

Wow! Janet Lennon's Unusual Honeymoon

TV MIRROR

RADIO

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Barbara Stanwyck • Dorothy Malone

the man they weep for!

agedy took the one man they each loved best

THE DAY GOD'S HAND TOUCHED DICK VAN DYKE

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"Leave My Family Out of This!"

**Intimate questions are
dangerous when you
meet "Secret Agent"
Patrick McGoochan.
You will understand
why when you know
the serious reasons
for his rages!**

The shapely brunette threw her arms around Patrick McGoochan's neck and gave a romantic sigh. It should have quickened the pulse of even the stonyhearted, iceberg-cool John Drake, CBS-TV's *Secret Agent*. . . . "Mr. Drake," she murmured. "How can I ever thank you?" "Try to think of me as a humble civil servant," said Pat. . . . But the words and the occasion were too much for the girl. Amorously, she drew her co-star close to her and planted a far-from platonic kiss on his lips. . . . In an instant the calm, detached demeanor of Patrick McGoochan erupted into raging fury. "Cut!" he yelled at the cameraman. . . . He wheeled to face the girl. "That wasn't in the script!" he shouted at her. "Nobody gets in a clinch with John Drake—nobody!" In the cutting room a few minutes later, he seized the film showing the love scene and set fire to it. . . . Later, in the bar of the studio, his mood mellowed, he apologized for his sudden outburst. "Sorry about that," he said. "But (Continued on page 64)

PATRICK MCGOOHAN

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I just can't go around necking with women like a kind of British Amos Burke. After all, I'm a happily married man. Whatever would Joan think if she heard I'd been making love to another woman!"

The McGoohans take their marriage seriously. Pat never even looks at another woman—in private or in make-believe. Only his concern for his daughters equals his concern for his wife. He will not answer searching questions about his family, will not permit a newspaper or magazine photographer to cross his doorstep. His attitude is nothing short of "leave my family out of it."

A writer who traveled all the way from Los Angeles to England to meet him was rewarded with a four-word exclusive interview: "Mind your own business." The gentleman in question had been unwise enough to kick off by asking Pat if he plans to have any more children. (He has three daughters and, as it happens, his greatest wish is for a son.)

Pat regards acting as simply a job which he is lucky enough to enjoy. He realizes that success can quickly vanish. It is a risk he accepts.

"I won't sell out on my principles," he says. "To me, a kiss is something magic and meaningful—not just an action to satisfy the whim of a script-writer or TV director."

"Actually, on *Secret Agent* I have allowed myself to be kissed just once, by actress Jane Merrow. It was a kiss of friendship, fitting in with the story."

"I feel the same about violence on the TV screen. John Drake would never gun down a man in cold blood. Fist fights, yes, and I insist that every one of my fights be different. You can have clichés with fights as easily as with words."

"I was offered the part of The Saint before Roger Moore got it," Pat continued, his blue Irish eyes solemn. "I refused because I thought—and still think—that the character's a rogue. A rat. And a wicked influence on anyone who tries to live decently."

"The same goes for James Bond. He's immoral. A different woman every night. Every boy who sees his heroes on TV wants to grow up like them."

"Let other actors play the parts of men addicted to kissing and killing. I prefer to set myself higher standards."

Pat insisted on anti-sex and anti-violence clauses being written into his contract. At first, the TV moguls balked.

"A celibate spy?" one executive stormed. "Why don't we go to the whole way-and-hire a monk?"

But, as it turned out, the know-it-alls were wrong and Pat McGooohan was right. His rigid insistence on cutting out the smooch made John Drake a more believable figure than Bond—and has made Pat himself, at \$20,000 a month, the highest-paid TV actor in Britain.

What made him do it? Some said that, as a devout Catholic, he refused to be involved with sex and violence on religious grounds. Others opined that

his wife would give him hell if he dabbled in feminine horseplay.

Good guesses. The 37-year-old actor is a regular chapel-goer and often helps out at opening church bazaars and the like. And his wife—former actress Joan Drummond, whom he married 15 years ago—possesses a temperament just as fiery as her husband's.

But the truth behind Patrick McGooohan's actions is simpler than either of these.

"I know people think I'm a prig and a prude," says Pat. "I don't give a damn what they say. I act the way I do for one very simple reason—my daughters. I am trying to protect them in the only way I know how: by setting a good example."

"How do you think they would feel if they saw me in a torrid love scene with a total stranger? Rather like coming in unexpectedly and finding their mother had run off with the milkman."

Pat's three children are Catherine, 13, Anne, 7, and Frances, 5.

Said Pat: "I think it would do Cathy incalculable harm if her schoolmates were able to come to her and say, 'That was a nice bit of fluff I saw your old man necking with on TV last night.' Of course she is old enough to know it's not for real. But she also knows how many show biz marriages end on the rocks because of promiscuity."

"As for my two younger daughters, I am just as strict with them. They have to look at the papers and tick which shows they want to watch. After a program is over, they switch off and we have a sensible discussion on what they've seen."

"In that way TV helps them to think, instead of giving them brains like vacuum cleaners to suck up every scrap of muck and dirt that's going."

A family-type hero

Because of these serious views of responsibility to his own children, Pat McGooohan insists on making John Drake a suitable hero for the whole family.

"In *Secret Agent* I fight rough but I fight fair," he says. "I don't believe in glorifying firearms. No matter how big a crook or traitor a man is, I will not shoot him. I will not risk the chance that some young man somewhere might see that scene and decide to do the same thing."

"I could not forgive myself if that were to happen. That's why I insist that the stories should be concerned with important things, not like James Bond, who deals in trivialities."

Patrick McGooohan has always been a man of conscience. He was born in New York, emigrating to Ireland when he was only two. When he left school he went to work at a firm of wire makers. But he quarreled with the other employees, quit and joined a bank, working as a clerk filling in long columns of figures.

"I couldn't stand seeing all that money about," said Pat, "and know that none of it was mine, or ever likely to be. I decided if I couldn't get rich, I'd better get out of sight of all those

bills. The temptation might be too much."

"So I packed up and went to work as a chicken farmer."

Pat enjoyed the open-air life. "The first time I saw a tiny chicken pecking its way out of its egg," he says, "I realized just what a wonderful thing nature is. I thought, 'This is the way life starts. This is the beginning of it all.' It sounds corny, but that little yellow powder-puff gave me a reverence for the miracle of birth."

Pat did his farming job enthusiastically and well. His care paid off in the quality of poultry he produced. In a year he had managed to save enough to set up as a partner on a chicken farm in England.

"I was happier then than I had ever been," he recalls. "My idea of the good life was a bucket full of chicken meal and a couple of dozen broody hens clucking contentedly around my feet."

"The fact is, I'd become almost like one of them. I was cock of the walk, ruling my little roost."

But illness knocked Pat McGooohan off his perch. Ever since he was a boy he had suffered from asthma. Now the attacks got worse. As he went about the chores on the farm he fought to catch his breath. He went to a specialist, and left the consulting room stunned by the doctor's words: "Sorry, Pat, but you'll have to give up farming. The outdoor life is not for you."

In 1950, at the age of 22, he joined a repertory theater in Yorkshire. He learned to walk in that oddly casual, menacing manner which characterizes secret agent John Drake. He also acquired his unique way of speaking which sounds as if each syllable has leaped off the sharp edge of a razor blade.

It was here that Pat met his wife Joan. They held hands in the cluttered, dusty wings of the provincial theater. Their courtship was staged against the unromantic background of tall, blackened factory chimneys belching soot over the Yorkshire moors. And they married in a few snatched moments between a matinee and an evening performance of the play they were in.

After he left the repertory theater, Patrick worked for Britain's Rank Organization, winning small parts in second-feature films. Soon London's theatre and TV bosses began to notice the sullen-looking actor with the well-formed, six-foot-three-inch frame and blue eyes.

He was selected to play the globe-trotting, hard-hitting hero of *Secret Agent*.

Patrick McGooohan's rigid viewpoint on his work and private life don't always win him friends. Many people call him cold, curt, standoffish. But Pat sticks to his beliefs.

"I have two guiding lights before me every second of my working day. The first is my daughters. The second: my religion. You know, every hero since Jesus Christ has been moral."

"He wasn't a coward. Like John Drake, He fought His battles fiercely but honorably. I hope it won't sound blasphemous when I say that I think He might have enjoyed a program like *Secret Agent*." —DAVE HANINGTON