

In Loving Memory of



Joyce Alice Brown

01 April 1931 - 22 June 2021

Breakspear Crematorium

Friday 09 July at 2:30 PM

Conducted by Father Nicholas Wheeler

Joyce Brown

Joyce was born in Cranmer Road, Hayes in 1931 - the only child to Violet & William. Joyce's education started at Dr Triplets, then Wood End Park School in Judge Heath Lane, then onto Mellow Lane during the war, with lessons being taught in the shelters during the air raids.

On leaving school a friend who worked at EMI in Hayes offered Joyce the chance of an interview, she got the job and found herself working in the head office on the accounting machines as a punched card operator, one of the very first computers.

With her first pay packet her parents allowed her to keep all of the money and buy some clothes for work and put some towards a bicycle for commuting.

After a few years of working at EMI, Joyce became responsible for going down to the workshop where the engineers were and asking them to come up to her floor and repair the machines she worked on - here she met Alan.

Alan was the engineer who looked after her machine. Although not based at EMI full time he spent a fair amount of time there in between servicing machines at other companies including Fairy Aviation and Nestles, all local to EMI.

If Alan had been out on another job and especially if it was wet and cold outside, it soon became a standing joke with Joyce's friends that he could be lured up to see her with the offer of a cup of tea - some things never change.

As young couples do, they soon got talking and as Alan rode a motorcycle he asked Joyce if she wanted to go for a ride sometime - the start of their relationship.

At weekends they would often go down to the coast, and during the week they would often spend the evenings down on the Thames in places such as Laleham, Chertsey and Staines. Anywhere they could park the bike and sit or walk along the riverbank. On one memorable trip to the south coast Alan pulled the bike over on some private ground near the car park and persuaded Joyce to have a go on the bike. She took to it and was soon riding around the field on her own. Later with Alan's help she passed her test and was soon riding the bike on her own.

Things moved on and they got married on March 20th 1954 at St Jerome's Church in Hayes. To start with they rented what Alan referred to as 'a dirty little flat in Southall'. A few years later, Thelma, one of Joyce's lifelong friends, phoned her at work and told her they were starting to measure out the plots for building new houses at the back of her garden. With this news, Alan and Joyce jumped on the bike and put their names down on the list for a new house - number 9 Meadow View Road.

Once the house was built they moved in and started making it a home. They would spend New Year's Eves together with their close friends Thelma and Ivor, taking it in turns to visit and host - a tradition that only stopped a few years ago.

By this time Alan was getting involved in motorbike trials, first watching then competing - falling off was part of the fun. Occasionally there would be a ladies trial for the girlfriends and wives. Joyce had to have a go and having already passed her bike test did quite well.

As members of the Sunbury Motor Cycle Club they started to help with organising the trials - Joyce being clerk of the course, handling the entry forms and working the scores out, and Alan laying the course out when it was their turn to organise an event. On one occasion, when Alan was marking the course, he caught some young lads re-arranging the markers for the course. He chased them and put his foot down a rabbit hole spraining his ankle. With Alan unable to ride his bike or drive a car, Joyce was soon taught to drive with Alan teaching from the passenger seat with his foot in plaster.

In 1967 David was born and Joyce left EMI. Alan was still fixing punch card machines as a service engineer and getting involved in early computers.

By now, Alan had bought a car and the motorbike was used purely for fun. With Dave taking up more time and money and the bike needing repairs, Alan gave up what he thought was a potentially successful career as a trial's rider.

With Dave at school and with more time on her hands, Joyce helped the local junior school, Hayes Park, one afternoon a week as a Classroom Assistant. On seeing how good she was with the children, she was asked to become a Dinner Lady with the primary school. She was quite upset that she had to join the Union when she found out she fitted in with the boiler makers.

In the mid 1970's Dave joined the 8th Hayes Scout Group as a Cub Scout and then later going into the Scout Troop.

One night at a family evening Alan was asked to join the Group Committee as a parent representative. After a few years Alan became the Group Treasurer. In 1986, with the Group expanding, Joyce became a Helper with the Beaver Scout Colony and then went on to become the Beaver Scout Leader (known as "Rabbit") - a position she loved. She had bought a uniform complete with hat for her investiture - the only time the hat was ever worn! She completed her training, gaining her Wood Badge. Joyce was then asked to become District Beaver Scout Leader. Even Alan (known as "Fox") got roped in to help on Monday evenings with the running of the Colony. In 1996, at the age of 65, Joyce was required to retire as a Leader and became a County Beaver Scout Adviser. Like most Scouts, she never really gave it up - keeping in contact through the Hayes & Harlington District Scout Fellowship. Joyce and Alan continued their interest with 8th Hayes well into the 21st century.

Working at Hayes Park School and being involved with the Beaver Scouts, on many a holiday or when out somewhere, a little voice could often be heard saying 'Mum, Mum, there's Mrs Brown, she's my dinner lady'. Hardly a holiday went by without this being heard in all parts of the country.

Holidays had always involved camping. At first the motorbike was loaded up with panniers and the tent strapped across the back, this had the advantage of forming a back rest for the long trips to Cornwall - a place she and Alan both loved.

With Dave now growing up the tent was replaced by a trailer tent, (luxury compared to tents). Soon another upgrade to a caravan was made, but the holidays still involved at least a week in Cornwall each year. It wasn't unusual for there to be 2 trips in a year. This was nearly always to Harlyn Bay, just outside Padstow.

Joyce loved to sit on the cliff tops and watch the surf coming in, as well as listening to cricket on the radio, whilst Alan and Dave enjoyed the surf.

When Alan and Joyce retired, holidays could be extended and soon they were travelling (towing their caravan) over to France for weeks on end, firstly to the Alps and then Brittany. A favourite site they found and returned to each year was run by two Frenchmen. Joyce had nicknamed them Pinky & Perky. She always joked that Alan got more kisses than she did when they turned up each year.

One of Joyce's big loves was her garden, always kept immaculate. Every year during the winter seeds would be ordered and then planted in the greenhouse. Spring would see the borders dug over and replanted with bedding plants, the garden was always a mass of colour. When space ran out in the garden she put hanging baskets on any available wall along with tubs on the patio, increasing the display. Watering would take forever during the warmer months but was never a chore.

This love of her garden had the advantage of whenever it was a birthday, anniversary or Christmas there was always a garden voucher to spend and she could spend hours hunting out new garden centres, and new plants to be purchased.

Joyce spent hours in her garden, tending the plants, watering, feeding the fish and thinking of next year's planting. Now she is tending the great garden in the sky.

RIP Joyce