

What's Going On?

DIARY OF EVENTS

If you would like to attend a Branch event but have no transport, please contact the Social Team and every effort will be made to help you.

- 27 Feb Lunch at The Angel
- 9 Mar RNA Hot Buffet Lunch 7 Howard Way MH £2
- 23 Mar Branch 84th Anniversary Dinner M H Golf Club.
- 14 Apr RNA Coffee Morning 9 am MH Theatre
- 20 May Sailor Sunday Lt Bowden Church 6pm
- 23 Jun RNA Wine & Cheese 36 Lubenham HI MH £5
- 27 Jun Veterans' Day Lunch at Angel with RNA & RAFA

For details of the Royal Naval Association activities, please call Mike Middleton on MH 445827.

Anniversary Dinner Enclosed with this copy of *In Touch* is a leaflet giving details of this special occasion on March 23. It includes a form to reserve your place, which should be returned no later than March 14.

This month at The Angel Here's the menu for lunch on February 27, at noon for 12.30 pm. The cost is just £7 and the last date for booking is February 20.

Roast of the Day with roast potatoes

Pork & Leek Sausages, buttered mash, onion gravy

Vegetable Lasagne, mixed salad and garlic bread

All served with a selection of vegetables

Bread & Butter Pudding with creamy vanilla custard

Fresh Fruit Salad with cream

Chocolate Tart with vanilla ice cream

Coffee and Mints



Puzzle Corner

How is your memory?

This character was known as

Sir Kreemy Nutt.

Can you remember what popular product he was advertising back in the 1950s?

The Royal British Legion Market Harborough Branch

Reg. Charity 219279

www.mktharbrorbl.ukvet.net

Branch Contact Numbers

Hon. Secretary: Betty Ramsay - 01858 434923

Welfare: Vida Edwards - 0116 279 3729

Poppy Appeal: Douggie McMeeken - 01858 463203

Social & Fund Raising Team: Glenys Hocking-Davies,
01858 467835 and Pat Middleton, 01858 445827

The date of the next Branch meeting is

March 14

Meetings are held on the Second Wednesday of each month at 7.30 pm in the 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.

In Touch

www.in-touch.ukvet.net

THE MONTHLY
NEWSLETTER OF THE
MARKET

HARBOROUGH
BRANCH OF THE
ROYAL BRITISH LEGION
Founded 1996

Editor:

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The Royal British Legion

Market Harborough
Branch

In Touch

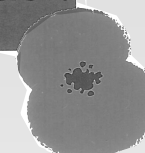
Issue 101

February 2007

Friday, March 23

Celebrate the 84th Anniversary
of the formation of the
Market Harborough Branch.
You will find full details inside,
with a form to reserve your seat
at the table.

THE ROYAL BRITISH
LEGION



County appreciation for George's work.

*This Certificate is awarded to
George Fleming
in recognition for all his hard work,
dedication and commitment to work
within the County over many years
in the true Legion spirit of
Service, Not Self*

The wording on the certificate awarded by the Leicestershire and Rutland County Executive.

It recognises George's service as County Recruitment Officer and Standard Bearer, as well as for his initiative, advice and assistance on many aspects of the Royal British Legion's activities.

The certificate is signed by the County President and Chairman, Lt Col P A Roffey and J J Rowlinson.

The Branch heartedly congratulates George on this well-deserved award.

BRANCH MEMBERSHIP DIRECTORY

It is with regret that we record the passing of

Potter, Mrs B D (Betty) of Smeeton Westerby

Osborne, Mr J (Jim) of Market Harborough

We welcome a new member

McCarthy, Mr J (John), 168 Burr Road, Clacton-on-Sea, CO15 4LH. 01255 820585.

Please note the following amendments:

Catling, Mr C H (Charlie), c/o Ms R Marsh, 4 Rolleston Close, Market Harborough, LE16 8BZ.

Peck, Mr B M J (Barry), 8 Audley Close, Market Harborough, LE16 8ER.

This is from Limassol Branch and is passed on by Tom Ashmore, who keeps us in touch with the RBL worldwide.

Army Official Voice Mail

(allegedly emanating from a Royal Navy owned computer, somewhere in the MOD)

Thank you for calling the British Army. I'm sorry, but all of our units are out at the moment, or are otherwise engaged. Please leave a message with your country, name of organisation, the region, the specific crisis and a number at which we can call you. As soon as we have sorted out the Balkans, Iraq, Northern Ireland, marching up and down bits of tarmac in London and compulsory Equal Opportunities training, we will return your call.

Please speak after the tone, or if you require more options, please listen to the following numbers:

- If your crisis is small and close to the sea, press 1 for the Royal Marines.

- If your concern is distant, with tropical climate and good hotels and can be solved by one or two low risk bombing runs, please press '#' for the Royal Air Force. Please note that this service is not available after 1630 hours or at weekends.

- If your enquiry concerns a situation which can be resolved by a grey funnel, some bunting, flags, a damn good cocktail party and a first class marching band, please write, well in advance, to The First Sea Lord, The Ministry of Defence, Whitehall, London SW1.

- If your enquiry is not urgent, please press 2 for the UN Rapid Reaction Corps.

- If you are in real, hot trouble please press 3 and your call will be routed to Sandline International.

- If you are interested in joining the Army and wish to be shouted at, paid little, have premature arthritis in both knees, put your wife and family in a condemned hut miles from civilisation and are prepared to work your b*ll* off daily, risking life and limb in all weathers and terrain, both day and night, whilst watching the treasury erode your original terms and conditions of service, then please stay on the line.

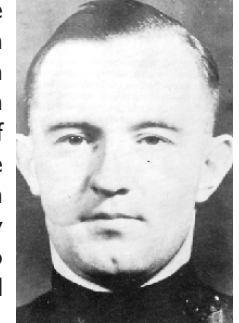
Your call will shortly be connected to a bitter passed-over Recruiting Sergeant in a grotty shop behind the railway station.

Have a pleasant day and thank you again for trying to contact the British Army."

Lord Haw-Haw The Traitor

This article appeared recently in the newsletter of the RBL Branch in Epping, Essex.

On January 3rd 1946 the execution took place of the traitor William Joyce, who was better known by his nickname Lord Haw-Haw. He was born in New York of Anglo-Irish parents a century ago in April 1906. In 1922 the family emigrated to England. He joined Oswald Mosley's Fascists in 1933 and illegally obtained a British passport by claiming he was born in Galway (when Ireland was, of course, still under British rule). He was even expelled from the British Fascists and then fled to Germany before the Second World War "to offer his services" to Hitler's Third Reich.



He was employed from September 1939 right through to April 1945 broadcasting from Radio Hamburg. Joyce, whose hatred of Britain could not be measured, subjected the British population to diabolical propaganda that was a mixture of fact and fiction with a preponderance of the latter. Each broadcast began with "this is Jairmany calling, Jairmany calling" a parody of his public-school type accent, and giving him his nickname.

In one of his broadcasts in 1940, he announced that Epping Police Station had been bombed. This came as something of a surprise to Special Constable Arthur Trundle (grandfather of our Hon. Secretary, John Duffell) who was standing in the Police Station listening to the radio at the time.

Joyce was captured hiding in woods near Flensburg by British troops just after the war ended, taken to London and tried for high treason at the Old Bailey in 1945. His grovelling defence was his US birth, but his British passport, valid until July 1940, established nine months of treason. All appeals were quashed and on the 3rd January 1946 he was hanged at Wandsworth prison by executioner Albert Pierrepoint. He continued to rant and rave against the British until the very end.

All I say is well done Albert Pierrepoint!

The newsletter may be seen at www.rbl-epping.org.uk

For Valor DICK FULFORD

Nevill Holt, a part of Medbourne, is within our Branch's area. When visiting the school there recently I noticed among names of Old Boys who served in the First World War that of T.H.B. MAUFE V.C. Further research led me to the school's Second World War Memorial Gates and the same name appeared among those who were killed 1939 -1945.

Having contacted a previous Headmaster I was given further information as follows:

"Thomas Harold Broadbent MAUFE was at school from January 1907 until 1912 when he went to Uppingham & then joined the Royal Garrison Artillery when 18 years of age. I have no details of how he won the V.C. but I know he went to Clare College, Cambridge after the war, and graduated. He was accidentally killed on Home Guard exercises in March 1942." (at the age of 43.)

As I was curious about how he won this coveted award, I investigated further and the following was eventually sent me from the Victoria Cross and George Cross Association:-

"MAUFE, Thomas Harold Broadbent, Second Lieut (later Captain) served in the European War and was awarded the Victoria Cross when 19 years of age."

The London Gazette dated 2nd August 1917 announced:

"T.H.B. Maufe, Second Lieut., R.G.A. For most conspicuous bravery and initiative on 4 June 1917 at Feuchy, France. Under intense artillery fire this officer on his own initiative repaired, unaided, the telephone line between the forward and rear positions, thereby enabling his battery to immediately open fire on the enemy. Second Lieut. Maufe further saved what might have proved a most disastrous occurrence by extinguishing a fire in an advanced ammunition dump, caused by a heavy explosion,

regardless of the risk he ran from the effects of gas shells which he knew were in the dump. By this great promptitude, resource and entire disregard of his own personal safety, he set an exceptionally fine example to all ranks."

His memorial is in Ilkley Cemetery, Yorkshire, his home town.

The Victoria Cross is the highest British decoration for valour and is awarded for conspicuous bravery in wartime.



It was instituted on Jan. 29, 1856, by Queen Victoria and made retroactive to 1854, the period of the Crimean War. The first Victoria Crosses were presented on June 26, 1857. The earliest ones were cast from Russian guns captured in the Crimean War. The award was from the beginning open to all ranks of all armed services. The right to receive the Victoria

Cross was extended to Indian soldiers in 1911. It has also been won by citizens of other Commonwealth nations. The medal is bronze, 4cm across and has a crimson ribbon.

Just a Bit of Fun

It's important to keep fit as you get older. My granny started walking five miles a day when she was 60. She's 87 now and we haven't the faintest idea where she is!

Yesterday I read an article about the dangers of drinking too much and it scared the life out of me. So today I've decided to give up reading.

Leicestershire & Rutland
Annual County Conference
27 January 2007
Held at Royal British Legion Club
Wigston Road, Oadby

Conference Highlights

Reported by Branch Delegate, Betty Ramsay

Conference Attendance: 27 Delegates, 29 Visitors. 38 Branches were represented.

County Office: Moving end of February to 72 Friday Street, Leicester. Telephone numbers will change. The move is funded by Pall Mall. Office staff, Mo and Elaine, are leaving and will be replaced by one full-timer.

SSAFA: The new premises will be shared with SSAFA, which will result in a saving in overheads and of administration costs. Four out of ten welfare cases are started by SSAFA.

RBL Welfare: The Legion is still needed in the community. It is estimated that a sixth of the population could have a call on welfare services. £257,379 was spent in the County last year on 261 cases.

Festival of Remembrance: Sponsorship has been obtained to cover the cost of hiring De Montfort Hall for five years.

Anzac Day: A parade at 7am in Leicester will mark this occasion on 25 April.

Poppy Appeal: Comparison figures:
Leicestershire: Last year £257,000 This year £334,000
Rutland: Last year 27,000 This year 29,584 (which is an amazing 85p per head of Rutland's total population).
The football match collection raised £4,012.



Contact with other branches of the Royal British Legion continues to be made by Tom Ashmore. He recently received a copy of the Andover & District Branch quarterly newsletter, "The Poppy News", from which this article is taken.

Air Officer's Inspection

FRED LACY

In the mid-1930s, a number of outposts of the RAF Armament Empire were situated around the coast, manned by Range Parties. These outposts provided air firing and bombing facilities for aircraft which operated from adjoining airfields, known as Armament Practice Camps. Ranges and Camps appeared to hibernate in winter and, even in summer the tempo of life was scarcely hectic.

On rare occasions in Summer, the tranquil atmosphere of one such haven, commanded by an ancient NCO known as "Pop", would be disturbed by the approach of a flying machine, armed with 25lb practice bombs and air firing guns. The task of such an aerial visitor was to practice armament training.

Amid the gorse and sandy wastes below, on the outer perimeter of Pop's small empire, it was the duty of a small party at the Signal Quadrant to manipulate large, wooden devices, shaped as arrows, discs, bars and cones, thereby conveying various, and in some cases, extremely urgent visual messages to overhead visitors. The Air Firing signals were set permanently at "WAIT" - that is, if the single black cone still hung precariously to the masthead. If it had fallen down, "GO HOME" was the cryptic interpretation of this ancient code.

The bombing signals were a little more difficult to fix for emergencies, but with a masterly stroke of genius, born of long years of flannelling a series of

young officers, Pop had evolved a permanent and highly successful signal - "YOU ARE BOMBING THE WRONG TARGET".

With luck and in the majority of cases, the overhead intruder would turn for home, its bombs and other devilish disturbances intact. The Range Party, far from the uninspiring atmosphere of Station Headquarters, resumed their customary tranquil life.

Undisturbed, the range party would rake the sandy shore for cockles. They became expert at dabbing for flounders with spiked sticks. They also potted lobsters with practiced dexterity and their many hooked night lines were marvels of piscatorial perfection. Sometimes the sea would yield a goodly harvest from the live bombing of impatient pilots, when shoals of fish would rise to the surface of the shallows, their gills shattered by the underwater detonation.

A field telephone connected the Signal Quadrant with Pop's operational headquarters - the Range Party Hut. One ring denoted the arrival of the NAAFI refreshment van on its daily ministering round from the parent Station. Two rings at any other time on a Friday always had a warm and cheering significance, advising the arrival of food and pay from their benevolent superiors.

Imagine the scene, however, when word came that the Air Officer Commanding, who was on a visit to the nearby Station, was already on his way to make a surprise inspection of the Range. There was scarcely time to sweep out the Range Party but and bundle the unwashed tea mugs out of sight. A new duckboard for the entrance was hastily made up from a store of flotsam and the sand was raked level around the air firing targets.

Meantime, Pop sent prolonged and desperate "rings" down the telephone to the Range party at the Quadrant, unaware that the ebbing tide had summoned the entire staff to attend to their night lines. soon, a huge car glided to a halt outside the hut. The Air Vice Marshal descended stiffly from the car and

Pop, clad unusually in hastily donned uniform tunic and cap, saluted with rigidity and quivering precision, his eyes fixed on the middle distance. He stood aside until the Great Man swam past his blurred vision and entered the hut. An entourage of escorting minions crocodiled behind, with much prodding of the darker corners of the hut, with their Malacca canes.

Outside the hut again, the Air Vice Marshal's eye lit upon an ancient notice board headed EMERGENCY SIGNALS TO QUADRANT. He peered at the faded print denoting the Very Light code for ordering the Quadrant party to display their various ground to air signals at the masthead. Make "Emergency Cease bombing" signal, he ordered. Pop, galvanised into action responded, firing a single red star with the Very pistol. Nothing happened. "Repeat signal" commanded the AOC. Nothing happened. "Repeat signal" barked the AOC. Still nothing happened. "Make signal - Cease bombing, boat in danger area" commanded the AOC. Two reds shot skywards. Once more nothing happened. "Cease bombing - Change targets" he roared. Green, white, green soared skywards. Still nothing happened.

A torrent of orders followed from the great man's foam-flecked lips as he angrily swept the board from its rusty rail. Now at last came a hushed stillness. Tension was renewed as all eyes strained in the direction of the Quadrant. Yes! Movement was discernible! Their signals had apparently been finally seen; all felt as if they had suddenly been released and it was hard to suppress a cheer. Even the great man's shoulders seemed to suggest the faintest touch of martial swagger.

Finally, a figure appeared over the distant shingle ridge, tattered shorts and vest scarcely hiding his bronzed limbs. He raised his cap by a shred of peak, as if in greeting, cupping his hand against the breeze he shouted "What's up, Pop? Are y'out of fags?"