



## Margaret Violet Fallows

March 15, 1924 - December 12, 2021

Margaret Violet Milligan (Mum or Marge) was born on the 15th March 1924 to Mary Anne and Samuel Milligan in Forest Gate, London, UK. Her mother worked 'In Service', keeping house for a family in the Forest Gate area and her father Samuel, was a blacksmith. Her brother, George, was 14 years her senior. Born between the two World Wars, life while growing up could not have always been easy in the east end of London at that time. It was during her early school years that she met our father, Francis Oliver Fallows - or Frank as he was known to most people - and although neither of them knew it then, they would later become soulmates, eventually marry and cherish each other for the rest of their lives together. There was only six months between them and our father always told

us that from his point of view, he had an eye for Mum from around the age of nine, but she was never an easy catch and, much to his disappointment, for those first few years showed little or no interest in him. He would often recount stories of times when she had dismissed him out of hand when he thought he might be in favour. During the Second World War, Mum initially joined the Women's Land Army, an organisation that made a significant contribution to boosting Britain's food production during the war years. Working on Britain's farmlands, this was challenging, hard and tiring, working in all weathers, and which in peacetime was only ever done by an all male

workforce. Following this, Mum took on a completely different role working in an administration position at the Admiralty in the heart of London for the senior officers of the Royal Navy. At this time she would have been working and living in the thick of the bombing that London was constantly experiencing. During the war years Mum and Dad's relationship had developed and, after the war, they were married on the 3rd July 1948. Dad eventually found his way into the print in Fleet Street and was employed with the national newspapers at The Daily Express, in Central London, where he worked for many years. Although she was employed for some years working in Central London for the General

Post Office, as was common in those days, Mum spent most of her married life as a housewife bringing up four children. She was, however, also employed later, working for the London Electricity Board, which was more local to home. Our family life was very close

knit and a good one. We had a happy, rather manic and very noisy household, which was always full of fun and a credit to both Mum and Dad as wonderful parents. Where possible, they did their best to ensure that we didn't want for anything and this included a two-week family holiday to the coast each year, which everyone looked forward to. There were seven of us, which included our maternal Grandmother, living in a semi detached three bedroom house in Goodmayes, Essex. It must be said that a three bedroom house in the UK is not the same size as a three bedroom accommodation in the United States and to say that it was a bit of a squeeze for all concerned is an understatement. As much as we loved Mum, it should also be said that housework was never high on her list of priorities. Whenever the doorbell rang, there would often be a flurry of activity as all available members of the household ran around the ground floor of the house cramming anything that was considered to be in the wrong place into the small cupboard under the stairs, before forcing the door closed. This was in an attempt to make things look a little tidier, before calmly opening the door to welcome whoever had decided to visit. It was always entertaining to watch anyone who later opened the cupboard door without thinking, as they quickly realised their mistake; particularly if the guests were still there. Following these moments of panic, Mum was the perfect hostess and would open the door at any time of the day to friends, neighbours or extended members of the family who, once inside, would never be allowed to leave before having something to eat or drink. Even in the early hours of the morning, she would be willing to cook - to the best of her ability - and to provide liquid sustenance. This occasionally even included a roof for the night if required. It was of course only a roof, due to the fact that as mentioned, we had a definite shortage of beds! Dad was always the one who loved to tell a story or two - or three, or maybe four! Mum on the other hand, was never one for the limelight, but always accepted his jokes, which often included her in the storyline. She had a great sense of humour and never lost the ability to see the funny side of things and to laugh at herself. However, more often than not, her response to him would be a slight grin and a verbal 'Oh, me again' or 'Oh fiddlede-de' before walking off and making herself busy elsewhere. Although the quieter of the two, in times of family crisis Mum always came to the fore, showing an inner strength with a view to most situations of better times ahead, if and whenever they might come. During such times she quietly tried to keep a steady hand on the situation and did her best to reassure others. Without doubt, the greatest love of Mum's whole existence was indeed our father. He was the only person she loved more than any other and he idealised her as much as she did him. They were totally devoted to each other throughout their lives and were

inseparable. He constantly remained at the forefront of her mind and she never stopped thinking about him, particularly after his death in 2003. In 2007, at the age of 83, Mum decided to move from the UK to the US and to live with Jan. She loved the climate and was very happy spending her remaining years in Texas. Throughout her life she was never known to swear or cuss, which was no mean feat, particularly in her later years living in the Blythe household. She may have lost her mobility in later life, but she never lost her incredible sense of humour nor her love, devotion and commitment to our family or our father. Anyone that doubted her physical and inner strength only has to look back at her last

few years and particularly the months since March of this year, when she has fought back and rebounded so many times when we all thought she never could.

Margaret Violet Fallows: 97 years of age, well respected and dearly loved. What a performance! She leaves behind four children, ten grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

Mum had a full and very happy life. At this difficult time, we should try to console ourselves with the fact that right to the end, she was where she had chosen and wanted to be, and not in a hospital or care home. She was still aware of people around her and their conversation, when she could hear it, and until the very last few weeks still had the ability to conjure up the occasional brilliant one liner that made everyone around her laugh. Finally, above all and after eighteen years, it would be nice to think that hopefully she will

now have the chance to dance with our father again.

Please view the service via this link:

<http://webcast.funeralvue.com/events/viewer/65502/hash:12D3AA5436BECBFC>

# Events

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**DEC** **Gathering of Family and Friends** 05:00PM - 06:00PM

**20**

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South Park Chapel

1310 North Main Street, Pearland, TX, US, 77581

**DEC** **Celebration of Life** 06:00PM - 07:00PM

**20**

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South Park Chapel

1310 North Main Street, Pearland, TX, US, 77581

# Comments

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“ Shana Beshures lit a candle in memory of Margaret Violet Fallows



**Shana Beshures** - January 01 at 11:27 AM