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**FULL ITV
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**GENERAL
ELECTION**



OLYMPICS

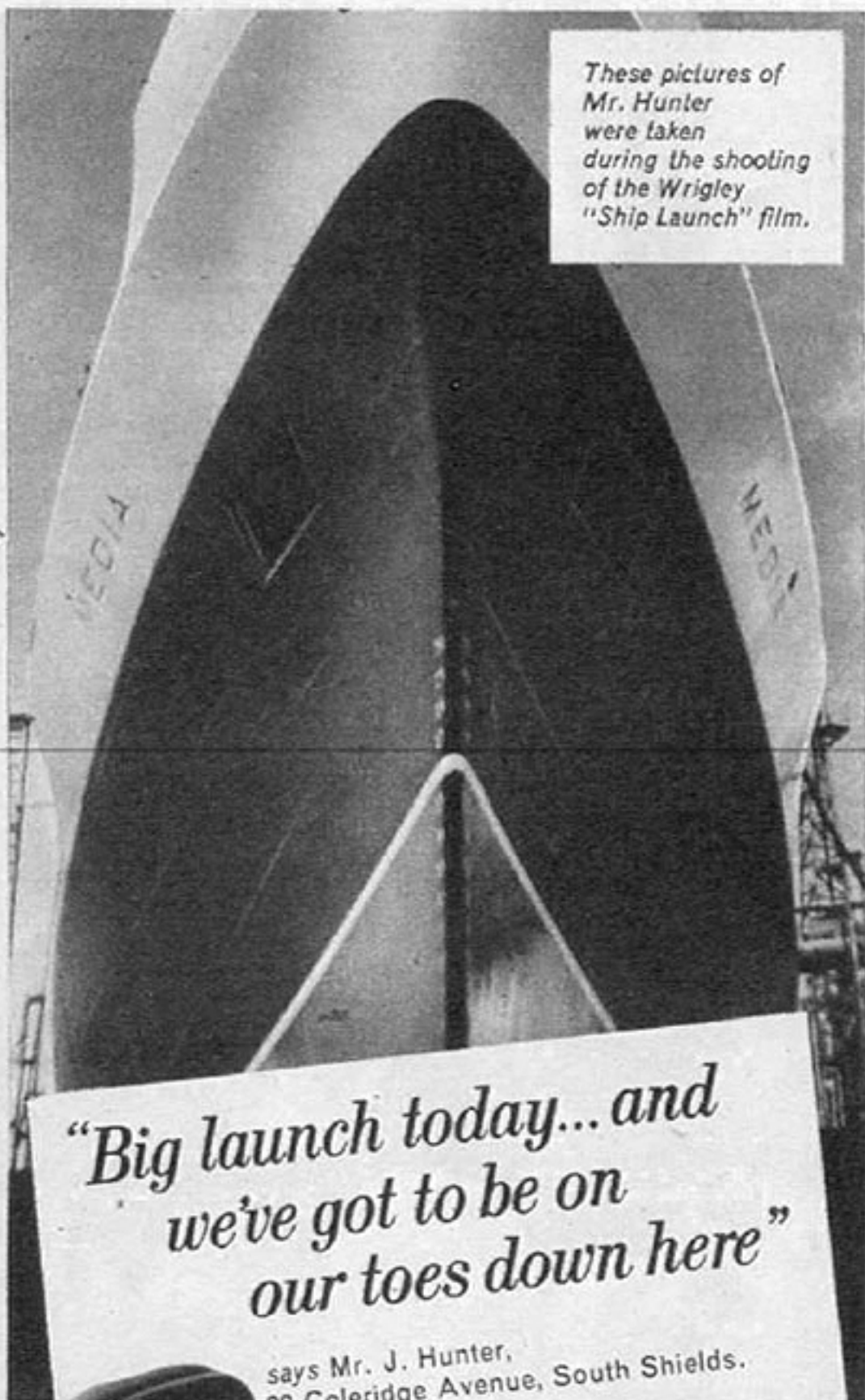
'MIKE'
DENIS
GILMORE

CRYSTAL
ALGIA
ORIGINAL
SCAN
FIX

DICING WITH DANGER MAN

by
TRUDI
PACTER

These pictures of
Mr. Hunter
were taken
during the shooting
of the Wrigley
"Ship Launch" film.



*"Big launch today... and
we've got to be on
our toes down here"*

says Mr. J. Hunter,
29 Coleridge Avenue, South Shields.



'Tension builds up a lot on launching day—I should know, I'm in charge down here. I like to chew Wrigley's Spearmint at a time like this, it's a real help to concentration, I find. I like the taste too, it's really fresh. If you've got a big job on, you'll find that Wrigley's Spearmint helps a lot.

Try some and see for yourself.
Wrigley's Spearmint helps you concentrate.

Try some



and see

E1455/4

HEALTHFUL · DELICIOUS · SATISFYING

HE strode into the bar with his head held high.

A tall, tough looking Irishman with blazing blue eyes and an independent air.

There was an arrogance about him, an aloofness which he made no attempt to conceal, but wore proudly like an immaculately cut Savile Row suit. It looked well.

He went over to the bar and ordered a beer. Seconds later it came gliding across the counter under the noses of the thirsting regulars.

Yet there was no resentment. They sensed he was something special. Special treatment was his due. And they were right, for this was actor Patrick McGoohan, alias special agent John Drake — the one they call...

sleuthed around the international hotspots four years ago, when Bond was still a nasty twinkle in some producer's eye, has considerably more competition.

Not that it worries him.

"The Bond type of agent lives in a world of colourful fantasy," he told me. "His adventures are violent, sometimes vicious.

"And, in my opinion, some of his encounters with the opposite sex are not really fit for a family audience. I would not take my 12-year-old daughter, Catherine, to see a Bond film.

"Drake," he continued, "is a more serious character. Much closer to what a real agent should be."

His lip curled contemptu-

FREDDIE TRUEMAN TALKING

cross swords with *Danger Man*, and in the process emerged very slightly singed.

Not that I was looking for a fight. The only person fool enough to pick a punch-up with a powerful, 6ft. 2in. Irishman, would be a powerful, 6ft. 3in. Irishman. I am a 5ft. 4in. Englishman and a coward.

It all started with one innocent question.

"Do you," I asked him, "ever suffer from shyness?"

The handsome deadpan coloured slightly as he gazed deep into his lager, considering. Then suddenly he raised his head, lowered his eyebrows and launched into the attack.

"Shyness," he muttered through gritted teeth, "is a luxury I cannot afford to indulge in."

I should have seen the red light, but I went on recklessly: "So you are basically shy?"

"Yes, I am," he admitted, "but I try to combat it."

"How?"

"By endeavouring to love people," he replied. "By that I mean being charitable to people—especially people who irritate me by asking damn-fool questions."

He towered above me — a mass of carefully controlled, boiling fury.

"Who are you, anyway?" he thundered. "Just an intrusion on my privacy."

This was too much. "You," I pointed out, "personally invited me to intrude on the privacy you hold so dear by asking me to lunch."

I thought he would burst with rage . . . then, suddenly, disarmingly, he smiled, unclenched his teeth and murmured "touche."

Actors and technicians began to wander back to their respective studios. Lunch-time was over. Mr. McGoohan warmly shook my hand, wished me "God bless" and wandered back himself.

I'VE often been tired of being Freddie Trueman.

Not when I'm banging them down for Yorkshire and England but in those quiet moments when I want a bit of peace.

It's all right for you. If you want to go to a pub or a cafe, you can just go. So can I. But it's 100 to one that within two minutes some complete stranger will start asking personal questions.

You can't blame them I suppose. But it gets a bit wearing. At least it did — until I went to America. Then I realised how lucky I was.

I tried to see the Beatles at their New York hotel. The road was jammed with thousands of screaming girls and their hysteria frightened even me. Still, I'm tough enough, so I squared my shoulders and ploughed towards the hotel entrance.

I wanted to chat up the boys. I thought that, being Lancashire and natural enemies of mine, they would probably want to chat up me. What a laugh. I'd have got an interview with Chou-En-Lai much easier.

I was cross-examined, studied, prodded, searched, probed and finally pushed back among the mob.

Meanwhile, guarded like jewels, the boys were upstairs, prisoners of their own fame. They couldn't go out. They couldn't do anything, except in their own hotel cells.

That's when I became thankful I was Freddie Trueman and not a Beatle. It must be hell.

It's hell for the police, too. One case-hardened Irish cop who looked able to cope with Al Capone in his hey-day, told me: "It's like dealing with savages. It's scaring when American girls like my own daughter become so different they could belong to another planet."

"Beatles? I'd like to give them a haircut — with a hatchet!"

His temper was wearing thin. So I pushed off to a bar in Times Square. There I found that Britain has changed its identity. It's no longer the country which produced Shakespeare, Tower Bridge, Scotch whisky and Sir Winston



Churchill. It's the place the Beatles come from.

"American show-business has been middle-aged for too long," explained the bartender. "We've had Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby as our idols for 25 years. It took the 'stuffy' British to bring a bit of youth and freshness."

"Is that why British stars are topping the American hit parade?" I asked.

"You betcha! We haven't any young kids coming up."

That didn't sound right. "What about Brenda Lee?"

He looked scornful. "She's been around so long she seems middle-aged."

I mentioned one American pop singer who had to come to Britain to be a star. "What about P. J. Proby?"

He looked at me blankly. "Who?" he demanded.

New York is fascinating. The view from the Empire State building is fabulous, the shop girls beautiful and the telephone operators so polite you feel like picking up the phone all the time. And just like London, the cab drivers think they own the city. Judging by their fares, they probably do.

There's one big difference. If you've ever complained about our TV programmes you should be condemned to watching this American stuff. Mates, it's amateurish, in comparison.

Which brings me back to being glad about being Freddie Trueman. Think of those poor Beatles in New York. Trapped in their rooms, they had to watch it every night!

