



Nicola Bryant: farewell to the fur bikini

Tardis star is left forlorn

I HAVE to confess to a callous indifference to the fate of Dr Who, which has been removed for at least a year and a half from the TV schedules by BBC 1's controller, Michael Grade. I do not care about the loss of daleks, cybermen or the wobbling BBC sets, nor do I give a tinker's cuss about the dark rumours concerning the political implications of Mr Grade's decision.

However, I am instructed that a considerable majority of the male population of Britain and the Commonwealth and America are mortified by the loss of Miss Nicola Bryant, who is the present assistant of the Doctor and, in the best tradition of science fiction, travels through space and time always dressed in a fur bikini.

At 22, she was born the year

before Doctor Who began his tedious odyssey but she has proved one of the most popular assistants. She is also one of the least experienced. Ten days after leaving drama school, she applied for the job and has been with the programme since.

The day after the tragic announcement was made, she fielded telephone calls from Australia and America. "People were actually threatening to do something dreadful if the programme was not restored. Perhaps the pressure will persuade the BBC to think about it."

Anyway, here is a very large picture of the grounded space traveller which you may cut out and gaze upon during the 18 months' absence of Miss Bryant.

Limelight lovers

FAR BE IT from me to offend Mr Ronald Kray, at present serving his 30-year stretch in Broadmoor, Berkshire. He is a charming fellow and has a number of loyal acquaintances at liberty in the metropolis.

However, I am sure he will not mind if we pay homage to his abilities as a self-publicist in this, the first of a brief series I am starting, designed to demonstrate the lengths to which some citizens will go, irrespective of talent, merit or achievement, to get their names in the papers.

In the case of Mr Ronald, 51, it was marriage to Elaine Mildener that caught my eye. She is charming and lovely. But the match nonetheless surprised Mr Ronald's old confreres. After all, he still has 14 years to go before he is free to set up a matrimonial nest, unless the parole board brings the date forward.

Two considerations must have weighed heavily with Mr Ronald in arranging the wedding, the first to take place in Broadmoor.

The first, naturally, would be the effect that such an event,

widely publicised, would have on the authorities, particularly the parole board who will sooner or later be looking at his case. As his loving wife, Elaine, put it on the happy day: "I really think this is the beginning of a chain of events which will soon see Ronnie released."

The second is a very large consideration indeed, £15,000 to £20,000 to be approximate, which was offered and paid to the Kray family by the Sun for exclusive pictures.

Now, once one Kray twin has spotted a good thing, the other always follows. Mr Reginald, currently doing his 30 years (which like Mr Ronald's started in 1969) in Parkhurst, suddenly decided he too would like a prison marriage.

One should mention "a major feature" film being produced by Bill Bryden, Don Boyd and Roger Daltrey. The company stresses that it will tell the whole ugly truth about the Krays' domination of the East End. However, one cannot but feel it will further satisfy these two murderers' considerable thirst for publicity.