

**THE THUNDERER
A.K.A. THE INMATES
GAZETTE
ST PANCRAS ALMSHOUSES**

Number 10

July 2007

DON'T FORGET
JULY 10TH

The following list of films (which we hope to show in the Hall) has been compiled from suggestions made by residents.(in no particular order):

THE QUIET MAN/THE LADY KILLERS/MY FAIR LADY/CASABLANCA/LES MISERABLES/THE PRISONER OF ZENDA/AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER/A TOUCH OF CLASS/CALENDAR GIRLS/THE QUEEN/THE DUELLISTS/GLADIATOR/HOPE AND

GLORY/THE MISSION/DOCTOR
ZHIVAGO/LAWRENCE OF ARABIA/THE
LEOPARD.

(One of our residents appeared in The Leopard !
FRED GRUBB was hiking in Sicily in 1963 when he
was co-opted for a week's work as a soldier in the
Bourbon army firing a dysfunctional musket during
"The Storming of Palermo" We will try to stop the
film when he appears to allow for the applause that is
bound to erupt when he appears on screen)

Last month we published a verse entitled Brecknock
Road which was composed years ago by one of our
readers during a difficult period in his/her life. It has
received several favourable and complimentary
comments so we are pleased to publish two more of his
verses from that period.

CONTRASTS

Green leaves filtering gentled sun
On sweet young faces playing
Aimless and content:Patterning the playground
Joyful bursts of 'stop go'
Catch me,catch me not.

Their disconnected mums

With tatty skirts tight on bulging thighs
Sick thoughts whirligig
Deprived minds vomit fear
Hate bends eyes away from love.

The priest, cassock swirling, passes
Judging all with pious prayers.

CAMDEN CAMELOT

Lurching past the church
Able, just, to cross himself
While crucifying within
Hopeful for the final gutter crumple.
Vicarious onlookers deafen smug ears
To the silent screams for help.

Snot streaked faces shout abuse
Vile smiles thicken to leers
As the drunk sadly pirouettes

Tinnie of extra strong
Leads the shaking fist
To the toothless void
Through which the child sang praises.

Is this his first today
Or the very last for ever ?

The following song has been submitted by someone at
the Charlie Ratchford Centre to be sung to the music of
“The Sound of Music”.

A FEW OF MY FAVOURITE THINGS”

Maalox and nose drops and needles for knitting
Walkers and handrails and new dental fittings,
Bundles of magazines tied up in string,
These are a few of my favourite things.
Cadillacs and cataracts and hearing aids and glasses,
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings,
These are a few of my favourite things.

When the pipes leak,
When the bones creak,
When the knees go bad,
I simply remember my favourite things,
And then I don't feel so bad.

Hot tea and crumpets and corn pads for bunions
No spicy food or food cooked with onions,
Bathrobes and heating pads and hot meals they bring,

These are a few of my favourite things.

Back pains, confused brains, and no fear of sinnin',
Thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinnin',
And we won't mention our short shrunken frames,
When we remember our favourite things.

When the joints ache,
When the hips break,
When the eyes grow dim,
Then I remember the great life I've had,
And then I don't feel so bad.

JOHN FOOKS, 8A has written this specially for The Thunderer.

EDWAR ALBERT FOLEY 1814-1874

Whilst recently in the library at Swiss Cottage, I found a book called "Streets of Gospel Oak and West Kentish Town".

On looking up Truro Street, I was surprised to find at number 9 (the very house in which I was born), lived in 1861 Edward Albert Foley, a Dublin born sculptor. So I thought I would try and find out more about him.

Edward Albert was born in at Montgomery Street, Dublin in 1814, the elder, but lesser known brother of John Henry Foley.

Educated at first by his Mother, Father and later his Grandfather. At thirteen he was apprenticed to John Smith, Master of the Royal Dublin Society School. In 1827 he was working as his assistant on four shilling a week. By 1828 he was earning 17/6 a week, and he formed an attachment to one of Smith's daughters. In 1830 he becomes engaged to her, but Smith had no work for him so he resolved to move to London. At first he had no luck, but later is taken on by William Behnes, a Hanoverian sculptor, (who later became "Sculptor in Ordinary" to the young Queen Victoria). At £4 a week in 1831, he marries Miss Smith, who moved also to London.

Edward Albert was an expert carver and an artist of some talent. He exhibited busts at the Royal Academy.

His bust of Samuel Lowe is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

In 1861 while living at No.9 Truro Street, he completes a version of his bust of Catherine Hayes. In 1871 he was charged on a warrant of defrauding two cabmen of their lawful fares. In May 1874 aged 59, and with money troubles and believing (albeit wrongly) that he had an incurable illness, He committed suicide by jumping off the canal bridge in Albert Road. When carrying out this attempt he

apparently changed his mind and called for help, but by the time the drags were fetched, and he was pulled out, it was too late, he had already drowned.

I hope that thi article may be of some interest to my fellow inmates. I thoroughly recommend the book to anyone interested in the history of this area. It is available at the Swiss Cottage library priced £7.50.

Thank you John.

A resident writes:- I've sure gotten old! I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, new knees, fought Prostate Cancer and diabetes. I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take 40 different medications that make me dizzy, winded and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia. Have poor circulation, hardly feel my hands and feet anymore. Can't remember if I'm 85 or 92. Have lost all my friends.

But thank god I still have my driver's license.

JOHN DOE has submitted some epigrams for our consisderation. Here are two:-

Nearly everyone has been the subject of gossip within families, neighbourhoods or work places.

Most gossip is harmless but it's natural for victims to feel under threat if it seems the whole world is condemning them.

You could throw a 'Get to know you' party for your neighbours but are their prejudices really worth worrying about ?

Anyone who would base an opinion on unfounded rumours isn't worthy of your friendship.

If you hear anything bad about anyone, keep it to yourself. If you hear anything good about anyone, pass it on as a little help is worth a lot of pity.

Thank you John Doe.

Last month Mary related a fishy story and a reader in Spain sent us the following short narrative related to fishing.

The Editors cannot vouch for its authenticity and it may or may not relate to one of our fellow residents. You must judge for yourself.

A man is 71 years old, retired, and loves to fish. He was sitting in his boat the other day when he heard a voice say, "Pick me up."

He looked around and couldn't see any one. He thought he was dreaming when he heard the voice say again, "Pick me up." He looked in the water and there, floating on the top, was a frog.

The man said, "Are you talking to me?"

The frog said, "Yes, I'm talking to you. Pick me up.

Then kiss me and I'll turn into to most beautiful woman you have ever seen. I'll make sure that all your friends are envious and jealous because you will have me as your bride."

The man looked at the frog for a short time, reached over, picked it up carefully, and placed it in his front breast pocket.

Then the frog said, "What, are you mad ? Didn't you hear what I said ? I said kiss me and I will be your beautiful bride."

The man opened his pocket, looked at the frog and said,

"Nah, at my age I'd rather have a talking frog."

William Young thanks the Lord Bishop of Edmonton and Residents and friends who attended the ceremony to dedicate the Peace Rose in memory of his Parents

on May 27th. The Rose is doing well after a loss of petals in “the big wind”.

And so we say goodbye to June and we wish you a Happy and Warm July.