

WORKING GIRL

by JACQUIE DAVIS

Sitting on a beach in 90 degree heat under an umbrella whilst you watch your principal roasting in the sun is not all about keeping the would be assassin away from them.

Its also about the vendors on the beach trying to sell you and your principal everything from watches with dubious faces that carry names like Rolex and Breitling to the young kids wanting to sell you cold drinks and dodgy bottled water. As hard as we try and the budget allows we will do the best we can, but budget and the willingness of the client goes a long way to their own security.

First aid kit, radios, telephone, to name a few of the things we need with us is quite hard to hide when wearing a bikini or bathing suit, so wherever I go so does my back pack, and I know we must never carry anything in our hands so the back pack is ideal it leaves our hands free.

Before I went on this job I was lucky enough to run into Alex at Intelligent Armour, whom I have known for years but don't see him from one to the other. He is now supplying body armour and clothing for women, I can highly recommend his clothing range, its breathable and dries three times as quick as most clothing, from combat boots to trousers and shirts, check out his web site. Say I sent you and demand a discount.

Whilst on a train with another client who does not speak English she told the interpreter she wanted to go to the toilet, so we set off from 1st class to the nearest loo. I noticed as we walked past other passengers that some of them had paper work out on the table with Houses of Parliament heading, on looking around I

realised we were on a train with several government ministers and a couple of American senators. All of a sudden the train ground to a halt and I just knew what my non English speaking/reading client had done, having done her business in the loo she set about pulling the chain, only it was the emergency chord she got instead.

All of a sudden CPO's appeared out of everywhere, guarding the train doors as we ground to a halt in the middle of the Yorkshire moors. Out of the toilet steps my principal smiling sweetly not having a clue what she had done, whilst I spent the next twenty minutes calming everyone's fears and apologising for her actions.

Once we were on the way again I left the rest of the team with her whilst I made my way to the buffet coach and spent half an hour listening to other CPO's sympathising with me.

Ours can be a great job, whether we are on a private jet or sitting on an RST job in a central London home, but sometimes I am shocked how few of you answer your phones. When a job comes in I start ringing round the relevant people I need for a team, and it is so frustrating when the phones go unanswered only for them to ring back two hours later saying " did you want me", well yes I did then but now the slot is filled, so if you send me your CV have the decency to answer the phone when I call.

Until next time, Stay safe



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