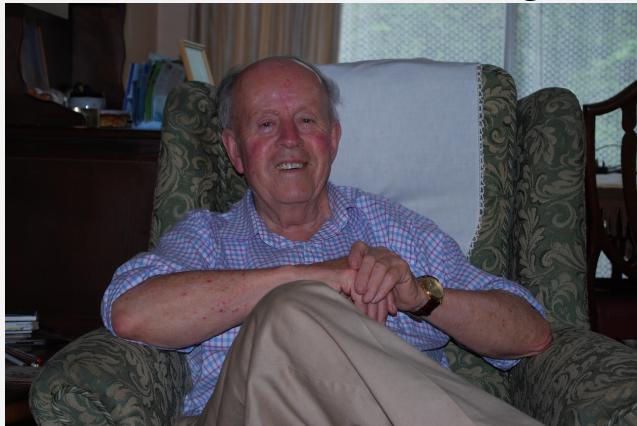


Edward Michael Hughes



21st March 1925–28th August 2014

This document describes the life of (Edward) Michael Hughes (Grandad). It was originally written with great affection by his eldest grandson, Chris, based on a few discussions in late 2013; after his death, further additions were made by the rest of Grandad's family. Most folks that read this document would probably have known Grandad as 'Mike' or 'Michael'. We all remember him very fondly, and will miss him dearly; we hope that this memoir will help to highlight some of his many achievements, and the various chapters of his life.

- March 21st 1925** Grandad was born to parents, Gabriel Edward and Sally Constance Hughes, in Balham, London.
- 1928** Grandad moved out to Ash Road in Morden with his parents where his father was working on the telephone exchange; Grandad remembers the advert said, 'Come and live in rural Surrey'; the lifestyle and commute was facilitated by the tube which had been extended from inner London and enabled a whole wave of people to move out to Surrey. Grandad remembers being asked by his mother, 'Do you like it here, Michael?', to which he responded, 'Yes, let's go home now'.

Grandad lived in Ash road with his parents from 1927–1959, apart from the four years he served in the RAF from 1943–1947. The area was built up over a long period of time; the house was surrounded by fields—Grandad named the fields: ‘the chicken’s field’, ‘the rabbit’s field’, ‘the builder’s field’, but he said that they all became ‘builder’s’ fields eventually. At the end of the garden there was an orchard which was the last part to be developed. On one occasion Grandad went under the fence with his father to pick apples for his mother to make jam; the old lady that owned the field found them out and waved her walking stick and yelled, ‘trespassers’, and his father said, ‘Come on Michael, let’s run for it’.

- 1931 Aunty Pam was born; Grandad had a close relationship with her throughout their lives. Indeed, the excerpt below is taken from a letter from Grandad to his niece, Hilary, detailing that he was responsible for naming her.

It was around this time that Grandad met Ron, who would be his life-long best friend, at primary school when the teacher asked Grandad to sit next to Ronny Lewis. Grandad and Ron were key members of a gang that shared many similarities with the outlaws from ‘Just William’, by Richmal Compton.

I was responsible for giving my sister her name. Not many people know that.

Surprisingly, my parents seem to have had no clear idea what to call the new arrival and, even though I was only six years old, I was asked for my thoughts on the matter. I remember that at that time I was rather taken by a class mate called Pamela and my suggestion of this name was readily adopted by Mum and father.

- 1933 Grandad was a boy scout; he progressed to patrol leader of the Peewit patrol, and recalled reciting, ‘Dib, dib, dib, dob, dob, dob’.
- 1942 Grandad volunteered for the RAF at the age of seventeen and a half, but was rejected as he did not have his father’s written permission.

1943-1947

Now aged eighteen, and not needing permission, Grandad reapplied to the RAF. There was no national service, soldiers were simply called up for the 'the present emergency'. Grandad reported to the recruit center in central London (near Lord's cricket ground) and marched up the road to a nice block of flats opposite Regent's Park with London Zoo. All the furniture had gone, and there were only beds. The drill corporal regularly compared the recruits to the monkeys on the other side of the canal. After three weeks of exercises (such as marching up the road, standing at ease), the recruits were transferred to a training center in Newquay (Cornwall) which coincided with the middle of the summer; it was one of the best summers England had seen in years. As long as the recruits reported to duty when necessary, they could go in the sea whenever they liked.

The recruits would do physical training on the beach, ending with an hour's swimming in the (very rough) sea. On one occasion Grandad and a friend decided that they would run along the beach to explore and they found a cove; the rising water trapped them, so they spent the night on the side of a cliff, which the weather allowed as it was a nice summer. When they returned to the camp they saw that the squadron was lined up outside; it turned out that the entire squadron was looking for them. Grandad and his friend were charged with irresponsible behaviour and marched before the commanding officer, still only with their bathing trunks. The commanding officer wanted to avoid the paper work, so just gave them a reprimand and told them to 'piss off'.



The recruits were shipped out from Newquay to Manchester (in a grounds that was a public park during peace time), then to Liverpool Lyme-street station to a train where they marched through the town onto a ship, and onto South Africa. As they marched through Liverpool girls would open their windows from the offices and cheer them on, sometimes crudely.

The ship sailed via the Atlantic ocean and the Gilbralta Straights as part of a convoy with one cruiser and many corvettes to Durban (South Africa). There was a horrendous storm where the stern of the ship came out of the water (including the propeller); the ships were rocking so hard that some of the ships were on their side.

They slept in hammocks on board ship; a lot of the soldiers didn't like sleeping in hammocks, so the folks that did like it had quite a lot room. Grandad described this as one of the more pleasant experiences, as the hammock would lessen the amount of rocking from the sea, so by and large he didn't feel sick. The food on the troop ship was quite good compared to what the folks at home were getting—the bread was baked fresh every day but the flour was infested with weevils, so they would have to go through it and pick them out.

On one occasion in South Africa, Grandad went to the cinema; at the end of the film the (British) National anthem was played (as was the tradition at this time), and several of the locals protested their disapproval by putting their hats on and sitting down.

- Squadron 104** The recruits were flown up to Egypt on a flying boat to complete their training, and then travelled by troop ship to Fogia, a poverty-stricken part of southern Italy.

Grandad joined Squadron 104 in February 1945; at this time



it was well known that the war was close to finishing, which meant that some folks felt some relief. The squadron stayed in tents on the edge of a field; the Sergeant's mess was set up in a farm house where the soldiers would get food, and there were couches to rest upon. The previous occupants of the farm house were forced to live with their livestock.

Missions

Grandad's squadron flew in the four-engined, American-made Liberator air craft (not to be confused with the Lancaster bomber). They took supplies (mainly underwear and warm clothing, not guns and ammunition, which surprised Grandad) and materials to Serbia. Their drop site would be marked in a field with a big white 'X', and they would fly over at about 1000ft, and push the parachute-prepared crates out. They often watched people emerge from the woods with carts, who would then collect the supplies, and disperse.

The night-time missions were to bomb railway stations in various small towns in Serbia and northern Italy (Verona), as the Germans were using them to bring in supplies. One place outside Verona had a movable bridge; the intelligence had not reported that the bridge could move, which resulted in 104 squadron dropping bombs into the river.

1947

The English government decided to integrate returning veterans slowly into society to prevent the labour market being flooded, so when the war had finished the squadron was moved to Egypt (Grandad preferred the Italians, though). During this time, a representative from the civil service spoke to the soldiers about opportunities once their service had finished. Grandad took the exam, and was offered the job, which



he accepted. Each soldier was given a number, and told to wait until their number came up.

Grandad and Ron arranged to meet during his time in Egypt. Ron had a job in air transport, and was responsible for organizing planes travelling from England to the middle East. Grandad arranged a fortnight's leave, as did Ron, who managed to arrange free transport to Cairo (Grandad had to pay for his from the Canal zone). They stayed in the 'Woes and Joes', a Bed and Breakfast where RAF members could stay without fear of being assaulted. They took a bus out to the pyramids, a place that was (and is still) popular with tourists.

Grandad and Ron met Eric Schofield, whom they knew from their school days. They took him out for some drinking, and felt duty bound to bring him back to his tent (he was at a transit camp in the desert). They shoved him into his tent, assuming that the floor would be soft; they were duly surprised when Eric arrived the next day covered in bruises—it transpired that the tents had concrete floors. After this, Grandad and Ron stayed in a posh hotel in Alexandria, where they were given a list of safe places to stay. They spent their time swimming in the sea and sitting in the sunshine.

On Grandad's 21st birthday he remembers deliberately *not* telling anyone, as he wished to avoid the tradition of having to buy everyone a drink.

Grandad finished his tour and had six weeks leave, so went back to live with his parents, which was very common at the time—young men typically lived with their parents until they married.



- 1947 One of Grandad's fondest memories is coming home from the RAF in 1947; his father knew he was coming home as the country had relaxed from the tension of the war. One could

phone a number and ask for the status of a ship. Grandad arrived home at 11 o'clock at night; his father said, 'Hello Son' as if he'd only been away for a couple of days (even though he had been away for four years); he heard a noise behind him and it was his mother coming down the stairs to greet him.

Grandad worked at a station controlling fighter aircraft in Essex, in a stately manner at a table with holes and strings; he would take calls from lost pilots, triangulate their position and help them go in the correct direction.

During this period, Grandad's 'number' came up, and he travelled to Blackpool for civil service training. On the way *to* the training, the soldiers were loaded from the train into a lorry, and had to clamber over the sides to enter it. On the way back *from* the training, they were treated like civilians, and were given a set of steps to exit and enter the vehicle—they had been 'de-mobbed' (de-mobilized).

- 1947–1952** In 1949 Grandad helped Ron become elected as a local councillor for the Labour Party. Ron had to overcome the prejudice of a lot of the older, local members in order to be selected as a candidate; the big challenge was to raise a good sum of money for the Party at a rally being held in a local playing field. Grandad and Ron chose to run a Grand Raffle, the highlight being the prize of 10 pairs of nylon stockings, (which were in very short supply after the war); as a result they raised £100 compared to all the other members of the party's combined total of £10!

Ron was selected and Grandad supported him as his agent—Ron became the youngest Labour Councillor in London.

Ron did stand for parliament but Grandad was not involved with his (unsuccessful) election campaign.

- 1952** Grandad met Granny Hat whom he would wed in 1953, and stay happily married for 47 years until her death in 2000. Grandad joined the Inland Revenue Service and worked in an office in the west end of London; the building has since been demolished, and in its stead stands the new Scotland Yard.

Grandad used to have work-hosted Christmas parties at an old pub called, 'The Feathers', which still stands by its side. It was at one such party that Grandad introduced Granny Hat to his colleagues and one woman assumed that she was his sister.



- 1956** Grandad and Granny Hat moved into their first house in Beulah Road with their newly-born (1954) son, Richard.
- 1967** The family moved to 34 East Drive, which followed from Grandad's promotion within the Inland Revenue Service.
- 1969** Grandad's father had good health up until the few weeks before he died; one of the things that Grandad felt guilty about for quite a time was leaving his Father on his own. Granny Hat wanted a place to raise a family in her own place.
- 1988** Grandad and Granny Hat Moved to Southbourne to be closer to their son, Richard, and his family.

Grandad and Granny Hat always took their role as grandparents very seriously and made sure they followed all stages of their grand children's lives as best they could.

They also were very proud of their position as God Parents to Ron and Barbara's daughter Joanna and after Granny Hat's death Grandad did his very best to continue this role, forming a happy relationship with the whole Lewis family from which he derived much pleasure and support; Grandad was particularly pleased to be included in Ron and Barbara's holidays to France on occasions.

On one particularly notable trip, Ron and Grandad (both well past the age of 80) went to Paris together, and Ron was unfortunate to have his wallet stolen from a cafe. The Paris police found this amusing as unbeknown to Ron and Grandad the cafe they had patronized was in a Red Light district .

1993 Grandad and Granny Hat celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary at the Upland Park Hotel in Droxford, Hampshire.

They were surrounded by friends and family, who joined them in celebrating their marriage.

The period after their move to Southbourne prior to Granny Hat's illness was probably the best period of their lives together; they enjoyed taking their dogs—first, Sally and later, Mason—out into the beautiful Sussex countryside to explore new paths and places.

During these years all the many visitors to South Lane admired his gardening skills and no-one went away without some garden produce.



2000–2014 All too soon Granny Hat became ill and everyone remembers how devoted Grandad was to her care during the last part of her life; she died on 17th August 2000.

After several years Grandad found solace, good company and new challenges as secretary of the local civil service fellowship club, and this gave him an interest that lasted until very recently.

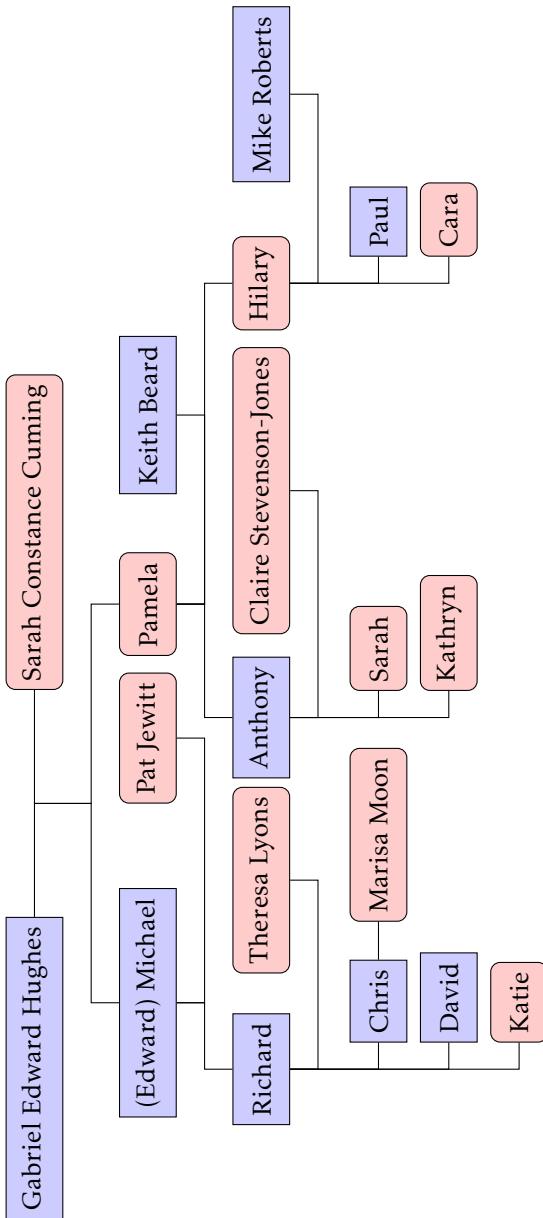
During this period, Grandad went on several holidays with Aunty Pam and Uncle Keith. On one such vacation in the Greek Islands, Pam and Grandad would set off for a day of exploration leaving Keith by the pool. They travelled the island by local bus and by foot and met all the local people. Grandad was so interested in everything and everyone one that together the two of them caused quite a stir. Grandad joked about how the two old people were well suited to exploring the ancient

monuments! In the late afternoon they arrived back to find a relaxed Keith, and the three of them relaxed with a cold drink and some wonderful local food.

Grandad also discovered how pleasant and supportive his neighbours were over the years since Granny Hat's death; this support was sustained until the time of his death and the family are extremely grateful for the interest and care shown by John, Gordon, Jean, Mike; June; Peter; Diana and young Tyler. We were also grateful to Allan and Anne. Words cannot adequately express our feelings to all of them, it was truly heart warming.

- August 28th
2014** Grandad died peacefully in his sleep in his favourite chair at 4 South Lane, Southbourne; Grandad lived in Southbourne longer than anywhere else since he was de-mobbed. He will be missed by all of those who knew and loved him, and remembered dearly as a man who approached life with a wonderful attitude.





Order of Service

Mike Hughes

Music on Entry to the Chapel

George Butterworth
The Banks of Green Willow

Words of Welcome

Hymn

I vow to Thee My Country

I vow to thee, my country
All earthly things above
Entire and whole and perfect
The service of my love

The love that asks no questions
The love that stands the test
That lays upon the alter
The dearest and the best

The love that never falters
The love that pays the price
The love that makes undaunted
The final sacrifice

A love that asks no questions
A love that stands the test
That lays upon the alter
The dearest and the best

I vow to thee, my country
All earthly things above
Entire and whole and perfect
The service of my love

And there's another country
I've heard of long ago
Most dear to them that love her
Most great to them that know

We may not count her armies
We may not see her King
Her fortress is a faithful heart
Her pride is suffering

And soul by soul and silently
Her shining bounds increase
And her ways are ways of gentleness
And all her paths are peace

We may not count her armies
We may not see her King
Her fortress is a faithful heart
Her pride is suffering

And soul by soul and silently
Her shining bounds increase
And her ways are ways of gentleness
And all her paths are peace

*Paying Tribute -
Remembering
The Life of
Mike*

Reflection Time & Music
 Percy Granger -
 An English Country Garden

Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, which art in heaven,
 Hallowed be thy Name.
 Thy Kingdom come.
 Thy will be done in earth,
 As it is in heaven.
 Give us this day our daily bread.
 And forgive us our trespasses,
 As we forgive them that trespass against us.
 And lead us not into temptation,
 But deliver us from evil.
 For thine is the kingdom,
 The power, and the glory,
 For ever and ever

Amen.

*** Prayer 2 TBC. ***

Hymn

He Who Would Valiant Be

He who would valiant be 'gainst all disaster,
 Let him in constancy follow the Master.
 There's no discouragement shall make him once relent
 His first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round with dismal stories
 Do but themselves confound - his strength the more is.
 No foes shall stay his might; though he with giants fight,
 He will make good his right to be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, Thou dost defend us with Thy Spirit,
 We know we at the end, shall life inherit.
 Then fancies flee away! I'll fear not what men say,
 I'll labor night and day to be a pilgrim

Farewell

Closing Words

Music to Exit Chapel

Vaughn Williams
 The Lark Ascending