

# FORGET ME NOT HUBERT FRANK HIGGINS MARGARET ROBINSON'S FATHER



Margaret Robinson's father Hubert enlisted in the army in 1915 when he was 17 years old.

In 1918 he was captured by the Germans and interned in a prisoner of war camp. Margaret still has the letter that her father wrote to his parents whilst he was a prisoner; it provides a fascinating insight into the preoccupations of a young lad deprived of his liberty.

After the war Hubert followed his father into the Leicester printing trade, he married in 1922, aged 23. In the 1950's, together with his partner Mr Leslie Savage, Hubert founded the Norwood Press. He died in 1964. This picture is of Margaret's father (on the left) with his brother Frank. Frank died on 14th December 1917 and is buried in the Happy Valley British Cemetery, Fompaux, France.

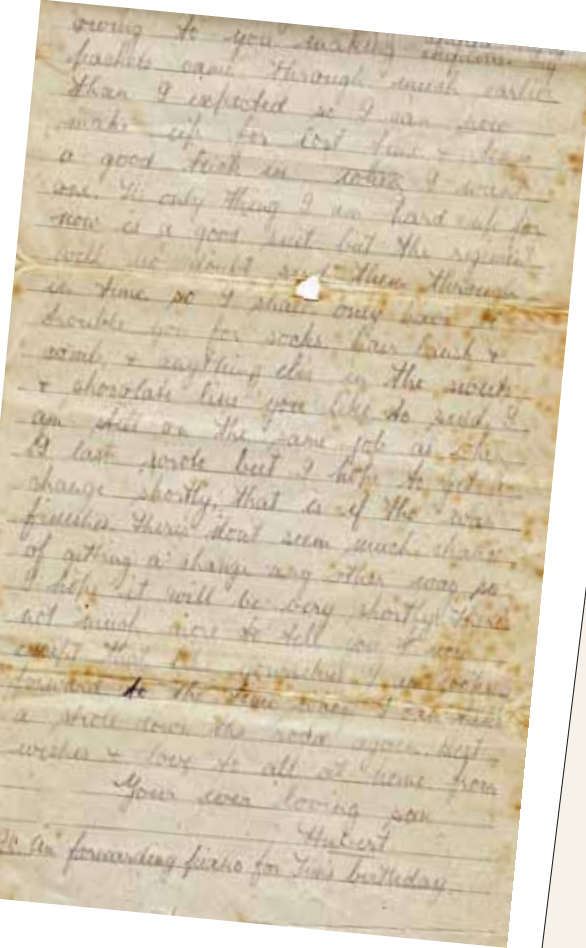
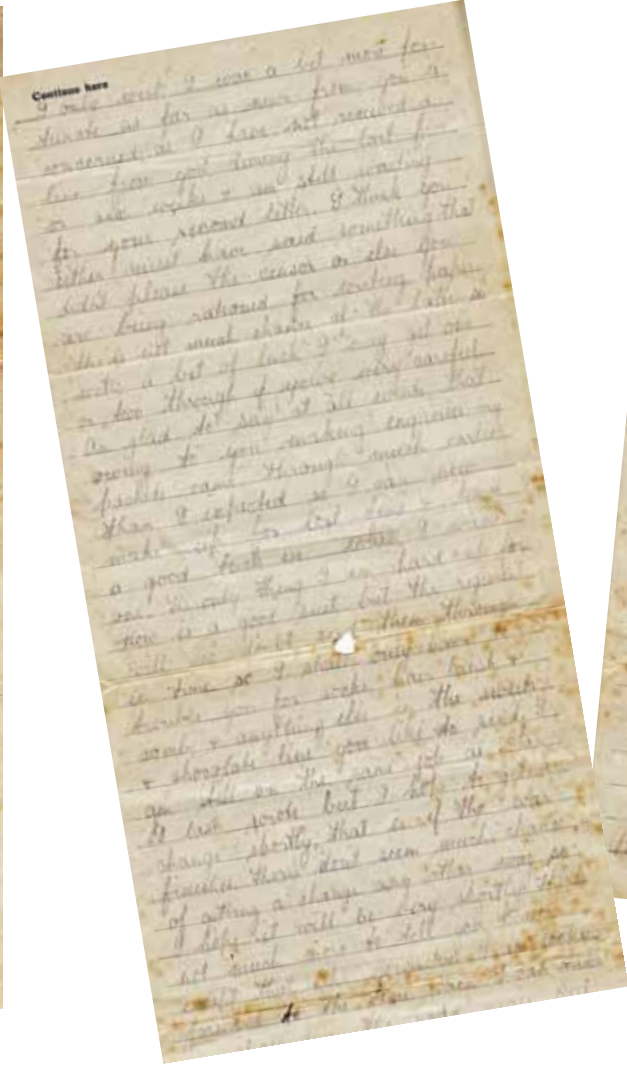


Name: Higgins  
Christian Name: H F  
Regiment: T/2 5235 Drake Batt. R. et. Division  
Kommando: 167  
Munster i. W., den 19th May 1918

Dear Mother & Father

Just a few lines to let you know I am still keeping well, hoping this will find all at home the same. I suppose by this time you will have received one or two of my letters so will know how things are going with me & what sort of a time I'm having I only received a line from you during the last five or six weeks & am still waiting for your second letter. I think you either must have said something that didn't please the censor or else you are being rationed for writing paper. There's not much chance of the latter so with a bit of luck I may get one or two through if you are very careful. Am glad to say in all events that owing to you making enquiries my packets came through much earlier than I expected so I can now make up for lost time & have a good tuck in when I want one. The only thing I am hard up for now is a good suit but the regiment will no doubt send them through in time so I shall only have to trouble you for socks, hair brush, & comb & anything else in the sweets and chocolate line you like to send. I am still on the same job as when I last wrote but I hope to get a change shortly, that is if the war finishes. There doesn't seem much chance of getting a change any other way so I hope it will be very shortly. There's not much more to tell you now except that like yourselves I am looking forward to the time when I am taking a stroll down the road again. Best wishes & love to all at home.

From your ever loving son Hubert  
Ps am forwarding piano for Jim's birthday  
Mr & Mrs H Higgins  
45 Hamilton Street  
Highfields  
Leicester Eng



# HAROLD EDWARDS SHEILA WARNER'S FATHER, SUE WARNER'S GRANDFATHER

My father Harold joined the Royal Flying Corps on 25th October 1915 when he was, according to his service record, 21 9/12 years old.

I was always aware that he had served in the 14/18 war as he was a member of the British Legion for many years. However in common with other men he said very little about his time in the war. He did tell us that he served with the balloons where, according to his service record, he reached the rank of Sergeant - Rigger, going up in the balloons for observation purposes and being responsible for their preparation & flying.

Father went to France on 19th March 1916 and stayed there until 12th April 1918. I still have his Army Form Z. 18. "Certificate of Employment During The War". This form was given to men when they were demobbed from the forces and it gives details of what jobs and training they had undertaken during the war; it was designed to help them find work. Under Section 5, "Special Remarks as to qualifications, work done, or skill acquired during service with the Colours" it says:

"This N.C.O. is very capable, has a good power of command and can always be relied

upon to carryout any duties with which he is entrusted". After the war father returned to the job he had had before he joined up, in a bank in London. At the start of the Second World War he went to work in the health service at a hospital in Market Bosworth.

My father told me that his friend agreed to take him up on a mission in one of the new aeroplanes the base had just acquired, on the appointed night father was told to take his balloon up so wasn't able to accompany his friend; father got back to base that night, his friend didn't. Another family story is that he saw the last cavalry charge the British Army ever made, I don't know if this is true or not.

The Royal Flying Corps became the Royal Air Force on 1 April 1918 so father served with the RAF for one year until he was demobbed on 5th March 1919.

