

childhood and early adulthood, difficult with me. We had in fact a very strong and good relationship, until she was threatened by my marriage that is.

However, my mother bobbed up again, and I think probably found herself somewhat wilder than before. She then had this friend. I believe he was the aid-de-camp to the Duke of Windsor. All I know of his name is that he was Phil to her. Phil wanted to marry my mother, but she wouldn't marry him because he had estates and things and my mother said she could never cope with all that.

She did however bear him a girl child, and that was me.

All this time my mother still worked at Selfridges, still a manicurist. It was in the men's hairdressing department that she met Doc. Doc, my mother related, had lived in the far east, and was somewhat used to throwing his weight around. Therefore made every effort to jump the queue in Selfridges hairdressing department, and the first words my mother spoke to him were, "would you please be kind enough to sit down Sir, and await your turn". By the time she met Doc, I rather suppose she was pregnant. They struck up a friendship, and formed a rather surprising alliance; seeing that Doc was a somewhat dour Scotsman, and wouldn't seem my mother's type at all. To say nothing of the fact that he was about 20 years her senior. Who can see clearly the relationship between two others, particularly a - married as it were - couple, certainly not a child. Anyway they lived together for 25 years until he died; he was the father I knew. I say knew, but he wasn't the sort of person that one got to know at all really. Doc looked after us as well as possible through difficult years, and I remember him with affection and gratitude.

How many - of our generation anyway - look back and say to ourselves "why did I not ask him about that, or show an interest in the other, or in fact show more love," maybe that is the difference between a Christian family, and a non-acting Christian family. I will attempt to tell the small portion of his story that I know.