



Dear Member

September 2019

Welcome to the September issue of the Market Bosworth Society Newsletter. In the last Newsletter I asked if anyone had any information about the Troop Trains and the soldiers receiving medical treatment at Bosworth Hall. Thank you to those who have responded. Maurice Harris got in touch to remind me that JJ Churchill's had taken up residence in the Dower House after being bombed out of Coventry before moving to their current site off Station Road. Maurice was a small boy at the time, but he recalls the soldiers being at the Hall. He recalled that many of the walking wounded who made good use of the grounds for exercise were picking the peas and peaches as they did so! There were a lot of troops around at that time and having taken their exercise they climbed over the back wall into Maurice's garden to get to the Red Lion and beyond. Rather than complain about them tramping over his garden Maurice's dad left a ladder leaning against the wall so that they did not have to jump but could climb down in safety. We got to talking about the numbers of troops and it could have been that the Hall was a reception centre for those fit enough to work at the petrol dump. It may well have been where they were checked over to make sure they were ready to start work and the ones who had recuperated would have returned to their barracks on the same trains. I bet someone will know.

We also discussed the Bosworth Park Infirmary of the 1960's where children with Cerebral Palsy were cared for. In those days they wore callipers attached by leather bands to their legs and shoes. That must have been uncomfortable. It did not stop them getting about and I recall when I was there for a couple of weeks, recovering from a serious illness we had some fantastic chariot races in wheelchairs. The nurses told us off but that didn't stop us. Well not for long anyway, the long wooden floored corridors were ideal for racing. They also had a ward for the care of babies with spina bifida and encephalitis, but we were never allowed in there. Isn't it interesting how one memory can lead to another? As we shall see in the meeting report.

Those Radio Times



October brings with it the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness and our thoughts turn, naturally, to the coming winter. Cosy evening sat around the fire watching the television or as many of us will recall listening to the radio. September is becoming a regular walk down memory lane and our last meeting on the 19th was no different. Robert Leake was our guest presenter and he built up such nostalgia for the days of radio that the memories came flooding back. Robert explained how radio started back in the 1920's and how the BBC was formed before moving on to the programmes themselves. Robert played the theme music used to introduce a variety of programmes. I was too young to remember all of them but recognised the tunes and enjoyed hearing them again. The audience called out the answers with a

varying degree of accuracy, but even wrong answers took us off onto a nostalgic tangent. Listen with Mother, (met with shouts of "Are you sitting comfortably?"), Workers Playtime, Music While You Work, Two Way Family Favourites, Housewife's Choice (sometimes presented by a rare female presenter, Katie Boyle). Mrs Dale's Diary and many more. Radio Luxemburg also featured, and I do remember listening to that on the medium wave. It was a lovely evening, we laughed, we enjoyed, and we chatted as we remembered the good old days of radio. As Mrs Dale would say "I'm worried about our Jim" well, as far as these local history and nostalgia evenings go, I am not worried about our Robert!

Market Bosworth Society Archive

In truth the archive belongs to us all and we are very grateful to everyone who has contributed to it. I cannot list all of them here, but they know who they are, and they know as well how grateful the Society is to receive into its care the many various items donated. So far since January we have recorded 97 donations to the archive. Many different items, press cuttings, photographs, deeds, postcards, leaflets, brochures, tapes, all manner of items. These will be carefully recoded, indexed and correctly stored in acid free covers and boxes for future generations to view. What a marvellous look back this will be for anyone researching the past from our future.

You may recall that we are in the process of digitalising the archive and by the time you read this the sub-committee will have received a presentation from iBase, an international database company about how their specialist software can help us. Digitalising will not only help to preserve the archive as some items are very fragile, it will also make it more accessible. I hope to be able to give a more detailed update next month. But for the time being the motto is, "...if in doubt, don't throw it out!" Our Archivist Glynis Oakley is very happy to receive items at The Forge in Park Street or you can get in touch with me. Contact details below.

Agents in Petticoats October 17th at 7:30 PM



A warm welcome awaits David Humberston as he returns to us next month. Who could forget David's excellent lecture where he mentioned every man from Market Bosworth who fell in World War One? It was a fitting tribute to the fallen of that war as we marked the 100th anniversary of The Armistice. Much of the research then went on to our own presentation the next month, delivered by Robert Leake as we revisited Market Bosworth in the early Twentieth Century. Then, by popular demand, the photographs and text of Market Bosworth at the turn of the 20th Century are on the MBS website. During this visit, David will be telling us the long-forgotten stories of some of the female spies who operated in great peril behind enemy lines during the Great War and the fates that befell them. This will be a gripping account of the bravery shown in the face of danger.

Do please come along and support David and I am sure you will not be disappointed. Bring a friend with you. Guests only pay £3.00 which is not much for some interesting entertainment. Better still why not encourage a friend to join the Society? Membership fees of £12.00 for a single member and £18.00 for a joint membership are really good value when you consider what other clubs and societies charge. We have already had three new members this last month which is very encouraging.

Your committee is putting together the lecture evenings and visits for 2020/21 and as usual we have a great mix of titles and subjects. Mostly, in some way related to Market Bosworth and I must say thank you to those who have recommended a guest speaker or a visit. We can't fit them all in, but we have plenty of names for speakers for the next few years and the visit options are piling up too.

Celia Eileen Hornbuckle (nee Crawford)

It was Celia who asked for information about the troop trains and I was happy to pass on what you had sent in, thank you. In return Celia shared with me her "Memories of my Childhood" which I am including here. It is a lovely story of her childhood growing up just after the Second World War and I have included the first instalment here, more to follow. I hope you enjoy reading it. I certainly did.

The Hermitage

During the war my father was in the tank regiment and was there when they opened up Belson and afterwards found it very difficult to settle. On finding a job building bridges for Whimpy's (sic) out in Kuwait, my father wanted my mother to move nearer to his family. As my mother's parents were dead and she had no siblings

he found a 'new' house for us in Melling, so we started on a new adventure leaving behind our friends in Kenton.

I remembered we travelled in a sleeper compartment on the train from London and my brother Billy and I had the top bunks while my Mum and little brother Barry the bottom ones. We were known as the BBC- Billy aged 7, Barry 2 and me Celia 5 because we were chatterboxes and used to pretend to be wireless presenters. We arrived at my Granddad Crawford's grocery shop at 1 Rock Lane Melling, which had a tearoom at the back. Billy and I went out to explore in the afternoon and a man gave me some chocolate. Rushing off to tell Granddad of my good fortune I learned my lesson not to take chocolate from strangers being sent to bed with no tea. I was quite sick and was given soda water which I never want to taste again. There was a prisoner of war camp nearby and I believe it was a man from there who gave me the chocolates. Dark chocolate still doesn't agree with me.

The next day we moved into our 'new' home The Hermitage Rock Lane Melling.

We went through this big gate and along the drive to the back of the house only to find that it was the front, then up the steps to the big front door. There were also steps that lead down to the cellar. Some of the big windows had been filled in and I think that this may have been to reduce Taxes that were once levied on windows. We went around choosing our bedrooms mine was big with a double bed with one small window that slid across to open.

Our big kitchen, which we spent most of our time in, had a green paraffin stove for cooking and a fireplace with trivets either side. On the walls where glass cases full of stuffed birds that we didn't like so were taken down and destroyed. It seems a shame now when you see so many in museums. Our next job was to find some cats to catch the mice, my mum came home with two Persians and we put butter on their feet because someone had told us that this would stop them running off. One we called Snowy who had long white fur and the other Odd Eyes as he had one blue and one brown eye, he was also deaf and used to sleep in the fireplace and always seemed to have some singed hair among his otherwise white ball of fluff. Ginger who we had later was the main mouser and used to carry the mice into the kitchen for the kittens to _play with.

While we used to think it was fun, mum would sit with her feet up not liking it at all.



lto R Bill aged 9 with Snowy, Celia aged 8 with Odd Eyes & Barry aged 4 with Ginger

We started to build our smallholding up first with six fowl and we gave them all names the smallest a pullet was Fairy-Ellen and it was our job to feed them every morning. One morning we found that the pig sty door had fell down and killed her, when we arrived home from school it was chicken for tea, but when we found out it was Fairy-Ellen we were all too upset to eat her. After that we had lots of hens and a beautiful but noisy cockerel but never really gave them names.

They used to lay their eggs everywhere and it was our job to search for them when we came home from school. We went on to have ducks, geese and even tried rearing turkey chicks but wasn't very successful. We had many a kitten, rabbit or baby fowl in our big kitchen being kept warm in boxes and fed milk with an eyedropper.

One September we came home from school to find a nanny goat and her two kids. Billy and I decided that Barry could have the biggest goat because it was his birthday really, we wanted the Kids to ourselves. Sadly, the kids didn't survive the winter so perhaps that was justice on us.

We also had two pigs who my parents called Porgy and Bess. They were embarrassed and tried not to laugh when my Grandmother asked what their names were because Bess was her name also. It was quite a job cleaning the pigsties out and mum had some friends in to help. We thought it was great fun in our wellies chasing the pigs and splashing one another with the hosepipe. That was until one day one got out and mum couldn't get the pig back in. Bill and I

both had a good hiding for leaving the gate open, though we think Barry was the culprit.

.Billy and I went to the Village School and I remember sitting on the pipes drinking our milk at the village school and the snow filling our wellingtons on the way home, this would have been the bad winter of 1947 but we didn't stay there very long because when my father came home on one of his visits from Kuwait (bringing a bag full of pomegranates which is still my favourite fruit) he decided to send us to Aughton Private School with its brown uniform.

We had all been given bikes Barry had a big three wheeler which we all liked to play on, Bill and I both had two wheeler bikes and we used to scoot on them to the station then leave them and take the train to school, stopping on the way home to help the Stationmaster clip the tickets. I finally managed to ride mine, a fairy-cycle and soon after rode my mum's which was far too big for me, I slipped, and the brake lever went through my bottom lip; I still have the scar to prove it. I can picture Bill when he finally managed to ride his shouting for granddad to come out of the shop and catch him as he didn't know how to stop.

I enjoyed school my favourite subject being maths, I didn't like English much, but I did like dictation- it certainly made you listen. We used to go on Nature Walks in the afternoon and once I remember the whole school waited along a road lined with people to see the then princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, we ate Hawthorn leaves while we waited and called it 'bread and cheese.' They were very late and didn't arrive in their open carriage, I vaguely remember hearing of a horse breaking its leg and having to be shot. I believe they were at Aintree Racecourse but whether this was for the Grand National I'm not sure.

. On Sunday mornings we attended St Thomas's Church with Sunday School in the afternoons, then back again in the evening. I remember a lady used to give me little black liquorice and menthol sweets, called Imps, at the evening service. Bill was a choirboy and I was quite jealous that he got paid for singing. He was also in the Boy's Brigade and I was in the Brownies.

One Sunday Bill and I came home from church and found the butcher chopping up one of our pigs outside the house, Bill ran away saying he wasn't going home again because they were murderers. He still doesn't eat pork, though like my dad we all like bacon. The pig had been killed to turn into bacon for my dad as this was rationed and I remember it being salted and hung in the workshop.

My father had been flown home ill from Kuwait with a special plane laid on to bring him from London to Speke airport. We later found out that he had tuberculosis and remember going several times to have chest x-

rays. Mum used to visit dad in the sanatorium at weekends and our Auntie Heather would come and look after us one weekend the next we would go to Birkenhead and stop with our Uncle Arthur and Auntie Elsie. The three of us would sleep together in a double bed and one night the rubber hot water bottle leaked, wetting the bed so after that we had an earthenware one to put our feet on. Later my dad came home to convalesce, not that we

realised he was ill although I do remember him having his own tin mug which we were not allowed to touch.

The orchard at the Hermitage had ten pear trees and over a hundred apple trees, my favourite being the russet, the fruit really was delicious. In the orchard we kept two geese and a gander and one day when Barry was about four the gander bit his bottom; he never went in there on his own again. It was fun in the autumn when we could climb the trees and shake the apples down. Lots of people would come and help harvest the fruit, some we wrapped in newspaper and stored them in the cellar. One lady came every year with two suitcases to collect the windfalls to make into cider. I can remember us taking boxes of them to a Christmas Party and we all lined up for a present from Father Christmas --- I think that may have been the British Legion, but I'm not sure.

Can you imagine how cross my father was one day when he had a phone call from school to say that I had stolen a girl's apple? Her name was Wendy and she excelled at art. I had seen this lovely Bright red apple in the cloakroom and decided to try it after exchanging it for mine. Actually, I didn't like it as it tasted like cotton wool to me but my, was I in trouble when I got home. I had a good hiding and sent to bed. I remember being sick on the stairs on the way and going into a different bedroom which had big green curtains that had been our blackout ones during the war.

One day my father was resting in the garden when he heard the geese in the Orchard so went to investigate and found some boy's scrumping. He caught them and said if they wanted any apples just to knock on the front door and they could have as many as they wanted. One lad did come around and spent quite a lot of time with my dad. The lad had a bad stammer and my father taught him to whistle and his stammer seemed to disappear. He must have been company for my dad resting at home as mum had gone to work at Vernon's Pools in Aintree to help with the finances. We also thought it was great helping to make up envelopes for them at home.

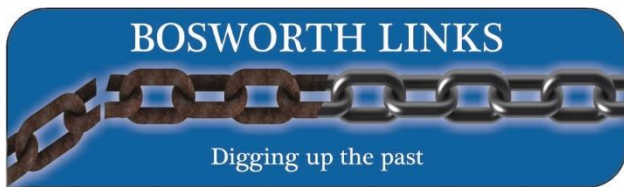
Sometimes the electricity cable would come down in the bad weather during the snow, high winds and thunderstorms. We loved this time, as we were not afraid of the dark. It was time to get the candles out — my mother would play-'Quartermaster's Store' and John Brown 's Body' etc. on the piano or we would play 'I Spy' and with a roaring fire out came the toasting fork. Toast done in front of the fire is in a world of its own- each of us taking it in turns to eat it hot off the fork after spreading it with butter from our rations. Mmmmmmm...

We had a great time roaming free, hiding in the farmer's corn looking for field mice, potato picking and my favourite, on the pony and trap delivering milk. The trap carried churns of milk and cream and had different sized ladles we used to pour it into the customer's jugs that had lace covers on top with beads around to keep out the flies.

We also had Reece's milk delivered with cardboard tops and you used to push the centre to make a hole which enabled you to pour the milk from, we saved them to play with making all sorts of games up. They were also bound with raffia or wool and made into mats and shopping bags.

One day returning from my granddad's I found the path covered with furry caterpillars all going in the same direction — you just couldn't put your foot down without treading on them. Whether they had come from or going to our orchard I'll never know but it was quite a sight to see.

The second instalment to follow next month.



As you know we plan to take Bosworth Links to the villages around Market Bosworth. Plans are developing nicely, and we are about to complete the initial forms to start the grant application process to the National Lottery Heritage Fund. The sub-committee are certain that we meet all the criteria and fit very well into the aims and ambitions of the fund.

Would you like to help?

We could do with at least two more members on our sub-committee. We would really like to have a permanent Secretary, to take minutes and deal with general correspondence and a Media Manager to look after our Social Media offerings. This is a great opportunity to learn about team working, archaeology and to have to some fun at the same time. Give me a call or drop me an email and we can have a chat about it. No experience is necessary, and you will not need to be a touch typist or a Facebook or Instagram expert.

This will be hugely rewarding, a great deal of fun and a fascinating experience. So, what are you waiting for? Come on. Let us do some time travelling....

Contact Details

Please see the website www.marketbosworthsociety.com for information or email on info@marketbosworthsociety.com or if you would like to call me then 07930149408 or 01455290160. Correspondence can be sent to Market Bosworth Society, c/o 29 Warwick Lane, Market Bosworth, Leicestershire. CV13 0JU

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Nigel Palmer".

Nigel Palmer,
Chairman.