



'Jubilee' Telephone Box

12th June, 2016

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



Jubilee Telephone Box
St. Anna's Care Home
111, Kirchellen Avenue
46282 Dorsten

Your Worship,

Pray allow me to express my heartfelt thanks for your most kind and generous assistance in arranging sheltered accommodation for me in this delightful care home.

After so many years of living and working on the street, I was in desperate need of retirement. Eight decades of sleeping on the pavement had taken their toll on my health and appearance.

My skin was blotchy and flaking; my glasses scratched and broken. I had become a veritable eyesore at the gateway to your fair city. Respectable folk were wont to pass me by on the other side of the street.

Only those compassionate people from the **Friends of Crawley** seemed to care about me. They campaigned tirelessly for several years. Thanks to their efforts and your own good offices, Mr. Mayor, **Herr Bernhardt** volunteered to take me into his home:~ and at such an auspicious time!

I was conceived in the Year of Our Lord 1935, when the whole of Britain was awash with tea parties, celebrating the Silver Jubilee of our most esteemed Monarch, His Late Majesty, King George V.

It was only right and fitting that my father, His Majesty's Postmaster General, should Christen me **Jubilee** in His Majesty's honour. Such an inspired choice of name!



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 **10th Anniversary of the Town Twinning, May 1985.**



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I'm tickled pink to be going into retirement now, at a time when the whole country is again awash with tea parties.

For this 12th day of June, 2016, is the joyous occasion on which we all celebrate the **90th Birthday of Our Sovereign Lady, Queen Elizabeth II.**

That Your Worship should choose this very day of all days on which to celebrate my own 80th birthday brings tears of joy to my eyes.

You can not believe my joy, Sir, at my new home. St. Anna's is so very snug: an absolute delight. There is no better word for it than "**gemütlich**".

It is wonderfully comforting to see so many familiar faces here. People with whom I used to pass the time of day as they went their way to a cuppa at Café Maus, to Holy Mass at St. Agatha's or a shopping expedition.

I am greatly honoured that Your Worship should be here in person to welcome me. I never imagined for one moment that you would organise such a joyous reception in honour of my humble self. It fair warms the cockles of my heart!

All dolled up in my shimmering new gown of striking red with golden crowns upon my collar, I feel like the Belle of the Ball.

I feel most humbled and not a little embarrassed by all this attention. It's overwhelming. Why, I'm quite flushed:~ **My cheeks are all red!**

I cannot thank you enough, Your Worship, for all you have done on my behalf.

Sir, you are a *True Gentleman!*

Herr Bernhardt, too, deserves hearty thanks for his great support.

Pray allow me to present to you both this very British, handmade tie as a tiny token of my appreciation.





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May an elderly lady be allowed one final request?

In grateful acknowledgement of all the kindness you have shown me,
I should like very much to address you by your Christian name.

Pray, allow me to make so bold as to dub you "*Sir Toby*"!

With grateful thanks,
Your humble servant,

Jubilee

The Telephone Box