

had awful bleeding heart and realistic crucifixion pictures and the like about her room – they terrified me. Describing her dark hair and eyes right now informs me that I was probably always scared of her. Hilde was very fond of me, and she became my governess, but I never remember her as being kind. She was, from here on, part of our family for many years.

It may have been about this time that my mother changed her name by deed poll to Ridgway so that she had every right to that name. I, I presume, was left floundering around without a second name! Can you imagine it, Bee-Ann as a first name, and no second name at all. Those things were not quite so imperative in those days - papers and things.

About 1938 Doc and household decided on a, retirement to the country, scheme. There was to be built a very large house somewhere in the country, and it would have many bedrooms, and be a convalescent home for those recovering from sickness or operation. Doc and Pam set off on a tour or two of England looking for the most likely spot for their dream.

I guess I stayed in London with Hilde, and Mary. Hilde had by that time just about taken over the entire running of the household, learned to speak English and taken it upon herself to teach me German - beg her pardon - Viennese, for that is what she called it! The touring eventually bore fruit, and the ideal spot was found, a view of the fairly far distant blue sea on one side, and a view of the fairly far distant purple moors on the other side. This ideal spot was in South Devon.