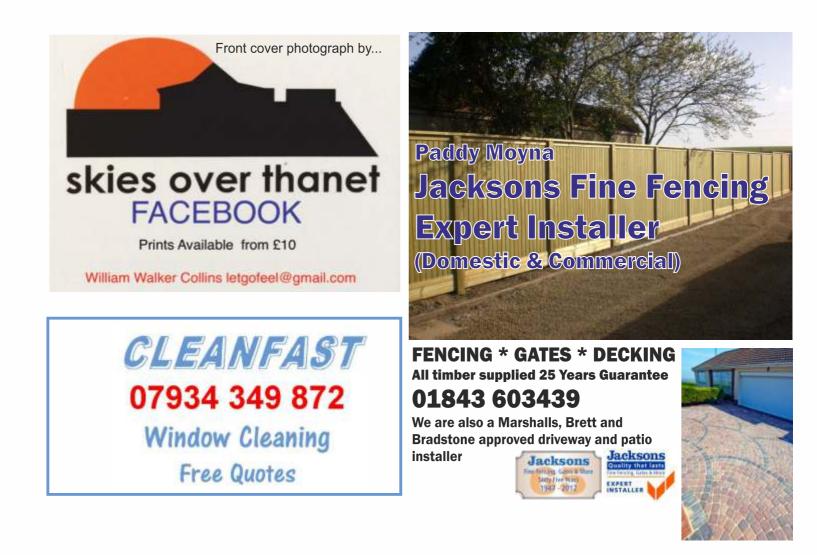
WHEN PATRICK CAME TO SEE THE SEA CLASSIC MOTOR SHOW US WHAT YOU'VE GOT



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/ Nov 2017 80





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thebroadie@googlemail.com

What A Stink

Dear Broadie

I was interested to hear that TDC has introduced DNA testing of dog poops.

I really think that if you own a dog you should be prepared to clean up its poops – bag it and take it away.

If you don't like the idea, don't have a dog. It's a no-brainer and really simple!

I would love to keep a dog but I really don't want to pick up its poops – so I don't have one.

BUT – if you do own a dog, behave reasonably. Pick up the poo in one of those little poop bags and dispose of it properly. Don't just leave it on a wall, or tucked behind a hedge or on the path in the bag. That's an insult of 2 fingers to the world. Take it way and dispose of it properly.

I see examples this kind of lazy inconsiderate dog owner behaviour regularly.

I see examples of these disgusting packages, almost every day along the footpath near Palm Bay in Margate when I am out for a walk. It really makes angry. I want to rant and scream.

I suggest TDC forgets DNA testing, and brings back hanging for miscreant dog owners!

Graham - Broadstairs

Firemen of WW2

I was recently passed a copy of The Broadie. In it was an article by Norman James about air raid shelters in St Peter's, it also stated that there were no casualties during bombings.

Below is a link to a newspaper report about the firemen who died in a raid on Broadstairs, their graves are in St. Peter's churchyard and are cared for, I presume, by the firemen who searched for them or the people who go to the trouble to keep the churchyard tidy. Please put this right in your magazine " Lest we forget" J Older

Can't see the wood...

Just read your August article on the trees in Pierremont Park and I thought that you might like to know that your tree map is wrong. Whoever put the numbers to paper got them in the wrong order and some in the wrong places. As this may cause some confusion and scratching of heads I thought that I should send you a map with the correct locations.

And by the way number 1 is a Cherry Plum tree and not a Cherry tree. Cherry trees have a bark with horizontal lenticels (small cut like marks), which this tree does not have. Shaun. Broadstairs.

(1) Cherry Plum Tree
(2) Ginkgo Biloba
(3) Robinia
(4) Mulberry
(5) Gleditsia
(6) Paulownia
Tomentosa (Foxglove Tree)
(7) Arbutus
(Strawberry Tree)
(8) Golden
Koelreuteria (Golden Rain Tree)
(9) Quercus Ilex
(Holm Oak)



We are arranging a special 5 minutes fireworks displays in memory of

Raymond Barnes,

born and raised in Broadstairs, in line with his wishes.

The display will be on held on 9th December 2017 at 19.00 at Viking Bay, Broadstairs.

The family wishes to invite Raymond's local friends and those who knew him to watch and will meet by the bandstand shortly before 19.00 – other members of the public are also welcome to watch.

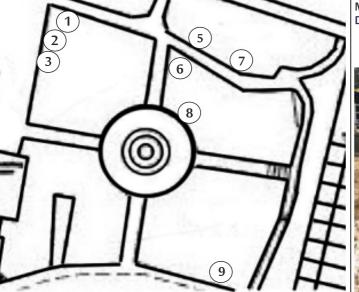
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Erupting Volcanos and Ice Creams

Hi Broadie Here is the winning entry in the Sandcastle competition - created by the Blackburn boys Liam, Jamie and Conor - the prize, an ice cream voucher - which they're just about to use in Morellis Derek Bull





Dr Who, where and when

Dear Broadie,

It was very interesting to see shots from Gino Ginganelli's, Stephanie Sceal's and Simon Grimes's attack of the Cybermen along with a very convincing-looking Tom Baker in the shape of Stuart Grant at Botany Bay.

But DFL's, younger locals (and possibly the photographers

themselves) may be unaware that at almost exactly the same spot in (I think) 1968, we had the real thing in the form of Patrick Troughton and the BBC. I forget the name of the story that was being filmed: "Peril of the Deep" or some such.

I've attached a couple of photos my brother took at the time. One shows the Doctor, Jamie (Frazer Hines, later of "Emmerdale Farm" fame) and their female companion examining some foam: in the other am I, walking alongside the Second Doctor himself. How time flies ! I am now 59.

Keep up the good work!

Greg - Broadstairs





See more about Dr Who on Botany Bay on pages 22, 23

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In defence of Stephen Seagull

I thought that I would pen a response to the SEAGULL article in the July/August issue.

I have had a Mr and Mrs Seagull and various friends chilling on my roof for the past 35 years and have grown to realise what an intelligent species they are. They have adopted my roof as their roof and always the same pair of gulls are on it. To say that they need culling is wrong because sadly they are expert at culling themselves.

Seagull numbers have dropped alarmingly since the 1970's when hundreds of birds used to fly over Culmer's land to their nesting places in the Stanley Road area, flocks of hundreds are now down to about 40 birds. Then there was the change to wheelie bins which saw their food supply disappear overnight. They struggle now to find food which is maybe why they tend to congregate around those eating fish and chips on the promenade or beach. They are hungry. Very few young survive and this year in the area round where I live 13 babies were born on rooftops, only 4 surviving to this autumn, we have 2 babies left from last year's broods and several of the adults have also gone.

Last year we had a family of 24 gulls round where I live and now we have about 10, a lot this year have been deliberately killed. Babies fall off roofs and get eaten by the foxes, they succumb to bad weather and lack of food. Then there is their awful road sense, they walk about on the road looking for flying ants and then a car gets them. I am not sure how low the numbers have to get before they risk being wiped out altogether in my area (Stanley Road) but they can't fall much more without there being a problem. Seagulls live in large family groups and those with no young look after the young of others in a sort of seagull nursery, you see rafts of youngsters floating on the sea accompanied by several mature adults who are watching over them. There is always a leader of each family group and he is top of the pecking order, he gets all the food first then decides who gets it next, he struts about with his wings raised to show that he is boss and to ward off others trying to outdo his leadership. Any gull disobeying him gets a nasty peck on the backside.

Mr and Mrs Seagull know me as part of their family I think, they greet me when I come home by squawking on the garage roof as I drive in. They have never had a successful nest as the Fox gets on our roof and takes any eggs laid, but they look after young from others in their family group all of them being related. If one gets killed or hurt then they all circle round and round making the most terrible crying noise, they actually have real feelings. I think also that they mate for life and if they lose a partner then they suffer real grief and depression sulking for days and even years on their roof.

Why? would anyone move or visit the seaside then complain about the seagulls, they are part of the seaside package and experience and it would not be the same without them, everyone

has the choice NOT to come and live where there are gulls or holiday where there are gulls but generations of folk have been happy with them and enjoy the seaside experience. If you don't want to be bothered by the gulls on the seafront then don't walk about with food in your hand they love chips and can spot a bag of chips from miles away. They don't attack people unless you catch one, they are just after your food.

Mrs W. Broadstairs

There'll be Letters

Dear Broadie

Now I love my car, it's not particularly fast, big or a head-turner, but it does get me from A to B and I sort of have a relationship with it, in a non-sexual way you understand!

There I was just last week sitting at a junction off of Stone Road waiting for a queue of traffic to pass so I could wind my merry way to 'The Range' at Westwood, simply to purchase something probably un-necessary that wouldn't make me any happier, When.....

'What a lot of cars' I thought, as motor after motor came down to Broadstairs from the North Foreland direction. It was then I realised that I'd just witnessed at least ten, one after the other assorted 4x4s, not proper old Land Rovers sprayed in mud but what is collequially called 'Chelsea Tractors'. You know, those big Range Rovers, Porsches and BMWs with sport wheels and engines the size of a Spitfire, one and a half times in length and a good foot and a half wider than my mere motor.

Why does anyone need one of these beasts, especially in Broadstairs. They so often only contain a driver and only one passenger, quite often a child lost in the vastness of the interior probably gazing in wonder at the distance between them and their parent whilst re-runs of Peppa Pig play on loop over the flat screen TV therein. 'Why, my dear parent are you killing the planet just to get me to school' they mumble quietly to themselves as they put the finishing touches to their homework piece on the environment.

'But I pay my road-tax' I can hear them whinge. Which apparently gives them the right to take up most of the road and so often get jammed up in Albion Street with other 'Tanks' coming in the opposite direction.

I've a few answers to our ever congested roads and lack of parking

Compulsory Robin Reliants - let's get this lovely old British favourite back in business. If we all owned one they wouldn't be nearly as hilarious. They also have a quarter less friction which makes them 25% more efficient than a standard four-wheeler. Drivers would always have to slow down when going round a bend and all those spare tyres made available by the loss of a wheel could be slotted over lamp-posts to make driving that much safer in the event of an accident.

To phase out the use of unnecessary 4 x 4s there could be a yearly test by a 4 x 4 examiner. If you can't pull a muddy plough through a field during a wet morning in March then you can't own one (no cheating with Nobbly tyres - you've got to keep those low profile jobbies you've got on right now)

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banning of Personalised number plates on anything with an engine over 1000cc. I think you'll agree, these measures should do it



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The Brigadier

There's just one thing you've got to have right when you finally manage to get away for the weekend after a long slog at the office, garden or Golf course - and that is accommodation. Somewhere to stay, relax, catch up on some shut



eye and push the thoughts and troubles of the everyday to the back of your mind. I personally love a trip away, as does her ladyship. She recently remarked that it had been a while since I'd taken her up Brighton Pier, so with this is mind I set about booking a few days away along the South coast somewhere.

After struggling with all that online nonsense I finally contacted one of the Grand offspring and told them to book us four days away quaint, bijou and in keeping with our requirements - sincerely hoping this did not translate as an old people's home somewhere near Hastings where everything smells of boiled mince

'Fear not Grandpa' said number one Grandchild, 'We've got you in a nice old place in Lyme Regis for four nights with breakfast included' That sounded just super and right up our street. Both her ladyship and I agreed we were looking forward to walking along the Jurassic Dorset coast with the other old fossils and started preparing an itinerary of sights and places we must see and visit. 'I've read 'On Chesil Beach' she said, 'It sort of reminds me of our wedding night'. Which meant little to me but seemed to make her laugh. Benson seemed pleased that we were going away for a few days, I even caught him skipping along the corridor clicking his heels, presumably in anticipation of half a week of idleness. He seemed less pleased when I handed him the list of important jobs that needed completing before my return. You have to keep these octogenarians on the go you know, I am afraid of heights and those gutters on the roof aren't going to clear themselves.

So off we trotted down to Lyme Regis, finally arriving before tea time and pulling into the hotel car park just as a parking space became available.

'Oh my' said my beloved,'That looks lovely, and just so picturesque' gazing adoringly at the vision of English Architectural beauty before us.

'Turn around dear' I replied. 'That's next door, ours is the thatched one with the tarpaulin on the roof'. What greeted our eyes was a down at heel cottage of indeterminate age with a roof that had a severe case of alopecia and with woodwork that last had a repaint when Jane Austen was contemplating Persuasion.

Attempting to ignore the plasticky blueness of the flapping sheet we ventured inside to take in the aroma of Kippers and were greeted by a gentleman with a hang dog expression who whilst appearing apologetic for the direness of his gaff offered no apologies at all. He provided us with keys and sent us off in search of the room.

I generally like hotel rooms, I find them a pleasant change from the normality of the false teeth jar by the side of the bed and the teetering pile of Classic Motorcycle magazines holding up the collapsed corner of the bedframe. I love the lights by each side of the bed so you can re-read Leviticus each time your dearest wakes you with their snoring rattle, the feel of freshly changed sheets and the complimentary chocolate mints.

Yes you certainly need a comfortable bed; now my mattress at home is pretty solid, but that doesn't mean that when I'm away I want a bed constructed of Portland Stone. When on my hols' I want to be cuddled into a warm snooze by a luscious mattress and duvet encased in best Egyptian cotton. The bed in our hotel was so hard we were half expecting the French Lieutenants Woman to appear and run along it after mistaking it for the 'Cobb'; by cripes it was tough, so much so that after two nights of agony and not much sleep we made our excuses and left.

It wasn't just the smell of Kippers and a night of rock hard pain that made us leave, oh dear no.

The owners and staff obviously had never noticed the large gaping crack in the ceiling above the bath that flapped downwards each time there was so much as a hint of steam in the little room. They did however notice that the toilet roll apparently needed folding to a point for one OCD reason or another when they came in for a snoop and to rearrange the cushions once we'd popped out. The Moths were probably the largest I'd ever seen and rather too reminiscent of one movie involving a chap named Lecter, they were likely to blame for eating the hole in the ceiling. Then there was the floorboards.

Oh my giddy aunt, how noisy can one floor be, let alone three. You can forgive paper thin walls as Doris and Ernie get down to some senior citizen naughtiness, so long as the bed is clean and there's no mould in the bathroom, but those floorboards would just not let up, I mean really, can't the owners hear the creak of every floorboard in every room as each guest therein has the audacity to walk about. It's a simple fix involving flooring nails and a wee bit of time. I liked Lyme Regis, I really did; very similar to Broadstairs except they clearly have people with a bit of sense in their local Highways department as they have a successful and fully functioning set of traffic lights through the narrow bit down by the seafront so nobody gets stuck on the tricky corner. If only.

The only downside to the town and quite an issue for those with knees that need constant oiling was the steepness of the hills, however due to the suitable number of hostelries available I must say our knees and our minds were well oiled for most of our stay.

It is not that I mind a few hiccups during a stay somewhere, it's just there always seems to be something ever so slightly irritating that could so easily be fixed. I've mentioned the damnable squeaky floorboards and rock hard beds, but what about windows that don't quite shut, curtains with stains, scuffed skirting, chintz in abundance and the smell of damp. Another old favourite is the Tea and Coffee tray with only two sugars available - Two sugars! How's a man supposed to survive on two sugars, I need that just to make the toothpaste palatable.

Other guests with loud mobiles, adjoining rooms let out to guests who don't have anything to do with each other which means it's even extra easy to hear what the next room is getting up to. Headboards that aren't fixed to the wall and can therefore repeatedly bang for some reason or another.

Showers with broken fixings, shower heads bunged up with lime or goo and thermostats seemingly set to scorch your hair off or scream like a banshee freezing.

A chap I regularly share a pint with was more than upset to find a pair of men's pants tucked just under the bed, which certainly beats any of my complaints and definitely has the Eeeeeew factor.

I believe there's only been one hotel I've stayed in that I could possibly have stayed in for the rest of my days. It was a few years back when we'd popped over the channel and revisited Bruges. Lovely city and chock a block with Chocolate, Strong Beer and some interesting shops not for the feint-hearted. We stayed in the 'Dukes Palace', a lovely affair set in the centre of town, beautiful furnishings and a breakfast bar that stretched to three rooms where you could cut lumps from slabs of solid chocolate, drink Champagne eat Oysters and ask for pretty much anything that took your fancy.

It was therein that we met an old war hero, one of the chaps who helped take Pegasus Bridge in the early hours of D-Day. He'd packed his bags and left blighty later on in life after his first wife died and was now shacked up full time in this hotel with his newly found French partner in her eighties. He imparted this small piece of wisdom to me. 'Old chap, find yourself a good woman who doesn't speak a word of English, and you yourself must never learn a word of their language either, you'll then have no arguments and marital bliss.' It certainly seemed to work for them as she sat there reading 'Gazet van Antwerpen' as he filled in The Sun crossword.

After our two days in Dinosaur country we decided to stop over in Weymouth on the way back which was much better even though the room was up six flights. Eventually after four days away we both started missing our old moggy 'Molly-measles' and once more up and down those steps was likely to finish us both off

It has been said that the best thing about going away is that you get to come home, a truth that I whole heartedly agree with, especially after two nights of no sleep and a workout after returning from the bar.

And somehow the Gin and Tonic still tastes best in your home town.



News round-up

No guests after ten thirty

News that Pete Doherty of Libertines fame and one time partner of Kate Moss has bought an old hotel in Cliftonville has surprised a few locals and is surely a sitcom waiting to be written.

Who knew Pete held a long time ambition to become a seaside guesthouse owner, not us. Whilst the increasing gentrification of Margate East probably isn't a bad thing, let's pray Pete doesn't live up to his previous reputation of being a bit of a maverick.

Perhaps there'll be rooms available to utterly trash to fulfill that inner rock-star ambition in all of us, another suite with mirrored ceilings and wipe clean table-tops.

So long as he doesn't do his own music themed rooms we should all be fine. Rooms named 'Death on the Stairs', 'Up the Bracket' and 'Love on the Dole' won't make me want to stay

I hope you can hold on till 2018

Residents and visitors of Broadstairs town flocked to the Broadstairs Food Festival and had a fab old time tasting, munching and chewing their way round Victoria Gardens and the promenade, but many don't realise they hadn't all come just for the culinary spectacular,

Oh dear me no. Local statisticians calculated that up to 20% of visitors were actually visiting as this was their one last hurrah to use the public conveniences in town in 2017. Boffins at TDC have discovered through one of their many obscure and ill advertised online surveys that absolutely no-one visits Broadstairs from October until an as yet undecided time in April (usually about three weeks after the first heat wave). 'Well I don't know about you but I don't use the toilet after the first time I light the fire' said a representative who did not want to be named. 'I'm like a Tortoise, I hibernate throughout the colder months, just like the rest of Thanet' he continued.

Oddly the TDCs Early October Seasonal approach doesn't stretch to car parking as the seasonal reduction in pricing applies not from the beginning of October but from the end.

Axing at Cecil Square

It is possible that up to twenty Thanet councillors could be axed at TDC; (that doesn't mean they'll be beheaded silly - although maybe in Tudor times a number of them might have been).

A decision by the Boundary and Electoral Arrangements Working Party (Who really should work on a more catchy name) is due anytime soon. TDC has a population to Councillor ratio of 2495:1 which is much higher than the ratios in Canterbury and Shepway.

Canterbury has 39 councillors and Shepway has 30. Dover has 45 but is proposing to cut to 33.

However, less councillors does mean it'll make it even less likely you'll get a reply to an email or any other form of communication.

Retro Cars

A big well done to the organisers of the recent 'Oh So Retro' car show at Palm Bay, it looked a great success. Absolutely hundreds of vehicles there of all shapes, sizes and eras. I wandered round with an old chum and couldn't help stopping at all the old cars that my family members owned over the years. After finally spotting a 'Yugo' my friend turned to me and pointed out that myself and my family clearly lacked any taste or imagination in car buying. He had a point. Whilst it's great to see an absolutely pristine Mini Metro on display just for old times sake, it wouldn't necessarily be my first choice of car to restore. It was probably only ten years ago when we were more than happy if we received £10 for one for scrap. My only other complaint was we couldn't find a Lada Riva estate anywhere, which would have completed the set.

Binned

Bins overflowing, rubbish piling up and doggie bins stinking in the street. Just a few problems encountered in the locality as TDC have seemingly not been keeping up with emptying bins in certain locations.

'Easy, look for another bin'. Suggests TDC, in a rather over-simplification of the issue.

There are apparently over 4000 of them in Thanet and in October TDC will start investing in 'Smart Bins'. These posh new bins have a sensor inbuilt that sends an update to head office when the bin is becoming full - thus enabling the chief honcho to mobilise the troops and target the areas most in need - or something like that

According to a council representative

"TDC have already collected nearly 100 tonnes more rubbish this year than at this time last year, despite receiving no extra budgetary resources." Last years rubbish total came to over 5000 tonnes. Which either means we're becoming a much more slovenly species or we're attracting many more visitors to the area. Perhaps the robot bins will cure the problem - or perhaps this is the very start of the inevitable take over by artificial intelligence and the subjugation of the human species. You mark my words, 'It all started with the bins'

The Other Pavilion

Wetherspoons flagship pub recently opened in Ramsgate with a fanfare a power-cut and staff frantically hunting for more glasses to water the thirsty hordes.

There's many who are rather wary of Wetherspoons and are worried that the One Big pub will do for the many smaller ones.

Well certainly it looks like other landlords may well have to up their game and maybe consider pricing, but with many pubs tied into breweries that isn't always as easy as you might imagine. Breweries have had their heads in the sand for many years and look set to continue with their fingers in their ears as Micropubs and large chains undercut the market quite considerably whilst consumers become less loyal to a venue or brewer.

As for the Ramsgate Pavilion, well you can't argue it looks fabulous, it's clean, has great views, Wifi, and of course cheap food and beer. It'll do just fine with or without the naysayers.

Perhaps Ramsgates seafront success may even start regeneration in the town centre and who knows maybe even someone someday will start work on the old Pleasurama site too

Panthers at work

Will the demolition of shops at 8 - 12 High street Broadstairs see a new building grow from the ashes or will the site sit empty and landbanked for years to come just like the Ramsgate High Street site owned by the same company. Who knows? Perhaps only Andrew Perloff the head-boy at Panther. The worry is that demolition work seemingly only started just as the planning permission deadline was coming up for renewal.

If work does start on the new retail/flats there'll be another twelve flats in a very confined space with no extra parking considerations allowed for all those new residents - worry not though, they're getting a bicycle parking area.

Speak Up!

Sorry mate but could you repeat that as the people on top of Arlington Tower in Margate couldn't quite hear you!

One of the many problems associated with the never ending building work that is going on around town is the amount of noise created. Yes we know it's difficult for someone at the top of a scaffold to hear their pal at the bottom of the scaffold, and whilst it is often interesting to hear what Rob got up to with Tiffany last night it's not necessarily fit for all ages to listen too.

TDC have some guidelines for building sites

Permitted hours of work will normally be: Monday to Friday - 0800 - 18.00

Saturday 0800 - 1300

Sundays & Bank Holidays - No Working

If a company wishes to work outside of these hours (on a Construction Site) they will normally be required to submit an application for prior consent.

Contractors are recommended to follow our Guidance for Small Scale Construction Sites.

Noise

Noise from construction sites is controlled by the Control of Pollution Act (COPA) 1974. Construction companies and contractors are required to take all reasonable steps to control noise and to demonstrate that they are applying 'Best Practicable Means'. **Dust**

Dust from construction sites is controlled by the Environmental It is important to note that the environmental legislation controlling dust is for the protection of human health and the environment in general. If dust only affects your property or possessions, Environmental Health will not be able to help.

How to report a noise or dust nuisance.

If you are bothered by noise or dust which originates from a construction site then please contact a member of Environmental Health by filling in a request for service form or by calling on 01843 577580.

Joy across Thanet as species segregation comes to an end

There were scenes of celebration in Thanet today as news that species segregation on the main beaches is to come to an end. From the 1st October, dogs will be allowed on all beaches across the isle.

Prominent campaigner, full time dog and leader of the protest against the ban, Sausages Mandela, was jubilant at the news:

"It has been a long doggy walk to freedom, a whole five months to be precise. It wasn't always certain and I did find myself wondering how many legs I'd have to hump to get the ban lifted. Our struggle isn't over though and on such a momentous day we need to remember there is a lot of hard work ahead of us.

It goes without saying that we have to sniffle every inch of the beach to see if there are any scraps of food buried, we also have to urinate on the same patch of sand as each other but most importantly, and I can not stress this enough, roll in any dead fish we may find. That's a lot to fit in before our afternoon nap"

Not everybody shared in the joy. A pro beach ban campaigner and professional whiner, Jimmy McBastard, was disappointed at the lifting of the ban:

"I personally never use the beach as I don't like sand, water or anything that makes people smile, but even so I don't want dogs ruining it for others. Midwinter is obviously peak tourist season and with these beasts running around, visitors will be deterred from coming because clearly everybody wants to sit on the beach in gale force arctic winds when the thermostat hits minus 15.

I think it's important that we...we erm, hold on, what...what the deuce...no...No... NO. Sausages get off. Get off my leg, get off my leg you filthy...arrrrrrrgh..."

Mr. McBastard there making a new best friend. Coming up next, wind shortages threaten the sustainability of the Thanet Wind Farm; plans put in place to harness the wind emitted from Thanet District Council meetings.

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Me and my Motor.

After recently visiting the 'Oh So Retro' car show at Palm Bay and seeing as there was so many motoring enthusiasts with stories to tell about their latest project, we thought we'd start including some in the Broadie. Why not write in and tell us all about your car, motorcycle, tractor or van. Include a few pics and you never know we may publish it. Here's Richard from Victory News to tell us all about that old favourite that makes anyone about in the sixties go a bit teary eyed. The Triumph motorcycle



I first learned to ride a motorcycle on a 50cc MZ which my mother had purchased for her own use on a youthful whim from Bill Mellor Motorcycles of Cliftonville (She used to ride motorcycles for the fire service - but that's another story); A year later I passed my test aboard a 125cc Honda; back when the examiner stood on a street corner and told you to ride round the block a few times whilst he had a cigarette. I never really felt too attached to all those motorcycle makes that friends and acquaintances yearned for, the big Kawasakis and Suzukis or the death defyingly fast large two stroke engined machines that ripped up the tarmac and left a trail of oily blue smoke in their wake. No what I wanted was something old, oily and British.

It didn't take too many weeks work before I'd saved enough money to start shopping. Nobody wanted old British machines in 1985 which meant there were bargains a-plenty. After scanning Motorcycle News for a few weeks I spied my next ride. It was a down at heel Triumph Twin, a 350cc Tiger 90 built in 1963 and only £250. I cadged a ride from my good friend Mark and off we trotted via the new M25 to Croydon to pick up the beast.

The chap had owned it from new, had blown it up once, rebuilt it and had only ridden about 10,000 miles in twenty two years, he produced the bike from under a dirty tarpaulin, kicked it over a few times and it fired into life. It was mine.

'How far have you got to go' he said.

'About a hundred miles back home' I replied. 'Oh Christ' came the worrying reply. 'Good luck'

Now the first problem started as soon as I left his front door, there I was, a daft seventeen year old only vaguely familiar with Japanese

bikes with left foot gear shifts, aboard an old Brit bike with a right foot gear shift, so the first few miles included quite a bit of swearing as I pogo-ed and bounced down the road. intermittently braking with the gear lever and attempting to change gear with the brake. The other problem was the place of purchase was up rather a steep hill. Now I was used to Japanese brakes; I didn't know that riders in the 1960s were happy with not being able to stop. I started off down the hill and as I neared the bend down under a railway bridge I squeezed the front brake....No I tugged the front brake Aaargh..... I screamed and yanked the front brake as hard as I could just in time to come to a stop with my front wheel teetering over an embankment. Doubts about whether I would get home alive and if this whole venture was a good idea interspersed with thoughts of my family gathered



round my hospital bed suggesting that from now on I had to buy a **Datsun or Vauxhall** came to mind, they were soon replaced by the realisation that at least this did explain the actual reason why my biker cousin Bob had such a firm handshake.

I did get home, the bike didn't miss a beat, and stupidly I even had it up to the magical limit of its named speed (The Tiger 90 - did ninety).



Not a very sensible thing to do on a bike I knew nothing about with brakes made for muscle men and tyres that hadn't been changed in two decades - but by heck it was fast, not fast by Japanese standards but even reaching the speed limit on a sixties bike involves an awful lot of vibration and bouncing about - absolutely exhilarating, I was hooked.

I rode that bike about for a year and a half as it slowly deteriorated and rusted, in the end it was mostly held together with bungy cords and duct tape.

The police pulled me over at the top of Margate High Street and suggested it was about time it was fixed (Or words to that effect). And Having little money available, restoring an old Triumph wasn't really an option, so after much deliberation I sold it to a friends father for $\pounds 180$.

I knew I shouldn't have sold it, I regretted it almost immediately and for that price I should have just buried it away for a rainy day. A few months later and after a decent pay-rise on finishing my apprenticeship, a much bigger 750cc Triumph Bonneville became my next bike and I sort of forgot about that first Triumph. On the odd occasion when I did bump into my friends father, a lovely chap by the name of Conrad who I'd always got on well with and who had the most amazing garden full of sheds and cars in various stages of disrepair, I always offered to buy my old machine back, 'Oh no, I'll be starting work on that real soon' always came the reply - a situation that kept on for nearly three decades.

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It was in 2013 that I had a call from Conrads daughter to inform me that he'd sadly passed away - 'You know he would have wanted you to have your bike back, come and get it' she said. What a mixture of emotions.'Oh I'm so sorry, and yes, thank you so much' I'll come and see you soon'

I left it a month or so before turning up at their door. Amazingly the bike was where I'd left it 27 years earlier, even more amazing was that it was still registered in my name. Conrad had never reregistered it with the DVLA so it had sort of been mine all that time without me knowing. The engine even still turned over. A quick look round one of his other

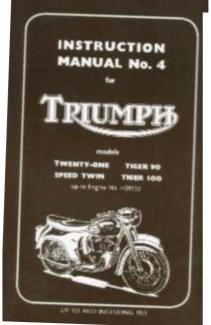
sheds turned up the oil-tank he'd taken off plus a couple of other bits and it was off home with my favourite old bike. It was like a reunion with an old friend.

tool

It wasn't long before the bike was in pieces and the restoration started. I wanted to get it back on the road as fast as I could. One good outcome of waiting 27 years was that because of the increase in value of these machines nowadays, there are more spare parts available now than when I bought it in the 1980s, this is because all sorts of items are now being re-manufactured for the increasingly popular classic car and bike industry.

The bike finally saw the light of day in 2014 - I won't be selling it again

I've also since bought another one which was in an equally bad state of disrepair and looked like it had spent a number of years in a chicken shed -I'm working on that at the mo



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Art Watch

We recently popped in to the New Kent Gallery in Albion Street to gaze at the moody and sombre architectural pieces by Patrick Wilkins that had caught our eye. Which got us to thinking it had been a while since we've featured a few artists.

Well to redress the artistic balance, here's some offerings from a few of the exhibitions recently held at that particular gallery, including the aforementioned bricks and mortar delights.

Pop in the gallery for more details of future events and exhibitions











Clockwise from Top right: Peter Saunders - Food Bottom right: Janie Grout - Cutlery Bottom Left: Lana Arkhi - Broadstairs Tea Middle Left: Patrick Wilkins - Nightclub Jitters Top Left: Patrick Wilkins - All Shook Up

ALL HAIL KING ARNOLD

'What's that you say'? 'Fairfax has gone missing - Well who on earth is going to inform and educate the readers of your magazine on all things historical and interesting'? 'Oh I see, you mean me then'.

Well that was one half of the conversation I had with the illustrious editor of this fine pamphlet. 'And how much will I be paid' I continued.

'I'll buy you a Gin next time I see you' came the reply; a reply I have become used to over the years and about as much chance of ever occurring as Boris Johnson announcing on live TV that 'Frankly I'd make a terrible PM'

'Let's go down town today' announced my ever so lovely wife of many years. It was a few Sundays back as I recall and yet again she'd decided that being a slave to her stomach the world may stop turning if she didn't have yet another Knickerbocker Glory from Morellis. My that girl can eat. After the third Coffee and a three scoop cone to go, it was finally decided to venture up the High Street whereupon we stopped to notice the great lack of building that once stood at the lower end housing 'Henrys' Electrical shop and 'Wimpy' restaurant. My first thought was where am I going to get film for my Polaroid camera now, my second was, perhaps I shouldn't share that first thought with anyone. A lot has happened since then....

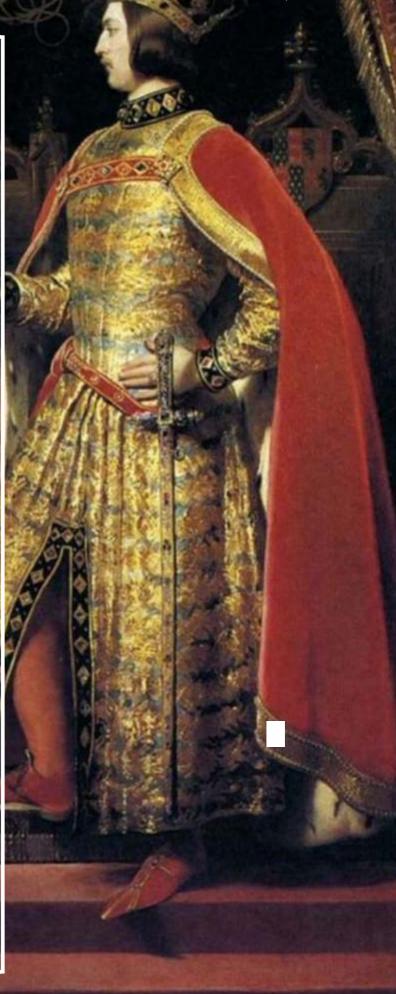
Many Broadie readers may remember the magazine reported the news that King Richard Third was discovered under a car-park in Leicester a few years back, oddly, right under a parking space with a large 'R' painted on it (for reserved).

Well news just in from our man in the field suggests that we may have our very own deceased monarch buried right here in Broadstairs.

There's been many great Kings and Queens of our fair realm from the Alfreds of burnt patisserie fame to the infamous Henrys with uneasy crowns and challenging marital records, however history tends to forget about the, how shall we put it - not so great monarchs. Who can forget Ethelred the Unready, a man who was always late for a pillage and is often best remembered for defecating in the font during his christening. Or Harold Harefoot, well known for his Hare-like foot apparently, or perhaps Edgar the Peaceable, who never really wanted any problems at all and was happy to stay in and play Jenga.

Local historian William Blastokovichsky has long been looking in to the little known and little loved 'king for a week' - Arnold the Nonchalant, a lacklustre chap who was quickly and unwisely crowned king and simply wandered off after a week and was never seen again. The only clue up to this point of his known destination was a twelfth century chronicle by Darren the Bold which suggested he'd announced to the court that he was off 'Down to Margit'

Arnold is said to have filled in the gap between King Harold getting an arrow in the head and the short reign of Edgar the Atheling before William the Bastard took control of the realm. Incidentally some 11th Century account suggests Harold was not only arrowed in the head but was also skewered in the chest, castrated, had his head cut off and intestines strewn about his body. This never made it to the tapestry as they worried that any children viewing it just wouldn't sleep. It must be noted that William only became 'The Conqueror' after



he successfully won the crown at 'Battle' near Hastings. William got the name 'The Bastard' as his father had a dalliance with a humble tanner's daughter, he was said to get a little tetchy about this particular nickname. In one incident during a castle siege his lineage was mocked by the inhabitants within after they hung animal hides over the ramparts and hurled abuse from above.

Now William enjoyed a joke as much as the next man..... However, on capturing the castle William took thirty two prisoners aside and had their hands and feet severed in full view of the gathered townsfolk, just for this one jolly jape; which frankly was enough to spoil the mood completely and put a downer on the whole event.

William Blastokovichsky's interest in our area was piqued after hearing news that a young labourer working on a project in Nelson Place, Broadstairs

discovered the bones of one man and a dog buried beneath the basement. On discovering a large Femur and turning a pale shade of Grey the labourer announced his find to startled staff at Victory News, they suggested that he give the local constabulary a call to find out what to do next. Police forensics turned up to investigate only to decide that the bones were so old that any wrong doing was worthless investigating poor dog.

Carbon dating showed that this could not have been the resting place William Blastokovichsky was looking for. Undeterred, William stayed on a week and continued his investigations in Broadstairs expecting to find news that Arnold had simply gone to France on one of those medieval daytrips to pick up some cheap Mead and missed the longboat back. However after a chance meeting in an alehouse with a local of some disrepute William followed the drunken tip off that led him to discover that the last know whereabouts of Arnold the Nonchalant was noneother than Broadstairs, or Bradstowe as it was then called.

The discovery came to light in a dusty corner of the library (next to the Bob Dylan CDs) within one of Broadstairs oldest books the 'Bradstonian

Velum Pages'. On page fifty six was the simple middle ages advert -'Need your hovel painting - just call Arnold the Nonchalant at number 8 High street, I might be in - I might not'

Was this our 'Can't be bothered' king for a week, lost in the annals of history only to be found nearly 1000 years later and perhaps buried beneath his home in the High Street?

William was sure this was his man. In an attempt to prove his theory and in a similar manner to how King Richard was discovered, William purchased a set of divining rods from www.findacorpse.com. and simply walked on to the run down site through the broken back gate late on a warm July evening.

'There was a definite convergence just by the old outside dunny' said William when I interviewed him. 'It had to be our long lost royal, but I was spooked by some rough sleepers just as I was about to start digging so I never found out, I marked the spot by spray painting a large 'A' where I thought he was located'

Whether or not King Arnold is buried beneath his old stomping ground is anybodies guess. Our heroic historian William will now be pursuing his dream of persuading the owners that the only option is to excavate the building site at the lower end of the High Street, in the hope that Arnold is interred somewhere beneath, perhaps still wearing a nonchalant frown on his decaying face.

Perhaps you've some local information about Arnold from a family manuscript.

Did he set himself up as a 11th Century home decorator? What were his prices like if he did?

Does this explain the naming of one of the first Broadstairs Metro locomotives 'The King Arnold'?

And why is it that no-one ever heard of this monarch of old before? It's almost like he's been totally made up!

The question must be asked though - does anyone care? Arnold probably wouldn't.

Bertie Makepeace

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Is this Arnold

depicted shrugging

in a scene on the

Bayeux Tapestry



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Mrs Wally's Autumnal feelgood food

I had hoped when I started working from home, I would have more time to cook and create lovely meals. How wrong could I be! I seemed to have far more time in the kitchen when I was working long hours and slogging through a daily commute. The problem is, I get myself engrossed in something fascinating like an entrepreneurial relief calculation and before I know it, it's 6pm and I've not even thought about dinner. In order to avoid rustling up another last-minute meal of pasta and something, I've started to make a

concerted effort to sling something in the oven on a low heat so I know there'll be something tasty and nutritious waiting for me when I finally get my head out of my tax books.

Wally's mum's chicken stew

Wally is very exacting about how this stew is made. I get a full run down of exactly how this differs from his mum's version every time this makes an appearance on the dinner table but finally, after 12 long years, I think I've cracked it!

You will need:

Two chicken legs per person, a medium swede, a couple of big potatoes, three or four large carrots, a couple of onions, a leek, a cup of pearl barley, a glass of white wine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of chicken stock (if you don't have any fresh, a stockpot is perfect), a tsp of mixed herbs, salt and pepper and a splosh of olive oil. For the dumplings; 100g selfraising flour (or 100g plain flour and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsps. Baking powder), 50g suet, salt and pepper and cold water to mix.

Prepare the veg by slicing the onions and leeks and dicing the swede and carrots into cubes about 2cm in size, dice the potatoes a bit bigger. Rinse the pearl barley.

Pre-heat the oven - gas mark 4 or 180c. Heat up the casserole dish on the hob on a medium heat and put the chicken legs in to brown, this should take a couple of minutes on each side. Remove chicken, add a splosh of olive oil and then the onions and stir to coat with oil. After a couple of minutes, the onions should be starting to go brown in places, at this point, add the glass of wine and give the dish a good stir to lift any tasty chicken bits from its base.

Turn the heat down a bit and stir the chopped veg and pearl barley into the pot, add the chicken stock and herbs and scatter the potatoes over the top. Lay the chicken legs on top of the veg and season with a liberal grind of salt and pepper. The stock should be lapping at the bottom of the chicken – if it's not quite there, add a little boiling water until it's at the right level. Put the lid on the casserole and pop it in the oven for an hour.

Once the stew is in the oven, mix the dry ingredients for the dumplings together ready to add the water and roll the dumplings once the hour is up. You should get eight small dumplings out of your mixture. Lift the chicken legs and put the dumplings into the veg mix before returning them to the top. If the pearl barley has absorbed a lot of the stock, add a little splash of boiling water. Return to the oven for another hour and Bob's your uncle – a lovely tasty stew with minimal effort.

Pauper's steak au poivre

We bought an eighth of a cow from one of Wally's farming friends this summer and I have found myself coming up with creative ways of using up an enormous amount of braising steak. This is a firm favourite which is really tasty without being too 'wintery' a dish – it's just right for autumn.

You will need:

Braising steak about 250g per person, a couple of roughly sliced onions, a couple of large cloves of garlic sliced quite chunkily, a pack of chestnut mushrooms halved, a tbsp. flour, lots and lots of freshly ground black pepper, a pint of beef stock, a small pot of double cream and a tbsp. of green peppercorns.

If the meat is in large slices cut into pieces about the size of the palm of your hand.

Grind the pepper – this bit will take a while, you need about a tsp of pepper to mix in with your flour.

Coat the meat in the flour liberally – make sure you get all the sides covered – and put on a plate.

Pre-heat the oven - gas mark 4 or 180c. Heat up the casserole dish on the hob on a medium heat and add a tbsp. of olive oil or dripping if you have a jar hanging about in the fridge. You need to brown the meat, do this bit by bit so you don't overcrowd the casserole dish before putting to one side.

Add the onions and garlic and stir to coat with fat before pouring over the stock and scraping the bottom of the dish to get all the tasty bits involved, stir the mushrooms in and return the meat to the dish.

Scatter over the green peppercorns and put it in the oven. Turn the oven down to gas mark 2 or 150c and leave it. After an hour and a half, have a peek – I usually fish out a peppercorn and assess how crunchy it is and assess the steak, you want it to be soft and yielding with no toughness at all.

Stir the cream in and return it to the oven for another half an hour or so. We have this with mashed potatoes and steamed kale. It's lovely.

Mrs Wally's top tip

6

collect your leek tops and trimmings from carrots and onions and use them to make your stock. It's a great way to make sure you're getting the most from all your lovely produce.

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EELSANDFINS EELSANDFINS

Wheels & Fins 2017

Well this year we pretty much had it all... Sun, cloud, rain, gales, rain, you name it we had it. Did it stop us? Hell no!! The 2017 edition of the Wheels and Fins Festival cruised to a whole new level as we introduced new venues, international competitions, massive headline artists and all this on a cliff top over looking the sea.

Although it's our 5th year it was our first paid ticketed event and as such it was always going to be a challenge and the weather didn't do us any favours... That said, over 3,000 action sports and music fans descended on Joss Bay over three days in September. They came to watch the UK Mini Ramps Champs, the UK Flatland BMX Champs, hang out on the beach and of course to watch some of the countries finest musicians!!

For those unaware, Wheels and Fins is an eclectic, boutique, action sports and music festival overlooking the ocean that takes place at Kent's beautiful Joss Bay (only an hour and a half from London) This year it was held on Friday 8th – Sunday 10th September.

DJ's and Bands this year included: Twin Atlantic, Reef, Wilkinson, Danny Howard, Mike Vallely & the New Arms, Icarus, Josh Parkinson, Jess Bays, Skinny Girl Diet, Steak, Danny Allen, Killing Giants, Meister, Deliciously Twisted and a whole host of others playing as the sun went down. Two incredible stages were erected and together with world class production from F1 Sound Co and Video Illusions the event was brought to life.

We were also stoked to be joined by none other than skate legend and Black Flag Frontman - Mike Vallely performing with his new band - Mike Vallely & the New Arms, a very exciting addition to this year's festival and for the UK skate scene in general!

Located in such a beautiful rural setting and overlooking the sea, W&F can truly boast that summery, laid back vibe and has firmly cemented its place as an intimate, independent coastal event most certainly not to be missed.

UK MINI RAMP CHAMPS: Wheels and Fins was delighted to host the 2017 UK Mini Ramps Champs for the first time this year. In addition the competition was live streamed via the Extreme channel around the world and currently has had over 1.9 million impressions on the Extreme platform alone. Amazing to be able to put Joss Bay on the map to a worldwide viewing audience. Equally stoked to be able to promote the UK skate scene especially as this year included some epic world class skating.

Sidewalk Magazine UK Mini Ramp Wheels and Fins UK Mini Ramp

UK Mini Ramp Champs Results as follows: 1st: Alex Hallford (UK Mini Ramp Champion) 2nd: Jordan Thackeray 3rd: Sam Pulley 4th: Trevor Johnson 5th: Carl Wilson



UK FLATLAND BMX CHAMPS: Equally as exciting was the UK Flatland BMX Championships once again for 2017. The event was an instant success with the crowd on its introduction to the festival in 2016 and brings you world class flatland BMX athletes battling it out for the UK title. These UK Champs were one of the first events penciled back in the diary for this year and some of the biggest names in the European scene came and competed including 2016 BMX Pro World Champion Dominik Nekolny flying in from the Czech Republic. Matti Hemmings 3 x Guinness World Record holder along with previous X Games competitor Effraim Catlow were judges.

Results as follows: 1st: Dominik Nekolny 2nd: Lee Musselwhite 3rd: Davis Dudelis

As well as the above main events their were a number of other events happening on the beach which included stand up paddle boarding technical workshops and races, Surf Life Saving Demo's and competitions and the Boombox Experiment where a number of nationally renowned DJ's kept the beach vibe going despite the best efforts of the weather. Needless to say the resolve of the festival-goer could not be broken.

Plans are already under way for Wheels and Fins 2018 7th – 9th September so get it in your diary as it's going to be another event not to be missed!! Dave Melmoth















Photos by: dannyburrowsphotography.com Dave Melmoth, David Kerr, Nathan Livingstone, Lewis Royden, Jerome Lougham, Peter Hasted



sea. To achieve this, a threefoot model of the Police Box was hung from a long wire attached to the underside of one of the two helicopters that had been hired for the filming, which was then slowly lowered down onto the surface of the water. The Doctor and his companions would then be seen making their way to the shore at Botany Bay in a dinghy powered by an outboard motor. Unfortunately, although both the boat and the motor were brought to the location, no one had thought to order the bracket that would connect one to the other, so the scene was changed, with Patrick Troughton rowing the boat to shore by hand, with the filming being watched by a growing crowd of locals who had found out that Doctor Who was being shot down on the beach.

DOCTOR WHO AND THE FURY FROM THE DEEP

In the July/August edition of The Broadie, the magazine included a fun Doctor Who-related photo-feature shot this summer down at Botany Bay, with a Tom Baker lookalike and one of his dreaded foes – a Cyberman. But I wonder how many readers remember when the BBC visited Botany Bay for real in 1968 to film scenes for a six-part Doctor Who story entitled 'Fury from the Deep', starring Patrick Troughton as the famous Time Lord?

Although Doctor Who is now produced in Cardiff, back then the programme's home was at the BBC studios in London, so when exterior filming locations were needed, they almost always tended to be within a few hours travelling distance of the capital. As such, Kent saw its fair share of alien invasions over the years with the deadly Axons landing in Dungeness, The Master bringing a mind parasite to Dover Castle and RAF Manston, Solonian Mutants inhabiting caves in both Strood and Bluewater and disaster of Earth-splitting proportions occurring in (of all places) Hoo!

But over three dates during a very cold February in 1968, Doctor Who came to the beach and clifftops around Botany Bay and Palm Bay for a story that involved a mind-altering parasitic seaweed that threatened the control centre of England's North Sea gas supply. With the cast and crew staying at the Nayland Rock Hotel in Margate, work began on Sunday 4th February filming the opening scenes of the story, with the production team stationed around the old coastguard lookout point. The original intention was to have the TARDIS land rather precariously on the clifftops, with the Doctor and his friends abseiling out of the doors and down to the beach but this idea was abandoned in the planning stages for something equally unusual – having the TARDIS land on the The following day, the action moved further up the beach towards Foreness Point, at the bottom of the cliffs, close to the coastguard lookout. It was here that scenes were shot around a large prop gas pipeline that rose from the beach and into the cliffs. In the scene, the Doctor was meant to open up and examine an instrument inspection box on top of the gas line using his, now famous, sonic screwdriver. This scene would mark the first time that the prop would be seen on-screen but when they came to rehearse the sequence, Patrick Troughton's hands had become so cold that he accidentally dropped the screwdriver through a gap into the fake pipework. Unable to get it out without dismantling everything, they had to improvise the prop, evidently by using one of the Acme safety whistles that were attached to the lifejackets they were wearing!

The choice of the Thanet location also proved advantageous as it helped to fulfil another of the story's requirements – that of an off-shore structure to represent one of the North Sea gas rigs. With filming out on a real rig impractical, it was decided to make use of the Maunsell sea fort at Red Sands, out in the Thames estuary. The fort had been the home to pirate radio station Radio 390 (which had only shut down six month

been used as a filming location for Patrick McGoohan's Danger Man series two years earlier, for an episode entitled 'Not So Jolly Roger'.

In the story, the Doctor and Jamie (Frazer Hines) have to fly out to the central gas rig when Victoria (Deborah Watling) is kidnapped. Troughton however, refused point-blank to go up in the helicopter, so the scenes of him flying the vehicle were shot from a low angle on the clifftop with the rotors spinning round to help create the illusion of flight.







Later on, the Doctor has to make an emergency escape from the rig, his unfamiliarity with flying a helicopter sees him swooping and diving between the legs of the fort. These stunts were performed by experienced pilot, Captain Mike Smith from Gregory Air Services, the company that provided the two aircraft. Smith, who rather alarmed the cast and crew at the Nayland Rock with his party trick of eating a wine glass, rapidly became known as "Mad Mike" during the production, as the Production Assistant, Michael Briant recalled: "Flying between the legs of the fort was madness. Very, very dangerous and totally against aviation laws. Mike told me later that it was probably the most dangerous thing he'd ever done in his life. But having completed everything they needed. Mike was on a real adrenaline high, so we finished filming for the day and went back to Margate. Mike came into the hotel, which had a beautiful chandelier in the middle of the ceiling and he ordered a bottle of brandy and a crate of champagne and he said 'Come on, we're going to celebrate the achievement of flying a 20-foot wingspan helicopter through a 30-foot gap!' It was a great evening. There was lots of laughter and lots of fun, but we were all getting quite high on this mixture of brandy and champagne. He then said to me, You know, Michael, there's something I've never done. I've never swung like Errol Flynn from a chandelier. Watch me!' And so he leapt up on the table, jumped in the air, grabbed the chandelier, swung across the room and the chandelier came out of the ceiling! There was Mike, sitting in the middle of the floor, covered in white plaster."

The final day of filming proved a difficult one for actress, June Murphy, as she recorded the scenes for one of the famous Doctor Who cliffhangers that marked the end of each episode. In the story, Murphy's character, Maggie Harris, is possessed by the seaweed and walks from the shore, into and under the rolling waves – no mean feat in the freezing February temperatures that the filming was conducted in. This was especially so when it was realised that the shoreline didn't slope quite as dramatically into the sea as originally hoped, as the director, the late Hugh David recalled: "I said, 'Just keep walking until you disappear'. Behind me was the helicopter and there was a hot bath already drawn in the hotel and we'd arranged for her to be landed just outside. So she started off and I was expecting it to go down, but it just went on and on and after what seemed like half a mile she was only a foot under! So I had to shout to her to go down on her knees and then on her hands and knees with just her head sticking up, otherwise we'd never have done it. So it took very much longer than it should have done. But she did it, we got her out and she was in the bath within two and a half minutes."

Sadly, little remains now of this story in the BBC archives other than a handful of photographs and a few short clips, but in the next issue of the Doctor Who magazine I edit entitled Nothing at the End of the Lane (www.endofthelane.co.uk), I'll be including a feature about the location filming that was done at Botany Bay and Palm Bay in 1968, based on some of the original production paperwork that's recently come to light after nearly 50 years. If you or any of your family or friends were there and especially if took any photographs or cine film of the events back then, then please do get in touch. You can reach me at richard@endofthelane.co.uk

Richard Bignell

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We've had our allotment for nearly a year now and although we didn't manage to start working on it until late winter we're loving it and making some headway although I think it'll be a couple of years until we get it anywhere near how we want it.

It's a lovely feeling unlocking the gate and walking into what feels like a completely different world.

We feel very much like the new kids at school and slowly walk past everybody else's plot with serious allotment envy at the beautiful rows of cabbages and perfect runner been constructions.

We've had some successes and some dismal failures but we're learning all the time and there's always an expert on hand with advice. Everybody we've asked has been so helpful and along with the help there's usually a spare lettuce or some baby plants.

I can't think how we spent early summer mornings before we sat on our bench drinking flask tea and discussing what was going where and who we could see and what was doing well and being sad about what wasn't.

There's a lovely stillness there and mostly all you can hear are birds and buzzing from the bees with occasional chatter and laughter, there's a lot of laughter. There's quite a bit of hammering now and again and you try and guess who's doing what. It's probably an extension to a shed with some useful bit of wood somebody has found or a fence repair. Recently there have been a couple of new chicken coops which have been quite exciting to see progress and even better when they are occupied and add to the gentle background noise. I'd love it if our shed was bigger and our plot was all smart and beautifully kept but we haven't had the time to get to that delicious point, there always seems to be massive amounts of weeding and digging and ground to clear etc...one day.

Tilly "You don't like animals do you?"

Me "Yes I do, why do you think that?'

Tilly "You hate slugs and snails and pigeons and squirrels and seagulls and caterpillars and butterflies $\ldots\ldots$ "

We have had every infestation and although we started in a very live and let live way, after the slugs ate 96 beetroot seedling in one night, the Buddhist in me left the room.

We now do battle with everything and have an array of home made concoctions and tools to fight back. We have been losing against the white fly but after reading an old gardening book I think we may be winning. It did suggest we use yellow card covered in grease to attract them and then catch them but it just seemed to attract them but now with a mixture of garlic and oil and pure soap, fingers crossed we might get some of the brassicas ourselves rather than let the flies suck them to death.

I replanted the beetroot and had an amazing crop, ended up a bit like Letitia Croppley from Vicar of Dibley with beetroot in everything and now have several big jars of it pickled.

Charity Fun Vintage Cat Walk

The Vintage Wardrobe, 74 High Street Broadstairs is raising valuable funds for Thanet Cat Club on Sunday 26th November 3pm at Crampton Tower Museum, The Broadway, Broadstairs.CT10 2AB

Come along to Crampton Tower and enjoy an eclectic collection of vintage and other beautiful clothing.

Find out how to wear contemporary clothing to gain a vintage look without breaking the bank balance!!

Vintage Café selling fabulous tea, coffee and cakes (free juice and biscuits for the kids)

Vintage clothing and lovelies available to buy

Wonderful ideas for Christmas presents

Thanet Club is a charity that provides a Re-homing centre for abandoned and unwanted cats. Volunteers work tirelessly to find forever homes for all cats that come to the centre. Unfortunately there are always vet bills as well as other necessary costs to meet which is why we are always looking for ways to raise money. (adverts for our cats are accessed through catchat.org-Thanet Cat Club)

Call 01843 863418 / 07877 452 257 to book a place. Tickets cost £5 per person (children go free)



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The Birth of BroadstairsLit

By Jane Wenham-Jones

Authors, I can safely say, – I have just completed my eighth book – are a strange lot.

I wouldn't go so far as to suggest co-ordinating a bunch of them is like herding cats, but I do know that the amount of sweat, tears, planning and management behind a successful literary festival is HUGE. What with juggling writers and punters and venues and interviewers and transport arrangements and cancelled trains, there is plenty of scope for a slip twixt booking and finally appearing on stage. I am used to arriving at the various, brilliantly-organised festivals at which I interview, to find their directors with a slightly wild look in their eyes, so when someone first ventured the words "A Literary Festival for Broadstairs?", my first thought was not: "How splendid, may I run it?" But, quite frankly, to sprint for the hills.

Yet here we are! BroadstairsLit has been born, thumped on the back and brought into the world with suitably lusty cries. Its cunning USP is that it does not take place over a fortnight, a week or even a weekend – but is a series of individual literary-inspired events put on all year round. This still takes a fair amount of planning, of course, but with one occasion at a time to focus on, and a volunteer working group blessed with the human dynamo that is Denise Martin-Harker and the super-efficient Lee and Jacqui Wellbrook, no-one's had a breakdown yet.

Instead, thoroughly enthused, we've been putting out the word to a string of big names, citing the seaside venues – thank you Thorley Taverns and The Yarrow Hotel - and not-for-profit goodness of evenings out where you will not only hear sparkling conversation with the top names from the publishing world but very probably get a glass of Prosecco thrust into your hands. "Will anybody come?" one well-known novelist asks. Yes, I am able to assure her, they most certainly will!

One hundred and eighty eager Archers fans rolled up to the Broadstairs Pavilion to hear scriptwriter Keri Davies and actors Annabelle Dowler (Kirsty Miller) and Trevor Harrison (Eddie Grundy) talk about life behind the scenes at the long-running radio soap. A hundred and ten enjoyed a cream tea in front of Hallie Rubenhold and Lucinda Hawksley, as they discussed the hags and harlots in the backstreets of 18th century London and who influenced Charles Dickens (known as great, great, great Granddad to Lucinda!). Our next event, a charity evening in aid of the Broadstairs Town Shed starring BAFTA-nominated actor Johnny Harris together with cast member Michael Smiley, in a Q & A and showing of his Britfilm Jawbone (Ray Winstone and Ian McShane also star) - on 29th October, sold out within days of its announcement. Tickets for Sir Tony Robinson are not yet on sale but we have a list of Baldrick fans asking to reserve them. (If you join the loyalty scheme you'll always get first dibs.)

We have all been touched by the number of people expressing their pleasure at the new venture and pledging their support. It seems there's a real appetite here for literary and arts events. And with Peter James, Hunter Davies and Miriam Margolyes among the line up for 2018, there should be something for everyone. All through the year...

What's next from BroadstairsLit:

January 28th – Storytelling at The Yarrow Hotel. An open mic event for anyone with an original story to tell. Come along and join in!

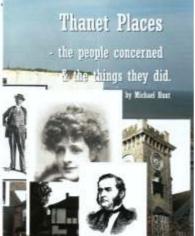
February 16th The Perfect Match. Proscecco and chocolates with bestselling romantic novelists Katie Fforde and Jo Thomas in conversation at the Yarrow Hotel.

March 10th No Cunning Plan. Sir Tony Robinson at the Broadstairs Pavilion. (I get to interview – I can't wait!) For full details on all events and to sign up for our newsletter visit www.broadstairslit.co.uk or find us on facebook and twitter.

What did they get up to?

Local historian Michael Hunt's latest book, Thanet Places – the People Concerned & the Things They Did, supplies exactly what it says on the cover.

'Not the snappiest of titles' Michael admits, 'but it tells you what you're getting: descriptions of some of Thanet's fascinating (if lesserknown) private and public buildings, monuments and once-open spaces; together with the stories of those associated with them - those who built, lived in, or merely visited them - so contributing their own histories to an area already steeped in history. Most of the places described are still there for the reader to discover for themselves. Some have gone but have left their mark on the landscape or memory. Royalty, politicians, scientists, artists and criminals have invested these places with a legacy sometimes inspiring, sometimes chilling. Ghosts walk corridors. Walled-up lovers protest their innocence. Naval heroics, financial chicanery and industrial philanthropy have contributed in their different ways to the Thanet we know today. Who was the millionaire too mean to have his house connected to the town's sewers? Whose butler committed suicide within hours of returning to London from Broadstairs? What temporal and astronomical factor connects Ramsgate with Greenwich? What links cowgirl Annie Oakley with Ellington? Why build a railway station and then run no trains? These and other questions are tackled, and largely answered, within the pages of Thanet Places - the





People Concerned & the Things They Did by Michael Hunt, published by and available from Michaels Bookshop, 72 King Street, Ramsgate; price £9.99.

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News from the Town Council

As the nights draw in...

The autumn is my personal favourite time of the year, harvest is over (my husband is farmer!) and the nights start to draw in. It also seems like a time for new projects to commence, the schools have gone back and the Christmas festivities are still a little way off, an important time at Broadstairs & St. Peter's Town Council.

Friday the 22nd September saw the end of the consultation on the Neighbourhood Plan Issues and Options report, we have had a fantastic response with a large number of written responses. We also worked hard delivering consultation events across the town over the summer, attending the Water Gala enabled us to meet and talk to a large number of residents about their ideas for the town and we also held a walk about around the town. Unfortunately this wasn't as successful largely due to the monsoon style rain that was encountered! However, I will forever be grateful for the Town Shedders for taking pity on me and allowing me to shelter from the rain, the tea and cake was pretty good too!

The Town Council is continuing with the Community Asset Transfer of Pierremont Hall and Retort House from Thanet District Council, project managers have been working hard drawing up plans for the refurbishment of both buildings, with the refurbishment of the sports facilities at Retort House being top priority. Please keep your eyes peeled on the Town Council's website and social media for updates on progress.

In addition to the major projects being run by the Town Council the day job continues and it seems timely to mention the Town Council allotments in this autumn edition of the Broadie Magazine. All of the allotment holders have been hard at work over the summer and the Town Council has been investing in the allotments, new notice boards, tidying-up sites, making repairs and ensuring that all plots are utilised to their best ability. If you are on the waiting list, we are working hard to reduce waiting times and we will continue to keep you updated. A final mention on the events organised and funded by the Town Council, the Punch and Judy show on Viking Bay was very popular over the summer, and I am informed is now one of only four shows in the entire UK.

The 5th November fireworks are always very popular and this year should be no exception, the firing time for the fireworks will be at 8pm. Keep your eyes peeled for posters and social media updates regarding the event.

Town Clerk : Danielle Dunn MRTPI Broadstairs & St Peter's Town Council Young people often get a fair amount of stick for often ill-perceived reasons, so it's great to see two recent (ish) events which showed them at their very best. We'd loved to have turned up to the invite we had at Charles Dickens School, but were unfortunately busy at the time - I'm sure many other locals would turn up to see such events if they became ticketed and what a great way to break down the gap between the young and old

These articles just missed the deadline for the last issue so it's a bit old news but still great to see what our local schools are getting up to.

Broadstairs Folk Week Young Tradition Award

Last year, following a discussion about finding ways to keep folk traditions alive amongst our young people, I launched a Young Tradition Award scheme in our local secondary schools. I invited all of the islands secondary schools to have their own folk award within their school, awarding it as best befitted their school: a competition; the best folk performance of the year.... The hope was that it would raise the

awareness of folk music and dance in schools. Who remembers 'Singing Together' (where I learnt many folk songs) and country and maypole dancing in the school hall? This was not what I wanted to resurrect, rather to make folk music 'cool in school'!

Six schools took up the offer and were duly given a shield to keep that would be awarded each year to their winner/s. I emphasised that the performances could be in song, music or dance from any folk tradition; it did not have to be British. In the end only four schools managed to award their shield, although King Ethelbert's is keen to take part next year. Dane Court Grammar School, Chatham and Clarendon Grammar School, Royal Harbour Academy and St Lawrence College all awarded their shield to worthy winners who will receive their own trophy to

keep – the shield remaining at the respective schools for subsequent years. I would like to thank, most sincerely, Frances Turner and Geoff Turner who have sponsored Chatham and Clarendon, and Royal Harbour schools respectively. If anyone else would like to sponsor a school it would be wonderful, not least because it would enable me to open it up to



Reuben James-Gilbert



Tiffany and Amanda Gillies

more schools. It is very costly for me to sponsor all of the other shields and trophies although they outlay for each is not vast (£65 for the initial shield for the school and thereafter less than £10 for the recipient's trophy). Please contact me if you want more details or if you are a local school teacher who feels that they would like their school to join in the scheme.

This year's winners are as follows:

Tiffany and Amilia Gillies - St Lawrence College Reuben-James Gilbert – Dane Court Grammar School Bethan Fahy - Chatham and Clarendon Grammar School Eloise Musset from Royal Harbour Academy Sue Flory – sue@sueflory.co.uk

Charles Dickens Arts Festival

At the end of term, the School hosted its' second Arts Festival, the brain child of special guest, and former teacher at the School, Mr Dave Oldcorn.

Drama hosted performances of a moving excerpt from their GCSE exam piece "Beyond the Death Gates" which captivated guests including the Mayor and Mayoress of Broadstairs, St Peter's, Councillor Peter and Mrs Frances Shaw, Sir Roger Gale MP along with visitors from the Turner Contemporary and East Kent College. The dramatisation was based on Auschwitz survivors.

Dance students performed a variety of solo, duet and ensemble pieces from students and during the main reception guests were entertained by Y11 Music students whilst sampling the colourful canapes produced and served by those Y10 studying Food Technology.

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Outstanding work from Year 11 students in art, design technology and graphics was on display and the School's VI Unit also opened its doors to demonstrate the equipment it uses to aid the learning of it's visually impaired students. The ever popular Guide Dogs for the Blind were also in school talking to visitors about the work that they do. Further into the School and Visually Impaired Archery was

demonstrated by Lewis March. An adapted arrow with a marker on the quill helps the archer with his aim. The skill

displayed by Lewis was exceptional. Grateful thanks go to our sponsors Fire Technology International, Brown & Mason, Tesco, Asda and the School's own P.F.A

for their kind sponsorship of this event, and also thanks to staff, students and parents for their continuing support.





Page 30 The Broadie

21 Oct 19:00 VERDI'S REQUIEM performed by The Merry Opera Company £17 St Peter's Church, Hopeville Ave 01843 863701



24 Oct 19:30 28 Nov 19:30 Great Broadstairs Bake Off Bessie's Tea Parlour 45 Albion Street 01843 862559

27 Oct 14:30-16:30 Broadstairs & St Peter's Chamber of Commerce HALLOWEEN TRAIL Around the High Street & surrounding roads 07925 18505 All sold out

29 Oct 15:00-18:00 Broadstairs & St Peter's Chamber of Commerce HALLOWEEN PARTY Broadstairs Pavilion Tickets £3, children must be accompanied by an adult, both children and adults must have tickets 07925 185052

7 Nov 19:30-21:30 Broadstairs & St Peter's Art Group MONTHLY MEETING Holy Trinity Church Nelson Place 01843 848016



9 Nov 19:30 STITCH 'N BITCH with the Crafty Broads all crafters welcome Bessie's Tea Parlour 45 Albion Street 01843 862559 11 Nov 09:45-11:15 ST PETER'S CHURCH WW1 GRAVES TOUR St Peter's Church, Hopeville Avenue Advance booking essential 01843 868646

11 Nov 09:45-11:15 ST PETER'S CHURCH WW11 GRAVES TOUR St Peter's Church, Hopeville Avenue Advance booking essential 01843 868646

12 Nov 09:30-13:30 10 Dec 09:30-13:30 THANET FARMERS MARKET St George's School, Westwood Rd

13 Nov 19:00-21:00 Isle of Thanet Archaeological Society THE HOODEN HORSE FOLK TRADITION OR PAGAN SURVIVAL? Crampton Tower Museum, The Broadway 01843 603536

17 Nov 19:30 JEROME SADLER - PIANO & JAMES COOK - VIOLA present music by Beethoven, Schubert & Messiaen York St Methodist Church Tickets £5 01843 864969

18 & 19 November Sat 10am-5pm & Sun 10am -4pm BROADSTAIRS MODEL RAILWAY EXHIBITION St George's School, Westwood Rd 01843 835587

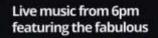
10 Dec 14:30 Thanet Male Voice Choir present their CHARITY CAROL CONCERT Holy Trinity Church, Nelson Place 01843 844625

2 Dec 11:30-18:00 Light switch-on at 5 pm Broadstairs & St Peter's Chamber of Commerce CHRISTMAS FAYRE & LIGHT SWITCH-ON

A traditional Christmas Fayre with Christmas themed stalls, choirs, entertainment and the turning on of the Xmas tree lights. Santa will once again be in his magical grotto. Pierremont Park Broadstairs & St Peters Town Council ciation with Broadstairs Firework Events pr

November 5th Family Fireworks

Children's funfair rides Hot & Cold food, on Victoria Gardens and the bandstand café. Glow Novelties.



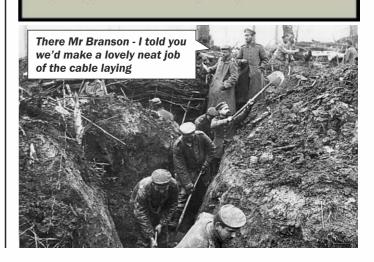
This Little Girl



For up to date information: F Broadstains Firework Events F Broadstains & St Peters Town www.broadstainsfireworks.co.uk www.broadstains.gov.uk Events are subject to change or cancellation. Strictly no unauthorised tradem Therefore informe is object to superformation.



Ten years ago it would have been just me, you and Edna Blewitt.



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