

# Trinity Old Scholars Association

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Newsletter 23 September 2011

**Greetings to everyone**—and believe it or not , I am at a loss for the introduction to this newsletter. Is it just that I am getting old and slowing down dramatically—or just that I have been so busy that I have been unable to concentrate on the preparation? A little bit of both—so I will be grateful for your inputs in the future.

You will note from the following pages that there have been messages from our friends who live abroad and most of them now receive a copy of this by email—thank you to those who respond—it is nice to know that we can still keep in touch from as far away as Australia, New Zealand, USA, Canada, Cyprus, France, Switzerland, Belgium—the list is endless.

The website continues to attract attention and visitors who have nothing to do with Trinity, do contact us and we respond accordingly (See page 7). Jean Richardson (Buckingham 46) found us from the website and joined the 46'ers at their annual get-together in April.

New members are still joining, and I am even more amazed at the personal links we have with those that join—one of our newest members told me in conversation that her uncle was the MD at what used to be Jones Brothers in Holloway Road in the 60's. He was my first boss when I joined the John Lewis Partnership in 1965 !!!

Work on the Reunion in October proceeds as normal—we will have an interesting gathering with some 50+ Old Scholars and their guests attending. There is still time to book—you don't know what you will be missing ! **One thing to mention is that a fee for parking is now being charged by the hotel unless you are using the facilities and that you will need to book your car in at the reception area (screen on the right)**

Class reunions remain very popular and always a great success. We must always extend our thanks to those who take the time to organise.

There are regular lunches on the 3rd Monday of the month at Trent Park Golf Club (opposite Oakwood Tube Station) but you will need to book by letting Reg Rogers know—0208 3669427— if you do not get a reply you can contact either me or Peter Turner and a message will be passed on. Any year intake is welcome.

The 46'ers held their annual gathering at the Ramada in April and John Glyn reported that they had a great time and finished about 4.30. The chef is the same as for the October “do” and their meal was 1st class with many good comments from the group. Next years gathering has already been booked—April 21st 2012—make a note in your Diary.

The Reading Group held its Annual Summer gathering in August—we were pleased to see John Snellgrove and Phyllis looking so well. Those attending were Jeanne and Peter Zimmerman; Margaret McGinn; Joy Riley with Eric ; Rosemary Hazeltine with Mike; Ron Ratcliffe; Helen Wigmore and myself. Apologies were received from Judith Neville; Mary Davies; Joan Fountain and Nigel; Fred Brailey and Maureen. The weather was not that brilliant—but the company was !

**This is the official Newsletter for the Bournemouth Reunion - so let's hear it for Bournemouth!!**

**Vic Manning (49) writes:**

It was nice to welcome all of you to our 17<sup>th</sup> Reunion - yes, we have been coming to Bournemouth for 17 years - and we must remember that Lee Deamer started all this. Although sadly Lee is no longer with us, his widow (and Life Member) Jill Deamer is still very much involved in these Reunions, and our thanks go to Jill for handling the hotel bookings.

Let's talk about the hotel used this year. We had to move from the previous venue for various reasons, and Geraldine and I found 'The Arlington', which ticks all the boxes. It is tucked away down a small cul-de-sac right in the centre of Bournemouth, with private access directly into the large public gardens which run through the middle of Bournemouth centre. This gives easy access to shops, restaurants, beach and buses. The staff were friendly, thoughtful and anxious to please, and the service given was first class. I received very good feedback from those who attended the Reunion. Oh, and by the way, the food was - phew! - plentiful and good!

Moving on - it was nice to see Jean and Peter Zimmerman, and Pat Driver again. We also welcomed for the first time Vivienne Jones (56) and her friend, Valerie. With the cheeky banter on Saturday evening, I think it became apparent that we are a friendly bunch!

Last year we congratulated Mona Waugh and Jane Glyn, who both attained the age of 90. This year Phil Glyn reaches 90, and next year Reg Rogers and Les Waugh also reach 90. There must be something in the water!!

We had two 'new' items of memorabilia to show to everyone. Reg Hank's daughter sent me a school photograph for 1930, and Phil Glyn produced another for 1933. Both proved to be very interesting.

Beryl Skinner was seeking information about pea-picking during the second World War, because London University are putting together a book 'The War and agricultural help given by schoolchildren'. Les Grafton came up trumps on this. It really is amazing how something as harmless as peas can produce skulduggery, violence and sabotage e.g. the ingenious act of putting a brick into a sack of peas to make it weigh more (which unfortunately messed up the machinery when the sack was emptied into the machine extracting the peas from the pods!).

As is our usual format, we continued with stories old and new, and Geraldine kicked off with a true story from the London Times about a gentleman with entrepreneurial skills who ran his own car park plus ticket machine for 25 years without the knowledge of either Bristol City Council or Bristol Zoo. It was estimated he made about £7 million over the years, before leaving the country to enjoy the spoils of his success in a villa somewhere in the Mediterranean!

Les produced a book called 'Read me and Laugh' - and we did! David Deamer came up with an original donkey serenade, and Vivienne confessed to what she did to her professeur de francais. She was not the only culprit, but needless to say, he left the school!

This was another fun weekend and the 2012 Reunion will be Friday 20 April to Sunday 22 April.

Once again, thanks for your continued support and I hope to see you all again next year, if not earlier.

Why not give Bournemouth a try? You do not know what you are missing - our 18<sup>th</sup> Reunion next year speaks for itself. For those of you in the Dorset area, you could come to the dinner on Saturday night to meet us - we are quite friendly!

Those attending this year included: Jill Deamer, David Deamer, Reg Rogers, Jackie Moody, Stella Barnes, Les and Margaret Grafton, Beryl and Geoff Ivatt, Phil and Jane Glyn, Les and Mona Waugh, Pat Driver, Vic and Geraldine Manning, Jean and Peter Zimmerman, Vivienne Jones and Valerie.

April 2011

**Peter Turner (54) writes**

**The 9th Reunion of the 1954 Group** was held on May 7th at the usual venue, Ye Olde Cherry Tree, Southgate, London, N14 6EN. Many thanks to those making another great effort to get there, some from a long way - Somerset, Devon & Cornwall! The total count, including pupils from other years and partners/guests, was over 40, with 14 boy pupils from 1954 and 9 girl pupils.

Despite the disappointment of several new members not being able to come at the last minute, we especially enjoyed the company of three new members, Elaine Worby (now Moorman), Clive Palmer and Roger Turner. All three seemed enthused with their revived contact with old friends and were very busy identifying faces with old photos, and the event went extremely well.

Guests from nearby years included Tarik Ghafur, John Jones & Roger Palmano, all 1953, Colin Marr & Colin Hale, both 1951, Philip Shelbourne (1947) & Sheila, Tom Doig ; Judith Crook (now Neville), both 1952, Martin Gray (1955) & Pauline Gray (nee Loader, 1956) and Jackie Coulson (now Goodwin, 1956) and two Trinity friends from 1956. Also Pat Savage (now Gauge, 1957) and Jeff, Wendy Oag (nee Clarke, 1957).

PRESENT (23 members from 1954, 12 from other years, + 5 partners & guests)

Eileen Bostle (previous reunion guest) ;Robert Bowes;Roger and Barbara Butt ;Elaine Conner (nee Stubbings) & Ray Conner;

David Crease ;Valerie Dickson (nee Kearey) & John Dickson (1953)

Tom Doig (1952);Jean Frances (nee Meeuwissen);Tarik Ghafur (1953)

Goodwin, Jackie (nee Coulson, 1956)

Martin Gray (1955) & Pauline Gray (nee Loader, 1956) ;Peter Haines

Colin Hale (1951); Tony Heaton; John Jones (1953); Barry Livingstone

Colin Marr (1951); John Mercer

\*\*Elaine Moorman (nee Worby) and Don (NEW)

Judith Neville (nee Crook, 1952); Wendy Oag (nee Clarke, 1957)

\*\*\*Clive Palmer (NEW) ;Roger Palmano (1953)

Eve Patten (nee Weyler) ; Pat Savage(nee Gauge, 1957 ) and Jeff

Malcolm Sell; Philip Shelbourne-Brent (1947) & Sheila

Pat Snelling (nee Wilson);Janet Turner (nee Creasy)

Peter Turner ;\*\*\*Roger Turner (NEW) Ruth Twydell (nee Watkins) ;Geraldine Warrant (nee Richards) and Alan;Keverne Weston ;Barry Wilkinson

Beryl Skinner (Hayter 42) sent her apologies and best wishes to everyone

Cancelled visits by expected guests due to technical reasons - apologies sent from these guests who were thwarted at the last - Barbara Coe (nee Dunbar), John Purser, Fred Tippett, & Leila Javeri (now Sutton)

Next year we hope to make the date and venue especially attractive to overseas members, so as many as possible can attend, but we are not yet sure if the impact of the Olympics and Diamond Jubilee events will make it easier or more difficult. The choices for 2012 will be affected by both the Diamond Jubilee on the first weekend in June & the Olympics starting in late July to mid Aug.

Although both events could attract some of our overseas members, so pointing to a late May /early June or August event, some overseas members report that prices of fares and accommodation will be very high, so a May or September date may be preferable. As I suggested we give priority to our overseas members over dates in 2012, I will begin to consult them asap, perhaps even now - any thoughts? (The normal May dates would be the 5th or 19th).

## NEWS FROM ABROAD

Dear Beryl Thanks for the newsletter. I'll have to wait 'til morning to see if my husband can open. Watched the wedding. Thought it was lovely. The dress was so simple but my Aussie friend was disappointed because it was simple. The children were great.

They look a lovely couple. Hope they stay that way. Thought Harry looked a bit of a larrikin. And the Queen shouldn't wear yellow. Blue is her colour. She is exactly a year older than I am - both April birthdays.

We are having a glorious autumn after a poor summer here in Victoria. At least our part (Geelong area) escaped the floods apart from the Barwon river rising over the road..

My husband and I spent 10 days in Alice Springs in November as another daughter who is a speech pathologist was working at the hospital there. Visited some of the gorgeous gorges. I am not very mobile but took my walker and we had the use of her car whilst she was at work. We have been members of the Geelong Field Naturalists Club for 48 years and last Saturday there was a celebration for the 50th anniversary. My husband is an amateur entomologist (the spider man). Does a lot of environmental work. I have been corresponding with Agnes Alsage (nee Broadley). Her name took my eye on the Trinity web as her brother Owen was in my form and they lived in my road. Bye for now.....Betty King, (Rundle 38) Abervale Retirement Village, 216/86 Church Street, GROVEDALE, 3216. Australia

Dear Beryl,  
thanks for the latest newsletter. I had quite forgotten my little article so it was an odd surprise to read it! What a sad little verse at the end. I am happy to say that at the moment we, at nearly 76 & 82, are still taking an hour walk before breakfast on several days, a long walk on Saturdays with many friends and taking foreign holidays, two involving walking this year. I am regularly playing the piano, belong to a book group, and singing in the local Chorale with my husband. We shall be taking part in two weeks of music making, one at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, singing and playing instruments, and one, only singing, in Avila, Spain. Until recently my husband was Chairman of the 'Friends Hospice' here in Paphos which he founded and brought into being, only the second of its kind in Cyprus. As long as we have our health we plan to enjoy every minute of our life here. Maybe the sun, the outdoor life and the

atmosphere in this lovely country helps to keep us in good spirits and maybe it is our genes keeping us going! Long may it last. But of course we attend funerals and say farewell to friends in the Hospice. But throughout our lives this has been so. Yes, we are getting forgetful, doing daft things but you can only laugh and put it down to 'intellectual overload'! We do not walk so far or so fast but now we taken more time to look at the flowers and the view. We know that one day in the future one of us will be alone but we will face that when it happens. But for now, and there is only now, life is good. I would not want to go back to my youth, would you? Best wishes Doris Willis (Redding 46) (Cyprus)

### BERYL SUMNER'S (COLLINGS, 1954) MOVE TO ARIZONA

After 13 years in the suburbs of Washington D.C. my husband and I decided to retire and move to sunny Green Valley, Arizona (2,400 miles drive). A month earlier, we had taken possession of a new house and left behind basic 'camping' equipment plus a car. In July 2006, I was eager to start our new life but my husband, an ardent workaholic (a common affliction in the U.S.), started to talk about working longer. Desperate, I delivered the decisive blow "I am taking the cat with me", he accepted the inevitable and we left Virginia with a crammed car and one feline. We drove through the lush green Blue Ridge Mountains as the cat loudly registered her objection to visiting the vet. Finally, she realized that this journey was different when we pulled in to a hotel for our first night's rest near Knoxville in Tennessee. We had to research hotels that would accept pets since many will not.

The next day we drove through pleasant countryside on our way to Memphis to cross the mighty Mississippi and emerge in the state of Arkansas. All past Presidents establish libraries to house their artifacts and Bill Clinton's is right beside the motorway in Little Rock. A visit to his very interesting library provided a welcome break to stretch our legs. We then pushed on to the border between Texas and Arkansas for our second night. In this small cow town, we ate steak in an authentic old saloon. Bright and early next morning we set off to drive across the plains of Texas. We knew that even though we would drive for nine hours at 85 miles per hour we would still sleep in Texas that night. Texas is huge and so are their egos. Although Dallas is a large city we got through it by early afternoon to avoid rush-hour crawl.

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After Dallas comes West Texas, West Texas and West Texas. The desolation of big oil country is hard to describe. In front and behind you is your road but otherwise there is just flat treeless scrub stretching to the horizon in all directions. This is "big sky": country and drivers are prone to fall asleep due to boredom so single car accidents are common. There is very little traffic and speeds are high. Garages and places to eat are rare so you can forget about eating healthy just be pleased it is edible. We had brought along audio books to ease the journey but our disc player suddenly stopped working and my heart sank. My husband blew into it to remove the Texas dust and miraculously it sprang to life. Little things can mean a lot. We passed through Odessa and it seemed like a junk yard since lots of rusting old oil drilling equipment lay abandoned beside the road. The concept of disposing of unwanted junk must seem an unnecessary luxury when so much space exists. Each afternoon we had called ahead to a chosen hotel and booked a room for that night but out here it was so under populated that there was no cell phone signal. We were very pleased to arrive at a small Texas town with a hotel and restaurant, not much choice tonight.

Early next morning we drove through El Paso, Texas. On previous visits, I had discovered that here everything is served with hot peppers so we did not stop for food. This town may not be the end of the earth but you can see it from here. The motorway runs very close to the Rio Grande (Grand River), the border between the U.S.A. and Mexico. The Rio Grande should more accurately be described as a pathetic little stream. No wonder people would just walk across in the absence of the U.S. Border Patrol. From the U.S. side, you can see the American owned factories in Mexico belching out pollutants into the atmosphere with abandonment. Just after El Paso we entered New Mexico (a U.S. state) and stopped at the rest area. We were greeted by large signs warning "Beware of Rattlesnakes". Welcome to the Southwest! The motorway through New Mexico crosses typical dry southwest desert with sweeping vistas of distant mountains. The early morning sun was behind us when we crossed into Arizona so we were able to see the mountains bathed in pink, gold and purple lights. This was a spectacular welcome to our new home state.

Arizona is the state where most western films are made so it looks surprisingly familiar. This is the land where Geronimo and Cochise roamed, hence we traveled through a pass called Cochise's Stronghold. In the mid-afternoon, we passed through Tucson, our nearest large city, and finally arrived at Green Valley, our new home. The journey had taken three and a half days. This small retirement town is called "Green Valley" because it is a valley between 9,000 foot mountains with a large pecan orchard of green trees running along a river bed in the centre. My house looks over the valley to the Santa Rita Mountains. We are thirty miles north of the Mexican border at an elevation of 3,200 feet.

Later, I plan to write an account of our lives in Green Valley.  
You can contact me at [BerylSumner@cox.net](mailto:BerylSumner@cox.net)

Greetings to everyone  
Beryl Sumner (Collings 54)

### **Patricia Meilleur (Cole 51) writes from Canada**

Hi Beryl

You may want to segway\*\* my stories on motor biking from dancing days at Tottenham Royal and The Court at Edmonton's Silver Street, to Sturgis North, Salmon Arm, British Columbia this summer.

At this juncture, no taffeta skirts flying, stiletto heels digging in to slippery footrests and no angry mum waiting at the door! Naw. Just black leather jacket, chaps, gloves, boots, and full on helmet and visor. Oh yes, the old Royal days were jiving and ballroom dancing wonders. Got to know Frankie Vaughn (The Green Door) quite well as he seemed to pick me to sing his songs to. (prob cuz I was always up front). He even recognized me at a Royal Albert Hall performance. Aaah those were the 'daze' my friend.....

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### **The Sturgess North motorcycle event in Salmon Arm, British Columbia**

(This is an offshoot of 'the' original Sturgis, a town in South Dakota which has held this event for absolute years...People like Peter Fonda (Easy Rider with Dennis Hopper) usually attend, but I've never been there.)

Everyone dons their 'gear' and even the Hell's Angels are out and about but not too visible....people 'just know' who they are. We were travelling with an ex-cop and 'he knows'....Ha Ha...Takes a cop to spot one eh? It's a huge event and some of the bikes and 'choppers' are superb and very expensive...Huge rallies and lotza beer drinking and rock bands and other 'stuff'...The air is pungent.( Evening in Paris, me!) Large groups take to the roads and zoom about for miles and proceeds of events go to the Armed Forces guys in difficulty...Good charity. Severe storms broke out when we were there and the guys couldn't see at all....travelling in lashing wind and rain....large trucks tail-gating....anxious to reach their destinations..... Luckily everyone made it through and will live to ride another day.

Me, well, as I say, the old taffeta skirt days are gone....black leather jacket and schaps, visored helmet, gloves and boots. No, I 'aint driving my own bike as of old, I'm still hanging on for dear life on the back whilst my every-loving beau negotiates the winding back roads and highways of Canada.....Wish me luck as you wave me goodbye....well, au revoir, (time to brush up on your French!)

Miss Rochat...What a sweetie she was....

With love....Patricia xxxxxxxx

P.S.. here's me just having sent u a dissertation of my good old recollections of the Tottenham Royal and happy ballroom 'daze' culminating in a precarious ride home on the motorbike of the new beau of the night. Oh deary me. Could say we had a riot then, but completely different meaning to what's happened over the past days. So very disturbing and sad. Where's it all going to end? I really question why we fought (and continue) to fight wars - and men like my Dad lost their young lives defending King and country - what was then a truly Great Britain Where's St. George when we need him the most?! Sadly, Patricia



\*\*\*\* Segway—A two-wheeled motorized personal vehicle consisting of a platform for the feet mounted above an axle and an upright post surmounted by handles

**The Nightingale School** awards ceremony was held in July and as usual, we were made very welcome both by the pupils and staff. Our past awards have taken the form of DVD'S of an Encyclopaedia and a Dictionary together with a Certificate of Merit to a girl and a boy who have made the most effort during their time at Nightingale and are leaving to take up the next stage in their education. Remembering the awards that Trinity made to pupils, it became obvious that there is nothing personal with a DVD and so this year the awards were books complete with a personal dedication inside. They both received a copy of The Ultimate Book of Knowledge (Oxford University Press) and Britain and the Olympic Games; Past: Present and Legacy. The school is very keen to encourage pupils in sport and they are now giving awards for achievements in this—I will be raising this at the AGM—perhaps we could extend our awards.

Trinity Old Scholars attending were Audrey and Roy Augood; Reg Rogers; Ann Flanagan; Judith Neville; Mick Osborne; Grace Brown; Jackie Goodwin and Beryl Skinner.

After the ceremony, year 6 were invited to stay and put some questions regarding life at the school when we were young. It became very apparent that they were interested in what happened if we were naughty and what punishment was metered out !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! They were horrified when they learnt that we were subjected to the cane or even a piece of chalk being thrown at us if we were caught misbehaving.

We were very impressed with the garden/plants etc that the pupils now have—there is a flower bed outside the entrance to the building which the pupils grew and tend and they are raising funds for a Shed to keep their tools etc.

**WOOD GREEN MEMORIES VIA EMAIL—non pupil— Michael Davis**

**Dear Beryl,** I came across your very interesting page about Wood Green. I lived in Wood Green from 1949 until 2002. It was a lovely place in the 1950s and 1960s, but then sadly went down hill. It is a different world now. I remember the Western Road Baths very well - I used to go there with my school for swimming lessons. The dust destructor chimney used to fascinate me as a child. I was always asking my grandfather how tall it was and whether it was as tall as the TV mast at Alexandra Palace. There was also the Barratt's chimney nearby. Did you live in Wood Green over a long period? Best wishes. Mike

**Hello Mike**

Thank you for your interest in our website and also your memories of Wood Green .Where were you ? did you live near Western Road ? and what school ? just out of interest - where are you now ? best wishes

Beryl

**Hi Beryl,** it was good to hear from you. I lived in a number of different streets during my time in Wood Green. My family originally lived in Ringslade Road, which is off Station Road (actually up Cumberland Road - near where the bridge over Station Road used to be - and Ringslade Road is on the right). It is virtually at the back of the Wood Green Bus Depot or Garage. We also lived in Selborne Road, which is a little further up Cumberland Road and through some posts - in the direction of Alexandra Palace. After that, we lived on the Noel Park estate. My schools were: St Michael's infants school, Noel Park junior school and what was then called Woodside School - near the Town Hall. I now live in Norwich.

**Hello Mike**

what a small world it is - I have friends who lived in Selborne Road up until the Mid-sixties, and of course many Trinity pupils went to St Michaels infants. Are you aware that there is a reunion for Noel Park in September - not sure if it is the juniors but I am copying this to someone who will know.

As you are probably aware - I lived at the Dust Destructor behind the Baths until my Dad retired in 1959 when parents moved to Lyndhurst Road. Then during the early 60's I lived at 22 Selborne with my friends - I can remember the Off Licence in Cumberland/Ringslade or thereabouts ! oh! what memories we spark off. I have just celebrated my 80th birthday - being personal - what era are you ?

I now live in Berkshire nr Wokingham

**Hi Beryl,** yes, it is a small world. It was really interesting to read that you lived in Selborne Road in the early 60s. We lived there from about 1954 until 1958, when I was a child (I am now almost 62). Unfortunately, I cannot find any record of the house number, but it was towards the end of the road near the off licence and Cumberland Road, rather than the end near Bounds Green Road and St Michael's. It was about four doors up from the corner, on the right hand side as you look up the road. There was a also corner shop, selling groceries. The families that I recall living in the houses around where I lived were: Griffiths (a large family with many young children), Downey (with a child called Raymond and two older daughters - Merle and Hazel), Fuller (they are actually relatives of mine), and there was a boy slightly older than me, with the surname of McColl or Rumble (I think the name was changed after marriage). Do any of these names ring a bell for you or your friends?

At St Michael's infants/junior school, the only teacher that I remember was a Miss Edwards - she seemed a bit of a dragon, to be honest. The off licence was actually in Cumberland Road, just before the posts leading to Selborne. In my time, it was run by a lady with the name of Mrs Bilham (not sure about the spelling).

My family, on my mother's side, had lived in that part of Wood Green since before the war. The surnames were Rowley and Fuller. My uncle Ray, or Raymond (on the Davis side) went to Trinity Grammar School in the 1930s. It is interesting that you lived by the dust destructor. I was fascinated by the tall chimney. Do you have any idea how tall it was? I imagine it was about 200 feet. There was a similar chimney at Hornsey.

**Hi Beryl,** just a short addition to my earlier email. **A friend of my mother's who now lives up here in Norwich, close to me, was very interested in your message to me. She went to Trinity Grammar School in about 1943-45 and thought that she remembered your name. Her name was Yvonne Dale. The teachers that she remembers from that period are: Dr Jones (Head), Miss Downey, Max Penney, Miss Martin, Miss Schofield, Miss Sproxtton and Mr Dinmore. Best wishes. Mike**

During the past few months we have said goodbye to **Maurice Featherstone (37)** who lived in Gibraltar for many years and whose story you may remember in a previous newsletter.

We were also advised by friends in Hatfield Peverel earlier this year of the sudden passing of **Vic Ware (36)** who had joined us on several occasions at those reunions.

For the Bournemouth group – the passing of **Kathleen Saunders (Brandle 32); Dorothy Gulliver (Newling 33) and Thelma Bamford 34** who were all keen supporters was particularly sad.

**Audrey Barnett (Busby) 1949 - 1953** passed away suddenly on the 14<sup>th</sup> June 2011. She had tried several times to get to the Monthly lunch and also to the October reunion – last year being thwarted by an unavoidable family event. In the short time she was a member, she was very enthusiastic about the Association and had even planned to try to get to the October reunion this year.

**Brian Mitchell (her cousin and brother-in-law) writes:**

Audrey was born in Holloway, North London, but lived most of her young life in Enfield.

She was a pupil at Trinity Grammar School between 1949-53. Her only claim to fame at Trinity, being the observation of one of the first year teachers, who was of the opinion, "that the rebel of the first year could become the queen of the sixth!"

After leaving school she worked in the administration offices of C & A's Marble Arch branch until her marriage to Martin Cook in 1957. Her life then became somewhat nomadic because of her husband's career. It took them as far afield as Devon, Hampshire and Cambridgeshire where Martin worked in local government. During this time she had three sons, the youngest of whom died tragically young in 1989. Prior to her son's death she was divorced from Martin and for some time lived on her own as a single parent.

Whilst working as a receptionist at the Bunyan Centre in Bedford, she met Derek Barnett, a co-director of an engineering company involved in all levels of racing cars, from Karts to Formula 1. They were married in 1993 and her final years were most certainly the happiest of her life, enjoying the benefits of a stable relationship supplied by Derek, who adored her and completely changed her life.

Although well over retirement age, Audrey continued to be employed in some capacity, the later years as a much valued invigilator at Bedford College, where her colleagues thought very highly of her. She even became a competent in sign language in order to assist in her duties. She received the accolade from Bedford College of being the oldest person they had ever employed.

Audrey loved flowers and her garden and was a member of the regular flower arrangers at Wilden Parish Church, where she lived with Derek until eighteen months ago, when they moved to Putnoe in Bedford. Just a week before her sudden and unexpected death, she was proudly showing off her new garden that in a short period of time she had completely transformed.

She was a dearly loved member of a very close family and she will be sorely missed.

Brian

In all circumstances, the Association has sent condolences to the family