

**THE DAILY EXPRESS
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EPSTEIN MODEL IN PRISON.

**EMBARRASSING END TO
A TRIP TO FRANCE.**



MISS BETTY MAY, the Epstein model, who was placed in prison during a week-end in Dieppe due to a misunderstanding.

Four London Bohemians, including Miss Betty May, one of Epstein's famous models, and Mr. Edgell Rickword, the poet, were arrested in Dieppe on Sunday night, detained by the French police until Monday morning, and returned to London yesterday.

The nervous strain of this surprising development of a week-end trip to Dieppe for a quiet holiday was so great that Mr. Rickword was suffering from physical collapse yesterday.

Artists' models are made of sterner stuff, and Miss Betty May, known to her intimates as the "Tiger Woman," suffered considerable less than her companions.

JOLLY WEEK-END.

It was unfortunate that when the four decided last Saturday to go over to Dieppe for a jolly week-end they omitted to take enough money with them.

They stayed at a hotel which was next door to the police station, never dreaming that they would have to exchange the comfort of the hotel for the neighbouring establishment.

Trouble threw its shadow over the group on Sunday evening, when they suddenly realized, as they sat at dinner, that cash in hand amounted to next to nothing.

The proprietress of the hotel was called, the situation explained to her, and she was asked to cash a cheque for ten pounds. Madame became wildly excited, words flowed from her like a cascade, and then she went next door.

A few seconds later the chief of the Dieppe police, complete with most of his staff, invaded the hotel and advanced menacingly on the visitors.

Explanations by the four Bohemians, who now began to feel like a gang of international crooks, were of no avail. So the poet, the artists' model, and their two companions, an artist and his wife, were marched out of the hotel to the police station.

"RATHER FIERCE."

"It seems amusing now, but I felt rather fierce then," said Miss Betty May to a "Daily Express" representative last night.

"We were taken to a horribly gloomy little room with bars over the window. Here were about twenty gendarmes with their chief, and the atmosphere of the place grew worse as the night crept on towards dawn.

"After hours of argument with the police we convinced them that a telegram to a friend in London would bring money within an hour.

"The telegram was written in the police station, and was sent off. At 3 a.m. the chief of Dieppe police must have satisfied himself that we were not crooks, and allowed us to return to the hotel, where he kept us company and drank to our bright eyes several times. We paid for the drinks!"