

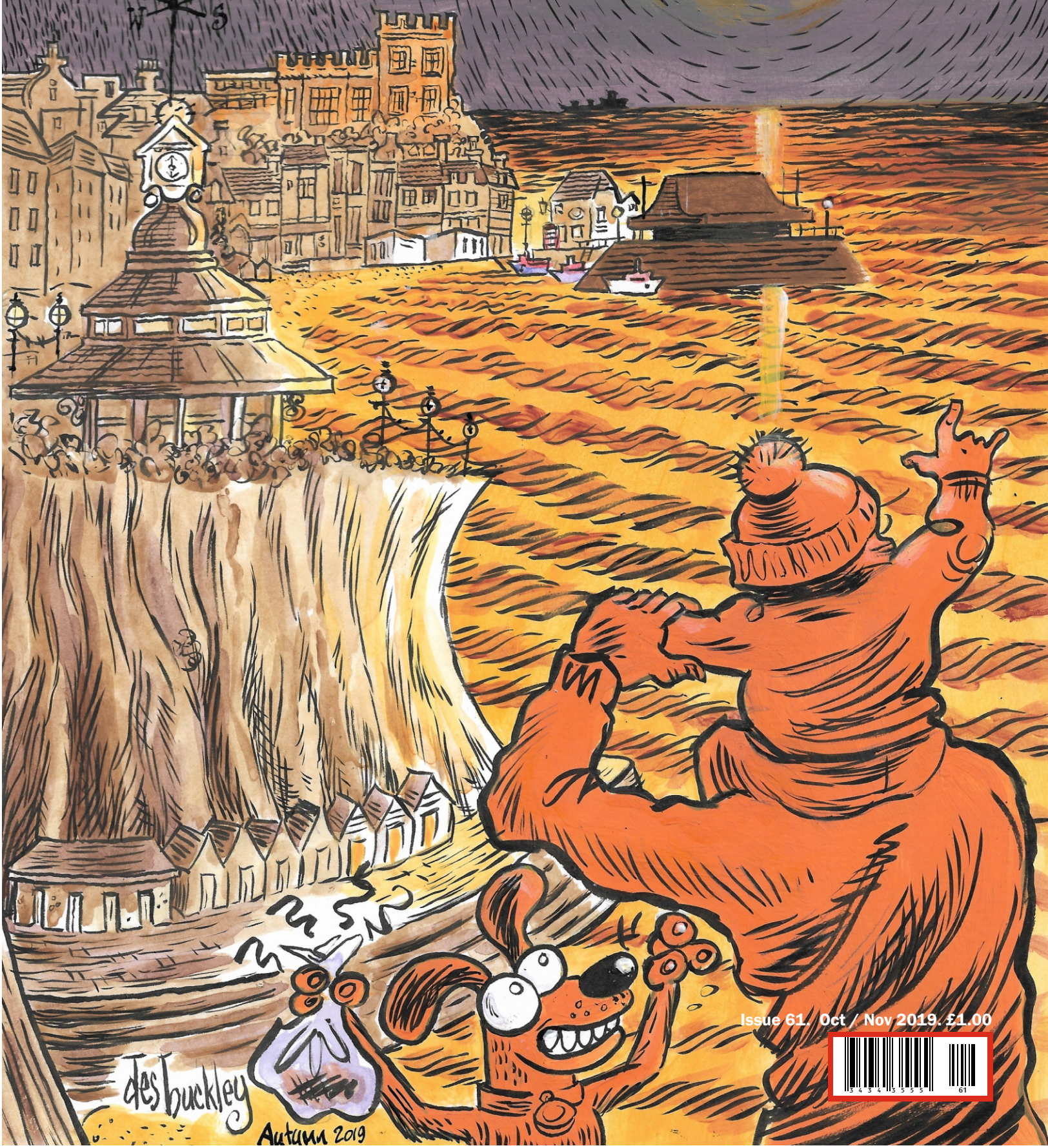
TRICK OR TREAT TRAIL
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THE UPS AND DOWNS OF IT



THE Broadie

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Issue 61. Oct / Nov 2019. £1.00



des buckley

Autumn 2019

What Pier?

I was glad to see that the rescue of the young people in the high seas was so successful, and congratulations to all those who took part. I am afraid (?) that as I am a pedant from pedant stock, I must point out that Broadstairs has a jetty and not a pier, an error made by others

as well as yourselves. I appreciate that your headline 'The Perils of the Pier' had a punch to it, and that 'Jeopardy at the Jetty' might not be such an attention grabber. I see that the error is also perpetuated in other parts of your publication. I hope that this is of help to you and please feel free to contact me if you wish for further assistance, I am very old and I like to feel useful.

Susan Fairbrace
Broadstairs

Messages from St Peters

"The message from St Peters residents is loud and clear: 'We welcome Boris Johnson's refreshing and positive approach to Brexit and just want the Government to get on with leaving- no if's no but's, no excuses.' I second that." said Craig Mackinlay after his pre ticketed 'Public' meeting in St Peters in early October.

Fair play to the man, he didn't shuffle about or even laugh once when he said it.

Kevin.
St Peters

Cheers for the Beers

I was counting our blessings here in Broadstairs and my thoughts turned to beer (as it does).

I wrote a little ditty and wondered if it might be of any interest to you if you need to fill a small hole in the Broadie.

If not, no problem.

Regards, Linda

In Praise of Broadstairs Pubs

Where once I used the Rose and The Nelson in the town,
I have to socialise elsewhere now that they have closed down.

All things go in phases and new hostelries arise.

The sites where once I supped a pint now have quite different lives.

We're lucky here in Broadstairs as Micropubs abound.

They add to the great pleasure of established drinking grounds.

Pubs closed but more have opened.

I raise a glass. Say "Cheers!"

and salute all our publicans and their delicious beers.



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Pop along for a pint at the Pop-Up.

Des Buckey is the latest artist to appear at The Four Candles Micro Pub on the corner of Sowell Street - a new initiative by landlord Mike Beaumont. Des took over from the first exhibitor & colleague Royston Robertson. Digiprints with frames are on Sale for £50 (inc. £5 towards a local Charity).

Wouldn't you know it?

Only last week I told my husband to sort his shed out and "Throw away all those tins of screws and six inch nails that you'll never use" He spent six hours out there last Tuesday sorting out his bits and pieces and magazine collection and a tidy shed ensued.

Wouldn't you know it, two days later our son came round to announce that he'd just started a new job as an Indian mystic and needed some ironmongery to make a bed of nails.

Do any of your readers have any similar shed based stories?

Maud Guinness
Broadstairs



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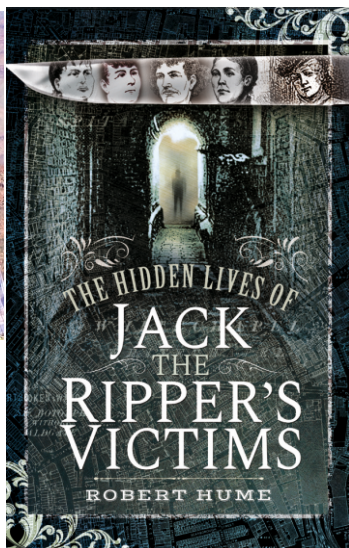
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Broadie Books (Part 2)

Shedding light on the
obscure lives of Jack the
Ripper's victims

In his new book *The
Hidden Lives of Jack the
Ripper's Victims* (Pen &
Sword 30 September),
writer and former
Clarendon House teacher
Robert Hume turns the
spotlight away from the killer to focus on the
women killed. London's most famous serial killer
has been pored over time and time again, but the
lives of the victims before they reached
Whitechapel have been glossed over, the women
simply labelled as 'prostitutes'. "It is time their
stories are told", says Robert.

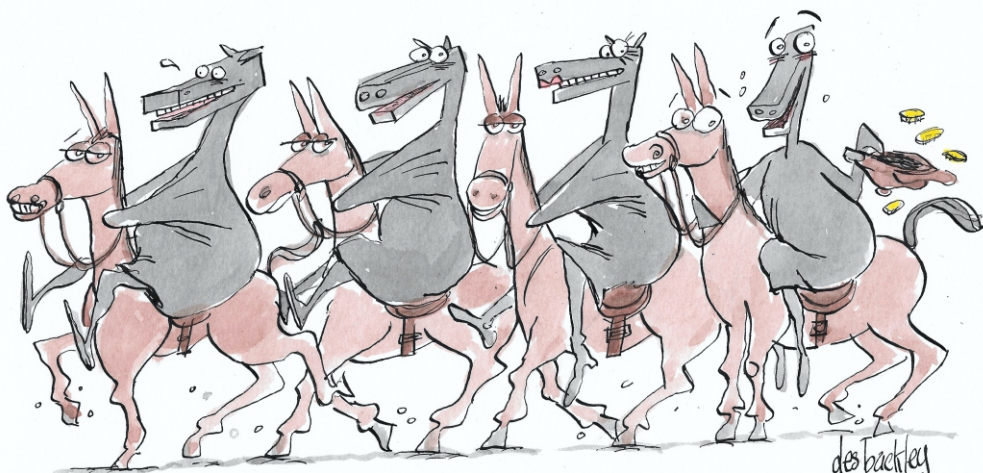


How close can you get in Thanet?



Spotted this summer: Mr Paul Headley, showing off his
answer to the curse of the non-recyclable plastic bag

The Four Hooten Horses of the Apocalypse



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Crackle...

Pop...

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2019

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JAMES GEORGE MARSH 1848 – 1903

Thanks to Debbie Town for being observant, curious and caring enough to investigate this memorial and pass what she found on to us.

Even when you know where it is, it's difficult to read what it says, partly because the text is small but mainly because it's way up high and very dirty.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF J.G.MARSH
WHO IN A BRAVE ENDEAVOUR TO SAVE THE
LIFE OF ANOTHER
LOST HIS OWN SEPTEMBER 21st 1903
THIS CLOCK WAS ERECTED BY PUBLIC
SUBSCRIPTION

James George Marsh was born in Canterbury in 1848. He married Emma Hogbin (1847 – 1934), daughter of John Hogbin and Phoebe Sackett in 1869. In 1891 they lived at 7 & 8 Clarendon Road, St Peter's. He was listed on the census as a bathing machine proprietor and living with their children Emma (17), Edith Mary (13), Kate Florence (12), Oliver William (9), Hector Charles (8), Flora Alice (7), and Donald (5). Emma died on 17 May 1934 at which time she was living at Jamesville Crow Hill.

From The Times (London) on
22 September 1903

DOUBLE BATHING ACCIDENT

Yesterday afternoon in Broadstairs a gentleman named A.J. Newman of the firm of Newman and Sons, tanners of Kettering, got into difficulties while bathing some little distance from the shore, and Mr J.D. Marsh proprietor of the bathing machines, gallantly swam out to his rescue. He reached him and turned him towards the shore, but became exhausted, and both were eventually landed by a boat in a lifeless condition. Artificial respiration was tried for an hour with no avail. Mr Marsh was well-known in the neighbourhood. Mr Newman had the reputation of being a good swimmer, but lately had suffered indifferent health. He was captain of the Kettering Wanderers Cricket Club

Funeral of Mr James George MARSH
Broadstairs 1903
Broadstairs and St Peter's Mail

2nd October 1903

The Funeral of Mr J G MARSH Attended with every mark of respect and sympathy on the part of the inhabitants and visitors of Broadstairs, the funeral of Mr J G MARSH, who so nobly gave up his life in an effort to rescue a fellow creature, took place on Saturday. Business premises were shuttered, flags flew at half mast high and sorrowing townsfolk lined the streets as the sad procession wended its way from the residence at Crow Hill to St Peter's Churchyard. Upon the coffin were two wreaths of the family, a laurel wreath and an anchor. The many other floral tributes were conveyed in a trap, drawn by the deceased's favourite pony. The service at the Cemetery was conducted by Mr Alfred Holness of Paternoster Row, London and Mr Aucott (of Margate). The form of burial service was that of the Plymouth Brethren, of which community Mr MARSH was a member. A large concourse of sympathetic spectators,, including many prominent residents and visitors, followed the long and interesting service with quiet and reverent attention. Wreaths Amongst the any beautiful floral emblems were tributes from Mrs J G MARSH and family, Mr and Mrs W H MARSH, Mr and Mrs J Newman, Dr and Mrs F Norman, the Staff at the Grand Hotel (Broadstairs), Broadstairs Pier and Harbour Commissioners, Broadstairs National Schoolboys, Mr G Harold Woodward, Mrs Muscott, Daisy and Jack, Mr and Mrs T Wilson and family, Miss M Fraser, Mrs T Ridout, Mr B E Springett "E" Group, Central Office London, Mr and Mrs W Long, Mr and Mrs Howel

l and family, Mr and Mrs John Hogbin, Miss Fletcher and Mr and Mrs H Hogbin.



The funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr G Blackburn, Broadstairs. Suzannah Foad

It seems obvious that James Marsh was well known and respected and it seems a shame that his memorial is not in a more prominent position and better cared for after such a self sacrificing action.

The plaque is currently above the Ladies Public toilets at the bottom of Harbour Street which at the time of the accident was changing rooms for bathing and we think owned by Mr Marsh.

It has taken quite some time finding the clock but after several hours of searching through old photos in books and online we found it. Debbie found it first and then we found more and more pictures of it with the plaque under it. Unfortunately we aren't able to reproduce any of them here as they are all copyrighted but would love to be able to if somebody has one we can use. Whilst the original clock is long gone, the replacement is now hung on the ship-lapped boathouse on the jetty.



Bathing Machines

It is widely thought that Benjamin Beale developed the first bathing machine in 1750 in Margate but there is some debate because there is an engraving in Scarborough Public Library dated 1735 showing bathing machines. It is more likely that Beale added the modesty hood which made sea bathing more accessible to those of more timid susceptibilities because most people bathed without any clothes at all. The machines stayed in use all over the country until the turn of the 19th century

when they tended to become a static changing machine for sea bathers, now that bathing costumes were more widely available and worn.

Queens Victoria's personal bathing machine on the Isle of Wight was reported to be highly ornate in which she used for sea bathing but also to sit and draw.

After James Marsh's death we know his wife and son Oliver continued with his bathing machine business, latterly keeping the machines on the beach for changing. They had 48 machines at one time.

This is a piece in a visitor's guide from the year of his death 1903:

Bathing Establishments **Mr Marsh: Bathing Machine Proprietor**

Visitors to the various seaside resorts on the south and south-east coast experience wide differences in the comfort and cleanliness of the bathing machines in different places. In Broadstairs Mr Marsh has, for the past twenty years, shown commendable enterprise in this line, and has spared no trouble to provide in every possible way for the comfort and convenience of his numerous patrons, for his name and reputation have become well known to visitors. The machines themselves are well constructed, and fitted up with every convenience that any bather is likely to require, and they are kept beautifully clean and attractive. Mr Marsh owns a large number of machines completely appointed in first class style, both for ladies and gentlemen, and either as regards toilet accommodation or the scrupulous cleanliness of all accessories, they are not surpassed anywhere along the coast.

In this connection we can assure our readers that we know it to be a fact that all towel and bathing costumes are thoroughly boiled and washed, and rendered in every way sanitary, after every time of using. We have personally inspected Mr Marsh's large premises on Crow Hill, where these operations are carried out, and have noted the careful manner in which every article is treated. Mr Marsh is, in fact most particular in this respect, as the odour and perfect cleanliness of towels and dresses amply testify. In old days when the boys brought down cargoes of Londoners to Margate there were no bathing machines, the bathers instead, being led out into the water by attendants, who ducked them and mopped them about in the waves, but the present arrangements are much more satisfactory in every way, and one of the notable features of Mr Marsh's establishment is the civility of his attendants.

From 'The Petrified Haystack of Broadstairs' by Bob Simmonds
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Auto-shopping

Workers at the Broadstairs Tesco branch were recently subject to a number of staff cuts after Tesco announced up to 4500 job losses across 153 of its High Street and Metro stores.

In a statement on its website, Tesco said the job cuts were part of an effort to "Simplify and reduce processes and administrative tasks" across all of its Metro stores.

"The Metro format was originally designed for larger, weekly shops, but today nearly 70% of customers use them as convenience stores, buying food for that day."

Whether this means we will shortly be seeing a move towards less staffed checkouts in the Broadstairs High Street branch and an increase in the blight of the self service checkout remains to be seen, but you can bet your bagging area that Tesco's will doubtless be looking at all cost cutting measures, of which cashiers salaries is surely a large part.

The big named supermarkets have largely shied away from admitting that Self Service tills make cashiers redundant and suggest that staff are thereafter redeployed into different retail areas such as heightened customer service, but it would rather defy business logic to think retailers will keep on all of the estimated 200,000 supermarket cashiers who work in the UK when the need for them disappears.

Sainsbury's is now trialing a scanning system that runs via a downloadable App, the reason being that you no longer need expensive scanning equipment in store when large swathes of the population have a smart-phone in their pocket with the ability to scan barcodes built in. Of course that does then make us all employees of the supermarket we're shopping in, although I suspect we won't be on the Christmas bonus list.

Whilst the automation of our weekly shop has seemingly started at the end point the rest of the supply chain system is in the process of catching up. Warehousing, Delivery, and even Administration are amongst the areas being slowly automated in what is now being termed the 'Fourth Industrial revolution'.

If the idea of yet more self service shopping fills you with a longing for simpler times there is still hope. Traditional and independent retailers are increasingly switching on to the fact that our experiences of shopping in a real-life store – the sights, sounds, textures and personal interactions will be their unique selling point. An advantage which may see a swing away from the impersonal beep of the never-ending neediness of being a slave to our smartphones, replaced instead with a chat at the till of your favourite Inde'

My opinion? You can keep your bagging area and your handheld scanner, if I'm not invited to the works Christmas Party I'm certainly performing unpaid work for you.

Light it Up

Many eagle eyed locals may have noticed that it has been a rather dark year on the seafront with many of the decorative lights being off.

It's not a problem often seen along the sparkly new and cared for Margate vista as money is lavished on our near neighbour with central funding and a proposed new set of offices for council business.

The problem with the outside decorative lights is that they apparently aren't too keen on being just that - outside.

Many of the bulbs were actually full of water, which I'm led to believe (and I don't want to get too technical here) doesn't mix well with electricity.

Bulbs were not the only problem in Broadstairs this summer - no not the horrid feral children that turned up for a drink and a fight, I'm referring to the great lack of powered vertical perambulation to the beach-side promenade - the lift broke....only to be finally fixed on the day the kids went back to school.

Slow hand clap...

In fairness we should instead stop announcing when the lift is due to be operational and instead report when the lift is actually operational.

We could all make a day of it,

"Come on kids, let's get down to the promenade and use the lift today, it might be our only chance this summer"

We could adorn the lift building in bunting to celebrate the up and downness of it all, with OAPs there at the bottom Ooohing and Ahhing at each ascent and descent as if watching a very slow Firework show. Pensioners could line up to be interviewed for the local news with reminiscences "Oh yes, I remember the days when this lift would work whole weeks at a time, it were when I were a nipper, of course it were maintained by a little chap with an oil can back then"

And why stop there, let's recycle one of those Cold War Nuclear attack early warning sirens and attach it to the top of the lift shaft so every resident in CT10 will know that the lift is actually working, or employ the town crier to spread the news far and wide. "Hear Ye, Hear Ye, Try the new Broadstairs ride, open now, only a sixty percent chance you'll get stuck halfway down"

Or let's do away with the electricity powered lift altogether and instead rig up a block and tackle arrangement that relies on a public spirited tug of war, each beach user within a gang of ten others taking turns for at least one ascent/descent per two hour period. As one sunbather joins the rope one can go off again to lie in the sun or annoy crabs.

We could move the Trampolines and Bouncy Castle at kiddies corner nearer the bottom of the cliffs, this would enable the more daring to simply take their chances with a quicker descent, thus halving the amount of work the lift has to do.

We could do all of those things or we could do some of those things. But mostly TDC should probably ensure that those responsible for the operation of the lift simply do their job and maintain it.

Talking of Maintenance

Promises of Viking Bay toilet renovation once again went down the pan this year with visitors and locals alike complaining about the pitiful state of the beach loos.

After shunning the offer of volunteer labour force, previous loo renovation promises made at a Chamber of Commerce meeting by a TDC team came to nothing.

It was recently announced that Margate is in line for up £25 Million in central government funding - a goodly sum indeed, and if solely spent in Margate (presumably on Golden taps for executive washrooms) will no doubt do some good. A few days later the news announced that Ramsgate will be receiving a few dark suitcases full of used fifties from another central government fund.

We'd heard from local sources that Broadstairs Town Council sat long into the night awaiting communication from Number 11 on the official Orange telephone. Sadly, after eight hours they packed up the Custard Creams and went home - the call never came; there was nowt for Broadstairs.

Considering the two main towns now have readies available, does this mean that there'll now be a larger percentage of normal income streams available to be spent on our town? Will we soon be seeing an odd fifty quid being spend on paint, pipes and a lock or two for a toilet door, or will we simply get left to mix up the dregs at the bottom of numerous paint cans from yet another Margate make-over.

I can hear the chief TDC colourist now...

"Oh yes, It's a lovely colour, we believe its Pantone swatch name was 'Bludgeoned Puffin', a nice paint somewhere between Gloss, Eggshell and Pebble-dashing, I believe it's similar to that unmistakable Brown that they used to paint over wall and furniture in 1980s comprehensive schools, reminiscent of scraps of mixed Plasticscene combined with pencil sharpener shavings".

If you see it - Report it

Mr Johnson our glorious PM has promised more police on the beat, another twenty thousand or so. That'll be to replace the twenty thousand they got rid of I guess. You never know we might actually see some police back in Broadstairs, perhaps even patrolling what has recently seemed the quite lawless streets of Broadstairs.

We've recently had a spate of house and shop break ins, smashed windows, assaults on students, car break ins, and needles and drug paraphernalia left in Pierremont Park very close to the children's play area, to name but a few incidents.

One local shopkeeper even had to apprehend a burglar himself after spotting him the very next day after a break in. If the trend of a more fractious society continues, perhaps we'll eventually see residents forming their own groups of nightly patrols to put an end to the sort of moronic, selfish behaviour perpetrated by undisciplined, feckless, oxygen thieves who somehow think that they have an unending right to do as they damn well please.



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In May we played 5 nights at the Brighton fringe festival, a difficult gig. At a festival, all the same problems apply but the competition is upped massively, so it's even harder to attract an audience unless you have some gimmick or somebody known on board. We'd drawn the short straw here, a 5:30 time slot, just when any decent citizen is sitting down to eat.

But we survived. We

got modest audiences, good reactions, and even sold some scripts. The high point was staying on to see a play performed directly after ours. Acted out by two beautiful girls, with sex as subplot and a decent time slot, it still didn't fare any better than ours. But at the end of the performance one of the cast said "Thank you, we've had a great week in Brighton, but tonight we're driving back to Devon to save on accommodation. But if anyone is free tomorrow speak to this gentleman. (points at me) "He has a fantastic play!" I was, of course, thrilled.

Last week we did a couple of nights in Manchester. A better time slot, a lot of interest, I even got interviewed by a theatre reviewer, but it was the same. We did okay in fact, but I was astonished to speak to a lady after the show who, when she discovered we were from Broadstairs said "Oh, a friend of mine lived there." Turns out we had both known the wonderful (and sadly missed) Philip Osment.

Next week we're in London. In October we have dates in Norwich, Cardigan, Chester, Huddersfield and Glasgow, while sometime in August we're taking part in the newly created Gravesend arts festival.

I've emphasised the struggle side of things because people I speak to are always under the impression that it's a good skive. It isn't. It's hard work. It can be gruelling.

(Remember those girls setting off from Brighton to Dorset at 11 o'clock at night?) It's been a very steep learning curve, especially with no infrastructure behind you, but also the most exciting, interesting and rewarding time of my life.

Hags Ahoy.

We're back at the Sarah Thorne in Broadstairs next year. Look out for us.

www.hagsahoy.com



Hags Ahoy

Having loaded my wife's car with our modest set, provisions, clean pants and socks, my other cast member and her boyfriend, and, of course my wife (the driver) we set off on our Hags Ahoy adventure

I became involved with drama about 30 years ago. It was around the same time I came back to Thanet after a few years away. Having found Ramsgate semi destroyed and, filled with grief, I moved over to Broadstairs.

Drama was something I could do, and subsequently I have gone on to write and perform in dozens of projects in Thanet and all over Kent.

But here's the thing; by and large, Thanet isn't very interested in theatre. If it turns out at all it would seem to prefer if it was a play it has already seen, or at least heard about. So I decided to look further afield.

In April we played the Albany theatre in Coventry, a huge Marlowe like edifice with a terrific studio theatre. We did well, roughly 40 people. Also two extremely favourable reviews, while a couple representing the 'Coventry arts collective' introduced themselves and have been really supportive since.

This is massively important because getting any kind of audience at all for theatre is incredibly difficult. I mean, ask yourself, when did you last go and see a new play? Something you didn't know a great deal about? Something that wasn't bigged up by the press? Something where you knew no one involved?

That's not an recrimination, just a fact. Why else do you think local drama groups do the same plays over and over? Why else do touring groups attach their productions to existing plays? They must, or otherwise they would probably be playing to the barman.

When I performed the play we're currently touring (Right of Entitlement) in Broadstairs last November I performed it alongside another play I'd written incorporating some of the characters of P G Wodehouse, a writer I revere, but also a man I knew would help me to get an audience. Yet everybody I speak to is keen to see new writing survive. Can it?

Surviving in the Theatre

A Biography of Michael Wheatley-Ward by Micahel Flagg.

Michael Wheatley-Ward has had invaluable experience of the theatre management business as the pages of this book will reveal. Here is a colourful entertainment all of its own of the risks involved in production management from the wings as well as front of house.

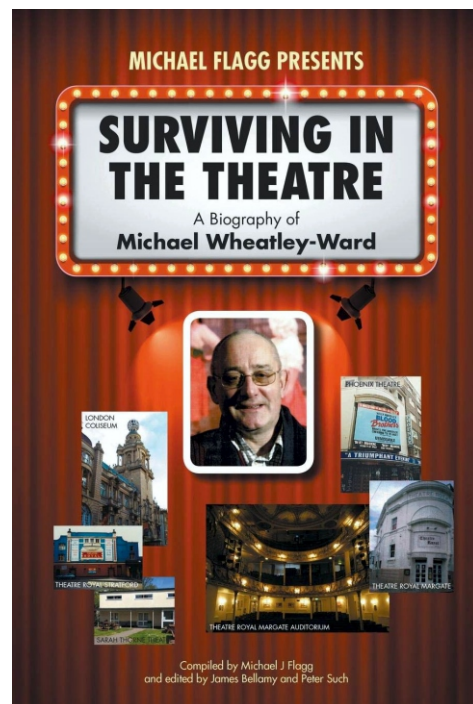
A wealth of knowledge which has been gained through knowing and working with some leading actors, directors and producers in the theatre business over fifty years. From some of London's West End play houses, cinemas and provincial picture houses to the second oldest theatre in England, the Theatre Royal Margate. This centre was one of local controversy in 2007, which led to the creation of the Sarah Thorne Theatre in Broadstairs. For the reader the second purpose of this book, will be to gain an objective account of the events which actually took place, through the reports of some of those involved in the experience.

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Review Score
from 37 Reviews**

** Correct at time of print
- September 2019.

Knock it off

Many of you know how this scam works - trouble is there is only one reason why the 'Knockers' keep turning up - the scam works

For those of you who haven't yet been visited, here's the scenario.

You receive a knock at your door, you answer the door to be greeted by a man (Well, mainly men although some women have been out on the rounds too), normally below the age of forty and often looking a bit down on their luck. They thrust a leaflet at you and launch into their spiel in which they will readily admit to being ex-convicts or ex services trying to make a new start in life by working for a living. They may also show a card



purporting to be part of a probation scheme or claim to be deaf or mute, again showing an appropriate card.

Whichever ruse they employ, it is there to wrong foot you - 'They were a convict' You think 'I'd better not upset him.' 'They were in the services' You think 'They deserve my help' 'They're deaf or mute' You think 'I can't turn them away'.

Now they have your attention they remove from their back a huge black holdall full of cleaning products ranging from tea towels, dishcloths and dusters to sprays, polishes and even small clothing items. Unfortunately, not only are they after selling you poor quality items at highly inflated prices (And there have been incidents where people have handed over hundreds of £s for items you could buy for a tenner), there is also some evidence to suggest they are also checking out suitable targets for details to be sold onwards to professional burglars.

They often work in groups, hitting certain areas in a van and spreading out to cover as many houses as they can in a short period of time, they'll then drive to the next unrelated area so as to avoid the unwanted attention of the Police who will undoubtedly have been called by concerned residents who already know about the scam.

They deal in cash on the doorstep, trying to work sales into £ notes by using the 'I've got no change' routine. It has been held that the Knockers look out for fresh notes and may even smell the notes to see if they are musty with a view to then 'trading' that persons location to other criminals, thinking that the

note they have been given comes from a much larger cache.

This scam initially appeared in the Nottingham area, hence the term 'Nottingham Knockers'. However it has rather spread - one aggressive man who knocked just a few weeks ago pointed out that 'I'm from Middlesbrough not F***in Nottingham'

The ID cards they show you are all mocked up and have no legal bearing. The probation service does not and would not be involved in any such working methods.

A well known member of the Broadstairs community recently answered the door to one of these 'Knockers' to be simply asked outright "Got any money", When that was answered in the negative, he continued. "I can take a Cheque" When that was answered in the negative, he continued. "We could walk to the Cashpoint"

Numerous reports on local Facebook groups

also highlighted that the last group to visit Broadstairs were very aggressive, with swearing and intimidation on the doorstep if you turned them away.

Consider answering your door on a door chain

Do not pay cash on the doorstep.

If they call, smile sweetly, say 'No Thank you' and close the door.

Report to the Police by dialling 101.

If you feel intimidated, scared or are worried that the incident could escalate in any way - dial 999.

If you have frail or elderly neighbours, now would be the time to call round for a cup of tea to make sure that they are not next on the hit list. Explain the scam in case they aren't aware of it.

Don't forget, the only reason they keep coming back - they keep making money

Please cut out and use the notice for your front door window.



WARNING NOTICE

NO COLD CALLERS

WE DO NOT DO BUSINESS WITH UNWANTED CALLERS. YOU WILL BE REPORTED TO THE POLICE

PLEASE LEAVE AND DO NOT RETURN. FAILURE TO DO SO IS A CRIMINAL OFFENCE



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Christmas Fun Facts & Factishes

1. Ted's handout: Tory PM Ted Heath introduced the £10 Christmas bonus for pensioners in 1972, so as to help them buy a Christmas dinner and a sprig of Mistletoe for the Christmas party at the local centre. The plan rather backfired in Broadstairs after hordes of OAPs took to the town with a tenner in their pocket on Christmas Eve in a Bachnallian orgy of Booze and irresponsibility. Tables were overturned at the local Oddfellows Club, A meat raffle at the Albert had to be stopped due to inappropriate handling of sausages and the Carols at midnight at Holy Trinity largely consisted of the rude version of 'We three Kings'

2. Fancy a Snog? Mistletoe comes from the Anglo-Saxon word Misteltan, which means "little dung twig" because the plant spreads though bird droppings - which sort of takes the romance out of a snog beneath a sprig



3. Wise men? Perhaps not: During the 1975 Chamber of Commerce Christmas nativity play, the three local councillors tasked with playing the three wise men appeared 'not so wise' after getting lost on their way to the St Peters church hall. When they did arrive they realised they'd mislaid their gifts; Little baby Jesus looked less than

impressed with a bottle of Brut, a four pack of Double Diamond, and a new set of wiper blades for a Ford Cortina

4. May I have a plate: Japanese people traditionally eat at KFC for Christmas dinner, thanks to a successful marketing campaign 40 years ago. KFC is so popular that customers must place their Christmas orders 2 months in advance. The tradition has yet to catch on in Broadstairs as residents haven't yet caught on to the idea of eating out of a bucket.

5. Open a window: Sprout fan Linus Urbanec from Sweden is the current world record holder for the most sprouts eaten in a minute. He managed 31 on 26th November, 2008. Last Christmas our household attempted to beat this record. However, of the six participants, the closest anyone managed to get to the record was 22 sprouts consumed - and we ran out of air freshener by 4pm too.

6. We just gotta shop: We haven't always had Christmas day away from work. In 1647, The Puritans banned any overt celebrations. In Massachusetts, Christmas was banned from 1659 to 1681 as it was despised as a nasty British habit. More recently retail giants such as 'Next' have attempted to do much the same as their insatiable greed means staff have to be in on Christmas day

to get ready for the retail sales that now start on Boxing Day.

7. Its Ok, they're from Belgium: The Hamlet of Reading Street was founded by Flemish refugees in the 17th Century. To this day, the children in Reading Street residences are visited twice by the Belgian equivalent of Santa. Saint Nicholas comes the first time round to check on the behaviour of children in the previous year. On the second visit the good children are presented with beautiful gifts and the bad children are given nothing but twigs and rock

8. Men & jumpers: The Christmas Day tradition of a post dinner



promenade continues to this day as befugged families decamp on mass away from the dinner table, television and old Aunt Ednas wind, in favour of a quick wander about in the fresh air of Viking Bay. Many social observers have noted that the prominence of Christmas jumpers on display are in fact a throwback to the mating rituals of the wearers forebears, who according to the medieval book 'Gentries Booke of Common Traditions' would use Christmas day festivities as a chance to "Weare their bestest doublets and performe in front of maidens fayre"

9. Tides Up: The mass of swimmers who now take part in the New Years Day swim means that at about 12.30 on the 1st January the water level of the worlds oceans temporarily grows by approximately 5 millimetres.

10. Traditional names: Locally the names Holly and Ivy have had quite a renaissance in recent years, especially with children born over the Christmas period. Parents seem much keener to name their children after the natural world. "We're seeing a great deal of Poppy's and Rose's at the moment", said Mrs Frobisher from the local records office. "However I was quite surprised to be met with a young Miss Stinkweed only last Thursday" she continued.

11. Burns night: On Christmas day in 1986, 17 people attended QEQM casualty for minor burns having tried on their acrylic Christmas jumpers without taking the fags out of their mouths.

12. The Science of Santa: Based on population figures, Santa will deliver gifts to 1.6 billion children. This requires visiting 5,556 homes a second and eating 150 billion calories in milk and mince pies. With that in mind, Santa magically visits Broadstairs households between 1.56 am and 20 seconds to 1.56 am and 22 seconds.

13. A Clear run: During the 1979 Boxing Day dog show on Victoria Gardens a thief who had just robbed the beer tent made the mistake of making his getaway across the main arena where the dog agility competition had just started. After jumping through a hoop, climbing over a seesaw and then making his way through a small tunnel the man was eventually apprehended by a very happy Police Dog with an award winning score.

14. A couple of Marys: Due to growing class sizes in local infant schools and the need to come up with a role for each class member, the average yearly class nativity play in Thanet now involves 8 Wise men, 8 Shepherds, 2 Josephs, 2 Marys, three donkeys, 1 goose, 1 Octopus, 3 to 6 mice, 1 Angel, 1 Star and 1 Gruff voiced child to play the Inn keeper.

15. Last day of school pt 1: Schoolchildren today need only pick up their phones for hours of amusement - not so a few years back. The Christmas tradition of 'Taking in your own game' resulted in the great pre - Christmas 'Ker-Plunk' shortage of 1978, when every single school child decided that Ker-Plunk would be the game of choice for the last day of school. The UK marble making industry had to work overtime to make up the shortfall. Imaginative children with spare pocket money simply replaced any chipped or missing marbles with Aniseed Balls or Maltesers.



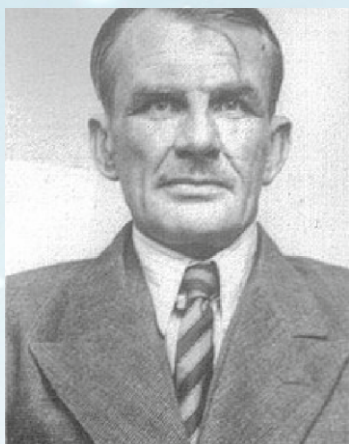
16. Nativity PG: In 1981 the fifth form of a local Secondary Comprehensive school attempted to put on a rather more grown up Nativity play. However the play was met with some resistance after local councillors complained that Broadstairs just wasn't ready for three wise skinheads, Angels with mohican hair cuts and Mary and Joseph clearly snogging by the manger

17. Last day of School (part 2)

Local Broadstairs schools had another tradition on the last day of school. 'Film Day', when teachers would wheel out the old projector and screen an awful movie from the sixties such as 'Atlantis' or 'Journey to the Centre of the Earth'. This was so most teachers could retire to the lunch room where they could attend to the 'Flasks they all seemed to have brought in with them on that day. The highlight of the event was when the film was quickly rewound at the end and everyone on screen performed the film backwards.

18. We Three Kings: In the 17th Century Thanet version, the verses were changed to suit the local populace.

*We three kings of Oriens Tree
Arrivee late from alehouse in Sarre
Walked fields and courses as losse our horses
Whilst following yonder star*



Hermann Goertz - Not much fun at parties

20. Dearest Dolly:

Local smuggling ner-do-well Joss Snelling was said to have spent one Christmas trapped in one of the numerous smuggling tunnels below the streets of Broadstairs.

The truth of the matter is that he'd nearly been caught out and about by the Excise men whilst dressed as the old washer woman 'Dolly Watkins', one of the many disguises he employed.

To avoid the law he dived into the nearest public house and proceeded to the cellar whereupon he was set on by a rather amorous yet short sighted Pot-man. Unfortunately the Excise men had followed Joss into the Alehouse. To keep up the pretence and keep out of jail, poor Joss had to endure the mans advances all evening until the Excise men had filled their bellies with ale and left. To his death in 1837 Joss was said to have received a Christmas card each year addressed to 'My Dearest Dolly'

21. Don't call me Bill:

William the Conqueror was crowned King of England on Christmas day 1066. The people of Kent adopted the motto Invicta meaning "unconquered" and claimed that they had frightened the Normans away. This claim was given credence by the fact that the Normans had quickly marched to London without subduing the Kentish lords and peasantry, constantly harassed and ambushed by the Kentish populace at every turn. Kent did not submit to Norman rule until their rights and privileges had been acknowledged and unmolested.



The name is William!

William finally visited Margate for a day out in 1068. During the welcome party one local landowner was overheard using Williams previous nickname 'Bill the Bastard' in conversation, whereupon he was taken outside by guards and quickly disembowelled. This rather put a bit a of a downer on the whole event.

22. Where all the lights are bright:

The name "Tenet" was listed in the Domesday book of 1086, whereas in the 18th century classical dictionary of John Lemprise it states "Tane'tus, a small island of Albion. Ptolemy calls it Tolanis. It is now Thanet."

The word Tanatus may come from the Celtic work "teine", meaning "fire" or "bonfire" and "arth" meaning "height" and would make Thanet the Bright Island. It could well be that a lighthouse or beacon was situated on Telegraph Hill, west of Manston, one of the highest points on the island. Alternatively these historic historians might have simply visited Thanet whilst the Christmas lights were on.

23. We're not dead:

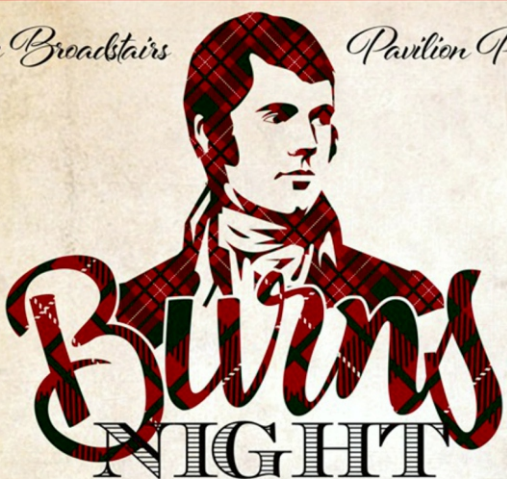
According to Greek legend Britain itself was the home to the dead, during the pagan winter festival of Saturnalia which eventually became Christmas, the bodies of the dead were rowed across the sea in un-manned boats in the middle of the night and returned empty before dawn. This mysterious place was called "Ynys Thanatos" - the Isle of the Dead.

24. Dancing Queens:

Long term residents of Thanet may have noticed that some older traditions have fallen by the way in favour of a new breed of tradition. This has been largely due to the influx of new Thanetians who have decamped from the capital for a slightly quieter life by the sea, and have thus brought new and fresh ways with them. One such tradition now in its tenth year is the 'Interpretive dance' version of the New Years Eve firework display which now takes place at Midnight on 31st December on Viking Bay.

The show involves a host of dancers, glitter, torches and even audience participation when those watching are asked to shout 'BANG' every thirty seconds

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Life is Good

By Barry Barriston

Samuel had always enjoyed the walk from Broadstairs town centre to Ramsgate along the coastal route. He'd start off just at the top of the High street and wander down through Pierremont Park only to pop out at the Queens Road exit. From there it was a short walk down Oscar Road to the seafront with a quick detour to nab a Strawberry Cone from Morellis; He would then walk off all those extra calories only to fill up again at Peters Fish shop opposite Ramsgate Harbour arm. It's a walk of a good two miles, and at its conclusion Samuel felt like he had achieved something by just getting there.

There'd even been the odd beautiful sunny afternoon when he had simply turned tail on reaching the Harbour and trotted off merrily back home, no chips and no Beer in the Harbour side bars; mostly though he simply hopped on the loop and endured the journey home on public transport.

It was last Sunday the problem started, the cooler days of September were creating a vague Autumnal chill, the vibrant greens of summer had begun slowly melting away to Russet and Olive and being a weekday during term time, the beaches were generally empty of shouting kids on bouncy castles and holiday-makers marvelling at Parakeets whilst trying to control the hordes of excited children; even the Squirrels in Pierremont Park looked relaxed.

Samuel had stopped off in Tesco's to pick up one of their cheap taste-less sandwiches. "I know, I could have bought a nicer one somewhere else" he thought to himself, "Maybe Sourdough bread with flavoursome Falafel, or a Chicken Tikka Baguette Oozing with Indian sauces", but he did so hate having to wait for anything; a cheap sandwich it was.

He noticed how unusually quiet it was in the small High Street Supermarket, not a murmur, just a few customers gazing at their handheld devices, scanners in hand ready to apply themselves as Tesco's labourers, and paying for the privilege too. He reached the tills. Well, reached where the tills used to be. Looking around for help he peered up the aisles in the hope that one of the staff would see his confusion and jump to assistance.

That's when he noticed the sign.

'PLEASE USE THE SELF SERVICE CHECKOUTS OR WHY NOT SELF SCAN WITH OUR NEW SMARTPHONE APP'.

It then went on to explain how easy and simple the next five steps would be and how much better it would make 'Your Shopping Experience'. Being a modern sort and lover of all things tech, Samuel couldn't resist, completing steps one to four quickly and easily. STEP FIVE. Restart your phone. The Apple logo flickered off, he waited a few seconds and pressed to turn the phone back on.

What happened next was an odd moment that didn't really seem connected at the time, but as he pressed the button on his aging I-Phone in an attempt to re-enter the modern age, there was a momentary power cut in the Tesco store. All the lights went out, the fans and fridges all powered down with a descending hum and the screens to greet and help you spend your hard earned blackened and died. Moments later, everything flicked back into life and resumed the incessant buzzing that the whole world is now uncomfortably familiar with.

"It's been doing that all morning apparently" came a Facebook update typed by an elderly gentleman who Samuel sort of recognised.

"They say their systems are overloaded with all these new gadgets," he continued.

"I blame the Gremlins" Samuel silently replied, thinking of that classic film from sometime in the last century

The App, worked fine, It took his money, automatically updated his burgeoning Clubcard points credits and then texted him a simple "Have a great day"

As Samuel wandered out onto the high street, only stopping momentarily to silently tap his Homeless app on the rim of a young mans E-Hat; a new sort of begging device that simply takes £5 from your account and deposits it into the food credit account of the user.

The phone beeped again. "PLEASE UPDATE YOUR E-HAT APP - THEN PRESS RESTART". He stopped, performed the task restarted his phone and restarted the walk.

He headed down towards the seafront, slipping between 'The Albion' and 'Suzannes', a quick look in the Hotel gardens, a wave at the two in the Tourist Information Office and then along the top of the Cliffs to the Clock tower.

He had settled into the stroll nicely by the time he had reached Dumpton Gap, the breeze had blown any cares away. A few updates later he halted to 'Like' three neighbourly posts on his local community account, he'd even stopped to Pat a friends E-Dog which had earned the owner (A lady who he secretly adored) a voucher for Voucheroo.

By the time Samuel had reached the far side of King George the Fifth park he was steaming ahead, even on par with his own personal best time; which only encouraged him to pick up the pace.

He could see the exit to the Park ahead with the view onwards to Ramsgate harbour. Reaching the gates he looked down at the app to see if He'd beaten his PB. And then, looked up.....

Yes, and then he looked up....

And he looked around, and from side to side and made that sound of utter disbelief as if

expelling a lung-full of air in a microsecond, as if his brain could not compute what on earth just happened - for instead of heading towards Ramsgate he was just once again exiting Pierremont Park - yes, Pierremont Park Broadstairs, Not King George V Park, Ramsgate.

"Did I imagine the walk" he thought, when in fact he had blurted it out loudly.

"Did I get so caught up in my own thoughts that I'd simply wandered off in a daze, a sort of temporal coma state". He stopped, he thought....

"Maybe I should put my symptoms into i-Doc to check my health. Maybe I should book an Uber-Ambulance, maybe my blood sugar was too low, I'll check!" He looked down at the phone to be greeted with the message "PLEASE RESTART" which he dutifully did.

Once restarted he opened the i-Doc app, which now also demanded a restart, which again, he performed with haste. A sense of unnerved panic was creeping in now as he re-opened the application on his phone. He checked his pulse, which according to his head up display (An upgrade present from Google) was slightly raised, his bloods were fine although pressure was up a bit too, but not enough to be deemed so unwell as to warrant a NHS referral Voucher.

"Okay, pull yourself together man" he mumbled to himself. "You simply have got lost in your own thoughts"
Beep - went the phone
'Please Restart'
"Really, AGAIN....Bugger this, I'm going home" he almost shouted

On reaching his house in just under ten minutes he'd noticed that a cold sweat had built up on his brow and a sense that something just wasn't right had pervaded his thoughts. He'd not felt this uneasy since trying that Horror App on the Immersive VR360 machine at the Tech show a few years back. Confused, tired and a bit annoyed he settled himself down in the chair and fell quickly into an uncomfortable sleep.

RESTART.....

RESTART.....

He awoke. The screen simply said 'Restart'.

He looked.
He selected restart.
Again the screen said RESTART.

He looked
He pressed restart.
Again the screen said RESTART.....

Again the screen said RESTART.

He looked
He pressed restart.
Again the screen said RESTART.....

Continued....

It was three weeks later when they started clearing up the mess. After take up by nearly eighty five percent of the population, the Immersive VR360 'Life is good' App failed, leaving millions of users in a state of electronically induced coma, which saw them dehydrate to death in their homes. Life had been good in the app, nothing hurt, everyone was a retouched better, fitter, more intelligent version of themselves. No scars, no problems, no illness and not even any cellulite.....and yet many had simply decided to carry on doing the tasks they had once loved doing in real time, in real places; seeing friends, visiting sites of historic interest, simply going for walks, shopping in supermarkets, petting dogs and aimlessly milling about, it was almost as if they didn't really need the added help from a thousand different applications conglomerated into one huge Mega-App.

When the media eventually reported that the App' had failed it was too late, the unusually warm weather had increased dehydration time to under three days. In three days whole lives could be led in the App' and as many users were now almost dependent on 'Life Is Good' they did indeed live many lives. Of course, when they said 'The App failed' what they really meant 'Was inbuilt with hidden hacks to be used by enemy states for nefarious purposes'. Simply by crashing the 'Sustenance Break Programme' which awoke the user after every eight hours so they could eat and drink enabled the enemy to nullify over sixty five percent of the plugged in population.

The streets were quiet, and the shops were only inhabited by a few dull eyed individuals that had run out of the high protein thick drinks that now passed for food and a bulk supply of plugin waste bags. This was the day that they walked straight in and took over, no bullets fired, no drone attacks and little movement on the international money markets.

It was a day like any other. The sun continued to shine, the tide continued lapping almost noiselessly against the Harbour wall and the walk to Ramsgate along the front was one of the best strolls in the land on that warm summers day.

Sam wasn't there. No-one was there,

and boy was it quiet.



Thanet's Vibrant U3A

When a lady during an interview on BBC Radio's Woman's Hour recently was asked how she had eventually fought off the overwhelming crushing boredom and consequent depression that had descended on her when she retired after a successful professional career, she replied, quite simply, "The U3A." By providing her with fresh intellectual stimulation and opportunities to learn new skills while also enabling her to bond with a range of new friends, she explained, her life had been reinvigorated and given a renewed sense of purpose. The name University of the Third Age is, though, perhaps a little misleading. Yes, each U3A branch is autonomous but all are affiliated to a national organisation whose remit is to encourage the setting up of local self-help, self-managed and self-financing, lifelong, learning co-operatives. Typically, its members are older people no longer in full time work. What they have in common is that they are all still actively seeking to participate in shared learning experiences in a wide range of interest groups and activities. But not for qualifications, it has to be stressed. Rather, the emphasis for our members is sharing enjoyable experiences and the personal satisfaction that comes from broadening ones knowledge and learning, whatever one's age may be. Peter Laslett, who was the driving force in setting up of the U3A in Britain in the early 1980s, recognised that retired people, after a lifetime of experience, would collectively have acquired a vast amount of knowledge. He summed up the philosophy of the new organisation he helped found in a succinct mantra:

"Those who teach shall also learn and those who learn shall also teach."

Unlike earlier models of similar organisations that had already been set up in other countries, his vision for the U3A in Britain was for groups of people to get together to learn about a common interest or topic. Rather than having a single teacher, each group would instead be organised by a group leader or convenor to co-ordinate and help guide the efforts and studies of the group's members.

After ten years' affiliation with Canterbury U3A, in 1992 some members decided to there were sufficient members living on the Island to set up our own independent Thanet U3A branch. Membership rose steadily and now numbers more than 500. Hardly surprising, given the impressive wide range of courses and activities that now regularly take place under the aegis of the branch. Each U3A is autonomous and different, and sure enough Thanet U3A has developed its own identity. Like most U3A's, we operate on-going thriving interest groups - four book circles, four gardening groups, for example, and a huge range of other learning and recreational opportunities. To take just six of more than 40 examples, the first three listed alphabetically in our brochure are Armchair Critics, Art Study and Biographical Group and the final three: Victorian Literary Society, Walking Group, and Zola Reading and Study Group. Developing practical skills is catered for in card-making, creative

embroidery, pottery and photography groups (again, just a random sample) while indoor games enthusiasts can join Bridge, Canasta and Hardanger (look it up for yourself!) groups. Incidentally, the success of our quiz team has created of a stir - and, I suspect, some resentment - in some local and highly competitive quizzing circles.

But what makes our Thanet U3A a little unusual is the number of small group, short-term, short courses we run. 18 such courses, most comprising four to six sessions, will run in the New Year. They will be covering a wide range of topics - literary, history, science, music (classical and Blues), Thanet (history and geography), plus such intriguing topics as "Colour - What is it" and "Chairotics" (an ever popular course of seated exercises for the not so mobile). Most popular of all is our Country Dancing Group which meets every week. Then there is our programme of bi-monthly talks, preceded by an opportunity to socialise. The high quality of the speakers and fascinating range of topics regularly attract large audiences, as do our regular coach trips throughout the year to places and events of cultural interest (most recently to the Mary Rose in Portsmouth). While the U3A ethos of shared learning opportunities is our main raison d'être, we also value our comprehensive programme of social activities - the summer Strawberry Garden Party, Murder Mystery evenings, quizzes and performances of dramatic readings to name just a few examples. Then in the autumn, four films (linked in some way to books) are shown exclusively to our members at the Palace Cinema in Broadstairs. Also well-supported are the convivial gatherings of the Lunch Club in various local restaurants and the very popular Christmas Lunch all of which are organised by members.

That's why with so much going on, with so many life-enhancing opportunities available to our members, we are proud to belong to Thanet's thriving U3A. Proud, but not complacent, for we are constantly on the lookout for new avenues to explore and recruit new members to bring fresh ideas to enhance our programmes and range of activities. For details of how to join and to discover the full range of learning and recreational opportunities, please consult our website www.u3asites.org.uk/Thanet or call 01843 228809

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'Rooks' went to town with their fruit & veg carving



The witches of 'C Wool'



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Join us at the 'Comrades'

Broadstairs and St Peters Comrades Club recently commemorated its centenary anniversary with a trip to visit some of the first world war places of interest and memorials.

The club was formed at the end of the 1914-1918 war by soldiers returning from the conflict.

After a flat calm ferry crossing the first visit was to Popperinge, the Belgian city that it is home to Talbot House, on which it was thought the Comrades club was based, founded by two army chaplains, Clayton and Talbot, this soldiers club offered the troops moments of rest and relaxation irrespective of rank.

Following refreshments at some of the fine bars we were off to our second stop, the Tyne cot cemetery and memorial. This is the largest Commonwealth Graves Commission cemetery in the world, the final resting place of nearly 12,000 first world war servicemen, of whom more than 8,300 remain unidentified.

They died fighting around Ypres (leper) from 1914-1918, but most fell during Passchendaele the third battle of Ypres. The cemetery was designed by Sir Herbert Baker and John Truelove who incorporated three German pillboxes into their design siting the cross of sacrifice on top of the largest known as the Tyne coy blockhouse. The memorial bears the names of some

35,000 servicemen of the United Kingdom and New Zealand forces nearly all of whom died between August 1917 and November 1918 and have no known graves – members described the visit as humbling.

The next stop was the Menin Gate at Leper. During the first world war Leper was defended for four years by the soldiers of the Commonwealth. Tens of thousands of men passed the spot on their way to the front, after the war it became the site of the largest British war memorial in Belgium, designed as a classical victory arch with its defiant lion overlooking the battlefields. It was inaugurated on the 24th July 1927 and its walls carry the names of 54,896 officers and men who died in the Leper salient and have no known grave, it was the first war memorial to the missing anywhere in the world.

After lunch and refreshment's, the group met for the main point of the visit, the laying of a wreath by our President Mr Michael Cox.

The local fire brigade band has played the last post every evening at 8 o'clock (with the exception of the war years 1939 – 1945) since 1928 and when learning of the reason for our visit the officials overseeing events invited Mr Cox to take part by reading part of the service.

*They shall not grow old,
As we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them,
Nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the sun,
We will remember them.*

A very moving experience for all attending and after drying our eyes there was time for one last drink before heading home. During this, our centenary year, we celebrated with a buffet dance at the North Foreland Golf Club – many thanks to the staff for the excellent food and service. Remembrance Sunday will be celebrated after the wreath laying service at the Pierremont Hall war memorial with free drinks and snacks for members and their guests at the club afterwards. The memorial, which the club helped out with its restoration back in 2002 with a large donation, carries many family names of club members.

Memorial ties have been produced and a special "Comrades Centenary Ale" has been brewed by Greene King which is currently available at a very reasonable price.

The Comrades club exists today in much the same way as it was formed and the ethos still remains, although at first it was teetotal, members their partners and guests now enjoy wines, beers spirits and guest ales that change on a regular basis



at prices that are some of the cheapest in town, we have 3 full snooker tables, one of only a few places in Thanet offering this facility.

The fact that the club has survived since 1919, and indeed has steadily improved the facilities and quality since then is due to the fact that we have been fortunate in having a loyal membership which have used and supported the club consistently, not only by using the bar, the clubs amenities and taking part in the regular social events that are held, but also to devoting a great deal of time and effort into running them.

We are eager to maintain the friendship and camaraderie that was developed by our founders into making the club a continuing success in the future.

If anyone would like to become a member of the Broadstairs and St Peters Comrades Club membership is available throughout the year and membership forms are available on the premises at:- 5 St Peters Road, Broadstairs, we can be contacted on 01843862243, our email is bspcc@btconnect.com and we are on Facebook at Broadstairs and St Peters Comrades Club.



BEANIE FEASTS

I hope Autumn is treating you well Broadie readers, sadly I've been feeling rather burnt out after an intense six month Summer season working at Po'boy, so apologies if my offerings lack enthusiasm this time around, I am raiding my archive for some of my best recipes from my pop-up days as my creative juices seem to have momentarily dried up.

First up is a recipe for Vietnamese fishcakes, you really needn't be fussy about what sort of white fish you use as it's going to be blitzed up in the blender, in fact if our boys at the fishmongers have got any scraps they are perfect. I am addicted to the nuoc cham dipping sauce and when we had it in the Po'boy kitchen for our banh mi special I would douse my chips in it...try it!

Vietnamese Fishcakes (makes 24ish)

1kg white fish
2 garlic cloves, crushed
1" ginger, chopped
8 kaffir lime leaves
2 sticks lemongrass, lower third only outer leaves removed
1 tsp ground turmeric
1 egg
2 tbsps fish sauce
100g green beans, finely sliced
Flour for dusting

- 1) Place all the ingredients except the green beans into a food processor and blend to a paste consistency
- 2) Mix in the finely sliced green beans
- 3) Use your hands to roll out the fishcakes into little circles approximately 5cm x 2cm
- 4) The fishcakes can be deep fried or shallow fried, just dust with a



little flour and fry for a few minutes

Nuoc Cham

1 cup water
½ cup sugar
1/3 cup fish sauce
2 cloves garlic, finely sliced
1 red birds eye chilli, finely sliced
½ cup lime juice

- 1) Mix all ingredients together, stir until the sugar has dissolved

Ok so I'm well aware it'll be Christmas before we know it and the fact I'm 98% Grinch won't allow me to get into the spirit however I can get excited about the festive seasons bounty and so I'll share my recipe for brussel sprout bhajis. These are great with a curry or as canapés with chutney, or just a snack or in a sandwich or burger...I could go on.

Brussel Sprout Bhajis

90g gram flour
1 onion, finely sliced
9 brussel sprouts, finely sliced
½ tsp ground turmeric
1 tsp cumin seeds
¼ tsp fennel seeds
Pinch of chilli flakes
2 tsp ginger, grated
2 garlic cloves, minced
¼ lemon juice
1 tbsp oil

- 1) Mix all the ingredients except the onion and sprouts together and gradually add splashes of water until you have a really thick batter
- 2) Mix in the onion and sprout
- 3) Deep fry bhajis in 180 C oil by spooning blobs of the mixture into the oil, fry until golden brown and then drain on kitchen paper, season with a little salt

Whilst routing through my notepads trying to translate my mad scrawlings I came across a bunch of pickles I made for my dear

friend Clive a few years ago. Clive is the manager at our local RSPCA animal rescue centre and has been a major player in my discovery of food, and my development as a cook. Clive is vegan and an avid vegetable fan, the work we have done together hosting vegan pop-ups really pushed me to try new ways of cooking and eating. These jars of pickles were ridiculously big so you may want to halve the recipe if you're on your own or the only person in the family likely to eat them. I would suggest the cauliflower for cheeseboards, in sandwiches, salads or just to snack on. And the pears can also be eaten with cheese or served with ice cream for dessert or baked into a cake.



Pickled Cauliflower

- 1 tsp coriander seeds
- 1 tsp mustard seeds
- 1 tsp cumin seeds
- 2 cups apple cider vinegar
- 5 cloves garlic, peeled
- 3 fat slices ginger, peeled
- ½ an onion, thinly sliced
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 2 tbsp salt
- 1 tsp peppercorns
- ½ tsp turmeric
- 7 cups cauliflower florets, blanched in boiling water for 5 minutes

1) Toast seeds in a dry pan. Add all other ingredients (not the veg) and bring to a boil

2) Pack the cauliflower into a hot sterile jar and pour over the hot brine. Leave at least a week before eating

Pickled Pears

- Zest of 1 orange
- 10 cloves
- 2 tsp black peppercorns
- 4 star anise
- 5 cm ginger, sliced
- 1 litre apple cider vinegar
- 2 cinnamon sticks
- 1 kg caster sugar
- 2kg small pears

1) Put all the ingredients except the pears into a pan and heat until the sugar dissolves

2) Peel, core and halve the pears. Add to the pan and simmer for 15 minutes. Remove with a slotted spoon and leave to drain

3) Increase the heat under the syrup and reduce by about a third, 15 minutes ish

4) Pack the pears into a hot sterile jar and pour over the syrup

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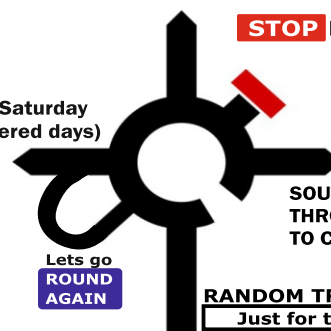
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After Hours Service

By Liane Smith

The old man's fingers worked purposefully, winding the chain in and out of the vertical bars of the high metal gate. He snapped the padlock shut, straightened his back and smiled at me, a gentle smile, that illuminated his whole face. There had been something in the set of his shoulders, the deliberate movements of those surprisingly supple fingers, that told me he was aware of my presence on the pavement, watching him complete the elaborate process of fastening the high metal gate across the narrow tiled entrance to his remarkable shop. The Victorian shopfront had been constructed in an age that demanded slender wood mullions and elegantly bevelled glass, proclaiming that the goods within this establishment were equally special, not your run-of-the-mill product but a better class of secateurs, a truly rust resistant long-nosed watering can, a well proportioned kettle for the hob.

'Did you want something?'

His tone was enquiring but not in any way impatient, his head tipped a little to one side, the smile still lingering in his eyes.

'Something from the shop,' he added, as if he had sensed that my interest was more in his singular way of locking up shop than in his stock. My discomfort at being caught out was almost warming my face as I racked my brain for some plausible commodity other than mere curiosity.

'Er – gauntlet gardening gloves?' I suggested, fooling neither of us, and following up too quickly with: 'but you are shut now, so I could come back ...'

'I always fasten this gate early,' he said, tasting the padlock against the chain. 'Takes me a while but I have to do it, this corner's vulnerable to bad drivers.'

He was looking up at me again as if waiting for a response.

'Ah – you mean, they overshoot the corner and ...?'

'Had a Fiat halfway into the shop last year.' He stood back from his gate and straightened his back, wiping his hands on his overalls. 'This slows them down a bit. You'll have to come in the other way, round the back.'

He made a circling gesture with one thin hand, indicating a route back along the narrow street that ran alongside his building, and the next moment he was letting me in by a side entrance, to a shuttered interior so dimly lit that I could hardly see my way forwards. I stood for a second or two, breathing in a dense aroma of resin, varnish and something else. Mothballs, maybe.

'Come on,' he said. 'This way.'

I stepped carefully around a stack of bags of potting compost, the trademark just legible as my eyes adjusted to the gloom. I looked around me and now I could make out a massive desk, set against a wall that had a window to one side of it with sufficient light seeping round the edges of the blind to reveal a huge 1940's Remington typewriter squatting on the desktop. I would have known its make even if it had not been written across the raised metal paper rest behind its heavy carriage, for as a child I had been allowed to play with its twin in my grandfather's office. My fingers itched as I recalled the tentative ratchet sound of the roller taking up the paper, the fingernail-clutching feel and clack of the keys as they delivered black or red letters onto the sheet of paper, how you had to take care with the 'p' and the 'o' since, if you typed one too quickly after the other, the type bars would lock in an inky embrace. The musical slam when you hit the carriage return lever and the final brisk shirring voice of the roller as you wound the paper out. I noticed that a fresh sheet of paper was sitting in the roller of this machine, set out in the format of an invoice and topped with a curly letterhead – waiting for business.

'Are you coming?'

No impatient note in his tone, although I must have spent some minutes examining the typewriter. I could see better now, could make him out, a lean, slightly stooped figure in brown overalls, standing now in a higher part of the shop. I went up the five wooden stairs that brought the rear of the premises to the level of the front, the part I would have entered, had the metal gate not been in place. The floor was boarded and so, I think, were the walls but these were hung so densely with shelves that you could hardly tell. The shelves were crammed with fungicidal remedies, cleaning fluids, powders and creams, solvents, pots of enamel, gloss and masonry paint and every size, shape and quality of paintbrush you might imagine. Every so often the shelves made way for metal hooks from which cascaded coiled ropes and hoses, garden sieves, bird feeders, pruning shears and even hot water bottles in primly descending, overlapping vertical stacks.

'Gauntlet gloves, was it?'

His voice, close to my ear, made me jump.

'Size?'

'Er – medium, I suppose.'

'Just a moment.'

He disappeared into what looked like a cupboard, pulling its narrow double doors almost closed behind him and after a moment I heard his voice, rather muffled, coming as if from above. I peered through the opening he had left and discovered that it was no cupboard but the concealed entrance to another stairway, its rough treads leading

up, I supposed, to a storage attic. A sweet, musty smell was released by opening the door, something like fermenting apples. His voice came again.

'Medium, you say?'

'I think so ...'

'Try these – coming down.'

I stepped back as the soft slap of chamois leather met my cheek and a pair of long cuffed gardening gloves fell to the ground.

'Any good?'

I picked them up and slipped a tentative hand into one, still fastened to its partner, wary of what might be nesting in the fingers. Before I had a chance to confirm the fit he had descended the stairs and stepped past me, to take up his position behind the shop counter. Now both his smile and his nod were confident.

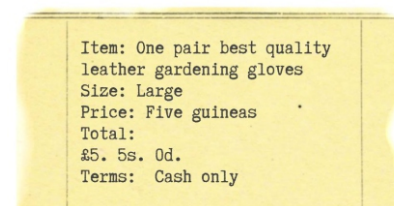
'Thought so,' he said. 'You needed large.'

'They're perfect,' I said. 'How much?'

'Just one moment,' he said, 'and I'll tell you.'

He reached for a silver counter bell and placed his hand over it, held it there for a second but I heard no summoning ring. Although there had been no sound from the bell his head was tipped to one side, as if listening for something. From the back office came the sharp percussive sound of typewriter keys against paper, rapid, efficient finger-work followed by the crunch of the carriage return, the brisk click-clack again, return, five times in all, then silence. He slipped the gloves into a brown paper bag. 'You know your way, I think,' he said.

I was just ahead of him as we stepped down the five stairs into the empty office and as I came up in front of the Remington I could see that the invoice was now sitting some inches higher in the roller, the typed figures clean and ordered under the letterhead.



He wound the sheet of paper out of the machine and handed it to me, with the gloves.

'That'll be five pounds twenty five, to you,' he said.

Once out on the pavement of the side road I turned to take my leave and to thank him for opening up his shop to me. He stood on his back doorstep and smiled at me again.

'After hours service,' he said. 'No extra charge.'



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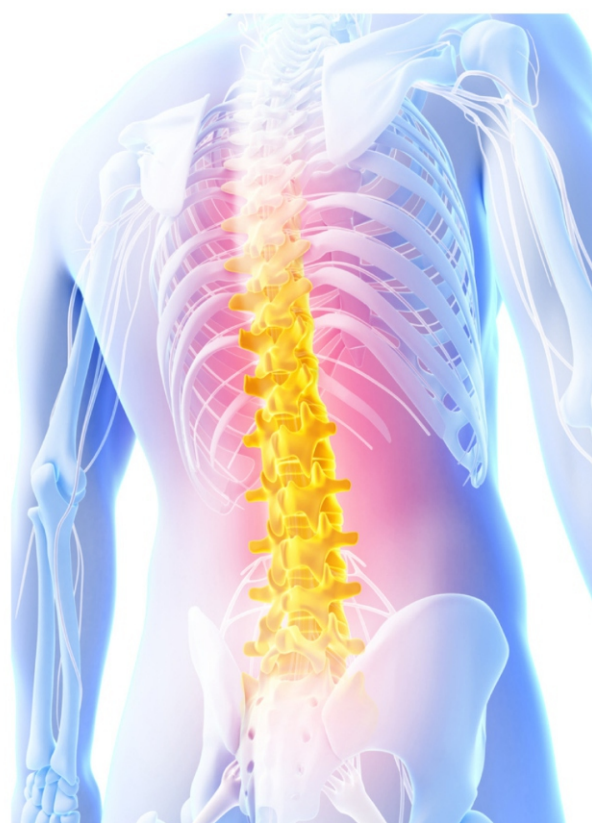
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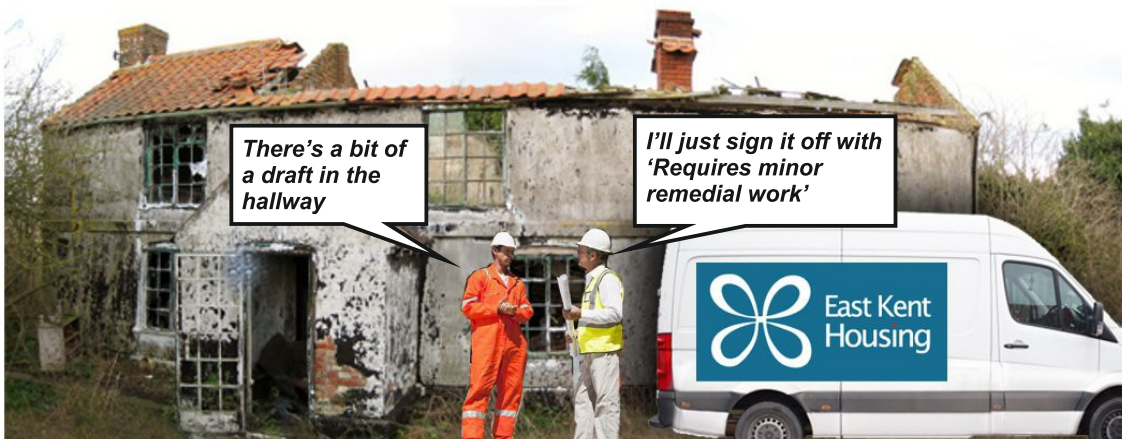
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The Counting House is now open. They've done a marvellous job inside, so why not pop in for a bite to eat or a wander round the labyrinth of wee rooms that once served as bank vaults.

Rueanthai: 12 York Street

Edwin and Manisa opened their first Far Eastern supermarket in Ramsgate in 2006. They looked for a long time to move here to Broadstairs which they have finally done. The shop is in York Street next door to Broadstairs Carpets and is full of interesting, best quality ingredients from Thailand, Philippines, Korea, and other South East Asian countries. They also sell fresh vegetables from Thailand.

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The Amber Palace

There looks to be a new Indian restaurant on its way up at the top of the High Street. (Was 'The Rustic Co') Don't know much else about it, but I suspect we'll be giving it a go shortly.



Bubble Tea Shop: The shop in Charlotte Street between Kit and The Bottleneck is purported to be opening as a Bubble Tea Shop which apparently is.....

a Taiwanese tea-based drink invented in Tainan and Taichung in the 1980s. Recipes contain tea of some kind, flavours of milk, and sugar. Toppings, known as "pearls", such as chewy tapioca balls, popping boba, fruit jelly, grass jelly, agar jelly, and puddings are often added.....

Another interesting, independent business to help keep our town vibrant and busy.

The Table: A cheese and wine deli, opening soon on the corner of York Street and Chandos.



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The Brigadier

Now I realise this may seem odd to you dear reader, seeing as I am a man of the people and all that, but until recently I did not own a shed.

Yes, I know, I too can hear the gasps and intakes of breath from within a thousand Broadstairs gardens.

"Not own a shed" I hear one tut, "A man without a shed by age forty simply hasn't made it" cried another. "Where do you keep your informative and thrilling magazines?" said a third.

You see, I didn't really think I had much need for one, what with all the brick outbuildings storing the booty collected over the last eighty years.

I previously assumed that somehow brick buildings could be classed as sheds - I was wrong, very wrong.

You see, those brick buildings were attached to the main house, they were the smaller growths on the bigger construction, all with flowing electric, lights and the irksome knowledge that someone could creep out of the back entrance to the house and be walking through the door at any moment, interrupting the things that we get up to in our exterior places of worship.

I'm a convert. I now am the proud owner of a shed near the bottom of the garden plot, just to the left of the Veg' patch, (which is so lovingly attended by our Octogenarian butler Benson). The shed backs on to a strikingly well maintained nettle patch on one side and a fence on the other, which leaves me with a clear view out of the window of the path leading down from the main house; Oh yes, I now know when my beloved is coming to

disturb my incessant tinkering and pottering. You may think that being an old duffer and a little 'Not of this time' that I would be classing the shed as a 'Man's place', you'd be wrong. Whilst the humble shed has long been associated with men, especially on TV and film (think Sid James and Terry Scott) women are now firmly in on the act; a fact that has not been lost on me after I tripped over a box full of Crochet magazines that had magically appeared under my Shed chair only last week. I'd even found small snippings of wool on the workbench and a note saying 'Please tidy up your tools'. It'll only be a matter of time before my assorted Ball Pein Hammers each have their own little knitted woolly hats on, like a set of miniature gold clubs.

What reminded me of the joys of a shed was finding some old videos I had stashed in the aforementioned brick outbuildings. No, not that sort of video your dirty devils. Twas a box set of 'Out of Town' starring everyone's favourite curmudgeonly grandparent Jack Hargreaves.

He liked a shed, in fact he like a shed so much he set one up in a TV studio and pretended to be in his own shed. There is one episode that springs happily to my mind which is rather an antidote to the sort of TV programme with fancy pants mere nibbles of food served on a bed of Pea Foam (Which sounds awful).

On this particular day Jack decided to show us how to cook an Onion, not just any Onion, but one big enough to use as a bowling ball. With a pen knife he proceeded to cut the top off the Onion, stuff it full of Bacon and then place the top back on held in situ' with cocktail sticks.

Fully prepped, his cooking instructions

amounted to, and I quote, "Stick it in the oven for, Err, I don't know, about half an hour, well just ask someone who'll know' and that was that.

You can keep your Venison Medallion on a Raspberry Jus, It's Bacon in Onion every time for me now, takes five minutes. You can wrap the Onion in Tin foil and cook it with a blowtorch, or bake it on a fire made with torn up copies of Crochet magazines.

I'm now considering a few additions to the shed, one of which will involve adding a small chimney so as to fashion a Smokery. This will allow me to attempt such homemade delicacies as 'Smoked, baked bacon in Onion', Smoked Bacon, Smoked Onion and anything else available from the Veg patch that could be improved by smoke. I might even try smoking a few crochet magazines just to make a point about tripping hazards.

I may even get Benson to dig about in the Attic room and fetch down my Easel and Oil paints. I used to be a keen artist you see and now I have my own little studio you'll be sure to see my efforts hanging in a gallery near you very soon. Picasso had his Blue period, I on the other hand rather preferred the muddier hues.

My beloved remarked one day on my portrait painting ability with the sentence. "Why do all your paintings resemble a dead woman in a pond", which sounds harsh, but is rather a statement fact. They're never jolly affairs and you wouldn't want to give a sitting as a gift to anyone. It does however mean you are left alone, nobody takes an interest in what you're up to and you can get on with other important shed tasks such as, taking a snooze, eating Bacon in Onion and flicking through some thrilling and informative magazines.



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A raw and tender drama of the friendship between two drag queens
www.thanetfilm.co.uk

19 November,

'The Last Tree' C15

Dir: Shola Amoo A British boy of Nigerian origin brought up in the countryside, struggles with the cultural strains of moving to Inner London. www.thanetfilm.co.uk

26 November 0830pm

'Hail Satan' C15

Dir: Penny Lane. Documentary

A look at the controversial religious group known as The Satanic Temple
www.thanetfilm.co.uk

3 December 0830pm

'Maborosi' C12A

Dir: Hirokazu Koreeda (Japanese/English subtitles)

A young woman loses her husband to apparent suicide. www.thanetfilm.co.uk

10 December 0830pm

'Rojo' C15

Dir: Benjamin Naishtat. (Spanish/English subtitles) A tense political thriller set in pre-coup Argentina. www.thanetfilm.co.uk

17 December 0830pm

'We, the Animals' C15

Dir: Jeremiah Zagar

A visceral coming of age drama of three wild young brothers in upstate New York.
www.thanetfilm.co.uk

Free Film Club for Thanet Youth

- and one for the oldies too

(and one club for the older generation)

Ramsgate based charity KENT FILM FOUNDATION celebrates entering its 10th anniversary year with a prestigious nomination for a major award in the Colyer Fergusson 50th Anniversary Awards in London.

The charity is about to enter 2020 with an exciting new programme of events, clubs and screenings for young people and retirees starting immediately. The return of its two highly successful Free weekly film clubs, the Girl's Film Club for 13 - 19 year olds and the LGBT Youth Film & Social Club for 15 - 19 year olds is added to with the Silver Screen over 55s/retired Film & Social Club. The foundation offers an opportunity in the area for young people to build social networks outside of school that are FREE. With many young people living in Thanet, an area in the top 10% of most deprived places in the UK and with some local postcodes facing even a higher position in the levels of deprivation, access to affordable all-year-round clubs outside of school hours is limited, even many extra curriculum clubs offered to schools incur a fee. These film clubs are free and



offer a wide and diverse introduction to the creative sector for young people who may and may not have academic skills. Or even for those at a loss as to what direction to aim for work.

The foundation was founded by a professional filmmaker from a modest background as a means to use the very collaborative medium that film offers. Anyone can engage with the processes involved in getting a film made and many of the skills learned can lead to job or career options for young people who might not have even considered film or the arts as a potential career path. Academic ability is irrelevant to many of the jobs involved in film, media and the arts - which even teachers are not aware of and cannot highlight.

The foundation has also started its first Silver Screen film club where older people will be working together to make documentary films about their own lives using personal archives. It is an ideal space to turn up if you are over 55, a pensioner or retired and looking for a way to make new friends or learn new digital skills. This film club is also a friendly place to learn how to use a mobile phone or laptop to talk face-to-face with long distance friends and relatives. With many older people feeling isolated when their children and grandchildren move away, this offers an excellent opportunity to keep in touch. Teaching tech skills is Tony Currell who also runs the stop frame Lego animation programme for younger children. Tony commented "Some older people feel too embarrassed to ask about skype or facetime and don't realise how simple this is to do until they are shown how. The club is a safe and supported environment to do this. They also don't realise how much they have done or achieved in their lives until they start researching their own archives."

The organisation works with professional filmmakers who run the film clubs and in association with film production company, Violet Pictures; it is also presenting BIG SCREEN EVENTS with guest professional speakers. So far these have included a screening of Ken Loach's Spirit of 45 with guest speaker producer Rebecca O'Brien and a special preview screening of the documentary Seahorse hosted by the LGBT youth film club about transman Freddie who wanted to be a Dad and gave birth to his own child. They will be screening a number of big feature film events at The Granville Cinema Ramsgate, Palace Cinema Broadstairs and Tom Thumb Cinema Margate over the next twelve months with high profile guest speakers in attendance at the screenings. Details of how to stay up to date with the special events and screenings can be found below. The organisation partners with the Ramsgate International Film Festival, POW Thanet and others for a number of its screenings.

Kent Film Foundation is the brainchild of filmmaker Jan Dunn, one of the very few

women film directors of her generation in the UK, she is also an established screenwriter:

"Having grown up in poverty myself, I know exactly how it feels for young people in this region who have a vision

or ambition yet cannot even dream about expressing that. I am also passionate about using the film clubs as a social engagement opportunity for LGBT youth and others who feel disenfranchised purely because they aren't academic types but have the energy and talent to create. Now that more is known about the 'right brain theory' of creatives, it makes total sense to me to use film and the arts as a tool to engage young people to kick start aspirations, whatever they may be. We are not just focussed on encouraging filmmakers of the future and all the many different types of careers there are in film, media and the arts but have also used film to inspire young people to become plumbers, electricians and in one case a veterinary assistant who never thought she'd get the academic skills to do so."

The charity has been mentioned in parliament for the successful work it has done with disenfranchised youth in particular and this year the charity has been nominated for a special award for its work by the Colyer Fergusson Charitable Trust for which it has already won a gift of £7500 purely for the nomination alone. Ramsgate Mayor Raushan Ara shall be attending the ceremony at The Globe Theatre London later this autumn alongside some of the filmmakers who facilitate the workshops. Girl's Film Club (Boys welcome as guests, email kentfilmfoundation@gmail.com) Wednesdays 4pm - 5.30pm, 10 Cliff Street, Ramsgate CT11 9HS.

LGBT Film & Social Club - From Monday 23rd September 5.30pm - 7.00pm Tom Thumb Theatre, 2A Eastern Esplanade, Margate CT9 2LB

Silver Screen Film & Social Club; Mondays 10.30 - 12Midday, 10 Cliff Street, Ramsgate CT11 9HS

Further information for clubs and big event screenings can be found on the website www.kentfilmfoundation.co.uk
Facebook Page: Kent Film Foundation
Twitter: @KentFilm_UK

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