sleek black hobs and sleeker silver fridges the size of a large wardrobe.

You'd imagine that when buying a good quality piece of bread burning electrical engineering you'd immediately think, 'Mmm I must buy this equipment from a reputable dealer who will willingly sort any problem and give me first class service should I not understand the operating instructions. Sure I could have gone to 'Rumbelows' a High street electrical retailer of some renown which surely eventually failed due to their terrible choice of brand name. No, not Rumbelows for me, I've mentioned already so pay attention, this was the 80s, I'd just bought a house and I was skint.

My first toaster came all the way from the Dumpton Greyhound Stadium Market. A large affair back then full to the brim with offerings from around the globe. Toys from Korea with paint guaranteed to have enough lead in to make fishing weights, Clothes that had the tears and blood of small child workers from third world countries sewn into every hem (a bit like many of the high street stores today) and electrical goods that came with a guarantee written in a strange sort of writing conceived by a drunken Chinese chap who had less than a cursory knowledge of spelling, grammar or anything resembling the English language.

I'd entered the modern age, no more lighting the Eye level grill with the funny little cooker gun that came attached to the cast iron frame of the oven - this was the 1980s for goodness sake, Max Headroom was digitally mastered on the TV, Dire Straits had just released a completely computer manufactured video and I'd got my first toaster.

Now much has already been written about the Toaster dial - on this model it worked absolutely fine. What didn't however was the internal spring that pops your perfectly prepared toast up and out in readiness for butter and jam. My god could this toaster throw, it took a good two hands to engage the toast in the first place which should have been enough of a warning but as the final aroma of charred wheat reached the nose an almighty metallic clank sounded as toast leaped out, proceeded skywards and dislodged chunks of Artex swirls from the rippled ceiling above. 'Have it' said the toaster and don't expect anymore for a good ten minutes it conveyed with an attitude of anger for being woken from it's slumber.

It became an Olympic event in our house; who could get their toast the highest and catch it on a plate. We ended up naming it Fatima after Fatima Whitbread who you may remember threw Javelin for GB in the early to late 80s, we eventually gave up referring to Toast as Toast instead asking 'Fancy a go on Fat'.

Of course Fatima the Toaster went the way of all things electrical when bought from a Market in the 80s. It died, caught fire and was thrown into the back garden and put out with a bucket of cold water - it never worked quite the same again after that.

The next one came from that most reliable manufacturer Breville. Or Crumbly Craig as he became known. For within a week and however rarely you used the appliance after that time it would deposit enough crumbs over the work surface to attract a gang of field mice from a mile away. I swear more bread fell out of it than went into it.

Russell came next and this one fitted four slices in at a time, no more waiting as the first lot went cold. Had toasting nirvana been reached? Well no. Russell got his name not from the manufacturer 'Russell Hobbs' but because he was slightly effeminate in a 'Russell Harty' (remember him?) sort of way. Very limp-wristed as in the old school style of camp entertainer (See John Inman). Russell would not give you your toast when done, it barely popped up at all, the dial even set to six only lightly browned the bread and the spring got worse with age which eventually meant hooking the bread up and out with a fork. 'You can't have it' said Russell. 'I'm not done and it's so heavy I just can't lift it'.

Russell was killed off in a fit of pique after a fork got accidentally dropped inside and refused to budge after becoming entangled within. I didn't miss Russell.

I've had many toasters since, few have been exceptional, even the expensive ones such as 'Kenny the Can' who must have cost about seventy quid, really wouldn't play ball and insisted on never producing the same colour twice.

We don't have a toaster now, in fact we haven't had one for years as we've been using the oven grilling method ever since we got a new cooker with separate grill. However, what formulated this article in my brain was just the other day as we waited for what seemed an eternity for the grill to actually heat up my beloved announced 'Oh come on Russell will you damn well heat up'

Oddly I've never named any other household appliances, Kettles aren't called Kevin, Washing machines have never answered to Ethel and no name has yet been given to Vacuum cleaner.

Although sitting here thinking about it perhaps it's time to start referring to the temperamental macerator toilet as 'Bob'







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# On the road to Damascus

Tom awoke from the deepest dream at 6.45 am. Swinging his pyjammed legs from under the covers without awaking his wife he stepped sleepily towards the door and the start of another day servicing the needs of the motorists of Thanet at his successful vehicle tyre business situated just on the outskirts of Ramsgate.

Within half an hour he'd fed and watered, brushed his teeth and looked in on his two little darlings still snug in their rooms enjoying the Christmas school holidays with an extra long lay-in. 'They may be only nine and eleven' he thought, 'But they're already well on their way to teenagers'

On starting the car he remembered he'd left his lunch-box indoors on the side, something scrumptious his wife lovingly prepared for him the night before. They'd married young but had stayed together through a few ups and downs, resigned to each other is how he'd describe it when asked by her, just to tease her you understand. 'I'll stop at the store on the way and pick up some chocolate instead' came the idea; an unwise move, as his weak willed middle age pudginess was starting to affect his general health, it became especially noticeable when climbing the iron stairs to his office at work causing him to take a moment whilst leaning against the back of his swivel chair; or his 'Bridge' as he liked to call it.

He stopped outside the Sri-Lankan owned newsagents where he went every morning. 'Morning 'Prag' he called out as he entered, 'Good morning Mr Thomas' came the reply from Pragash the greying but sprightly owner. 'Your usual' he said as he extricated a Daily Express from a pile of newspapers situated behind the counter. Pragash had become accustomed to the bile and spite of the front pages and as he considered himself a well respected member of the community of some years he disregarded much of the hyperbole and treated most of the mornings headlines with a degree of contempt and cynicism.

'Look at that, bloody hell, this country is bloody full enough already and do you know what Prag' there's even more of them immigrants coming this way soon from Syria and Iraq and all those other bloody middle eastern countries that are always fighting one another.' Said Tom as he digested the headlines on his favourite read. 'It really makes my blood boil' 'Perhaps you should change papers Mr Thomas', I'm sure it doesn't do you any good at all to read this stuff. 'I think you'll find they're refugees from Syria' he continued 'There's a difference you understand?'

'Well whatever they are we can't keep fitting them in, It's like trying to get another three families into my three bed semi - we just wouldn't fit and if we did we'd be fighting all the time for space' replied Tom

'Perhaps you're right Mr Thomas, but either way you have a

good day and just dont work yourself up over it'

On getting to work Tom stopped by the coffee machine to grab a hot one before proceeding to the office.

'Morning Tom' came a voice over his left shoulder, it was Cassie the shop floor manager, she'd been a godsend, a real asset to his company, everything got completed when she was around. Even the Christmas decorations were up, yet tastefully up unlike the time when he asked the lads from the tyre bays to take care of it. Sometimes you need that feminine touch he thought.

Morning Cas' have you seen this crap in the papers, it's about time we sent 'em back to wherever they came from if they get to these shores, I'm bloody fed up with it. And the government, they're no bloody use are they? I blame that git Blair and all his leftie loons. And as for those kids coming here, no bloody way are they eighteen - lying conniving sods the lot of 'em.'

Blimey, who's rattled you this morning Tom. Thank the lord we finish work today for Christmas, I reckon you need a bit of festive spirit to cheer you up'

Well, Cas'. i mean - I ask you'.

It's Christmas Tom, have a care for those poor buggers, half of 'em have been bombed out, lost families, lost their homes and loved ones, have you not seen the pictures? 'I was forgetting you're one of those do-gooders Cas' he said half jokingly. 'You can't save everyone luvvie'

And with that he took off his coat and proceeded slowly and puffily up the stairs to his command centre

---

The ceiling shook again dislodging another pile of dust and plaster from the beams above which fell into the hot black coffee that had just been freshly brewed. Nseir shook his head, dusted the worst of the debris from the chipped rim of the mug and took a gulp.

Nseir and his family had been living a near troglodyte existence below the surface of their home just south of Bustan Al Qasr, the very start of the road to Damascus leading South he'd tell his children. It was the best way to avoid the bombs, debris and various factions that controlled the ancient city, if it wasn't government forces shelling indiscriminately it would be extremists on the look out for anyone behaving in an unfitting manner. Nseir and his family also had the further complication of being practising Christians.

They gathered down below what was left of the bomb damaged upstairs kitchen in a carefully constructed



rooms dug through the rich biblical earth.

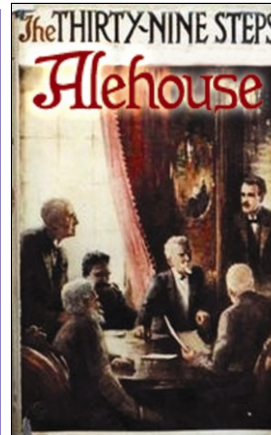
'Dear Lord, let us pray on this most holy night for the food in front of us, let us pray for peace and for all those affected by this war, let us especially pray for Kamran and his family who disappeared two days ago and hope for their safe return. Let us pray for all those in need and also pray for our own souls in these troubled times. And young Tazeir says can we pray for a nice warm bed tonight with a full portion of lamb Shawarma - he said as he tickled his young son under the chin. With that the electric failed again for the fourth time that day and the small huddle that was bedtime was initiated by improvised oil lamps made from discarded tin cans.

Tom opened the window from his vantage point and shouted to the assembled workers below, 'Come on you lot, we're done early today. Home to your loved ones and have a great Christmas. And you be back here 8am sharp on the twenty ninth John....and don't blow your bonus down the Kings Arms like you did last year' he shouted to a few chuckles and gentle joshing from the older chaps teasing the younger ones for their well known alcoholic intake over the festive period. 'Come on Cas' give us a kiss love' as he puckered up holding out a sorrowful piece of mistletoe. 'Away with you, you silly old sod' said Cassie as she manoeuvred past him to the safety of the staircase down to a few days of freedom and time with her ailing father. 'I'll see you in a few days' she said as she picked up her bag from the hook and stepped under the half closed shutters.

Tom shut up shop like he'd always done. Just time to pick up a few bottles more from Waitrose on the way home, plus one of those Heston Bloominhell (as he liked to call him) Chocolate Orange puddings that he just adored and a few tasty nibbles for the kids, oh and maybe that large box of pralines for the missus. Ten minutes later and laden with the last minute extras he was off again, home on Christmas Eve and before five o'clock. 'I do love Christmas' he thought as the chimes of Jonah Louis played on the radio.

'What's for dinner love' he shouted as he reached to hang his coat up in the hall way. Hello, did anyone hear me. He wandered into the front room where his assembled family sat in semi-darkness in front of the large 50 inch flat-screen TV, the boy picking at a plate of dry roasted nuts as his wife and daughter seemed lost in the bluey white screens of their Apple I-phones

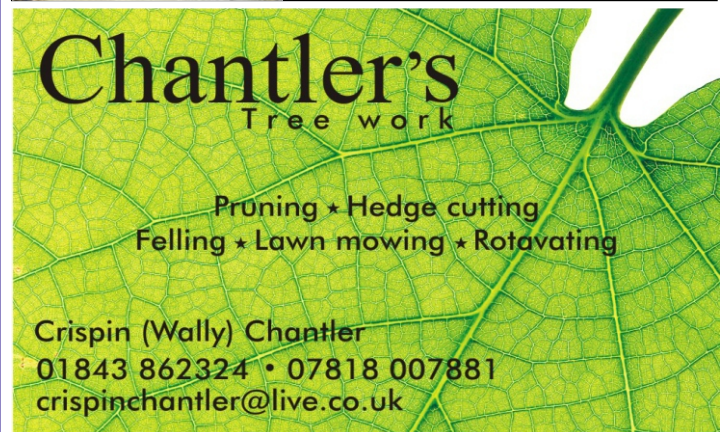
'What's on shortie' said Tom to his son. 'Not much dad, just the news, immigrants and all that again i think' came the uninterested reply from Connor. 'Oh for Christ sake dont get me started on bleedin' immigrants coming over here and nicking all our benefits, turn the bloody



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thing over, and whilst you're there pass me some nuts whilst I grab a beer. There's no room, no bloody room I tell you' he muttered as he proceeded back to the hallway to grab his spoils from the local supermarket.

Dinner eaten and telly watched for a good three hours, Tom announced that bedtime had been reached. With kids safely tucked up and presents haphazardly assembled below the tree all that was left to do was to grab a glass of Ginger wine and cuddle up for ten minutes on the sofa with his wife and catch the last ten minutes of TV; BBC one as it happened. The late evening news. Syrian refugees found drowned in the Med, more fighting in Aleppo, a westerner beheaded in Tikrit, a car bomb in Italy and a family from Essex killed by a foreign driver on a mobile phone.

'Oh merry bloody Christmas to you too BBC' said Tom as the carnage that is the national news came to an end. 'If i had my way we'd build a sodding great wall and keep 'em all out' ,

'Oh come on love, it's Christmas Eve, where's you Christmas spirit you grumpy old git' replied his wife. 'Let's just be thankful for what we have and leave it at that'

'Thankful, thankful, i've worked bloody hard for what we've



got, I've not given up and got on a boat for someone else to take care of me when things have got a bit tough, have I? anyhow come on, lets turn this rubbish off and get to bed, it'll be a long day tomorrow and that goose wont cook itself now will it'. With that the Tv was turned off, the last few nuts devoured and the ginger wine drained as they proceeded up the stairs to bed.

---

Goodnight Tazier, good night Amira said Nseir as he snuggled closer to his wife in the darkness of the basement. Tomorrow should be a quiet day, it will be a good day god willing.

---

Tom awoke, it was very dark. maybe about two or three in the morning. He reached sideways for his water as once again his nose was semi blocked and breathing through his mouth gave him a terribly dry throat. He held the glass to his mouth and sipped. He choked as the cool wet liquid reached his throat, 'What the hell.....for christ sake who didn't wash that glass up it's full of grit or sand or something'. he muttered. As he sat fully upright his forehead contacted something hard and immovable knocking him back down towards his bed slightly dazed. 'What the hell' he almost shouted as he regained his bearings. Suddenly the earth shook, a low rumble like the time that earth tremor shook him awake on that holiday in Kefalonia. Dust rained down from above, a small piece of plaster bounced ingloriously off the end of his nose. He sat up more carefully this time whilst feeling sideways for his wife who was most definitely not next to him. Christ it was dark, his digital clock was off, perhaps there'd been a power cut, perhaps that storm outside had brought down a power line. He slipped a leg out of bed, his foot reached out for the cosy slipper that was so much a part of his comfy Sunday morning ritual, but instead of the warm woolliness of rich manmade fibres his toes dug deep into the rich biblical Syrian earth

---

Daddy, daddy cried Tazier. 'Who is that man they say comes at Christmas in the west'.  
'Oh my word it is early and extremely bright Tazier why are you waking me at this time to ask me such questions'  
'But daddy what is his name'  
'They call him Saint Nicholas or Santa Claus Tazier'  
'Daddy, it is just....well, i think he's been'

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Remember the walk in surgery where you just showed up and waited your turn. Well they hold walk in clinics on Monday and Friday mornings between 09:00 and 12:00. Every one is so friendly from the hardworking receptionists and frontline staff to the nurses and every one that you come across. It is almost a pleasure to go to the doctors.

When I was born in 1926 access to a doctor was free to (male) workers who earned less than £2 a week but this didn't cover their wives or children,. Hospitals charged for services. If you could not afford to pay, hospital beds were provided in voluntary hospitals. These varied from small hospitals in lesser towns supported by public subscription, to internationally famous teaching hospitals such as St Bartholomew's, Guy's and St Thomas' with substantial investment income. A handful went back to a mediaeval origin and others were the result of the charity of the wealthy such as Thomas Guy in the 18th Century.

It was not until 1911 when the National Insurance Act was passed through parliament. Perhaps the first step towards our NHS as it is today.

At the time one of the main reasons for poverty was sickness. Lloyd George the Prime Minister wanted to help those who became poor through ill health. The insurance scheme he planned allowed employer, employee and state to contribute to a fund of money when the worker was employed..When the worker was ill, money was paid out for a limited period of time. Employees contributed 4 old pence a week if they earned under £160 a year, employers contributed 3 pence a week and the state contributed 2 pence a week. It gave workers '9 pence for 3 pence'.

Insured workers were entitled to 10 shillings a week (50p) for 13 weeks and 5 shillings (2.5p) for another 13 weeks if they were ill. Workers were entitled to free medical treatment and 30 shillings maternity benefit for the birth of each child. Many workers were angry that they were forced to contribute

as it reduced their pay packet and gave them less money from week to week, which may have made poorer families even worse off. However, families did not receive benefits if they fell ill, only workers.

After using the 26 week entitlement, ill workers had to rely on poor law medical facilities.

The self employed and unemployed were not covered. Children had some help given by the Education Act of 1906 and 1907. These Acts provided free school meals part funded by local authorities through grants from the Treasury but by 1914 many local authorities were not providing these meals. School children received three medical inspections during their school years with free medical treatment given to school children after 1912

This is a guest post by Ellie Mae O'Hagan.

My nan is 95 years old. She was 32 when the NHS was founded. I asked her to tell me about her experiences of Britain before and after a National Health Service, This is what she told me.

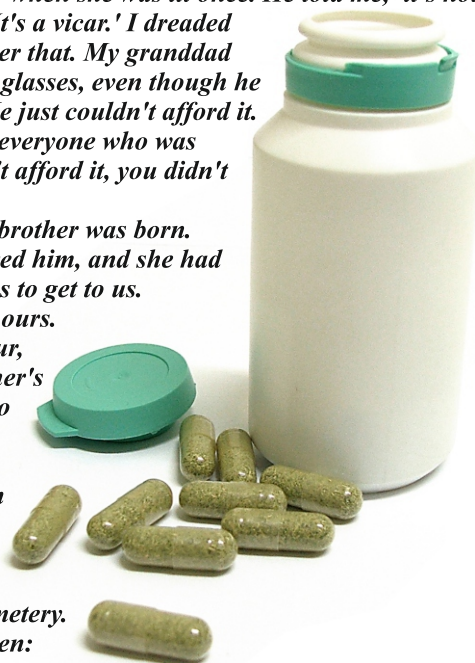
*When we were little, you had to pay to see the doctor. He'd give you a treatment, then a bill. Lots of people didn't go because they couldn't afford it – you only really used the doctor if it was something serious. I remember my twin sister, Gladys, had a bad leg and she didn't go to school for a year. She never saw a doctor – it was too expensive. We'd try and cure ourselves instead. Everybody had a home remedy for something. Doctors were different too: they didn't care for you like they do now. Our doctor was a mean and snappy man. I had to get some medicine for my grandmother when she was ill once. He told me, 'it's not a doctor you need. It's a vicar.' I dreaded going to see him after that. My granddad didn't have teeth or glasses, even though he had bad eyesight. He just couldn't afford it. It was the same for everyone who was poor: if you couldn't afford it, you didn't get it.*

*When I was 11, my brother was born. A neighbour delivered him, and she had to walk for two miles to get to us.*

*He died after four hours.*

*We called him Arthur, after my other brother's friend. There was no*

*ambulance or anything; the neighbours laid him out instead. I remember them carrying his little coffin to Hadley cemetery. That was normal then: everybody had a friend*





*or relative that dealt with those things. There wasn't any fuss; we just had to look after ourselves.*

*When the NHS was formed, everyone was relieved. I think it's one of the best things that's ever happened. When your mum was born, I was in hospital for 11 days until they knew everything was ok. Your uncle was born at home and a district nurse rode to my house on her bike with a case of medical equipment. I felt looked after. There was a clinic I'd take the children to. They'd give them National Health Milk and orange juice. They'd weigh the baby. Children were cared for. Your mum had her jabs: scarlet fever, diphtheria, TB, polio. When I was little, children died – a boy on my road died of scarlet fever – but that didn't happen anymore. Everyone was pleased because essential things were provided for.*

*I haven't got any fault to find with the NHS. It's looked after me. Now I have 5 tablets every morning, and the other day I was thinking, 'well, fancy that. There was a time when you couldn't have a tablet, and here I am having five for free.' It's a jolly good thing. I've had everything from the NHS – things to walk with, things to help me go to the toilet, things to help me see. I wouldn't want to go back to the days of struggling. .*

#### **July 5 1948 – The NHS was born**

When health secretary Aneurin Bevan launched the NHS at Park Hospital in Manchester it was the climax of a hugely ambitious plan to bring good healthcare to all. For the first time, hospitals, doctors, nurses, pharmacists, opticians and dentists are brought together under one umbrella organisation to provide services that are free for all at the point of delivery.

The principles were and still are clear, the health service is available to all and financed entirely from taxation, which means that people pay into it according to their means. The NHS is a national service funded through national taxation. The government sets the framework for the NHS, and it is accountable to Parliament for its operation. However, most decisions in the NHS, especially those about the treatment of individuals and the detailed organisation of services, are rightly taken by the local NHS and by patients with their clinicians. The system of responsibility and accountability for taking decisions in the NHS should be transparent and clear to the public, patients and staff. The government will ensure that there is always a clear and up-to-date statement of NHS accountability for this purpose.

Why is he telling us all this I hear you ask?

Well simply because we should not take it for granted, we easily forget what a wonderful institution we have available and we should feel proud that we pay into a system that protects the healthy and not so healthy for the benefit of all - including myself, one of the many in the aging population; and at the age of 90 I have nothing but praise for the sympathetic care and attention that I receive from the competent, skilful and hardworking nurses, doctors, consultants and all the staff at the QEQM and Canterbury Hospitals.

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## Thanet Decorative and Fine Arts Society (TDFS)

Members of TDFS met in St. Peter's Church Hall at 14.30 hrs on Thursday 17th November to listen to a most amusing and informative lecture by MARTIN LLOYD.

He told us about the measures taken to ensure that our Passports are safe from the forgers.

They cannot ever be totally safe. That is why they are expensive and will become more so. From a hand written letter to the present day he explained how they have become more and more complex documents that enable us to travel from place to place.

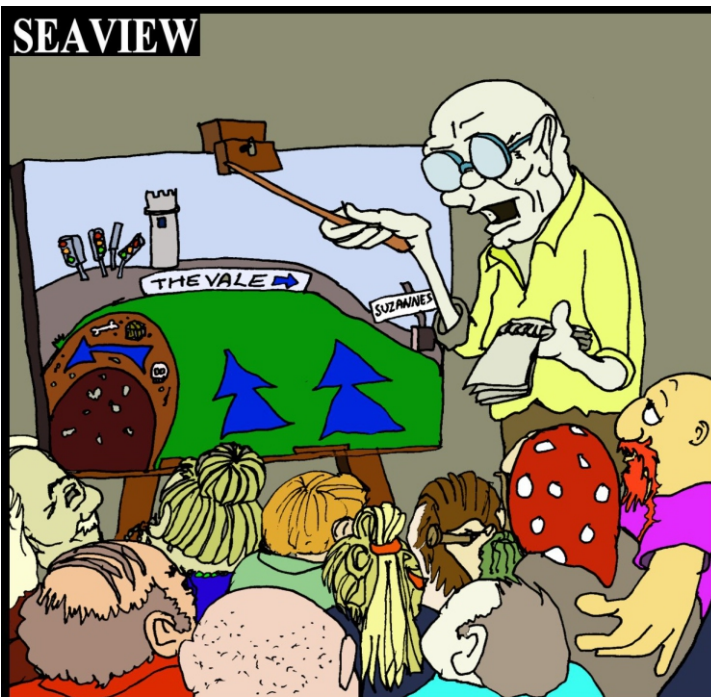
Martin Lloyd spoke confidently and clearly with a very dry humour, and the lecture was enjoyed by all.

Our next meeting will be on Thursday December 8th in St Peter's Church Hall, when we will hear a lecture by SIOBHAN CLARKE B.A. The lecture is entitled 'ROYAL CHRISTMAS', and tells how the court has influenced our Christmas festivities; from pagan rites, German customs and Victorian ways up until the present day.

Do come along and join us if you are interested.

We will follow the lecture with mulled wine and mince pies.

Please join us and raise a glass of GOOD CHEER!



So as we see, the Great Ramsgate Tectonic Plate disappears under that of Broadstairs- via The Vale. Thus proving the High Street is indeed getting steeper. Old age and fitness being of no relevance.



### SHOPWATCH (part 1)

Gap in the Market is a fledgling business running a shop at the top of Broadstairs High St, (opposite the war memorial at Pierremont Hall). Our aim is to help finance a local charity – The Gap Project at the Queens Rd. Baptist Church.

The Gap Project is a local Thanet community charity providing support to groups and individuals who are faced with social issues, deprivation and hardship, including homelessness, addiction, living with a disability or health condition, lack of opportunity, poverty and family breakdown. The Gap Cafe at the Queens Road Baptist Church is a hub for the Gap Project and a meeting point for many who are helped by the charity's activities. ([www.thegaproject.co.uk](http://www.thegaproject.co.uk))

Why 'Gap in the Market'? We are not a traditional charity shop and we aim to fill the gap between other charity shops and antiques. We sell a range of goods; some donated and some purchased at auctions or antiques fairs, including:

Branded and vintage clothing, China and glass, Furniture, Ornaments & jewellery, Collectibles, Paintings & books

You can support a worthy local charity by:

Coming to the shop to buy, Donating quality items for us to sell  
Volunteering to work with us.

Find us on Facebook or at [www.gapinthemarketshop.co.uk](http://www.gapinthemarketshop.co.uk).

### The Cat Club

Are you a cat lover?

Can you spare a little time at our charity shop?

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## The Brigadier

It's not often I get up into the attic room, but now and again needs must, especially when her ladyship insists that I retrieve either a dust encrusted coat purchased sometime before decimalisation or to gather up any number of the family photographs stored away behind the old water tank; which in my opinion is probably the best place to keep some of her family. On this occasion she wanted a selection of mug-shots of the great aunts for reasons not fully explained, so up the rickety ladders went I.

Have you noticed when it comes to photographs that we just don't seem to have any tangible prints from the last fifteen years, like so many things nowadays they've been replaced with the aid of computer technology. I know you can pop to Boots and widge away with the magic screens that then print off computer adapted likenesses, these portraiture can be digitally altered to soften out lines, crop out dear cousin Letitia - who lets face it, is really not photogenic or colourise different aspects of the print until you're looking more golden than a Spice Girl reunion.

I remember well my first photograph as a young man, a real event back then and performed by someone employed as an actual photographer. Being a regimental sort of pic, myself and my chums were sat in a pre-configured set up within a studio, the backdrop consisted of a wild savanna with tents, chairs and assorted props in the foreground. All very safari like.

I suppose we were meant to represent the modern British man - manly, proud, astute, dignified and capable of getting ourselves involved in ridiculous ventures in far off countries.

Once we'd been sat stock still for a good five minutes the fawning photographer finally stopped messing about pressed the button on the camera - this seemingly lasted another five infernal minutes and all the time without be able to touch a drop of Gin out on display as one of the props, presumably to keep the imaginary mosquitos at bay. As I recall the whole process wasn't cheap back then, unlike nowadays when the best way to make money from photography is simply to sell all your equipment. Or as a rather photographic obsessive friend put it 'I made a small fortune out of photography, however I had to start with a large fortune to do it'

I remember too being asked to become involved in a rather sordid little venture a friend of a friend had in mind. You see for as long as we've been able to make pictorial records of events and people there have been men wishing to make pictorial records of the more carnal variety. 'Would you like to star in a film' he said. 'Well that sounds like fun' I replied.

And then I went to see the set and my co-star. 'Oh my great aunt fanny' I said in shock and horror as what this dear chap had in mind suddenly dawned on me. 'I've been photographed out in the bush as a young soldier, but this, this is another matter entirely'. I made my



## Friday 9th December, The Neptune, Harbour Street, Broadstairs (from 7.30pm)

(with the running Karaoke King as seen on TV - Graham 'It's a Gift' Burns.

Get the date in your diary now as this is a one time Christmas offer.

Remember the rules:- No goodwill to all men

No children dressed as shepherds with tea towels on their heads (actually children are welcome but it does get a raucous). Sobriety will not be tolerated in any form, No Cliff Richard songs, Gareth Malone free zone - - unless he changes his attitude (singing does not need to be perfect). Apart from that, anything goes

**It's the drinking person's carol service**

excuses and left. Another chum stepped into my place for which I believe he should have been given a medal

Of course times moved on and eventually as I became more of a family man with irritating offspring of my own, I purchased my very own photography equipment to record the progress of my little ones. It did in fact develop into quite a hobby. This took the form of photographing family outings and holidays around the British isles. We incidentally chose Great Britain as our holiday destination as up until that time every foreign country I'd visited involved shooting at people. Although there was that time in Wales I admit.

The photographs taken on these holidays involved picturing all and sundry at differing compass points around wherever we were staying. Every photograph had a scribble on the back, 'Molly and Roger, West facing outside the hotel - Bridlington'. 'Molly and Roger - North view outside hotel, Bridlington' and so on and so forth. My lord they are boring pictures and repeated time and again.


I can see the date where it finally all changed. 2005. Up until then I'd had many cameras from Kodaks, Zeniths and other unpronounceable Russian affairs that would have had McCarthy shouting at you in the dock. My last real camera was a Canon EOS. The date is still imprinted on my last photograph, unsurprisingly still recording where we were staying. The camera jammed, the picture ruined and the cost of repair outweighed the cost of a new fancy all singing digital thingy, all I was left with was a half picture of pure black and half summer scene the 14th June 2005.

The date of the breakage of that camera coincided with the date when I fell out of love with photography

I miss the little film pots, the tinkering with the lens and settings, the whole host of assessories that you needed to develop and fix the image on the print, the quiet time in a darkened room with only myself and photos for company (no sniggering at the back you dirty devil). And for those of you without developing capabilities, the wait for the pictures to come back from the laboratory and the shame and embarrassment felt on collection when you know the roll contained something verging on the saucy.

All that is left to be said is 'Happy Christmas one and all'. Take lots of pictures - then print them off. Put them in albums to embarrass the children at a later date, and then store them away for safe keeping. It's what attics are built for.





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# Cider with Micky

In which we question Michael & Sarah Bowers of Little Stour Orchard about their Apple growing and cider making business in the heart of Kent



## 1. What on earth got you in to cider making ?

We bought the orchard on a bit of a whim, literally a friend asked me if I'd like to buy an orchard, and I did! Cider making is only one part of the business- we make apple juice and raw apple cider vinegar too (both award winning products). Cider making is something I had done a few times in the past, on a small home scale.

## 2. Give us a quick run down of the process.

Pick apples, crush apples (to make pomace) press apples (to get juice), ferment in an airtight container until dry cider is achieved (up to two years), interspersed with several 'rackings' to remove the liquid from the 'lees' (sediment). bottle and enjoy.

## 3. Can I make my own cider (or should I just buy yours)?

Cider? Yes, you should try and make your own. On a small scale it's pretty easy, and the results can be anything from disastrous to magnificent and unless you try you'll never know will you. Alternatively buy any cider from a traditional cider maker and you're in for a treat. The variety of real ciders available is almost as big as the choice of wines and beers. So don't be shy to try



them, including ours of course!

## 4. How do you decide what mixture of apples to use?

Trial and experimentation, simple as that. Oh, and the fact that we only have three varieties in our orchard, so we are somewhat limited! We only use our own apples and don't buy them in, so we have full quality control over the whole process.

## 5. How can I learn more?

There are plenty of good books on the subject, and the internet is awash with good information from willing cider makers that are happy to share their methods too. You can visit some cider makers' facilities and yet still some offer hands on courses. There's no secret alchemy in cider making, but it is an artisan



Sarah hard at work in picking season



craftsman that can turn out a good cider, in much the same way an artisan boot maker can turn sheet leather into a fine pair of boots! How's that for an analogy?

#### 6. Why in Kent do I often see apple orchards littered with fallen and unpicked fruit?

Several possible reasons, a. All apple trees have a natural "fruit fall", when the tree sheds a small amount of fruit each season. b. When being picked for commercial reasons the pickers are given a minimum size of fruit to pick, so smaller fruit goes on the floor or remains unpicked. c. There was a strong wind, or frost or other natural event that caused the fruit to fall. d. there was a disease or pest in the fruit and it was deemed unfit to pick.

#### 7. How has different weather cycles affected your business?

Being an orchard based business we are totally driven by nature's weather patterns. Every year has been different so far, and in our 6 years in business we have had a bumper crop, a near disastrous crop, and several OK crops.

#### 8. Where can I buy your cider?

We only ply our wares in East Kent (we believe that local is best), so from Whitstable, down to Canterbury and Folkestone and everywhere East of those towns there are numerous places where our Cider is available. Take a look at our web site for the most current list of outlets, but this being a Broadstairs based magazine I can say that it's available in several restaurants and shop outlets locally, so get out there and shop local and you'll find them. If you think that a shop or pub ought to stock our Cider (or other products) then let us know.

Michael Bowers (Micky)  
apple grower and Cider maker

Tel: 07946 264278

Email: [micky@littlestourorchard.co.uk](mailto:micky@littlestourorchard.co.uk)

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## SHOP WATCH pt 2

We haven't a photo to show you of the shop as its undergoing a bit of a makeover at the mo. It's situated next door to the Cat Club Charity shop at 80 High Street, Broadstairs Paramor Boorman HOME

Grand Illusions Paint Stockist Paramor Boorman HOME has been established for many years and is now coming to Broadstairs. Along with beautiful Christmas decorations we have a collection of exciting and desirable homeware.

Our stock encompasses an eclectic selection of goods from a bespoke piece of furniture to an inexpensive gift. A new addition to the shop is our luxury doggie attire.

We can provide extensive services including furniture restorations, upholstery, curtains and blinds, bespoke painted furniture along with interior design services and for those selling their homes, we also offer a house doctor service.

We are proud to be stockists of Grand Illusions paints and offer bespoke paint courses where you can learn how to create a professional finish on your own furniture.

Along with Paramor Boorman gift tokens we also offer Grand Illusion paint course gift tokens which could be the solution you are looking for Christmas!"

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# Three Graces & 100,000 Beads



Turner Contemporary presents a major new commission, *The Three Graces* by Kashif Nadim Chaudry for the Sunley Gallery. This commission has been selected and made in collaboration with Turner Contemporary's Studio Group, a group of local artists and makers.

19 November 2016 – 23 April 2017

In 2012 Brazilian artist Maria Nepomuceno needed help to produce her work *Breathing Time*, a group of local artists and makers were gathered to help and have continued to work together on their own projects since – the group known as The Studio Group.

In 2014 the Turner Contemporary invited them to commission an artist of their choice to produce a work for the Sunley Gallery. They chose Kashif Nadim Chaudry from a short list of five from

whom they invited to submit proposals. Nadim studied textiles at Goldsmiths and History of Art at UCL and with his family history of tailoring he was the ideal candidate to combine forces with them for the commission.

The end result is a breath-taking piece, *The Three Graces* which combines an extensive range of skills.

My first tangible experience of the work was being asked along to the bead-a-thon. The work required the threading of 100,000 beads so a Saturday was organised at the Resort Studios for anybody willing to help, there were plenty of Indian snacks and constant Bollywood films to ease the day. It was a lovely gathering, an eclectic mix of friends of the Group popping in when they could and tally of beads threaded being shouted as they were



finished to spur us on although it was hypnotic and I was proud of my personal achievement of threading 900 that day (I managed 1,000 another day but did find it hard to focus for several days after).

The work was helped along with assistance from other people, the Margate Stroke Association helped and lots of friends of the Group helped with the 46 intricate appliqué panels but essentially most of the massive amount of work was carried by the 19 makers and artists and Nadim.

The joy of being with the Group and seeing them work is the contagion of their love and excitement with the piece. I was told that the Graces aren't really individual characters but I constantly heard their nicknames being bantered about as people worked on different elements.

**Swoopy**  
**Artemis**  
**Word**

I hope everybody who sees it marvels at it and gets at least a glimpse of energy, love and ability that lives in it and of course hope they appreciate the particularly well presented 1900 beads...





# BREAKING CENTURIES OF TRADITION

**TRADITIONALLY, THE CHRISTMAS PERIOD HAS BEEN THE WORST TIME OF THE YEAR TO TRY AND SELL A PROPERTY.**

However, with the advent of the Internet the week between Christmas and the New Year is now the busiest time for property enquiries.

Rightmove reported that last year activity peaked with over 1 million people logged onto their website on Christmas Day and nearly 3 million people visiting the website on the first working day of the New Year. These are unprecedented figures!

Get ready for this surge in seasonal activity by calling us to prepare the marketing of your property now. Then sit back, relax and enjoy the festivities without being disturbed knowing that enquiries are coming in and viewings are being lined up for the New Year.

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