



Annual General Meeting This will take place on 9th November, 2005. A nomination form for your use is enclosed with this issue.

The Reverend Canon Moody As anticipated, there was an excellent turnout for our Chaplain's farewell service. The Reverend Canon was very pleased to receive his Royal British Legion stole and certificate of appreciation of his service to the Branch.

Youth Church Service At the request of the three cadet units to which the Branch is affiliated, Youth Officer Brian Marshall has arranged for a service of Nine Lessons and Carols. To be held at 3pm on 18 December in St Hugh's Church, Northampton Road, the service will be led by the Cadets with the participation of parents and Branch Members.

Membership Renewal The Treasurer should shortly receive cards for the coming year and will accept renewals at the October meeting.

THE AUTUMN DINNER

THURSDAY 13TH OCTOBER 7.30 FOR 8PM
MARKET HARBOROUGH GOLF CLUB

Be sure to book your place for an enjoyable evening with fine company and good food.

Menu

Coriander & Carrot Soup
Melon Balls • Prawn Cocktail



Roast Beef & Yorkshire Pudding
Breast of Duck • Salmon



A selection of desserts
Coffee and mints

Vegetarian and special dietary requirements are available on request

Tickets, price £13 each, may be ordered by telephone from Glenys Hocking-Davies (01858 467835).



The Diary

SOME DATES TO KEEP FREE

- 13 Oct M H Branch Autumn Dinner at M H Golf Club
- 5 Nov M H Branch Coffee Morning
- 5 Nov Poppy Football Match, Leicester (details to follow)
- 5 Nov Festival of Remembrance in Leicester
- 11/13 Nov Remembrance Services in M H
- 19 Nov Remembrance Concert, Baptist Church
- 15 Dec M H Branch Christmas Lunch (details to follow)
- 2006
- 18 Mar M H Branch Coffee Morning
- 24 Mar M H Branch Anniversary Dinner
- 21 Oct M H Branch Coffee Morning

The date of the next meeting is October 12th

Branch meetings are held on the Second Wednesday of each month at 7.30 pm in the downstairs Function Room at the Conservative Club, Fairfield Road, Market Harborough.

The Committee meets in the same room on the Thursday preceding the Branch Meeting at 7.00 pm



The Royal British Legion

Market Harborough Branch

Reg. Charity 219279

www.mktharbrorbl.ukvet.net



PROUD TO HOLD THE LISTER CUP

In Touch

Issue 84 September 2005

In Touch on-line

www.in-touch.ukvet.net

Editor

George Seward : 01858 433873

18 Charles Street,

Market Harborough, LE16 9AB

e-mail : g.seward@btinternet.com

Branch Contact Numbers

Welfare

Vida Edwards : 0116 279 3729

Hon. Secretary

Betty Ramsay : 01858 434923



We Will Remember Them

Sadly we have to report the passing, within the space of four September days, of three good friends, each of whom had not enjoyed the best of health for some considerable time.

Charles Freer died on the 16th, Bill Farnsworth on the 17th and Bill Protheroe on the 19th.

Deepest sympathy is extended to their loved ones on behalf of Members.

War Memorials Survey

A detailed survey of all the war memorials in the area covered by the Branch has been carried out by Norman Banting. Illustrated with Norman's own photographs, the survey includes full details of inscriptions and names as well as comments about the general condition of the memorials.

A book, which has been produced to contain the report, was presented at the September meeting by Tom Ashmore. Subject to discussion, the book will be available for public inspection, possibly in Harborough Museum. Norman and George Seward, who produced the book, were thanked by Tom on behalf of the Branch.

Branch Membership Directory

It is with regret that we record the death of

Gary Farnsworth, The Willows, Coventry Road, Market Harborough, LE16 9BX.

We welcome these new members:

01858 439912 Burdett Mrs J A (Judith)

46 Naseby Square, Market Harborough LE16 9PA.

01858 446836 Duckham Mr T W (Terrence)

8 Glebe Road, Little Bowden, Market Harborough LE16 8AH.

01858 463264 Tasker Mr W G (William), 33 Park Drive, Market Harborough LE16 7BB.

Please note the following amendment:

Pearson, Lawrence (Steve) 144 Hillcrest Avenue, Kibworth, Delet, has moved from the area.

Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days of Summer '45

This Branch Member, perhaps understandably, wishes to remain anonymous. He has no experiences to tell of active service in the Second World War. Nevertheless, he invites you to share his memories of a more peaceful, though for him quite eventful, summer sixty years ago.

Having been born a couple of years too late for membership of the armed forces, I have no dramatic tale to tell of wartime experiences. I know I should be grateful that I was spared the horrendous privations suffered by so many, but sometimes I feel almost guilty that I was a mere schoolboy at the time. After all, it was just an accident of birth. My memories, therefore, as an anxious, though not unhappy, teenager in a north London suburb during the summer of 1945, are not particularly exciting.

As a bespectacled, pale-faced youth, I was not much sought-after by the females of the species and, as a consequence, I lacked confidence. Denis, my school friend and streetwise, man-about-town, felt there was an urgent need for something to be done about my shortcomings. He decided to groom me in preparation for my launch on the local social scene. A change of image was the priority, but the only thing he could really do anything about was my hair, which was parted on the right and stuck up untidily at the back. In future, Denis ruled, the untidy mop was to be parted in the middle and waves were to be introduced on either side. In order to achieve these hirsute undulations, I was instructed by Denis to 'borrow' two of my Mum's large hair grips, which resembled miniature man traps, and apply them to either side of the new parting. The tide duly came in and, according to Denis, I was transformed by the surging waves. I was ready for my debut at the St Andrew's Church Youth Club.

Extreme shyness, coupled with the unaccustomed and somewhat bizarre hairstyle, resulted in my first visit being quite awful and I was all for returning to my less demanding, pre-transformation way of living. Denis, being made of considerably sterner stuff than me, would allow no such cowardly retreat on my part. So the next week I was dragged along to the club for further torture, little dreaming that a miracle was about to happen!

Please allow me to introduce, dear Reader, the delectable June. A year or so older than me, she had left school and was working in an office. She was very good looking, had a super figure and a mass of wavy, auburn hair. I couldn't believe my luck! She was a good dancer and partnered me when I joined the youth club classes to be initiated into the intricacies of the waltz, quickstep and foxtrot. I learned quickly and we became a great dancing partnership as we glided across the floor to music from gramophone records.

June and I became regulars at the twice-weekly hops in St Stephen's Church Hall where the music was live. These sessions cost one shilling and sixpence (7½p) and, as I did not have that sort of money, my salaried young lady would subsidise me.

The band was normally a trio with saxophone, piano and drums and three tunes were played for each dance. The usual form of introduction by the MC went, "Take your partners for a quickstep", or some other dance, and there were variations, such as 'Lady's Invitation' or 'Gentleman's Excuse-me', when a chap could tap you on the shoulder and take over your partner. Apart from dancing, there was not a lot to do in the evenings and at weekends, apart from walking. Going to a pub was not even remotely considered, but we were reasonably content with our lifestyle. I was studying for my School Certificate (which June had already achieved) and, during the fine summer days leading up to the exams, we went to a popular local open space called Hilly Fields. Here we reclined on the grass and I was coached by June in various, mainly scholastic, subjects. Having a regular girl friend did wonders for my confidence, so, as well as determined attempts to swot up for my exams, I did initiate certain extra-mural activities. Not that there was anything like the freedom 'enjoyed' by today's young people. We 'petted', as it was quaintly called, which by current standards was not very adventurous. Frustrations were overcome by respect for each other and the accepted code of behaviour, by which the majority of young people abided in those far off, innocent days.

Nevertheless, it was a memorable and very enjoyable summer, and in my case, not just because it brought the end of the war. Incidentally, perhaps unsurprisingly, I didn't achieve the School Certificate!

Visit Brings Back Memories

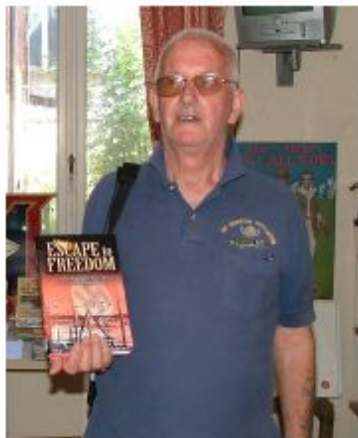
Tony Johnson

I recently visited Duxford War Museum with Ian and Robyn, Australian visitors and kinfolk of our Secretary, Betty.

I was very pleased to come across a fully restored Avro Anson, many of which were used as wireless operator trainers for air to ground radio telegraphy.

The photograph shows me 'shooting a line' to Ian, explaining that in 1941 at Compton Bassett in Wiltshire I was one of three trainees in an Anson that 'pranged' on landing as the result of a tyre burst, resulting in two weeks in hospital with severely bruised knees.

Anyway, Ian and Robyn were so impressed that they felt they had to donate £20 to the Poppy Appeal. We thank them very much for their generosity.



His Fame Travels Far

Browsing in a bookshop in the Belgian town of Ypres, while on the Standard Bearers Jolly Boys Outing, John Cox spotted a copy of Tony Johnson's classic wartime adventure, *Escape to Freedom*.

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THE ARMY
LEGION

The Poppy Appeal 2005/2006

Dougie McMeeken, Appeal Organiser
01858 463203

As Members will be aware, there are three main thrusts in the Poppy Appeal campaign and the following are the dates of each phase.

HOUSE TO HOUSE COLLECTIONS

Saturday 29th October to Monday 14th November.

If you are able to do house to house collection and have not been contacted already, please telephone me.

TOWN CENTRE COLLECTION POINTS

Saturday 29th October

Distribution of tins to shops, pubs, etc. If you can help, please join us at 10am by the Old Grammar School.

TOWN CENTRE STREET COLLECTIONS

Saturday 5th, Tuesday 8th, Friday 11th and Saturday 12th November.

If you can do an hour, or preferably more, please telephone me. Once again, town centre operations will be co-ordinated from a market stall.

As in previous years, the ordering and distribution of wreaths will be undertaken by John Liddell.

JOIN THE
HAPPY
HARBORO'
POPPY
PEOPLE



What the Papers Say

Mrs. Irene Graham of Thorpe Avenue, Boscombe, delighted the audience with her reminiscence of the German prisoner of war who was sent each week to do her garden. He was repatriated at the end of 1945, she recalled. "He'd always seemed a nice friendly chap, but when the crocuses came up in the middle of our lawn in February 1946, they spelt out 'Heil Hitler.'"

(Bournemouth Evening Echo)

Irish police are being handicapped in a search for a stolen van, because they cannot issue a description. It's a Special Branch vehicle and they don't want the public to know what it looks like.

(The Guardian)

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GLENYS



Are you able to do your bit to help make the Poppy Appeal Coffee Morning a big success?

SATURDAY, 5TH NOVEMBER
9AM TO 12 NOON
HARBOROUGH THEATRE

Glenys Hocking Davies writes:

In the unfortunate absence of Joan and Mary, there is a need for volunteers to help out at this important event when funds are raised for the Poppy Appeal.

Although help has already been offered, the following operations have to be covered on the day:

- Opening up and setting up
- Clearing up and locking up
- Serving refreshments and kitchen duties

Suitable prizes for the raffle and tombola are needed. Items are required for the bric-a-brac stall, and the produce table will, hopefully, be loaded with your contributions of cakes, jam, marmalade, chutney and pickles.

(Non-perishable items may be brought to the October meeting.)

Please let me know if you are able to assist in any way. I can be contacted on 01858 467835 or by e-mail on gmhd@mumbles84.wanadoo.co.uk

If you are unable to help, then just come along and enjoy yourself - and spend some money, too! Either way, let us make it a successful day!

On Growing Older

Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.

♦♦♦♦

The older we get, the fewer things seem worthwhile queuing up for.

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**TO BELGIUM WITH THE
LEICESTERSHIRE AND RUTLAND
ROYAL BRITISH LEGION
STANDARD BEARERS
AUGUST 2005**



A parade of Leicestershire and Rutland Standards in a Belgian cemetery

Mark Hudson with John Cox in Dunkirk

George Fleming at the War Graves Commission Cemetery in Calais

My name is Norah Zieminska, I served in the W.R.N.S. for almost three years as a Quarters Petty Officer and was commissioned towards the end of the war. In 1944 I married a Polish Air Force officer who was a pilot. After we were both demobilized at the end of '45, we had to decide what to do in civil life. My husband would not countenance returning to Poland under a communist government; there was little hope of him finding work in Britain at that time, so we decided, after some consideration, to go to Brazil. We didn't regret it.

My husband soon found work in aviation. We settled in São Paulo, already a thriving city in those days with 3.5million inhabitants (it now has 17million!). There was quite a large British community there and we were soon absorbed in the social life and also in the Brazilian cosmopolitan, tolerant and happy way of life. Our son was born at the end of 1947.

We did have our ups and downs at the beginning. Early on my husband had an accident when he had to make a crash landing in the interior and as a result was

***A Lifetime in Brazil
By a Member of the São Paulo Branch of
the Royal British Legion***

Kathleen Davies made friends with Norah when they were students at Gloucester College in 1939/40. They have kept in touch ever since and met again earlier this year in Vienna when Norah was visiting family members.

unable to fly for six months. Our financial situation was somewhat strained, so I decided to look for a job to tide us over. By great good luck Lever Bros., "Irmãos Lever" as it was then called, were looking for someone to run their office canteen. It was a new venture; formally office workers in São Paulo had two hours off for lunch and most people went home. Lever's decided to provide a restaurant for their employees and change the working hours: allowing only one hour for the midday meal. This was very soon copied by all the other companies. Although I was not conversant with Brazilian cookery and my Portuguese was by no means perfect, the company

decided to take me on, mainly because I had an Institutional Management Diploma and had had some catering experience. So I became an employee and stayed working for them for 32 years! Of course the company grew enormously over the years and I ended up catering for a thousand people in their main factory.

Looking back, we had many adventures and good times in Brazil. It is a great country in many ways, the people are friendly and hard working. It has enormous potential, with practically every kind of climate. Brazil is held back by bad governance, but it is slowly going forward and there is no doubt that it has a great future.

I am a member of the São Paulo branch of the R.B.L. We still have a considerable number of War Veterans and younger members who take an interest in our activities. At the moment I am on holiday in Vienna staying with my brother (an ex RAF Navigation Officer) and his family. When I return to São Paulo at the end of this month I shall be attending a barbecue - the Legion have two of these annually and no doubt we shall be having some special celebrations later this year.