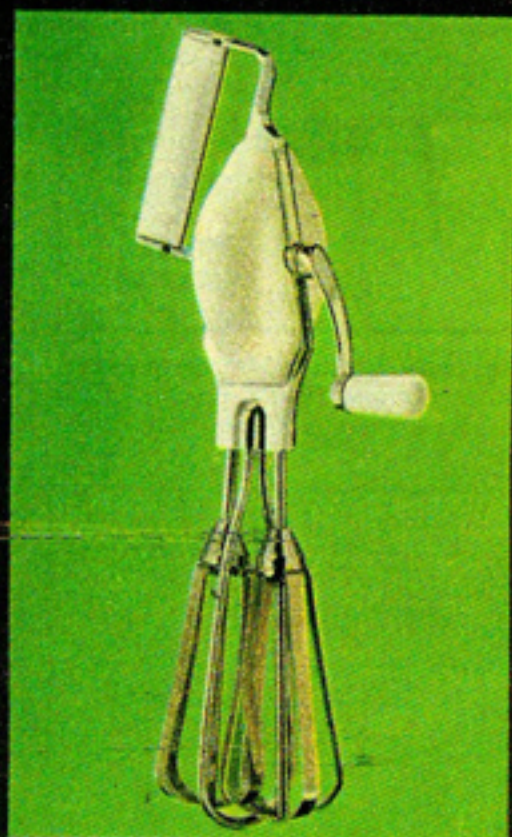


Woman

**EXCITING
PULLOUT**

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DOWN YOUR WAY**

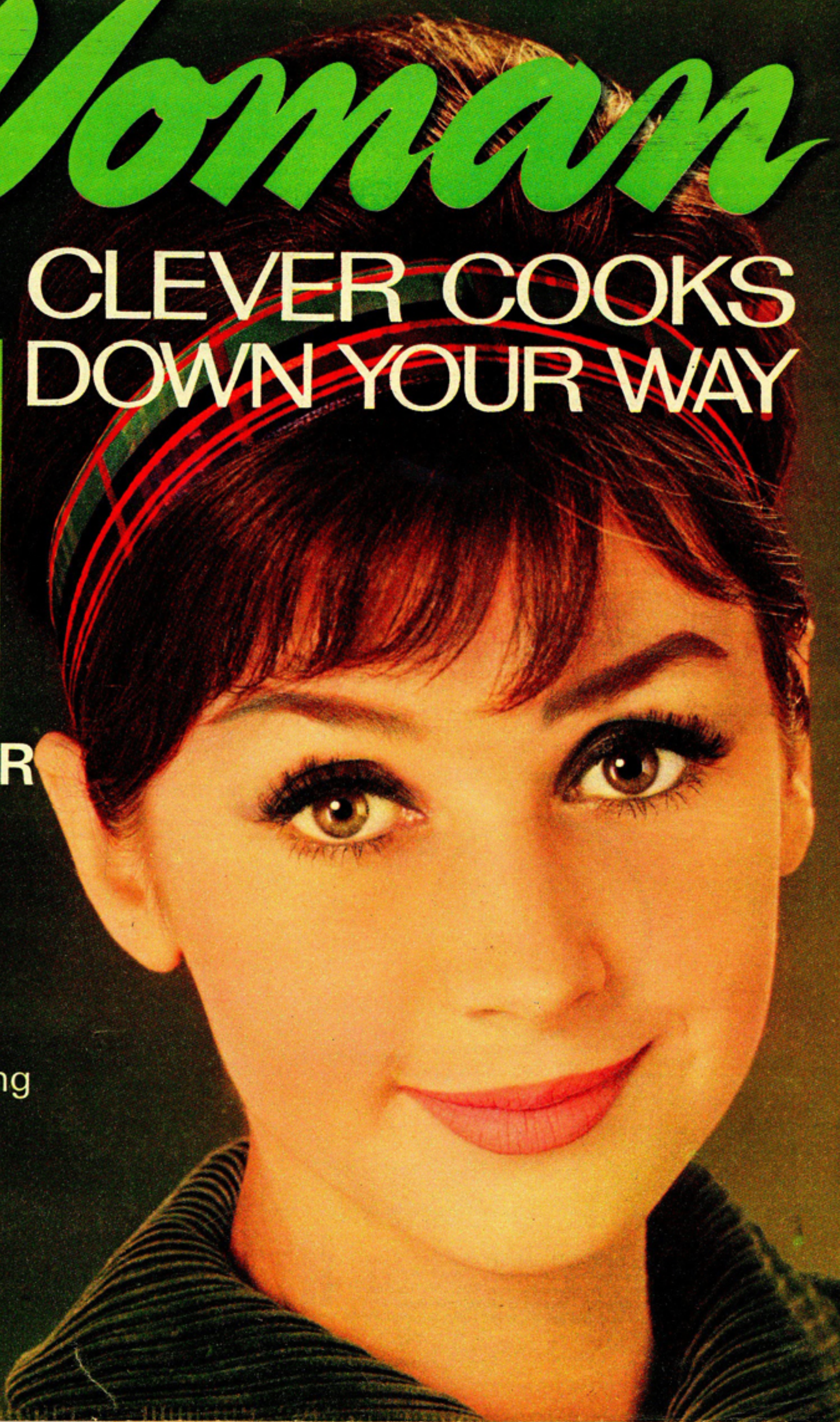


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FIGURE**



Concluding

**Patrick McGooohan's story,
as told to Joan Reeder.**

This week he explains why
he has set himself so
firmly against undue sex and
violence on the TV screen



NO GIRLS OR GUNS FOR DANGER MAN



I SPENT Christmas Eve of 1957 sitting on the stoep (porch) of a Durban hotel, looking across the Indian Ocean under a sky glittering with stars.

It presented about as much beauty as any part of the world can provide, but I was in no mood to appreciate it.

We were in South Africa on location and had two bases there, the main one in Durban, a smaller one in a wild and beautiful place called The Valley of a Thousand Hills.

Driving myself back to Durban, after a day's filming, the back axle snapped and the car hit a bridge at sixty miles per hour.

It was several hours before another car passed, its driver found me and could get me to hospital.

The studio was afraid my injuries might mean they would have to scrap the entire sequences of the picture. But, in three weeks, the severe scars on my face were easily disguised with make-up.

We should have been home for Christmas. Instead I had been waiting all day for the telephone call booked to London and, when it came, my wife Joan and I had scarcely been able to hear each other.

Now the sticky heat of the African evening, the paper hat and crackers provided with "the greetings" of the

hotel, were only added reminders that I was six thousand miles away from her and our five year old daughter, Catherine.

"And why?" I kept asking myself. "For what satisfactory or really worthwhile reason?" We had come to South Africa to make *Nor the Moon by Night*, a run-of-the-mill "two men and a girl" picture, in which I played a game warden.

For a long time I'd been unhappy, not only with the work I was being given but also with my increasing lack of interest in all the general ballyhoo accompanying what the studio liked to call "star status."

I had taken the line that I could live with this, during the five years of my film contract, for the sake of the first good, and guaranteed, salary which had come my way since I left repertory.

The months in South Africa had disposed of that illusion, permanently.

It wasn't the first time I had been on a foreign location.

During the flight out I had looked ahead to all the things I knew, quite well, would happen.

We were the adult version of the circus coming to town, banging our big drums, waving our biggest cheque books in the world.

The inhabitants of the place we chose to set up our big top would all walk up, for we were the people who could build "cities" in deserts, stage

"battles," change the face of the land. We were the film makers to whom none of the usual rules apply.

The fans would be mesmerized by it, the inevitable camp-followers anxious to share it. But, unlike the circus people of childhood, we didn't travel with our families in our caravans, facing the realities of sweating to put up a big top, maintaining the disciplines of practising to perform dangerous skills, anxiously counting the night's takings, working till we were too tired to see.

We travelled alone and the studios provided the planes, hotels and cars, the publicity, the glossy image. When the day's scenes were shot, too often there was nothing to do in an attractive place, thousands of miles from home.

Then, boredom and loneliness, damaging in any circumstances, became totally destructive to those who were already unhappy or insecure in their personal lives.

As soon as we arrived in South Africa it had all begun to happen. We had been away for less than three months and already five marriages had broken up. These were the results of the "great build-up," the glamour—when that word is rightly used in its dictionary definition of: "That which is deceptively alluring."

We made glamorous films; we

Danger Man enjoys a lunch-time "unwind" in a go-kart at Shepperton Studios

Patrick McGooohan and his wife, Joan, at London Airport on their return from the U.S. *Danger Man* schedules had taken him away from the studios and out to New York



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became victims of our own glamour. Occasionally the result could be tragedy. On this location it had been.

By that Christmas Eve I had seen enough to make up my mind that never again would I go on location without Joan.

I came to a few other decisions at the same time, the main one being that I'd had enough of messing around with the financial security of a long film contract.

I'd learnt my lesson. An actor who wants the freedom to choose his own way of life has to be a gambler. If he isn't prepared to live by the harsh but fair rules of gambling, he should quit.

WE finished making *Nor the Moon by Night* and came home, early in 1958. A few months later the Rank Organization began an economy drive and, when the renewal options on my contract were due, we reached an amicable decision to part.

I was now free to accept a number of plays for television. After several years spent in the hot-house atmosphere of a big studio empire, this was like coming home to the best of everything I had known and enjoyed in the theatre.

Now, instead of a publicity luncheon in a Mayfair restaurant, I was meeting TV producer Cliff Owen in a Hammersmith workmen's café at 9 a.m. There, over endless mugs of tea, we thrashed out details of how to interpret dialogue, build a character, before starting rehearsals at 10 a.m. Sometimes we didn't finish till midnight, but the hours flew. I had forgotten what boredom meant.

After doing Arthur Miller's *All My Sons* with Cliff, he had the idea of teaming me with Richard Harris, with whom he'd also worked. The three of us met in a pub one morning to discuss a play he had sent us to read.

Cliff, sandwiched between one red-haired Irishman of 6 ft. 3 in. and another, tow-headed one of 6 ft. 2 in. asked: "What do you think of it?"

As I said "Rubbish!" Harris tore his script in half and tossed it on the floor. Cliff Owen had his answer—and it was the one he wanted. "Good! I hoped you'd say that. Now, I've got this idea. . . . I thought we could work it out together."

He wanted to create a television play based on the theme that inflexibility leads to violence, and to set the conflict between two Irish brothers. He saw Harris as a hot-headed, wild-tongued, flag-waving nationalist, obsessed with "getting back a little bit of Ireland."

He wanted me in the opposing character of a hard-working farmer whose wife was expecting a child, and who stubbornly refused to get involved in anything outside his own small plot of ground.

We had nineteen days in which to create dialogue, shape it into a play, rehearse and perform it, live.

NEXT morning, at 9 a.m., we moved into one of Granada's committee rooms and the arguments started. Harris, pacing up and down, began to invent lines. As he spoke, a typist took them down.

Cliff started pacing alongside him, making alterations. The typist took them down. Then they tore the whole thing up and started again.

I joined in with my big speech, and the typist took that down. Cliff went to work on it. We scrapped and re-wrote that.

Next Harris took it into his head that some of the lines weren't "valid for his character." For the next two days no one, not even he, could produce anything he considered

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

AMATEUR DRAMATICS

Our local woman's club would like to form an amateur dramatics branch. Have you any suggestions as to how to go about this?

Recently published, *The Pan Book Of Amateur Dramatics*, by Alan Wykes (Pan 3s. 6d.) tells you, step by step, in a practical manner. Chapters include forming the company, choosing producer and play, preparing the stage and stage management, costumes and make-up, etc. The author has acted in many amateur plays and has also produced for many amateur companies.

Road safety

There is no proper crossing place on a main road which my children use when they go to school. My protest to the council has had no effect. What do you advise me to do now?

The Pedestrians' Association For Road Safety helps members of the public in pressing claims for the provision of footpaths, crossing places, traffic signals, better lighting, speed limits and other road safety measures. Address is 4 College Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.

Adopted child

My brother and sister-in-law are adopting a little girl. When the proceedings are completed, will she have the same legal rights as his two other children? We have heard, for instance, that if in a will leaving property to "wife and children," the adopted child is not specifically named, she cannot inherit. Is this correct?

No. The lawyer I asked says: "The Adoption Act 1958 states that in any disposition of real or personal property made by will (including codicil) after the date of an adoption order any reference (whether express or implied) to the child or children of the adopter shall, unless the

My boy friend and I are planning a winter sports holiday. As we both live away from home, we need to find somewhere to board out his cat and my dog. Can you help?

Booklet published by the Canine & Livestock Insurance Association Ltd. lists catteries and kennels throughout Great Britain which carry their recommendation. They have posted you a copy. Booklet is free and post free to readers. I'll pass on requests. By the way, you're very wise to plan so far ahead.



contrary intention appears, be construed as, or as including, a reference to the adopted person."

Driving Test

I should like to take a refresher driving test. Do you know of any organization that runs one?

The Car And Motorcycle Drivers Association organize four driving tests: a test paper on the Highway Code, a one-and-a-half-hour advanced test by a qualified examiner, a written roadcraft examination, and a long-distance driving test. If you join the association, instructional films are also available on free loan. Write to 5 Chorlton Grove, Wallasey, Cheshire, for free explanatory leaflets.

New range of songs for children is recorded by Max Bygraves, his daughter Maxine and Marianne Davies on four 45 rpm E.P.s available through a number of large stores, record shops and newsagents. Woolf Phillips conducts the orchestra. Price 7s. 9d. each.

Out-of-town work

My son cannot locally get an apprenticeship in his trade. Can he be helped with expenses if he gets one in another town?

Apply to your local Youth Employment Service to see if he is eligible for help under a government training allowances scheme. Leaflet P.L.366 issued by the Ministry of Labour also gives the conditions to be satisfied. Ask the Youth Employment Service for a copy.

Abandoned car

Who is responsible for removing an old car deposited in our road?

Approach the police first, then your local authority.

was "valid for his character."

This brought the argument to bedlam pitch. Typist number one vanished, exhausted, and was replaced by typist number two.

What she thought of the trio she had come to work for I can't begin to imagine: two far from docile Irishmen thumping the table and pacing the floor with Cliff Owen in the middle, more than dwarfing any slight superiority we may have had in mere inches, with the full power of his lungs. Compelled to out-shout both of us, by this time not only co-author and producer, he was referee as well.

The air was blue, with smoke and language, the floor ankle deep in paper, and we quickly wore out typist number two. Number three arrived, together with a script-writer called in to help.

JOAN, grown accustomed to the fact that, when I did get home, it was only to sit up all night composing pages of dialogue solely in order to go back to Granada and tear them all up first thing next morning, took to leaving me notes on the kitchen table.

More than once I picked up the scribbled replies I intended for her and took them back—to be torn up, too.

If Cliff Owen needed any proof that inflexibility leads to violence, Harris and I were supplying it. Though I reckon if I'd been really inflexible I would have killed Harris. I've no doubt he had the same thoughts about me.

At the end of fifteen days—and nights—of this, we'd lost count of the number of typists we'd driven mad: the script-writer gave up television for good and took up architecture, and we had four days left to rehearse and go on the air.

It took three months to get over it, and was worth every ounce of the energy, time and effort.

THEN, in complete contrast to all this, I was offered another television part, of Charlie Castle in Clifford Odets' *The Big Knife*. I was doubtful if I could handle this character successfully and asked the producer if he could try to replace me, but there wasn't time.

One man who saw *The Big Knife* was looking for an actor to play a secret agent in a new A.T.V. series.

His name was Lew Grade: the series *Danger Man*. What led Lew to decide that my portrayal of a faded Hollywood film star on the wrong side of fifty would make me suitable for the role of John Drake, secret agent, I don't know. Neither, I learned later, did his colleagues.

By the time he sent them to have a look at me I was playing Ibsen's *Brand*, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Though, to me, this was one of the greatest, most demanding roles I shall ever have the privilege to attempt, it was also the kind of non-commercial, prestige part which makes good box office men turn pale.

Lew Grade's business associates spent an uneasy evening watching me, as a young Norwegian clergyman, immersed in the tragic intensity of nineteenth century lyrical drama, and left to tell Mr. Grade that the connection between this character and a prospective "Danger Man" hadn't been exactly obvious to them.

But Lew had made up his mind and I got the part. The basic theme, which he described as action-adventure, was interesting and different. I felt this outweighed the misgivings any actor has towards anchoring his identity to a long television series.

There were personal reasons, too,

please turn to page 69

DOSSIER ON DANGER MAN

continued from page 39

which made the prospect of settled work attractive.

Joan and I, still without a house of our own, had just found an old gardener's cottage on the outskirts of London, not far from Elstree Studios. Tramps had been sleeping in it, it was nearly derelict, but the site, in open country, was wonderful.

Though it meant re-building from scratch, we knew it was the place for us, and bought it.

Now we urgently needed to put the conversion in hand, in order to move in before our second child, Anne, was due to be born early in January, 1960.

A good television series, to be made at Elstree, was just what I needed. But there was one snag: I didn't like the scripts. I thought there was too much emphasis on sex and violence.

My reasons were simple. While you can select what sort of film you or your children will see when you go to the cinema, you have no such control of choice over television programmes. They come right into your home.

When these programmes are unduly concerned with violence, the ugly noises, the impact of brutality, are all intensified in realism because they are happening in your own living-room. As they go into millions of homes each night you can never guarantee that elderly people, or children, will not see them and be both frightened and offended.

Since I hold these views strongly, as an individual and as a parent, I didn't see how—as an actor—I could contribute to the very things to which I objected.

When we started the series I refused to shoot a scene where I had to wrestle with a blonde on a bed, before I could reach a wall-safe I had to rob. I also preferred not to use a gun.

But, by the time the first six episodes were in the can, all without girls and guns, the front office people were worried.

A high-powered sales and publicity executive arrived from New

York to meet me for lunch in the studio restaurant.

He was an amiable man, but he began our conversation rather unexpectedly. Pulling a newspaper clipping from his wallet he handed it to me with a grin. "On the way down I happened to be reading my stars. As you see, they predict that this is a lucky day for me; everything I desire will be granted!"

He then made the point that what the syndication people wanted were the girls and guns re-instated. Without them, they were convinced, the series would be a resounding commercial flop.

"Can we talk about the interpretation of this character, John Drake, for a bit?" I asked.

"Sure," he said.

"He's a secret agent, working for the government on an international basis, right?"

"Right."

"I see him as being fairly dedicated to his work. He's aware he's no superman, but just one, vital cog in a very intricate piece of machinery, involving other people's lives and safety. He knows he must take risks, but he takes them with an ordinary man's stubborn brand of courage—in extraordinary circumstances. This is no James Bond."

I fancied I saw a momentary shadow of regret cloud the American's face. Swiftly I pressed on: "There are men like John Drake, doing exactly his sort of work in reality, dangerous work, needing all their wits, resourcefulness and reliability. This man is a bachelor. . . ."

"Yes," agreed the American quickly, brightening for a second. But his face fell again as I went on: "His private life doesn't come into the plots. Hampering him with phoney romantic liaisons and festooning him with guns is ridiculous. He's tough, almost taciturn. The speed, suspense and effect is better without this nonsense. I'm afraid I can't see it's necessary for box office success."

He put his traitorously optimistic

please turn to page 71

Woman

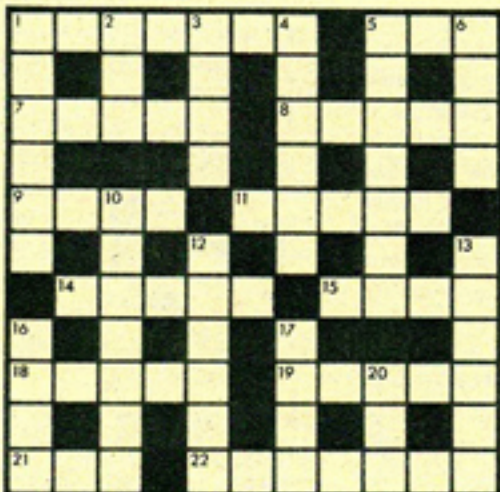
CROSSWORD

ACROSS:

1. Draw in—and perform finally (7)
5. Craze (3)
7. Conjecture (5)
8. Rise around North and wash through (5)
9. It breaks upon the shore (4)
11. May be ill-gotten! (5)
14. A yellow pigment (5)
15. Assistant who may be daily (4)
18. Cited for a decree (5)
19. She was forever (5)
21. Label (3)
22. One mean transformation of a flower (7)

DOWN:

1. Majestic time of the year? (6)
2. Sounds like a drink on the course (3)
3. Peas upset in church! (4)
4. Patterned cloth for the sailor's sunburn, it seems (6)
5. A matter of money is mostly a betrothed person (7)
6. The animal in Dundee races (4)
10. A kind of horse—a kind of chair (7)
12. Green for runaways (6)
13. Thinly scattered (6)
16. A plague! (4)
17. Face into an eating place (4)
20. A word for a goose (3)



Please turn to page 71 for your answers

Only 1 salmon in every 8 canned* is good enough for John West

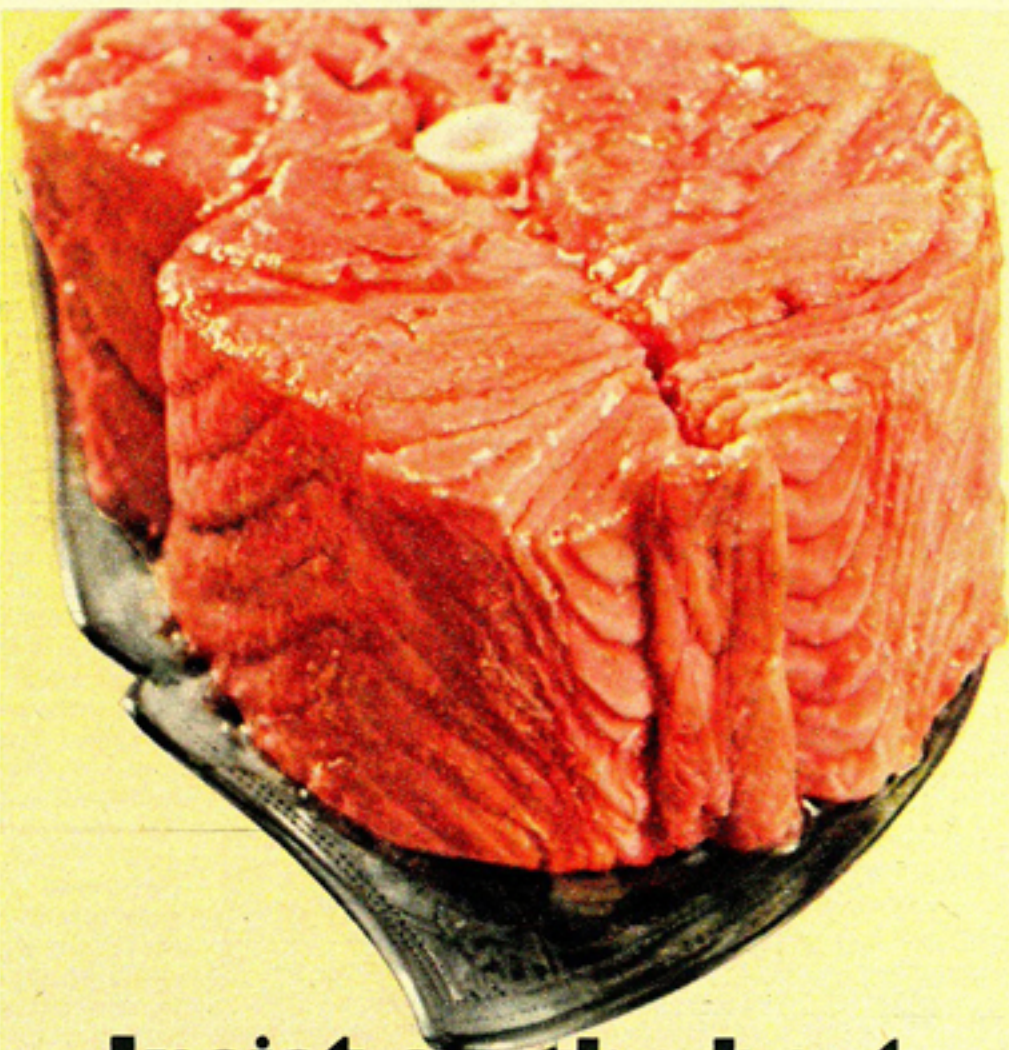
'MIDDLE-CUT' BRAND



*It's a fact that of all salmon canned, only one in eight is really top quality. And it's only from this top quality that John West select their 'Middle-Cut' brand.

That's why John West Salmon is the finest and tastiest. Next time you buy salmon make sure it's the best.

Choose John West.



Insist on the best and buy John West.

DOSSIER ON

DANGER MAN

continued from page 69

"Luck of the Stars" clipping back in his wallet. But they hadn't let him down completely. He went off and sold the completed series—minus sex and brutality—to sixty-one countries and they made a fortune.

This is why, after making two pictures for Walt Disney and a couple of others, I was invited to become "John Drake" again, for another twenty months' work on thirty-two episodes.

WITH this second series, Lew Grade has created a major break-through in television history, selling it to America for over a million pounds. They have ordered another thirteen, in black and white, which we are filming now, and have taken out an option for twenty-six more, to be made in colour which will gross a couple more millions.

So probably for the next two years, *Danger Man* will continue to be a way of life for me. It is one which couldn't bring me greater enjoyment or satisfaction. Personally, and professionally, it is the nearest thing to working in Sheffield Repertory again. Sometimes it's extremely demanding, often tiring, but never dull.

I plan a *Danger Man* working day to begin at 6 a.m., the time for which I set the alarm, but usually I beat the clock and wake at 5 a.m.

In summer I like to spend the first hour walking round the garden making plans for all the landscaping I've never yet had time to do.

It is still a comparatively new garden as when Frances, our youngest daughter, arrived, we out-grew our gardener's cottage and built a larger house nearby.

She is four now and, according to my good gardening intentions, there should have been a swimming pool with a deep end and a paddling end, ready for her to enjoy.

Instead, the only sign of that pool is a twenty-foot muddy hole I began to dig when she was six months old and still haven't finished.

USUALLY, when I'm standing on the terrace judiciously surveying this, she and Anne, now five, come padding downstairs in their dressing-gowns to join me, faithfully followed by the corgi, Honey.

Then it's time for a cup of tea, mugs of milk, and long talks. We try to keep these great palavers as quiet as possible till Joan and our eldest daughter Catherine, now thirteen, join us. At 7 a.m. the Studio car comes to take me to Shepperton, where we are filming the present series. The drive gives me an hour to go over my lines for the coming day, take a quick look at the papers and see to any mail.

At Shepperton I get into John Drake's clothes, and go down to

make-up. I don't bother with breakfast.

By 8.20 a.m. we're on the floor. Shooting begins at 8.30 a.m. and goes on till 1 p.m. Half the lunch break is spent looking at rushes of the previous day's work. By 2 p.m. we're back on the floor till 5.45 p.m.

It's a packed schedule, largely because the scripts are so hinged on John Drake that, apart from the opening shots, I have to be in every scene.

At the end of the day a few of us usually have a couple of beers, and talk shop. I leave to get home by 7.30 p.m. when, if possible, I like to get in half an hour's squash as a bit of relaxation before having a meal with Joan and Catherine about half past eight.

Then, more often than not, the rest of the evening goes on script work. Each episode takes two weeks to film, the plots change every fortnight, so does most of the cast, so one always has to be thinking ahead.

THAT'S the routine, Monday to Friday. Saturday mornings are the only times I can get into town to have a hair cut, or arrange business meetings.

After that I try to keep what's left of the weekend free to be with the family. Even then, the influence of John Drake doesn't quite escape us.

Determined we would get away for long weekends occasionally, Joan and I invested in a caravan.

For weeks we made plans to achieve a really early start. But, on the Saturday we chose, there was a script-writers' conference in the morning, followed by a meeting with Lew Grade, and rounded off with two telephone calls from America. It was tea-time before we reached the coast, it started to rain, we couldn't find anywhere to camp, so we spent the night parked by the main road. "Never mind, it will be marvellous tomorrow," I insisted. "Just wait till breakfast time."

"But you never eat breakfast," Joan said.

"I'm going to now . . . sausages, eggs, bacon, the lot. We all are, and I'm going to cook it."

AFTER struggling for an hour over a minute stove while the traffic whizzed by, the wind blew out the burners and the rain poured on the food, I did have the grace not to offer the congealed mess in the frying pan to the rest of the family.

We drove into Bognor—and the nearest café. By the time we did find a suitable place to camp Sunday was nearly over and we had to get back to London in time for that *Danger Man* alarm call at 6 a.m. on Monday.

We sold the caravan. Next we bought a half share in a 25 ft. sailing yacht. At the ninth attempt we got away to make one trip in her . . . on the stormiest day of the year.

We've never been on board since and my sailing partner keeps ringing me up to say that soon he will have worn out not only his half, but mine, too.

And now, of course, Sunday evenings *Danger Man* is on the screen.

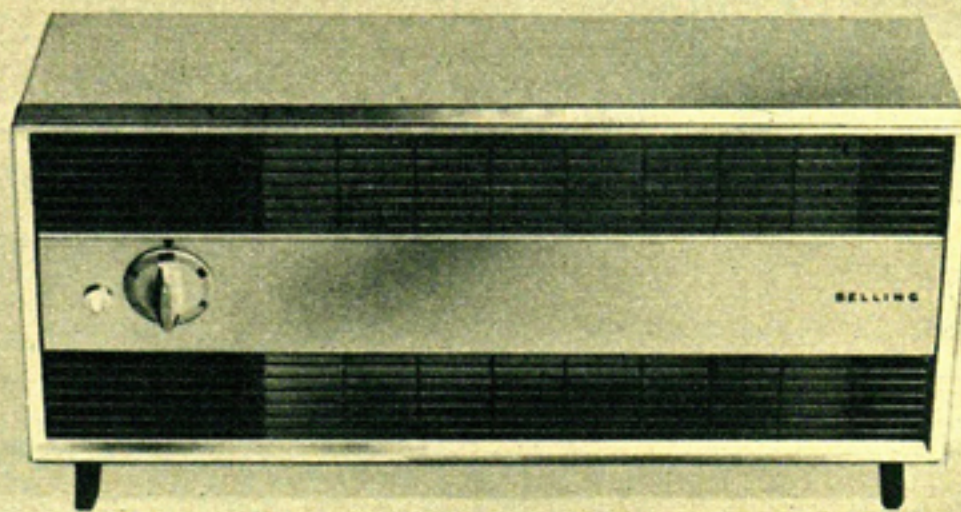
The children like to watch it with me, and Anne has been heard to inquire of her mother: "Are you going to get John Drake's supper, or are you coming to watch him?"

Sometimes they ask me: "Do you like that man, Daddy?"

The answer is, I do. » »

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□ The Belling Fan Heater is BEAB approved.

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

from page 69

Across:

- 1. Attract; 5. Fad; 7. Guess; 8. Rinse;
- 9. Surf; 11. Gains; 14. Ochre; 15. Help;
- 18. Edict; 19. Amber; 21. Tag;
- 22. Anemone.

Down:

- 1. August; 2. Tee; 3. Apse; 4. Tartan;
- 5. Finance; 6. Deer; 10. Rocking;
- 12. Gretna; 13. Sparse; 16. Pest;
- 17. Café; 20. Boo.



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