

WebWhispers

Sharing Support Worldwide
Throat Cancer and Laryngectomy Rehabilitation

Whispers on the Web

A Monthly Online Newsletter for WebWhispers

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August 2014

Name Of Column	Author	Title	Article Type
News Views	Pat Sanders	Using S.O. Subject	News & Events
VoicePoints	VP Coordinator Kim Almand	The Voice Institute	Education-Med
Between Friends	Donna McGary	You Can't Have It All	Commentary
Speaking Out	Members	Name one thing different?	Opinion
This Lary Life	Noirin Sheahan	Lessons From Laryngectomy	Commentary
The Speechless Poet	Len A Hynds	The American Liberty Ship	Prose & Poetry
Bits, Bytes & No Butts!	Frank Klett	Hi-tech Health...and privacy!	Computers
Editor's Mailbox	Letter to the Editor	Letter from the past - Dutch Helms	E-mail

INDEX AND LINKS TO EACH ISSUE MAY BE FOUND AT: <http://webwhispers.org/news/WotWIndex.asp>

COMMENT HERE
FEEDBACK



Borrowing from S.O. Subject

I belong to an "all cancers" group that I have attended for about 18 years. There was a gentleman cancer survivor of a particularly deadly type of cancer, and he would always say when we did our introductions that he was glad he had had cancer because of the person he became from the lessons he learned.

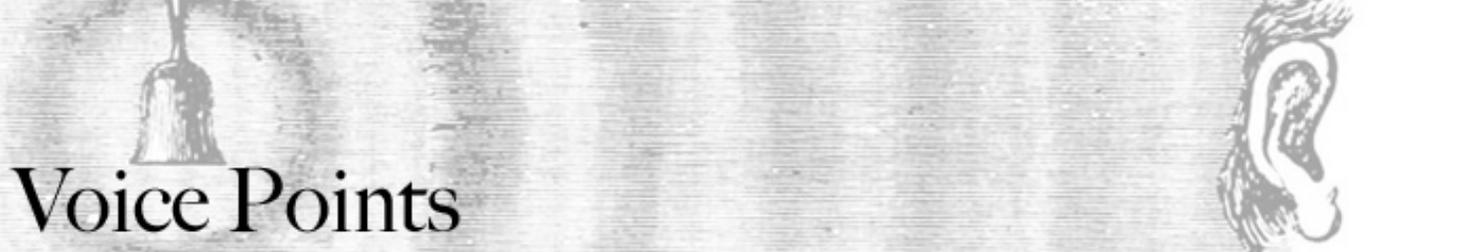
In speaking to groups after recovery from both of my cancers, I found myself telling about changes in my life that would not have happened without the experience of the cancer diagnoses. The first one, the breast cancer, did not change my life although it did teach me some lessons and number one was...the unexpected tap on the shoulder and the voice saying, "It CAN happen to you." With the second one, the throat cancer, I accepted it and understood some of what was going to happen because of the first diagnosis and treatment but the lessons to be learned were like getting hit with a 2 x 4...stunning.

I am coming up on 20 years since diagnosis of SCC of the larynx and these years have had more good than bad. They have been rich in gaining knowledge and friendships and I could not say I would like to go back and live them differently. Big change is me was I learned to write. I had to because I couldn't talk and I could not allow myself to be so isolated. Since then I wrote letters, messages, articles... I edited and encouraged others to learn and to write for newsletters and finally, I wrote a book, "I left My Voice On The Dining Room Table." <http://talkingthroatcancer.com>

It has been a good 20 years.

Speaking of good years, for 2015, we have an exciting cruise planned from Port Liberty to Quebec! Take a look: <http://webwhispers.org/activities/2015Canada-Quebec.asp>

Enjoy,
Pat W Sanders
WebWhispers President



Voice Points

Written by Professionals

Coordinated by Kim Almand M.S., CCC-SLP
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THE VOICE INSTITUTE

The IAL recently convened for its Annual Meeting and Voice Institute (VI). The IAL changes locations each year and in 2014 it was held in June in Buffalo, NY.

The Voice Institute portion of the meeting was well-attended, including 23 speech-language pathologists and faculty, most of whom are WebWhispers members, 47 graduate students, and over 28 laryngectomee participants. Under the direction of a new Voice Institute director and our own former VoicePoints coordinator Jodi Knott, M.S., CCC-SLP, the participants participated in a rigorous program including both didactics and hands-on training in laryngectomy and post-laryngectomy voice restoration. One important change to the VI meeting this year was the division of students and SLPs into two separate tracks. This allowed for more individualized instruction and hands-on opportunities within each group. There were 22 different vendors exhibiting who were incredibly generous with their support, donating both time and supplies.

Congratulations to Jodi, the Voice Institute faculty, and the staff of the IAL on another successful meeting! Next year's combined Annual Meeting and Voice Institute will be held in Baltimore, MD, June 10-14, 2015. For more information, please visit the IAL website as details are added after the first of the year: www.theIAL.com

This VoicePoints column takes our cue each month from the Voice Institute as we address some of the pertinent issues surrounding head and neck cancer and voice restoration. We are grateful to many of these VI faculty and others who have submitted articles for publication in Whispers on the Web in the past. While we often cover similar topics more than once over the years, each writer has a different perspective and manner with which they convey their contribution. Our library and archives of past newsletters contain points of reference that are still as provocative, relevant and insightful today as they were when they were first written. I encourage you to browse through the WW Library and to use the archives of the previous newsletters in our files since 1998. You may find answers to questions you did not even know you had. An added bonus for those who attended or good education for ones who were unable to attend the conference this year, is access to insights from some fabulous experts in our field! For further browsing.... take a fresh look at what some of these Voice Institute faculty have had to say about the topics linked below.

Clinical Speech-Language Pathology: Expanding our Role in Post-Laryngectomy Care

Philip C. Doyle, Ph.D., CCC-SLP

<http://webwhispers.org/news/jun2010.asp>

Head and Neck Lymphedema: What is lymphedema, and how to do self-massage for lymph drainage.

Brad Smith, CCC-SLP, CLT

<http://www.webwhispers.org/news/feb2012.asp>

The links above have also been added to the WW Library under appropriate sections, the first one to the SLP section under Library/General Information SLP and the other one to the Possible Problems/Lymphedema.

Be on the lookout each month for additional references and links to our archives as we continue to expand our

WebWhispers online information library. As always, I welcome your questions, feedback, and suggestions for future VoicePoints articles.

Kim



You Can't Have it All

Back in the day for some of us, there was a commercial that pretty much summed up our aspirations:

*I can bring home the bacon,
Fry it up in a pan...
And never ever let him forget he's the man.
'Cuz I'm a woman.....*

God help me, I LOVED that commercial, wore the perfume, Enjoli, and was proud of it. I am of that generation of women who felt we could have it all. Great career, family, and do it all with style. We were wrong. It is not possible to juggle it all without dropping some balls along the way.

I made some bad choices and had some bad luck along the way but I kept on believing. Things had really started looking up and I then got cancer. That's when all the balls dropped. I thought this was just a little blip - be fine in month or two - radiation is a breeze. I was wrong again.

So, I never finished graduate school; never got my PhD. Never got published or made a fortune. Never even went to Africa in the Peace Corps and haven't done any white-water rafting lately.

Something my generation of women learned is you cannot be on the fast career track and still be there when your kid takes her first step. You may not be able to leave work early so that you can be there for his first T-ball game. That's why someone came up with the phrase "The Mommy Track". And anyone who says that isn't important is kidding herself. Having it all is a myth. Especially if you are a single parent, the financial and emotional toll is enormous.

Cancer was a real sucker punch after everything else. But it taught me an invaluable lesson. Never take anything for granted and appreciate everything.

I am fortunate to have two beautiful grand-daughters who live close enough that I am a part of their everyday life. I think I am a better Nana than I was a Mama. I am more patient and much more aware that this age - this stage - this moment is fleeting and will never be back again. Plus I am not torn between work and family nor stressed over meeting the mortgage. I had cataract surgery not too long ago and when I was in recovery my blood pressure was quite high. The nurse told me to "go to my happy place". I thought of my grand-daughters and sure enough it went down.

If I hadn't gotten sick I like to think I might be doing important things in the field of gerontology like publishing articles in peer reviewed journals on "Cognitive Changes in Healthy Aging Adults". Instead I am doing funny things like experiments with milk, food coloring and dish soap (very cool, by the way). And helping the next generation of girls to discover science and bugs and believe that they can be astronauts. Plus care for all the baby dolls and Barbies and unicorns....and plan the tea parties and picnics. It will never be easy this juggling. But it can be done.

Life is full of surprises and no matter how you look at it they aren't all good. It is true you can't have it all but you can discover some pretty amazing things if you are just open to the possibilities.



Name one thing that becoming a lary has stopped you from doing and one thing that it has allowed you to start doing.

Max E Hoyt, Delaware - Class of 1993

Soon after my surgery, I discovered I could not laugh out loud. While I had the emotions of laughter, I could not join in with family and friends and express that emotion. That lack of expression has been viewed negatively by other than close family. I have been labeled as a "Grumpy Ol' Man" by some.

On the plus side, I have found a new emotion which I label "Acceptance." I have discovered what a blessing the ability to accept life on life's terms is to me. I feel I have learned the true meaning of have a glass half full rather than half empty.

Linda Palucci, Florida - 2002

Len A. Hynds, The Speechless Poet, Ashford, Kent England - 2004 TEP

What have I stopped doing? Of course that would have to be, having confidence around water.

The one thing I miss the most is swimming. Really swimming and being comfortable around the water and boats. I do go into pools and do aerobics, but stay mostly in shallow end. 4ft.

What have I started doing? That's a lot harder. I think I've become more self sufficient. After surgery, I joined a local lary club. Met lots of new people. 10 months after surgery I took a Greyhound alone, to Atlanta from Ct for the convention. I never really liked flying. But since then have even gotten braver about that. I moved from Ct to FL, drove myself down, picked up my cousin in VA on the way. I've gone back and forth a couple of times. If I had the finances I'd do a lot more traveling.

i thank God for every day I wake up still, on this side of the grass. And I thank Him that everything on this body still pretty much works. So thanks to Him and the doctors, I'm not a lary with a person, but rather a person who happens to have a new voice.

Loyd Enochs, Indiana - December 2009

I started brewing my own beer, since I had the chance and joined the local home brewing club.

Len A. Hynds, The Speechless Poet, Ashford, Kent England - 2004 TEP

Name the one thing since becoming a lary, that I can no longer do, that causes most frustration?

Without doubt it is being in a group of people, where conversation flies backwards and forwards, and wishing to impart pearls of wisdom into the discussion, by the time my thumb is only half way to my neck, somebody else has interrupted and is then themselves interrupted by yet another person, whilst my thumb hovers plaintively in mid-air.

At Laryngectomy Club meetings you are on a level playing field with your colleagues, which can be laughable, but at committee meetings or cancer meetings, unless you have an astute chairman, who watches for your raised finger and stops everybody, it is pointless you being there.

The benefits of being so silenced many times, by those suffering verbal diarrhea, is it gives you time to say the right words and getting right to the point.

A secondary minor frustration is being unable to talk whilst eating, but I turn this to advantage, and have my table in uncontrollable laughter as I do my well planned charades for them to guess my words.

Bob Bauer, Hayward, CA - Class '08

Well, becoming a Lary hasn't really stopped me from doing what I usually do except that it now takes a little longer. My stamina isn't as good as it used to be.

Now, being a Lary lets me talk to pre and post operative Larys to help them get through what we all had to go through. It's a good feeling. Best regards to all.

A long-term laryngectomy - USA

In short, I can't think of anything that I did before my laryngectomy that I can't do now, at least not because of the laryngectomy.

About six months before my laryngectomy I sang at Carnegie Hall in New York. When I was in the Marine Corps I was a lifeguard and swimming instructor and always enjoyed swimming as often as I could. Prior to surgery I enjoyed acting in Repertoire theater, doing roles like George in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolfe* and MacMurphy in *One Flew Over the Cookest Nest*. I had a great laugh that was a special source of enjoyment for me.

After total laryngectomy I can still sing and swim and act and laugh, but the quality is not quite what it was. Now I can put my junior high talent of making myself "burp" to good use in speaking esophageally. I have used this esophageal speech in tobacco talks at schools, as have so many other laryngectomees. I have also used my esophageal voice in speaking truth to power at shareholder meetings at R J Reynolds and Philip Morris. Life before my laryngectomy was great: my life after laryngectomy is still great, just a little different, that's all. The greatest gift from my laryngectomy has been all of the wonderful people whom I never would have known had I not had the not-so-bad fortune of joining the ranks of laryngectomees.

I'm quieter, but still proud and pleased to be a laryngectomee.

Brenda Hupp, Safety Harbor, FL - November 2002

Although I m grateful to be alive with or without a voice box, I don't think I'll ever become accustomed to the fact that I can no longer sing. I began participating in chorus in elementary school, and continued doing so in junior high and throughout my high school years. I also sang in church. Singing was an activity that always gave me great pleasure, and I had a good voice. My entire family was musically talented & in fact, my sister sang professionally. My inability to sing hits me the hardest when beautiful carols are played at Christmastime or when I hear a favorite oldie because I want to join in and belt out the tune. But sound never happens.

There are other things that I don't do since I've become a laryngectomee. The loss of my voice has made me feel overall extremely vulnerable. In the past, I was not fearful of traveling alone, including solo long distance trips by car, but I'm fearful of doing that now. I also now worry about having a medical emergency or a home break-in and being unable to ask for help. Although these fears are important, I honestly believe that being unable to sing is the most significant loss of all to me.

Dave Ross, Edgewater, FL - Class of '05

Stopped: Our annual week long trip with friends and family to the Gulf of Mexico to gather bay scallops by snorkeling in two to ten feet of crystal clear water.

Allowed: To become much more appreciative of the small things in life.

Lorna, St. Louis, MO - 2014

What a great question. My laryngectomy was just in January. I had to think about what I CANNOT do. I could say swimming, but I think I have been in a pool 3 times in the last 15 years.

I cannot whisper, which was all I could do before my surgery. I cannot smell - and I cook - so I miss that.

There are some good things I do not do - No CPAP. No asthma medicines (except for 1 pill once a day). I cannot smell - which at times, is a really good thing.

I CAN eat again, which I wasn't doing before the surgery. I am back to sleeping in the bedroom, as I am not snoring anymore (wasn't using that CPAP because I was always gagging.) I am eating, which I wasn't doing before surgery. I

lost a lot of weight, and now have the incentive and confidence to exercise and get into shape. I can talk again - with my EL.

Helen Todd - Feb 2014

Hello! I am new to this club but here it goes! The one thing I can not do that I have done all my life is going fishing out of a boat. My husband and I of almost 22 years have owned several boats, been in fishing clubs, tourneys. Also can not go swimming in our pool which we bought for me! These will be precious memories that I will cherish forever.

But the good thing that has come out of this, is that I have discovered that I am more creative than I thought. I enjoy being outdoors anyway so landscaping my yard has been fun but a lot of work. I have to go slow at it but I enjoy it!! So for now pushing my husband to go fishing in one of our 2 boats without me is what I have to do!! I do enjoy this website had my lary done Feb 2014 and tep is real new like June 12th 2014.

Mike Cohn - Class of 2010

I play a few stringed instruments and always sang while I played--my singing being much better than my playing. I still like to play, but sincerely miss not being able to sing at the same time.

I always thought myself a good listener, but find myself even better now that I use a TEP to speak.. I find it easier to just keep quiet sometimes....

Sharon Severini, Waterbury, CT - 11/30/2012

I stopped cleaning with strong smelling cleaning agents.
I stopped driving far distances due to paranoid about coughing while driving due to needing both hands
I stopped volunteering for field trips at granddaughters school due to not speaking loud enough.
I stopped swimming.. (UGH)
I started texting more often.
I started sleeping worse and wont lay flat.
I started sleeping with 2 pillows.
I started eating slower.
I started taking sleeping pills, which don't help a lot.
I continue to be feisty..depending on if I feel the need.
I have gotten very cranky on most occasions also.

Pete Meuleveld, Salem, OR - June 2010

It was pretty easy coming up with one thing I can no longer do since my Laryngectomy - SCUBA diving!

That is definitely no longer possible for me, and I do miss it. Deciding on something I can do now that I could not do before was harder. But I think I can now better relate and empathize with others that have physical problems and limitations, whatever those might be. And, it is now possible for me to be part of the Lary community and take comfort in all the available support.

Lou Trammell, Chicago, IL - 2009

I don't know what happened the night after my surgery but I woke a different person and I wanted to give/help others.

I was never the outgoing type and I'm still not but when it's comes to the Lary subject it just changes and I can open up and this has allowed me to start Lary's Speakeasy, a live group here in Chicago and also in Facebook and both are doing great. I could have never ever done this before my surgery. Pat said it would be slow going and it was but

are doing great, I could have never ever done this before my surgery. Pat said it would be slow going and it was but success came, Elizabeth said ask and you'll receive and I did and I receive daily, Jim said get involved and I have, so others are doing the same, yep I can do this now!!

Mohan Raj, Bangalore, India - Mar 2010

No prize for guessing the answer to that question! The one thing I am not able to do as I used to before is "Speaking". I have had many TEPs changed in the last four years and none has enabled me to speak with the same ease, clarity and comfort as the natural voice lost once for all time. None will. Net result, I speak less and less. The less you speak, the more you think. You speak to the point. People respect you for that. And you tend to realize how people often speak unnecessarily, far more than what is really warranted.

Because I talk less, I no longer indulge in idle chat. I tend to become contemplative. I sit quietly all by myself and meditate more frequently, which is very enjoyable and energizing.

Janet, Australia - 2013

Ever since I've had my Laryngectomy, I've learnt not to take life for granted and to try my best to make the most, within my power, of everything I do. I can look at things in a different perspective so that before, I would get so very upset about happenings around me and take things personally i.e. people living in the past and continually bringing it up to upset others. Now I can look at those same things and wonder why I was so upset. Little things like the computer breaking down would send me into a "flutter", now I think, "so what, it'll get fixed". My priorities have changed enormously and I thank the Laryngectomy and relating to others in the same position as myself for this. Also to learn Humility is a wonderful experience in itself.

Thank you for your submissions. Edits are used for length, clarity and to keep comments on subject of the month.
Staff of Speaking Out



Lessons from Laryngectomy

Noirin Sheahan

Life is a lot easier for me now that I'm reasonably fluent with the electrolarynx. But in the first months post-op there were many times when I wanted to speak but couldn't and didn't have the whiteboard at hand to write my thoughts. At those moments I would often feel tremendous shame. I felt like a failure. Others, even small children, could talk but I could not. It was embarrassing in another way too, as I hadn't thought of myself as a snob. But the shame of not being able to speak was accentuated when I met with my mum's cleaning lady and couldn't reply to her greeting. I suddenly realised that I had unconsciously felt superior to her, whereas now, without a voice, my place in the pecking order wasn't so clear! Dear oh dear – not only my voice, but my egalitarian self-image was also in shreds!

For close on sixty years I had taken it for granted that I could say hello, chat, argue a point, ask questions and laugh. I liked the sound of my own voice. Without thinking of it, I assumed it was part of me. How could I have lost it? I don't like to think too deeply about this. I get confused and shame and guilt come in again at this state of confusion. As they seep through my burning cheeks and heavy heart, they whisper 'that voice was never mine'. Biology kindly gave me vocal chords as a baby and I enjoyed them for years, but now they are gone. Part of the cycle of life. It's taking me time to assimilate this painful message.

I have been practicing mindfulness meditation within the Buddhist tradition for close on thirty years and both the practice and the teachings have helped enormously since my laryngectomy. I'm sure others have had similar help from Christian teachings and practices, or from other sources of wisdom. One saying of the Buddha came to me again and again in those early days: *'What the world finds ugly, I find beautiful'*. Anxiety would be gnawing at my bones but something in me struggled to comprehend the experience as beautiful, to trust that I was learning some deeper wisdom through it all. I whispered it to myself, like a mantra: *'What the world finds ugly, I find beautiful'*.

When I have the time and space for deeper meditation, I am always reassured that I haven't lost anything of real value. The beauty of universal truth is still open to me. That's all that matters ultimately. But then, in daily life, this wisdom can desert me. Occasionally when people see I can't speak they assume I'm deaf too, or intellectually impaired. Sometimes they join me in writing on the white-board, or 'mouth' their words silently. If I'm in good humour, this can be amusing. But if I'm not, it can trigger rage. One time, when I was quite sick and also in a sulk, a nursing attendant assumed my frozen face meant that I didn't understand what he was saying. He started speaking loudly, one word at a time, miming and gesticulating in his efforts to communicate. I wanted to shout: *"I'm not stupid, I'm not deaf, I'm just furious; can't you see!"* But of course I couldn't, and scrawling it on the whiteboard didn't seem like an option. When he left I paced the room, dragging my drip-stand with me, livid with rage and frustration. Later, I remembered again my mantra: *What the world finds ugly, I find beautiful*. Everything around me and within me seemed despicable and horribly ugly. And yet the Buddha would find this beautiful? Tears of rage and self-pity flowed into the infinite compassion of his vision.

Then again, there is the temptation to find fault. Someone must be to blame for all this. Myself? For not taking the warning signs seriously enough? My doctors? My karma? The Buddha taught that misfortune can occur for many reasons – e.g. heredity or environment as well as resulting from past misdeeds. So I cannot assume that this is a fruit of 'bad karma'. Intellectually I accept this, and am very glad that I don't have to see this as punishment. But I only started to question the teaching on karma at an emotional level when a neighbour called and, probably troubled by my condition, said: *"I don't know what you did in your previous life but I hope you enjoyed it at the time!"* I reacted with deep anger at her judgement but once again I was saved by the slow pace of the whiteboard and her visit passed off cordially. But later as I reflected on her remark and my reaction, I saw my deeper fear: that she was right ... that this speechless condition was a sign to all that I was being punished for my misdeeds.

Intellectually I could shrug off this harsh self-judgement, but emotionally it lingered as shame and confusion. To confound matters I was shocked and depressed by seeing this unexpected harshness in myself. Another knot of emotions to disentangle. I felt exhausted at the prospect. But I remembered the Buddha's encouragement to take all difficulties as an opportunity for spiritual growth. He described physical illness as one of the 'divine messengers' teaching us to look deeper than the phenomenal world for our security. Although I wanted to turn away and forget about this disjointed tangle of thought that had been uncovered by my neighbour's remark, I knew I couldn't simply forget his encouragement.

I had gone and made meditation practice central to my life – even taken up teaching the blessed thing! So I just

couldn't wriggle out of this challenge ... think of what my friends would say!

I tried to dredge back some enthusiasm for the path. I remembered my initial excitement at hearing about the state of 'enlightenment' - that it was possible for a human being to understand the workings of the universe. All the hours of meditation I'd put in since, trusting that I too could come to know and understand the truth of how things are. And now a messenger (in the form of a laryngectomy) had been sent to show me the way. With a rueful smile I let my guilty, shameful self be coaxed into feeling chuffed, singled out, not for punishment, but for very rapid progress to that state of bliss we call enlightenment. OK, Divine Messenger, I sighed, lead on!



" 2014 is exactly 100 years since the start of the 1st World War in 1914 where every family in the UK lost somebody in that dreadful business. So there are lots of centenary services and events, and I have been and still have a few to go to, in taking part with my colleagues of the Royal Military Police Association. So I send you a true story of my war, the 2nd World War, of 1939 – 1945. It is about an American Liberty Ship sunk just off our coast which was bringing much needed food to our beleaguered island."

THE AMERICAN LIBERTY SHIP

It was the year 1944 and we had another year to go before this dreadful war ended. I had lied to the authorities in 1942, after my family had lost three homes through high explosive bombings and incendiary fire-bombs which came down in swarms. I told them that I was three years older than I actually was and so believing I was 15 instead of 12 was allowed to join as a cadet a Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment of the Royal Artillery based at Streatham Drill Hall. After training I became a message runner for one of the big mobile guns that went out onto the streets of London every night firing at the swarms of bombers overhead. Then supposedly a senior cadet Lance Bombardier, leading servicemen between main line stations in London when raids were in progress, which some days were constant.

After a period as a Cadet Corporal with the Duke Of Wellington Light Infantry during 1943, I obtained my red star on my sleeve, which was proof of my passing the exam for "War Certificate A". That made me quite a bloodthirsty young man at the tender age of 13 although everybody still thought me 16, drinking beer and smoking cigarettes like a man.

But to return to the year in question 1944; I was now a 14 year old Cadet Sergeant in the East Kent Regiment (The Buffs), and living in a house on the cliff at Ramsgate. It was natural to become the Cadet signals' runner for the three Bofors guns along that short stretch of pavement still called The Paragon. They were all in sandbagged emplacements, with an offshoot holding the twin Vickers machine gun, one of which I fired on three occasions. The crews lived in the basement of houses opposite, but my favourite crew lived next door.

I can tell many stories about that gun emplacement but this story is about an American Liberty ship which had been part of a convoy bringing much needed food and supplies to us from Canada and America. The convoy was headed for Liverpool but this ship fell far behind, and was damaged by a U-Boat; it continued on alone, lucky to still be afloat. The convoy heading for Liverpool was being decimated, so the captain decided to go the nearest way via the English Channel, although no ship at that stage openly sailed in daylight so close to the enemy held coast.

It was again attacked opposite Deal and broke in two and from our cliff top vantage point we could see it all happening. Within a few hours we could see wooden barrels and other wreckage floating past us as the Atlantic pushed up the English Channel. We could see that four of those barrels had been washed ashore on the beach below us but we couldn't reach them

The beach had rocky outcrops with sandy strips between and all the sand strips had been mined. It was almost impossible to get down there with the masses of barbed wire. I spoke with my best crew and pointed out that I could leap across the sand strips going from rock shelf to rock shelf and could reach each one of the barrels, but I needed help to cross the barbed wire. Several were totally against the idea but I had enough volunteers. The next thing was to convince the other two crews and to find the easiest place to cross. This could only be done without any officers or sergeants being present. We had to promise a barrel of whatever they contained to the other two crews.

So as soon as those in authority vanished, planks and canvas was put across the wire and I crawled across. I leapt across the gaps and reached the first barrel and found it very heavy. With it on my shoulder, like a smuggler of old, I could not leap across the gaps, so had to step across, but slowly moved sand from where I would place my feet and that was the scariest thing. I got three of the barrels and rolled them over the wire on those planks and canvas, but thought it too dangerous to reach the fourth one, which washed out to sea again on the next tide.

We disposed of two of the barrels with the other crews and in an empty basement broke ours open. It was filled with packets of real butter which we had not tasted for many years, having only margarine. I have never tasted anything so delicious. We shared out the contents and mum and my sister Dolly were overjoyed to get it, and I refrained from telling them how it was obtained.

I have often wondered what those sailors on the harbour wall, who manned their Bofors, could have thought of my lonely khaki figure on that mined beach, leaping about carrying off those prizes amidst all those mines.





Bits, Bytes and No Butts!



Frank Klett

Hi-tech Health...and Privacy!

How the Good Electrons are keeping us Healthy

Everyone of us who uses a computer, tablet, or cell phone has a guardian angel looking out for us... like it or not!

The big three Apple, Google, and Microsoft have each thrown their hats into the health data arena. While each company has followers this is one time it may pay for the followers to be sure and take advantage of new territory offered by the opposition. In January 2013 Google discontinued Google Health in favor of a new approach it is developing and offered this response to consumers requesting, "Want to keep tracking my health online. What can I use to do this?" There are a number of options available.

For example, you can continue tracking your health data via another personal health record provider such as Microsoft(R) Health Vault(TM). When you log in to the Vault at...

<https://www.healthvault.com/us/en>

<https://www.healthvault.com/us/en>

You will find you can “Take control of your Health” according to Microsoft...with the apps available for phones and tablets, the access is easy and convenient. With your records consolidated into one location, you will be prepared in an emergency or routine doctors visit. Your medications and test results are now at your finger tips. You can tie in to 148 different apps and use 233 compatible devices with the Vault so you should have no trouble linking up...even if you have a Windows PC an android phone and an Apple iPad. Use them all to access your data as you need it.

Bob Rankin has an interesting view of where we are headed....

http://askbobrankin.com/when_big_data_meets_big_healthcare.html

Now you can have your blood test at Lab corp downloaded to your vault and along with your prescriptions from CVS which were also downloaded ready for your next doctor’s ok.

What’s in the vault is your health records and information you have sought online using Bing and other search products...which by the way is how you pay for this “free” search service. You will find that if you do a Google search for a certain condition you will be the target of ads for remedies for that ailment.

Tips and Tricks!

Bob Rankin also has an excellent article on the best free maintenance tools available...

http://askbobrankin.com/seven_free_pc_maintenance_tools.html

Reminder: In June this year the IAL Annual was held in Buffalo, NY...and if you attended why not consider sharing your trip’s photos and highlights with the rest of us on Webwhispers Forum :
<http://forums.delphiforums.com/webwhispers/start>

Not a Forum member yet? Then just follow the link above and follow the trail to sign up and register for this terrific site and the very best lary info available!

Be sure to check into the Webwhispers Forum during the week and join the rest of us in sharing information in a "coffee in the morning" sort of way. All sorts of “hot” news and tips that make our lives richer and just plain fun. You’ll find everything from Lary issues, life lessons, Marlene’s greatest tips ever, and just plain fun. If you’re not using this great little bit of high tech you are missing one of the best things in our Lary life. Hope to see you there.

Remember to take a regular short breaks from your computing time!



For Dutch

(or Dave Helms, as he used to be known)

(~~OF DAVE HELMS, AS HE USED TO BE KNOWN~~)

On Jul 15, 2014, an email came in to the Editor@WebWhispers.org

Dear Sir:

My name is Chuck Schillings, and I am a member of the 1964 graduating class of Heidelberg College (now "University") in Tiffin, Ohio. This past June our class gathered for its 50th anniversary. One of the names that came up in several conversations was that of Dave Helms (we did not know him as "Dutch", although we knew he was an officer in the USAF.)

It's interesting that, as a freshman and beyond, I tended to know the names of, and more about, those in the classes ahead of me. And, as I moved along in college, I paid less attention and knew less about the underclassmen behind me. Dave Helms was a notable exception. He was in the '65 class, but a person who simply could not be ignored - not because of ego, wealth, or any of the many other attributes that make a person stand out in one's mind. He was special, even then.

As a barbershop singer for many years, I can only imagine the trauma of losing one's ability to speak or sing. That said, I and my classmates who knew and respected Dave are not the least surprised to learn of his role in the founding of your organization. My wife is a speech therapist, experienced in working with laryngeal situations.

To all your members, keep up the good fight - silence is often GOLDEN.
(Just ask my wife!)

Chuck

I was so pleased to receive this about the Dutch we never knew that I asked if I could share with our readership. I also included a short note about meeting Dutch:

"I met Dutch online in 1997 before WebWhispers came into existence and worked with him and the group from those early years. I will be forever grateful for the opportunity to work with Dutch and eventually become his "right hand". I have daily correspondence going back for many years and, as well as I knew him, it seems hard to realize that I knew him for 2 years before we finally met and then only had our officer's meetings twice each year, once at a convention and the other time on a WW Cruise every year. He had an excellent speaking voice with the TEP prosthesis and I'm afraid we didn't have much of the Golden Silence when our group met... but, yes, he was always unhappy that he could no longer sing. He may have been able to retain voice, but the melody was gone."

(editor - PWS)

WebWhispers is an Internet based support group. Please check our [home page](#) for information about the WebWhispers group, our email lists, membership, or officers.

For newsletter questions, comments or contributions, please write to editor@webwhispers.org

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