

Hillside First School Memories



Hillside First School VE Day 80th Anniversary World War 2 Memories

Welcome to Hillside First School's commemorative VE Day 80th Anniversary Memory Book. We extend our heartfelt thanks to everyone who generously shared their family's World War II recollections—personal stories and treasured anecdotes passed down through the generations. Your contributions have brought these memories vividly to life, honoring the courage and resilience of those who lived through the war. Please enjoy reading the stories below, and thank you for helping us preserve this vital piece of our shared history.

Bertie and Jude Busby

These medals were awarded to Bertie and Jude's Great Grandfather & Grandmother in world war 1 & 2.

Patrick O'Shea served in both wars and was a Japanese prisoner of war on The Bridge over the River Kwai.

He survived and lived to nearly 100 yrs of age.

May O'Shea was awarded a medal

for school attendance at the end WW1 !!!

He would always talk to me about his scars from shrapnel on his back. He was quite a character ! His sisters were in the Bluebell Girls around the war years as well.



George and James Prices' Great Grandmother.

During World War II, George and James' Great Grandmother oversaw several British restaurants in London, referred to as the Ministry of Food.

These dining spaces provided essential aid to Londoners who had lost their homes to bombings and had nowhere else to turn.

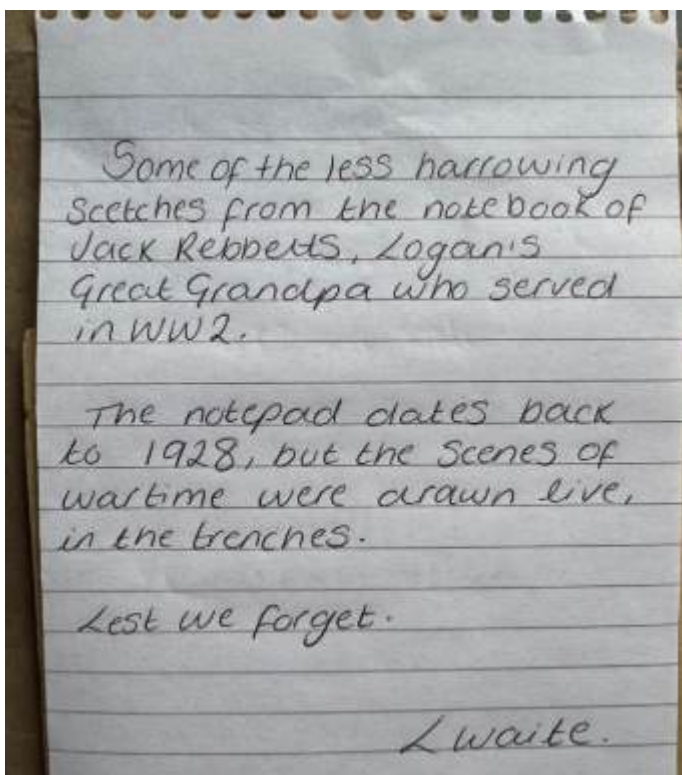
Logan and Louise's great grandfather's wartime experience.

Jack was not called up and he volunteered when it became clear that the war was not going to be over in a few months (as the country originally thought). Jack was born, lived and died in Bournemouth, the only time he left the country in his life was to serve in WW2. At the time he enlisted the Hampshire regiments (Bournemouth was in the county of Hampshire at that time) were full and he joined the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Sadly for Jack this meant that, on the two occasions they got leave the regiment were sent home to Northern Ireland, he never returned to England in all the war years. Before the war Jack was an apprentice jeweller, he was a very creative man, artistic and musical, he was also a terrific jazz pianist. Jack was a Tommy Gunner initially and when I tried to talk to him about his wartime experiences, he just said 'shooting in easy, bayoneting was just pure evil. In World War II, the 'Tommy gun' referred to the Thompson submachine gun, a US-designed and built weapon known for its rapid fire and effectiveness in close-quarters combat. Jack served in Africa and all over Europe. During this time he served as Colonel's bodyguard, he served 6 colonels and none of them went home, he used to say he clearly wasn't very good at it. The profound effect that this had on him left him mute for several years whilst still serving and once he came home. His sister once told me that he came home a broken man and never regained the person he was before. He never touched a piano after the war and never again picked up a paintbrush. He carried a sketch book with him throughout the war and most of his sketches are of home, very few are of what he was seeing or experienced, although some have brief sentences next to them as a sort of diary, but clearly he couldn't write or draw regularly and I can't work out a

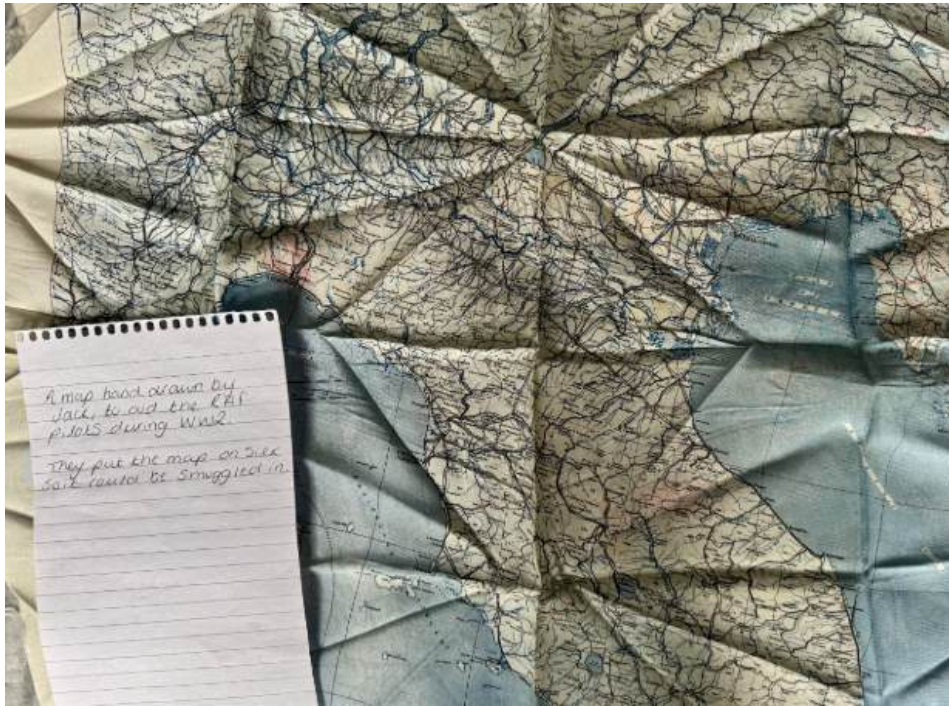
chronology of these events. The last two years of the war, Jack was seriously shell shocked and he was removed from the front lines but, because of his talent he became essential as a map maker and his maps of enemy lines apparently saved many lives, he was not demobbed until months after the war. Once they were sheltering in the basement of a bombed out school and Jack found some paints, he painted Christmas cards to his mother, father and sisters, he managed to post them home, they were scenes of Bournemouth's tropical gardens, I think this just shows how incredibly homesick he was. He was an incredibly brave man but he could never come to terms with the taking of a life, no matter if the situation was 'kill or be killed' this haunted him. I have several things that might interest you. I have sent in his medals and beret, but Laura has said you would love to see his pictures. I also have a silk scarf map that Jack said was made using one of his maps. During World War II, these clandestine maps were used by many American, British, and allied servicemen to escape from behind enemy lines. Special material was used for this purpose, due to the need for a material that would be harder than paper, and would not tear or dissolve in water.

Lest we forget

Debbie (Logan and Louise's Nana)







A map hand drawn by Jack, to aid the RAF pilots during WW2
They put the map on silk so it could be smuggled in.

'JACK REBBETS'
Is Logan's Great-Grandpa.
He served in the front line of the army during WW2.
He was incredibly brave, though through the war he witnessed the death of many of his friends, he eventually returned home... and ended up marrying a lovely German lady!
Here are some of his medals, including the African and Italian Star.
Also his Royal Irish Fusiliers Beret that he wore in Africa and Europe throughout the war.



Lola Harvell's (Tawny Owls 3) great grandad's story and photos.

Stanley James Kidby was known as Jim and was the Great Grandad of Lola. He grew up in London and when he was 18 World War Two began.

Jim joined the RAF and was an aeroplane gunner. He had to be very brave. After a few years he changed his role in the RAF and became a nurse in a camp hospital in North Africa.

Here is a photo of Jim in North Africa during the war.



Here is another photo of Jim and his fellow crew standing beneath the wing of a Dakota plane when he worked as an air steward (he is the one with his cap at a jaunty angle!). His first job was to bring home the prisoners of war from the Far East.



When the war ended Jim met Laura, his future wife at a VE Day party in London. They were married for over 60 years. They had three children, six grandchildren and seven great grandchildren including Lola.



Mrs Pain – family memories of WW2

One of my grandfathers, Les Morton, was a farmer and tractor mechanic. He did not fight in the war but maintained tractors so food could be grown in England. When the Second World War started in 1939, more tractors were needed to help boost Britain's food production. Some tractors were imported from Canada. My Grandad had to check all the new tractors were safe to use. His team discovered that some of the tractors had been tampered with. They had to report the sabotage to the government. He was also a fireman and helped to put out fires when the town he was living in was bombed.



My other grandfather, Frank Hobbs, worked for the British Transport Police. He also did not fight in the war but he was responsible for ensuring the railways were kept safe when transporting goods and transporting prisoners of war. One day a prisoner escaped from a train and my grandfather chased him down the railway track. He tackled the prisoner to the ground and broke his knee cap in the process.

Brigitte McAleer



This is Brigitte's great grandfather Albert, who joined the Royal Navy in 1940. Among other ships, he served on the HMS Edinburgh, which was hit by a German 'tin fish' torpedo in May 1942, while carrying £4 million of gold! It was decided to sink the ship and the crew were rescued by the HMS Harrier and HMS Gossamer.



This was the first ever VE Day celebration outside Brigitte's great-great grandparents' house, on Canmore Street in Belfast.

This is Brigitte's great grandfather George at 8 years old, when he was evacuated to Wales.



Elsie's great grandad

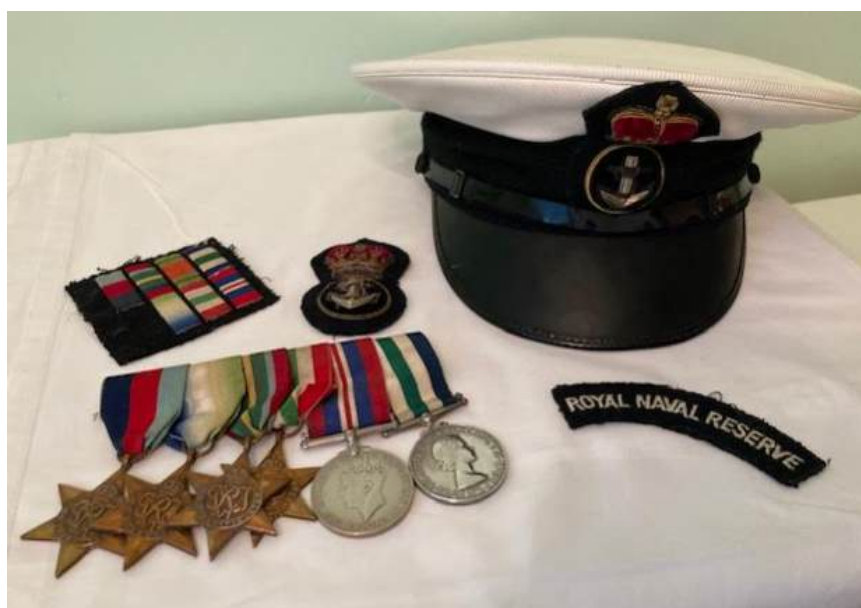
His name was John Wales and he was enlisted into the Royal Artillery also known as 'The Gunners' at the age of 27 on September 21st 1940. He had just had his second child who was a week old (oldest sister of Elsie's grandma).

Even though everyone was celebrating VE day in Europe, John was still fighting in Burma. He was released on 9th June 1946.

Quote from his testimonial: "He has proved himself a reliable hard-working chap, who has done whatever has been asked of him in a cheerful and willing manner. A first class Driver."



This is Elsie's great grandad Bob Homer (Dads Grandad)-



He served in the Royal Navy during the Second World War, working in the engine rooms for ships based in Southampton. Here are some pictures of the medals he was awarded for his bravery and we are all very proud of him for this-

Mrs Drummond

When the German Luftwaffe attacked Liverpool and Manchester they would fly over Wyre, Lancashire and offload any bombs they didn't drop so they had enough fuel to get back to Germany. One of these incendiary bombs went through my great granddad's greenhouse and landed in peat so it didn't go off. He reclaimed the bomb and took the insides out and kept it. The bomb remains in the family and is a reminder of how lucky my family was to survive.

Attached are pictures of the bomb, along with pictures of my great great uncle's gas mask bag and my great grandfather whose greenhouse was hot.





Mrs Davis

This is my Grandad Trevor. He was 13 when war broke out and was evacuated from London. He returned and then joined the Red Cross to help others. He was a lovely man and always wanted to make others' lives better. The picture shows him in his Red Cross uniform.



Carwyn & Addison Wise-Dixon Memories of VE Day



Above is our Great-Grandfather Sergeant Harry-Albert Wise (on the left) from London. He served in the Royal Artillery as part of an anti-aircraft battery.

When the war ended he was in Belgium and on VE Day he and his friend were in Brussels when this photograph was taken so that they could remember the day.

Below are our Great Grandparents from Canada, William and Grace. Grandpa William met Grandma Grace during the war, she was from Cowden Beath in Scotland. He was in the Royal Canadian Artillery as a gunner and Grandma was in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. They married and she moved back to Canada with him.

The medals are Grandpa William's and include the Italy Star, France Germany Star, 1939-1945 Star, Defence Medal, Canadian Volunteer Service Medal and 1939-1945 Campaign Medal.

WW2 - Royal Canadian Artillery



Gunner William John Dixon
Remembered by: The Dixon Family

WW2 - Women's Auxiliary Air Force



Corporal Grace Dixon
Remembered by: The Dixon Family



Mrs Jones

My maternal Grandad (we've always called him Pops) Robert Simm was born in 1922. During WW2, called HMT Peter Carey.

HMT Peter Carey refers to the HMT (Her Majesty's Transport) ship Peter Carey, which was a British transport ship involved in World War II. Specifically, it was involved in an incident on December 1, 1943, where it was towing HMT Avanturine when the latter was sunk by a German motor torpedo boat, resulting in the loss of the entire crew of Avanturine.

Pops was late and missed its departure. The story goes he had just started courting Nannie and was the reason he didn't get to the ship in time.

He later served on board the HMT Edwardian.

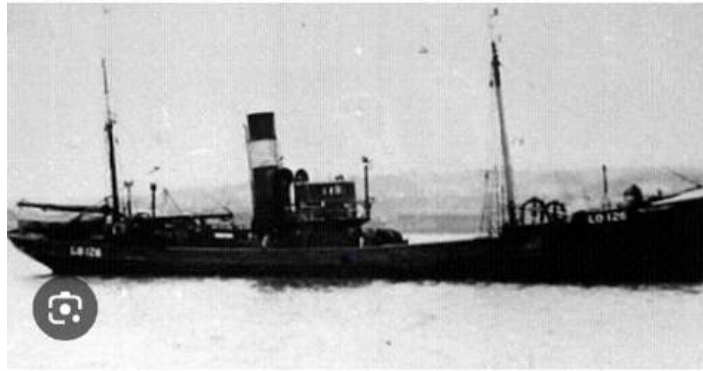
HMT Edwardian was an MS Trawler and minesweeper that served in the Royal Navy during World War II. It was heavily involved in the defense of shipping in the Thames Estuary and saw action against German aircraft, ultimately sustaining damage from a near-miss bomb and needing to be beached to prevent sinking.

Nannie and Pops wrote constantly during the war and were married for 59 years before Nannie passed in 2005.

Pops is celebrating his 103rd birthday on 31st May. He still lives in Newcastle.

Attached are photos of Pops during WW2 and at his 100th birthday celebrations with my brother and myself.





PETER CAREY

[Visit >](#)



EDWARDIAN

[Visit >](#)

Mrs Aedy

Both of my parents lived through the Second World War. My father served in the Royal Navy and my mother was evacuated from London.

Allan Christopher Connal

My father was sent to Naval school, Chatham, at the age of fourteen and then went straight into the Royal Navy. He served on many ships including HMS Royal Oak and HMS Sheffield and was in charge of the guns at the front of the ship. He saw action on the Russian Arctic convoys, where the waves would come up over the side of the ship and freeze mid air. Also providing fire power at the D-Day landings and then in the Far East. Allan was awarded the 1939-45 Star, Atlantic Star, Africa Star and Burma Star. He was also awarded a DSM (Distinguished Service Medal) for courage under heavy bombardment. After the war, Allan returned to Chatham and trained new recruits; he had become a CPO (Chief Petty Officer).

Joan Marjorie Loe

My mother lived in Plaistow in the East End of London. She was evacuated with her school to Upper Up, South Cerney, Gloucestershire. As they walked through the market on their way to the train, all the stall holders gave the children fruit from the stalls. Joan was billeted with her friend Gladys - chosen by a lady because they looked like sisters. She had many adventures and helped on the farm, in fact Gladys went on to marry one of the farmer's sons. However Joan's father was relocated to Buxton with the Civil Service and she joined her family there. She made friends here that she kept in touch with for the rest of her life and returned many times to see them. After the war, Joan returned to Plaistow and followed her father into the Civil Service.



Layla Antell

Layla's great Grandad was in the Navy on board the light cruiser HMS Ajax (Dec 1939) when the German pocket battleship Graf Spee (who was sinking supply ships) was chased into Montevideo harbour, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. The badly damaged German battleship was granted a short time to make repairs before leaving the harbour. HMS Ajax, Achilles & Exeter all sustained damage in the battle & were waiting for the Graf Spee to re-emerge & attack her again. However, the Graf Spee scuttled herself. It was called the Battle of the River Plate & was the first major British Naval engagement of WW2. Every sailor on the 3 British ships had a road named after them in Rio de Janeiro.

During the war Layla's other great grandparents and great great grandparents were in Jersey which was occupied by the Germans. Apparently the German forces were told by their superiors that they were on the Isle of Wight to make them think they were closer to England. No-one was allowed on the beaches and food was short. Her great great Grandmother Wood kept chickens inside the house so that they weren't seen and when these were no longer the family resorted to eating seaweed pie etc. Her great great Grandfather Pallot was put in prison for 6 months for possessing a crystal radio. Apparently he had black hair when he was arrested and he came out grey. Some ladies collaborated with the Germans and they were tarred and feathered by the Islanders after the war. Layla's Papa (grandad) remembers even in the 1950's his mother pointing them out if we saw one in town. On one occasion, Layla's great grandmother was walking with her younger siblings when a German aircraft flew over and started shooting at them so they hid in the undergrowth until it had gone.

Below and attached from Layla's dad's side, her Grandma has loads of documents that she's kept including a ration book, soldier discharge papers, Xmas postcard from POWs in Stalag, postcards from a soldier to her mum and a war damage compensation letter for a house in Southampton which was bombed.

Picture of 3 men and a boy:

This picture was taken at a farm in Woodlands (near Horton). Layla's grandad and two uncles work on the farm today.

The man in the middle is the brother of Layla's great grandad and the child is her Grandad's cousin. The two men sitting on either end are German prisoners of war that were at a camp in Shaftesbury but then sent to work on the farm. They worked on the farm for years and returned home to Germany in 1948.

They were well liked as you can see. One used to come back to visit occasionally as they were such good friends.

Layla visits this farm frequently.

Postcard from Paris:

This was a postcard sent from Layla's great grandad to his mum. He was on a 2 day leave from service, visiting Paris in December 1944. This was 6 months after D-Day. Layla and her family visited the five Normandy beaches in August last year.

Air raid shelter:

This is a picture of Layla's great, great grandmother with her dog in her garden air raid shelter at her house in Southampton.



7402819. Ltr Day

Dear Mum,

as you will see I have been lucky enough to land upon Paris on a 48 hr leave this morning we went on a bus tour & saw most of the sights & it is a grand city tomorrow we return work luck.

Love Reg.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
17JEC1944
EAST OF THE SEAS
16 DEC 1944
Mr Day
4, Pollards Moor Rd.
Redman in Southerton
England.

IMPRIMÉ EN FRANCE



Sgt. Anthony George Shayler

Great Great Uncle to Torie James

Anthony Shayler was living in Rugby, Warwickshire with his mother, father and two sisters when the Second World War started in 1939. He was interested in mechanical engineering and loved working on cars. He was also a keen athlete and trained with Bill Nankeville who represented Great Britain in the Olympic Games of 1948, although Bill Nankeville is probably better known now as the father of comedian Bobby Davro.

With the outbreak of war Anthony joined the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve and in 1944 after training was posted to RAF Waddington aged 19 years where he joined 467 Squadron Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF) as a Flight Engineer

flying Lancasters, all of the RAAF crews at that time had a Royal Air Force Flight Engineer who was responsible for monitoring and managing the aircraft's systems, particularly the engines, fuel and electrical systems. Anthony's job was to ensure that the aircraft was functioning correctly, assisting with startup and take-off whilst providing accurate fuel calculations and resolving inflight problems. In some cases, where necessary, he would act as a backup gunner.

On Wednesday 2nd August 1944 316 V-1 Flying Bombs were launched at London, one hitting Tower Bridge and the Avro Lancasters of 467 Squadron were sent to attack a German Flying Bomb supply depot at Boran-sur-Oise, north of Paris, France. Anthony and his crew were flying Lancaster marked ND346, PO-E and as they turned in on their bombing run they collided with Lancaster ME853 that had turned in from the other side. Both aircraft crashed with the loss of 14 crew from both aircraft.

The bodies of all crew members from the two aircraft were recovered and are buried together at the Viroflay Cemetery near Versailles with the epitaph 'UNTIL THE MORN SHALL BREAK IN PERFECT DAY'.

Anthony's parents were informed of his death shortly afterwards but due to the secrecy of the war missions they were told that his aircraft had been shot down returning from dropping leaflets over Germany. It is only in recent years that the true circumstances have been discovered.

Hillside First School
VE Day 80th Anniversary Memory Book
Submission by Mr. Dave Graves, Headteacher
Remembering Leonard Frederick Jones
(Grandad)

Leonard Frederick Jones

Born: 22nd January 1913

Died: 28 December 1983



Service Summary

Leonard Frederick Jones served in the Royal Navy for nearly 20 years, rising to the rank of **Chief Engine Room Artificer**, a highly skilled non-commissioned specialist responsible for the engineering and maintenance of warship propulsion systems. Trained at Chatham Dockyard in Kent, he worked deep in the heart of the ship's engine rooms, ensuring machinery ran smoothly under the most demanding conditions.

Rank and Pay

Rank Insignia: Three distinctive buttons on each cuff

Pay Scale: 5 shillings 3 pence per day, eventually rising to 6 shillings 6 pence

Medals and Honours

During his wartime service, Leonard received five medals recognizing his bravery, technical expertise, and dedication under fire.

Warship Assignments

- **HMS Liverpool:** Participated in North Atlantic convoy battles. The ship was seriously damaged by Italian torpedo bombers.
- **HMS Hostile:** Engaged in hunting German commerce raiders in the South Atlantic. Severely damaged in 1940 when the ship struck a minefield.
- **HMS Shropshire:** A County-class heavy cruiser serving as flagship of the Eastern Fleet in the Indian Ocean.
Supported the 1943 Sicily landings
Joined the British Pacific Fleet in 1945, providing naval gunfire at Okinawa and other final assaults on Japan



Personal Memories

When war broke out, Leonard was stationed in Scotland with his wife and young son. He would be away for three years during the war. One vivid memory he shared was of Italian prisoners of war being kept in cages on the ship. He remembered them as hungry and frightened, and he gave them food—an act of compassion that stayed with him.

He rarely spoke about the war, but there were occasional glimpses. He recalled a friend who, plagued by nightmares after the war, dreamt he was



under fire aboard ship. In a moment of terror, the friend tried to escape the dream by climbing out of a window, breaking both legs in the process.

One particularly emotional moment came when Leonard returned home after years away. His young son, too little to remember him, asked his mother, "Why is that man eating our jam?" – a simple, yet heart-breaking moment that showed the cost of absence due to war.

Leonard remained reluctant to speak about his wartime experiences in later life, like many who served. But through family memories and small glimpses, his courage, kindness, and sacrifice are remembered with pride.

"As we honour the courage, compassion and sacrifice of Leonard Frederick Jones—and all who served—may we keep their memories burning brightly in our hearts and carry their stories forward, so future generations never forget the price of our freedom."

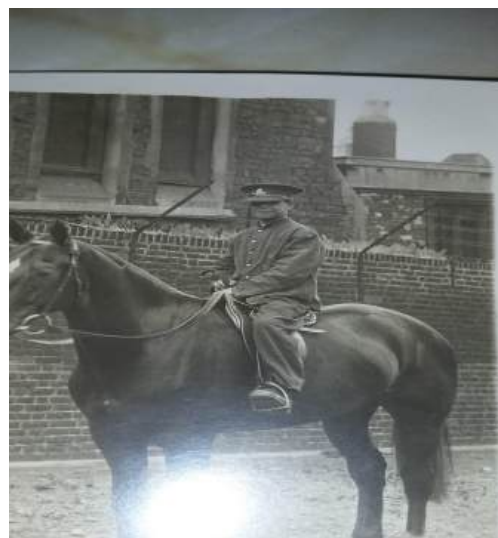


**Hillside First School
VE Day 80th Anniversary Memory Book
Submission by Mrs Gahan.
Remembering Sydney James Harris
(Great Grandad)**

**Sydney James Harris
Born: 8th November 1929
Died aged 94.**

Royal Artillery

Stationed in Crete on 8th May 1945 – VE Day.



Sydney James Harris was only 15 years old when he signed up to join the army. He was given an ultimatum by his Step Father that he was either to join or he would be sent to a children's home. By 16 he was enlisted into WWII.

When stationed in Crete the Nazis invaded and bombed the beaches and he had to flee. This caused him to be missing in action for quite some time. Winston Churchill abandoned lots of the soldiers there. Sydney was presumed dead until eventually he was evacuated by boat, he was then able to write to his mother to notify her he was alive.

Sydney's best friend was killed in action alongside him. This led to Sydney writing to his pen pal to let her know. He was lonely and asked her to continue writing to him, of which she (Edna Lillian Hawes – Mrs Gahan's Great Grandmother) agreed. As soon as he returned home after the war he went to find her, they fell in love and married soon after. They were together until he passed away at 94 years old.

Sydney rarely spoke about his experience during the war as it upset him, however, anything he did share was always with a smile and a huge cuddle.

Hillside First School
VE Day 80th Anniversary Memory Book
Submission by Isla Gahan.
Remembering Peter Frederick Gahan MBE
(Great Grandpa)

Lieutenant Colonel
Peter Frederick Gahan MBE

Born: 8th May 1923
Died: 2nd May 2010, aged 86.

Royal Signals Regiment

Stationed in Calcutta on 8th May 1945 – VE Day.



Peter, with his senior schooling completed in 1942, applied to join the Corps under the Special Entry Cadetship. Having passed the Army medical he, together with 3 others, was sent to Worcester College, Oxford University for six months to sharpen their education! From December 1942 to April 1943 he did his full pre commissioning training in Catterick and was duly awarded a war-time commission in the Royal Signals. His first posting was to 3 Command Signals, stationed on Salisbury Plain, where he was OC of one of the Troops manning the Signal Centre in the grounds of Wilton House. He became Assistant Adjutant of the unit and quickly moved up to join the Chief Signal Officers staff at HQ Southern Command.

Despite being heavily involved in general communications work along the south coast he longed for action overseas and frequently badgered the CSO for a move. In October 1944 his wish was granted and he arrived in Barrackpore near Calcutta at the HQ Allied Land Forces, South East Asia. He was promoted to acting Captain as the SO3 (Equipment). The HQ moved on to Ceylon to prepare for any further advance by the Japanese, but with their surrender in 1945 the HQ moved on to Singapore. He continued as SO3 (Equipment) and in 1946 was granted his Regular Commission. In Singapore he enjoyed the peace-time role and played Rugby and Cricket according to the seasons and was always in great demand as a pianist. At a Christmas party he met Mickie, who was serving with the Women's Volunteer Service, and their friendship became a serious courtship, they married on 2 April 1949. David (Isla's Grandpa) was born a year later.

He was then promoted Major and posted to command the Army Boys' Trade School in Singapore, an appointment he found very rewarding. In September 1960 Germany beckoned and Peter was posted to 2 Sig Regiment in Bunde but within 18 months the family were on the move again, to Canada in an exchange officer post.

He was deeply involved in the introduction of the new BRUIN system for BAOR and for his sterling work he was awarded the MBE in 1969. Promotion to Lt Col followed in 1970 and Peter moved to another MOD appointment, on the General Staff, before taking early retirement at the age of 50 in August 1973.

Hillside First School
VE Day 80th Anniversary Memory Book
Submission by Isla Gahan.
Remembering John Ronald Donlevey
(Isla's Great Grandpa)

John Ronald Donlevey
Born: 15th February 1923
Died: 4th November 1996 – Aged 73.

Royal Engineers Regiment

Stationed in Egypt on 8th May 1945 – VE Day.



Isla Robinson

Pic 1 – Betty & Tom Ludlow, together on VE day. Tom made it into the first ever Royal Marine Commando's troop, partaking in several missions prior to sustaining near fatal injuries from a glider crash in Parley (Pic 4 -Bournemouth) whilst practicing for an overseas mission that suffered a very low survival rate. He captured events within his book (pic 5), The Bacon Box, journalling the first 21 years of his life, meeting his wife to be (Betty), who worked as a nurse (his nurse) in the hospital he was admitted to.

Pic 2 – Evelyn and John Robinson (wearing beret) outside Berlin Olympic stadium shortly after the war concluded. John was a top sportsman, diving champion (pic 3 medals) and musician, playing the hornet within the army orchestral / band for troops entertainment. He extensively toured Europe, stationed in Germany for several years after the war. My dad, Peter Robinson is sat on top of the then boxing champions shoulders in the centre of the photo.



Ryley and Everly Purdy

Here are memories from **Ryley and Everley Purdy's** great grandfather.

'Our Great Grandad was called Philip Caleb Keen and was born 7th September 1922.

When the war broke out in 1939 - our great grandad was only 17 years old and was too young to enlist in the army so he joined the Air Raid Service filling sandbags. He was in the voluntary service including the air force between 1939-1941. In 1942 he joined the Scot's Fusiliers and fought in France, Belgium and Holland.

During the war, our Great Grandad was shot by a German Sniper. Luckily he had a tin in his left breast pocket of his uniform containing water sterilisation tablets (had to use these to make sure any water he drank was safe and clean) which the bullet went through the lid of and just put a dent in the back. Without this tin, the bullet would have gone through his heart and killed him. The tin saved his life - without it - we wouldn't have been born, my mum and nanny wouldn't have been born either!

Our Great Grandad was officially demobbed (released) from the army in 1947.

photos attached are of our Great Grandad in his uniform, his Scot's Fusiliers Glengarry and the Tin that saved his life



Bella Williamson

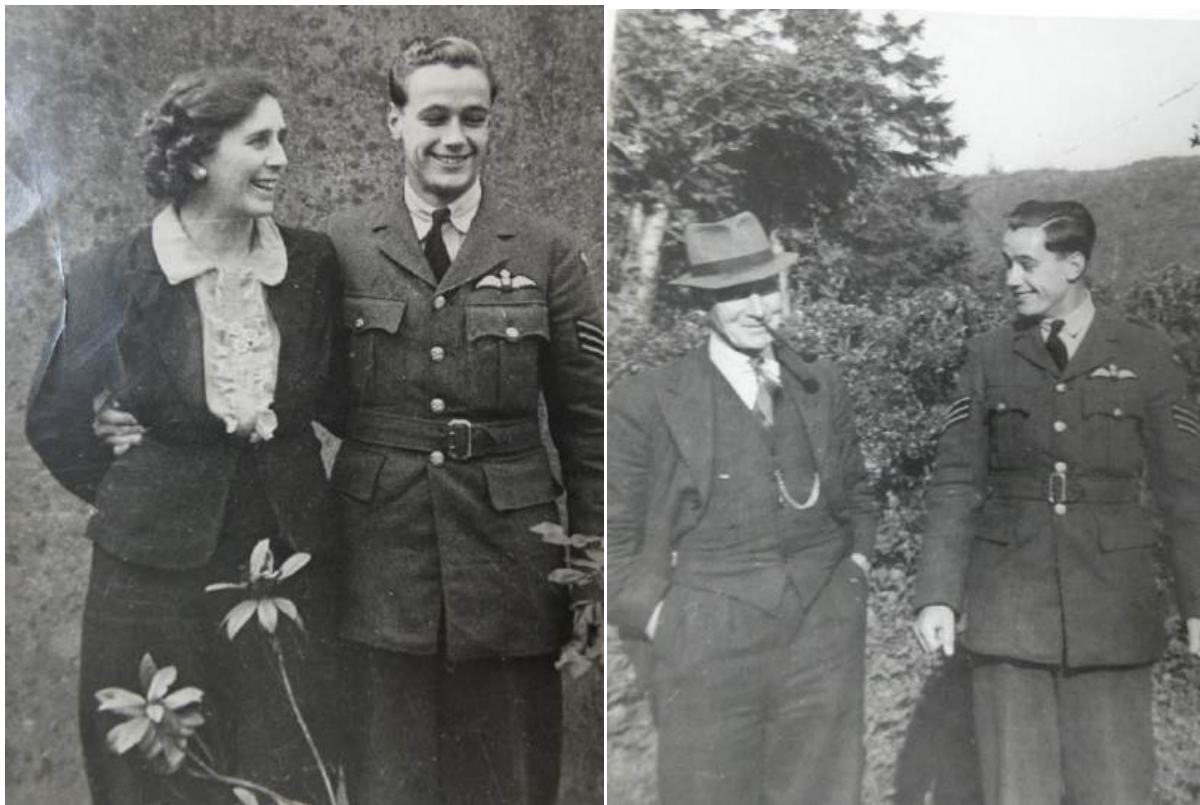
Attached is a photograph of Bella's Great Great Grandfather Cecil Jewer, he was a Military Police Officer in WW2 and survived being blown up in his jeep when he hit a beach covered in land mines.

He was a truly wonderful man who passed away at the age of 80 years old.



Rupert Keevil

Pictured below left are Rupert's Great Great Grandmother Minnie Ada Miles with her son Neville Miles who joined the British Royal Air Force at the start of World War Two. Pictured below right are Neville with his father Frank Miles, both photographs were taken when Neville was on leave from the Royal Air Force (RAF) during World War Two. Neville was born in 1923 and lived in Caerphilly in South Wales with his parents and sisters Barbara and Evelyn. Evelyn was Rupert's Great Grandmother.



Neville did his pilot training in Canada – as did many allied airmen - and there he trained on the British Spitfire. On earning his "Wings" which qualified him as a pilot, Neville was deployed on active duty at Tangmere in the South of England near Portsmouth. His "Wings" can be seen above his left pocket on his chest in both photographs above. At Tangmere he flew the British Hawker Typhoon on assignments across the English Channel to France. The Typhoon was not as manoeuvrable as the Spitfire which had been used by the RAF since the start of the war.

However, by 1943 the RAF needed a ground attack fighter more than a "pure" fighter and the Typhoon was more suited to that role. Also, the Typhoon had a greater range than the Spitfire, the range of the Typhoon was reported to be 2900 kilometers. This made the aircraft suitable for cross channel operations and the attack of ground targets in France.



Spitfire

Typhoon



Neville took this photograph of his family when he was on leave from the RAF during WW2. From left to right, Neville's father Frank, his Mother Minnie and his sisters Evelyn, Rupert's great Grandmother and Barbara, Neville's other sister.



Jessica Mackrell-Bailey

Please find attached 2 photos, the single child is Jessica's great Grandma just before WW2, she lived near Poole harbour and was evacuated when she was 6 years old to her Aunt's house in Wallop because of the bomb threat to Poole.

The second photo was taken at Oakdale school, which was where Jessica's great Grandma went to school, and was the VE Day celebrations in 1945.



Isla Budd

A bit of background:

Isla's Great Grandad, Patrick Harris, who is her Mum's Dad's Dad (!) was in the Royal Navy during WW2.

He served between 1942 and 1946.

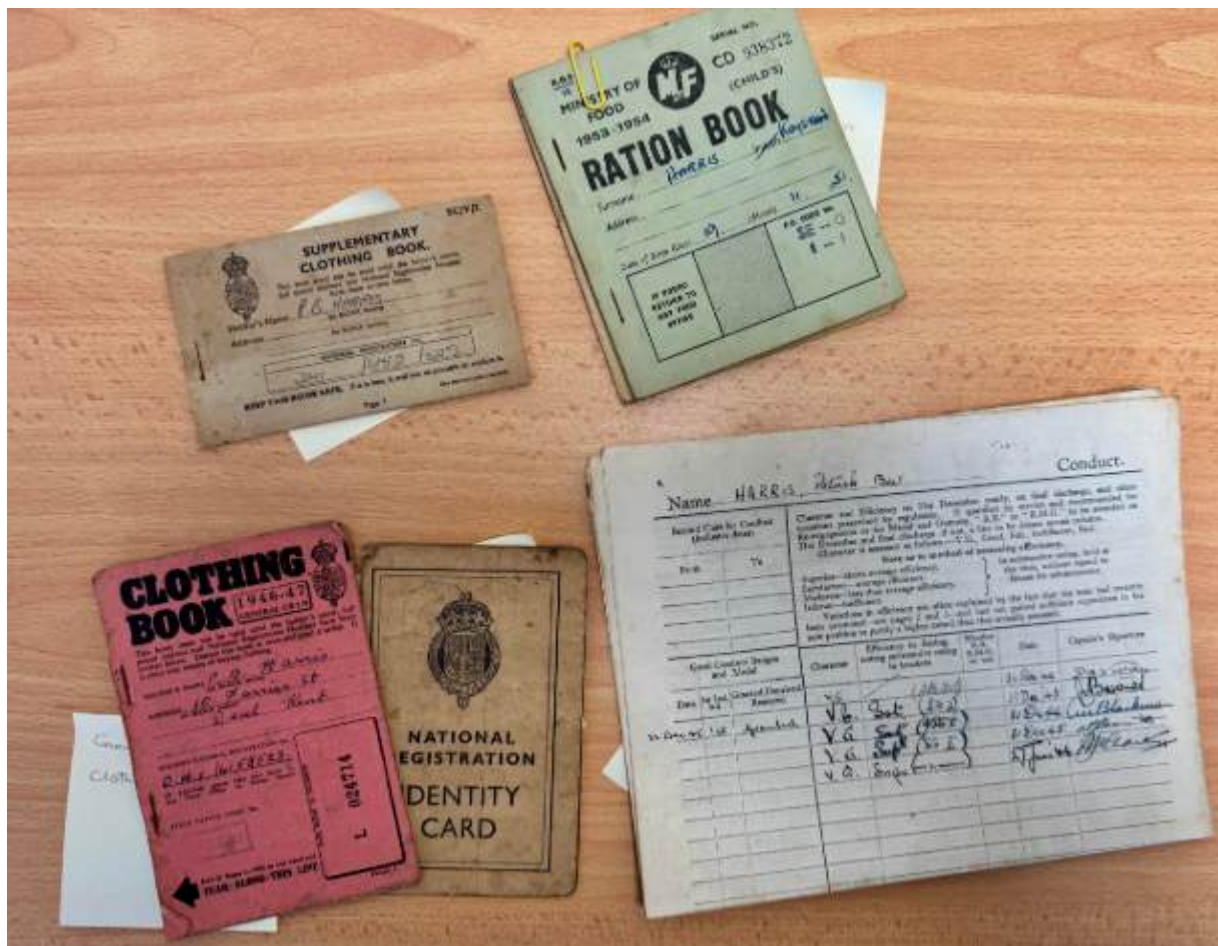
Included in the paperwork are 2 photographs of him in his uniform. The one where he is in white is the uniform for hot countries and he was in Egypt in this picture. Also included are his service papers showing which ships he served on and when and his wartime ID card.

The other booklets are his clothing ration book as well as his son, Isla's Granddad's and Great Uncle's ration books from when they were children.

Isla's Great Grandad unfortunately died quite young aged 49. Not during the war but many years later having lived a very happy life.

His wife, Isla's Great Grandma Norah was evacuated with her younger brother from Deal in Kent to Aberfan in Wales. She was about 14 and had the most wonderful memories of her life and the family she stayed with in Wales. Her younger brother Victor sadly died of Diptheria while away and so never returned with his sister to Kent where she lived for the rest of her life.

Isla's Great Nanny Connie (her mum's, mum) also had memories of walking about in London where she lived during the air raids. Apparently she found them quite exciting!





15th's Great Granddad
Patrick Harris.
Served in the Royal
Navy from:
December 1942 to
June 1946.



Rosie Capel



25

Dear Dadda

I hope you are well.
At school for writing we
are on Adjectives and for
arithmetic we are doing (multiplication)
multiplication sums by two figures
58 is the highest ^{number} we
have done up to now. Like
Miss Robinson very much. Now
the winter days are coming
we have to go to bed at
half past seven. If Rodney
and I are good this week
we are going to see the
the army at the Corona
Near Mrs Brown has gone

To see it no night.

LOVE FROM

Barbara



Leo Chambers

Leo and his Brothers 2nd sometimes come to see me when their Mum comes and wash my hair every Friday. We have some lovely chats when they come.

My Name is Jean

I was born in 1936

We were a family of five children 2 girls & 3 Boys. We have always lived in Dorset,

Corse Mullen + Gaunt's Common.

When Dad broke out we lived at Corse Mullen

about 1940. He was mostly on ships around Scotland. My Mum found it really hard

looking after us children the house and the garden. We never see him very often in the time he was away.

When VE day was announced we did not see him for another six months. All the men that were away from these families, the wives and the children we had a party in a hall at

Surge Hill near the stocks.

My dad was away for about 5 yrs we did not see much of him in that time. I remember my Sister was five years younger than me and when Dad came home she would cry because she didn't really know him. Living through the war years we did not know anything different.

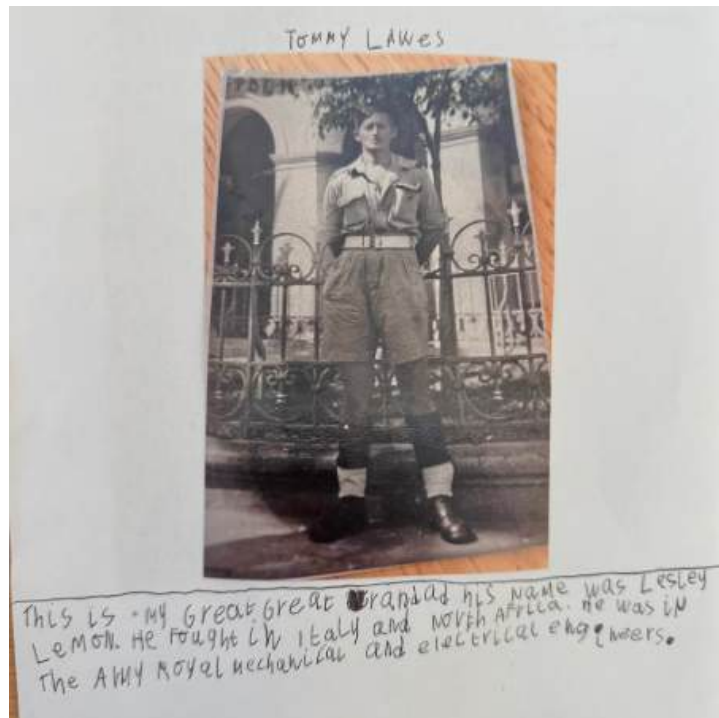
Jack Lawes

Lesley Lemon

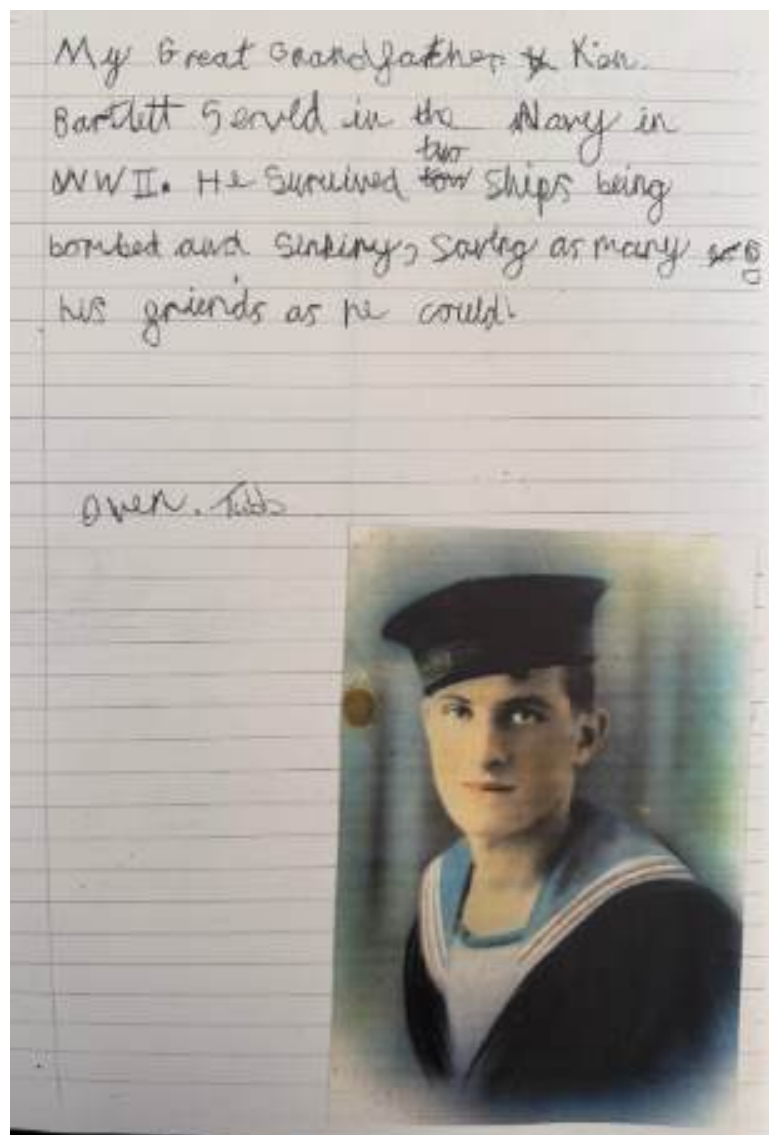


My great great grandad was in the british
army. He was in Italy and North africa
from 1941 until 1946. His name was Lesley
Lemon. He was very brave. Jack Lawes

Tommy Lawes



Owen Tubb

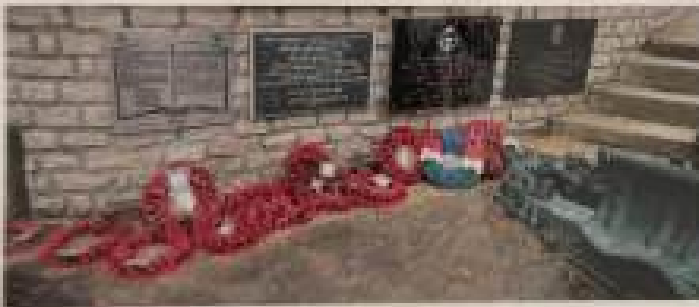




D-Day landing beaches, Normandy, France



American cemetery,
Colleville-sur-Mer,
Omaha Beach



British memorials,
Arromanches-les-Bains



Remains of the Mulberry Harbour, Arromanches-les-Bains

Margot Sampson

This is Margot's great Gran, Violet Tyson who was in the Land Army in Yorkshire, her role was to deliver fuel to all the tractors in the fields who were growing food for Britain.



Margot's Great Grandma, Nancy Parker.

She joined the ATS (Auxiliary Territorial Service) in 1943 and was attached to the Duke of Wellington regiment who manned search lights on the east coast, searching for German bombers. She married Tom Sampson in 1950.



Nancy's sister, Nora was in the WRAF (Women's Royal Air Force), She was a wireless operator.



This is Nancy and Nora's uncle, Maurice Pitt. He was in the navy and spent most of the war in the far east.

**FROM THE 1945 DIARY OF GEORGE SHUTLER THE DAIRYMAN AT HARBRIDGE FARM.
Aged 39.**

Sunday May 6th

Dull but fine. We had cabbage for dinner. 71 ½ gallons of milk. (*A very good yield*)

Monday May 7th

Mild. We picked up wood on the moor. Put a fence by the orchard. Put May out with big cattle. Even. Carried home some short wood from moors. Gnats were awful. Listened to Amy's wireless 9 o'clock. End of War.

Tuesday May 8th

VE Day. Half a day off. Weeded small weed out the back. Went to the pictures at Ringwood. Dancing in the street.

Wednesday May 9th

Morn. Pete and I went down Lill's and Ern's. Put in more peas. Even. Amy and Ellen came over.

Thursday May 10th

Hot. Morn. We got home three loads big wood 14 faggots from the moor and Cootman's. Aft. Had a thunder storm. Even. Dad and I moved some wood on the moors. Dry cattle had cart of mangles.

Friday May 11th

Nice day. We started to dig a trench for water pipes on the moor. Pretty Maid had a calf.

Saturday May 12th

Hot. The vet came and injected all wild heifers. Shifted 25 dry cattle from Barn's Field. Put them in 10 Acre Meadow. Took all the morning. Aft. Digging trench on moors for water pipes. Went to the pictures at Ringwood. Lill's birthday.

The Ibsley Home Guard at their headquarters. The cottages are now the Old Beams Inn



Margot's Great Granddad, Tom Sampson (14th from the left). George Shutler (15th from the left)



Tom Sampson in his Home Guard Uniform



Lily Shutler

My family World War Two Memories

My name is Lily Constance Shutler. I am named after my great grandmother, Constance Gray, although she was always called Connie. She lived in a house that was divided up into rooms, where lots of families lived. They never had a flat or house of their own. They shared one outside toilet with all the families. It had no light, so one had to take a candle to see the way, but sometimes the wind blew it out and Connie hated that! In her family, she slept in a room with her mum and dad and the other room was for all the young men, her two brothers and six uncles. There was no running water, so they had to bring it upstairs after filling the bucket from the outside tap. They only had a bath once a week as it was hard work, carrying the water, heating it up and filling the tin bath. They had no tv or radio. No car, no fridge, no freezer, no phone. They lived in the east end of London and were very poor, but also very happy until war broke out.

When war broke out in 1945, her dad was not allowed to go to war, as he was an engineer and was needed to make munitions for the war effort. He helped design and make grenades. But her two brothers and all the uncles went off to fight in the war. Connie was 15 when war broke out, so she was sent out of London with other school children to the countryside to escape the bombs. She only lasted a few days and got a bus back home, leaving school and went out to work sewing trousers in a factory. She had to get three buses each way and go on her own. But she was earning money for the family.

As they lived in London, the night sky was lit up with bombs going off and the noise of the planes, bombs and air raids was deafening. They had an air raid shelter that they could go in, to protect them from the bombs. The air raid wardens patrolled the streets after dark checking that everyone had their black out curtains closed. If there was a chink of light, they would shout, 'Put that light out'

as they didn't want the German bombers to see any lights, as then they would know where to drop the bombs on peoples houses. My great grandmother remembered how difficult it was going anywhere after dark, as there were no street lights or street signs, but it didn't stop her going to dances, as she loved to dance and danced with the men in uniform. The American soldiers had lots of money and they gave the young British girls bars of chocolate (which were impossible to get in London), and also pairs of stockings. Stockings were like tights but had to be held up by a belt as they were just long socks really. The girls hadn't been able to get stockings in war time, so they painted their legs with gravy browning, then drew a line -the seam-down the back of each other's legs so it looked like they were wearing stockings!!!

As the war went on, it became more difficult for food to be imported from abroad as the German U boats - submarines -were blowing up and sinking our ships, so people were encouraged to grow their own food. But in London, they didn't have a garden, so they couldn't grow potatoes or keep hens, so they relied on the food they could get using their ration book. There was only powdered egg, not real eggs, which didn't taste very nice!

One night, my great grandmother slept through the air raid siren and slept upstairs in bed. In the morning, she got up and went to work as usual. When she came home, her street was taped off and the air raid wardens and police wouldn't let her go home. There was an unexploded bomb in their front yard! She was very lucky and always made sure she went down to the shelter every night after that! Lots of the houses near them had been bombed and you could see into their bedrooms and the wallpaper etc as there was no wall! Much of London was like that still when my nanny was young.

My two great great uncles were at Dunkirk and were rescued by the small boats. They had been on the beach and in the cold water for a long time, but were glad to get home for a couple of weeks before they went off to war again.

Connie said the war was a very difficult time for those at home and those away fighting, but the ones at home did still manage to have some fun. When it was V.E. Day, Connie went to Trafalgar Square with her friends and everyone was happy, they stayed out until dawn, singing, dancing, hugging and jumping in the fountains.

Her brother Jim was in North Africa fighting, but he was captured and taken prisoner of war. No one heard from him for 4 years. The German soldiers looking after them were very fair, but the conditions were appalling and there wasn't much food. There wasn't much food for the German soldiers either. The prisoners were kept in a tin hut, 8 in each hut. Each day, they would be given some food. The first man to divide the food into 8, was the last person to take his share, so they all got very good at dividing the food up equally.

Eventually, a few months after the war ended, Connie's brother Jim sent a telegram to say he was on his way home. Everyone thought he'd been killed in the fighting, so the whole street was very excited and wanted to welcome him home. They put up a banner across the street, saying, 'Welcome Home, Jim'. When he walked near the sign, someone told him to get out of the way as they were waiting for Jim! No one recognised him as he had lost so much weight! But they were very pleased to have him home again.