

WORLD'S GREATEST WEEKLY FOR WOMEN Week ending October 9 1965 Every Wednesday 8d

Woman

BRITISH FOOD WEEK

36-PAGE COOK BOOK INSIDE

Exclusive offer!

SET OF

3 LUXURY TOWELS

**PATRICK
MCGOOHAN**
TELLS HIS OWN STORY



BEGINNING a compelling new series in which Patrick McGooohan, TV's top secret agent, retraces the steps that led to stardom, opening up for the first time his own, personal . . .

DOSSIER

ON

DANGER MAN

AS TOLD TO JOAN REEDER

"Looking back, I should say I was about as inflexible, arrogant and stubborn as any twelve year old boy could be—a really awkward little cuss."

IT was a Tuesday evening last April, about 8 p.m., when this powerfully-built character with the white hair came chasing after us, shouting.

My wife, Joan, and I were strolling down Lexington Avenue, New York, arguing as usual.

After fourteen and a half years we're still not used to the fact that we're adult, married, and the parents of three daughters. Let off on our own together, especially in a strange city, we still feel as though we're eloping. There's always the touch of the stolen honeymoon about it—fights and all.

Normally, every evening, Mondays to Fridays, sees me arriving home after nine hours' filming at Shepperton (Middlesex) as *John Drake*—*Danger Man*.

But last April the *Danger Man* schedules had taken me away from the studios and out to New York.

The programmes had just done more than a bit of good for themselves by becoming the first non-American series to be bought by the U.S. for forty-five weeks' screening, on a nation-wide network.

"My boy," said Lew Grade, my boss in A.T.V., who had pulled off this £1 million export deal, "they want to meet you out there—go over and talk to them for a couple of weeks." So Joan and I went and were taking an hour off to look around.

She wanted to see Fifth Avenue, I wanted to see Park. We'd just found ourselves on Lexington and were busy blaming each other when this voice shouted: "Patrick me boy! PATRICK!"—and silenced us both.

That was a fair achievement until I realized that, while no one in New York knew me yet, a few thousand New Yorkers could certainly answer to the name of Patrick.

We began to move on when "Patrick! PATRICK me boy!" stopped us again.

There, pelting after us, was my Uncle Michael Fitzpatrick and his wife Margaret—and that's how the party began.

Though I'm prepared to believe that a Fitzpatrick would recognize a McGooohan practically anywhere, I certainly hadn't expected to be hailed by my mother's eldest brother in the middle of Lexington Avenue

on my first evening in New York.

He had known Joan and I were coming out. My mother, who was Rose Fitzpatrick till she married a McGooohan, had written, and I had met him once, when he'd stayed with us in England.

But now here he was, clapping my shoulders with delight at having found me in the middle of the largest city in America, before he'd even had time to phone our hotel.

Promptly we all repaired to the nearest bar.

"There'll be a great re-union Pat, a great re-union. At my home in Yonkers, on Friday night. All the family will be there."

On the Friday Joan and I arrived to find "all the family" meant all SEVENTY-FIVE of them.

Seventy-five aunts, uncles, first, second and third cousins, seventy-three of whom I'd never seen before.

They streamed out of the door, hung out of the windows to welcome us, and were busy laying bets as to how many of them I'd be able to recognize from snapshots and from family likeness.

I wasn't doing too badly.

"Aunt Mary McGooohan?"

"Yes!"

"Uncle Thomas Fitzpatrick?"

"Yes!"

"Aunt Kate?"

"You're right!"

"Uncle Charles Fitzpatrick?"

"He has it again!"

NEARLY half a century ago my mother had six Fitzpatrick brothers, four of whom emigrated to America. About as many McGooohans emigrated from my father's family, too.

Their children, their grandchildren, even some great-grandchildren, now milled round me.

"Hallo cousin Peadar—you must be cousin Kathleen," I was saying.

"Sure and he knows his Fitzpatricks from his McGooohans," they chorused admiringly.

Truth of it was you couldn't go wrong. Call any of them Patrick, Patricia, Joseph, Mary or Kate, and you were right. If it wasn't their first name it was bound to be their second.

Across the room I caught sight of Joan, going down for the third time,

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"The young emigrants" in New York. Rose and Thomas McGooohan, Patrick's parents. Photo taken before his birth



Infant McGooohan with his mother. Just arrived in Ireland after his parents' return from New York

"Stick 'em up!" The youngest McGooohan sister, Annette (in white coat) keeps the ten year old "Danger Man" at gun point. Others are sisters Marie and Patricia (in school hat)





John Drake—Danger Man—as Patrick McGoochan sees him, is no phoney hero-type. He has no time for promiscuity. He is dedicated to his job. He is an ordinary man, with an ordinary man's brand of courage, but working in extraordinary circumstances



Patrick McGoochan and his wife Joan—they met when they were both acting in the same Sheffield repertory company



The McGoochan family on the balcony of their London home. Left to right: Patrick, youngest daughter Frances (4), Anne (5), Catherine (13) holding Honey (the family's Corgi) and Joan

NEXT WEEK:
An introduction to the theatre—and to Joan

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under a deluge of fond hugs, kisses and embraces.

Till that night she'd been able to count her relatives on the fingers of one hand. Those days were gone. Forty new in-laws were joyfully swearing her black hair and eyes made her a true McGooohan; the other thirty-five were busy proclaiming her a real Fitzpatrick.

In fact, she's half Viennese, half Scots and, till I married her, was called—Drummond.

THEY had an iced cake for us, a yard square, with "Welcome to Pat and Joan" on it: a bar in the basement with shots of the hard stuff coming over in pints, and Uncle Michael playing enough hornpipes on the fiddle to set St. Patrick himself dancing. About 2 a.m. I persuaded him to remind the family we were booked on a 7 a.m. flight to Chicago. "Joan and Pat won't be able to stay very late, and that's the truth," he said—and picked up his bow again.

At 3 a.m. he put it down to announce: "They'll not be staying long this time, more's the pity."

By 4 a.m. he'd got around to agreeing we should leave in plenty of time for the flight. At 5 a.m. he was thinking we had "just a comfortable little time left" in which to catch it.

Someone was still playing a jig on the fiddle as they all crowded to see us off.

The car ride back to Manhattan seemed like a journey to another planet. Despite the fact that a good two thirds of them had never seen Ireland, seventy-five McGooohans and Fitzpatricks had succeeded in making that house in Yonkers much more a part of County Leitrim than a suburb of New York City.

As I'd walked out into the cool, early morning air I'd been half surprised not to find the dew falling on the green Irish fields of my childhood.

I'd never have seen those fields myself but for the fact that they had called my father back from New York where he, too, had emigrated, and where I was born—Astoria, Long Island, on 19 March, 1928.

BOTH in their mid-twenties, my parents had travelled steerage to America as soon as they were married, which was the pattern of things then.

When a man from Mullhehmore took a wife from the nearby village of Drumshambo, the jobs which earned a living wage were "over the horizon," in America.

My father found one, with the Edison Company, and my mother, a skilled dressmaker and tailoress since she was fifteen, also found one at Macy's, the big store.

They did well for three years. But, when I was born, my father made the decision. We were going back. Back to the family farm in Mullhehmore, Co. Leitrim, where McGooohans had been born for four hundred years, and where he wanted me to grow up.

This was more important than all the dollars he could earn in New York and gave to me the first seven years of childhood which were rich, at any rate, in the simplicity and disciplines of country life.

A green cart track led to McGooohan's forty, mixed, Irish acres where the family had a cottage which hid its small windows and stout white walls under a deep thatched roof.

I watched my father build the tall hay-barn on one side of the farm yard, but the leaning stone wall on the other side had been there for generations. Separating the yard from the sloping garden it was covered, in summer, with fat rambling roses. Their scent used to filter indoors

where it mingled with all the other smells I remember as part of childhood, peat fires, oatmeal cooking, animals, and new mown hay.

The one-storey cottage had three rooms, all on different levels. In the lower one I, and later, my sisters slept. The higher one was my parents' bedroom.

In the middle the main room with its low beams and flagged floor was the crowded heart of everything.

Along one wall, heavy wooden chests made comfortable seats as well as storing our home-grown grain: opposite stood an old-fashioned dresser stacked with china. Hams, or a side of bacon, were usually strung from the rafters and iron cooking pots hung over the black hearth where the peat fire burned day and night, all year round.

In the rocking chair, by the fire, my Grandmother McGooohan often sat, the red flannel of her petticoat glinting brightly beneath the long black skirts of her dress, much as her lively old eyes still glinted brightly at us from under the brim of her black bonnet. I never saw her without that bonnet.

At the big scrubbed table my mother seemed always busy, washing clothes, kneading dough, plucking chickens for market.

MARKET days were red letter days. We often took the pony-and-trap into Carrigallen, but when there was a calf or some pigs to be sold we took the proper horse-and-cart to the bigger markets at Carrick-on-Shannon, or Mohill.

Then it would be home again and, occasionally, there would be a get-together of neighbours, or a ceili (pronounced caley) as we called it, in one of the scattered farmhouses, often ours.

People sat around the peat fire, tea would be brewed and, later, when the lamps were lit, a few jars of ale passed round.

My father, something of an expert on Irish traditional music, would bring out his fiddle to start off the singing, or even a bit of dancing.

After that the story telling would begin.

If, now and then, there was a touch of the nonsense about it all, there was something of an art as well.

And it would be a poor talker indeed who sacrificed the flight of a fine phrase to the dull prose of accuracy.

The magic of these words came tumbling and spinning about my seven year old ears, capturing my imagination.

By the time my mother, a brilliant mimic, had recounted the skirmishes in the family feud of her childhood—the "enemy" led by a character called Red Johnny, the Fitzpatrick clan led by her father, Skirty Fitz—I visualized my maternal grandfather in terms of the local Danger Man of Drumshambo!

In fact, even now, *Danger Man* pales into insignificance beside my childhood picture of Skirty Fitz, so called because he always wore a swallow-tailed coat and, as it seemed to me then, did nothing but talk, sing, and dance his way over to America whenever funds were low, returning to carry on the feud when he'd replenished them.

THE Fitzpatricks would always leap in where angels feared to tread. The McGooohans tended to look first and do a bit of thinking about it all.

So it was in character that, when my quiet father was persuaded to tell a story, he could create an atmosphere in which you felt your skin prickling

please turn to page 93

3 PIECE LUXURY ONE BATH SHEET, AND TWO MATCHING TOWELS

Soft, absorbent, deep-pile cotton

Launder beautifully, always keep
their high quality

Choice of three sun-kissed colourways
—fast dyed shades that never fade

Designed and made exclusively
for *Woman* readers
at far below normal price

Just see our latest offer of this wonderful towel set, consisting of one bath sheet and two matched towels—it's sheer luxury! And they not only look good, they *are* good—you'll be certain to agree when you get them.

They are finest quality, woven by one of the best towel manufacturers in twofold pure cotton yarn. With a deep pile to give a swansdown feel, they're super absorbent. They'll make washing and bathtime bliss for all the family.

Lovely to look at, in an elegant design of broad stripes.

Exclusive to *WOMAN* readers, the towel set will look just right in any bathroom. And the three colourways have been cleverly planned so that there is one just right for you—whatever your bathroom colour scheme.

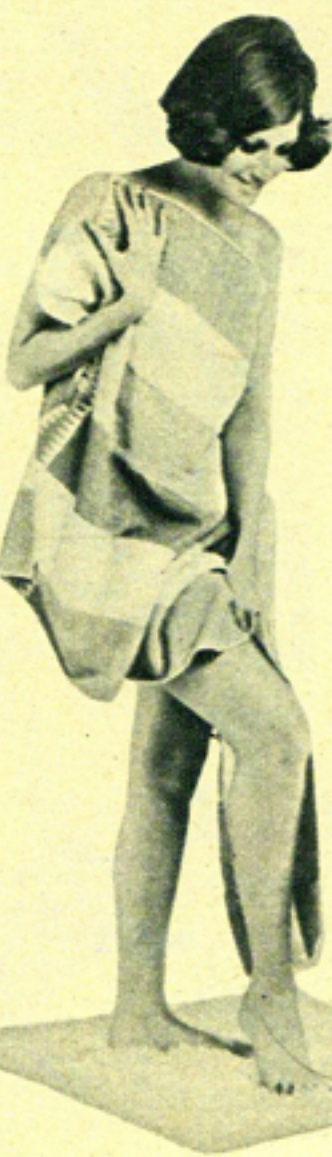
Three gay colourways to choose from: BERMUDA is in shades of pink, MEXICANA is in shades of yellow, CAPRI is in shades of blue.

Perfectly sized, the bath sheet measures a generous 30 in. by 58 in., the two matched towels measure an ample 40 in. by 20 in.

Winners in the wash, they launder happily whether by hand or machine. Thanks to their excellent quality, they'll stand up to any amount of washing, will stay soft and thick, and the lovely colours, fast dyed, will never fade. They'll last so well, that it is *economy* to buy them.

Luxury you can afford, the set of three towels, neatly packed in polythene, comes at the very special price of 33s. 6d. post free.

PS. Just think what a marvellous gift this presentation set would make! Please hurry to order, as stocks are not unlimited, and we would not like you to be disappointed.



YOUR PRIVILEGE ORDER

Closing date: Friday, November 19, 1965.

There's more than one way to keep warm in winter!

Now Crosse & Blackwell offer you **FOUR** ways—First with delicious, appetizing Crosse & Blackwell Soup. Then with these really useful Crosse & Blackwell special offers. Read how *you* and your family can benefit by saving pounds on heating and clothes this winter.

How to apply please read carefully

For each item you require you should enclose 2 labels from any cans of Crosse & Blackwell soup. At least one of these labels must be from a "new variety" Crosse & Blackwell soup bearing the word "NEW" on the label. Alternatively, send only one label from a Family-Pak can. Then state the quantity and size of each item required in the box provided on the coupon and send this with the Crosse & Blackwell soup labels and a postal order/cheque, to the total value to:—

Crosse & Blackwell, Winter Warmth Offer, 18-20 St Andrew St, London EC4

Orders will be dealt with as quickly as possible. Allow (at least) 14-21 days for delivery. Offer closes January 31st 1966 and applies in U.K. and Channel Islands only.



SAVE £4

HEAT SAVING GLASS FIBRE ROOF INSULATION

For the home. From one of the leading manufacturers, quality glass fibre insulating material. Designed to provide roof insulation for the average family house—approximately 570 sq. ft. overall, allowing for non-coverage of joists, trapdoor etc, and/or chimneystacks and other projections—Don't forget to use those off-cuts to lag pipes! (Full instructions for lagging are enclosed in the pack.) You save £4 now and over the next 12 months you can save pounds on fuel costs. In order to offer you this substantial saving, this insulation material is only available in the standard units as stated on the coupon.

GLASS FIBRE INSULATION

Please send me one unit containing six rolls of 1 in. thick insulation material 20 yds x 16 in. each roll. (N.B.—This will be delivered in two separate parcels.) Total cost £59.0 carriage paid.

I enclose P.O./Cheque to the value of £_____ s.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____ COUNTY _____

DOSSIER ON DANGER MAN

continued from page 12

and your hands growing damp in apprehension. There was the tale of how, as a young man, he went fishing at midnight. As I sat listening to him I could smell the carbide from his dim bicycle lamp as he rode down the dark, lonely lane to the loch; hear the squelch his feet made in the rushes while he untied the boat, each solitary creak and slap of the oars as he rowed out.

Then he would reach the part where he described this moment of extraordinary stillness. Not a ripple on the flat surface of the lake, not a tremor among the reeds. The very air was hushed, and he, the man in the boat, became part of this total silence.

It was then he heard the music... strange... compelling...

NEXT day I relived those feelings exactly. I went down our lane to fetch water from the well. Suddenly I was sure the same great stillness of which my father had spoken, was about to immobilize every blade of grass, every bee and darting fly in the bright, busy afternoon.

I sat down, half terrified, half willing the sound of strange music to echo in my ears. Rigid, heart thumping, eyes tightly shut, I felt every hair on the back of my neck rise, one by one. My ears, strained to the point of aching, were suddenly filled—not with music but with an unearthly noise which came from the very guts of hell.

With a howl any demon would have envied I shot three feet in the air, fell over my bucket, and flew ignominiously up the lane to the safety of the cottage.

Behind me, with her tongue still out, stood our favourite cow, mildly astonished that a gentle lick on the back of my neck and a friendly moo in the ear should have touched off such an explosion of activity in an otherwise tranquil afternoon.

That gave me a good lesson in bringing my flights of fancy down to earth. But, despite this, I still remember those evenings of talk and story telling for the sense of adventure

and limitless horizons they created in my imagination.

To a child everything seems possible, and anything at all can always be about to happen.

My parents understood this, so that I and my four sisters could always share any of our wild and extravagant ideas with them and never know the rebuff of being told we were "silly" or "talking nonsense."

In return they shared everything with us, problems as well as hopes.

Forty years of marriage still hasn't stopped either of my parents from reminiscing about their courting days when, according to them, she was the blue-eyed russet-haired pride of Drumshambo and he the equally blue-eyed blade who won her.

My mother was born with one of those volatile, buoyant natures nothing defeats for long. My father, in his quieter way, has always had a quality of unshakeable strength. But neither of them ever gave to us, as children, the slightest illusion that they were self-sufficient without their faith. That came first: anything they achieved came from it.

I remember standing with my mother by the farm gate, both of us waving as my father pedalled his bike down the lane towards Carigallen.

As he rode out of sight she said in a quiet, strange voice: "Please God, he'll be all right." Then quickly, before I had time to sense the sadness, she turned to me in her normal, light-hearted way. "We're going to look after things by ourselves for a while," she explained.

My father had gone to England to look for work. The farm wasn't making enough money to keep us and would have to be sold, now that I had Patricia, Kathleen, and the baby, Marie, as sisters.

Not only was there work, but good schools and scholarships in England, and that would be fine for us. Once again my parents were going to emigrate.

Emigrating to me meant standing

please turn to page 95

Woman

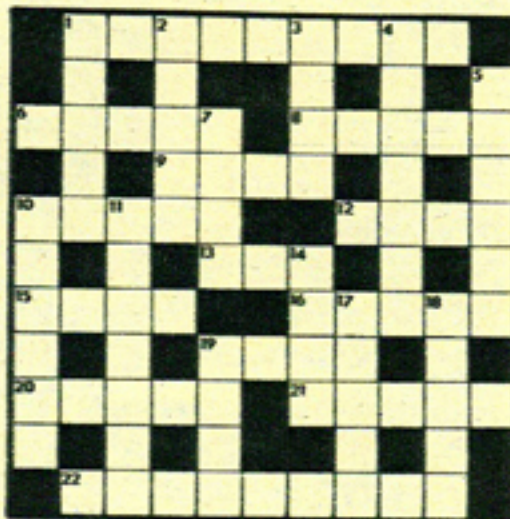
CROSSWORD

ACROSS:

- According to the saying they die hard (3, 6)
- Put little Violet in front of the vehicle and the parson will appear (5)
- ... and this girl will certainly give the people of the Republic a start (5)
- Agreement (4)
- Move stealthily (5)
- This sort of play is a take-off (4)
- Small measure for the young child (3)
- Intend (4)
- Display (5)
- Ripped (4)
- Do this for the job you want (5)
- I get in tact, it is implied (5)
- The Apostle's bacon is suggested by this material (9)

DOWN:

- Willow for basket-making (5)
- Cover loosely with material (5)
- For fishing (4)
- No doubt he will be found in a brown study (7)



- Talkative (6)
- Entranced (4)
- Fight (6)
- Specimen for following (7)
- Acid-tasting (4)
- Arrive at (5)
- Generally-accepted principle (5)
- Bicycle wheel has this ancient city (4)

Please turn to page 96 for your answers

LONDON
 Bourne & Hollingsworth, W.I.
 Dickins & Jones, W.I.
 D. H. Evans, W.I.
 John Lewis & Co., W.I.
 Lilley & Skinner, W.I.
 Selfridges, W.I.
 Goodmans, W.I.
 Chicobans, S.E.13.
 Cuff & Co., S.E.18 and S.W.15.
 Sharmans, S.W.16.
 Elys, S.W.19.
 Sidney Stevens, E.8.
 Bearmans, E.11.
 Dawson Bros., E.C.1.
 J. Selby, N.7.
 John Petch, N.17.
ABERDEEN
 Isaac Benzie
 Falconers
 Northern Co-op.
ASHFORD
 Stranges
AYLESBURY
 Spragg
BAKEWELL
 Horner
BANGOR
 Wallis Bros.
BARKING
 Mandels
BARNSTAPLE
 Banburys
BARNHEAD
 Barnhead Polytechnic
BASINGSTOKE
 Thos. Wallis
BATH
 Colmers
BEDFORD
 Braggins
BELFAST N.I.
 Anderson & McAuley
 Bank Buildings Ltd.
 Sinclairs
BILSTON
 Snaps
BIRMINGHAM
 Birmingham Co-op.
BISHOP AUCLAND
 Doggarts
BLACKPOOL
 Hills
BOSCOMBE
 Parkstone & Bournemouth Co-op.
BRADFORD
 Bradford Co-op.
BRAINTREE
 K. Barton
 Teenage Shop
BRIGHTON
 Brighton Equitable Co-op.
BRISTOL
 Jones
 Morgans
BURNHAM
 Thatchers
BURNLEY OAK
 Alfreds
CANTERBURY
 Lefevres
CARDIFF
 David Morgan
CARLISLE
 Biens
CARMARTHEN
 T. P. Hughes
CHELMSFORD
 Chelmsford Star
 Chelmsford Co-op.
CHELTENHAM
 Shiers & Lances
CHESTER
 Lindops
CHESTERFIELD
 Swallows
CHICHESTER
 Geerings
CIRENCESTER
 Mitchells
COLCHESTER
 Williams & Griffin
COLWYN BAY
 Juniorwear
COVENTRY
 Coventry & District Co-op.
CREWE
 Boot & Shoe Supply Ltd.
CROWTHER
 F. Long
CROYDON
 Grant Bros.
DAGENHAM
 Andrews Stores
DARTFORD
 Dartford Ind. Co-op.
DERBY
 Ranbys
DONCASTER
 Blanshards
DORCHESTER
 Georges
DOUGLAS I.O.M.
 Percy Dawson
DUNDEE
 D. M. Brown

McGill Bros.
 Alex Smith Stores
DUNSTABLE
 W. A. King
EASTCOTE
 Geoff Ltd.
EDGWARE
 Nurseryland
EDINBURGH
 Smalls
 Patrick Thomson
ENFIELD
 Pearsons
EPPING
 Pymmes Stores
EXETER
 Thos. Moore
FAKENHAM
 Aldiss
GLASSGOW
 Arnott Simpson
 Linton Bros.
 Pettigrew & Stephens
 Tertex House
 Watsons
GLOUCESTER
 Mandels
GODALMING
 Darking Bros.
GRAVESEND
 Gravesend Co-op.
GRIMSBY
 Lawson & Stockdale
GUERNSEY C.I.
 Creasys
GUILDFORD
 Bon Marche
HANLEY
 Bratt & Dyke
HARLOW
 Jaymes Gowns
HARROGATE
 Harrogate & District Co-op.
HARROW
 Sopers
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
 J. W. Bathe
HENLEY ON THAMES
 Burnells
HEREFORD
 Chadds
HITCHIN
 E. F. Hidgecock
HOLYWOOD N.I.
 Kearney Bros.
HOVE
 Wm. Hill
HUDDERSFIELD
 Kayes
HULL
 Hammonds
ILFORD
 Fairheads
ILFRACOMBE
 Luxmoores
INVERNESS
 Alex Cameron
IPSWICH
 Ipswich Co-op.
JERSEY C.I.
 Shivers
 Voisins
 Yvette
KIDDERMINSTER
 Kidderminster Co-op.
KILKIL, N.I.
 McConnells
KILMARNOCK
 McMurrays
KINGSTON
 Bentalls
LANGLEY
 Maynards
LEAMINGTON SPA
 Woodwards
LEEDS
 Goosberry Bush
 Schofields
 Vera's
LEICESTER
 Smith's Clothing Store
LIVERPOOL
 Blacklakers Stores
LLANDUDNO
 Lazars
LOUGHTON
 Shattins
LOWESTOFT
 Chadds
LYTHAM
 Stringers
MANCHESTER
 Affleck & Brown
 Pauldens
MANSFIELD
 Mansfield Co-op.
MEASHAM
 A. E. Taylor
MIDDELSBROUGH
 Newhouse
MORCANE
 Margarets
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
 Fenwicks
NEWTON ABBOT
 R. C. Austin

NEWTOWARDS N.I.
 Glasgows
NORTHAMPTON
 Northampton Co-op.
NOTTINGHAM
 Roughtons
OXFORD
 Oxford & District Co-op.
 Wards
PAIGETON
 Gladwys
PETERBOROUGH
 Winstons
PLYMOUTH
 Dingles
PONTEFRAC
 Keyzers
PORTADOWN N.I.
 Austin McMahon
PORTSMOUTH
 Browns
RHYL
 B. & G. Stores
ROMFORD
 Shirleys
ROTHERHAM
 Mrs. Kemp
 Muntus
SAFFRON WALDON
 S. M. Long
SALE
 Pettie Modes
SHANKLIN I.O.W.
 Hilda Wood
SHEERNESS
 Sheerness Economical Co-op.
SHEFFIELD
 Brightside & Carbrook Co-op.
SLOUGH
 Simons
SOUTH WOODFORD
 Hedges
STAINES
 Kennards
ST. ALBANS
 Donald Black
STANFORD
 Parrish & Son
ST. ANNES ON SEA
 Redfems
STAPLEFORD
 Chatfields
STEVENAGE
 Thurlows
ST. HELIER C.I.
 Vautiers
STOCKTON ON TEES
 L. A. Rush
 Robinsons
STRATFORD ON AVON
 Jack & Jill
STROUD
 Batemans
SUNDERLAND
 Birns
 Blacketts
 Joplings
SWANLEY JUNCTION
 H. R. Matthews
SWANSEA
 Kiddies Korner
SWINDON
 Wm. McIlroys
TAUNTON
 Hatchers
THAME
 Martin & Silver
TREHARRIS
 The Baby & Wool Shop
TUNSTALL
 Naylor's
WAKEFIELD
 Dales
WALLINGFORD
 Pettits
WALSALL
 Ralph Richman
WARRINGTON
 Broadbents
WATFORD
 Clements
WENBLEY
 H. W. Waters
WESTON SUPER MARE
 Butters
WEYBRIDGE
 London House
WIGAN
 Pendleburys
WISNAP
 Bairds
WOKING
 Robinsons
WOLVERHAMPTON
 Beatties
WOOD GREEN
 Barries
WORCESTER
 Russell & Dorrell
 Worcester Co-op.
WREXHAM
 Marjorie Rees
YEovil
 Denvers

DOSSIER ON DANGER MAN continued from page 93

on the deck of the Dublin to Holyhead boat being cajoled by my mother to sing a song which one of her exiled brothers had written in America, hopefully entitled "His First Return."

The fact that it was my first departure didn't seem to matter a bit. Unwillingly I began: "Here I stand, on the deck of a liner so grand, and gaze, once again, on my own native land"—with my back firmly turned on it.

I can't sing now, I couldn't sing then, and my toneless plodding through this party-piece lent just about as much charm to my Uncle Fitzpatrick's heart-felt words as a policeman's boots to a ballerina.

No matter, our fellow emigrants insisted on loving it, assuring my mother: "Ah! but he has a great feelin' for it!"

We went to a narrow terraced house in Sheffield, where my father had found work with a building contractor and where, for me, there began what I chose to regard as the monotonous penance of schooldays, coupled with several years of illness.

I developed acute bronchial asthma. All I can remember of that time is a stream of different doctors coming to my small bedroom, the smell of camphorated oil and inhalants, and a perpetual cough.

That and my mother repeating firmly: "No, thank you, Doctor, I'll not be taking him to any hospital. I'll nurse him through it myself." And she did.

By the time I was eleven the war had started. My mother, my sisters and I were all evacuated for a while to different homes in Loughborough, leaving my father in Sheffield.

Moving to Leicestershire meant a new school. Because I'd missed whole terms at a stretch in Sheffield I was always backward in lessons and games. That hadn't suited me at all,

so I promptly decided to loathe and despise both.

I took this lofty attitude with me to the Loughborough school, where they had no time for you if you couldn't keep up. I couldn't, so, stubbornly, I wouldn't try.

But, though I didn't realize it, nearly four years of illness had left me like a sponge starved of water, wanting, in fact, to absorb everything.

Oddly, the one thing I found I could pick up quickly, without endangering my dignity by revealing anything so despicable as trying, was maths.

This small hint of promise was noticed and a year later, to everyone's delight except mine, I was selected for a free place to yet another school, the Catholic Public School, Ratcliffe College, in Leicester.

The uniform lists arrived, demanding more clothes for me than the entire family possessed.

Black jacket, striped pants, stiff white collars: blue blazer, grey flannels, white flannels, endless shirts, vests, shoes.

My mother began to sit up all night at her sewing machine.

I remembered her doing this once before when my father had nearly died from blood poisoning. Not only did she nurse him, but she sewed through the nights to earn some money so that we should not go without while he was too ill to work.

Patricia, my eldest sister, and I used to take it in turns to help her stay awake by talking to her, and making endless cups of tea.

She always sat totally erect and the only way we knew she had fallen asleep was when the constant whirr of the machine ceased.

Now she was sewing all night again. We couldn't begin to buy all the things the boarding school list

please turn to next page

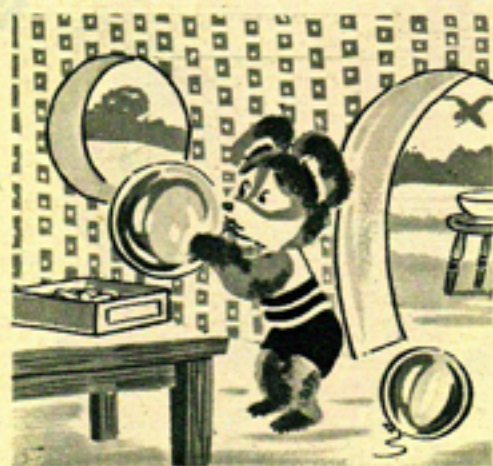
BERNIE and the naughty crow



1. Bernie is blowing some lovely soap bubbles with his new clay pipe



2. A naughty crow swoops down and bursts them all. Bernie has an idea



3. He goes indoors and blows up some balloons. That will surprise the crow



4. When a balloon is pecked it goes BANG! The crow soon flies away

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(Tuesday's Terrors)

Nicole's banded jumper about 29/11. Julie's harlequin banded jumper about 29/11. Peter's crew neck sweater about 33/6. John's jacquard jumper about 22/11.

(Sunday's Sunshines)

Peter's banded shirt about 34/6. Julie's skirt and top about 29/11. John's banded motif-trimmed sweater about 24/6. Nicole's frilly-collared dress about 2 guineas.

BAIRNSWEAR, DEPT. C16 P.O. BOX 58 NOTTINGHAM

DANGER MAN

continued from previous page

demand. She had to make most of them herself.

My father, by now, had found an opportunity to return to farming and was bailiff to the Convent of Notre Dame, on the outskirts of Sheffield.

Once more we lived in a farmhouse, surrounded by fields but, with five children to keep—Annette, the youngest, had been born in Sheffield—there was never a penny to spare.

To my parents "The Scholarship," the first in the family, was worth all their hard work and frugality, so it was just as well I couldn't tell them how I felt about it—or schools in

general. I was becoming more and more unable to tell anybody anything.

Ever since I had been a small boy I had wanted to be a priest. In a Catholic, rural country this is no more unusual than a boy who lives within sight of ships wanting to become a sailor.

It is a frequent and honoured custom in Ireland for the first-born son to enter the Church and, when a child there says he wants to be a priest, everyone takes him seriously.

My family took me seriously, including my four little sisters—I saw to that. Whenever I could round them up I would rehearse my "sermons" to them. While I stood on a chair I expected them to sit in front of me, their four pairs of blue eyes fixed dutifully on my face, their four light brown heads bowing obediently when I made the sign of the Cross.

Even Patricia, the eldest, who has inherited all the irrepressible gaiety

of the Fitzpatricks, didn't quite dare to cheek me back when I was "sermonizing" her—though she always made up for it afterwards.

But there were days when she led the only too willing Kathleen, Marie and Annette into open rebellion, telling me to preach to myself. Then I'd wait until dark and retaliate, not with sermons but with ghost stories, the spookier the better.

The terrified, rapt attention these commanded from all my four sisters should have made it clear to me that my sermons were sadly lacking in comparison. But I was much too satisfied with the effect I was having to appreciate this lesson in humility.

By the time I was twelve, and ready to go to Ratcliffe, my sense of vocation for the priesthood was the dominating influence in my life. That, and thinking about myself.

Looking back, I should say I was about as inflexible, arrogant and

stubborn as any twelve year old boy could be. A really awkward little cuss.

About the only mitigating thing I can find for this attitude, now, is that my sense of vocation was real, and powerful, to me.

Possibly fairly long periods of illness had accustomed me to more solitude than a healthy, active child knows and my ego had thrived in this.

I was totally absorbed in testing my militancy, single-mindedness and strength of purpose in measuring up to what I had decided were the necessary standards for a priest.

It rarely occurred to me to bother about what other people thought of me. But, when it did, as on my first day at Ratcliffe, I didn't much care for the picture I presented.

Walking up the long drive towards the big, red-walled house where I had to live and learn for the next five years I saw myself, briefly, as the four hundred other boys there might see me; tall, skinny, highly likely to come bottom in class and a classic non-starter in sport.

Hardly the qualifications for distinction in a large public school.

I quickly turned my back on this unpleasing aspect. The succinct philosophy: "If you can't beat 'em—join 'em" hadn't yet crossed my horizons. In any case my attitude was very much the reverse! "Don't join them—don't even deign to beat them."

In terms of mixing, competing, and games, I couldn't speak their language, nor was I going to try.

Instead of attempting to join in I deliberately opted out.

I had to go through the blundering motions of playing cricket, sitting through lessons, but I pretended it was somebody else doing all this. The real me refused to conform or participate in any way.

I even extended this attitude to the Brothers who taught us. While realizing—almost to the point of feeling grateful sometimes—that they wanted to help, teach and integrate me into school life, I resented the fact that help and integration were thought necessary, and rejected it.

I WENT on like this for two years and all I succeeded in doing in my self-appointed isolation was to lose the ability to communicate with anyone, even my family.

In the holidays I took my aloof attitudes home with me. Moody and introspective I was now the sort of boy who, if I felt the family was intruding on my seclusion, would show it.

I could shut a door with such icily quiet umbrage that my silences echoed much more loudly through the house than the good healthy slam and bang of temper. Then I would sulk, refusing to speak. The general discomfort this caused in our cheerful, talkative home was known to my sisters as "One of Pat's Days." Sometimes they endured as many as three or four of "Pat's Days" in a row.

Back at school there came one of the mid-term examinations.

A boy called Jack, who had finished

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CROSSWORD ANSWERS

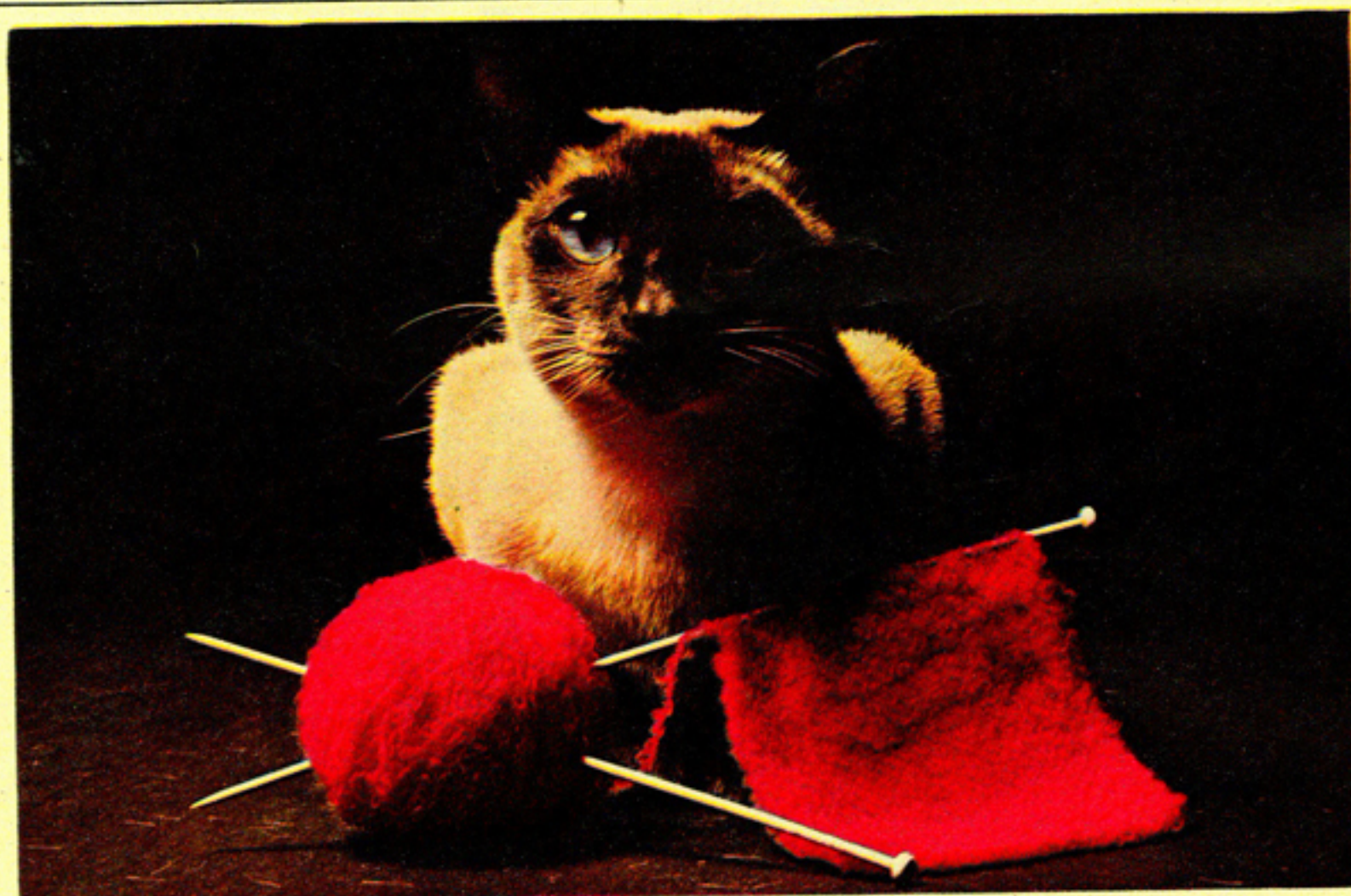
from page 93

Across:

1. Old habits; 6. Vicar; 8. Irish; 9. Pact; 10. Creep; 12. Skit; 13. Tot; 15. Mean; 16. Array; 19. Tore; 20. Apply; 21. Tacit; 22. Petersham.

Down:

1. Osier; 2. Drape; 3. Bait; 4. Thinker; 5. Chatty; 7. Rapt; 10. Combat; 11. Example; 14. Tart; 17. Reach; 18. Axiom; 19. Tyre.



CAT! She always looks **so** expensively dressed yet I know she doesn't spend more than me. Makes me hopping mad. Could be her sly-puss secret is she knits her own Jaeger. Top fashion, new and exciting wools, knitting instructions you can't go wrong with. The suit here is No 3950, price 1s, in Crinkle-Spun at takes 14 ozs. Slightly flared skirt wool or pattern locally **write to** **London W1**. You get **so** much extra fashion for your knitting



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his paper, noticed me losing time on a question I couldn't answer.

"Why bother with that one—save your energy for something you can do," he commented briefly.

He'd been sitting next to me in class for two years but had never attempted to invade my privacy. I recognized that he wasn't invading it now, merely offering economical advice.

I nodded, and after class, we swapped views on the paper.

FROM that point my first real friendship with a boy of my own age began.

We had a great deal in common. I knew that Jack, like me, was a "loner" but for very different reasons.

Where I failed he excelled, at studies, games, boxing.

When he did not participate it was from personal decision, not, as too often with me, from lack of ability masquerading as personal choice.

He could finish an exam, an hour before the rest of us, and come top. He could win fights or score goals, but refuse to do so if he thought this a quick means to popularity.

His ideals and standards were as tough as I liked to think mine were, his beliefs in the rights of the individual, and his refusal to conform, as unyielding.

But he demonstrated all this in a more admirable way than I was managing to do.

I found I could talk to him. We both began talking enough to change the face of the earth.

Now I had communication. The rusty wheels in my mind began to turn and I felt and understood the need to participate and prove myself in school.

Instead of inflicting my silences on the family in the holidays I went to the church youth club for P.T. and boxing.

And I shared in the general astonishment at Ratcliffe when, in my first bout, I knocked out the vice-captain of the boxing team. Later I went on to become captain myself.

IN my last years there I found myself accepted, participating more than adequately in class, on the playing fields and in all the things that seem to mean so much in public schools.

My friendship with Jack grew. We went to each other's homes in the holidays.

He understood my dedication to the priesthood and, when the girls began to flock round him, he humorously accepted my place apart from all this. We made a pact that, when he married, I would perform the ceremony.

Neither Jack nor I could know that, before we were both eighteen, he would be killed and I would have relinquished all my claims to a vocation in the Church.

This decision was going to leave me with new problems, by no means the least of them deciding what I was going to do in life—and—getting to know girls.

Indeed these difficulties took me to the ludicrous point of dancing an exhibition tango with a girl whose face I never saw because I never dared to look. I always gazed straight past it.

After weeks of practising with her as my partner I could only recognize her by those features on which I kept my eyes firmly fixed—her FEET!

NEXT WEEK:

Breaking out of a bank . . . an introduction to the theatre—and to Joan

Evelyn Home

Friend and counsellor to those with a personal problem

Shared children

As a mother, divorced with two sons, I feared the "competition" of their much wealthier father if I allowed them to visit him freely. But although he left me in hardship, I determined never to speak ill of him to the boys, or to keep them away from him. I used to feel sick when they were visiting him; I feared I was losing their love. But I reasoned that they would one day leave me to marry and felt I was doing the right thing. So it has proved. Now they are both married; I am on the best possible terms with them—and I am now remarrying myself! I shall never regret fighting the temptation to be a jealous mother.

GENEROSITY is always worthwhile, I think; I congratulate you on yours, which must have been sorely tried at times. Only where the claims of rival parents cause real distress to a child is it sometimes plain common sense to stop visits to one of them. Married enmity should be allowed to fade away—as yours has—for the children's sake. My very best wishes to your next partnership.



Worried about something? Send a stamped, addressed envelope with your question to me at 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1
Evelyn Home

Love in the fifties

I am fifty-one, my wife two years older, and after over twenty years of happy married life we are now able to make love without any more worries about the consequences.

It has been like a honeymoon all over again—but much better. There is just one question: surely there is some sexual norm for people of our age—weekly or fortnightly, or at even longer intervals? Please don't say it all depends on ourselves.

Obviously as we grow older, desire will diminish—meanwhile we really do need guidance, and naturally don't want to consult a doctor.

As you simply refuse to follow your own inclination (which to my mind is the sensible course) may I quote from the famous Kinsey survey of sexual behaviour in men?

The frequency of intercourse was found to average three times during a fortnight for men between the ages of forty-one to forty-five, dropping to slightly less than once a week for men over fifty-six.

A specialist writes that if intimacy is followed by great fatigue, obviously less sexual activity is advisable. If, on the other hand, relaxation and ease follow the sex act, then the chosen frequency is not too great.

For surety

To my mind, responsibility for family planning should be the husband's; if a man won't cherish his wife to this extent he's not worth marrying.

Sorry, I disagree with you—for the simplest practical reason. Precautions taken by the wife are, generally speaking, far more safe and easy than any that can be taken by the husband.

I would always suggest to any woman in need of help in this matter that she should get in touch with her nearest Family Planning Association clinic. A private letter to me (enclosing a stamp, please) will bring a list of available clinics.

Wasted love

Our affair lasted ten years and in that time he treated me like a queen. Love, kindness, friendship, help—I had them all.

Then, out of the blue, he told me there was another woman, and I

nearly died. When I met her I saw that she had everything—money, a beautiful home . . . no wonder he wanted me out of the way.

Now I want to get back to normal and put him out of my life, and stop thinking about him. But how?

Move away from his home town; don't leave any forwarding address and don't take any mementoes of him with you.

He may have given you gifts and affection, but he took more than he gave—years of your youth, your good reputation and your love.

In a new job, among new faces, you will begin again. This time, I hope your love life will have a future.

Dealing with suspicion

When I got home from school one evening, I found my mother was entertaining a strange man. She nervously introduced him as a friend, then he quickly went.

My father is very devoted to her, and I wondered if I should tell him.

Speak to your mother about this; don't bottle it up and brood about it.

She will almost certainly be able to explain why the man was there and why she was flustered when you came home. There are all sorts of perfectly good reasons and no need to jump to the worst conclusion.

Above all, don't make trouble by telling tales to your father. He may know all about it anyway—but it is only fair to talk to your mother first.

Test of moods

Mostly I feel that I love my fiancé very much and am delighted that I shall be marrying him soon.

But there are days when I feel I could never be happy as his wife, and these moods of depression can last as long as a week. During such times I can't bear him near me. Should I be honest with him even though we have gone so far with our plans?

Or have I left it too late?

No, you haven't left it too late. Tell him at once exactly how you feel, and beg for a spell of separation to give you an opportunity of testing your deepest doubts.

The separation (even if it means postponing the wedding) should last

at least three months. And it should be complete; no letters, phone calls or meetings.

If, after that, you still want to marry your fiancé, you can be sure that these fluctuating moods were just moods. On the other hand, if you find that marriage becomes more unthinkable—break the engagement.

Never mind the immediate fuss; better a pause now than a thoroughly unhappy and soon-broken marriage.

Boy's problem

I love my girl friend very much; my feeling for her is genuine and if I were older, I'd want to marry her. We're both sixteen.

At the same time, most of my other friends are of my own sex and on the whole I prefer their company. Is there any danger that I may be homosexual?

Not the least, I'd say. It sounds as if you're simply growing through the phase of being most attached to your own sex and gradually discovering the attractions of the other.

Dr. E. R. Matthews has written a book entitled *Sex, Love and Society* (Gollancz) specially for boys, which contains an excellent explanation of how sexual feelings develop.

Get it from your library, or buy it for yourself. In paper covers, it costs 6s. from any bookseller.

Question-time

Would you say most boys prefer the girl who remains chaste? Or would they rather have the good-time girl who says "yes" without argument?

As a wife (the experts say) most boys still greatly prefer the girl who remains chaste.

And most girls (we all know) much prefer to be wives. You can work the rest of the puzzle out for yourself.

"Worried" (Bournemouth)

You need to have a long talk with your local social worker, who will know the answers to all the questions you ask. Do seek her out at once.

Her address will be found at your local council offices, or the vicar of your parish church will know it. Or the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and Her Child, 255 Kentish Town Road, London, N.W.5 will put you in touch with her.