

### BACK TO LONDON

What to do with Bee-Ann was the next problem that my poor people had to contend with. What they did with her was, send her back to London. All on her own to boot! While living in London previously, Doc was the doctor to the Bradley girls and this is where the next idea for Bee-Ann came from.

Bradley's was a very exclusive fashion house. It was in Bayswater, on a corner and Chepstow Place led off from it. It was in these Chepstow Place houses that the Bradley girls lived. From having been their official doctor, Doc knew Mr Bradley. He knew that the models and other workers were watched over, and sort of locked up at nights. Those that resided there of course. So off I went to become one of those. I actually worked in the showroom as an assistant to an assistant - literally. Bradley's specialised in fur coats and suits made to order.

The customers came in, the suits, coats or whatever modelled for them by the models, and the orders taken with any alterations to the original remarked by the assistant. This information then went up to the cutters who cut and fitted, each of these ladies presided over a large workroom of sewing girls. In the rooms where the fur coats were made, by the way, no talking was allowed, and workers worked for only about 40 minutes without a break, I guess to do with the value of the materials used, only genuine furs in Bradley's. I worked in the 'suits' showroom under Miss Nun, collecting, presenting for inspection, packing to send away, that sort of thing.

Although I visited Hilde over the weekends, and we did things together, and there were the Nashes, I was, as usual, homesick. The housekeeper in the house that I lived in, which was No 2, owned a large Alsatian dog. My greatest joy was to take Prince for a walk in the park. In those days they used sheep in Hyde Park to keep the grass mown, and Prince and I would go and talk to the shepherd. The girls called me a Bohemian. I had no idea what Bohemian implied in those days, and hoped that it was good. Pauline, who modelled the suits, would go with me to see a film occasionally. Then Bradley's closed down, I swear it was not entirely my doing! I can remember Mr Bradley gathering everyone together to tell them the sad news, the older assistants like Miss Nun, who had been there from the time she left school, cried bitterly. So back to Devon I went.