

WHAT'S ON THIS YEAR?
STUFF THAT'S ON IN 2017 JUST FOR YOU

THE BRIGADIER
HEARS SOMEONE KNOCKING



NEW YEAR - NEW SIZE
We just got taller

**A quick run down
of the last fifty**

**A Tourist Guide
Broadie style**



Issue 50. Feb / March 2017 £1.00 Bumper fun issue

Plus: Francis Forbes Barton - Who he?



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Well blimey O Riley. Issue fifty - who'd have thought it - Not us. But hey, more of that later on page 26.

It's a real whopper of an issue this one - our biggest ever. And yes, we're bucking the trend of this online nonsense and remaining in print. (although it is available online as a download - but who the hell wants that when you can have a real hold in your hand issue eh? (just look at vinyl records)

So what's in it?

As it's our fiftieth and we're reviewing our favourite bits and pieces including a bit of a run down and some self congratulatory nonsense (We're human too and our egos need massaging as much as the next one).

It'll also be nearly the very beginning of spring and the official start of the tourist season, so, with that in mind we're including a bit of a tourist guide to give the would be visitor a few things they might expect when coming to our wee town. We've also included a rough guide to the beaches - which as you all know, are the absolute best in Britain when taking in to account sand quality, views, temperature and overall enjoy-ability.

We've got the normal stuff too. Dane Court have been busy creating their very own creative writing magazine, which we've taken a couple of articles from for your enjoyment. The Brigadier will be complaining about something nonsensical as usual, there's singing nuns, Fairfax is looking at our patron saint, we get to the bottom of the Jetty/Pier debate with a certain Mr Dickens and even the lads from 'Seaview' are celebrating.

Here's looking forward to 2017, with the world turned on its head it's going to be an interesting year

Digging It

Hello Broadie - thanks for the page and a half you gave us in this issue -Tom was very chuffed to find his photo and took some stick for being caught sitting down and not digging.

Happy Christmas from Culmers Allotments.

Chris Morrissey. Admin Team

Wally and his Winkles

Please tell me that when i sent a correction regarding "Wally Wilton and his Wonderful World of Winkles" on the Your letters page, that I did not write "a large SOME of money" instead of "a large SUM of money", six lines from the bottom of the message. Oh the shame when the intelligentsia spot it!

Duh! KS

Cats and Dogs

Could you finally settle a long standing argument that has been going on in our house since as long as I can remember? Which is best, Cats or Dogs?

Russell (Jack) Broadstairs

Dogs.....no wait a mo', Cats errr'

Just one shade of grey


Dear Sir,
When HM Dockyard Chatham was in full swing, Battleship Grey paint was freely available throughout Kent. Now, someone must have a secret stash, because although diluted to a shade commonly referred to as 'DFL Grey' almost every building seems to have been repainted in this colour.

Shepherd Neame have adopted it with great enthusiasm - so much so that some of their premises have the feeling of being like a prison canteen.

If this fashion continues, the whole of Broadstairs will be painted a uniform DFL Grey, to the extent that HM ships might mistakenly run into Broadstairs harbour, believing it to be a small renaissance of one of Her Majesty's dockyards.

Yours faithfully,
J Dillon
Gladstone Road

Front cover pic by



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The next generation

Last week saw the publication of the first edition of a creative writing themed magazine at Dane Court Grammar School. The first edition, entitled 'By Candlelight', was been written and edited by a talented team of Year 12 students. The pupils were encouraged to choose subjects about which they felt strongly. The publication contains an extremely impressive breadth of styles of writing, ranging from crafted short stories and amusing book reviews to insightful political comment and analysis. We hope the magazine will play a key role in promoting both the creativity and political awareness of the pupils at our school. In this sample of work from the magazine, Maddie Raven takes a tongue-in-cheek look at the pressures of exams, and Thomas Wilson muses on the drama of the US Presidential Election.

Ben Forward. Dane Court School

Opinion piece US ELECTION

Thomas Wilson

On Tuesday the 8th of November the US population faced a decision that would shape their future, pointing them down two vastly opposing paths. One that would largely continue the work of the now former president Obama in liberalising America, arguably bringing it up to date with the nations of Western Europe, who for years have offered subsidised healthcare and more progressive civil rights, or the assailing path, a new brand of conservatism that takes the old ways on which the United States was founded and pulls them kicking and screaming to the extreme. Either way, the battle ground was set for what promised to be a cut-throat campaign process between the two most hated candidates in US presidential history.

On June 16, 2015, Donald Trump, a billionaire businessman and reality TV star, announced that he was running for the presidency of the United States of America, a move which shook the



image by donkeyhotey <https://www.flickr.com/photos/donkeyhotey>

Republican Party and the US electorate alike. There it was, a man with no political experience to speak of was competing to be one of the most powerful men of Earth. His ruthless form of politics targeted everything that he saw as a threat to the 'American way of life'. However the problem arises when his view of American culture dates back to the 19th century, where whites were on top and equality and freedom were a distant dream for anyone who dared be born different. Applying these ideals to the 21st century, an era of supposed progress and change, leaves a huge percentage of the population alienated, wondering how such beliefs managed to make their way into the political system. The truth however, is that in American politics, particularly the Republican party, this view is prevalent. His opponent has not been immune to controversy as well, she has had countless rumours and claims, ranging from bribery to federal crime, each with varying levels of credibility. Arguably the most famous and

widely known was the Email scandal. Following a claim that she was using a personal server to trade potentially threatening government information, the FBI demanded that she hand over the potentially incriminating emails. Her administration then reportedly deleted all 33,000 emails that were in question. This rightfully raised countless questions and conspiracy theories as to the contents of the emails, that she apparently so desperately tried to keep hidden. Little did she know that her future opposition would grasp to this scandal and use it to repeatedly diminish her support amongst all sectors of the electorate. Trump's go-to response when confronted with a difficult question surrounding his conduct around women, or his views on immigrants, was to turn the tables against Clinton, using the weapon that she created.

On Tuesday 8th November, the election day was here. Millions of Americans flocked to their nearest polling station to cast their vote. It is the system by which the president is elected that has stirred controversy. The Electoral College system dictates that the candidate that wins each state earns a varying number of seats, relative to their population. The system leads to the fact that the most voted for candidate doesn't necessarily win. How can it be that Clinton, who got over 1.7 million more votes than Trump, loses the election. The apparent corrupt nature of this system has angered a huge percentage of the American population. I, like millions of others, believe that going with the popular vote would make the outcome far more representative of how the entire nation actually thinks. If the popular vote did matter, we would have an experienced, strong woman as the president of the most powerful country on Earth, and not an overgrown child who, among other things, believes that Global Warming is a myth perpetrated by the Chinese. Hillary Clinton is burdened with the remnants of her husband's scandals, but she would have made a vastly more experienced and adept president. Donald Trump has shown the world that he is a hateful person who has little capacity for anything other than anger and negativity. He looks back with rose tinted glasses to a time when the US was a country ridden with crime and inequality and states that this is the country her wants to create. It's wrong, and in this century, I'm shocked that his style of campaigning, turning the population against itself, succeeding and got him into power

Words of Advice

Maddie Raven

Write your physics notes on the back of that chewing gum wrapper you finished at lunch time. It's okay. It's only Newton's third law: For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. For every lesson you have, there's a different piece of crumpled up paper you add to the bottom of your bag. Equal and



opposite reaction. The more you're taught, the less you write. Soon enough, it'll have been three months since you emptied that thing out and a family of hamsters have moved in, using the warmth, dark and the slowly biodegrading paper to nest in. You're pretty sure you lost something important in there, like your end of term essay or the answer to the meaning of life, but it's far too much effort to use lined paper for your notes and then actually keep them. You won't need it. The chewing gum wrapper will work just fine.

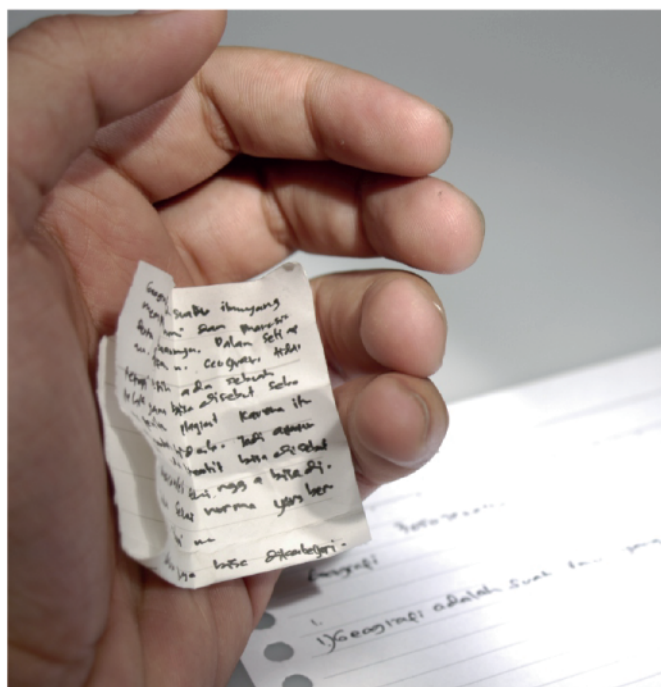
Don't write in black ink. Miss says you can't use bright pink sparkles for your Spanish writing assessment, but don't listen to her – she's just jealous of the bright pink sparkles. Hola. Me llamo George y tengo una pluma brillante de color rosa. ¡Que lástima! Te hizo repetir el examen. The exam board will greatly admire your pink sparkly handwriting and give you 30 marks for that movingly written piece about your family.

Leave revision until the last minute. Or don't revise at all. You're very confident in your ability to memorize rote knowledge at a single glance. You could be a hidden genius, and the school is wasted on you, and when you pluck the equation for respiration out of thin air all of your teachers will gasp and clap and give you top marks. Revision the night before is always more fun, too, with the ugly crying and the constant breaks for snacks. You read somewhere that in revision you need to take breaks as often as possible – as far as you're concerned, you've been a fantastic student by taking a break that spanned the entire run up to the exams. Genius.

Invigilators can't hear it when your phone vibrates in your pocket in exams. Obviously, you're not stupid enough to leave it on speaker, but the invigilators would need bat-like hearing to hear your phone rattling faintly against your keys and that chewing gum wrapper with Newton's first law on it. They won't make the whole room stay behind until whoever's phone it was owns up to it. (Eventually they'll decide it was one of them).

And for those who do coursework based subjects, like drama, art and languages, don't sweat it. It's often only sixty percent of your end grade and you're also really good at maths so you know it won't matter if you lost your writing assessment preparation in a shredder, or if your drama piece ended in your entire group shouting and throwing objects at each other when it was supposed to be a peaceful performance from text about living in the countryside.

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The Singing Bowlers

Every year the Broadstairs and St Peters Bowls Club present a show. This has a threefold effect. It unites the players throughout the winter months when the season closes, it keeps them fit and active, puts the club on the map and raises its profile, and brings in much needed revenue, not to mention the huge amount of fun they have rehearsing. While the club is closed for the bowling season they fill their days giggling and laughing their way through the various songs and dance routines.

This will be the third show they have staged but this is a big one.

This year they are paying tribute to the great British and American Song Book with their performance of 'The Show of Shows', featuring songs from "Singing in the Rain", "Oklahoma", "Chicago" and "A Chorus Line" to name but a few.

It is staged at Broadstairs & St Peters Bowls Club, Lawn Rd, (nr station) on March 3rd and 4th at 7.00pm and Sunday 5th Matinee performance at 2.00.

Tickets are £7 each with a percentage going to Cancer Research.

Although the tickets are selling well, they would love the general public to come along and support the club. There will be a licensed bar and refreshments during the interval and they guarantee a great nights entertainment.

Many thanks for your time,

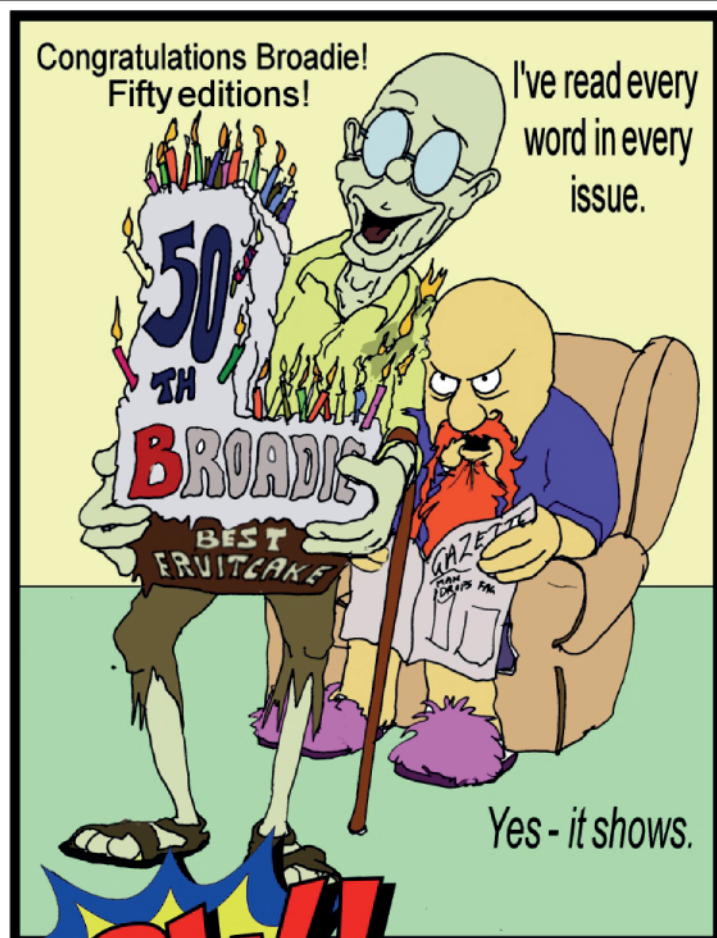
Yours Jo King (Publicity Officer)



What shall we do with a problem like Maria?



Hands up who needs a small tippie before the next number?



MARCH 8 - 11, 2017

POW!Thanet is delighted to announce that, following its inaugural festival in 2016, the lineup for 2017 is even more exciting. This year's theme, Movers and Makers, ties in with Turner Contemporary's timely major all-female exhibition, Entangled; there's a huge range of events with something to please, provoke or peeve!

POW!Thanet is an arts-led festival, and this year in addition to the gallery shows in Margate and Broadstairs there are opportunities to meet the artists and learn about their processes, and workshops where you can get crafting and making! This year we are pleased to introduce a dance strand to our programme; b.supreme have been working with Thanet schools and the students will showcase their skills at a number of events through the week, along with professional dancers. Not mad about hip hop? There's also world class South Asian dance presented by Shiva Nova.

We are thrilled to be working with Dreamland again, where we have a line up of events especially aimed at young people, curated by Pie Factory Music, including workshops, talks and performances. St Lawrence College, Ramsgate is a new sponsor this year; the College's Taylor Hall will be the venue for a talk by Meg Dyos, Ramsgate girl and member of the first all-female coxless crew to row across the Pacific.

Too energetic? Enjoy lunchtime talks at Ramsgate's Royal Temple Yacht Club, where you can relax and listen to readings by Maggie Harris and Patricia Mahoney. Or look out for Radio One DJ Gemma Cairney's yellow bus, from which she will be launching her first book 'Open', outside Turner Contemporary and later on, come to a panel discussion with Gemma and friends. Gemma will also be compering Gem's Jams, with Andreyana Triana headlining, at Olby's Soul Café. Alternatively you could go along to a more mellow all female cabaret show at the Sarah Thorne Theatre, Broadstairs.

And there's foodie treats with a global lunch at Ramsgate Tandoori and a Thanet Fairtrade supper at Archive Homestore & Kitchen; POW!Thanet is also teaming up with local bars and restaurants to provide special offers for festival goers.

For more information see powthanet.com or follow us on social media. We look forward to seeing you in March!

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A brief guide to Broadstairs 2017

Award winning Sandy beaches - Picturesque Cliff-top walks and cycle paths - Independent shops - restaurants, pubs and alehouses galore - thriving music scene - film and theatre - Historical buildings - A rich history - Folk Festival - Food Festival - Blues festival - Dickens festival - Water Gala

Kick back and unwind in Broadstairs





The Broadie guide to our fab Beaches

"Beaches.....Beaches we've got loads of them and there's this lovely smooth gritty thing you'll find on them too. None of that pebble nonsense they seem to enjoy of the South coast, oh no, we've got proper sand that's enjoyable to get between your toes. There's loads of the stuff, more than a thousand pieces I'm betting, try counting it.

And just look at those beaches. Looking towards Margate up past the Foreland at Botany Bay there's the wide expanse of hard flat sand with a few grassy dunes at the rear to prop yourself against.

Turn around and head to Broadstairs you'll pass by the majestic white stacks of Botany Bay, a little further on sees the staircase of smugglers caves at Cottage Bay followed by the arch leading through to the peaceful calm of Kingsgate overshadowed by the castle. Next up is the thriving tourist

suntrap that is Joss, named after that old smuggling scally-wag Joss Snelling.

You're now under the shadow of the lighthouse heading towards Stone Gap, but look; is that the thirty nine steps made famous by John Buchan, now take a quick explore across that bed of chalk and flint; the crabs hiding under veils of seaweed maybe the odd butter fish trapped in a rock-pool, thin strands of cordite washed up from the graves of ancient battleships and fossils, flotsam and jetsam galore.

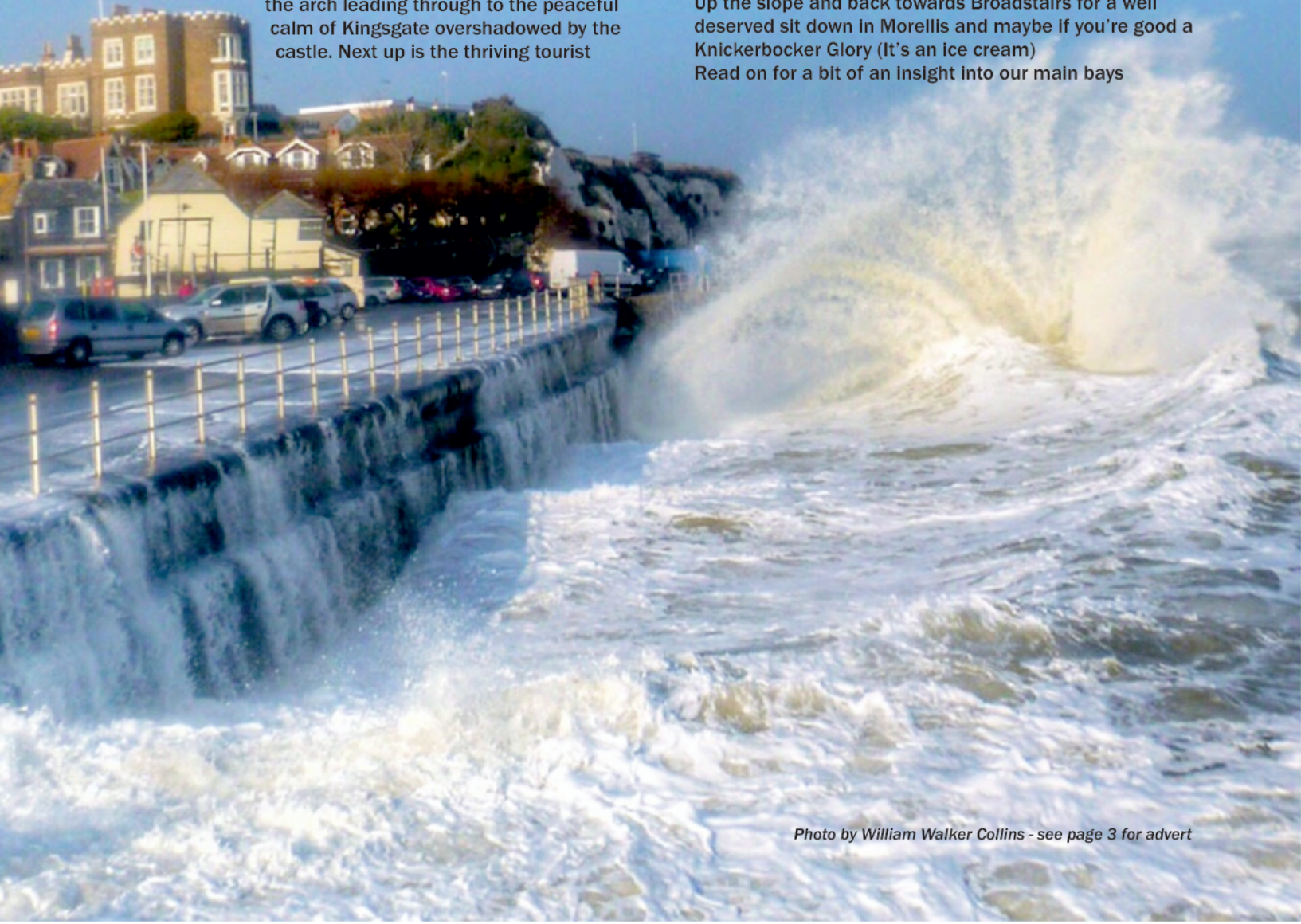
You're now at Stone Gap and as it's not a foggy pea-souper you can see the famous jetty of Broadstairs harbour in the distance. Just a quick stroll over Stone Bay now the tide is fully out only stopping at the bottom of the red winding hill to pick some wild rocket for your side salad later, pass the boat yard where the yachts are kept for fun with wind and waves in the warmer weather.

You've made it. Viking Bay. Lots to see here, lots to do. But firstly stop in one of Dickens favourite watering holes The Tartar Frigate for some liquid refreshment.

Straight across the main sand leads you to the promenade just by the children's paddling pool, although honestly - don't paddle it's rocky, buy a net and a bucket and annoy the small fry just like you and your dad did when you were a nipper. If you carry on walking you'll see a slope leading down from the top of the cliffs, you're at Louisa Bay, look there's a small lovely little beach-side café, just the spot to stop and stare - with a cup of tea of course.

Once fully refreshed (again) you can skip merrily on your way along the promenade and you will eventually reach another quiet and under-used beach which is Dumpton Gap. Another café and after all that liquid, thankfully a toilet. Up the slope and back towards Broadstairs for a well deserved sit down in Morellis and maybe if you're good a Knickerbocker Glory (It's an ice cream)

Read on for a bit of an insight into our main bays



Bound for old Botany Bay



*Singing too-ral-si, oo-ral-si, addity,
Singing too-ral-si, oo-ral-si, ay,
Singing too-ral-si, oo-ral-si, addity,
And we're bound for Botany Bay.
(trad)*

There are seven bays in Broadstairs or so they say. Personally I think there are a couple more, for instance the bay next to Botany possibly called Cottage Bay (why?) and there is a lot of bay between Joss Bay and Stone Bay, has that got a name? I have also heard reference to Eastcliffe Bay. Anyway for propriety's sake we will stay with seven bays (for now).

So we will start on the left (North? West? Up a bit?) with Botany bay. Do I need to wax lyrical about how gorgeous it is? Just take it as read, if you don't know how lovely it is what have you been doing? Take mine and The Sunday Times opinion, it is ace. There are chalk stacks and when the tide goes out the chalk reef is thought to be one of the best in Britain.

When Cook and the other chaps were adventuring around Australia in 1770 they named a bay Sting Ray Harbour. His log 6 May records "The great quantity of these sort of fish found in this place occasioned my giving it the name of Stingrays Harbour" but it had changed when he wrote his journal "The great quantity of plants Mr Banks and Dr Solander found in this place occasioned my giving the name of Botany Bay"

This bay eventually became notorious for the destination of miscreants from Britain having been deported for crimes deemed too unsocial to allow the protagonist to stay here and eventually became synonymous with 'where you would end up if you misbehaved'. I won't go into it now but it wasn't quite correct but that's another story.

Our Botany Bay was named so because of the number of its visitors who took that journey or who thought they may.

The whole coast in this corner of the country being so close to Europe and with so many difficult to police coves was infamous for smuggling. So much so that Daniel Defoe when visiting here in 1723 was told if he asked too many questions "some serious ill might befall me". It was a

regular pastime for hundreds of years and we are still left with caves and miles of tunnels as a reminder of this era. The most famous local smuggler was Joss Snelling who was born in 1741. He and his men were known as The Callis Court Gang because they ran their operations from a cottage in Callis Court which they used as a store house. There is a tunnel which runs from Callis Court to Joss Bay which was only discovered in 1954 when a bulldozer fell through its roof! Snelling's own house 'Farm Cottage' is close by

The Battle of Botany Bay In 1769 Joss and his men were unloading a lugger 'The Lark' when they were surprised by a preventative patrol. There was quite a battle between the revenue men and the smugglers but Joss and four of his men escaped up Kemp's stairs. There were more revenue men on the cliff top including one unfortunate Riding officer who tried to stop them. He was shot by the escaping gang and carried to the Captain Digby where he died. The authorities incensed by his death and the bloody fight set out to find the culprits and concentrated on searching Reading Street. They found two dead smugglers and one mortally wounded at Rosemary Cottage. 15 smugglers lost their lives in the Battle of Botany Bay, nine from their wounds and six were hanged at Gallows Field in Sandwich. Joss however survived as he always seemed to. He did get captured at least twice, the first time when he and Jeff Mutton were discovered on Kingsgate Bay in the company of 61 kegs of spirits. They said they had just found them when they were out for a walk, pretty unbelievable but they were just fined £100 and released. The second time we know of was when he was in a similar situation on St Mildred's Bay again only being fined. He managed to survive till he was 96, by then being helped in his chosen profession by his son and grandson and died peacefully in his sleep.



The beach is rather different today, though when deserted it's not hard to imagine the previous goings on. Access is quite good with a ramp and steps although the steps are quite long, the toilets are at the top of the steps. Lifeguards, usually two are there from mid June and September. Dogs are not allowed between 10-6pm from 1st May to 30th Sept. The beach itself always seems to be very clean although I am sure as with every other beach this is somewhat determined by the previous days occupants. The kiosk is lovely providing drinks and food and

necessities for the beach and has a great web site.

Get there early if you want to park near the beach because as the day goes on and to the local residents chagrin the parking spaces dwindle and recede back up Botany Bay road as the hours go by (Just please don't park in front of peoples driveways as it'll ruin their day and possibly yours).

For fun and laughter with the little ones, try building a sea-break of wet sand against the tidal waves - of course you'll fail but the kids love the battle against the incoming tide, and quite frankly, it's a right giggle. For sand-castling be adventurous, you don't need to stick with the circular pyramid look as the sand can be sculptured with the aid of a discarded lollipop stick - yes you can even make perfectly straight sandcastle walls with it. Give it a go.

Each year The Marine Conservation Society UK recognise beaches which meet the European Guidelines for water quality. This is where the water is not affected by inadequately treated continuous sewage discharge. These are then published in the Good Beach Guide. Botany Bay is not only listed this year but received 5 out of 5 for water quality.

The bay has also been awarded the Blue Flag. This award is given by the Foundation for Environmental Education (FEE) Only 72 flags have been awarded this year in England and prove that the beach has high standards of cleanliness and management, promote coastal environmental care and have attained high water quality.

Pier or Jetty?

by Simon Gerrard

Re: the recent letters kerfuffle about the town's Pier or Jetty (yes, it's still open to interpretation as we will read shortly) I'd like to offer the following nomination by Mr C. Dickens.

Not only did he nominate it as a ' pier ' in his day, but he thought it was exhibiting ' queer ' features, which I can only surmise meant the visible remnant pole supports for medieval plank designs in the days gone by of the Cinque Ports and its Wardens, and not forgetting the even-earlier Culmer-Whites, whose efforts he could see had built it up in turns to a significant feature in the first place.

The definitions of pier and jetty basically divide the design into either a pole-supported structure elevated above water an example which we had once at Louisa Bay (see The Broadie 47 issue), or our harbour breakwater style built from seabed level to survive in the water. There are lots of names and definitions for other structural variations and dedicated uses including the hybrid curiosity of a long-accepted small pier design which can properly be called a jetty, and there were apparently examples of this in the harbour for a while.

I digress. From the state of the structure and its construction, as seen in the pictures here roughly around the time of Mr D's residency in Broadstairs, or certainly existing for him to have considered during his writing of ' Our English Watering Place ', it looks like the majority medieval plank walkways and supporting post / pole bits had long-since been buried underneath inside of the strong, massive structure which formed the core of what we have today.

What led him to chose the title of pier is a mystery with all the evidence pointing clearly to the thing being a jetty. Perhaps his admiration for the laconic magic of Broadstairs, so different from many other locations in East Kent, London and the literary worlds he both experienced and created, prompted him to upgrade us on the basis that less can be more – so why not call it a pier because of this.

I wonder if George Orwell borrowed a leaf out of his book in later years?

We have a pier—a queer old wooden pier, fortunately without the slightest pretensions to architecture, and very picturesque in consequence. Boats are hauled up upon it, ropes are coiled all over it, lobster-pots, nets, masts, oars, spars, sails, ballast, and rickety capstans, make a perfect labyrinth of it. For ever hovering about this pier, with their hands in their pockets, or leaning over the rough bulwark it opposes to the sea, gazing through telescopes which they carry about in the same profound receptacles, are the boatmen of our watering-place. Looking at them, you would say that surely these must be the laziest boatmen in the world. They lounge about, in obstinate and inflexible pantaloons that are apparently made of wood, the whole season through.



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Local lad, Scriptwriter, Novelist and all round chap; responsible for brilliance such as 'Withnail & I', Bruce Robinson describes it thus in his semi-autobiographical work 'The Curious Tale of Thomas Penman'

'The jetty stuck out like a benevolent arm embracing half the beach and had been doing nothing different to that for half a thousand years. It was made of oak, tarred six inches deep, black as your hat with black gloss on the railings. By a process of gravity and nowhere else to go, everyone who visits Broadstairs will end up here, leaning over this balustrade and looking out to sea...'

The Scotsman:

The Scotsman figurehead originated from the 854 ton vessel 'Highland Chief' that floundered on the Goodwin sands on 12th February 1869

I tell ya' what. Lets just either call it a 'Petty' or a 'Jier' and be done with it.



Kingsgate Bay

Quite a lovely bay for peace and serenity this one. If you get a place in The Captain Digby pub car-park you get a very reasonable lunch deal with the parking ticket price, especially helpful if you have children as there is both very good play areas for kids within the pub itself and outside just at the end of the car park area. If you decide to explore the beach you'll notice the great chalk arch at one end. Looking upwards under the arch you'll notice a hole in the roof. This hole is actually a gap in the floor of another horizontal smugglers cave that leads from the 'Gap' in the cliffs down towards 'Cottage Bay' right through to the cave outlet that can be seen from the beach below.

Another interesting cave on Kingsgate Bay is a large Oval shaped affair that can be accessed with a bit of climbing. Even to this day you may well find 19th century pottery fragments or even bottles from smuggled goods taken ashore during dark nights when the customs men had other things to do. (I know, I dug some up myself in the 1990s)

For swimming, stick to the centre of the bay - watch for rip tides and underlying currents especially after the tide has reached its highest point (when it stops coming in and starts receding)

On low tide the rocks are some of the best for 'Rockpooling' with a crab line and generally investigating the joys of a south coast chalk bed. Just watch out for some of the deeper gullies to your left (looking out to sea) as they can be slippery and quite dangerous. Jelly shoes and an adult are a must for children.

No lifeguard - so watch those kiddies.

History

Kingsgate Bay is smaller than Botany Bay and is bordered by White Ness to the North and Hackemdown Point to the South

The bay was once known as Bartholomew's gate (gate also meaning gap in a cliff) which was made by the locals to improve access to the beach and is believed to have been completed on St Bartholomew's feast day. The name change is alleged to be due to the safe harbouring in the bay of Charles II and the Duke of York during a storm on 30th June 1683. There was a Latin inscription to this fact on the gap but it was washed away many years ago. The land reached much further into the sea then and was full of cottages whose inhabitants made their living from 'foying' which is providing provisions for ships after long voyages and 'hoveling' salvaging wrecks and their cargoes.

When this practice became less important the bay was pretty well deserted for a long time until the arrival of Henry Fox 1st Lord Holland in 1760. He was advised, 'for the precarious sake of his health to try the air of this place', and hence Holland House was built. Lord Holland had amassed quite a fortune by supplying the army with various provisions. The building was designed by Sir Thomas Wynne to 'represent Tully's Formian Villa on the coast of Baiae' in the Bay of Naples. He not only built the Villa but many outbuildings in various styles which were scattered over the area. Kingsgate Castle which was built in the style of Edward I was used as stables and coach houses. There was another smaller castle, Harley Tower built to honour Thomas Harley, Lord Mayor in 1768, Whitfield Tower to compliment the previous land owner, and Neptune's Temple (tower), a folly which used to have a tower which was used by observers in WWII. <http://pastscae.english-heritage.org.uk> The tower itself was demolished in the 70's but the footings still remain. He also built the convent, representing an ancient monastery, the Bead-house and started but didn't finish an ice house. The Bead-house looked like a Roman chapel with Gothic windows but was used to entertain guests at Holland House. Although most of the original building fell off the cliff in a storm on October 18th 1816 'except part of one wing where a servant boy slept' the merriment continued in the stables and is still continuing today in that building with a few modernisations and additions. The last bit of the original building fell into the sea in 1998 but the flint remains can be found as flower planters in the Pavilion garden. We all know it well as The Captain Digby who was a nephew of Lord

Holland's; commander of a warship in 1759. In his will Holland left provision for Robert Digby's health to be drunk every year by the customers.

On Holland's death in 1774 the estate became the property of Charles James Fox. He was the third son but his older brothers did not entertain their father as much as Charles. His father preferred and greatly indulged Charles from childhood because of his 'engaging personality'. Part of his education from his father was to finance and encourage what were to become lifelong pursuits of gambling, drinking, womanising and the love of all things fine and fashionable. When only 19 his father bought him the parliamentary seat of Midhurst which started a turbulent career in politics. He was a superb orator with radical opinions leading to dressing in the colours of Washington's army in defence of the American Revolution. He also supported the French Revolution and was noted for his anti-slavery campaign. His lifestyle led to bankruptcy twice and as part of this process he lost the inherited estate so moves out of our story but I recommend his life as an interesting though licentious one to look at in more detail.

The next notable incumbent is not till 1900 when it was bought by John Lubbock 1st Barron Avebury, who was a banker, archaeologist, naturalist and politician. He coined the terms Palaeolithic and Neolithic and as Liberal MP for Maidstone fought and won the Bank Holiday's Act (1871) and Early Closing Act (1904) for shop workers. Another life worthy of further investigation. He died at Holland House in 1913.

There is another theory why Lord Holland built his house on this land and that is because of a far earlier event. There are two large barrows between the lighthouse and Kingsgate which used to be called Hackendon or Hackingdown Banks (now Hackemdown Point) which are thought to be graves.

A huge battle was fought there in 853 after the Danes had invaded. Earl Alcher with his Kentish men and Earl Huda with men from Surrey attacked the Danes, both English Generals were killed and after a desperate battle the Danes won. The larger of the mounds is thought to be the Dane dead and the smaller the English. This barrow was opened in 1743 with many hundred people observing and bodies were found, the smaller was also opened in 1765 and more bodies were discovered. Holland House was built on the largest barrow.

<http://www.british-history.ac.uk/report.aspx?compid=63627> At one time the area was actually called Golgotha, place of skulls because of the large number unearthed.

Today, whenever I travel from the South towards the bay, the view catches my breath. The sight of the chalk cliff with the large erosive hole is so exotic I usually comment on it to whoever I am with. It's always as if I've forgotten how close I live to such a wonderful site and have done for years, I hope I never lose that wonderment.

Right so, who is going to join me in finding out when Robert Digby's anniversary is? I promise we will never print it; it shall remain a Broadie secret. Give us a clue Frank..



As discussed at the beginning of these mutterings about the bays, there may be 'seven bays' but there's also a lot going on in the 'other bits'. So for this issue I'm straying off at a tangent before we hit Joss bay. North Foreland has a lighthouse, some nice posh houses, some steps, the ghost of an old radio station and probably the ghosts of some British and Dutch sailors.

The Lighthouse

The first recorded light at North Foreland was in 1499 but it was in 1636 that Sir John Meldrum built a two storey building for the purpose. It was an octagonal of timber lath and plaster with an iron grate for coals on the top. Unfortunately its life was relatively short as it burnt down in 1683. For a brief spell a candle in a lantern on a pole had to do. In 1691 a 34ft brick and flint building replaced it wherein they burnt 100 tons of coal per annum.

It was owned by the Trustees of Greenwich Hospital in 1719 and the money raised from the ships benefiting from it was used for the upkeep of the hospital for seamen. The coal fire was replaced and two further stories were added in 1789. The fire was replaced with 18 Argand oil lamps and the height reached a full 62 ft

In 1890 a further room was built on top to house the light and in 1930 it was electrified. It is now 85ft high, 188ft above the high water mark, has two 3,000 watt bulbs which emit 175,000 candles of light and can be seen for 19 miles. Mains electricity is used but there is a back up generator as well as an acetylene gas light if necessary. The light has five flashes in seven seconds with 13 seconds of darkness. It is a sector light which means that it is white in all directions except to the North where it is red to warn of the danger of the banks in the estuary North of Margate, Margate Sands.

It is the oldest operational lighthouse in England as well as being the last lighthouse to be manned. It was automated on 26th November 1998 and now belongs to Trinity House. I managed to find the names of a few of the lighthouse keepers. John Frederick Hiller from 1766 – 1816, George Knott – 1890 and Henry Knott – 1911.

North Foreland Radio (also known as GNF)

Was one of 11 coastal radio stations built in 1901 to enable ship to shore communications by Lloyds. In 1909 all these stations were taken over by the Post Office. It soon became too big to stay on its original sight at North Foreland so was moved in October 1929 to Rumsfield Road. The station's main purpose was to be there for ships in distress and it handled many calls especially in WWII, during Dunkirk alone they handled over 30 calls. It saved many lives over its history but with improving communication systems it eventually became redundant and all staff left in 1991. It stayed as a remotely controlled installation for a few years but now is no more; in fact Asda is built on its site.

The Thirty-Nine Steps

When John Buchan was 39 he stayed at a house above the beach at North foreland named 'St Cuby' whilst recuperating from a duodenal ulcer. It is here that he wrote his first 'Hannay' adventure story and called it the 'Thirty-Nine Steps'. There are several theories as to how it got its name. Most people agree the proximity of the beach steps to St Cuby is too much of a coincidence even though there were actually 78 steps. It is reported that Buchan's son William said that his six year old sister managed to count out loud to 39 when climbing down the steps. It was also Buchan's age when he wrote it.

The original 78 oak steps were replaced in the '40's by 108 concrete steps. Some of the original oak was used to make book ends. One set was sent to Buchan's family, one set to St Cuby and one set to Alfred Hitchcock who produced the first 39 steps film.

There is some debate as to whether the story of the escaping German spy was based on a real incident which may have taken place during WWI when Buchan was here.

The Battle of North Foreland

This includes two naval battles which took place during the Anglo-Dutch Wars.

The Battle of Gabbard: June 12 – 14 1653 during the 1st Anglo-Dutch War.

The St James's Day Battle: August 4 – 5 1666 during the 2nd Anglo-Dutch War.

During the 1st battle 11 Dutch ships were sunk and a further 9 captured. No English ships were lost and only a few casualties. The English victory was put down to bigger, more manoeuvrable English ships, better quality gunpowder and the new 'Fighting Instructions'. After this victory the English fleet put a blockade on Dutch ports which crippled the Dutch economy and led to them being forced to consider

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peace terms.

Sir Oswald Moseley

One occupant of North Foreland stands out because of his notoriety although there are and have been several other interesting characters. Lord Curzon owned a 20 roomed mansion on the Estate which he named 'Naldera' after his favourite house when Viceroy of India. His daughter Cynthia married a chap called Tom who later became Oswald Moseley, founder of the British Union of Fascists and reputed to be a German spy during WWII.

Along the beach from Joss Bay (The one where you can see the lighthouse from the grassy cliff-top car-park) right round towards Broadstairs town and Stone Bay is a lovely walk, you'll also probably find the odd sandy spot to sit and stare.....Just be aware of a few points.

Check your tide times. Don't venture on the walk if the tide is coming in as it's very easy to become 'cut off' by the rising seas. There isn't access up to the top of the cliffs until you reach 'Stone Bay'. At an average speed you can complete the walk easily in 45 minutes, but don't tempt fate - give yourself plenty more time especially when the tide has turned.

You'll also notice that the cliffs have no protection and are therefore more prone to rock-falls, so don't stay too long under the shadow of the cliffs. Mobile reception can be patchy too.

There's no lifeguard coverage until you reach Stone bay.

As long as you're careful it's a great wander, check out the rock-pools, turnover a few chalk boulders to find crabs hiding from seagulls, you may find a fossil or two, interesting driftwood and on the odd occasion maybe some long lost ancient wooden ship structure too.

Respect the sea, respect the environment and you'll enjoy.

Check your tide times at local website:- www.stella-maris.org.uk





Joss Bay

is a very popular beach and is very well suited to those who want all the extra activities available. It stretches about 200 metres with chalk rock beds on either side of a shelved sandy swimming area.

There is a beach cafe, toilets, plenty of paid for car parking and free parking if you get there early and manage to get a place on the golf course side of the road. Don't park on the farmland on the other side or you may well find your car inaccessible when you return to it as the farmer does not take kindly to having cars parking on his crops (yes that has happened)

There's deck-chair hire too if you really want to go for the full English chair and windbreak seaside experience.

Joss Bay is home to the longest established surf school on this coast. As well as surf lessons there is surf hire and an associated shop.

Lifeguard

Dogs banned from 1st May to 30th Sept from 10am to 6pm.

Kayaking/canoeing, Swimming/bathing, Surfing

Cafe/restaurant, Toilets, Disabled facilities, First aid point, Lost child centre, Shop, Deck chair etc hire.

Joss Bay is also the venue for an amazing festival by the name of 'Wheels and Fins' dedicated to all things Skateboard, BMX, Cycles, Soapbox Derby (Go Cart racing) Surfing and paddling etc.

Live music and a ton of stuff to see and do. Visit their website for details of 2017 festival at:- <http://wheelsandfins.co.uk>

Fri 8 September 2017 12:00 pm - Sun 10 September 2017 10:00 pm, Joss Bay, Broadstairs. Kent

Joss Bay Surf School. North Foreland Hill, Broadstairs CT10 3PG, Contact: info@jossbay.co.uk. 01843 860777

History:

Although there seems little factual evidence to support it, it is pretty much accepted the name Joss Bay comes from the notorious smuggler Joss Snelling (1741 – 1827) – who operated in the area, until late into his life. At age 89, he received a fine of £100 for smuggling, and although his contemporaries received harsher sentences, Snelling managed to evade capture. He achieved celebrity status - even introduced to Princess Victoria as the famous Broadstairs smuggler. Joss Snelling died in 1837 aged 96.



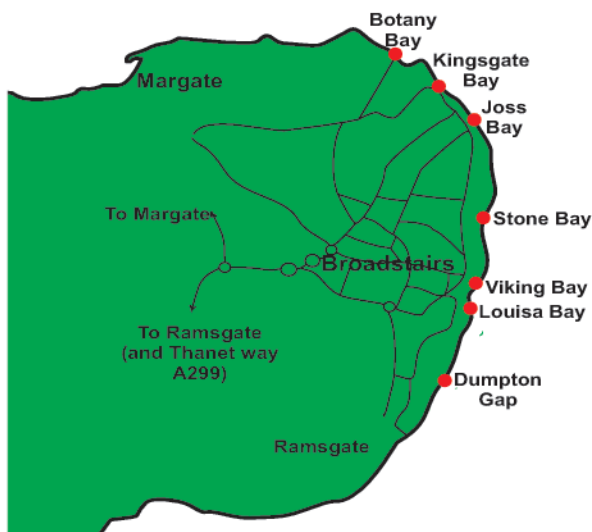
Dumpton Gap

The far West side of Broadstairs and the last bay before you end up in Ramsgate is quite a lovely spot. The only problem is that when the tide comes in you have very little, if any beach left and you have to retire to the large promenade for drinks and chips at the café. However don't let this put you off, its ideal swimming for parents with kids as the sea is normally quite shallow when the tide recedes a bit, and is also very sheltered too. There's no lifeguard on duty. Accessible via Viking Bay and Louisa Bay heading towards Ramsgate along the promenade or via the steep slope at the end of the Western Esplanade where there is normally ample parking.

History:

1900. Formerly called 'Dodemayton' this gap in the cliffs was used by farmers to gather seaweed as manure for their fields. With the advent of the telephone it was decided to lay continental submarine cable from this point across the channel. The cable ship 'Fencible' was responsible for laying a submarine cable across the channel to Ostend.

(Taken from the book *Early Broadstairs and St Peters* by Barrie Wootton)



Thanet Coast Project

Our coastline represents 20% of the UK's and 12% of Europe's coastal chalk, and it is the longest continuous stretch of coastal chalk in Britain. It is covered by numerous nature conservation designations and is a significant part of the 'North East Kent Marine Protected Area'. The Thanet Coast Project helps to raise awareness of our unique coastline and the marine and bird life associated with it in a way that is great fun for all.

There is a series of events throughout the year including Scavenger Hunts and Seashore Safaris. Educational excursions by groups can book the Thanet Coast project to help run activities to develop skills for conservation and interpretation relating to the wildlife and natural features of the Thanet Coast.

For more information please see.

<http://www.visitthanet.co.uk>



Broadstairs Information Kiosk

The Information Kiosk on Broadstairs seafront has been established to provide a warm welcome and useful information to visitors to and residents in Broadstairs and St. Peter's. It is situated on the cliff-top promenade in the Royal Albion Hotel Gardens at the bottom of Broadstairs High Street.

Information can also be found on their website www.broadstairsinfokiosk.co.uk

The Information Kiosk was a pilot project for 2011 but from 2012 is a fully functioning operation and is supported by; Shepherd Neame Brewery, Broadstairs Tourism and Leisure Association, Broadstairs and St. Peter's Chamber of Commerce, Broadstairs and St. Peter's Town Council, Thanet District Council

Thanet District Council visitor information team have provided the literature and the equipment for the Information Kiosk.

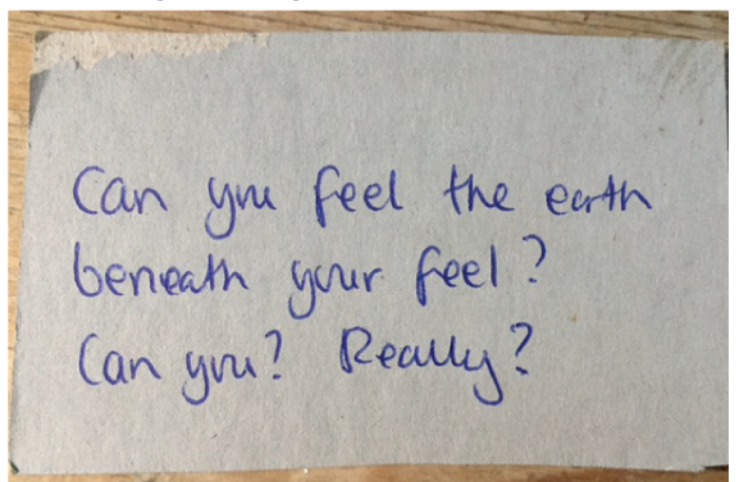
This equipment includes a touch screen facility which enables people to find out more about what to see and do in Thanet.

The Kiosk is staffed by volunteers who wish to offer friendly hospitality to our visitors and share the joys of our beautiful town.

Lost & Found

In which we publish lost notes and musings found on the streets of Broadstairs (Any identifying words or pic's redacted)

#14 Can you really



Did you feel the earth move? Really?

And so I lay me down to sleep



Where to stay?

Anchor Lodge

Address: 57 Dumpton Park Dr, Broadstairs CT10 1RH Phone 01843 602564:

Aria House - Bed and Breakfast

5-star hotel

Address: 110A Pierremont Ave, Broadstairs CT10 1NT Phone: 01843 862692

Bayside Guesthouse

Address: 23 High St, Broadstairs CT10 1LP Phone: 01843 868838

Bay Tree Hotel

4-star hotel

Address: 12 Eastern Esplanade, Broadstairs CT10 1DR 01843 862502

Belvidere Place Hotel

Address: 43 Belvedere Rd, Broadstairs CT10 1PF Phone: 01843 579850

Bleak House

Address: Fort Rd, Broadstairs Ct10 Phone: 01843 865338

Botany Bay Hotel - Shepherd Neame

Address: Marine Dr, Broadstairs CT10 3LG Phone: 01843 868641

Broadstairs Beach House

Address: 17 Rectory Rd, Broadstairs Ct10 1HG Phone: 01843 650937

Broadstairs House Bed and Breakfast 4-star

Address: 22 Ramsgate Rd, Broadstairs CT10 1PP Phone: 01843 604298

Broadstairs Tranquility

Address: 7 Devonshire Terrace, Broadstairs CT10 1HH Phone: 07739 107537

Cintra Hotel

Address: 24 Victoria Parade, Broadstairs CT10 1QL Phone: 01843 862253

Cloonlara Bed and Breakfast

Address: 5 Ramsgate Rd, Broadstairs CT10 1QQ Phone: 01843 604711

Copperfields Vegetarian Guest House

4-star hotel

Address: 11 Queens Rd, Broadstairs CT10 1NU Phone: 01843 601247

East Horndon

4-star hotel

Address: 4 Eastern Esplanade, Broadstairs CT10 1DP Phone: 01843 868306

The Fishermen's Cottages

Self-Catering Accommodation

Address: 7 Union Square, Broadstairs CT10 1EX Phone: 01843 601996

Hanson Hotel

Address: 41 Belvedere Rd, Broadstairs CT10 1PF Phone: 01843 868936

Keston Court B&B

Address: 14 Ramsgate Rd, Broadstairs CT10 1PS Phone: 01843 862401

South Lodge Guest House

4-star

Address: 19 The Vale, Broadstairs CT10 1RB Phone: 01843 600478

The Devonhurst

4-star hotel

Address: Devonhurst Hotel, Eastern Esplanade, Broadstairs CT10 1DR Phone: 01843 863010

Lazy Days B & B

Bed & Breakfast

Address: 43 King Edward Ave, Broadstairs CT10 1PH Phone: 07958 913412

Land and Life Ltd

Address: Holland Cottage, Kingsgate Bay Rd, Broadstairs CT10 3QL Phone: 07752 903281

Rooms At Number One

Address: 1 Dundonald Rd, Broadstairs CT10 1PE Phone: 07860 333701

Royal Albion Hotel

Address: 6-12 Albion St, Broadstairs CT10 1AN Phone: 01843 868071

South Lodge Guest House

4-star hotel

Address: 19 The Vale, Broadstairs CT10 1RB Phone: 01843 600478

Torwood House

Bed & Breakfast

Address: 41 W Cliff Rd, Broadstairs CT10 1PU Phone: 01843 863953

Victoria Bed & Breakfast

4-star hotel

Address: 23 Victoria Parade, Broadstairs CT10 1QL Phone: 01843 871010

Viking Guest House

Address: W Cliff Ave, Broadstairs CT10 1QA Phone: 01843 862375

The Yarrow Hotel

Address: Ramsgate Rd, Broadstairs CT10 1PN

Phone: 01843 460100

Information obtained via 'Google'.

We have included star ratings when they have been listed but for more information or to check terms & conditions, facilities and star ratings please see online.

This listing is for information purposes only. Listings do not amount to recommendations. Other hotels & B&Bs may be available

The Dickens Festival

Charles Dickens visited Broadstairs regularly from 1837 until 1859 and immortalised the town as "Our English Watering Place".

In 1937, to commemorate the centenary of the author's first visit, Gladys Waterer, who lived in Dickens House, organised a production of David Copperfield and publicised it with people about the town in Victorian dress. Thus the Festival was born and this is the 80th Year and they plan to celebrate in style from 17-23 June. There will be amazing new events along with firm favourites and a real focus on Fun, Victorian Mayhem and Costumed characters on The Prom and around the Town. Something for everyone!

Here's just a glimpse of what to expect – The Country Fayre @ Victoria Gardens will be packed full of wonderful Kent Produce, Glorious Gifts and Classic Collectables, a Full Dickens Bar and Scrumptious food.

There will be Living History Entertainers – so watch out for women chasing husbands with rolling pins, policeman making arrests and The Voices from Victorian London setting up The Rookery while The Lamplighter and The Rat Catcher tell their tales and ditties. See them all take part in The Grande Parade down the High St. at 1pm Saturday 17th June – a true spectacle with a horse drawn carriage, Queen Vic, Pipe and Drum Band, Marching Soldiers and more...

This year there are some extraordinary events – A Vintage Music Hall with exceptional artistes acquired at H'Normous Expense; Mothers Ruin – Gin Tasting, Victorian Banquet at The Yarrow, Mead Cheese and Pickle Taster, The Festival Play – Pickwick Papers, A Festival Archive – with 80yrs of slides, photo's and memorabilia including a Film of past festival footage and Broadstairs of yester year. A Choir Concert with The Big Sing, Dickens Performances and entertainment at The Bandstand and an Elegant Afternoon Tea at Bleak House to name just a few.

Catherine Dickens (Charles' wife) was also an author and wrote a book 'Bills of Fare for 2-18' people – there will be a luncheon based on her recipes – which includes his favourite dish. And all of this in addition to firm favourites like The Beach Parties, Victorian Picnic, Coffee Dickensian Style, Preachers Knoll Sunday Service, Militant Maids Marching, The Cricket Match and Dickens Dog Show.

Will a week be long enough?!

Come and join the celebrations – and as Charles Dickens said in his famous letter to John Leech "Veeve la Broadstairs"!

For more details please visit the new updated website www.broadstairsdickensfestival.co.uk

Free event programmes will be available from businesses and the information kiosk from March.



Photos: Chris Smea

Folk Music By The Sea

- 11 to 18 August 2017

"Broadstairs Folk Week Festival Tickets 2017 are now on sale! So time to book your holiday and make sure that you next year you can enjoy some lovely folk music against the background of a sparkling sea!

Festival tickets include all events at Folk Week – including the main concerts in the concert marquee in the town's leafy Pierremont Park. For a week in August this is the second largest venue in Thanet with 600 seats, professional sound, stage and lighting. It's a great place to see your favourite performers and discover some new ones, all in a lovely chilled out atmosphere. The Shepherd Neame Jack Hamilton bar is the place to meet up with friends, musicians and Folk Week workforce – it's at the heart of the festival.

Festival tickets also include dances and concerts at the Pavilion on the Sands – from early till late; concerts and workshops at the Baptist Church; intimate gigs at the Sailing Club and most events at the Folk Week campsite. They are great value tickets – especially if you are a dedicated festival goer and like to cram as much as possible into your Folk Week experience!"

So Says Broadstairs Folk Week Website - If you've never tried a week at Broadstairs Folk Week you've really missed out. So okay you might not like too much diddly-dee stuff or perhaps the Morris dancing really isn't your thing, but by 'eck there'll be something that you do like, I mean there's so much choice you can't not like something, anything or probably in reality you'll like the vast majority of it - No, love it. It's not necessarily all down to just the music and dance, it's the atmosphere that is created by having this much going on in the town. Just lazily lie back at the bandstand drinking tea and licking ice creams all day and you're guaranteed a fun time. Jump about to high energy Folk Rock late into the evening or attempt to get your head round a Celidh dance and finally work out what 'Stripping the Willow' really means. The craft tent on Victoria gardens is a must visit for some truly weird and wonderful items, who knew you needed stripy multi-coloured trousers, a new hat, a five foot tall potted plant, an original sculpted metal ornament for the garden and that old

perennial favourite the embroidered flannel Trust us, It's a great week - you'll love it Tickets on sale at www.broadstairsfolkweek.org.uk

Alternatively if you fancy a great week volunteering to help the festival run smoothly, here's some info.....

The Workforce is so important to Folk Week – the festival just wouldn't happen without the input of so many volunteers, so we really appreciate you giving up your time to help us create a brilliant event. In 2016, there were over 250 volunteers who made Folk Week a huge success.

Another great thing about the volunteers is that you can be anything from 18 to 80 – and the mix of the generations is one of the great strengths of the festival. Please let us know if you have any special skills (not your swimming certificate!) but technical, stage management, sales person or just all round practical genius – the more we know the better we can place you somewhere useful.

Benefits to you

In return for just 35 hours a week you will have the opportunity to explore this amazingly diverse festival, plus free camping and access to sessions and amenities at the campsite – something which would normally cost at least £245 pounds. (Adult, non-concession weekly season ticket price with early booking discount)



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BARNABY RUDGE 52 Albion Street
Broadstairs CT10 2UR 01843 867775

BOTANY BAY Marine Drive, Kingsgate
Broadstairs CT10 3LG 01843 868641

BRADSTOW MILL 125 High Street
Broadstairs CT10 1NQ 01843 861108

THE CAPTAIN DIGBY Kingsgate
Broadstairs, CT10 3QH 01843 867764

CRAMPTONS 139 High Street
Broadstairs CT10 1NG 01843 860 468

DOLPHIN 55 Albion Street
Broadstairs Kent CT10 1NE 01843 861056

HARPERS 8 Harbour Street
Broadstairs CT10 1ET 01843 602494

NEPTUNES HALL 1-3 Harbour Street
Broadstairs CT10 1ET 01843 861400

NUMBER 23 23 High Street
Broadstairs Kent CT10 1LP 01843 861747

PEENS 8 Victoria Parade,
Broadstairs CT10 1QS 01843 861289

TARTAR FRIGATE Harbour Street
Broadstairs CT10 1EU 01843 862013

THE BROWN JUG 204 Ramsgate Rd,
Broadstairs, CT10 2EW 01843 862788

CHARLES DICKENS 5-6 Victoria Parade
Broadstairs CT10 1QS 01843 869865

THE LANTHORNE 20 Callis Court Road
Broadstairs CT10 3AE 01843 861952

THE LITTLE ALBION 40 St Peters Road
Broadstairs CT10 2AP 01843 602904

THE PAVILION Harbour Street
Broadstairs CT10 1EU 01843 600999

THE PRINCE ALBERT 38 High St,
Broadstairs CT10 1LH 01843 579650

THE RED LION Vicarage Street
St. Peters CT10 2TQ 01843 603341

BALLARDS LOUNGE Royal Albion Hotel
Broadstairs CT10 1LU 01843 869895

THE GROG WENCH 460 Margate Rd,
Broadstairs CT10 2PR 01843 600000

THE WHITE SWAN 17 Reading St,
Broadstairs CT10 3AZ 01843 863051

WROTHAM ARMS Ramsgate Rd,
Broadstairs, CT10 1QQ 01843 861788

THE 39 STEPS ALEHOUSE
5 Charlotte Street, Broadstairs

MIND THE GAP ALEHOUSE
156 High St, Broadstairs CT10 1JA

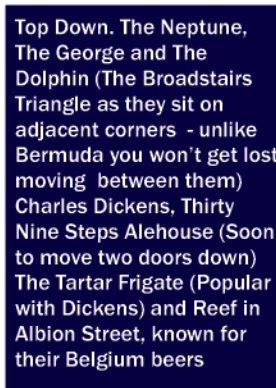
THE FOUR CANDLES ALEHOUSE
1 Sowell St, St Peters, Broadstairs
CT10 2AT 07947 062063

THE YARD OF ALE ALEHOUSE
61 Church St, Broadstairs CT10 2TU
Phone: 07790 730205

THE CHAPEL 44 Albion St, Broadstairs
CT10 1NE 07837 024259

REEF Albion Street, Broadstairs.
01843 863906

HOUDINIS MAGIC BAR 158 High Street,
Broadstairs 01843 866600



Top Down. The Neptune, The George and The Dolphin (The Broadstairs Triangle as they sit on adjacent corners - unlike Bermuda you won't get lost moving between them) Charles Dickens, Thirty Nine Steps Alehouse (Soon to move two doors down) The Tartar Frigate (Popular with Dickens) and Reef in Albion Street, known for their Belgium beers

The Brigadier

Well fancy me getting stuck on page eighteen right up next to the pubs. Let's face it, it wouldn't be the first time I'd leant against one. But on to other things.

Now I'm not overly keen on the idea of ghoulies and ghosties and long legged beasties but we've had some strange goings on up at the manor, and not a little worrying.

Not your normal sort of nonsense when her ladyship forgets to put on her war-paint, wanders the corridors at an early hour generally groaning and causing the more weak bladdered of the household to meet her in the dark on an upstairs landing - my that can be spine tingling.

No what has been going on is the 'Three Knocks'.....To explain. On the odd occasion when we're fast asleep dreaming dreams of Gin and chasing Rabbits we'll be awoken at a god unearthy hour of the night by what can only be described as 'Three loud and sharp knocks on wood' in the corner of the bedroom. Not just light taps - real big knocks. And before you say anything I can guarantee it's not the bedpost - not since 1993 during a full moon.

The noise jolts us both awake into a very disconcerted state, especially considering there is nothing there. No pipes in that corner, no window, no door - just wall.

Now they say if ever anything happens you can always look it up on the Internet thingyjob - Well let me tell you..... don't. The Internet is full of scary things, websites on health where you always end up with Cancer even though all you did was swallow a fish bone. Left right and centre there's Nigerian princes who wish to transfer millions to your bank account for a small handling fee and everyone wants a password which must be written in Swahili and contain the numbers of Pi to seventeen decimal places

I looked up 'Three Loud Knocks' just to see what it had to say, I wasn't really expecting to find much. Oh you silly man.....

It doesn't bode well for me. Here's what the 'seeksghosts blogspot' had to say.

An old superstition states that when a person hears three knocks it means someone has died. In many paranormal tales when three knocks are heard at the door and no one is there this means someone has died or is about to.

Since these knocks are normally heard before someone dies they are a classic omen or harbinger. This belief is sometimes known as the "three knocks of doom."

The Irish and the Scots both have traditions that state three knocks on a door or three taps on a window especially when heard at regular intervals--lasting for two minutes--means death.

According to several Native American tribes when the thumping of a stick 3 times on the ground is heard or the beating of a drum 3 times is heard it means someone will die.

This superstition also pops up in Arab, African and Jewish traditions.

In America people have told tales for years that involve three knocks and death.

Sometimes relatives pass down family "lore" that involves a grandparent who heard three mysterious knocks only to receive word afterwards a beloved relative died--sometimes at exactly the time the knocks were heard.

These knocks are described as out of the ordinary. Those who have heard them state they were very loud, or that when they were heard they caused a feeling or sensation of fear or creepiness.

Most often these knocks or taps are heard on doors or windows. But other stories mention knocks on walls or even sounds that seem to come from inside the walls or from every corner of the room. It is stated that the cause for these knocks is never found. For instance, if a door is opened no one is there. These stories often occur in winter and it is stated after the knocks are heard and the door is opened no footsteps are seen in the snow.

In an offshoot of this superstition some believe when three knocks are heard it means the devil or an evil spirit wants to come in.

So there you have it, whether it's Beelzebub himself, mice with hammers or the ghost of Great Aunt Ethel tapping out her pipe on her wooden leg, something is after me. Lets hope I make the next issue. Lets hope my beloved makes the next issue, or perhaps I can pay off the ferryman by nudging Benson my aged butler from the top stair late one evening. TTFN



Congratulations **BROADIE** on reaching your 50th edition!



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A Quick run through history

We went as far back to 55BC with the amazing story of the Wantsum - that's a whole other story for another time.

410AD and it all went a bit wrong once the Romans left - I mean, what did they ever do for us
 450AD King Vortigern of Kent needed help protecting his kingdom from the Saxons & Franks. So, did he:
 A. Sharpen a lot of pointy sticks.
 B. Pay off would be intruders and point them in the direction of somewhere else entirely or
 C. Invite Hengist & Horsa, two Jutish brothers, renowned for being heavies and as thanks give them the Isle of Thanet.
 Answer is C. Well done smartypants. It is their landing which was celebrated in 1947 by the landing of the Danish boat Hugin, on what was then known as Main Bay. Ever since called Viking Bay. The story of Hengist & Horsa is celebrated in one of the oldest pieces of English literature Beowulf. Anyway it didn't end well, everybody fell out and death ensued, surprise - surprise. The once quite civilised and well populated island of Thanet was massacred by the Jutes. The estimated total population of Thanet at this time was about 1,500, but with a continuous stream of invaders and settlers for the next few hundred years the numbers soon swelled
 597 Augustine and 40 monks landed at Ebbsfleet and started trying to convert the current pagans.
 1066 The Doomesday Book states the population of Thanet as consisting of three knights, 71 cottagers, rustics or freemen and 239 villains or bondsmen.
 1070 St Peter's Church was built
 1075 - 1325 The middle ages, when everyone chatted endlessly about the health, the price of bread and how they didn't half ache when they got up in the morning.
 1327 things got even worse, there was a terrible drought, even drier than 1976. 'Oh look on the bright-side' said Ethel Dabbs from Number 3 The Hovel, 'It could be worse'; there followed a series of animal plagues and then in 1348 the Black Death.
 1400 Henry IV was busy hanging on to his uneasy hat, but here in Broadstairs The shrine of Our Ladye of Bradstowe in Broadstairs was attracting pilgrims from all parts, and was so venerated that ships lowered their topsails when sailing past the edifice. As is displayed on the towns crest.
 1440 a flint archway was built across a track leading to the beach by George Culmer who had a shipyard where the Pavilion now stands. It contained a wooden portcullis which could be lowered to protect the locals from pirates. Originally called Flint Gate it was renamed after the Grand old Duke of York
 1485 a bridge was built over the Wantsum at Sarre which heralded the beginning of the end of Thanet being an island
 1499 the Wantsum was so silted up, ships which had previously used it as their way to London had to negotiate North Foreland. It was at this time that the oldest working lighthouse was built.
 1500 Parish of St Peters had 186 inhabitants
 1538 George Culmer (not the original one - he'd be ancient) cut a road into the cliff and excavated the cliff to develop the harbour and pier.
 1588 the White family supported the English fleet anchored off shore, waiting for the Spanish Armada. Warning beacons were lit at Beacon Road.
 1601 St Mary's Chapel in Broadstairs was built on the site of the Shrine of Our Ladye of Bradstowe.
 1603 the flint gate was renamed York Gate because Charles II, with his brother the Duke of York, made a landing in bad weather at St Bartholomew's stairs just north of Broadstairs.
 1723 population 300
 Daniel Defoe writes "Bradstow is a small fishing hamlet of some 300 souls, of which 27 follow the occupation of fishing, the rest would seem to have no visible means of support! I am told that the area is a hot bed of smuggling. When I asked if this was so, the locals did give me the notion that if I persisted in this line of enquiry some serious injury might befall my person" (So pretty mush as is now then)
 1767 a terrible storm destroyed the pier.
 1774 It had become so indispensable that the corporations of Yarmouth, Dover, Hythe and Canterbury with assistance from the East India Company and Trinity House subscribed to its restoration with a payment of £2,000

1824 the Culmer-White boatyard closed
 1850 population 3,000
 1850 the town had its first lifeboat the Mary White followed soon after by a second boat the Culmer White. The boats were supported privately until taken over by the RNLI in 1868
 1912 the lifeboat station closed after 62 years and 269 lives saved
 1912 population up to about 10,000
 1940 population dwindles as low as 3000 according to some sources as many families flee front line Britain for safer areas of the country

Other stuff to do not previously mentioned....

Lillyputt Minigolf

Victoria Parade

Broadstairs Kent CT10 1QL 01843 861500



Crampton Tower museum

The Broadway, Broadstairs CT10 2AB

Phone: 01843 871133



Palace Cinema

Harbour Street,
 Broadstairs, Kent,
 CT10 1ET

01843 865726

bookings@thepalacecinema.co.uk



North Foreland Short Golf Course

Telephone us on: 01843 862140

Email office@northforeland.co.uk

Fax: 01843 862663

The Clubhouse,

Convent Road, Broadstairs, Kent CT10 3PU



Fireworks nights throughout the summer

(Normally Wednesday evening throughout summer holidays)

www.broadstairsfireworks.co.uk

for more details



St Peters Village Tour

is an independent group of volunteers with a constitution formed to offer four free award winning guided walks around the historic village and churchyard of St Peter's, Broadstairs in Kent. The Tours are arranged by a team of over 100 volunteers.

www.villagetour.co.uk



The Sarah Thorne Theatre presents a wide range of productions at the Hilderstone complex in Broadstairs throughout the year.

Licensed Bar open at all performances

Our Box Office in Fordoun Road is open from

10am to 2pm Monday to Fridays for either

personal callers or you can ring us on 01843

863701. See website for full brochure:

www.sarahthorne-theatreclub.co.uk



Dickens House Museum

The museum is housed in the cottage that was Charles Dickens' inspiration for the home of Betsey Trotwood in David Copperfield.

David's description of Betsey's cottage with its square gravelled garden full of flowers, and a parlour of old fashioned furniture still fits today.

2 Victoria Parade, Broadstairs CT10 1QS.

01843 861232

Bleak House

Bleak House, formerly known as Fort House, is a large house on the cliff overlooking the North Foreland and Viking Bay in Broadstairs,

Kent. It was built around 1801 and then substantially extended, doubling in size, in 1901. The house has many 'Dickens' connections and is a great place for afternoon tea.

Fort Road, Broadstairs Kent CT10 1EY 01843 865338



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Main dates in 2017

Stitch & Bitch
Every month on a Thurs
7.30 pm
Bessie's Tea Parlour
Albion Street
01843 862559

Great Broadstairs Bake Off
Every month on a Tues
7.30 pm
Bessie's Tea Parlour,
Albion Street
01843 862559



January

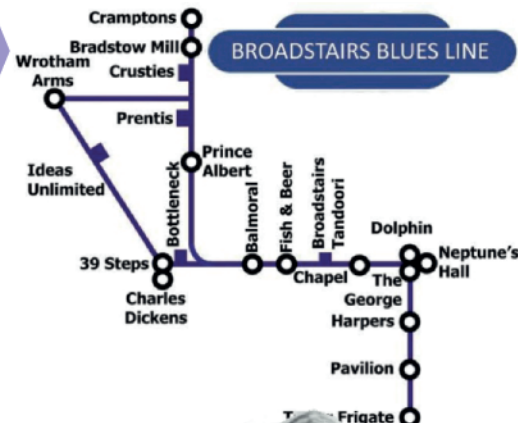
February



Annual New Year Swim January 1st at 12 noon Viking Bay

Blues Bash

17 – 19th February
(Okay so you've
probably missed this
years event but it
happens every year
about now so come
back for 2018)



March, April & May



POW!THANET:
BIGGER AND BOLDER FOR 2017
WITH 50 EVENTS OVER 4 DAYS
CELEBRATING WOMEN AND
GIRLS IN THANET
MARCH 8 - 11, 2017
(See article)

Egg Hunt
Broadstairs Chamber
of Commerce event
13 April
2.30 - 4.30 pm

**Dickensians's
Easter Egg Hunt**
April 14 at 11 - 3pm
Balmoral Gardens

June

**Dickens
Festival**
80th year of
the festival in
Broadstairs
17 - 23rd June



You'll have the best of times

Spring Fair
Organised by the Food
Festival 15 - 17th April
10 - 5pm at Pierremont Park
**CHILDREN'S ART ACTIVITY -
FACE PAINTER - all 3 days
CHILDREN'S EASTER BONNET
COMPETITION**
Bells, buttons and bows, when it
comes to bonnets
- anything goes. (For the under
12s)
Monday 17th April. Judging:
2.30pm
Chamber Office, Pierremont Hall
categories: 1] Most colourful 2]
Most floral 3] Most inventive

July



Flash Festival

Fantasy extravaganza, exciting activities & events for all age groups
15 & 16 July 10 - 5pm at Pierremont Park

Quiz Nights

Dickens - Fri, 3rd March
Chamber of Commerce
St. Georges Day Quiz - Fri, 21 April
Late Summer Quiz - Fri, 1 Sept

All Quizzes 7.30 pm at Crampton Tower. Bring your
own food and drink. Teams of 4 - 6. £5 per person.
Tickets will be on sale 4 weeks in advance of each
Quiz from Malcolm's and Expressions in the High St,
and Bottleneck in Charlotte St

Thanet Farmers Market
9am - 1pm
at St George's School
12.Feb 9 July
12 March 10 Sept
9 April 8 Oct
14 May 12 Nov
11 June 10 Dec

Churchyard Tour

01843 868646
Between: 8.30am and 8pm.

Weds 17th May 10:00 AM
Weds 21st June 7:00 PM
Weds 19th July 2:00 PM
Sat 19th Aug 10:00 AM
Sat 9th Sept 2:00 PM

World War 1 Graves Tour

01843 868646
Between: 8.30am and 8pm.

Weds 3rd May 10:00 AM
Weds 7th June 7:00 PM
Weds 5th July 2:00 PM
Sat 5th Aug 10:00 AM
Weds 6th Sept 10:00 AM
Sat 11th Nov 9:45 AM

World War 2 Graves Tour

01843 868646
Between: 8.30am and 8pm.

Weds 10th May 10:00 AM
Weds 14th June 7:00 PM
Weds 12th July 2:00 PM
Sat 12th Aug 10:00 AM
Weds 13th Sept 10:00 AM
Sat 11th Nov 9:45 AM

St Peter's Village Tour

Telephone:
07546 514948
Between 8.30am and
8pm

Thurs 18th May 9:30 AM
Thurs 25th May 9:30 AM
Thurs 1st June 1:30 PM
Thurs 8th June 9:30 AM
Thurs 15th June 1.30 PM
Sat 24th June 9.30 AM
Thurs 29th June 9:30 AM
Tues 4th July 1:30 PM
Thurs 6th July 1:30 PM
Thurs 13th July 9:30 AM
Thurs 20th July 6:30 PM
Thurs 27th July 1:30 PM
Thurs 3rd Aug 9:30 AM
Thurs 10th Aug 1:30 PM
Tues 15th Aug 9:30 AM
Thurs 17th Aug 1:30 PM
Thurs 24th Aug 1:30 PM
Thurs 31st Aug 9:30 AM
Thurs 7th Sept 1:30 PM
Sat 9th Sept 1.30 PM
Thurs 14th Sept 9.30 AM

July & August

September



WHEELS AND FINS FESTIVAL
WWW.BROADSTAIRSANDSTPETERS.CO.UK/NDFINS




Water Gala
 23rd August
 10am - 10pm
 Viking Bay,
 Victoria Gardens,
 shops and
 surrounding area

October

Food Festival
 29 & 30 Sept & Oct 1
 10-6pm Fri & Sat,
 10-5pm Sun
 Victoria Gardens and Seafront



Broadstairs Folk Week
 - 11 to 18 August 2017

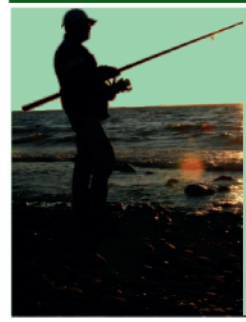
November & December




Trick or Treat Trail
 Broadstairs Chamber of Commerce event
 27 Oct 2.30 - 4.30 pm
 Businesses about the town
Halloween Party
 Broadstairs Chamber of Commerce event
 Sun 29 October 3 - 6pm
 Pavilion



Christmas Fair, Tree Lighting & Santa's Grotto
 Sat 2 Dec 11.30 - 6pm, Pierremont Park

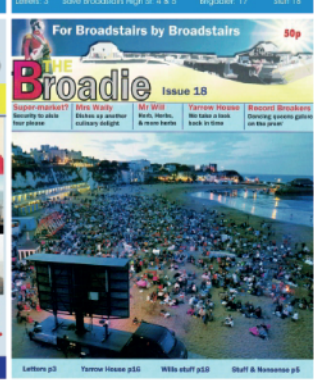


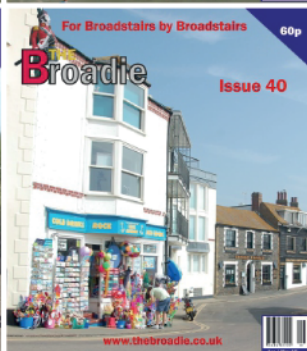
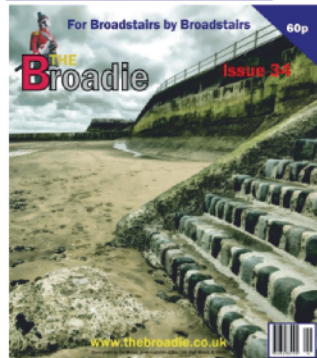
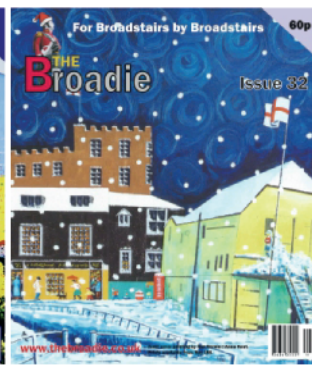
Broadstairs and St. Peter's Sea Angling Society has been fishing for over 80 years from Broadstairs Harbour and recently from the surrounding launching sites at Foreness Point, Ramsgate and Margate harbours. We hold "open" and "closed" competitions throughout the year. Anyone can enter the open competitions. Once a year usually in Oct / Nov we hold our annual festival. This is fished to AT rules and is open to any AT affiliated or club. See website for more details www.broadstairsandstpeterssas.co.uk/



SEAVIEW

I can't believe we've read fifty issues!
 Yep - Brigadiers good, recipe not bad,
 cartoons still crap!
 He's even drawn me in your seat!





THE Broadie

for Broadstairs, by Broadstairs No 1 July 2008

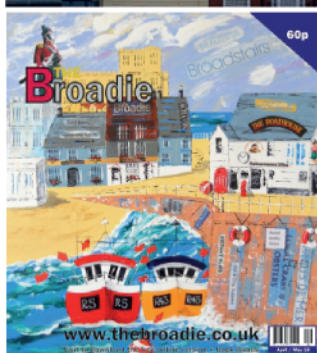
INSIDE THIS ISSUE

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Ten tell-tale signs when you're selling your home **4**

Pierremont Park
Plans for a community centre are revived. Let battle commence **5**

The Brigadier
Words of refinement from our resident aristocrat **6**

Local heroes
Why we owe Graham Piner and colleagues a big thank you **7**



Style and substance

Distinctively Broadstairs

Letters 3 News & Features 4 Planning & Business 10 Personal Effects 13 Review 14



Awww big thank you to Jane and Debbie from C Wool for crocheting us this lovely cake to celebrate our 50th issue

The Broadie was conceived as a magazine for discerning gentlefolk of Bradstonian bent. The first issue appeared way back in 2008 after the founding members decided at a rather bacchanalian evening that becoming international publishing playboys and girls was definitely something they'd be interested in. Other topics of discussion on the very same evening that as yet have not birthed a fruitful outcome involved why Zombies seem only interested in groaning and brain eating as opposed to poetry and tapdance, the correct way to pronounce 'Boules' and whether or not there is a smoke signal for 'Ooops I spelled the last word wrong'. The initial idea came from a smutty little magazine that appeared in the pubs of Broadstairs way back in the 1990s 'The Dead Dog News' if memory serves me correct. There have been a few times when the magazine has managed to upset the odd person, a rather swearsy poem by Ron managed to ruffle a few feathers, Crispin Smith's piece about the very much defunct Broadstairs Metro system caused a fair bit of bother (but more about that later) a business owner became upset about a suggestion that level surfaces in their establishment weren't being used for their designated purpose and then of course there was and still is the ongoing discussion over whether Broadstairs Jetty is a Jetty or a PierAnd more of that later too.

A huge THANK YOU goes out to all of our advertisers - we wouldn't have a magazine without you. Some of you haven't missed an issue and we greatly appreciate it. Support them and their businesses; they are the people who help make Broadstairs tick.

It's been a fun fifty issues, we certainly didn't expect to still be producing it, and we certainly wasn't expecting how well it would be accepted within the local community, a community that it has to be said has provided us with many moments of fun and laughter and sometimes utter bewilderment with what arrives through the post here at Broadie Towers.....and to finally answer one persistent caller whom we named 'Two inch Tom' who insisted on ringing us a few years back on a semi regular basis; No we don't want to see it, I'm sure it's not as pathetic as you make out and we doubt that's your real name. Thanks Broadstairs it's been fun.

One

We kicked off our first issue with an introduction to the acronym DFL with an explanation of what you might expect on meeting one and how to sell them your house for a ridiculous price (Get an Aga and a wet-room) Now many people may not be aware and I'm sure there'll be plenty of others who will claim it as their own but the now nationally recognised term DFL was first coined at another drunken evening at the Neptune, during the evening we attempted acronyms for different demographics and this one made us laugh out the loudest.

The author and metro central man about town Will Self came in for a bashing after he'd visited town and described it thus in the Independent. "Seldom has anywhere more gentrified become more chavvy" and then went on to moan about the enormous gaggle of teenagers in the park and the new down at heel feel to the once fine seaside town "What I wonder would Dickens make of the town now, perfused as it is with tracksuited, gel-haired denizens of Margate and Ramsgate? Indeed the whole of this coast feels like some suburb of East London" he continued.

Poor Will, it must have really shaken him mixing with the lower classes.

Two

Issue two centred around Folk Week. The DFL piece from issue one was grasped by a number of locals and ran with in the form of a guide on how to spot a DFL- especially during the second week of August. Peter Ellis from the 'All Weather Clothing Shop' came up trumps with an article on the Kentish phenomenon that is the Hooden Horse, he wrote:-

"Who are the Hooden Horse? Do you know one? Has anyone ever admitted to spending their holidays frightening women and children - and some grown men? I've met no one who has ever seen the horsemen 'suiing up'."

I just imagine a rift in the earth at midnight, around about the bandstand area, and them scrabbling out, a bit slimy and cobwebby, having signed a covenant in blood with the underworld to return at the end of the weeks festivities"

Issue Two also saw Herbal Will suggest a few home remedies for over exertions both physical and liquidious and to carry on the theme there was our first rundown of local hostelrys and their many fine attributes; however looking back over the issue now it's rather sad to see that two of those drinking dens are now no longer with us.

Three

Well here's the front cover but what on earth happened to the hard copy or the file kept on computer.....er, Well here's the front cover complete with a Pre - Game of Thrones reference. I told you we were ahead of our time



Four

Blimey we were busy back then - Issue four and it was only November, with issue one coming out in June it was like the newsroom at 'The Sun' except for the misogyny and random disrespect. Two pages of letters included a rant from Albert Burns (he of the Launderette) who unhappy with the yearly Folk Week invasion suggested that *"Personally I would rather contribute to a fund to encourage the assorted teachers and bank clerks, who have never seen a 'Barley Mow' in their lives, to go and drone on about it somewhere else"*

Peter Ellis continued his ramblings with the interesting announcement that he once let Alan Price (Of 60s band The Animals fame) use his shop toilet. The Brigadier had by this time entered full flow and attempted to teach the local inhabitants about the true history of Broadstairs. Who knew that John Buchan Builders constructed the thirty nine steps down to the sea at North foreland and that the only reason Hengist and Horsa first invaded was because they enjoyed the chips from the Viking fish restaurant? Dave Chamberlain went out and about for remembrance Sunday and recorded two accounts of front line action, one from veteran Norman Inge who went ashore during D-Day 1944 and another from Paddy Earp who'd served from 1963 - 1979. Sadly Norman is no longer with us and Dave Chamberlain the interviewer lost his life in Afghanistan in 2012.



Norman Inge featured in issue 4

Five

Reports reached the newsroom that The Lord Nelson had the dubious honour of being one of the only pubs in Broadstairs to ever have been involved in a drive-by shooting, locals sitting by the bar at around midday jumped out of their skins as a loud crack was heard as a small piece of glass shot by and imbedded itself in the wall behind the bar. It was later discovered that two other local residents had reported to police that they had been shot at by a passenger in a Red Transit van who was wielding a nail gun. Woolworths made the news as they shut their doors for the last time. Peter Buckey continued his artistic column with an article on modern Icons. And we entertained by Mr Wally for the first time as he reported back from the potting shed up on Culmers allotments - he since got middle class and lazy and now only buys organic Guatemalan Kale from Waitrose.

Six

Issue six saw the Broadies first giveaway, and in true Thanet fashion this involved free Cauliflowers. Yes, farmer Phillpott of 'Cauli' fame provided a number of crates of the humble brassica to tempt the taste buds of CT10.

Car-park meters took a well deserved chiding over the ever increasing fees verging on extortion and to round off the issue we had a photo of a dog reading issue 5



Seven

One of those issues lost to the mists of time but definitely included tips on sartorial elegance by The Brigadier and a potted history of Botany Bay.

Eight

Number eight included a totally fact based story (honest) about an ex-policeman an elderly couple in search of a cheap thrill and an electric fence which ended in a suitably naughty fashion. The Brigadier bemoaned how well the BNP performed in a local election, asking which dimwits voted for them. And some shell ladies from Margate put in an appearance too.

Nine

Paul Headley in a dressing gown, Policemen parking on double yellows to buy chips, Something about Parakeets tasting of Lilt, a new toilet at



the allotments - that and yet another lost issue. Its getting to be like the BBC with all those missing 'Hancocks Half Hours'

Ten

The Brigadier remembered one of the many joys of having offspring *When the little bugger finally decided to show up I gave the old girl a slap on the back, told her to stop all this nonsense about pain and reminded her she was British..., very similar sort of chat we had at the conception as I recall. Couldn't be doing with this modern claptrap of being present at the birth,... far too much sticky stuff and hair pulling, I did however provide my dearest with some pain relief in the form of an old pipe she could bite down on,..... damned woman nearly bit it in half. When the screaming and crying finally stopped I wiped my eyes, cleared my throat and apologized to the other would be fathers in the waiting room, I was then frogmarched to see my beloved by a woman of biblical proportions who looked like she hadn't smiled since the Titanic went down and smelled of biscuits. She opened the door to the future heir to the estate like she'd entered a bar-fight in a particularly bad western and placed the infant babe in my arms, "Quite a handsome little fellow" I remarked, which was greeted with a "Unlike his father" by the harridan in the white hat".*

Eleven

Herbal Will adorned his column this month with love hearts and entitled 'Aphrodisiacs' he introduced it thus....

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

Twelve

KCC took a pounding this time as their new road scheme that disrupted the town for three months was finally unveiled. To this day pedestrians are regularly involved in near misses at the queens road crossing and are continually confused by what is a road and what is the pavement on the corner of the High Street and Albion Street. KCC remain uninterested as that would mean admitting they dreamt up the scheme with little consultation or care

Thirteen

We caught up with Mrs Wally for the first time this issue. here's her introduction to all things flavoursome:-

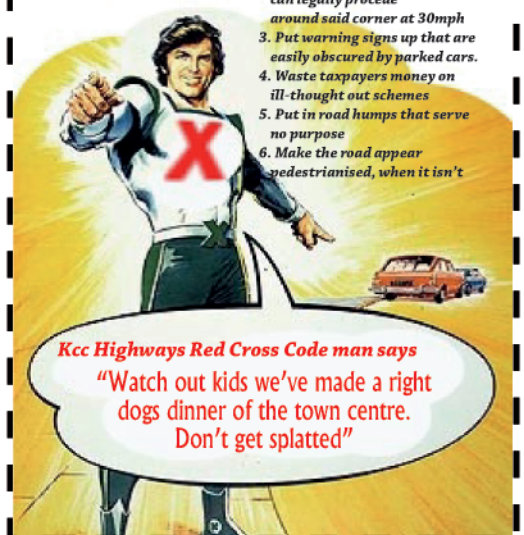
"Hello good people of Broadstairs. I have decided to share a couple of Mr Wally's favourite dishes with you and have decided to base them on veg that's in season and probably leaving you with a glut. These are the foodstuffs that keep a twinkle in his eye, a spring in his step and a gentle curl in his beard. Unfortunately I have yet to find a recipe to cure his terrible flatulence but I will keep going and get back to you if I ever triumph"

Fourteen

The ladies of Broadstairs took over this issue although I did manage to get a picture of a Spitfire on the front cover. Mrs C remembered the vapour trails of planes as dogfights took place in the skies above

KCC Highways red Cross code

1. Put a Crossing on a corner
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3. Put warning signs up that are easily obscured by parked cars.
4. Waste taxpayers money on ill-thought out schemes
5. Put in road humps that serve no purpose
6. Make the road appear pedestrianised, when it isn't



Thanet. Mrs Fish discussed the joys of taking in students.....

"I always imagine it must feel strange for some of the children from the former Eastern Bloc countries to arrive in Broadstairs in the middle of Dickens Week. Their countries spent years rewriting history books with propaganda about how Western countries were barely past the Industrial Revolution and Britain was still essentially living in Victorian times. Then all the kids pitch up to find it was actually true and everyone here is still wearing bonnets and top hats. It can't do much for the process of democracy when they go back home.

Travel, apparently, broadens the mind. But I worry sometimes that the experience of coming here is a form of cultural homogenisation whereby all students, no matter where they came from, return home with an inexplicable taste for Ready Meals, an 'I love London' jumper, and an exciting new vocabulary based on genitalia. Trust Broadstairs to turn globalisation on its head."

Fifteen

We reported on a lovely story which made the nationals from a school somewhere near Canterbury. Absolutely joyous.....

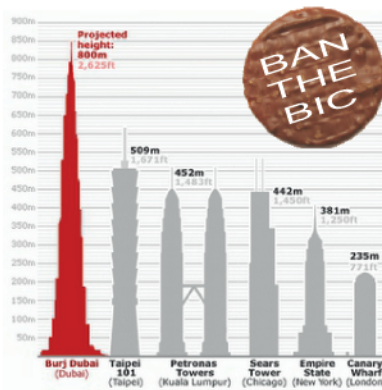
I read a fabulous story today about a Kent infant school who were expecting a visit from some sort of civic leaders from a council including the mayor. The School thought it would be nice to let one of the children show them around but after half an hour the party went missing. Apparently the kiddie had asked them if they wanted tea.....The council members were eventually found by the head-teacher all crammed into the Wendy house being served make believe tea from a toy tea set by the youngster.

Sixteen

Self confessed Essex girl Melody Miller entertained us with an article praising that thug of the local skies the Seagull. TDC announced that as part of it's cutbacks, the refreshment budget for council meetings etc was to be cut from £21,000 to just £1,000.

Here's what they could have consumed in Mc Vities Chocolate Digestives. Purchased at supermarket prices then stacked one on top of each other the biscuits would reach the grand height of approximately 1900 metres.

That's over twice the height of the worlds tallest building Of course, if they'd shopped in Lidl's for plain Digestives they could have eaten a pile of biscuits 10 times the height of the Burj Dubai tower



Seventeen & Eighteen

Two more lost issues. Seventeen predominantly focussed on the upcoming elections and gave every candidate a few paragraphs to say their piece. Unfortunately at the time one local candidate sent us over their piece attached unintentionally complete with a computer virus which opened up some very interesting images indeed. Eighteen reported on the record breaking 'Dancing Queens' event on Broadstairs seafront and the rise of the supermarket self service checkout - entitled 'Unexpected item in the bagging area'

"Eh, its only stuff I picked from the shelves of this establishment, how can it be unexpected? Now an original copy of the bible, perhaps an anvil, maybe the head of Sir Terry Leahy on a stick, that's very unexpected, but a six pack of Chocolate Croissants and some cat food surely that's not beyond the realms of possibility in a shop that sells chocolate croissants and cat food."

Nineteen

James reported from his back garden on the musical find of the century. Yes a pear featuring the face of Elvis Presley. We first caught up with the boys from 'Seaview'. In other features an avid reader recalled 1970s street games:-

"Six a side" said Darren, which seemed nice and equal. Well it was until he started picking the sides, unfortunately



for us his little brother was "captain" of the other team. It seemed outrageously unfair that all he had to do to reach the heady heights of Captaincy was be related to his oldest brother, but what could I do, without any higher rank to take my complaint to, I was stuffed. It did occur to me that I could perhaps just drop home and discuss the matter with my father, who having served King and Country may well be more understanding, but I thought better of it in the end, assuming, probably quite rightly that he may well not understand the complexities of sixth grade pecking orders and sibling fascism. I imagined the brothers hanging upside down on the village green surrounded by an angry mob and let it go.

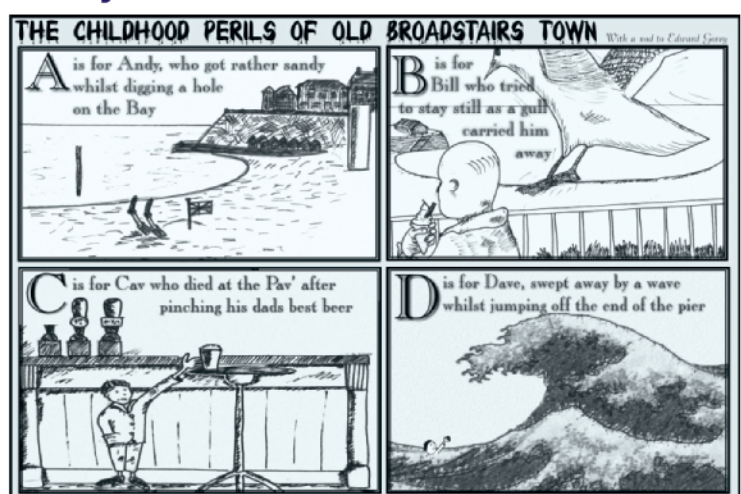
Twenty

Local chap David Silk noticed this lovely machine that seemingly laid out strips of pansies and or then magically removed them and put



them somewhere else instead.

Twenty One



Twenty two

The Broadie reported on the growing problem of 'Elf n Safety' when it came to organising events

Due to ever tightening of safety controls at our beloved council it has been announced that instead of Broadstairs continuing with its traditional firework displays, henceforth we are to have a wooden pedestal erected in the middle of Viking Bay. (No trees will be cut down to make way for this temporary stage). From this pedestal which will be enclosed by Yellow "No entry" tape guarded by steroid-bound dayglo suited stewards at each corner, we will all be able to thrill at the sight of a Mime artist, enclosed in a perspex safety box, (so as to avoid the possibility of flailing arms causing injury). The mime will then perform his artistic rendition of a firework display for onlookers to see in all its glory, the mime display will be jollied along by helpers throwing vegetarian biodegradable glitter into the air whilst other stewards shine low voltage torches through the sparkling airborne dust, this we believe will help keep the crowds in awe at the magnificence of this fantastical spectacular event.

VICTORY NEWS

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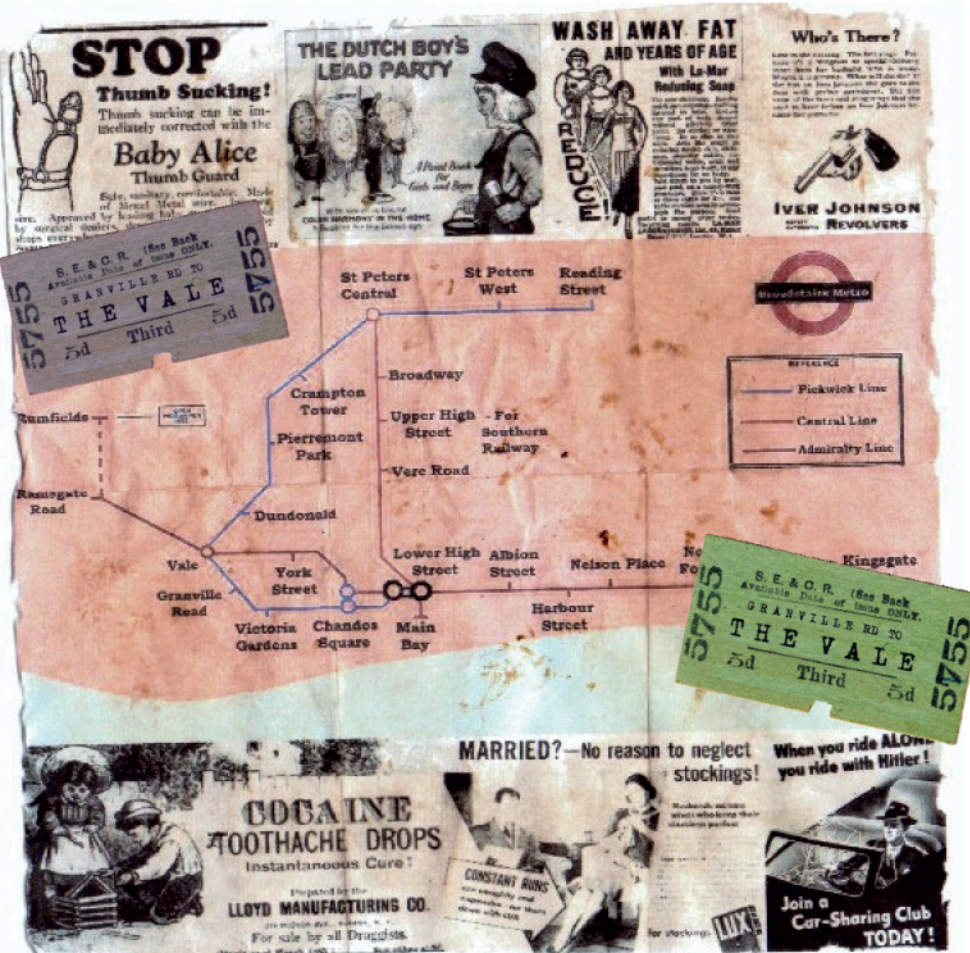
A SUBTERRANEAN LO-COMMOTION

Seeing as we've bothered to go down to the dusty cellar and turf through the old storage boxes containing original ink on vellum Broadie manuscripts, we thought we'd reprint what is probably our favourite little article from the last fifty issues. Written by the very talented Crispin Smith (who really should be a script writer or something that shows off his writing capability) it takes a look at the long forgotten and very much defunct Broadstairs Metro system. An underground railway linking roads and areas that of course - never existed.

Well, we say of course.....but. As many readers will know, there is an inkling of truth in the idea of an underground railway, especially considering the tunnels that lead from near Dumpton all the way to Ramsgate seafront. The best spoofs have a degree of truth to them and that is why quite a number of people were taken in by the idea of the Broadstairs Metro. In fact someone went around and photographed where they thought the stations once stood and published this on some online pages, questions were asked on Railway forums and in magazines, even local history buffs had a number of enquiries from confused locals who couldn't remember if they remembered it or not. We've reprinted the article for your enjoyment below along with the map



ALL CHANGE AT CHANDOS SQUARE THE FORGOTTEN STORY OF THE BROADSTAIRS METRO SYSTEM



unsuccessfully appealed to the King to formally open the system, had a local publican cut the ribbon at the entrance of the flagship station: 'Lower High Street', which was situated on the site where Iceland now stands. From that first unveiling the metro system very quickly garnered popularity due to its unrivalled convenience. No longer would you have to traipse all the way from Queens Road to Albion Street on foot- you simply needed to hop on the underground train and saunter along at a leisurely yet efficient pace, with time and opportunity to fill your pipe or chastise an urchin. Emerging at your destination, albeit with a face caked in soot and clothes damp from steam, you were bound to remark on the new-found ease of moving about the town.

Within the prevailing decade, the system swiftly expanded beyond the town centre. By 1908, it was possible to travel by underground train from Crampton Tower all the way to Nelson Place, or indeed to any of the stops in between. Four years later it was not uncommon for tourists or adventurous locals to complete 'The Great Run': a mammoth Metro journey from St. Peter's to Kingsgate (indeed, Kingsgate became jokingly known as the Cockfosters of Broadstairs).

The early days of the Metro system might seem laughably primitive to the 21st century traveller, but for contemporary observers it was a modern marvel. The original trains were low-roofed and passengers sat on wooden, slatted benches. The locomotive was operated by a dual-system of coal furnaces and pedals, with pedal-pushers being employed at a rate of fourpence a day. Gas lamps lighted the carriages, and this necessitated the presence of a 'lighting boy' who was charged with ensuring that the lamps remained illuminated through the course of the journey. Due to the sustained and relentless exposure to carbon monoxide it was unlikely that either a pedal-pusher or a lighting boy would reach their fifteenth birthday, but that was no matter, for it was a golden age of technological triumph.

Any potted, or indeed unpotted, history of Broadstairs will invariably chart the town's growth from a sleepy fishing village of the middle-ages to the bustling metropolis it is today. Few, though, will mention the ill-fated Broadstairs Metro system that was constructed at the turn of the 20th century when the town was in a period of rapid expansion.

Taking its cue from the London Underground, which began in the 1860s, the Broadstairs Metro was officially opened in 1905 under the slogan 'Transport to a Future Age' after eight years of planning, tunnelling and the odd bureaucratic feud. The town mayor, having

By the late 1920s the improving technology of underground steam-locomotion negated the need for pedal-pushers, and with the introduction of electric lighting there was of course no need to employ lighting boys. Whilst both developments meant that many scores of adolescents would no longer be able to give up their lives in the name of social convenience, it did mean an improved and far more comfortable mode of transport. Aged Broadstairs resident Cyril Duck gives his account of childhood memories of the Metro rail in the 1930s:

The first trip I can remember on the old Metro was to the seaside with my mum and little sister. We lived in Granville Road back then, so we got on there and had to change at Chandos

Square. I remember my old mum setting us down with comics and puzzles for the journey. She'd brought a tin of bully beef for lunch, which she'd nearly managed to open by the time we got there. Then we had a mad rush at the station to catch the next train to Harbour Street. I always marvel at how she managed to keep us nippers occupied on those big trips. Tickets were a penny then.'

The era that Cyril describes was surely the Metro's heyday, but by their very nature heydays are not built to last. As motorcars became a more affordable mode of transport by the 1950s, the decline of the Broadstairs metro system was inevitable. With many families now able to afford their own private transport the Metro slowly became the preserve of the wandering reprobate and the naive visitor. It was not uncommon for local street toughs to organise pick-pocketing evenings on the line between Dundonald Road and Victoria Gardens.

In late 1961, local councillors presented their report on the state of the Metro system:

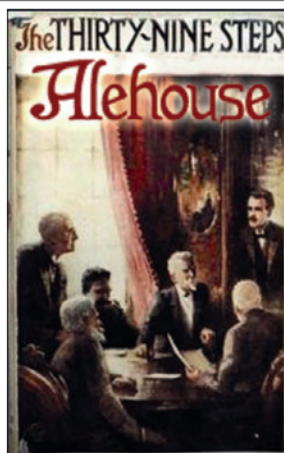
'It is with regret that we report the saddening condition of the Broadstairs underground rail network. Many of the stations are shabby and defaced with obscenities; by the entrance to York Street station some barbaric oaf has scrawled 'Harold Macmillan is a ninkompoop'. The trains are no better. On inspection of one carriage my delegates found (amongst a sparse collection of derelict passengers): two prophylactics, a Moroccan hashish pipe, a Wellington boot filled with effluence and a dead badger. I see no future in this particular public amenity'.

That was the death knell of the once glorious Broadstairs Metro system. Revenue simply wasn't sufficient to contemplate an overhaul. The last train ran at 11.05pm on the 27 August 1962. It carried only one passenger: a man whose mind was so addled with drink that he was wearing his hat as a shoe.

But what remains of the Metro today? Most of the stations' entrances are now shops or private homes and some are demolished completely and have been replaced with more modern buildings. A few remnants remain here and there such as the Viking Bay entrance near the main steps, and the tunnels remain more or less untouched. So there may be hope yet for this pioneering feat of engineering to enjoy a revival. As aged Broadstairs resident Cyril Duck said as we were politely trying to leave his house: 'People these days having to walk from Broadway to Vere Road, they don't know how lucky us lot were back then'



The last known photo of the Pickwick line carriages sitting in a siding at Minster, taken in the 1970s



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The No 56

Have you heard Kent County Council is proposing to withdraw the section of the stagecoach 56 bus route that operates between Stanley Road and Pierremont Hall? This means on the Eastern Esplanade, Stone road Chessboard, Lanthorne road and in the many smaller roads, Cul-de-sacs and Crescents leading off those roads, could soon be without the 56 which is their only public transport.

And have you heard a further section of the 56 bus route that services Hopeville Avenue and the roads that access it maybe withdrawn?

This would mean 56 bus users wishing to go to St Peters Church or its halls, the Co-op, Mocketts wood Doctors surgery and St Peters Doctors surgery And the Church Court Gardens will have a long walk from and to Green Lane which would be the nearest the 56 Bus will go under the proposed changes.

This plan might be further on then we think as Kent county council have stated they hope to implement These changes in April or May 2017. The proposed changes were mentioned



their concerns. The 56 bus current route is a vital service to the community and we do not Want to lose sections of it.

Many people have started their campaigning in a group or individually. Time is ticking on - there may be only 50 or less days before the changes are implemented. You can contact Councillor Jennifer Matterface our representative on TDC/KCC Transport committee on 07785966666 To leave a message and she will ring you, Or email her on cllr-jennifer.matterface@thanet.gov.uk You can also write to your local councillor or contact me (Patricia) on 01843 601613 For more up to date information.

We want to retain the stagecoach 56 bus service on its current Well established route so that no bus use that will be left standing at a bus stop where no bus service is scheduled.

at the last Neighbourhood Engagement Meeting on 31st January last. The shock and anger has galvanized many people Including the bus users, the wider public of the areas affected and the local traders where bus users In the affected areas are regular customers, to register



Petals and Gold Medals

As this is our golden issue it seems the perfect time to share these images with you.

Di Marvel is the owner of Petals Florist in Margate and has now won a gold medal at Chelsea Flower Show three times. Di pictured at her last medal winning show with her amazing winning work



Encouraging Young People in Folk Traditions

During Folk Week last year I was invited to attend a meeting about keeping the folk traditions alive amongst the young generation. There was someone from the English Folk Song and Dance Society present, young folk performers and people who work with young people teaching folky things!

As an 'institution' we all know that Broadstairs Folk Week has a strong tradition of encouraging and nurturing young folk performers, Tim Edey being our finest example. However, there is always more to do to ensure that our wonderful folk songs, music and dance (morris, clog and social) continue to flourish and develop.

To this end, I have set up a scheme, for Broadstairs Folk Week, to encourage folk music in secondary education schools. So, I have invited all the secondary schools in Thanet to join. The idea is that each school will be given a shield that can be competed for with any form of folk tradition by an individual, duo or group. Entries of ethnic traditions are also invited where schools have pupils from differing ethnic backgrounds. The schools are at liberty to run the scheme in which ever way suits them: as a competition or as the recipient being chosen by the staff of the school. The 'winning' performance (chosen in June) will have their name engraved on the school's shield and receive their own replica to keep. They will also be invited to perform during Augusts Folk Week.

Six schools have taken up the idea: Dane Court, Chatham and Clarendon, St Lawrence College, Royal Harbour Academy, Ursuline College and King Ethlebert's. I am sponsoring two schools and I have someone to sponsor Chatham and Clarendon but I am looking for sponsors for the three other schools. The initial cost is about £60 for the school shield and in June there would be an additional cost for the replica award for the winner/ winning duo or group. This would be about £12 or possibly more if it is not a soloist!

Is there anyone willing to support this project: an individual, a group, a business? If you would like to be involved please contact me via my email:

sue@sueflory.co.uk or contact me at the Folk Week Office.

Sue Flory

Undercover Painting

Some of our older readers might remember this painting that has recently been uncovered after many years. It's in a Broadstairs High Street shop - but do you know which one and what was the name of the shop that originally had this on their wall for all to see.

Turning Words

Some of you may know that I like writing poetry. I may not be very good at it, but I like writing poems. I write them for myself and other people in response to events, things I see, things I feel. I have belonged to a writing group and written on my own. Each Folk Week I join the Poets' Breakfast where like-minded people gather to read their own poems or those of others. This year I asked a number of local, or fairly local, poets if they would like to join me in an idea that I had developed: to write poetry in response to exhibitions and exhibits at Turner Contemporary. I had approached the gallery and they were very interested in my proposal. So, Turning Words was born. The founding members are: Meg Bowyer, Nancy Charley, Sue Flory, Maggie Harris, Mark Holihan, Adrian O'Sullivan, Sarah Tait and

Frances Turner.

We developed our first poetic responses to 'Adventures in Colour', the exhibition of over one hundred Turner paintings. The resulting poems were sent to Turner Contemporary and on the closing day we gave three performances of our fourteen poems. Some were a general response to the exhibition but most were written with a specific Turner painting as the stimulus.

These poems can be read on our 'Turning Words' Facebook page. It was a very interesting and challenging process, but one which the whole group embraced. We are now looking forward to the next exhibition, 'Entangled - Threads and Making', and being stimulated to create more poems.

Sue Flory

The Francis Forbes Barton



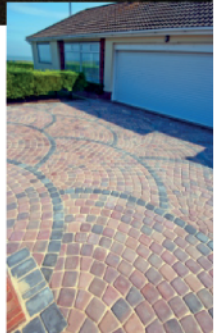
This grand old lady - the Francis Forbes Barton - is a 1896 Lifeboat built by Rutherfords of Birkenhead and served at Broadstairs from 1897 to 1912. She then saw service through the Great War at North Deal before being sold out of service in 1926. She is a rare survivor - possibly the second or third oldest surviving lifeboat and is now ready to return home for a full and sympathetic restoration. The 'Friends' are overseeing her return from a secret location some 300 miles away where she has rested, unloved for over the past 7 years. Four of us journeyed to see her a couple of months ago - three and a half hours each way, she is in poor condition, obviously, but with tender loving care and hopefully the support of national (and local) funding, she will return to her former glory thus reflecting and remembering the brave crews who manned her all those years ago both at Broadstairs and Deal. "FFB" will be home soon - see how we're getting on at our Facebook page Friends of the Francis Forbes Barton.



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Am I even a writer? by Sam Kaye

Ever since I was a boy, I dreamed of creating something that could surpass the test of time. An itch, so to speak, that niggled away at my subconscious. I had always been creative in art, acting, space exploration and even saving the world. In my head. I used to believe that I was different. My mind was a galaxy filled with people whom I had yet to meet and places I had yet to see. I was desperate to take someone to my world to experience the action, the romance and adventure that played out in the imaginary space.

But here's the clincher: I went and grew up. I fell in love, started a career and had three children.

"What's wrong with that?" I hear you ask. The answer is nothing. I had every reason to be happy, but I just wasn't complete. Whenever I closed my eyes and delved into my mind, the space and stars had turned to walls and the cowboys had morphed to tax-men. My galaxy had become a windowless room.

About a year ago, a friend of mine completed a PHD in literature (I envy anyone who masters such an art). I followed his many Tweets and Facebook updates as he set upon a career in editing (and releasing) previously incomplete historic literature. I saw his struggle and the hard work but on the face of it, he was a happy chappy. It wasn't until several months later that he said something that would change my life.

"I'm writing a novel."

At first, my response was "Oh that's cool; I would love to do something like that." And then nothing more was said (apart from wishing him luck, of course). I lay in bed that evening, eyes closed, in my brain space. I'd had enough. I had abandoned hope of creativity for too long.

Everyone else seemed to find ways of fuelling their dreams so why couldn't I?

So in my brain box I stood. I walked past the children's toys, pushed aside the tax-man and stepped over the money hole. I found my galaxy again. It was just how I left it; filled with joy, action and romance. I always wanted to share my galaxy with others but never could. But now I had the answer. It's not about bringing someone into my mind; it's about bringing my mind to them.

I was destined to become a writer.

The next day I couldn't contain my excitement, which sucked because it was a Tuesday and that meant a day in the office. When my lunch break came around, I eagerly unfolded my laptop and opened up the word processor. At first, I just stared at it.

"Why's nothing happening?"

I looked at my hands, and they looked back at me. I consulted my inner realm and revisited an action packed scene that had formed some time ago. The character, at the time, was nothing more than a man with a gun, in the middle of an overwhelming enemy force.

My fingers started to move, faster than my mind could paint the ideas and before I knew it I had thrown almost a thousand words down. I was excited and almost out of breath, but I managed to quickly email it to my private address to finish later. My lunch break had ended, but my mind was rushing like a hit of adrenaline surging through it. I had written something. It came from my inner world and became something almost tangible. When I got home, I barely acknowledged my little family,

nor did I think about being hungry or tired, or anything for that matter. I just wanted to get back to my word processor to dot the i's and line the t's.

The next day I handed my work to a friend for his honest opinion. He liked it and pointed out some flaws (which I expected). So I wrote on.

Night after night, I sat and wrote. Creating a story around my scene. Then I started to falter. I was no longer happy with my work. It didn't convey my imagination and felt overwhelmingly amateur.

I was disheartened.

I gave up.

For several months I read a handful of novels that closely resembled the genre I had initially attempted to write. I loved every damn minute of them. But as I read, I noticed something. Something that hadn't happened before. I was no longer paying attention to the storyline. In fact, I wasn't even paying attention to any of characters. I was paying attention to the author. I was following his every step. Calculating the amount of action, description and narration per scene. My head was spinning with structure and design.

"I was destined to become a writer."

My galaxy stirred. Once again I unfolded the laptop. I decided to give it another go. Only this time it was better, faster and followed my intentions.

Now any writer will tell you, writing can be a lonely experience. I couldn't ever say to anyone that I was a writer, mind you. I had only put about six thousand words down. How dare I claim to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with actual writers!? I'm just an imposter with a dream.

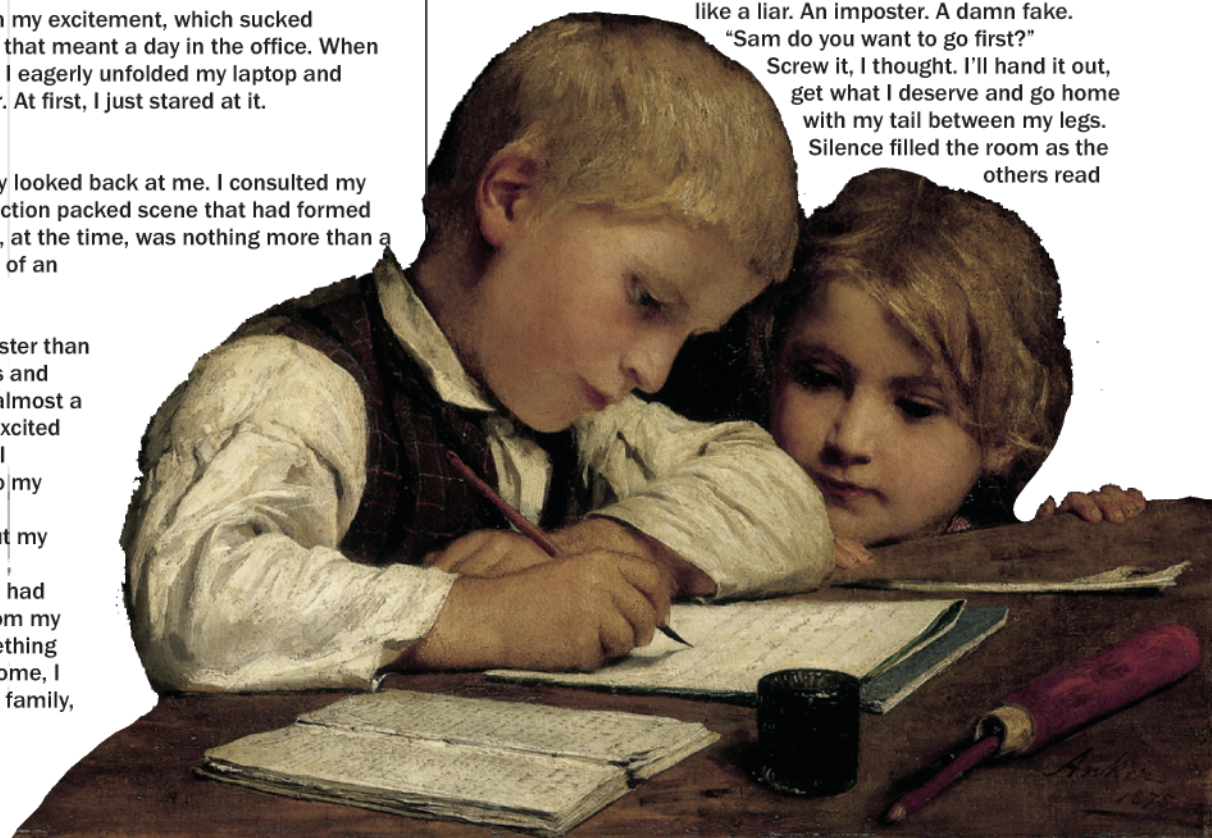
I figured that I needed to surround myself with those on the same spectrum. I didn't want to ask friends to read my work anymore due to the risk of a held-back critique. I wanted some balls-to-the-wall clarity, so I joined a writers' group (this one to be exact). I printed a few pages from my word processor and took them along for a meet-up down in the rather lovely Chapel pub in Broadstairs. I was nervous, probably too nervous.

After shaking hands and taking my seat I felt like a liar. An imposter. A damn fake.

"Sam do you want to go first?"

Screw it, I thought. I'll hand it out, get what I deserve and go home with my tail between my legs.

Silence filled the room as the others read



through my work. I sipped my pint. I tried to escape to my own little world, but I couldn't. This was the first time someone other than an old friend had seen a piece of my imagination.

Everyone finished. The results were in.

I got home late that evening filled with glee. I wanted to tell my partner all about it but she lay sound asleep, so I jumped into bed and mulled it all over. The criticism was more than I could have ever hoped for. Sure, I had to tidy up and make improvements but I was right in my approach! I was actually doing it.

I was becoming a writer.

More meetings followed and I continued to plough through my novel, crafting my story and learning from my mistakes. Now, here I am. Right here talking to you. I have learned more than I ever thought possible. But above all I learnt something valuable about myself.

I am a writer.

I was a writer from the second I first opened that word processor. No matter what the future holds, no can take that away from me.

So if you ever thought about writing a novel, poem, blog or anything and you actually put a pen to paper or finger to key; trust me, my friend, you are a writer too.



Thanet Writers is a publisher and charity working to support writers and promote education and literature in Thanet and beyond. As well as running a magazine website at www.thanetwriters.com the organisation hosts two writing groups a week, Tuesdays at the Ravensgate Arms and Thursdays at the Chapel Ale & Cider House, and a poetry group on the first Monday of the month at the Britannia, all from 7:30pm. All writers, authors, poets, and anyone interested in writing is welcome to attend or find out more online at www.thanetwriters.com



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Look out, he's back..... After a six week ladder-selling expedition to Mexico, Fairfax Carswell OBE (the man who invented 'Alternative News' when it was just called lying) returns..... He may well be Broadstairs best selling conspiracy-theory author, but don't believe a word of his darn lies....

Whilst it is fair to say that most people associate St Augustine with our fair isle, it is actually the now forgotten St Savoy that is Thanet's very own patron saint. So what is the story of one of England's most allusive saint? What is his connection to Thanet and what on earth are 'Greeps'?

During my exhaustive investigations and referring directly back to the source material held in the archives of Canterbury Cathedral a blurry image of our saint starts to emerge. Born in 1171 on the site that is now the garden shed of number 28 Westbourne Drive, Broadstairs, Saint Savoy was of poor parentage and spent most of his life running what we would now recognise as an eleventh century newsagent shop (Geoffrey of Monmouth suggested that he spent 'most of his days on his knees praying to God for customers a plenty'). So what would lead this humble medieval newsagent to become our patron saint?

The legend as written in the thirteenth century chronicle 'The Age of Cauli' goes something like this..... On March 23rd 1203 the Devil visited Thanet to steal some fresh green vegetables to go with his Sunday lunch.

Seeing the Devil about to make off with Thanet's famous cabbages, Saint Savoy jumped into action and ate every cabbage he could find before the Devil could lay his hands on them. With all the cabbages eaten by Saint Savoy, the Devil started to remonstrate with him. The Devil took so long lecturing Saint Savoy that all the leafy greens in Saint Savoy's stomach started to ferment.

Unable to control the ever growing ball of wind in his stomach, Saint Savoy had no other choice than to expel the air. As he tried to control the gas escaping by clenching his cheeks, the resulting noise held a musical note that was said to resemble a symphony of angelic harpists. Hearing this it is said that the Devil either turned into a hideous beast, or a woman from Cliftonville (the original documents are hard to translate on this phrase), and fled from Thanet. As he fled, it is said that the Devil in turn passed flatulence that was so great that

it not only stunned the people of Thanet, but also caused our island to break away from the mainland. Thus creating the island that we know and love today.

Little or nothing is recorded of Saint Savoy after this date. However, this run-in with the Devil resulted in Savoy being canonised by Pope Phileas The Un-Salted in 1470.

Whilst his feast day of the 23rd of March is now seldom observed, it remained a regular feast day until the seventeen hundreds, a unique public holiday for the people of Thanet. Records from the time tell of vast fairs being held across the island; where a special dish called a 'Grep' was eaten by all.

A 'Grep' was a unique dish which consisted of a pea, wrapped in a Brussel sprout, inside a Cabbage, inside a Cauliflower and wrapped in Spinach leaves. This was baked and eaten with a Lettuce based sauce.

Other Thanetian traditions relating to this most holy day include the vicar of each parish visiting every house in dioceses, where he would ritually sniff the lower left trouser leg of the eldest member of the house before slapping them across the face with an asparagus. Very few churches or houses in Thanet openly follow these old rituals or even celebrate the day itself, although the act of self-flagellation with root vegetables remains a politely un-discussed issue in some of the outlying parishes of the island.

Although very much a vegetable based Saint; Saint Savoy is also noted as the Patron Saint of the agile, flag wavers, those seeking lost slippers and the wearers of unfashionable hair styles; along with his aforementioned patronage of Thanet and all green vegetables.

Saint Savoy's final resting place remains an enigma.

Having not been canonised in his lifetime, the documentation and details remain, at best, sketchy.

However, having searched numerous parish records, I have come to the conclusion that he probably is buried under the car park at the rear of J Prentis's, close to his beloved cabbages.



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A Day in the Life of The Sands Officer

Some of you may have recently enjoyed a half-hour film on the BBC about a summer's day in Broadstairs, called 'Eye to Eye: The Big Gamble'. It was produced in 1957 and follows several people working or holidaying in the town. Narrated by Jack 'Dixon of Dock Green' Warner, it is an invaluable document of 1950s life that, happily, appears to be in permanent archive on iPlayer.

In the film, we meet Smokey the Clown, in the middle of his gruelling twelve-week summer run entertaining the kids, in between pints at The Tartar Frigate. The rigidly naval Harbour master, with pipe firmly in hand, concerned with 'the safeguarding of human life'. There's Mr and Mrs Birchill, down from London, who like nothing more than simply sitting on the beach and being happy that they're not at work. Next, well-to-do Mr and Mrs Brigden, who are staying at The Albion for their 'extra week' holiday before their proper holiday starts (I say!). Then there's Mr Gowland, down for a week with his family. Mr Gowland seems to extract a unique and exclusive pleasure from his holiday by complaining about sub-standard food at every opportunity.

Finally, a particularly intriguing participant in the film was the 'man in charge of the sands', Mr Beet (sic). He is a sturdy, smartly-dressed and stoical gentleman whose job is to sit at his desk in his seafront office and listen to holidaymakers' complaints throughout the day. Anyone with a grievance can simply enter this office and give the fellow an earful. Amusingly, these complaints seem to extend beyond the sands to people's gripes with their guesthouses (presumably being too reluctant to address them to the fiery proprietors). It led me to think what a curious service this was, how charmingly English – and who provided it? When did it end?

Mr Beet implies that a proportion of the complaints he receives are frustratingly pointless and silly. So in that spirit, and after some digging about in the fictional town archives of my imagination, I have managed to find a day's log of humorous complaints that the

sands officer handled on a typical day in the summer of 1957.

Sands Officer – Daily Log, Thursday July 25th, 1957

9.01:

Mr E.R. Snoad reports to my office to complain that a man with an accordion woke him in the middle of the night, by playing the infernal instrument in the street outside his lodgings. On further enquiry, wherein I discover that the accordion player was Sir Anthony Eden, I establish with Mr Snoad that he was in fact having a dream. Nevertheless, Mr Snoad wishes to make it clear that he would not tolerate an accordion player if they did wish to disturb his sleep, regardless of their parliamentary stature. This is noted.

9.20:

Mr. V. Bullockborough arrives to lodge a complaint that he emerged from bed this morning to find a dead pigeon in his slipper. He offers the deceased bird to me, wrapped in newspaper. I decline it politely, and advise that I would enquire with his landlady as to why she leaves feathered carcasses in guests' footwear (fourth complaint).

10.15:

Mrs. L. Wheel complains with some ferocity that her guesthouse proprietor refused to serve her roast mutton for dinner. I point out to Mrs. Wheel that her guesthouse is run by 'The Thanet Benevolent Society of Vegetarian Animal Lovers', but this does not placate her frustrations. She departs my office with a quiet mutter of 'the customer is always right'.

11.20:

Mr. G. Costanza, a distressed beachgoer, alerts me to 'A bizarre man walking around the sands, offering people a dead pigeon wrapped in newspaper'. I inform the beat constable.

11.45:

Chuck and Betsy Baumgartner, visiting from Wisconsin USA, come in with an inordinately large map to ask for walking directions to Hadrian's Wall and Stonehenge. When I inform them

of the unfeasible proximities, Mrs Baumgartner suggests with some annoyance that these landmarks really should have been built nearer to the tourist resorts.

12.35:

Mr. O. Dunlop complains that he has been unable to find anywhere to make a complaint. I take my lunch.

1.48:

Mrs. F. Wilkins comes along to inform me that, during their family day on the beach, her two exuberant sons buried their father in the sand but have totally forgotten where. She has the two careless offspring in tow, who merely shrug off my enquiries. I ascertain from Mrs. Wilkins that, by good fortune, Mr. Wilkins has a steel hip replacement. So I will ask the local metal detectors to keep an eye out for him in their diggings when the beach clears this evening.

2.30:

A Dr. E.W. Cobb calls by to confide that for the previous eight days of his holiday he has been persecuted by one particular seagull. The same bird has, over this period, allegedly stolen four corned beef sandwiches, a pickled egg and his pipe, alongside which there have been several 'unpleasant attacks' on his person, leading to several items of bespoiled clothing. I invite Dr. Cobb outside where I ask him whether he is able to identify the avian culprit from the three score of seagulls currently visible to us. He is unable to do so, and as such I am limited in how I can resolve the complaint. He agrees to eat indoors and carry an umbrella for the remainder of his holiday.

3.45:

A young couple, Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady, come over from the Tartar Frigate to complain that a drunk man in swimming shorts and covered head-to-toe in sand has

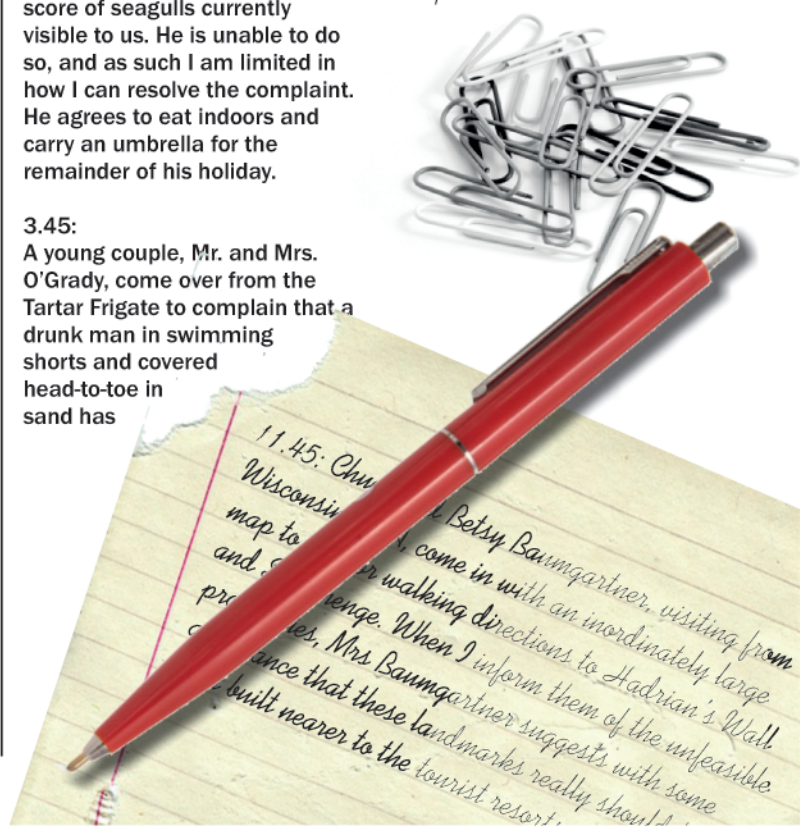
ruined their lunch by singing bawdy songs and placing his head in Mr O'Grady's Windsor soup. I manage to retrieve the inebriate, now slouched against the harbour office with a tankard of bitter resting on his chest, and reunite him with an angrily relieved Mrs Wilkins.

4.55:

As I lock up the Sands Office, I receive a visit from a young man named Cyril Duck, who had just disembarked the Broadstairs Metro train. He informed me that when he was entering the York Street underground station for his journey to Harbour Street, he was outraged to witness a 'barbaric oaf' daubing obscene graffiti on the entrance wall. Reportedly, the culprit has written in large typeface 'Harold Macmillan is a ninkompoop'. I will speak to the Master of the Line.

And there we have it, a busy day for the ever-reliable Man in Charge of the Sands. In the real world, perhaps his day was a little more straightforward (or not – you know what people are like). If you're wondering, his office was located on the ground floor of York Gate House, overlooking the Pavilion gardens (the shape of the window gives it away). If anyone has any knowledge or memory of Mr Beet and the service he provided, or indeed of anyone featured in the film, do please get in touch.

Crispin Smith



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Home Ground

We've featured a few articles by Guardian journalist and environmental campaigner George Monbiot over the years.

True he has no particular association with Broadstairs, however he is a writer we admire

and his articles are very relevant and often stay relevant. *(and he gave us permission to publish in case you were wondering)*

You may not agree with his point of view but you'll probably agree that the current 'housing crisis' probably won't be cured by just building, building, building.

I remember reading in a national paper a while back about a new build in the heart of London that had caused outrage because whilst all the flats in the property had been long since sold, nobody was actually living there.

There are many second homes in Broadstairs town - Now don't get me wrong, anyone is more than welcome to buy a home wherever they like and they'll be most welcome here from North, South, East or West, nevertheless second home ownership has had an impact locally. In one town centre road nearly half the houses (which would probably be considered as 'starter homes') are largely empty ninety five percent of the time. Repeat that all over Broadstairs and not only do you get a lack of homes that were originally built for the lower priced end of the market, but also a lack of residents actually living, working and consuming in the town which in turn negatively impacts on local shops and businesses.

In our age of lack of affordable housing, inability of first time buyers to secure mortgages, and rental prices now higher than mortgage repayments, surely this sort of housing inequality can't go on unchecked.

Britain's housing crisis won't end until we face some uncomfortable truths

By George Monbiot, published in the Guardian 21st October 2015

When you lend rooms to the homeless, expect cheers of approbation. When you explain why they are homeless, expect howls of execration. This is not to diss what Gary Neville and Ryan Giggs have done – far from it. Allowing homeless squatters to stay in the building they are turning into a luxury hotel is a true act of kindness, in a sector characterised by cruelty.

So extreme has the housing crisis become that scarcely anyone would claim to be unmoved by the condition of those at the bottom. The 40% rise in homelessness over the past five years, the 2,500 families trapped in bed and breakfast lodgings, the slim chances for most of those who are young today of ever buying a home, and the ridiculous rents they must pay – these outcomes are lamented almost everywhere. But when you start to discuss the underlying reasons, sympathy soon gives way to anger and denial.

We are prepared to discuss certain aspects of the problem. The continued sale of council houses and the government's broken promise to replace them rightly ignite public fury. So does the recent deal with housing associations, which further reduces the homes available to the poor. So do empty homes and the general failure to build, exacerbated by land hoarding on the part of speculators.

But the major cause of the housing crisis? We just don't want to know, and it's not hard to see why. The major cause is a spectacular failure to tax those who own property.

Britain's problem is not a shortage of housing. We have a surplus of housing, more per head than we have ever had before. But its distribution is terrible. Government figures released last year reveal that 5% of homes in England and Wales meet the official definition of overcrowded. But 69% meet the official definition of under-occupied (possessing at least one spare bedroom). Of these, half (8.1 million) had two or more spare bedrooms.

This is, in theory, a free country, and I'm not proposing that those who have more than they need should be forced to move. But in the midst of



an acute housing crisis, you would expect fiscal policies to help match supply to demand. Current taxes do the opposite.

The exemption from capital gains tax for main residences, inheritance tax breaks, a grossly unfair and regressive banding of council tax: all create powerful incentives to pour your money into a bigger house than you need, and then hold onto it. These incentives also drive up prices, by ensuring that all the gain accrues to the owner. The results include unaffordability, unsustainable levels of debt and speculative bubbles.

It's absurd that the only windfall tax on house prices is stamp duty (and even more absurd that it's the buyer who pays). When a higher turnover of stock is required, so that houses are better matched to need, the last thing you want is a tax on transactions. Surely the logical response is a tax on hoarding, calibrated to the rate of occupancy? A variable council tax is the simplest way of doing it: the more spare bedrooms you possess, the more you pay. This would help families to obtain family-sized homes, and encourage the division of very large houses.

You say these things at your peril. When I first proposed such measures, in 2011, they were greeted with fury. In the Telegraph my idea was pronounced "far closer to fascism than the ethno-centric populism of the European radical Right". Curiously, when the government proposed a similar measure, the bedroom tax, aimed not, as I proposed, at property owners, but at the poorest households (tenants on housing benefit), the same people were delighted.

In a recent debate in the Guardian, Joan Bakewell, who is almost the transcendental form of English liberalism, and whose own house, she says, is "worth millions", argued that it would be "mean-spirited" to encourage "old people living alone in big houses ... to sell up and make room for young and aspiring families." I would argue that holding onto such houses while families are homeless is, in aggregate, far meaner.

But she has a solution: "Let them build more houses." The phrasing has unfortunate resonances, but it perfectly captures the prevailing narrative. Let's not look back at the profligate use of the space we already possess. Let's not change the policies that encourage it. Let's just keep building. It's like dumping half our food in landfill then demanding that food production rises. And we would never do that, er, would we?

I agree, as it happens, that more building is needed, and I support Labour's proposal for 100,000 new social homes a year. But the idea that building alone will solve the problem is pure fantasy. There are 26.7 million households in the UK. In 2014, 1,219,000 homes were traded. So even if the government were to achieve its aim of building 200,000 homes a year, which some housebuilding experts consider impossible, it would add less than 1% a year to the total stock, and increase the volume of transactions by only one sixth. In other words, unless we want to wreck vast tracts of countryside, we cannot build our way out of this crisis.

If we really want to solve it, the greatest contribution must come from the redistribution of existing stock.

But not even Jeremy Corbyn's Labour party will champion such obvious solutions, for fear of alienating people who bemoan the problem but don't really want it solved. His speech to the party conference was marked by the contrast between the strength of his feelings and the weakness of his proposals. In an act of gobsmacking capitulation, Labour has appointed the chief executive of the housebuilding firm Taylor Wimpey to "set out the ideas needed for a wide new debate". Perhaps it could also ask Bashar al-Assad to lead its human rights review.

So we all play Marie Antoinette, proposing only to "let them build more", while stoutly ignoring the injustice that underlies this crisis. Other people, and the countryside, must pay for our peculiar fixation with the property-based, rent-based economy.

Let's applaud Neville and Giggs for their kindness, but let's stop pretending that we are mere spectators. Many sympathetic people are complicit in the problem these heroes are trying to address.

www.monbiot.com

Twenty Three

Number 23 and the gang marvelled at one of Mrs Wally's Chillis after spending some time at the Thanet Beer festival at the Winter Gardens, two well known shops left the town, 'Time and Space' the Wargames and Fantasy shop and 'Dickens Bazaar'. The other half of the Mrs Wallys team appeared on TV on BBC1s Countryfile programme - not that he ever mentions it....Yawn

Twenty Four

Paul Watson went to town on issue 24 and produced a fine portrait of everyone who'd so far worked on The Broadie as a front cover pic, Crispin also caused some controversy with his article on the Broadstairs Metro and there was even an article on the outbreak of alcoholism amongst Wombles - Yes really.



Courtesy of BBC TV

Twenty Five

Quite a sad issue for us this time as we celebrated the life of one of our contributors Dave Chamberlain after he was killed in Afghanistan. Crispin defended his previous Metro article by writing an article on the grand history of the 'Spoof', after a number of people who were taken in took to the internet thingy to complain that they were taken in. And we reported back from the very first Wheels and Fins festival



Twenty Six

Another Christmas issue and what better way to get all Christmassy than with a look at 'A Christmas Carol' with Crispin.



'Strangely though, following the immense success and widespread popularity of A Christmas Carol, there came a surprising emergence of goodwill from those ruling classes. They who had previously cared not a whisper for those below them, who made fortunes from the unrelenting labour of their workers, who scraped the mud off their boots onto the ragged street urchins, started to wake up to the idea of being a bit nicer'

We also took a look at the perils of Coffee

'And yes, I do know that every coffee bean variety taste a bit different to every other coffee bean variety, but so too does Robinsons orange squash taste a bit different from Kia Ora Orange squash, you don't hear everyone rattling on about the mellow flavour of one or the other, nor do you get chumps squirting the correct temperature of cold water onto their concentrated fruit drink using a genuine two grand Sicilian made Orange squash machine.'

Twenty Seven

Broadies chief paranormal investigator Albert Philpott (Think the X-Files but with less perfect hair and more body fat) had this to say on some truly Fortean events in Thanet:-

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

To the Georgian Thanetian this must have been a most damned and unearthly sight. A living corpse, riding his trap to an untimely meeting with death. To the modern reader, this is quiet explainable as a corpse locked in muscle spasm, caused by a massive shock of electricity, caused by the lightning. But, this is where the modern reader has the advantages of both science, and the decline in supernatural beliefs to their advantage

we also decided to plan your forthcoming year for you month by month

April

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

Twenty Eight.

This issue featured a piece on the 'Loss of the Margate Lugger 'Victory' involving a stormy night way back in 1857, a number of vessels and the brave men from the 'Mary White and Culmer White lifeboats

It was dark, visibility was nil and the launch site for the lifeboat was ½ mile from the wreck so nothing could be done till the morning. As daylight dawned, 6-7am, an awful sight greeted the onlookers as, lashed to the one remaining standing mast, could be seen 23 men. Five of these had been put aboard by the OCEAN the day before. At 7.30am the MARY WHITE launched and with 10 crew rowed to get seven of the survivors aboard, then returned to the shore to be greeted by the cheers of the crowd. By then the 2nd Broadstairs lifeboat the CULMER WHITE had arrived and promptly launched to the wreck and succeeded in taking off a further 14 men. Two still remained the Captain and the Pilot, put aboard at Dover. They had stated it was their intention to go down with the ship but the CULMER WHITE crew relaunched and managed to persuade them off the doomed vessel. All of the rescued men were taken to the Captain Digby Inn where they were cared for. The Second Mate of the NORTHERN BELLE is said to have declared 'that none but Englishmen would have put off to the rescue in such a sea'.

Meanwhile the Brigadier was deliberating on marriage

It's a funny old thing this marriage lark, I'm not sure I'll ever really get the hang of it, in those early years it all started out as a bit of an adventure, a bit like going off to war, lots of marching up and down and occasionally being sent over the top to get your boots wet, but not really getting anywhere. We deliberated over the thoughts of having children or dogs as we weren't able to decide whether we wanted to ruin our lives or just the carpets,

Twenty Nine

Er, what on earth was in no 29. There was definitely something. Oh yes, Crispin started off with the first part of his article about the legendary Sir Hartley Beauville-Lobe who was last seen leaving Broadstairs in a fishing boat carrying only a suitcase and a duck. Yes a Duck. There was other stuff but someone didn't press 'Save' - Doh!

Thirty

Yes alright, same as above but involving the concluding part of Crispins story. Albert Phillpott took a look through his history books to reveal the story of Sir William Courtenay and the battle of Bosnenden woods when a detachment of soldiers were dispatched from Canterbury to deal with an uprising by labourers who were united by Sir William Courtenay who was later found out to be a lunatic by the name of John Tom who'd spent four years in an asylum. You'd think they might have noticed his issues with sanity when they saw for the first time his rallying flag - it was a loaf of bread attached on the top of a long pole.

Thirty One

We featured some memories of Holy Cross School as it shut its doors for the very last time:-

"I have happy memories of the teacher and his 'medicine bottle' that he would swig during the lesson. I think we drove him to it!"

"Me and my mate lit a farm fumigator on the field one day. It covered the field in white smoke. One of the teachers ran out with a fire extinguisher and the smoke was so heavy that it nearly killed him! It took another teacher to drag him away. Looking back it wasn't such a clever thing to do!"

Thirty Two

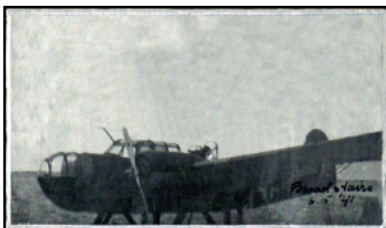
Richard recalled a long night spent out at Westbere lakes at the start of the fishing season when aged only about fourteen

'You see, our friend hadn't turned up at all. We actually got the date wrong and had turned up one night earlier than we should have done. The noise in the bushes was - as we found out when we shone the torchlight into their eyes, a couple of middle aged men going at it hammer and tongs, these chaps were ever so annoyed that two young teenagers had disturbed their illicit midnight tryst. Suffice to say, they clearly weren't happy. As we ran like fury away from the scene we both heard the frightening line being angrily shouted from way back "Which way did they go?"'

And in other news

NF is in the news again. The NF we're, of course, referring to is Nigel Farage, not to be confused with that other NF (National Front) which was a particularly repugnant bunch of fruitcakes and loonies that have happily all but disappeared nowadays. Actually, UKIP has a rule that the party is not open to ex-members of that organisation, although they seemingly use that as more of a guideline than a rule. I suppose the worrying thing is that they feel they need to have that rule at all. It's a bit like your local school going with a written policy where they won't employ Nazi dinner ladies; you'd really imagine it would go without saying.

Well, apparently Mr Farage is considering standing for election on the Isle, a move which will undoubtedly be popular amongst two main groups of people - disaffected Tory voters and the owners of local Real Ale establishments. I wonder how that all ended up?



Thirty Three

We featured a true story of a daring escape from Holland during WW2 and how a Nazi seaplane loaded with escaped

Dutchmen happened to land in Viking Bay one morning.

After flying for about 1hr15 we thought we could see the coastline of Britain so we flew straight for it.

Of course we were now sideways onto the coast displaying our German markings to all whom saw us and the guards onshore were not slow opening fire on us.

Just at that stage I managed to open the canopy and started to wave my flag when the aircraft hit the water with an almighty crash and bounced straight back up into the air. Another crash followed by yet another but suddenly we hit something underwater and got stuck fast.

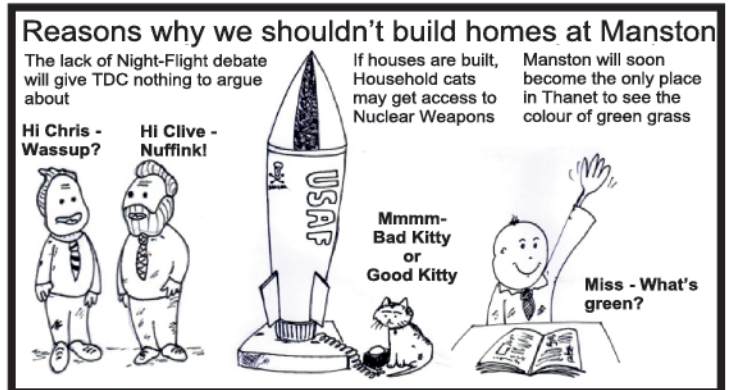
I got outside the plane and started to wave my flag like an idiot joined by all the others shouting "We are Dutch, don't shoot."

As we got to the beach I was the first out and managed to take a quick picture of the aircraft with my trusty old fold up camera.

There was no chance of a second one because suddenly a guard appeared beside me and knocked the camera from my hands shouting "No pictures"

We were then told that we'd landed at Broadstairs in Kent. The soldiers then took us to the Broadstairs Police station where they treated us to a hearty breakfast with all the trimmings.

Thirty Four. Still true.....



Thirty Five

The Brigadier was on fine form this issue

'We had a Working Mens Club in the town I used to live, quite a frightful establishment, especially around ten thirty on a Friday night, absolutely jam packed though. I managed to sneak in by dropping my vowels and scratching myself every two minutes which seemed to be a way of gaining acceptance and respect. There were no televisions in that place, just a compere, a chap hammering an old Hammond Organ into submission and the fine fug of three hundred woodbines being exhaled from emphysemic lungs of a hall full of unwashed workers from the local asbestos factory. We used to make our own entertainment back then, which normally involved running a pot on who wouldn't be there the next weekend.'

Thirty Six

Mr Wally took time out to tell us of his Grandpa who during WW2 spent time in the infamous Stalag Luft 8 and subsequently Stalag Luft 3 POW camps. There he was involved in the successful escape plan later made famous in the film 'The Wooden Horse' which involved a tunnel being dug via the middle of the exercise yard and accessed every time a piece of large wooden gymnastic equipment 'The Wooden Horse' (secreting a POW with digging utensils) was placed over the hidden entrance to the tunnel.

'Philpott was back with the nautical strangeness that was the 'Jenny Haniver'; a carcass of a ray or skate, which has been modified and subsequently dried to create a grotesque preserved specimen.



Thirty Seven

Lots of pictures from a recent past in this one - pictures that seem somehow rarer than the black and white ones we're so familiar with



Thirty Eight

The Manston debate rumbled on and on etc etc

'Isn't it odd that the only thing that anyone can think of to do with a vast patch of land is build on it. It's always 'we could build houses or businesses here' or something, anything that must make a select few a huge profit, normally at the expense of someone else down the line. And almost definitely at the expense of taxpayers in one way or another

You know what i think (tongue firmly in cheek). It should be compulsory purchased. They should clear everything, every building, every bit of tarmac with not a fence left standing. Then every single person from every class in every corner of Thanet would have somewhere to go and enjoy a vast open space of grassland, somewhere where it would be free to exercise instead of paying yet another large health centre business a huge fee to run whilst looking at a TV screen, somewhere that is for the health and happiness of all those underpaid hard-working people of Thanet, safe in the knowledge that no-one is making profit at their expense, they could fly their kite, kick their football and maybe meet at the centre of the new found park where they could share a flask of tea next to the newly built monument in the middle, where a brass plaque reads 'Not built for the people of Thanet'

Thirty Nine

More fake fun facts from Fairfax Carswell

1. Saint Peters Village graveyard contains the final resting places of many noteworthy people. Among who is the noted escapologist Gabriel Sadwick. Sadwick was interred in a grave in the ceremony in 1872, and later found under the Coop car park, some 200 metres away, when it was renovated in 1981.

2. On a royal visit to the island in 1887, Queen Victoria, whilst sampling Thanet's noteworthy sea food, was heard to comment that she was impressed by the cockles, but sadly let down by winkles. This event was the catalyst to the great winkle debate of 1887.

3. The Scotsman figure head situated on the jetty is not actually a Scots man. The carving is in reality a likeness of a Mrs Edith Coalscuttle of a small town outside Perth who once visited Broadstairs in a Charabanc mystery tour trip

Forty

Election time saw a whole host of people visit Thanet seemingly just to annoy the hell out of everyone. Guess what - they succeeded. In other news, history buffs got all excited.....

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.

Forty One

Meanwhile somewhere at a memorial event for Dunkirk

Couldn't help but chuckle along with the Dunkirk veteran whose phone went off during a service involving the Mayor of Dunkirk. Much tutting ensued until it was realised that it belonged to one of the few people who could actually get away with it.

It does make you wonder what it would have been like at the time had mobile technology been around seventy five years earlier.

Would the sight of selfies from the front line of the evacuation appearing on Facebook have stirred the populace into action or would someone have just started up a petition on '38 Degrees' to 'Rescue our boys' only to then carry on with their game of Candy Crush.

Forty Two

Bob Dew remembered his time at Union Square Broadstairs and how in 1970 his family sold the eight houses they owned there for just over twenty thousand pounds. Yes - that's Two thousand five hundred each....

Folk Weeks 50th Anniversary featured quite heavily too:-

'Come on kids, get your best sandals on we're off to the Hobby Horse club. 'Well, you are, as I intend to eat ice cream, have a chat with other tired and emotional parents and generally

let you off the lead to lose a bit of energy before you come running to me for change to slip down the gullet of a greedy dragon in a dress'. Once the little darlings have skipped about and sung a few songs it's off to the craft tent to be badgered into buying fudge, flannels, bells, and possibly a tin whistle. On the way through you notice with some delight that young Joshua takes a keen interest in the musical instrument stall, excellent, perhaps Josh will fulfill my



Bob on holiday with his wife, (Boatyard in background)

dreams of becoming a lead guitarist in a chart breaking rock band, he'll tour the world meeting all your heroes of the music industry, in his acceptance speech when he gets to pick up his Grammy award he'll stand up proudly and say 'If it wasn't for my parents and that time in Folk Week.....'. Wait a mo' he's only looking at the Accordions....Quickly shush him outside and never speak of that moment again.'

Forty Three

An eagle eyed resident found this newspaper cutting from a time when snakes roamed free
Continued page 47

SNAKE GUARD FOR CHILDREN

SO much alarm has been caused in Ramsgate by snakes, varying in size between 3ft. and 6ft. long, attacking people in the streets—two attacks were made in Chapel-place, just off the main shopping centre—that

Guards of men armed with sticks have been provided for children.

A four-foot snake which struck at Mr. H. Read when he was returning to his home in Camberwell-road, Ramsgate, was killed by a policeman with his truncheon.

Mr. D. Butt, of Carlton-avenue, Broadstairs, a Ministry of Labour employee, who was attacked when he was coming back from lunch, told the *Daily Mirror*:

"I was walking along lighting my pipe when I heard a hissing noise. The snake was rearing up and kept moving its head towards me, preparing to strike. It was about 3ft. in length, with green and yellow scales and a white patch on its head."

JUNE 27 1938

More Schmalz by REH



Those of you who read my previous article on SCHMALZ will know what it means. This article should be headed MY PERSONAL SCHMALZ.

In June 2016 my Wife and I celebrated our 90th birthday and on Christmas eve we celebrated our 72nd wedding anniversary. For our birthday we were presented with this photograph which was taken by. BLA BLA.

We met when we were 16 and married at 18 ½. At that time I was serving my apprenticeship as a sheet metal worker earning 1/6pence per hour (7.5p). Working a 50 hour week bought in a weekly wage of £3-15s (£3-75p) per week. Our rent for a two room flat in Islington was 14/6 shillings per week.

We were married on Christmas eve 1944. In those days workers had only two days holiday at Christmas so no long honeymoon for us, especially not in 1944. Food and clothing were rationed and neighbours all rallied round to give up some of their rations in order that we had a cake and some food at the reception. We had no wine or sherry but the local publican supplied a small barrel of beer. I had to borrow a suit as my meagre clothing allowance was not enough to buy a 50 suit from Burtons.

On Boxing day, which was the second day of our Christmas holiday we returned to our flat only to find that the water was frozen and as my wife was lighting the fire a bomb dropped nearby and blew out all our windows at the rear of the house. Luckily the glass of our bedroom remained intact, of course furniture rationing meant we had only a single bed, which we climbed into and enjoyed our first night in our new home in the usual manner enjoyed by newly weds.

As an apprentice I was in a reserved occupation and was not called up until I was 21 which was just after V Day in Europe. I was conscripted into the RAF and wasted nearly 3 years of life messing about with aeroplanes, fortunately in England. I spent most of my time at Marham in Norfolk and managed, by hook or by crook, to get home to my wife at weekends. When we were first married my wife worked in a newsagent/tobacconist/confectioners for about £1.50 per week but when she was 20 she was called up for war work when she spent her time with car engines not earning much more. As far as I can remember I was paid about £1.50 per week of which I sent home about £1. My wife found it difficult to pay the rent and feed herself. At one stage in desperation she applied to the SS&AFA for help and they granted her a one off payment of 10s (50p). When I was demobbed I received a suit and a travel warrant home.

That's when life really began. The firm I worked for gave me a job training to be a draughtsman at £5 per week but after a few months I realised I could earn much more as a sheet metal worker and went back on the bench.

I could write a book on the next 65 years on the roller coaster life we have had, but for now I'll leave it to another family member to carry on.

I have a niece who was an editor in the Irish Times. Her name is Roisin Ingle and she now has a weekly Podcast, Roisin Meets, which you can follow on Sound Cloud or iTunes. For our 70th Wedding anniversary she wrote the following.

On Christmas Eve my Uncle Ron and my Auntie Eva will be celebrating their wedding anniversary in Broadstairs, Kent, where they've been living in wedded bliss for several decades. People got married younger back when they got hitched, but I still can't quite get my head around the fact that the anniversary they are celebrating is their 70th. Coincidentally it took me around 70 goes to get a decent video of my children wishing them a happy anniversary. But when we finally got a decent take in the can, the most reluctant performer was heard to say, which wasn't in the script, "we love you Ron and Eva"

which more than made up for all the grumpy out takes.

Eva used to sing me songs when they came over to visit from London: Daisy Daisy and My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean.

Ron, all twinkly eyes and movie-star slacks, used to put his hands in his pockets, rattle his plentiful coins and then throw them up in the air in the sitting room creating the highest quality gushie we'd ever known.

Once, when we visited them in their sprawling thatched house in London, where a baby grand sat on an elevated part of the sitting room he brought me to Hamley's and said I could buy anything I liked. I bought a Girl's World. I have barely any regrets.

They lived a life that always seemed glamorous. They are firm believers in cocktail hour. Their garden in Broadstairs has a swimming pool and they had a sauna before I even knew what the word meant. Ron gave me my first Sony Walkman, when the idea of listening to music on a portable device seemed as remote as the moon. He always owned a high quality telescope, which had a special area in the house. They live stylishly and with passion, is what I've always thought.

Seventy years. I can't believe it when my mother, at 75 she's Ron's littlest sister, tells me. The youngest girl in the family, she ended up on honeymoon with Ron and Eva. It wasn't her fault, but Ron never lets her forget it.

Seventy years. I email Ron to get some tips on how to make relationships last. He is prone to quoting a wide variety of writers from Kipling to O Henry, so I know it will be good. And I've just read a piece by the incomparable English journalist Lucy Mangan about what she terms "inexplicable spousal rage". And if you have to have me explain it, well you are a better person than Mangan and I and several women I enjoy close friendships with. I want to feel normal. I want to know that a healthy relationship can also be testing and in places downright spiky.

What I don't want to read in this return email is that Ron and Eva have always had a harmonious coupling. I want to know about the rough patches. I am asking the wrong people.

Here's Ron's email back when I ask him for some tips for a happy relationship:

"It is difficult to offer tips on 70 years of marriage. Suffice it to say we are going through the happiest period of our lives so it is worth persevering. Eva joins me in sending our love to you all. These are our tips: Instead of saying 'I love you'

say 'I'm in love with you'. Always settle any misunderstandings or quarrels before going to bed although sometimes it's more delicious to settle them in bed. Young love says: 'I love you because I need you.' Mature love says 'I need you because I love you.' Listen to her. The secret of a happy marriage is a secret. Whenever you are wrong admit it. Whenever you are right shut up."

See? The wrong, or yes, yes, maybe the right people. It gets worse when I email my cousin Chris, Ron's son. He reckons the secret is "tolerance - I have never, ever seen my parents not only argue but even raise their voice to each other." And Chris goes on to imply it might be genetic because after 16 years of marriage he's never had a row with his wife, Jenny.

When I ask Ron's daughter Penny she says the secret of the 70 years a-woeing is that "they still adore each other". So there you have it. While the outcome of this investigation does make me fear for the longevity of more acrimonious couplings where, and this is just a random example, sometimes just the innocent sound of a certain person whistling an REM tune can turn a certain other person into a raving banshee.

Ron and Eva don't celebrate this season, for religious reasons, so I won't wish them Happy Christmas. I'll just say it once more, with feeling: We love you Ron and Eva.

One Year On...the Creativity Continues!

A year ago, we had started our journey into the weird world of art galleries as we embarked upon renovating the old Franco's Pizza building in Albion Street. During the cold month of February, we painted the outside, redesigned the inside and set up an intimate gallery space within ready to welcome our first visitors over the Easter weekend. And so began the madness! A whirlwind year of exhibitions, private views, meeting artists galore, and making lots of new creative friends and art lovers along the way. It hasn't all been plain sailing, it has been hard work, but truly fascinating to chat to visitors to our small gallery that has hopefully now become a big part of the Broadstairs' community. We would like to thank everyone who has supported us this year and for all the wonderful feedback that has floated our way - it makes the hard work worthwhile. The gallery has been described as a 'dinky space packs a punch' and "A wonderful little treasure trove!" on our Trip Advisor reviews, which is fabulous and proves that size really isn't everything! We have a great season of exhibitions planned for 2017, starting with Animals, Valentines and Women Artists...

As we celebrate our first Anniversary, we look forward to welcoming visitors old and new to the gallery this year!

New Kent Art Gallery - Spring Exhibitions

21 Feb – 5 March Abstraction

Abstract work to intrigue the imagination and excite the senses. Group show exploring the freedom of abstract art and revelling in colour and line. Peter Maddox, Magz Roberts, Francesca Howard, Dani Flowerdew, Sarah Stokes, Peter Askew-Garrard, Jay Rechsteiner, Josephine Harvatt & Chris Gough.

7 March – 19 March 'POW! A Celebration of Female Artists'

Female Artists celebrated in a show which will coincide with International Womens' Day We hope to combine this event with a charity event of some sort TBC Angela Malone, Melanie Tong, Lee Bates, Stacey Chapman, Emily Tull, Dawn Maton, Cath Deeson, Gill Bridgestock, Sharon Hendy, and many more

21 March - 2nd April 'Paper' - 1st Anniversary Exhibition

Celebrate our 1 year anniversary with us! Brian & Karen will be raising a glass to a successful first year at the gallery with a wonderful exhibition of works on paper/of paper from lots of our popular artists.



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Five Internet Facts You Didn't Know! How Would You?

You use the internet everyday! Some of you use it every hour! Be honest, some of you use it far far more than is good for you!

Here at Broadbiz Web Services it's our job and so we have put together a few facts about the internet that surprised even us. You can see more on the Did You Know? section of our website at www.broadbiz.co.uk.

The Entire Internet Weighs as much as one Strawberry!

www.lifewire.com

The billions upon billions of 'data-in-motion' electrons on the Internet add up to approximately 50 grams, the weight of one strawberry!

Dramatic Increase of Websites since the 90s www.hostingfacts.com

By the end of 1993, there were only 623 websites on the web. Today there are 966 million.

400% Increase in Mobile Internet Usage www.smartinsights.com

In 2007, there were approximately 400 million mobile internet users. By 2016, that has grown by 400% to over 2 billion as users embrace mobile phones and tablet technology.

81% of Email is Spam www.22facts.com

Of the 247 BILLION email messages sent every day, 81% are pure spam. That's over 200 BILLION spam emails each day!

Ever Wanted to Print off the Entire Internet? www.money.cnn.com

Studies have shown that the entire internet will use up about 136 billion sheets of A4 paper, that's over 25.1 million miles of paper which is enough to go around the equator over 1000 times!

Broadbiz Web Services were founded in Broadstairs in 2005 and currently look after 200 websites for Thanet-based businesses. Our prices start at just £20 per month with no set-up fee so why not give take a look at www.broadbiz.co.uk, get in touch and see if we can help your business.

Mrs Wally

Goes round the world

Mrs Wally was going to provide us with a few recipes for the fiftieth issue - However after accompanying her on a night out with some chums when we went to see 'I'm Sorry I haven't a Clue' she decided it would be a fun idea to trip up and not only dislocate her shoulder, but chip her shoulder socket too. This means she is not only completely spaced out on a cocktail of dangerous yet fun painkillers but is unable to sit and type words into her trusty laptop.

For the time being we can only assume instead of 'cooking up a storm' at home she is in fact subsisting on 'Ready Meals' and 'Chicken and Mushroom Pot Noodles. Get well soon lovey. xx

Thai Carrot I'm sure I've documented this little gem in a previous issue. My favourite salad ever and very popular with everyone who tries it. Only difficult thing about it is the grating but if you're lucky enough to have a grating attachment on your food processor which hasn't been bent out of shape by some idiot poking a wooden spoon too far down the spout you're onto a winner. Carrots - loads, about 800g, grated on the fat side of the grater. Sultanas - two thirds of a mug full plumped up with boiling water for 10 mins. Spring onions - a bunch topped, tailed and sliced into rounds. Coriander - Medium bunch chopped roughly. Mint - as per Coriander. A chilli - chopped finely. Garlic a couple of crushed cloves. Juice of a lime or two. A big glug of extra virgin olive oil. Mix them all together in a big bowl and season generously - this takes quite a lot of salt. This keeps in the fridge for a few days and just like Mr Wally seems to get better with age.

Chilli

- 500g minced beef, 1 x Chorizo, 1 x red onion, 1 x white onion, 3 x fat garlic cloves crushed, a couple of sticks of celery, a tub of chestnut mushrooms, an aubergine, a couple of courgettes diced, a couple of peppers sliced thinly, 2 x tins of chopped tomatoes, 3 x fresh chillies, crushed chillies, dried chillies, mild chilli powder, dried thyme, ground cumin, ground coriander, salt and pepper, salt and pepper, big bunch of fresh coriander and lime to serve.

The easiest way to do this is to prep the ingredients up before you start cooking, that way all you need to do is add thing in the right order most things are common sense but a couple of points below re the prep;

Chorizo - small dice, I do this by cutting in half horizontally then cutting each half vertically a couple of times before chopping along in half cm chunks.

Celery - peel with a potato peeler to get rid of the stringy bits then cut into a small dice

Aubergine and Courgettes - The aim here is to disguise them so no one knows they're here, they bulk up the volume whilst adding fibre and vitamins and dispensing with the need for too much red meat. Dice them up nice and small to about 5mm squares.

Mushrooms - just quarter the big ones and halve the smaller ones

Chillies - I have discovered that the best way to approach chillies is with a pair of good kitchen scissors, just hold by the stalk and snip into small rings.

Ok, here we go - you will need a big pot! Fry off the chorizo on a medium heat until the fat runs and the edges start to crisp then whack in the celery and onions and turn the heat down to low, you need to cook the onions until they're translucent before stirring in the crushed garlic and the sliced fresh chillies and cooking for a minute. Then it's time to add the minced beef - I always buy lean, if you have full fat you may find you need to

Greek salad - I find irregularity of chunks to be the most interesting approach, let the chunks be individuals. A large cucumber peeled and chopped into nice chunks - if it's particularly seedy I scoop out the seeds from half of it to cut down on juiciness. Tomatoes - whatever you've got, little ones left whole and big ones chopped into fat chunks. Red onion - sliced finely. Black olives - stones removed. Feta - a nice block, crumbled not sliced.

All you need to do is chop vegetables and then combine in a bowl, adding a squeeze of lemon juice, salt, pepper and oil. I like to chop up a few sprigs of oregano and a small handful of mint finely chopped. Top with the crumbled feta.

My top tip: If your name's Wally try to eat something that isn't beige or beer flavoured at least once during the summer, we don't want you to get gout again this year do we darling?

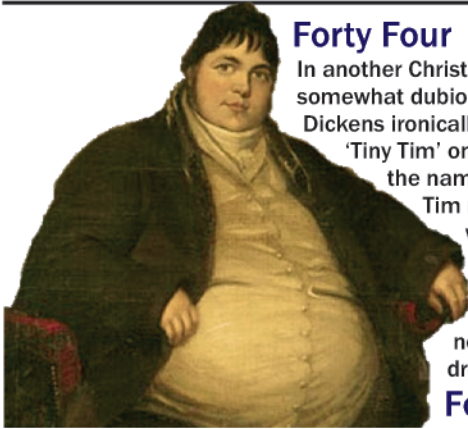
Great British Broccoli and Stilton Soup

This is my number one - the quickest, easiest soup I make and I make it a lot. It's a great last minute soup and you can be cunning about it and keep some frozen broccoli in the freezer for emergency soup preparation when it's raining and you can't face going to the shops to replenish your supplies. You don't have to limit yourself to stilton either - I make this with the delicious locally made Ashmore Blue which you should be able to find at the fantastic Broadstairs Food Festival or at Cliftonville Farmer's Market.

A head or two of broccoli, about a litre of stock or water, some stilton (I use about half a standard block), salt and pepper.

All you need to do is cook the broccoli - stalk and all, in the stock until it's soft - about 10-15 mins then crumble in the stilton. Blend, then return to a low heat to simmer for a further 5 mins. Season. Scoff.

drain the excess fat. Once the beef has started to brown, add the flavours - a teaspoon each of mild chilli powder, cumin, coriander and thyme along with a generous grind of black pepper and a pinch of salt. Stir through the tomatoes and add the peppers and mushrooms, a sprinkling of crushed chillies and a handful of dried. Fill the tomato tins with water and add to the pot. I don't add pulses to my chilli anymore - I forgot once and realised that it didn't make a great deal of difference. If you like them, add them at this stage. Bring to a boil then turn it down to a simmer and leave it for a couple of hours stirring periodically. The sauce will go glossy and thick and the flavour will develop nicely. I like to serve mine quite dry in texture rather than gloopy so I let the majority of the fluid evaporate before I turn the heat off and add roughly chopped coriander and a squeeze of lime. Even people who don't like coriander (Ms Vickers!) like coriander when it's stirred into this recipe - it's not overpowering at all and just lifts the flavours a bit and gives it a zing. I serve my chilli with wholemeal flatbreads or tortillas and a trio of accompaniments - grated mature cheddar, thick cool soured cream and avocado salsa.



Forty Four

In another Christmas issue we learned the somewhat dubious story of Charles Dickens ironically basing his character 'Tiny Tim' on a local child glutton by the name of Timothy Gilhooley.

Tim reached the dizzying weight of twenty seven stone but unfortunately met a terrible fate when his fathers employer did not heed a series of vivid dreams one evening.

Forty Five

Broadstairs entertainer 'Charlie Knockers' famous for his wireless show 'Whoops-a-daisy' was the face of the Looping the Loop service in 1923 (Front row second from right). His flamboyant agent Eric Dixie (back row first from left) always stood like that for reasons as yet unexplained



Fairfax Carswell went off in search of the truth behind the original Thanet Loop plane service - unfortunately he didn't find any.

Forty Six

The last pre referendum issue and there was much talk about why we were being asked to make a major decision when there was such a lack of cold hard facts.

Your decision will not be made on hard facts, we're not in receipt of hard facts as everything is open to so many interpretations that are swayed by political beliefs, social events that have formed our own opinions, which newspaper you read and or believe, even who said what on a TV show. Perhaps we should let only those under thirty vote as they're the ones who will have to live with the decision for the longest; although I'm not sure that idea would be so popular with the leave campaign

On a lighter or scarier note (you decide) we discussed the forthcoming Zombie Apocalypse.....

Items that have proven to be ineffective against physical assault in the past and are therefore best left alone include collapsable deckchairs, cheap brollies, water pistols and any number of other shoddily manufactured items that may be purchased from one of the numerous Isle of Thanet based pound shops. If all else fails and you must improvise a weapon quickly I can recommend ladies stilettos, those annoying wheeled pull along vanity cases, Blown hard plastic packaging which is surely responsible for more accidental finger amputations than a cigar cutter, or any number of battery powered tools available from the male dominated 'Go over there section whilst I'm choosing cushions aisle' of any of the major DIY stores. Having said that, I'd advise to leave the cordless Sander on the shelves as this would only serve to make an angry zombie even angrier, albeit whilst wearing a much smoother complexion.

Forty Seven

In one of Fairfax's stranger moments he decided to put together an A-Z of Thanet Facts (Ahem)

O is for Orangutan: The Monkey house on the West-Cliff of Ramsgate housed two Orangutans called Bob and Dave, until they escaped in 1971. Not only did they managed to evade capture for the next four years, they also managed to get elected onto the local council.

R is for Rock:

Margate is the home of the 'seaside rock'. These confectionary delights were originally made from pieces of actual rock and this practice only ceased at the turn of the 20th century when a number of parents threatened to sue for damage to their children's teeth.

With me 'little stick of Margate Rock.



Forty Eight

Wally Wiltons World of Winkles.....

In modern terms, mollusc based entertainment seems very niche, but to a Regency audience molluscs were exotic creatures which inhabited a previously undiscovered kingdom beneath the sea. Crowds arrived in droves, and the 1822 Broadstairs Bugle paper notes that on a number of occasions the Mayor of Broadstairs had called out his 'watchmen' to quell the impatient queue waiting to gain admission.

For the next six years Wally Wiltons World of Winkles seems to have established itself as the must see attraction of the south coast of England. Among its patrons was Charles Dickens who it is claimed took the inspiration for Mrs Moist-Clam (Little Dorrit) from having attended a matinee performance. The Broadstairs Bugle for November 1825 also makes special notice that a young Queen Vitoria had attended one of Wally's performances and was particularly smitten with his winkle.

And a few local 'Meaning of Liffisms':-

DICKENS WALK (n.)

the walk of the person who never made it home to their own bed the previous evening and is wearing smeared make-up and a little black number or the male equivalent. Often accompanied by a bad case of 'The Thirty-Nine steps'

ELDON PLACE (n.) *To put something into the correct order that was previously not in the right place at all. Especially popular with people suffering from OCD (or CDO if you must have it alphabetically)*

'A place for everything and everything in its Eldon Place'

SAILING CLUB (n.) *To gain acceptance amongst long-standing beach hut owners once you have repainted your hut in a fitting style and erected various jaunty seaside signs, bunting and other fripperies.*

'Hi Charlotte, I see you've finally joined the sailing club'

Forty Nine

We'll finish of this nonsense with the Brigadier rambling on about his love of photography (nudge nudge) in the last issue

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

Fifty

You've just read it - silly.

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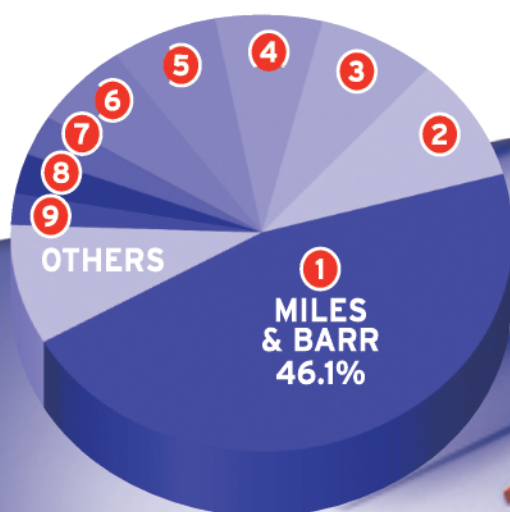
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Agent 4 - 6.9%	Agent 7 - 3.0%	Others - 8.9%

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