

Meanwhile, the funds continued to roll in. My employer agreed to match-fund everything we raised and I am delighted to tell you that thanks to the generosity of all those who contributed, we raised over £15,000. The amount we raised then triggered a further payment from Hays to Alzheimer's Society of over £40,000, bringing the total to a whopping £55,000. Liz Monks, Director of Fundraising at Alzheimer's Society said:
"We are so grateful to Dan for taking part in the Mont Blanc challenge and raising such a huge amount of money in support

of Alzheimer's Society... As a charity, we rely on the generosity of individuals like Dan, who gave up his time to help us continue our vital work. The money raised by Dan and his friends will enable Alzheimer's Society to continue leading the fight against dementia."

It therefore just remains for me to say a MASSIVE 'thank you' to all of you who helped raise so much money for such a deserving charity. And where next? Well, I've always had a secret desire...the Matterhorn – watch this space!

Dan Rogers

A Cold December Night 1950

The ground underfoot was thick, chunky, crackling ice, inches deep. Snow covered the roads and fields with no defining marks. Mother said we must walk up to Rock Cottage to make sure her parents were okay; no phones in those days, just the public red box. We wrapped up in our warmest coats; mine was dogtooth tweed

it cost a bit in those days and was probably bought at a bob a week from London House. (I sent it to the appeal for the 1952 Lynmouth sea flood disaster.) I think Mother sported some sort of rabbit fur, which was popular before the war. With our terrier Skipper, on a lead for once, we set off from St Michael's Close, arm in arm, when Mother lost her footing and shot me and the dog into the road. After a moment we righted ourselves and pressed on through the village- absolute nothingness as nobody was about. A light



in the Red Horse, another small light in the Shaven Crown, up past the Court, by The Lamb and on up Little Lane to Rock Cottage, probably just over a mile.

Granny opened the door, giving Mother a welcome shot of brandy and me a mug of hot Oxo.

After exchanging pleasantries and

orders for shopping and doctor's stuff we commenced our downward journey. The air was now much colder, the icy conditions underfoot made us slip, trip and fall our way through Upper Shipton. Once again the snowy blizzards started, making it impossible to see and the wind blowing and tearing at us as we hung together with the dog and back home to the comparative comfort of St Michael's Close with our electric light, kettle for hot soup and bed.

Phyllis Clarke