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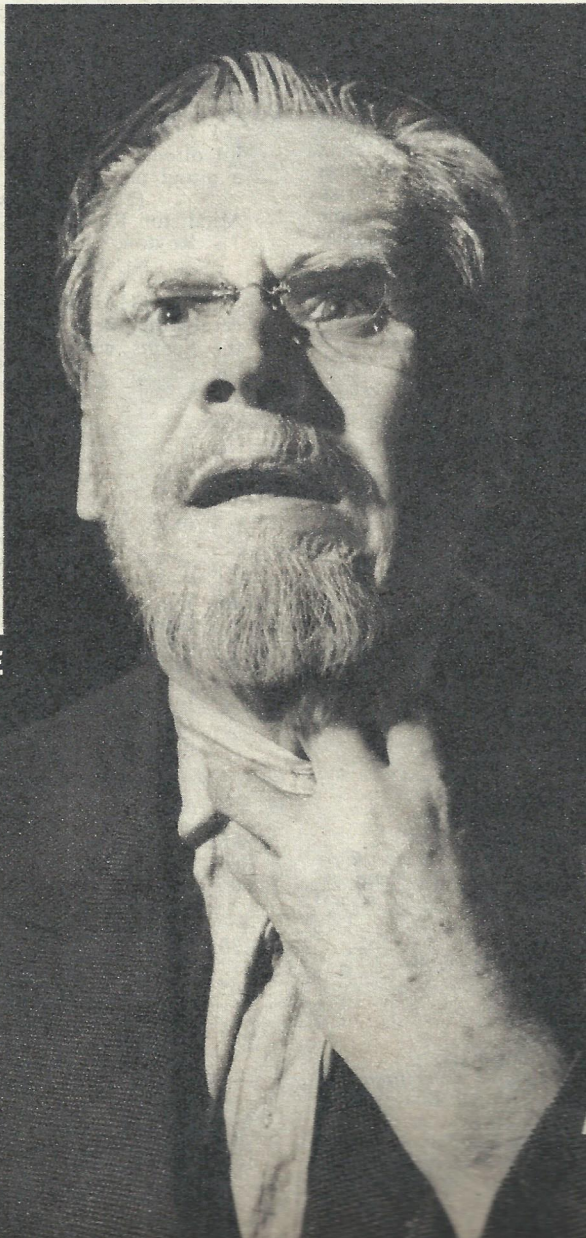
5P JAN 13 to JAN 19

# TV TIMES

PETER WYNGARDE



KATHARINE BLAKE



DAVID DAVIES

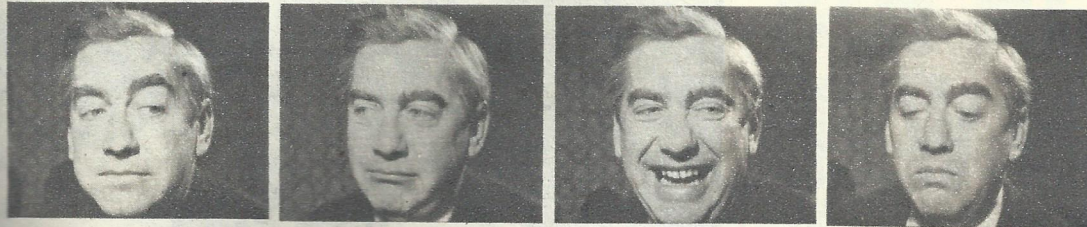
**DARKNESS  
AT  
NOON**

*Play of the Week  
Tuesday 9.15 p.m.*

ALBERT LIEVEN

# HANCOCK

Part Three



## HOME — TO A CUBICLE IN 'CIVVY STREET' by TONY HANCOCK

who stars again in his own show on Thursday

**M**Y first overseas posting was with Ralph Reader's Gang Show to Africa — not that I really knew where I was going at the time; the R.A.F. didn't really keep me very well informed.

There were 11 men in each of the 15 Gang Show units and we were completely self-supporting. Even down to taking our own beds with us in the back of the truck.

Mine was a classic. We used to call it the pterodactyl. I don't know why. It didn't look like one. The thing was it had got bent and lying on it was rather like being stretched out on a rack . . . your feet and head were on one level and the middle of you was about a foot higher, which can be very painful.

We did everything for ourselves—we once knocked down a cookhouse to build a stage—and everybody did all sorts of things in the show that they were not really able to do.

It was a wonderful experience.

From North Africa we moved with the front line on to Italy. Well, not actually with it. We got about three miles behind it once, but that was the closest we ever did.

When our show came back to England it was great to see that it was still tightly disciplined. And that was entirely due to Fred Stone,

who later appeared in *The Boy Friend*.

He was a very strong personality who managed to keep 11 men who were living as closely as we were in reasonable shape. And I realise now that this was because he would have nothing wrong with the show.

No matter what he felt personally about anything, it couldn't interfere with a performance. I was only 20 or so at the time and it was a great example to me.

I worked in the Gang Show from 1944 to 1946. I argued with Ralph Reader frequently. For though I was very new in the business, I thought he was wrong sometimes.

But what he taught me was very valuable. He's highly skilled, a fantastic producer of masses and in my opinion he is just as good a producer of individuals.

We came back to England and before I was demobbed I did one more show. But this time I was producing it. An Acting Sergeant (Paid).

Mind you, there were only about five people left in the R.A.F. when I got the rank—and they were all Air Vice-Marshals.

In this show I had 10 singers and a comic. And that's the sort of cast to produce your first show with, believe me. Some variety. But for the first time in my whole life I was assuming responsibility for other people. And it didn't bother me at all.

In fact, I enjoyed directing

immensely. It gave me a taste for it that I have never lost. My own unit having broken up by now, one of my jobs with R.A.F. Light Entertainment was taking care of the wardrobe with Peter Sellers.

We were allowed to wear civilian clothes and called ourselves Mr. de Sellers and Mr. le Hancock, pretending to all the boys coming in from the stations to hire gear to stage their own Gang Shows that we knew everybody who was

anybody in the business. Of course, we didn't know a soul.

It was Peter, incidentally, who inspired that Hunchback of Notre Dame bit that I do. I found him one day in one of the prop rooms at those London stores with two W.A.A.F.s sitting on a skip acting Jekyll and Hyde like mad.

But Peter was doing this for real. His Mr. Hyde was really awful . . . the clawed hand, the twisted mouth, the snarling voice. Those poor girls were terrified. All they wanted was to get out. But I swear they didn't move. It was very good but, as I say, very real.

Finally on November 6, 1946, my country decided something that I could have told them all along — they didn't need me any more.

My contribution to the war effort had been made and I would like to say here and now that I had been available for absolutely anything. If they didn't care to use my talent, then that was their problem.

First stop in the "railings" suit — you know, the old chalk-striped grey — was a cubicle all to myself in the Union Jack Club opposite Waterloo Station.

It was like a cell with a very hard bed. But it meant that you had a place for the first time for four years where you didn't have to be with other people if you didn't want to. It was luxury un-

Please turn to page 34



Three friends from pre-war days. (From left): George Fairweather, Tony Hancock and Slim Miller. This picture was taken in 1955

# When Norman Wisdom gives a barnet party

by **CYRIL PACKER**

This hairdresser to the stars tells more of his experiences backstage . . . and with television personalities

**W**HEN I'm visiting Norman Wisdom and I see him backstage the word goes around the studios, or theatre, like wildfire — "Norman's giving a barnet party." (*Barnet Fair* —hair.)

Norman himself shouts to passers-by in the corridor: "Come and join the party and have your barnet done."

So many celebrities—Harry Secombe, Peter Sellers, Norman Vaughan, Cliff Richard, Frank Ifield, Lonnie Donegan, Ronnie Carroll, Anthony Newley, Roy Castle and many others — are my "regulars" that I've been called the Man with the Golden Arm-Chair.

It's not quite true. But I do have a pair of golden scissors.

Of course, cutting is only part of the job I do for the stars. A big slice of my business with them is in tinting and perming.

It would amaze you to know how many men appearing on your screens have their hair tinted or permed. It would amaze them, too, because they don't know I do it.

I call perming "processing". It is more tactful, for one thing. And more accurate,

Morecambe (left) spoonfeeds Wise as the Wise head gets the Packer treatment



for another. I don't set out to give a curly head of hair or rows of waves. All I do is to use the techniques of perming to make a man's hair sit properly and permanently in the way that he wants it.

I never talk about tinting either—just of lightening the hair a little so that it looks better before the cameras.

Men like Des O'Connor have the sort of hair that does not look good with strong stage or studio lighting on it. Television cameras make it look worse.

So I lighten the hair slightly, just enough to make it pick up and reflect some of the light. It simply brings out the highlights. And this hair treatment is every bit as important to the performer as the make-up he puts on before a show.

Peter Sellers once gave me a big problem—how to cut his hair longer!

First he wanted, and got, a special convict haircut for a film. Easy—and short.

Two days later he was calling me frantically on the phone: "Cy, it's all changed. I need a Teddy Boy haircut instead. You've got to cut my hair longer!"

Amazing what you can do when you have to! Somehow I made his hair look

right. Teddy Boy style—even though it was not more than an inch long.

Other calls are for nerve treatments. Artists all get nerves, of one sort or another, before a show.

I find that if I work slowly, massaging the neck and scalp while shampooing, they are able to relax and rest.

Once I even got one really nervous type to doze off.

It's a crazy life, all right. Sometimes I don't get a haircut done before the artist has to go on stage. Morecambe and Wise never seem to get through a haircut in one sitting.

One or the other always seems, to go on with half of his hair cut—and have it finished after the act.

My life as a hairdresser may be an unusual one, to say the least, but I wouldn't swap it.

There are many more stories I could tell about the stars and their hair. But let's talk about your hair instead.

Perhaps you will allow me to pass on some hair-style hints you might care to adopt. A Cliff Richard . . . a Norman Vaughan . . . a Harry Secombe? If so, watch out for them, starting next week.

continuing **HANCOCK** from page 13

imagined. Alone, apart from the police who came in from time to time to see if there were any deserters.

I stayed there for two weeks, then with my gratuity which was about £60—and bitterly underpaid I may say—I moved into a bedsitter in Baron's Court, London, with a friend.

And I did nothing.

My thoughts were still very much as they had been before I joined the R.A.F. Though I still didn't know how I was going to make it in show business, I felt that I could.

When I say I did nothing, I mean practically. The only thing I could offer to agents was my name and address—the stuff that had gone in the

Forces was rather different from what was wanted outside.

So I spent most of my time in bed, living on very heavy sausage which was very valuable. It tasted like hell but you ate it and if you had a couple of glasses of water each day for about three days following, you were all right. You felt full.

Then in 1947 the phone rang and I was offered a part in Ralph Reader's *Wings Show*.

It kept me in work for about three months touring the provinces. And it was my first real professional job.

We played Oxford with *Wings Show* and in the winter of 1947 I was in the Play-

house production—as an Ugly Sister—of *Cinderella*.

After that another long pause. More sausage.

Until I was again employed at Oxford playing three parts in *Peace in Our Time*.

About this time I was living with anybody who had a room to spare and, after *Peace in Our Time*, I found myself in the front room of Derek Scott's house in Wood Green, the musical director in this series, incidentally.

It was with Derek that I went to the Windmill. He's a marvellous pianist and we worked out an act one night at a party.

If you can survive the Windmill you can survive anything.

At 12.15 rows of gents are there reading the racing papers or something, and they don't want to know about you at all.

Go back at two o'clock and it's the same mob, with perhaps two or three added. And so they stay all through the day with their flasks of coffee, sandwiches and magazines, some of them looking like U-boat commanders with their binoculars.

Well, we survived and, I suppose, at last I had some idea of the direction my career would be following.

**Next week: Hancock's development to the star we know today.**



**5.55 News**  
From the newsroom of ITN

**6.5 Granada Newsbrief**

FOLLOWED BY

**Popeye**

Popeye the jolly sailorman sets sail for more merry adventures

**6.20 Roving Report**

LOOKS AT

**Transkei**

WITH  
**NIGEL RYAN**

Transkei is the pilot project in Dr. Verwoerd's final solution for South Africa — the development of independent black African homelands or Bantustans. Is this economically and politically possible in a country like South Africa where there are thirteen million Africans, two-thirds of whom live and work in the white city areas, and three million whites?

PRODUCER  
**EDWIN MORRISBY**

*Independent Television News Production*



Allen Case as Deputy Clay McCord in *The Deputy* — see 8.0

**6.45 Sports Outlook**

**GERRY LOFTUS**

introduces Granada's own sports programme with the liveliest interviews, most forthright views and most interesting news about Northern sport

PRODUCER **DAVID WARWICK**

**7.0 Double Your Money**

STARRING

**HUGHIE GREEN**  
in the quiz game with the  
**£1,000 Treasure Trail**

HOSTESSES

**Nancy Roberts**  
**Julie De Marco**

ORGANIST **Robin Richmond**

*Questions and answers verified by Encyclopaedia Britannica*  
DIRECTED BY **ERIC CROALL**  
*Associated-Rediffusion Network Production*

**7.30 Bootsie and Snudge**

STARRING

**ALFIE BASS BILL FRASER**

IN THE STORY

**The Incredible Tattooed Bisley**

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

*Bootsie Bisley* ..... **Alfie Bass**  
*Claude Snudge* ..... **Bill Fraser**  
*Policeman* ..... **Billy Davies**  
*Blonde* ..... **Myrtle Reed**  
*Man* ..... **Arthur Mullard**  
*Dr. Aristide Groper* ..... **Warren Mitchell**

WRITTEN BY **BARRY TOOK AND MARTY FELDMAN**

DESIGNED BY **STANLEY MILLS**  
DIRECTED BY **DEREK BENNETT**  
PRODUCER **PETER ETON**

**GRANADA TV NETWORK PRODUCTION**

**8.0 The Deputy**

A Western series

STARRING

**HENRY FONDA**  
as *Chief Marshal Simon Fry*  
**ALLEN CASE**  
as *Clay McCord*

WITH

**READ MORGAN**  
as *Sergeant Tasker*

IN THE STORY

**Duty Bound**

Two criminals, being taken to Silver City for trial, are faced with a chance to escape when the lawmen are attacked by Indians

**8.30 Hancock**

STARRING

**TONY HANCOCK**

IN

**Shooting Star**

BY **GODFREY HARRISON**

WITH

**FRANCES ROWE**  
as *Diana Pride*  
**DENHOLM ELLIOTT**  
as *Peter Dartford*  
**ROBIN HUNTER**  
as *Billy Watts*

AND

**Hilda Barry**  
**Sally Anne Shaw**  
**Stewart Guidotti**

DESIGNED BY **RICHARD LAKE**  
PRODUCER

**ALAN TARRANT**

*A MacConkey Presentation*

*ATV Production by arrangement with Bernard Delfont*

*Tony Hancock writes on page 13*

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10 & 12 DAYS  
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**36 GNS.**

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