

George Huck

Born: 14th August 1955

Died: 4th November 2016

Alan's Tribute

George is my mate. No, he is more than that. He is the person who has always been there no matter where we were in the world - we were mates.

The last time I saw George was at Eastertime this year and it was like we had seen each other just the day before, not five years ago. That's what we were like. Two lads about town – which reminds me of some great times we had together.

Like the sailing club we were both members of. I recall one time when we were going to the pub one Saturday night in Rhu. Previously he had met a girl who worked in one of the hotels there but it didn't work out so it finished not on a good footing so it was back to the pub for George. George went to push the door open but someone was coming out and as George was pushing the door he fell into the pub, did a somersault, stood up in front of the bar and ordered two pints of lager. Then we saw the girl in the other bar – changed his order to two halves, gulped them down almost before the applause had faded, skulked out of the bar to try to find another safer bar! That is the kind of scrape we used to get into – there are too many to go into today.

But going back to George being my mate – he would always make sure I was OK; advising me on many things like girls, sailing, work and many other things. He wasn't very often wrong.

We went on many trips together - all fantastic.

And today this is the ultimate fantastic journey you are taking George. I won't be there physically but I am there by your side like I know you will be by mine.

So George mate – journey far and journey hard like you always have and never let the bastards get you down – which I know you won't.

So this is it mate – see you on the other side.

Tribute

George's Mother Madge was Scottish and his father Fred was English, from Dagenham. He was born in England on 14th August 1955 and moved to the East End of Glasgow when he was six months old. He had a regular upbringing nothing out of the ordinary.

After school he became an electrician. He worked at the Western Infirmary before taking a job in Saudi Arabia where he worked as a hospital engineer on medical equipment. He stayed in the Middle East for a number of years also working in Qatar. George returned to England in about 2000 and got a job at a hospital in London, but this didn't work out. His parents had retired to Wool near Wareham in Dorset and he moved to be with them. He found himself on hard times and took odd

jobs, labouring and getting by. Sadly his mother died eight years ago which, perhaps, made things worse for him.

As a youth, George went on a number of Glasgow Corporation subsidized youth exchanges to Iceland, Germany and other parts of Europe. Now George was a bit of a lad at the time and while in Erlangen, which is close to Nuremberg, he was taken with a young lady and chatted to her, he ended up having to jump out of a window to avoid her boyfriend.

On a trip to Iceland in the winter, when it was dark most of the time and the temperature was -17°, George came out of the hotel felt how cold it was, turned around and went back in. He didn't come out again until it was time to fly home.

George had a particular enjoyment of, a passion for, sailing dinghies. He was a good sailor, learning on Gare Loch and the River Clyde and sailing from a club at Rhu between Helensborough and Faslane.

George appreciated the help he had received from the Glasgow Corporation and he took pleasure from teaching youngsters how to sail. It was a way to help disadvantaged kids to find themselves.

On one rough and windy day George and Alan were asked to take a boat out to see how the water was and if it was safe for the trainees. Alan tells me it was the best ever - bracing and exhilarating, a real adrenalin pumping sail. When they got back to land they must have both been buzzing and reported it was fine. The others decided it was not!

George liked to play pranks on people and when they were coming in from a sail with new trainees he was known to tell them to jump out of the boat, to stop it dragging on the ground and to help guide it in. He didn't mention that at that point the water was still six foot deep!

George was a winner, he did not like to lose. A determined man, in his youth a lad about town. If he started something he would finish it and he could be bloody minded. He had great self-belief and was a very sociable person. He liked his independence and that may be why he struggled with relationships.

George met his second wife Susan while working in Saudi Arabia, she was a nurse and together they had a son, Alan and both are here today to celebrate George's life and to say goodbye.

Alan got in touch with his father this year and it is perhaps comforting to know that they were able to spend some time together for the first time in a very long time.

George died on 4th November 2016, aged 61. He made his mark and he won't be forgotten.