



## 'Jubilee' Telephone Box

27<sup>th</sup> September, 2015

To His Worship, The Mayor of Dorsten,  
Tobias Stockhoff, Esq.,  
The Town Hall,  
5, Haltern Street,  
46284 Dorsten



Jubilee Telephone Box  
Recklinghausen Strææt  
46282 Dorsten

Your Worship,

Pray excuse me for addressing myself to you in this manner; however, I must beg leave to appeal to you for assistance in the question of my future as a senior citizen of your town.

I am greatly honoured to have been a guest in your city for a quarter of a century. It was in May 1983, on the 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the twinning of our two towns, that I left my home in Crawley to take up residence in Dorsten.

I first saw the light of day on the Royal Jubilee of our most esteemed Monarch, His Late Majesty, King George V, in 1935 and was Christened **Jubilee** in his honour. After 80 years on God's Good Earth, I am now getting a little long in the tooth.

I am ashamed to admit that I am now in a very sorry state. When first I came to reside in your fair city, I was revered as a figure of charm and elegance. I was so proud to serve the good people of Dorsten as a symbol of British respectability. In my current guise, I can no longer lay claim to that honour.

My failing eyesight is exacerbated by my glasses being scratched by thoughtless individuals. My eyes have often been blinkered by the application of stickers to the windows. However carefully removed, each has left its indelible marks, which cloud my vision like cataracts.



G.P.O. Telephone Kiosk K6 'Jubilee Kiosk', designed by the renowned architect, **Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, O.M., F.R.I.B.A.**



Introduced by **His Majesty's General Post Office** in 1936 and named in commemoration of **H.M. Royal Jubilee, 1935.**



Presented to the **People of Dorsten** by the People of Crawley on the **10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Town Twinning, May 1983.**



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At times, some of my glasses have even been broken or missing, allowing the cold winter winds to whistle through me, chilling my bones to the core. My paintwork is in a parlous state.

Sadly, many people today no longer accord me the respect due to a lady of my advanced years. I fear that some of your good townsfolk have misunderstood my purpose. Although keen to be of convenience to the public, I am not a "Public Convenience". I pride myself on being eminently convenient for the *Bedürfnisse* of telephonic communication, yet I object most indignantly at being used as an *öffentliche Bedürfnisanstalt*.

After so many years living on the streets, I am no longer fit enough to survive the travails of street life. I fear the time has come when I must enter a nursing home, where I may relax, cosseted in a warm, cosy atmosphere. Somewhere with friendly staff to watch over me and keep me out of harm's way; to care for me as befits a *grande dame* of my age.

I do hope you can find it in your heart to aid an elderly damsel in distress and most respectfully implore you to acquiesce to my humble petition.

Your most supplicant servant,

*Jubilee*

The Telephone Box