

KENNETH BAILY'S TV INSIGHT

So eerie—my search for the silent 'Dr Who'

LANDING on a deserted planet last night, "Dr. Who" opened a new series of TV's very odd trips into the great unknown of outer space.

But there are odder things. One is the great unknown Patrick Troughton, the actor who plays "Dr. Who." Justifiably, one of TV's most in-demand serious actors, I wanted to ask him why he stays inside this numbingly character every Saturday teatime.

Straight-away, things took a very odd turn. Mr. Troughton went invisible, ungettable, unspokeable-to.

It seems that in 20 years of TV limelight, he's never given an interview. Then an eerie thing happened.

Though Mr. Troughton was not there, in a sense he was. He materialised. Vividly he was there—in the enthusiastic talk which erupted immediately I mentioned his name to his TV producers.

As one said, "You never forget working with Pat. He etches himself on your brain." And, unusually, as they talked, he etched himself on mine. So I find myself writing this...

CRUMPLED JEANS

At 47, short, heavy-shouldered, strong-jawed with deep-set eyes, Patrick Troughton, ex-Mill Hill public schoolboy, stands lightly up and down the TV studio.

He wears his habitual garb. The crumpled jeans, the floppy sweater, the old suede shoes.

From this humble appearance you'd never suspect the roll of honour of his acting parts—as Hitler; as Dickens's Quip and Urish Bessy; as the Diocletian Paul; and modern roles in "Magret," "Dr. Finlay's Casebook," "The Man Craig," with a host of others.

In the studio he electrifies his fellow actors. In the early days of TV, playing the first



● A special in 'The Doctor' ● A glimpse in 'The Doctor' ● Troughton as 'Dr. Who'. In the left are two more of his many TV faces.

ever "Robin Hood," he really came to his fellow actors the leader of a gang.

In the small pioneer studio, with one cork tree to do for Sherwood Forest, he had them rampaging with blood-raging fervour under his outlaw leadership.

He completely loses his personality in a part. Off the set, he's not aware even of what he's just done physically on it.

In TV's series of "Kidnapped," as uncle of the boy hero, David Balfour, he craved such a real kinship with the boy actor that the lad's acting moved cynical cameramen to tears.

As TV's "Paul of Tarsus," on location in Crete, Troughton went off and "melted"—as a producer recalled—into the life of the local people to breathe an atmosphere still close to the Biblical days he was portraying.

"He's great fun... pure joy to work with." I heard this again and again in the studio. Yet, Troughton can swear carthily and be bitterly



● Troughton as 'Dr. Who'. In the left are two more of his many TV faces.

reaching if he dislikes a script. A line of St. Paul's, about women, made him fume. He said Paul was a nice man, and would never have said such a thing.

While he stays in "Dr. Who," he's certainly missing major TV drama parts which could win him awards. Explains his producer, Peter Bryant, "Pat just feels there is a 'Dr. Who.' As long as he feels this, he will jolly well be 'him.'"

SALTY CRACK

When Troughton leaves the studio after a day's work, he's often roaring his head off over some salty crack he's made at the cast—which nevertheless adores him.

Where Patrick Troughton goes is his iron-fast secret. He's never let escape one fact about his private life. He thinks actors should be known only by their parts. At the moment he is "Dr. Who." That, he thinks, should be sufficient.

THE WORST PUB IN BRITAIN

by MICHAEL DALE

WEEK AFTER week the pages of this newspaper expose the greed, exploitation and heartlessness of big business.

Today, therefore, it is a pleasure for me to tell the tale of the powerful businessman who is bubbling over with compassion and understanding for one of his workers.

And of the local council and the magistrates who are supporting him by overlooking their stringent rules and regulations.

It takes a rare situation to rouse such kindness. But then the circumstances which surround Miss Bianche Beard are very unusual indeed.

Tiny Miss Beard is 51. She runs the quaint, 400-year-old Snowhill Arms, the only pub in the picturesque Cotswold village of Snowhill, Gloucestershire.

Ruin

It should be every brewer's dream of a big money-spinner. But it is shunned by villagers and visitors alike.

The villagers think it is so bad that they travel three miles to the village of Broadway to have a drink.

Small wonder. It must sadly qualify for the title of the Worst Pub in Britain.

Tattered blankets festoon its grubby windows. The back of the building is falling into ruin.

The smell of wood rotting in a forgotten cupboard pervades the bar. An ancient black range is stuffed with

And let's keep it that way

paper and ashes of a long-dead fire.

Boer War tea caddies rust on the dusty mantelpiece and plaster crumbles from the walls and ceiling.

No one would blame Mr. Claude Arkell, boss of the Donnington Brewery, who owns the pub, if he gave Miss Beard notice to quit her tenancy.

But because of her great age he is doing nothing. "She's been here all her life, and if I turned her out it would kill her," Mr. Arkell told me.

Cheltenham Rural Council, who administer the village, could act against Miss



Lucky the lass with my pass

HERE'S a left-over Monkee story that I just got last Thursday.

When I was working at the Monkee concerts at Wembley, some girls broke through the security guard.

As we were rounding them up, I slipped my backstage pass to one and said: "Try your luck with this tomorrow."

So she did and all doors were opened to her 'cos the officials thought she was my secretary, which I haven't even got.

Champagne

Not only did she get into the Monkee enclosure but the lads asked her to a party on the strength of my pass. Lucky wasn't she, and she travelled a good few miles to Top of the Pops to say "thanks."

It was champagne for all—except Coke for me—in Engelbert's dressing-room last Thursday on his latest No. 1 record. He has now reached the Tom Jones wages of £12,000 per night and he said: "not bad for seven months."

He is the perfect example of changing your name if the old one is unsuccessful, plus a good song, of course.

It had to happen sometime. The first 6,000 copies of Manfred Mann's new record "So Long Dad" were thrown away 'cos they didn't put the hole exactly in the middle and it played like an egg!

Beard over the state of the building and on hygienic grounds.

But a spokesman admitted: "We've done nothing. If we started any action it might prove disastrous to her."

The magistrates think the same. They grant Miss Beard her licence to run the pub whenever it has to be renewed.

Mr. Arkell bought the pub from Miss Beard about 10 years ago when she was in danger of losing her licence because there were no toilets.

He said: "The pub has given me nothing but trouble. We have offered her alternative accommodation but she refuses to budge."

"I built the toilets and have made various improvements, but she doesn't look after them, and it's no encouragement to spend money."

Cider

"I don't go in the place any more for fear of what I might find."

Very few people use the pub. The customers who do turn up are mostly Italian and Irish labourers.

Miss Beard sells a few bottles of beer and a few gallons of cider a week. She does not stock spirits or draught beer.

"Of course it's not good business," added Mr. Arkell. "The place is losing money and people are very understandably always complaining to me about the state of it."

THE VET

Cats love a 'salad'

A READER WRITES: I notice that our cat eats a great deal of grass. Is this normal?

Our Vet Replies:

Indeed, it is. Cats eat and enjoy fresh grass as much as we do. In the wild they get their grass from two sources. They eat growing grass and they also eat the specially digested food of their prey.

During the summer, those of us who have gardens have no problem providing our pets with a supply of good, succulent grass.

During the winter, ideally one should keep four or five pots of grass or cobs growing in rotation. As one is finished a fresh-budding one is put on the same. Ordinary cats are satisfied with this. Cats prefer a grass called "Duck's Glomera" or "cattail" grass, which many pet stores stock.

If you find this too much of a chore you can add to one or two small swards in the week.

I know that thousands of cats get along quite nicely without these salads. But they, like us, do just that much better with the added vitamins that are only available in fresh grass.

THE TOP TWENTY

HERE IS an up-to-date list of the 20 best-selling records, compiled by the "Melody Maker's" Last week's album is broken.

- 1 (15) The Last Waltz, Engelbert Humperdinck; 2 (1), San Francisco, Scott McKenzie; 3 (2), I'll Never Fall In Love Again, Tom Jones; 4 (3) The Blues That Jack Built, Alan Price; 5 (6) We Love You, David Soul; 6 (5) Even The Bad Times Are Good, Tremeloes; 7 (7), Pleasant Valley Sunday, Monkees; 8 (14), Excusey From The Terrace Open, Keith West; 9 (4), Was Made To Love Her, Steve Wonder; 10 (16), Heroes And Villains, Beach Boys; 11 (12), Ichycoo Part, Small Faces; 12 (9), Just Loving You, Anita Harris; 13 (6), All You Need Is Love, The Beatles; 14 (1), I've And Away, Johnny Mann Singer; 15 (-), Burning Of The Midnight Lamp, Jimi Hendrix; 16 (-), Let's Go To San Francisco, Flower Pot Men; 17 (18), The Day After Tomorrow, Cliff Richards; 18 (10), Death Of A Clown, Dave Davies; 19 (11), Creep At Alton, Mama's and Papa's; 20 (-), You Keep Me Hanging On, Vanilla Fudge.



● The deserted bar of the Snowhill Arms. It's a long time since it rang to sounds of happy drinkers.

you can't be too harsh and I just haven't the heart to turn her out."

I called at the Snowhill Arms and ordered a pint. Miss Beard was ready enough to discuss the weather, the village and the pub she loves, but she was very reticent about herself. She would only confirm that she has no plans for retirement.

Miss Beard then went into her room. She returned promptly, however, when I called for more beer and she wasn't in any doubt about the price of the beer or the change, either.

As I sipped my ale—a pleasant brew—one of the bar's high-backed oak pews under sober portraits of Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts, she moved around happily.

Miss Beard may keep the worst pub in Britain. I hope that until she dies it will stay that way.



● Miss Beard... so content in her pub.

The champion and his prize.



After the exciting final week of the Woodbine Seamanship Training Scheme, Robin Holmes can relax - in his own powerboat!

Woodbine smoker Robin Holmes from Wentworth, Surrey was judged the most promising seaman in the Woodbine Seamanship Training Scheme. His reaction on winning the Dell Quay Ranger Powerboat: "The Woodbine Scheme has given us contestants a unique opportunity to learn the skills of seamanship. Not only those who have won, but all of us have had a tremendously exciting time learning the

fascination and the dangers of the sea. We are all very grateful.' As he stepped down from the quay to take command of his sleek new powerboat, you could tell he was excited. Proud, too.

The runners-up were Julian Harrap of Howe, Sussex who wins a Dell Quay Jolyboat, and Peter Watson of Leeds whose prize is a speedy Dell Quay Dory.



WILLS pacemakers in tobacco



As a brush it would make a fine hammer

If you said 'now there's a brush that nobody cared for' you'd hit the nail on the head. Only one that's been carefully looked after gives you the results you expect. But only a good brush merits that care. A good brush like a Harris. When you buy your new one, get a Harris. And get results.



The paint brush with a name to its handle