

Tribute to Mona Corlett

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Age is merely the number of years the world has been enjoying you.

Not something Mona would say of herself but certainly something all who knew Mona would say of her.

We at the bridge club were planning to celebrate Mona's 100th next month. The best laid plans of mice and men "gang aft a-gley".

I and others looked forward to Mona's arrival at the bridge club. Driving herself of course and accompanied by her friend Billie.

In latter years out came the Zimmer frames and the race to the table was started. I had to check if they were playing together in order to put the cushions in the right chairs. The bums had become a little bonier with age. Until Mona and Billie got Zimmers, I did not know there were different models and standards. Age is a great teacher.

Mona was a beautiful lady whose hair shone along with her face and there was frequently a cheeky grin. Very independent Mona thoroughly enjoyed her bridge and the company of the players. She was determined to be at bridge Tuesday and Friday even sporting a black eye from a fall.

The true story I like most about Mona was one she told about herself during the war. Location is still secret to confuse "the enemy". The guard had arrived from sentry duty in the Nurses quarters in a state of hypothermia. This chap had to be cared for but Mona realised the sentry would be in trouble for deserting his Post. She put on a large Greatcoat and tucked her hair up under a hat. The garrison Commander returned her salute unaware he was saluting a woman who was not allowed to do sentry duty.

Things do get better with age and Mona was very close to Magnificent.

Mona I believe wanted to die young as late as possible.

Go well, Mona, you have finesse in Spades.

Malcolm Smith