

# Woman

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## CONTINUING

**"Dossier on Danger Man"**  
the life story  
of TV's top secret agent,  
as Patrick McGoohan  
told it to Joan Reeder



Joan Drummond as she appeared in "St. Joan" in rep. at Sheffield . . . "I found her overwhelming but fascinating. I wanted to get to know her . . ."

Patrick as a young actor in the same company. His stage debut followed jobs in a wire rope factory, a bank and on a chicken farm



# FOOTLIGHTS WERE A SHY LAD'S SHELTER

"On stage I found

I didn't mind what

I had to do . . . it was a

wide, confident world up

there and I enjoyed it."

**T**HE macintosh was one of those universal, mass-produced, putty-coloured garments that make the average Englishman about as distinguishable as a grain of sand in the Sahara.

That was precisely why I liked it. As soon as I put it on—and I did so regularly, every weekend, rain or shine—I felt securely inconspicuous, practically invisible, and ready for an evening out.

"I'm off then," I'd say at home, "... going into Sheffield, to the youth club." Sheffield was about two miles from Fulwood where we lived, and where my father was farm bailiff to the Convent of Notre Dame.

"Might stay on for a bit, after the P.T. class," I'd add, casually.

"Fine," they'd say. "Have a good time."

I didn't mention that there was a dance at the club, after the P.T. and table tennis. But, as I got on my bike and cycled down to the main road, I was thinking about it.

Every weekend I thought about it. My problem was simple—but insurmountable. If you could have worn a rain mac into the dance hall I'd have gone in. But you couldn't, so I stayed outside. In a mac, you were one of a crowd, looking exactly like everybody else.

Without a mac—or so it seemed to me—you became an identifiable individual: Pat McGoohan, sixteen-and-a-half, six feet two, just out of boarding school, big, clumsy, with no idea of how you went up to a strange girl and asked her to dance and even less idea of what you did with your feet if she said yes.

The whole thing was impossible, and I wanted to do it.

The youth club, next to St.

Vincent's Roman Catholic Church, was at the bottom of Solly Street, in the industrial part of the town.

You went up three steps to the main doors and into a lobby. On the left was an area where they made sandwiches, tea, and soft drinks. On the right was a counter where they sold the threepenny tickets for the dance, and *took your coat!* Ahead were the double swing doors leading straight into the dance hall.

For four consecutive weeks I had stood on the wrong side of those swing doors.

**T**HE first Saturday I reached the lobby and saw the other lads paying their threepences and turning into recognizable individuals as they surrendered their coats. I read every notice on the green baize notice board five times—and left.

The second Saturday I went into the lobby and put down my threepence for a ticket.

When the woman behind the counter asked for my coat, I said: "Oh, I'm waiting for somebody for a minute," read the notice board ten times, and left again.

The third Saturday I bought the ticket, handed over my mac and gave the swing doors a bold push. As a gust of music, laughter and chatter swept out and hit me full in the face I whipped round smartly, wasted another threepence on two glasses of lemonade I didn't want, retrieved my mac and vanished.

The fourth Saturday saw me back again, more grimly determined than ever, when Father McDonagh, our priest, waylaid me.

"Ah, Patrick, I thought you'd be coming to the dance."

"Yes, Father," I agreed, politely;

*please turn to page 38*



after all, I was coming to the dance, wasn't I?

"Well, I wonder if Mr. Lodge here could have a word with you first—he wants some help with a play he's putting on."

Still thankfully clad in the incognito of the macintosh, I shook hands with Mr. Lodge, and turned my back on the dance hall.

The youth club play was called *The Thread Of Scarlet*. They were short of a bit-part player. "Nothing much," Mr. Lodge explained, almost apologetically, "just someone fairly big and strong who could look like a man, not a boy. Really all you have to do is to cart a couple of buckets of coal across the stage."

That was an overstatement. All I had to do was to carry one small bucket of coal from one side of the wings to the other, once. But it was enough to get me out of my mac, into rehearsals, and behind the footlights.

By the time the entire family, my parents and my four younger sisters, all came to see this First—five-second—Performance, I'd discovered that being on a stage, sheltered by the bright glare of footlights, was a much better cloak of anonymity than a mere macintosh.

On a stage I found I didn't mind what I had to do, or who I had to pretend to be. It was a wide, confident world up there and I enjoyed it.

A TRACE of this confidence lingered when I came off stage. Enough, anyway, to get me through those swing doors and into the dance hall, not for a dance, but for beginners' lessons where I found a whole bunch of other crimson-faced, ungainly characters with outsized hands and feet.

We were known to my sisters as "The Wallflowers' Delights" since the general method of picking partners was to make a bee-line for any girl who looked too scared and timid either to refuse, or to complain if we trod on them.

I wasn't even that selective. My eyes didn't travel as far as their expressions. I never looked at anything but their feet.

How the patient woman who volunteered to teach us dancing persuaded me to practise for an Exhibition Tango I can't begin to imagine. I suspect I was lulled by the knowledge that it would be performed on a stage, behind my new-found safety barrier of the footlights.

Neither the fact that I had to be conspicuous in white cricket flannels and shirt, nor that I put my foot right through the hem of my partner's dress, daunted me on the night.

Looking out at the faceless blur of the audience was all right.

But looking at the girl with whom I was dancing was something I never managed.

To this day I don't know whether she was fair, dark, or redheaded. But I swear, if ever I met them again, I'd know her feet anywhere!

The white flannels-and-tango carry-on was strictly for the weekends. Week days I was unrecognizably filthy. I'd started work as a labourer in a wire rope factory.

If I had to write a scenario recreating this now, I'd know exactly how I would depict it:

Grey, bleak, miserably oppressive atmosphere... redolent of the "dark, satanic mills" of the nineteenth century. Over all the sickly metallic smell of iron filings.

Enter through tall, dark gates into blacksmith's shop... huge furnace, men wearing leather aprons and clogs. Camera moves across pitted yard to spindle factory

## HEALTHY LIVING

by JOAN WILLIAMS,  
S.R.N., S.C.M.

# as she grows up



### PREPARING YOUR DAUGHTER FOR THE YEARS AHEAD

MANY mothers, I know, worry about the best way to prepare their children for the teen and adult years. How they can put over simply and sincerely not just the basic physical facts of conception, birth and growing up, but also the deeper aspects. How they can get over to their children the purpose and responsibility of sex, its place and meaning in the framework of a permanent relationship.

The foundation is laid from a child's earliest days, of course, when her questions about babies and the difference between boys and girls are answered simply and truthfully, and as she sees and absorbs for herself the love and consideration between her parents, which makes for a secure and happy family life. But there comes a time when parents ponder more directly their responsibility to their growing children. This letter from the mother of an eleven year old illustrates the problem:

"Could you let me have newsheets explaining periods?" she asks. "I have always answered Carol's questions truthfully, so she knows how babies are conceived and born. Now I want to tell her about menstruation in good time, before letting her read about it for herself."

"As I see Carol becoming less and less of a child, I realize how very important it is to ensure she is equipped to cope with both the physical and emotional aspects of the next few years, and in this context I would appreciate your advice on two specific points. First, how to deal with queries about unmarried mothers without telling her too much too soon about the risks of illicit sex. Second, what line to take in relation to 'censorship' of her reading matter."

"I am not thinking so much of books and daily newspapers around the house, but of the more sensational adult publications which sometimes find their way in. I feel that if I forbid Carol to read literature which I consider unsuitable for a child of her age, I shall only whet her appetite. So how do I cope?"

This was the gist of my reply: You are wise to realize so keenly

the need to help your daughter grow up with real understanding instead of a sketchy, patchwork knowledge; to see the inadequacy of teaching sex facts without relating them to real love and the deeper things of life.

I think at this stage, as Carol is only eleven, it would be best not to emphasize the moral aspects of chastity, as such, but instead to explain to her along the lines of it being possible for a woman to have a baby without being married, but that it is a great mistake for her to do so because, quite apart from anything else, it is so unfair to the child not to have a father and a proper home. On this foundation you can build as time passes and more specific guidance is required.

### unsuitable reading

As for the other problem, I do agree that if a child is forbidden to read a certain magazine or book, it can appear infinitely attractive and exciting. But, against that, one can't allow a child to read indiscriminately. A lot of harm can be done by her picking up bits and pieces of information that are totally beyond her true understanding. You can get round this by keeping in a private place any reading matter which you and your husband know to be unsuitable for an eleven year old.

After all, if Carol has learned the real meaning of privacy, as I am sure she has, she will appreciate the fact that anything which is private to her father or to you is something which nobody else has a right to take or go to without the owner's permission. Put this point of view to her, emphasizing that you and your husband respect her rights in this direction, as you expect her to respect yours!

I think you may well be able to get over this particular hurdle by working along these lines.

For the rest, I have forwarded to you two newsheets which I hope may be useful: *Menstruation* which is for your background information, being unsuitable for a child, and *About Periods*, written specifically for young girls, which Carol may certainly read for herself, after you have first explained it simply, and answered any questions she might ask.

where great bales of wire are rolled down. Youngsters being taught the knack of handling these bales without tearing their hands to ribbons...

I was one of the youngsters, earning a pound a week.

I spent the first two months in the spindle factory, moving on, at two monthly intervals, to other departments, wire gauging, lathes, cables and, finally, into accounts and sales.

The factory was owned by the father of a school friend. When I decided not to go to university he had taken me on, with the idea of giving me a thorough training towards an eventual executive position in his business.

I wasn't aware of this plan till the end of a year, when I gave in my notice. But, by then, I felt sure it wasn't the job for me.

On the other hand I didn't know what *was* the job for me.

Until my last year at school I had intended to become a Catholic priest.

At the time when most boys were thinking about careers I had thought only towards the self-discipline of a life dedicated to the Church. Material necessities like rent, meals, clothes, and pay packets, never entered my head.

Then, in my last term at school, I had realized that my sense of vocation for the priesthood was inadequate.

This left me with a singularly lopsided attitude towards an unexpected future which could suddenly include girl friends, marriage, and *had* to include a job.

I had a whole lot of catching-up to do.

At seventeen and a half the words "salary" and, for the first time, "security," began to mean something. I got a job in a bank.

In the big general room behind the public counters I was allotted a place at the long table to address and lick envelopes, and to balance the accounts—of the stamp box.

It was a life of careful initialling, signing, and accurate arithmetic which began at 8.30 a.m., and ended, if you were lucky, at 4 p.m.

If you were unlucky you could be there till past midnight. This could happen if even one penny was adrift at the end of a day.

Everyone on that chain of faulty accounting, from the chief cashier down to the postal clerk—me—had to stay till the missing penny was traced.

There we would sit, round the big table, each of us checking, double-checking, and cross-checking each other's figures.

One night I sat there, desperately hoping that the cause of all this worry and time could not turn out to be something as trivial as a twopenny-halfpenny stamp I might have stuck on an envelope, but entered, mistakenly, as penny halfpenny in the ledger.

It could—and did!

THIS was 1945 and, in the tea breaks, the talk was either about demob, tennis, or pensions.

Because so many men were still in uniform, promotion was fast for juniors, even for postal clerks. By the time I was nineteen-and-a-half I was earning £3 10s. a week and cycling out to the sub-sub branch at Tinsley, where, as sub-sub-sub assistant-manager, I handled the account of the wire rope factory where I'd started my working life as a labourer.

Progress!—but not the sort I wanted.

Those bank tea breaks were depressing me.

Too often I heard the words: "If I

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NEXT WEEK: A good night's sleep



had my time over again . . ." followed by the fading day dreams of sailing a ship, building a bridge, emigrating, taking a chance. Such fragments of conversation always ended ". . . too late now of course . . . but only another ten—twelve—fifteen years till I can retire."

They had chosen security and were not grumbling. I wanted to take my chance, before it was too late.

The day one of the chief cashiers made the heartening observation: "Well, McGoochan, you've already done two years towards your pension," was the day I bought the *Sheffield Telegraph* and *Star* and looked down the "Sits. Vacant" columns.

Wanted: energetic young man with some experience to manage and re-organize chicken farm. £5 a week. Ring Chesterfield. . .

I RANG, cycled the twelve miles from Sheffield to Chesterfield and told the advertiser and his wife that I'd lived on a farm all my life.

My mother put my dark bank suit and my stiff white collars into moth balls. I packed two pairs of old corduroys, some sweaters and shirts in a grip, and went off to re-organize five thousand hens, and some pigs, on thirteen acres of land.

I lived in digs with Mr. and Mrs. Brown who had a bungalow right opposite the farm. Mr. Brown worked on track maintenance for the railway. Mrs. Brown was a marvellous cook. Both in their fifties, they were childless, and were missing the wartime evacuee who had been like a son to them.

They welcomed me, and I loved them. I still do.

After the inactivity of the bank I went almost berserk with the sheer luxury of physical hard work. Each day I began at 6 a.m. and went on till 7.30 p.m. before going home to the bungalow to devour one of Mrs. Brown's enormous and wonderful suppers. Sometimes I played chess with Mr. Brown, or clipped his privet hedge for him. Then I slept and slept.

WHEN, six months later, I began to fall asleep among the pigs and chickens as well, I had to leave. An allergy to feathers had brought on a recurrence of my asthma. The next six months were spent at home in bed, recovering, and unemployed.

I didn't know what to do.

The absorbing interest in my life was amateur dramatics.

James Lodge, the man who had persuaded me to carry the bucket of coal across the stage, produced the plays for St. Vincent's Youth Club.

He owned a cutlery works and the time he gave to the club was entirely voluntary.

But, though he was an amateur, his standards were more professional than those of many producers I've worked for since.

He taught me the disciplines and courtesies of the theatre which I need and value to this day. And he could make a stone act. He made me. Soon I was in all his plays.

Another amateur group, St. Thomas's, remembered me when their leading man became ill, twenty-four hours before their show, *The Duke In Darkness*, was due to open.

My four sisters took it in turns to sit up all night, hearing and cueing me. Next night I went on for St. Thomas's, word perfect.

After this other groups had invited me to join them. I was a member of five different dramatic societies all through my banking days, rehearsing

please turn to page 43

# HOW IT'S DONE



by ANGELA TALBOT

Can I advise you? Then write to me at 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Please don't forget a stamped, addressed envelope for reply

## WEDDING AT HOME

*Can I be married from my old home where my parents still live, even though I now live in another parish?*

You should consult the Superintendent Registrar of the district and explain the situation. If you are merely absent from home by reason of employment and return there whenever opportunity offers, you may be able to regard your home as your usual place of residence for the purpose of giving notice of marriage.

### Tipping at sea

*On a journey to Australia by sea, what tipping is expected?*

Allow a basic 15s. per week each for your cabin and table stewards, with more or less depending on the quality of service. If you use the bar, tip the barman occasionally and the steward who serves drinks at table, as you would in a lounge bar. Tip any other members of the staff, such as the deck steward who issues deck chairs, if you feel they give service that you want to reward.

### Get well

*I've not been long in my first job and my woman boss has had to go into hospital. Should I write to her or send her flowers?*

Send her a short letter or get-well card and ask her if there is anything you can do for her.

### Sink garden

*Where can I get an old sink for making a sink garden?*

Try a demolition firm or local builders. Also ask the housing department of your local authority. Junk shops occasionally have them.

### Broken glass

*A birthday present of glassware arrived smashed. Can I claim?*

Either notify the sender, or yourself fill in inquiry form P.58 which can

*You recently showed a Victorian style lace tablecloth for readers to make, but I would like something really fab for my bed-sitter. What can you do for me?*

Just after your letter arrived, this Afghan rug came into the office. It is crocheted in 3½ in. squares of 3-ply wool in a myriad of gay colours joined together with a dark neutral shade. WOMAN Knitting And Crochet Department have worked out instructions in *How It's Done* newsheet Afghan Rug. I've posted you a copy. It is free to any reader who encloses s.a.e.

be had from any post office. Keep the package for inspection. Provided the parcel was adequately packed, the Post Office makes discretionary payments up to £5 for inland unregistered parcels.

### Holiday chance

*Is it correct that a parent can keep a child away from school in order to go on holiday? We have had a very attractive invitation to visit some of our relatives in Switzerland and would like to take advantage of it.*

Your child may accompany you on a holiday for a period not exceeding two weeks.

Potato-Wise Cookery is title of booklet published by Educational Productions Ltd. in collaboration with the Potato Marketing Board. Colour illustrated, it gives 92 delicious recipes. Price is 2s. 6d. from all booksellers.

### Special cleaning

*I have a dress that needs special treatment in cleaning. How can I be sure that my local cleaners are reliable?*

Ask them if they are members of the National Federation of Dyers and Cleaners. They have a high standard of reliability.

### Tax laws

*My husband and I feel we'd like to retire to Eire as he has relations there. How would this affect us regarding both income tax and retirement pension?*

The question of technical residence for tax purposes has to be settled and a claim to exemption from United

Kingdom tax must be obtained. If your claim is successful and you have taken up residence in Eire, you will be exempt but, of course, your income will be liable to tax in Eire. Consult your present Inspector of Taxes in good time. If you already receive a retirement pension it will still be payable in Eire. If you are living there when you become entitled to your pension, it will be paid at the rate current at that date. In both cases, however, you will not receive any later increases. If you return, your pension will be payable at the current rate, starting from the date of your arrival.

### Paper round

*Now I'm fourteen I want to do a newspaper round, but my father says I can't as it is against the law. Is he right?*

No. Provided you are over thirteen, and the local bye-laws permit it, it is perfectly legal.

### Mystery shrub

*We have a shrub in our garden which no one can identify. Can you help?*

Write to the Director (Fruit Naming), R.H.S. Gardens, Wisley, Surrey, who will send you a leaflet giving details of the Royal Horticultural Society's identification service. They will name any fruit or flower at a cost of 2s. per variety.

### No will

*I am rather worried because my husband has not made a will. Do you think this necessary?*

I think everyone with property to dispose of should make a will. As making a home-made one might ultimately produce a result which the testator did not intend, it is advisable to have a will drafted by a solicitor.

### Childish damage

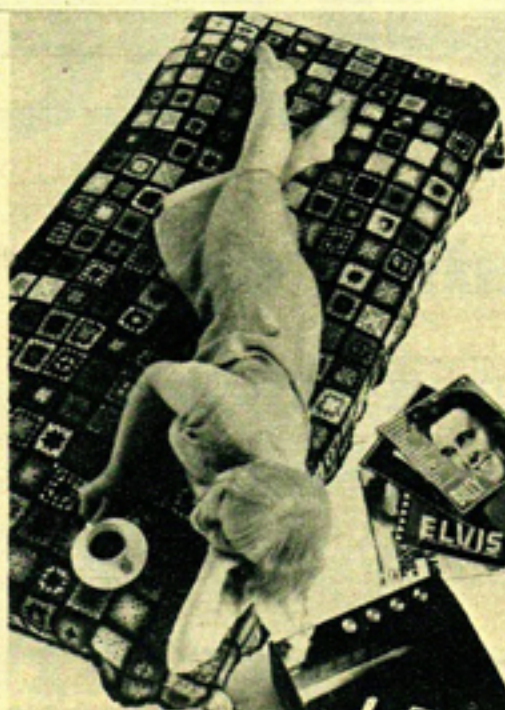
*Children in our neighbourhood are persistently damaging our windows and front gardens by playing ball games in the road. We have approached the parents in vain. Have we any legal redress?*

I should see a solicitor about this. A letter from him to the parents might well do the trick.

### Illness abroad

*My husband's business takes him abroad a good deal and he worries about the financial result of any illness or accident. Can he insure against this?*

It is possible to arrange for an insurance policy on a short term basis or for annual renewal. Most of the large insurance companies will offer advice.





# MONSTER success!

or acting on an amateur stage nearly every night. But it had never occurred to me that such an enjoyable occupation could also be a job.

Sheffield had a repertory theatre, the Playhouse. I had been inside it once, in the pit, to see Agatha Christie's *Ten Little Niggers*.

I had cycled past it, morning after morning, on my way to work. Now, unemployed, I strolled by at mid-day and noticed the doors were open.

I went in, past the box office, down a long corridor towards the stage where the producer, Geoffrey Ost, was taking a rehearsal. I waited for him, in the wings.

When he came off, a quiet, fairish man in a dark grey suit, and wearing glasses, he looked and sounded more like the architect he had originally trained to be than a first-class theatrical producer which, in fact, he was.

"Have you got a job?" I asked him, and was staggered by my own question.

Geoffrey, mistaking me for a professional actor, said: "Well now, what have you done?"

As I started listing the wire rope factory, the bank and the chicken farm it was his turn to be surprised. "I'm sorry," he interrupted hastily, "we don't take students."

"I'm used to starting any job with making tea, Mr. Ost," I told him. "I could sweep the stage, do odd jobs, anything, so long as I can learn."

I became his first student, at £2 a week, then went home to see how my parents would take it.

ODD statues, pieces of sculpture, and a pottery kiln now adorned our garden, all evidence of the scholarship which my first sister, Patricia, had won to the Slade School of Art.

My second sister, Kathleen, was nearly ready to take her university entrance. Marie and Annette were still at school.

I was twenty, and the eldest, and I felt my father and mother were entitled to expect something more from their only son than the announcement that he was going to sweep the stage of the local theatre for £2 a week.

It meant they would have to go on subsidising me while I lived at home.

They didn't see it this way. "Great," they said, as always, "let's see how it works out," and were instantly ready with as much interest and encouragement for my sweeping and tea-making at the Playhouse as they had been for the other jobs I'd tried.

They came to the theatre every fortnight and praised my progress in ascending order: first, the clean stage, then the assistant stage management, the building of the sets, the scenery, the wardrobe, the lighting, and the prompting, all of which finally earned me £4 10s. a week.

Inevitably came the night when one of the actors had appendicitis. As prompter, I knew his lines, and went on.

Next day I was in Geoffrey Ost's office, ready to fight for my big break. "I'm not coming back till you make me an actor," I began.

There was no fight. "Welcome back," he said, "at six pounds a week."

I was twenty-two and an actor at last.

They had a new actress in the company too, very new, straight from R.A.D.A. in London, called Joan Drummond. We were both cast in the next play. She was "Mavis Pink"

"I ALWAYS TRY," smiled Christopher Lee fondly, "to work up some sympathy for my monsters."

Then Britain's most sinister screen hit confided his proudest moment during the filming of *Dracula, Prince Of Darkness*. Everyone's favourite blood-sucker was meeting his usual sticky end when a tough assistant director was heard to murmur: "I feel quite sorry for the poor old geezer."

The elegant Mr. Lee has aroused similar audience reactions as *The Mummy*, the obsessed High Priest of *She, The Face Of Fu Manchu*.

When I met him, he'd just finished playing the evil Russian monk *Rasputin*. Such film work certainly has its horrors.

"The make-up is so hard to bear: face fungus, and those massive contact lenses for weird eye effects. Worst of all are false lids, like those for *Fu Manchu*—you can't blink in case your own show underneath."

While there's an element of humour in all he says ("we have fun, of course, but it's much harder work than people think"), Christopher isn't snooty about the films that made him famous.

"Horror has been a legitimate part of the cinema for forty-odd years. Think of *Conrad Veidt*, *Bela Lugosi*, *Boris Karloff*. I think it takes real acting to play these parts with conviction."

"Harmful for the audience? No: the films are far too improbable to be corrupting."

Christopher has just made a *Dracula* LP for America, is much in demand for Continental films.

But only this six-foot-three star's saturnine good looks, a liking for TV's *The Munsters* and the fact that his Anglo-Italian ancestry goes back to the poison-happy Borgias fit his screen image. The man himself would have a hard job scaring a nervy five year old.

Uppermost in his mind when we

talked were the vagaries of an pair girls and the vitality of two year olds (his daughter *Christina* is that age); and he tried not to get too lyrical about his wife, beautiful Danish ex-model *Birgit*, whom he married four years ago when he was thirty-nine. "I waited for the ideal girl," he explains simply.

A fine linguist, he has lived abroad but prefers England.

"We lead a normal life; no night-clubs, no premières unless I absolutely have to go. I'm no hell-raiser."

He admits he just "drifted into acting." Son of an army officer, Christopher served in the R.A.F. and in wartime Intelligence. But he'd done Shakespeare at school—"I remember playing *Cassius* in *Julius Caesar*."

When Christopher opted for acting, his first film contract proved useless.

"The company wouldn't give me a part because no one had heard of me. When I asked why they'd signed me up, they said I was going to be a big name in the future! I don't know how."

He made his film debut in *Corridor Of Mirrors* in 1947.

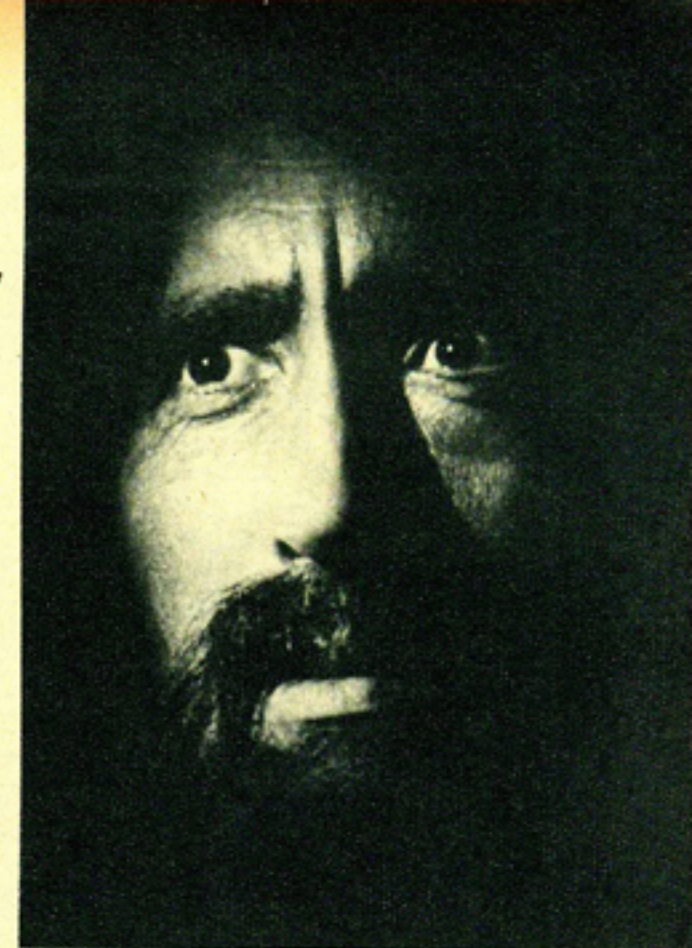
But though he remembers with particular fondness his villainous *Evrémonde* in *A Tale Of Two Cities*, it was only when he crashed into the horror market that he emerged from the ranks of utility actors.

He'd like to do a comedy, but adds that few producers think of him in those terms. Still, he's not complaining about the screen status he's earned—except when critics under-rate the talent and effort required to maintain it.

His wife takes his career in her stride. All the same, he made sure she didn't see any of his films ("horrors" are censored in Denmark, anyway) till after their marriage. Even a sympathetic monster can't take chances!

MARGARET HINXMAN

**DOG-LIKE DEVOTION:** no star, says his studio, inspires more than California-born Richard Chamberlain—as TV's "*Dr. Kildare*," he has an admiring world audience of eighty millions! Yet Dick, now twenty-nine, aims to ditch TV doctoring after one more series. But as two episodes guest-starring Yvette Mimieux brought fan mail near the million mark, studio bosses want to promote the pair as a big-screen team. Good medicine? Soon-to-be-seen "*Joy In The Morning*" will show. There was joy in the afternoon for Dick when shooting ended: film crewmen, who often have little private regard for public idols, made him the warm present of an electric tray to keep steaks hot.



CHRISTOPHER LEE... as sinister Russian Rasputin



as Birgit's happy husband, Christina's fond father

## you'll enjoy reading...

Everything went wrong on the big day; but because the Claggs are nice people and because it is **Paul Gallico** telling their story in "*Coronation*" (Pan, 2s. 6d.), something marvellous bloomed out of the fiasco. If you've ever wondered what it would be like to run an inn, **Tom Berkley's** "*We Keep A Pub*" (Arrow, 2s. 6d.) will let you into some light-hearted trade secrets. J.A.

## seeing...

For casting with top woman-appeal, look out for "*The Saboteur: Code Name Morituri*," which has **Marlon Brando** and **Yul Brynner** in tense wartime conflict at sea. There's no romance: **Janet Margolin** is simply a tragic passenger in the plot. But Allies' spy Brando and enemy Capt. Brynner are riveting. And **Trevor Howard** pops in to nudge the excitement along. M.H.

## hearing...

"If the eyes—or the bottoms—follow you around, it's a good painting." "If you're not downstairs before the cistern finishes flushing, you'll die." Fans of their TV shows will know these observations come from "*Not Only Peter Cook, But Also Dudley Moore*" (Decca LK 4703). Greatest comedy since **Chaplin**? Possibly—because while you rock with laughter at them, you could often cry a little, too. The skeletons fly in Liszt's gloriously grisly "*Totentanz*" (H.M.V. ALP 2082), and at one point bones are heard to rattle! Hungarian pianist **Cziffra** and the *Philharmonia Orchestra* under **Vandernoot** also include the same composer's "*Hungarian Fantasia*" and "*Piano Concerto In E Flat*." J.B.



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a marvellous comic character. I was "Jack Bannerman" a dull, straight nothing.

Next morning there was I, sitting on a stool in the middle of the empty stage, trying to get into this dull character part, while over in the wings with customary ease, the "Tall, Blond and Handsome" of the company was turning his charm on the new girl.

Noticing my isolation he brought her across to me, with the magnanimous intention of introducing us.

"This is..." He got no further. Up came this glowing sunburnt-to-mahogany girl with black hair and dark eyes and promptly enveloped me in a snowstorm of words.

"I'm sure this play's going to be really good, aren't you? ... Do you feel nervous, too? ... Are you living in Sheffield? ... Where did you go for your holidays? ..."

All my ponderous plans for long and serious study of my first, two-page professional part seemed in imminent peril of being drowned in a cascade of chatter.

SHE was eighteen, and bent on making me feel at home in a theatre where I'd worked for two years and where she had worked for barely two weeks! I took advantage of my superior knowledge of the building to seek peace and quiet in every corner I knew and she didn't—yet.

But soon Miss Drummond began to make my life a series of contradictions. I found her overwhelming, but fascinating.

I wanted to get to know her but, if I saw her coming down the street, I would hastily cross over to the other side.

She arrived at rehearsals for *Noah* one morning with a puppy who produced so many floods of his own that we christened him "Noah," after the play, on the spot. I found out, much later, that she had bought him for company because she was homesick, though it took her years to admit it.

All I knew about Noah, then, was that Miss Drummond hadn't trained him properly and was now complaining to me that she wasn't allowed to keep him in her digs.

"You live on a farm, Pat—could you take him for me?"

THIS started her daily inquiries: "How's Noah?" and the usual reply from me: "All right, considering the way he's been brought up."

Then the sparks would fly and she would toss that black hair and march off. I always invited this, and didn't know whether or not to like it when I got it. Once or twice we managed to have a brief conversation without arguing. I even got around to inviting her to egg and chips, twice, between matinée and evening performances.

Asking her out was, for me, like going back to Square One—and the youth club dance. Once again, the whole idea was impossible, and I wanted to do it.

Cafés were places which still demanded from me the need to be inconspicuous. But I knew it would take far more than a mere café to subdue this girl's totally unself-conscious vivacity.

As soon as we sat down she'd begin: "I must tell you, it was so funny..."

"Yes," I'd say, "go on..." and then, with a half-look over my shoulder in case she was attracting too much attention, "yes... but sshhhsh!" If ever I needed my rain mac again, it was then.

Not until Mrs. Wood's Christmas party did I come to my senses.

Mrs. Wood, as the wife of one of



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the directors of the Playhouse, gave an annual party for the company at her house in Fulwood.

Though never much of a party-goer I went to this one. So did Joan. So, of course, did "Tall, Blond and Handsome," a little of whose poise and technique I could have found useful just then.

WHILE sitting in my corner, watching Joan dancing with him, realization dawned that, so far as I was concerned, the only person she had any right to be as close to as that, was me. I had two clear thoughts in my head for once.

The first was my father's story of how he'd proposed to my mother. He had been playing the fiddle with the band when he noticed this girl who was always laughing and always the centre of attention. She was dancing with one of the local blades who had a fair reputation in Co. Leitrim.

When they struck up the jig "Haste to the Wedding," that was it. My father wasn't going to play it, he was going to act upon it.

He put down his fiddle, walked over to the pair in the middle of the floor and with a brief "just a minute, boyo!" to his rival, whisked this girl off—towards their own wedding.

My second thought was that I'd better follow his example.

As Joan danced by I reached out and pulled her down on the seat beside me.

"I'm taking you back to your digs. On the tram. Now. Go and get your coat."

It was a vivid green coat, with a hood, I remember, and she was still arguing about fetching it even when she had it on and we were rattling back on the tram to Sheffield.

That was when I had my third brilliant thought that evening.

As we reached the small pub where she had her digs, I asked her to marry me.

"No," she said, and shut the door. "Why not?" I asked, opening it again.

"They don't like the door open, after they've closed," she said, and shut it again.

I opened it. "Why won't you marry me?"

"Shut the door," she said, and shut it herself.

"Open the door!" I demanded, and opened it. "Why won't you marry me?"

"Because I'm too young," she said—primly!

I didn't open the door again; she did.

"See you tomorrow," she said.

"Yes," I said. "Good night." And, this time, I closed the door for her, gently.

A FEW months later I asked her to marry me again. This time she said "yes" but added anxiously: "Pat, I'm still only nineteen, we'll have to ask my parents."

"Of course we will," I said, feeling ten feet tall and a veritable rock of confidence. "Of course, we must, but don't worry—everything will be all right."

Though I'd never met Joan's father, who was a lawyer, wedding bells were already ringing in my ears as I walked home, rehearsing the words with which I would ask his permission to cherish and support his daughter for the rest of my life.

Just one point escaped my notice as I scripted this admirable scene.

Joan's father hadn't yet met me!

NEXT WEEK:

Enter a suitor—as a "simpleton"

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