

When people meet Prince Charles they are, mostly, suffused with a warm glow. How does the old smoothie do it? Is it innate magnetism or was he sent to a sort of royal charm school to learn how to mesmerise the lower orders with his suavité? No, says Charles when he was asked by an Australian journalist who was granted an interview at the Prince's Scottish retreat, Birkhall, Charles credits his allure to his mentor Lord Mounbatten, who was a stickler for good manners. "I was taught



to always look people absolutely in the eye," he says. "Eye contact is so central. But I'm always interested in people's lives. The thing is to listen. "The difficulty is when you have such a short moment. When you meet people in the crowd, you long to go on talking to them, but you can't because you have to keep moving on." So does he see himself passing on his values to William and Harry? "I hear back from others that they are surprisingly similar in some ways to me. So maybe some things do rub off..."

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FINAL WISH: Michael would have wanted his house to stay as a home

## Beckhams aiming for a Winner

THE FINANCIAL dilemma of the ex-girlfriends of Michael Winner, who were promised legacies that turned out to be worthless when the film director died with substantial debts last January, could be solved by a white knight with a bulging bank account: David Beckham.

The former England captain and his wife Victoria are renting a house in Kensington while they search for a suitably large London base, and are interested in Winner's home in Holland Park, which has been put up for sale by his executors. He had already seen the 46-room house once and have now been back for a closer inspection.

The ornate Woodland House is in a leafy street close to the private school where the Beckhams have enrolled three of their children and a short drive from Battersea, home to Victoria's design studio. It has a cinema room (where the director edited many of his films) and a swimming pool.

Two years before he died Winner tried to sell the Victorian house for £60 million despite being advised it was overpriced. It is now on the market for £10 million while they look for their ideal roost in the capital. Victoria should certainly feel at home in Holland Park, where her neighbours would include Sir Richard Branson and musicians Jimmy Page and Brian May.



PARK ON LIFE: David and Victoria like the area

Just as well that GEMMA ARTERTON is so close to her mother, who has been on hand with comforting advice since the actress's two-year marriage to Italian businessman Stefano Catelli ended rather abruptly.

"Mum said to me 'Darling don't worry, you're going to be like Liz Taylor - you're going to have hundreds of husbands,'" declares Gravesend-born Gemma.

So would Miss Arterton, who shot to fame playing Daniel Craig's lover in *Quantum Of Solace*, marry again? "At this point I'd say no, but I probably will. Let's be honest, I'll probably have five others! I would love to do online dating just for the laugh, just to see, but obviously I can't do that," says Gemma, 27. "It's not like you can just go down the pub and pull someone."

"I mean you can totally do that - but I am a little bit nervous, more guarded. I'm not in that zone yet."

Asked if she had any ideas on what name **Simon Cowell** would choose for his forthcoming baby, his chum **Amanda Holden** replies: "Simon is a traditionalist, so he'll probably name it after himself."

Here's the gentle **George Cole** reminiscing about what it was like working with **Dennis Waterman** in the series *Minder*: "I managed to teach Dennis how to do *The Times* crossword. In return he taught me how to swear in public."



Having worked as a cameraman for years, I find when I'm watching dramas of that nature one is always looking for microphone shadows and technical things so I don't really enjoy it," says Bond. "And period dramas are not my cup of tea."

Still Hugh has much to look forward to, working with **Nicole Kidman** for whom a new role has been created in the movie as a taxidermist. Any impertinent moans from him though and the feisty Nicole will tell him to get stuffed.



## Katie's cousin gets too cheeky

It's not just the louché tongue of her Uncle Gary that the Duchess of Cambridge has to be wary of, her saucy second cousin **Katrina Darling** has been tweaking her tassels in an American gay club.

The burlesque dancer, 23, is flushed with pride after entertaining her first audience in New York, where her God Save The Queen routine (in which she strips to reveal small crowns strategically covering her ladybits) went down particularly well.

Miss Darling, whose connection to the Middleton is not exactly close (her grandmother is sister to the duchess's great grandfather Thomas Harrison) says she feels she now has more in common with Kate, reasoning that both have bared their chests - unwillingly in the duchess's case, given that she was snapped topless by a pesky paparazzo.

Somewhat disloyally, the former Barclays Bank cashier pouts: "I have to say that, even with the nude shots, the royals bore me. I'm just not interested in people who marry into status."

Let's just leave Katrina where she is, shall we, reveling in the applause as she fiddles with her minuscule merkin, while we think nice thoughts of dear Kate.



INVITE: Nicholas with his first wife Denise Bryer

Next week **Nicholas Parsons** will be smothered in goodwill at a party to celebrate his 90th birthday, to which he has invited all his family including first wife **Denise Bryer** to whom he was married for 30 years.

Following his divorce from Denise, with whom he had two children, Parsons married his present wife **Année**. He says of his first wife: "We drifted apart but we are friends. Denise was well known as a brilliant voice artist and a talented actress, but she wasn't keen on working in the theatre. That meant she was able to spend time at home with our young family, which was a great bonus for us."

Denise was thrilled to get the birthday party invitation at her home in the idyllic Cotswolds village of Longborough, from where she tells me: "Nicholas is so lucky to have a wonderful wife in Année. I couldn't have married anyone who would have been a better father and grandfather. I'm so glad we're still friends."

Given that they haven't exchanged a word since their affair ended two years ago, it was unlikely that **Sir Trevor Nunn** would include **Nancy Dell'Olio** among the friends he invited for the first night of his production of *Scenes From A Marriage* at the St James's Theatre in London's Victoria.

But Italian firecracker Nancy has every intention of seeing the Ingmar Bergman play, especially after I told her how brilliant it was and, of more pertinent interest to her, that it was about a couple whose marriage imploded when the narcissistic husband admits to having an affair.

The drama follows the turmoil of loss, betrayal and violent recrimination as the pair divorce.

The alluring Miss Dell'Olio is, of course, something of an expert in the field of complex relationships, her last being with the acclaimed theatre director himself. Sir Trevor romanced her as he was separating from his wife of 21 years, Imogen Stubbs.

Over lunch in Mayfair, Nancy told me that her relationship with the septuagenarian Nunn combusts with "a lot of things unsaid, unanswered". But she believes it had to end, although she would prefer it if they could be friends, rather than strangers to each other.

"We were just at different stages," muses Nancy. "But every relationship gives you something in life, even if it is not what you always want. I don't regret anything."

For now she is single and concentrating on securing backing for her one-woman show based on her life story.

In *The Powder Room With Nancy*, the former lawyer is undaunted by her lack of acting experience (if you don't count her full-time theatrical dirtiness).

She may even ask Sir Trevor to direct.



SCENES FROM... Nancy and Sir Trevor

Disappointment of the day, from actress **Sheila Hancock**: "I miss **Crunchie bars**; they are not the same now. They were a longed for treat when I was younger. When a shop had a delivery, word would go round and everyone would get on their bikes and queue up to buy one."

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★ It looks more like a shepherd's crook than a walking stick but to chef **Antonio Carluccio** it's as unique as one of his pasta dishes – a home-made work of art.

"I like wattle, making and carving designs into wood," the old rascal told me when I bumped into him and his stick at a food exhibition. The 75-year-old founder of the Carluccio restaurant chain was with German archeologist **Sabine Stevenson**, his constant companion who clearly has a fondness for old fossils.

"He has made lots of sticks for me too," she chirruped.

It seems gifts of wooden carved walking aides will be all Ms Stevenson can expect from the Italian who added: "I don't want to get married again, I've done it three times and that's enough."

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Picture: BEN A PRUCHNIE



## Anna's hygiene horrors

Actress **ANNA CHANCELLOR** has developed something of a neurosis when it comes to hygiene: "I hate it when people tell me they don't like to touch things on the Tube in case they get a disease," she wails. "I'm like, now I'm going to get worried about it. Then the other day someone told me you shouldn't sit naked on a stool in a hotel bathroom because everyone does. I wish he hadn't told me that."

Edited by **JANE SLADE**

# Philip floats flagship idea

## Philip floats flagship idea

**N**OW that **Prince Philip** is making a recovery from his tummy troubles he needs something to look forward to – and the old sea dog reckons he has hit on the perfect plan for a little adventure.

Philip, 92, has been working on persuading the Queen to embark on a private break aboard the Patricia, the flagship of Trinity House, the organisation that oversees the nation's lighthouses.

Until recently he had been the Master of Trinity House for 42 years, a role now taken by Princess Anne – father and daughter share the hobby of pharology: visiting lighthouses.

There has been chatter at the port of Harwich that the 2,500-ton vessel has been hired by "a very important client requiring a security detail and accommodation for personal staff," for a week in September.

Although it still continues its job of inspecting lighthouses, the Patricia is also hired out for private charters to wealthy clients who appreciate the high level of service delivered by the all-British crew, with liveried stewards looking after



**HARDY:** The Queen with Prince Philip during the Diamond Jubilee

six luxurious cabins and his chintzy drawing room and dining room.

Since the Royal Yacht Britannia was decommissioned by Labour in 1997 the Queen and Philip have had to make do with hiring private ships. The Queen looked the Hebridean Princess in 2006 to celebrate her 80th birthday and chartered it again in 2010 (paying £300,000) to take her family on a 10-day cruise.

The fee for chartering the Patricia is a bargain £37,000 for a week. The ship's sailing rota is shown as being

"unavailable" for the second week of September when it is due to be in the Western Isles.

Prince Philip, who has been convalescing at Sandringham, will join the Queen at Balmoral in mid-August. But should his dreams of a gentle sail around the Western Isles prove unfulfillable he won't mind too much as a palace spokesman observed: "There is plenty to do at Balmoral."

★ The squeaky-voiced actress **Bonnie Langford** is no diva when it comes to ageing. "I'd rather be 50 than dead!" declares the red-haired popside after celebrating her 49th birthday last week. "I don't usually go out or anything after the shows (she's playing Lady of the Lake in the West End production of Spamalot). I'm a deeply boring person in real life: I don't do any drinking and going out until four in the morning. I'll usually head straight home for a cup of tea."

★ The kerfuffle kicked up by a semi-naked man on the roof of Ipswich Railway Station last weekend held up several headline guests making for the three-day Latitude Festival at Henham Park in Southwold including the feisty feminist **Germaine Greer**. Arriving late and breathless for her talk about the invisibility of older women, the mischievous septuagenarian peered over her glasses and told those who had gathered in the packed lecture tent: "I didn't really see much. But what I could see looked quite attractive."



## Daltrey tunes into tourism

The Who's frontman **Roger Daltrey** twirls a fishing rod as masterfully as he twirls a microphone. He's owned a trout farm for the past 30 years but now the Tommy rockstar is looking for more fish to fry and is getting his hooks into the tourist trade.

Daltrey, 68, has been given permission to turn a former cattle shed on his 400-acre estate in Burwash, East Sussex, into holiday lets for people seeking the tranquility of the countryside.

"The farm is located in an area of outstanding natural beauty and has a peaceful setting with good access to footpaths thus creating a desirable environment for those seeking a quiet rural holiday," gushes planning agent **Joan Bling**. Becoming a purveyor of peace and quiet might seem a bit of a turnaround for the man whose band was once included in the Guinness Book of World Records for giving the loudest live performance in history.

That's 126 decibels at Charlton Athletic Football Club in 1976, since you ask.



★ Actress **Olivia Colman** (left) is still not adjusted to her new-found fame following her role as Detective Sergeant **Ellic Miller** in the gripping television series *Broadchurch*. In fact she is so nervous of being recognised that she even avoids going shopping.

"I only do journeys now that I really have to do," says the mother of two who spent her childhood moving round Norfolk while her surveyor father renovated houses.

"I've never had a bad experience, it's just funny. Someone knows your face, but you don't know theirs. It's a bit peculiar, and I'm sure I'll get better at it."

The Cambridge graduate and winner of two Baftas back in May even worries about visiting her corner shop. "If I need to get a pint of milk, I'll wait until I really need to go. Where I live, actually, everybody knows me, so that's all fine, but when you're away from home, it's slightly daunting, and I'm a bit of a chicken."

★ When **Esther Rantzen** returns home to her two-bedroom roost in Hampstead she can't wait to check in on her new "flat mates," which helped assuage the loneliness she has felt since her husband, the BBC film maker **Desmond Wilcox**, died 13 years ago.

"I just love my orchids," she enthused when I bumped into her at the Fifty Plus Show at Olympia where she was promoting *The Silver Line*, her new helpline for the lonely. "They are my new passion. One plant has over 20 flowers on it. I recommend them to everyone." And unlike any prospective male suitor, they don't need much looking after.



★ It has been two years since **Jo Rowling** waved her wand and dispensed with **Christopher Little**, the literary agent who discovered her. She ran off with his assistant **Neil Blair** who set up a new agency to look after her career post **Harry Potter**.

Little, an amiable Yorkshireman, was initially hurt by being rudely dumped by his protégé whose actions bought an end to the most commercially successful relationship in literary history.

However, I learn he and his wife of one year, **Gilly Hylton-Potts**, have been having a secret smirk over Ms Rowling's anger about her new pseudonym **Robert Galbraith** being leaked.

"This would never have happened had Chris been looking after her," declared a close friend of the well-respected agent.

"He made sure that not a single Harry Potter story line was ever revealed over the 16 years he worked with Jo, and no advance copies of any of the Potter books were made available before publication.

"He is very proud of how well he looked after his client's interests."

★ The debate over what age children should be introduced to alcohol, given this country's troubles with binge drinking, is a subject upon which **Monica Galetti** has very firm views.

"I introduced my daughter to wine at the age of two," the chef informed me at a party at **Somerset House**.

Samoa-born **Monica**, 37, the fearsome judge on *Masterchef: the Professionals*, often shares a glass with **Anais**, now six.

"Anais is getting used to the taste of wine. It's what children do in France," said **Monica**. In fact young **Anais** could probably say "merlot" before "mummy". Not least because her daddy **David Galetti** is a sommelier.

"Anais got quite upset the other day when **David** and I sat down for supper and poured each other a glass of wine and she said: 'Don't I get a taste?'"

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## Drummed out of his club

Veteran rocker **Kenney Jones** is fighting for the future of the polo club he owns in Surrey, where Prince Charles and William and Harry have often played. Lorry driver's son Kenney, an original member of the Who and the Small Faces, bought the Hurtwood Park club 20 years ago but financial problems have led to it being placed in receivership and the 184-acre ground is being offered for sale for £4million.

Says the Official Receiver: "The reason for the sale is because a secured creditor made a loan to Kenney in 2009 which was intended to be bridging finance. Unfortunately the business has suffered from insufficient investment which has led to its current difficulties."

Kenney is not happy about this turn of events. He tells me: "The receivers have completely over-reacted. I'm in the process of repaying the debt. We have a full calendar of polo events lined up for this year and besides, the site is worth at least double the amount they've quoted."

Until now, hosting polo tournaments at Hurtwood Park has proved great entertainment for Kenney. As he mused a while back: "I'm just someone who learnt to play the drums and learnt to ride at 14. I never dreamed I'd end up knowing the likes of Prince Charles. That's one of the great things about polo. You can be out there with a king but you're all equal when you play the game."



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★ For all **Joanna Lumley's** recent, finger-wagging at the "trashy" way young girls dress and behave, there's one aspect of their lives she quite envies: tattoos. She muses: "If they'd been around when I was 18, I would have been a tattooed lady. I quite like it when in acting you use a transfer instead of a proper tattoo and you look a bit cool for a few days." Then again, she reflects that having a transfer means you can take them off. "Because you always grow out of your tattoos, you think 'God, I wish I hadn't had that done'. I can't imagine anyone thinks 'I love this' 10 years on."



## Helena goes for her Burton

After 11 years together and two children, that wacky couple **Helena Bonham-Carter** and film director **Tim Burton** are considering entering an institution they have always considered frightfully *vieux* chapeau.

"We might get married," says the 46-year-old actress. "The kids keep pestering us about it and we're told we're stupid not to for inheritance tax reasons," (did they discuss the married couple's allowance when they stayed at Chequers as weekend guests of the Camerons?)

Thus far this grungy pair, who match each other frizz for frizz with their wild hair, have shared an unconventional arrangement in North London, living in interconnected apartments. A third flat is occupied by a nanny and their children, Billy, 10, and Nell, six.

The couple met on the set of Burton's film *Planet Of The Apes* and he has cast her in seven of his productions, but last month Helena said she intended to take a break from acting to concentrate on her home life. "Juggling motherhood with acting is hard and I'm dropping all the balls at the same time."

If they do marry, the couple are likely to continue with separate boudoirs. Not only does Tim like to stay up late watching television but he also snores. "We've tried lots of remedies but none of them works," sighs Helena.

★ Now that viewers seem to be getting a trifle bored by the peregrinations of Mr Selfridge, what about a series on **John Lewis** (right), who opened his first shop in London at the age of 28?

Indeed the life of Mr Lewis, who rose from being a Somerset orphan into a hugely wealthy tycoon, is every bit as fascinating as that of Harry Selfridge. At the height of his success he walked from his store in Oxford Street to Sloane Square, his suit stuffed with £20,000, to buy out his rival, Peter Jones.

Lewis even served a spell in Brixton prison for contempt after a dispute with his landlord, Lord Howard de Walden. His adversarial style brought him into conflict with his two sons but it remained at the helm of his store until his death at 92.

So it has all the ingredients for a good TV drama, with maybe Laurence Fox in the starring role. Ham it up a bit. It's a story Never Knowingly Undertold.



# Is gloomy Brad at breaking point?

**The Queen** is especially fond of roses, so the successful candidate who fills the vacancy for a gardener at Windsor Castle had better have particularly green fingers.

In return for £15,000 a year, the Sovereign wants someone to look after her collection of 2,000 roses at Windsor's Jubilee Garden. He or she will also have to help tend the lawns around the private areas of the castle.

Observes my man with the crested trowel, while puffing on a crafty fag in the royal greenhouse: "The best bit of the job is getting a smile from Her Majesty when the roses are blooming. The downside is having to pick up the mess from the lawn after the corgis have had their constitutional."

Fancy wading through mounds of fan mail destined for **Harry and William**? Then pop your CV to the pinstripes at Clarence House, who are looking for a correspondence clerk to open all those nice letters which are sent to the princes. If the successful applicant shows enough "tact and discretion" they will even be allowed to draft a few replies.

Particular sensitivity will be required to deal with those tear-stream missives from the lovestruck lassies with whom Harry has candelied and never called back.

Particularly that blonde from Salisbury. "I've realised I don't want to rush things, particularly as it took me long enough to persuade her that I wasn't too old for her," the twice-divorced entertainer told me. "Right now I'm just happy as we are, in fact we're having a ball."

## Hoff's cheesy choices leave Hayley unmoved

For all **DAVID HASSELHOFF'S** swaggering about being the world's expert on romance (and stand by for his favourite hot lurve tip) the *Baywatch* star is getting nowhere with his desire to marry his squeeze of the past two years, Welsh cutie **HAYLEY ROBERTS**.

The Hoff, 61, has popped the question four times on trips around the world but Hayley has never said yes. So now he's given up proposing to the 33-year-old blonde, who was a £6-an-hour shop assistant in Debenhams when she caught the star's eye while he was in Cardiff filming Britain's Got Talent.

"I've realised I don't want to rush things, particularly as it took me long enough to persuade her that I wasn't too old for her," the twice-divorced entertainer told me. "Right now I'm just happy as we are, in fact we're having a ball."

No wonder Miss Roberts has prevaricated over the Hoff's proposals, given his wooing technique. He says: "I let Teddy Pendergrass set the mood. He's the greatest soul singer of all time. His songs are about turning off the lights and taking a shower together. Teddy pushes the envelope." Or turns Hayley right off.

IS BRAD PITT having something of a mid-life crisis? I only ask after a conversation with an assistant producer who has just returned to London after working on location in Louisiana on the star's latest film, *Twelve Years A Slave*.

The producer, who has known Brad for a decade and collaborated on several films with him, reports that the crew shooting the movie (which also stars Benedict Cumberbatch) were bemused by the actor's "boorish, grumpy and out-of-character" behaviour.

"Brad is usually really friendly, mixes with everyone, eats with us and is very chilled," he says. "But in Louisiana he didn't seem at all happy. He didn't even seem very interested in the work, which seemed strange as this is his movie, he's the overall producer."

"It was a bit of a shock for those of us who've spent a lot of time with him before; we concluded that he seems to be under particular strain. Of course we all have bad days, but he seemed genuinely unsettled over quite a long period."

Given Brad's responsibilities maybe it's not surprising he looks stressed. Not only does he have his film workload, he is overseeing the construction of affordable homes in flood-damaged New Orleans. Then there's the problem of when/where/ if he will marry Angelina Jolie. He also has to be a father to their six children, and administer the several houses the couple have around the world.

My source concludes that Brad, who will be 50 in December, has too much on his plate. "Sometimes you can stretch yourself too far and you need to make changes. Brad could have reached the time where something's got to give."



UNDER STRAIN: Brad and partner Angelina Jolie

★ **Smoother Jesse Norman**, touted by some Tories as a potential party leader, will have less of a turf if he wants to take over from David Cameron.

The MP for Hereford is under fire after tweeting this little ditty: "Roses are red, violets are glorious, never sneak up on Oscar Pistorius."

He has since deleted it and apologised after complaints from other Twitter users including that great arbiter of taste, John Prescott.

"Look what *Upton* educated Tory Jesse Norman tweeted and deleted," crowed Prescott, adding his own line verse: "Roses are red, Tories are blue, in 2015 we'll get rid of you."



★ What does **Kate Moss** regard as her greatest achievement... besides her millions, worldwide recognition, all the usual things? Answer: converting her husband Jamie Hince to the idea of eating meat.

"I didn't know he was a vegan when I met him," she says of the musician she married last summer. "But after spending four days (and nights) together he wasn't a vegan for much longer. I got him to eat a bacon sandwich."

But the poor chap was exhausted and in dire need of sustenance.

★ The absence of **David and Victoria Beckham** from America is no great loss, according to the proprietor of the Los Angeles restaurant where the footballer would take his family each week during the five years they spent in the States.

"They loved coming to my place but frankly it was always a pain," sighs the restaurateur.

David was lovely, he would sign autographs and talk to people. But Victoria was always so miserable. She would just sit in the corner and order exactly the same dish every visit: steamed vegetables."

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Being invited on to **Graham Norton's** chat show is not as easy as one might think, even though every guest has something to plug. If ever there was a more saccharine display of two old queens stroking each other's egos it was at the party for **Joan Collins's** book *Passion For Life* in Mayfair last week. Joan snuggled up to the Irish presenter, stroking his shoulder and purred into his ear: "When can I come on your show?" Graham giggled nervously, knowing it's not his decision to make. Poor Joanie, not only did she not make the line up on Friday, she's not listed for the next show either.



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Picture: PASCAL LE SEGRETAIN

## Osborne slaps his 'chief whip'

**T**HE SUNNY disposition of George Osborne, buoyed by an optimistic financial outlook, has been clouded by the lurid claims of former vice girl Natalie Rowe, who has written a book detailing her friendship with him in the Nineties.



**AUTHOR: Natalie Rowe has published claims dubbed 'untrue' by George Osborne**

was then an assistant to William Hague. Natalie, from a working-class family in Leeds, said that Osborne and Sinclair would often take her to nightclubs. "They were proper little ravers. When George got tipsy, he lost his reserve but he was a terrible dancer. He loved Heroes by David Bowie and Gold by Spandau Ballet."

The Chancellor has been distracted from doing his calculations at the Treasury for discussions with his lawyers, who have rebutted the claims in Miss Rowe's book, *Chief Whip, Memoirs of A Dominatrix*, as "wholly untrue and defamatory". She adds that despite being wealthy, they always argued about how to split restaurant bills. And she claims in the book that Osborne was once left naked in the street after a drunken evening when she locked him out of her flat in Kensington.



Miss Rowe tells me: "George knows I'm telling the truth; there were some wild times. He will never call me an outright liar because he knows there were others present at those parties, and there are other photographs."

At the time of her friendship with Osborne she had an escort agency supplying "Naomi Cambell lookalikes" at £350 an hour, specialising in S&M sex sessions.

Miss Rowe had met Osborne through her boyfriend at the time, William Sinclair, grandson of the wartime air minister Sir Archibald Sinclair, who had been at Oxford with George, where both were members of the Bullingdon Club. Natalie became pregnant by Sinclair, giving birth to a son. The dominatrix claims that she had been "intimate" with Osborne, who

**★ Such sage words of advice from Amanda Holden for her chum Simon Cowell: "Get married! There's no point in having all the success if you can't go home and share it with somebody. It makes no sense to be in on your own watching yourself on TV every night. Married life is so rewarding."**  
*Hmm... it wasn't so rewarding for poor old Lex Dennis, when Fitzpatrick's Amanda managed to misplace her marriage vows and played Hunt The Chipolata with bad boy Neil Morrissey.*



## Daddy's caring for Cara

**The enthusiastic "partying" of the model-of-the-moment CARA DELEVINGNE is causing concern among her family.**  
**It is whispered that her father Charles and her mother Pandora (who has had her own troubles with over indulgence in the past) are worried that Cara's meteoric rise in the febrile fashion world has gone a little to her head - a case of too much easy money, not enough sleep, and general over indulgence with questionable new friends. Not mentioning any names. Kate Moss. Rihanna.**  
**"Poppycock!" declares property developer Charles, suavely dismissing worries that his beetle-browed daughter is heading for an early burnout.** He tells me: "She's much richer than me, she's over 21 and she does what she likes. As for worrying that she's not eating, I can assure you she eats like a horse."  
**"We Delevingnes have a good metabolism; food and sex keep us thin" chorries Charles, adding that he can keep an eye on Cara as she's still living at the family home in Belgravia. Indeed, he harrumphs: "I'm forever tripping over her shoes and clothes."**

**★ Playing a Cockney midwife who delivers twins on Hollywoaks brought back waves of emotion for Helen Lederer as she recalled the birth of her own daughter Hannah, now 23.**  
**"They say it's like riding a bike but I found I'd forgotten how to hold babies especially when they're covered in yoghurt to make them look newborn. So sloppy!"** Helen tells me over a long lunch.  
**"My own Hannah is so glam now I can't believe she was ever a baby. She's all legs - and so sensible. We've been away for mother-daughter bonding at a yoga retreat where I had a meltdown without the wine but she took it in her stride. She did headstands while I crossed my legs."**



**★ Royal photographer Lord Snowdon's skill behind the lens has been inherited by his son Jasper (above) who, at the age of 15, has developed a passion for movie-making.**  
**"Jasper seems to have a natural eye and people have been impressed by his work," says his mother, writer Melanie Cable. Alexander, who was at the launch of fashion emporium Creations-Chelsea, in London's Fulham Road.**  
**Melanie gave birth to Jasper following an affair with Tony Snowdon (the ex-husband of Princess Margaret) which began when they met at Country Life, where she was features editor.**  
**Jasper, who lives in Somerset, where he goes to King's School, Bruton, regularly visits Snowdon at his home in Kensington.**  
**Initially Jasper showed a flair for the theatre, but his mother says: "He loves acting but he now adores being behind a camera almost more than in front. His latest production is called Play Ball, on YouTube."**



**★ Just one small problem with the beard sported by James Middleton: his friends are complaining that his prickles are making them feel jolly itchy when he kisses them on the cheek (which, being a touchy-feely sort of chap, he likes to do to all his friends).**

**★ Not so much of a problem for his companion, Donna Air, who as the former girlfriend of stubbly Damian Spinnall, is used to dealing with a beard.**



**★ The Duchess of Cambridge's new hair colour (a shade known as Ecaille, or 'tortoiseshell') is being hinted to be the work of Jo Hansford, best known as royalist to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall.**  
**Camilla has long tried to get Kate to join her at Miss Hansford's Mayfair marbled salon - she thinks Kate should get her hair cut shorter and lighten it - but her stepdaughter-in-law has loyally stuck with Chelsea crimpier Richard Ward.**  
**"Jo certainly didn't do it - although she'd like to have a go," says my girl in the tinfoil.**  
**"This new style is all the rage but frankly it looks as if one hasn't had one's roots done - and Kate probably paid £300 to look like that."**

**★ What's so special about the Lupton Blanket, a tartan textile being made by a family firm in Yorkshire? Well, it's named after Olive Lupton, the Duchess of Cambridge's great-grandma, who used to own the company. And, fittingly, Kate has been sent one for baby George.**  
**It's rather expensive at £450, but then the makers describe it as "a tribute to the traditional wool-drying process in which cloth was stretched over wooden tenter frames and pinned in place with hooks, the process which gave us the expression on tenterhooks".**



**★ Sir Mick Jagger has become sensitive about his personal hygiene. Writer Nigel Farndale says that when he was sitting next to the old rocker at a cricket match he was intrigued to see that each time after he had shaken hands with guests, Jagger asked his bodyguard to squirt something on his palm.**  
**"When Mick noticed everyone observing this, he explained it was antibacterial gel, because he simply couldn't afford to catch a cold," says Nigel. "Just like the Queen, who always wears gloves in public for the same reason."**

**★ With more than a hundred films behind him, and another six due to be released shortly, will Sir Ben Kingsley ever step off the movie conveyor belt and return to the stage, like his fellow theatrical knights Ian McKellen and Derek Jacobi?**  
**"It's highly improbable," declares Sir Ben loftily over drinks at Claridge's. "I'm far too happy making films, so being in front of a live audience again doesn't hold any thrills for me. I've moved on, the train has left the station, and I'm not on it."**  
**Adds the Manchester-born actor, who will turn 70 on New Year's Eve: "I think of live performance for an actor as painting a landscape. And of making movies like painting a portrait. Same canvas, same brushes, but the result is so very different... I'm a portrait painter now..."**  
**Oh for goodness sake! No wonder a taxi driver of my acquaintance who had the pleasure of ferrying Sir Ben to his Cotswolds home dismissed him as "the most pretentious b\*\*\*\*r I've ever had in my cab."**



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★ The woman who created one of the most famous wedding dresses – that frothy meringue worn by the Princess of Wales – has become pretty cynical about marriage.

"I won't ever marry again," vows Elizabeth Emmanuel, 60, whose union with fellow designer David Emmanuel ended in a tricky divorce. She has no intention of making an honest man out of her present partner, Tony Drew, who is 10 years her junior.

Her aversion to marriage owes much to the acrimony between her and David, his hostility evident when they both attended a party at Kensington Palace to celebrate the history of royal dress designers.

"David avoided me like the plague at that party, which was hurtful," she said. "I felt upset, especially after all we went through in our early days trying to make it. We were so in love then."



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# Fergie for royal film follow-up

THE DUCHESS of York's rapprochement with the Queen, when she was invited to spend a summer weekend at Balmoral after a long period in the cold, has paid commercial dividends for Prince Andrew's former wife. I hear she has been allowed access to the royal library at Windsor Castle to research a sequel to Young Victoria, the film she co-produced with Martin Scorsese four years ago, starring Emily Blunt. Sarah now wants to make a film about Prince Albert and to invite Julian Fellowes, who wrote the script for Young Victoria, to write the screenplay.

"It's very early days," a spokesman for the duchess tells me, "but she does want to make another film, this time based on Albert, and she would like to ask Julian to come on board."

The project gets the thumbs up from Lord Fellowes who told me: "I'm up to my eyes in other things, like Downton and the Wind In The Willows, but I would love to write a follow up to Young Victoria, although I haven't been approached yet."

I'm told that Sarah has already had a meeting with the directors of Relativity Media, the American film company which produced the hit movie Social Network.

"Sarah has had the Queen's blessing to make a film about Prince Albert," says a source close to the duchess. "Hopefully Emily Blunt will reprise her role as Queen Victoria."

Sarah's royal rehabilitation has even fuelled speculation that she may remarry Prince Andrew. "No chance!" says a senior royal aide. "It would finish Prince Philip off." It was, of course,



TALKS: Lord Fellowes with wife Lady Emma and hopeful producer Fergie

Philip who called Sarah "pointless" and still refuses to be in the same room as her. He has never forgiven her for the ignominy piled on hapless Andrew after his wife was snapped having her toes sucked by her "financial adviser" John Bryant.

★ It's time for the foodie revelation of the year: what does Mary Berry really like to eat when she goes out? Timbale of turtle, swan soufflé, loin of lamb? No, the woman who has taught millions of viewers how to bake loves nothing better than that lovely coagulation of fried potato and veg; bubble and squeak.

Her local pub in Buckinghamshire, The Old Queen's Head, does such a good one she always orders the same. Mind you, their version is rather smart, with smoked bacon, a poached egg and hollandaise sauce.

"Mary often comes in with her husband and nearly always has bubble and squeak. Sometimes she'll even have a double portion," reports a garrulous regular.

# Adam Helliker

Picture: ALBERTO PIZZOLI



★ Aristocratic screen idol Hugh Bonneville (above) has been a prolific user of Twitter, frequently whipping out his smartphone to deliver bons mots to his 119,000 followers. But for a long while now the old smoothie has been silent on the social media site.

Can it be that he's been simply overcome by the exuberance of working with the gorgeous Nicole Kidman?

Cuddly Hugh is playing Mr Brown in a glossy production of the children's favourite Paddington Bear, opposite Miss Kidman (right), who plays the bundle – a taxidermist who wants to get her hands on the poor bear.

At least these two great stars appear in human form – Paddington himself will be computer generated, the bear's voice being provided by Colin Firth, fuelled by endless rounds of marmalade sandwiches.

Of her decision to appear in the film, Nicole Kidman purrs: "My agent called and said: 'We've got this offer from London for you to be in a film about a Paddington Bear.'"

"And I said: 'You mean THE Paddington Bear?!' The stories were read to me when I was little and I grew up with him. I know all about his adventures and what mischief he got up to."

Hopefully there is plenty of time off-camera for twinkle-eyed Hugh to tell Nicole all about his own adventures. But not, in his case, any mischief.



★ Although he doesn't touch a drop of the hard stuff himself, Richard E Grant makes sure his guests are well-watered at his home in Richmond, south-west London. So it wasn't too surprising to see him buying a fine silver cocktail shaker at an antiques fair last week.

Of course Grant, 55, is famous for his role as an alcoholic in Withnail And I, but he had to be forced to drink to get the part. The film's director wanted him to feel what it was like to be drunk, demanding that he down a bottle of champagne and half a bottle of vodka over an evening – with disastrous results.

"I passed out for a day. It was terrifying," recalled the actor, who grew up in Swaziland where he had to deal with a drunken father, who fired a pistol at his then 15-year-old son in one sozzled rage.

Now, the urbane Mr Grant waves away drinks when they are proffered. He says: "If I drink I get a rash and become ill for 24 hours."

★ Has master storyteller William Boyd, himself once a contender for the Booker Prize, managed to get through the 832 pages of this year's winner, Eleanor Catton's *The Luminaries*? "I haven't but I will," says Boyd, the author of one of my favourite novels, *Any Human Heart*. "The trouble is I don't like to read anything while I'm writing as I don't want anything to influence me; I'm like a sperm whale surrounded by plankton, soaking everything up..."

★ Broadcaster Mike Read (right) has a dilemma over the scandal that sullied the memory of his erstwhile Radio 1 colleague Jimmy Savile: what to do with all the memorabilia he still owns which has links with the disgraced DJ.

"I have things like the front cover of the Radio Times with me, Savile and Dave Lee Travis on it," he tells me at a showbiz party. "What do I do with it – all – destroy it, or accept that it's part of BBC history? It's not as if we knew what Savile was getting up to at the time as, frankly, he never had much to do with us; he had his own sort of life."



★ In the words of his greatest hit *Love Changes Everything*, so it is for Michael Ball, who has spent a fortune to help his "best friend" Freddie walk again after his legs were crushed in a car accident.

"We thought we were going to lose Freddie [his beloved Tibetan terrier]," says the West End crooner, who shares a home with Sixties presenter Cathy McGowan.

"We took him to the brilliant vet Noel Fitzpatrick, who makes artificial limbs for animals. Now Freddie's running around like a pup again. I think he might be up for winning Bionic Dog of the year!"

★ Smoothy Jess Conrad, who spent most of the Seventies in *Godspell* and *Joseph And His Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, feels he's come full circle in his career: he's been asked to play a child molester.

"I've gone from playing Jesus to a paedophile," says the actor. "It's for a movie called *Mob Handled I die in the end so it's OK*."

Jess became famous as a singer but got the acting bug when he worked for Laurence Olivier. "The first time I met him he was wearing a dressing gown, with make-up stains all over it," he recalls. "I went home to Brighton and said, 'Mum, I want a dressing gown.' She replied, 'Cor blimey, these showbiz people!'"

★ Considering she spends so much time in her underwear the model/actress Tullulah Harlech is surprisingly shy. "I've just made a film called *Spite And Malice* playing an artist's muse," she tells me at a Claridge's hotel party held by super-crimper John Frieda. "It was a bit nerve-wracking undressing in front of the camera but thankfully nobody sees anything as the screen just goes black."

Tiny Tullulah, 25, is the daughter of Lady Amanda Harlech who for 12 years was married to Francis David Ormsby-Gore, the sixth Lord Harlech, and is now best known as Karl Lagerfeld's muse at Chanel.

Although Tullulah styles herself as a "muse in waiting" she is concentrating on her acting career. "That's my first love and what I have wanted to do since I was four," she says. "The only director I would take my clothes off for on screen is Martin Scorsese but generally I would prefer to keep them on."

★ In the past this column has been suitably disapproving of the oikish antics of John Terry. But the England footballer was beautifully behaved when he watched his seven-year-old son in a school soccer match in Surrey.

As little George scampered up and down the pitch the screeches of advice didn't come from his daddy but from others standing on the touchline. A gaggle of pushy parents shrieked at their offspring while John never once looked close to getting a red card for inappropriate behaviour.

When one father asked him what he wasn't more vociferous in showing the lads some support he shook his head, replying laconically: "Nah, mate, I'm 'ppy jist watching."



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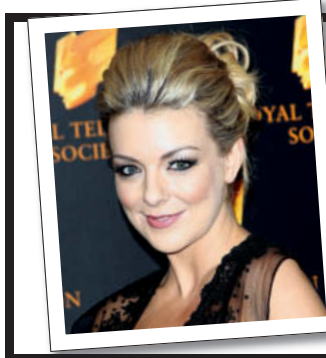
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★ Perky Sheridan Smith admits to having kissed a few frogs in her romantic life but she still has yet to find her prince. The closest she's got to a romantic encounter in the past few months is playing a schoolteacher seeking love in a forthcoming Channel 4 series called Dates.

Timely, then, for Miss Smith, 31, to recall how one date from her younger days ended in a messy disaster.

"I'd gone out with a lovely guy and he'd been drinking this kind of red cocktail. As we left the bar and we were walking through the night, I thought 'This is going to be a bit romantic' and then he took me to the bus stop.

"We got on the night bus and there were no seats, so we were swaying about and I could see him turning green. Before I knew it, I had red sick all down my dress. The poor chap probably didn't remember the next day. I didn't see him again."

The closest that Lincolnshire-born Sheridan has come to a proper relationship was with James Corden but that ended three years ago. "There's no one at home now," she sighs. "Just my dogs."

# Adam Helliker



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Picture: BROADIMAGE/Ret

## Rosie's Daley pleasure

Has living in Los Angeles added the brain of ROSIE HUNTINGTON-WHITELEY? The Devon-born actress has developed an obsession with watching DVDs of British Olympic diver Tom Daley.

Surveyor's daughter Rosie, 26, declares: "Tom Daley is pretty perfect in my opinion. I didn't see his dives during the Olympic Games but I certainly saw him showering afterwards!"

Fortunately Rosie's passion for the swimmer is shared, but not in quite the same way, by her boyfriend the hunky actor Jason Statham, with whom she has lived for three years.

Jason watches the Daley tapes with admiration tinged with envy because he too once had dreams of becoming an Olympic diver. He was on the British National Diving team but had to quit because of back problems.

Happily Rosie sees her future with Jason blossoming into marriage and motherhood. "I always see myself working but definitely being a mum will be a big part of me," she says. "My career is very self-indulgent. I think there is naturally a point where you think, 'I don't care about myself as number one any more, I want to care about other things.'"

It's all a far cry from her days as a bored teenager in Tavistock when, as she recalls, she spent much of her time "hanging out in the town square in the cold, smoking fags and necking Scrumpy Jack cider".

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# Hobbits hold up the Dambusters



BARNES WALLIS: Colin Firth



GUY GIBSON: Tom Hollander

UNLIKE the brave men of Bomber Command who hit those dams so accurately in Germany 70 years ago, the producer who wants to remake the famous film about the daring mission keeps on missing his target.

Sir Peter Jackson's plans for a new version of The Dambusters, with a script written by Stephen Fry, have been held up by his commitment to completing the Hobbit trilogy.

Even so, Jackson has already had 10 replica Lancaster bombers built in his native New Zealand, along with a scale model of the Möhne Dam, one of the three attacked in the RAF's night-time attack on the Ruhr Valley which dealt a severe blow to the Nazis in 1943.

Sir David Frost, who bought the rights to remake the film in 2006, had hoped to release the new one this year for the 70th anniversary of the attacks. Then it was put back until 2015, but now is not expected until 2016 because Jackson is tied to make two more lucrative Hobbit productions.

"It's on hold while I finish The Hobbit," says Jackson, who won an Oscar for Lord Of The Rings. "The Hobbit wasn't something I intended to get involved in as much as I did, but as things ended up

Dambusters has had to sit on the sidelines. But we have 10 Lancs ready to go as soon as we possibly can."

Jackson has a team working on the special effects needed to recreate Barnes Wallis's bouncing bombs, and he has been buying collections of militaria, such as German anti-aircraft guns. He has yet to cast who will play the principal characters such as Wallis and Wing Commander Guy Gibson (played by Michael Redgrave and Richard Todd in the 1955 film).

Says one source on the production: "He wants a young cast, to reflect the youth of the 133 aircrew on the mission; Guy Gibson was only 24. He may go for unknowns, although various big names have been banded around, such as Colin Firth playing Wallis and Tom Hollander for Gibson."

Hopefully Britain's last surviving Dambuster, bomb aimer George "Johnny" Johnson, 91, will be here to see the remake. His son Morgan Johnson tells me: "My father says if that Jackson's production is more accurate than the original he will be a happy man, because that film was riddled with mistakes. He was always disappointed that the original did not feature the raid on the Sorpe dam, which his Lancaster was one of only two to reach."



HEROIC: Richard Todd as Gibson



## Ono! Campaigner Yoko goes into Meltdown

That caterwauling minx Yoko Ono will be disgorging fresh dollops of her philosophy on us next month in her role as "curator" of the Meltdown Festival, a gathering of troubadours picked by her to appear at London's Southbank.

"The future is now!" screeches Yoko. "This is what I believe and I will reflect that in the events at Meltdown. Many people are already in the future inside their heads. They are going to tell us what they know. There will be feminists speaking because women are still suffering through the world and men will be speaking out because they are suffering too, but they don't say so much because they are macho."

Having just turned 50, Miss Ono will also dispense her own wisdom on age. "After sexism and racism, which I fought, now there's ageism: something more to fight about. We all carry our own age. I will put my feet up



when I'm in a coffin, but until then I will do my best to have a full life."

Whatever. To some of us she remains the "Dragon Lady" who snuck her way inside John Lennon's head and got him to abandon his wife and his band. By denying the world a follow-up Beatles album to Abbey Road and Let It Be she was as guilty of cultural crime as the Florentines who painted over Leonardo's Battle of Anghiari.

★ Travel tip from Phyllida Law (Emma Thompson's mother): "Never try to take suppositories on holiday. When you're going through the security checkpoint at the airport, they can be mistaken for bullets."

★ Last week I noted that despite all the acclaim he's received for Downton Abbey (not to mention the saucy missives he gets from female fans) Hugh Bonneville was yearning to get back to the theatre. And so is another high-earning actor, Benedict Cumberbatch, who says: "I'm aching to get back on the stage. It's weird in this culture that we have this idea that we own people: 'Oh, we're going to lose him to Hollywood.' No, you're not. I've got a suitcase and my home and life are in London. I'm just thrilled that Hollywood appreciates what I'm doing at the moment."

★ Gentlemen of discernment have been lamenting the absence of Julia Braddy from Countriville. The reason is that she's been focusing all her attention on her son Zephyr, who will be two in August. Julia, 42, and her property developer partner Gerard Cunningham are sharing nappy duties and she tells me: "He's doing so well, he's just taken a few rather wobbly steps. (The baby, not the father). She chose the name "because my mother is Greek, and Zephyrus was the God of the West Winds. In other words: A breath of fresh air", which is what he definitely is. He's absolutely adorable."



The good news, she would like us to know, is that she will be in a new BBC1 series later this year, since she's been able to take the baby with her while filming Keep Britain Safe, which looks at the work done by the emergency services, including a trauma unit in Nottingham. "I'm in total awe of what these people do," she says, "and thinking back to my own time in a maternity unit, no praise is high enough."

★ A British Airways hostess in First Class has the highest praise for David Beckham and his family. She says: "The children are so well-mannered. At the end of a flight each boy tidies up and they always thank the crew. David keeps his head down and Victoria spends her time sketching dresses. Unlike so many celebrities we deal with, the Beckhams never ask for any special treatment." Isn't that refreshing to hear?

## Special delivery for the Duchess

The Princess of Wales used to have a good relationship with Selfridges, where a personal shopper would pick suitable items of clothing for her when she dropped into the store's designer department. Her daughter-in-law the Duchess of Cambridge likes the shop too but no longer needs to visit the Oxford Street emporium. "She's served at home," says Selfridges boss Alannah Weston. "A selection of McQueen and Diana Von Furstenberg dresses are taken to Kensington Palace every couple of months."

★ The new film of F Scott Fitzgerald's novel The Great Gatsby is spawning all sorts of marketing tie-ins: Brooks Brothers has "Gatsby suits" while the Plaza Hotel in New York is opening a Fitzgerald suite. What a lovely idea. A place named after an alcoholic with tuberculosis who drove his wife mad before dying in his 40s. Who wouldn't want to stay in that room?



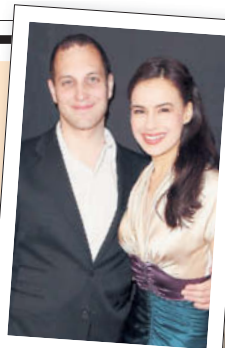
★ Just like the Scrabble-loving Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, there's another royal couple who like nothing better than a night on the tiles as they prepare for the arrival of their first baby.

Yet while the competitive Cambridges' games of Scrabble often end with one turning the board in a huff (so Kate told a guest at a royal party) the sessions between **Lord Freddie Windsor** and **Sophie Winkleman** are rather more genteel.

They too are expecting their first baby, just one month after Kate's due date in July, and Freddie is under strict orders from his mother, Princess Michael of Kent, to make sure that actress Sophie does not get over excited. As she might if dear Freddie got a quadruple score.

So although they live in LA, where Freddie is a banker, the couple have cut right down on their entertaining (long gone are his days as a louche Lothario) and retire to bed early after playing Scrabble or doing crosswords together.

Readers may recall that Scrabble played its part in the couple's romance: it was four years ago that Freddie proposed to Sophie by arranging the Scrabble tiles into the words: "Will you marry me?" Such a sweet boy.



# Adam Helliker

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## Thorpe's age-old dilemma

**T**HE DILEMMA of funding one's old age has come into sharp focus for Jeremy Thorpe, the former leader of the Liberal Party, who is in a frail condition and confined to a wheelchair.

Old Etionian Thorpe, who has been living quietly since his political career ended dramatically 34 years ago when he was accused of attempted murder and having an illicit gay affair, has been forced to reduce the price of the house he is selling in Devon, so he and his wife can pay for the care they both need.

Thorpe, 84, has suffered from Parkinson's disease for more than 30 years and his wife Marion, a former concert pianist, has mobility problems, which has made it difficult for them to travel from their London flat to Chuggarton Cottage, in the North Devon constituency where he was MP from 1959-79.

The thatched cottage went on the market a few months ago for £625,000 but has now been reduced to £590,000 in the hope of a quick sale. "It is used as a holiday home," says the agent. "Mr Thorpe was there last year; he has owned it for 40 years."



**BARGAIN:** Jeremy and wife Marion have had to reduce the price of their cottage to fund the care they both need

The debonair Thorpe dazzled the Commons with his wit and sartorial style but met his nemesis when Norman Scott, a part-time model, accused him of having a homosexual relationship with him (at the time when it was illegal).

Scott alleged that when their affair turned sour Thorpe hired a hitman to kill him. Thorpe was charged with attempted murder and during his trial the public were electrified by sordid details of how the politician had pursued Scott while purporting to be happily married. Scott said he had been ambushed on Exmoor by an ex-airline pilot, Andrew Newton,

who had meant to kill him but instead shot Scott's Great Dane, Rinka.

Although Thorpe was cleared, he lost his seat in the 1979 election and quietly retired. His only son Rupert works in Los Angeles as a photographer so is not able to visit often. "We get over as much as we can," Rupert's wife Michelle told me. "But with a child at school we are restricted."

Since his retirement, Thorpe's only public comment on his dark period has been: "If it happened now I think the public would be kinder."

"Back then they were very troubled by it."

★ *Tips from that old smoothie Roger Moore on looking good: "My most famous accessory was a year-round tan. If you don't want to look like you are dying all the time, it is quite useful. In the stupid days, 100 years ago, I used umbrellas. Nobody ever said how bad they were for you, and I regret that. "Far better to get a tan the sensible way... on a boat. I had a Sunseeker. It was a little day cruiser with a captain and crew. I was the captain, and my wife was the crew."*



Picture: AP

## Tiger's the cat's pyjamas

Given **TIGER WOODS'S** scorecard for adultery (the promiscuous putter racked up numerous affairs during his marriage to Elin Nordegren) the golfer might not be expected to win approval from the girlfriends of his new squeeze, the American skier **LINDSEY VONN** (above).

Yet a great chum of Miss Vonn, our very own champion skier **Chemmy Alcott** tells me: "I've been a friend of Lindsey's and raced against her for the past 15 years; I'm really happy that she's happy."

Twickenham-born Chemmy was a source of support when Lindsey's marriage to her coach Thomas Vonn collapsed last year.

"After her breakup she started skiing even faster," said Chemmy. "She told me then, 'Skiing is my happy place, it's like therapy. Everything that's going on in my personal life goes away.'"



★ Such is his celebrity that **Hugh Bonneville** often gets accosted these days, either by giggling girls who want him to do an impersonation of Lord Grantham (he does it rather well) or by autograph hunters.

Not all of the latter group are well-mannered, probably because they have their minds on how much they can get for his scribble on eBay.

Twinkly-eyed Hugh reports that he was waylaid by one such "fan" last week. "I asked him to whom he'd like it signed. He said Leave it blank. I said I'd like to dedicate it. He said "\*\*\*\* off then!"

★ When **Rod Stewart** became a father for the eighth time last year, his old mucker **Ronnie Wood** was asked if he too would be feeling broody now that he's married again (to **Sally Humphreys** who at 34 is 31 years Ronnie's junior).

"Nah," drawled the Rollinestone. "Rod's a bit older (68) but it's not for me. When you get to my age you have to stop."

Yet Ronnie's view that he's had quite enough crying babies in his life (he's fathered four) is not necessarily shared by his new wife.

I hear Mrs Wood very much wants her own kiddywinkles. Indeed as we speak Sally is probably waiting around in her lingerie, trying to stimulate the wrinkle rocker's cockles. Perhaps with a seductive soundtrack that includes those Stones' classics Start Me Up and Time Is On My Side.



★ **Prince William's cousin Viscount Linley**, at whose French holiday home Kate was snapped toposh, has no qualms about using the forthcoming royal baby to drum up business. **David Linley** authorised his PR to contact journalists asking that if they were writing any features about the impending birth, they should consider mentioning his latest offerings for the nursery: a rocking horse (priced £8,250) or a Linley height chart in wauau, at £1,250. "Toys fit for royalty," trumpets the society carpenter.

★ There's been mischievous chatter in Hollywood about the 12-year marriage of **Michael Douglas** and **Catherine Zeta-Jones**, with rumblings about the couple taking "time out" from each other. A longtime friend of the Welsh actress tells me the rumours are completely unfounded, however, and that the pair are happier than ever.

"Catherine says these stories started in LA with someone saying that she and Michael had supposedly 'buckled' under the pressure of dealing with all their recent problems (his recovery from throat cancer; her bipolar problems, and his son's incarceration on drugs charges!)"

"On the contrary, Catherine says they've come out of all the bad stuff feeling stronger, healthier and more appreciative of each other than ever."

Indeed the couple were "very touchy-feely" according to one who saw them on their last trip to London, when they stayed at one of the capital's hidden gems, **Dukes Hotel** in St James, where they cancelled in the 1985-5 suite penthouse night.

**THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:** "Pope Francis was a beloved Cardinal in Argentina. He gave up all his worldly possessions. He gave up his house to live in a tiny apartment. He gave up his car to ride the bus. You know what that means? Right now every divorced guy is saying, 'I could have been Pope.'"



★ As he approaches his 70th birthday in May, ex-Monty Python **Michael Palin** says that while he doesn't feel his age, he realises he's inherited some of his parents' traits.

"I recognise my father in myself now. He used to have a kind of whistley hum when he wandered around which was terribly irritating and my wife says, 'You're just like your father,' as when I'm going to get something out of the fridge I do this whistley hum."

As for his advancing years, Yorkshire-born Palin reflects: "I don't want to live to an age where all the people I know have died; I think you have got to grow old with your mates. I do wonder about death and I think gosh, I'll be 93 when they open the high speed rail line to Sheffield."

You can bet he will make a travel programme about it.



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★ In the very last episode of  *Gavin & Stacey*, the delightfully daffy **Joanna Page** was happily pregnant. In real life the actress is on the point of popping her first progeny, and has been pondering on a name for her first-born.

Joanna tells me that she and her hubby, actor **James Thornton** (right), have dropped two rather esoteric names, **Bear** and **Ham**, after pressure from their family.

There may be examples of Bear as a Christian name (Bear Grylls) but Ham? "It's not as strange as it sounds," she said at the *Cirque de Soleil* at the Royal Albert Hall.

"James played **Ham Peggotty** in *David Copperfield* so we were thinking of going for that one. But after a few chats with my mum I thought, no, maybe I can't name my baby after a sandwich filling."



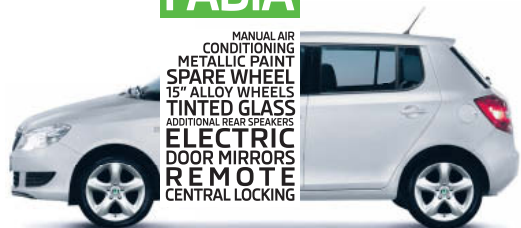
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## How Lady Thatcher had a ball with Jim

**T**HE ARREST of **Jim Davidson** over alleged sexual offences against two women said to have taken place 25 years ago, accusations he vehemently denies, have probably put paid to the political ambitions the comedian was harbouring.

Davidson, 59, who was questioned by police shortly before he was due to take part in Channel 5's *Celebrity Big Brother*, has said he is "totally gobsmacked" by the allegations, describing himself as a "gentleman" who would never take advantage of a woman. He feels he will be "totally exonerated".



GALLANT: Jim lent a helping hand

Before his arrest Jim, with whom I enjoyed a hilarious lunch at the Carlton Club, talked about his desire to become more politically active. Although he has long been a supporter of the Conservatives, he's disappointed by the Government's lacklustre achievements, although he agrees with changes to Child Benefit.

He said: "I can't get my head round why we pay people not to work, why we pay benefits for people to have children. When I was married to Tracy and doing really well with money, she was getting child benefit. She loved it. It had to stop."

Recalling his past involvement on the fringes of Tory politics, when he set up the British Forces Foundation, a charity to promote the morale of military personnel, Jim added: "Lady Thatcher came to our Foundation Ball at the Park Lane Hotel but you have to go down a long flight of stairs to the ballroom, so we put her in the goods lift

with her minder and I ran down the stairs to greet her at the bottom.

"But the lift went up to the 8th floor and stuck, so they had to take her out and walk her down. She was really shaky but the evening was a great success. Everyone loved her."

"As she was leaving, hanging on to me like a limpet on a pier, we went past my mate Les Beech, a businessman from Essex, who said 'Can I just say, Lady Thatcher, that you are my hero!'"

"She replied 'Thank you, young man.' She hadn't taken half a step when Les turned to his Mrs and said 'You see, she hasn't lost it!'"

Meanwhile Davidson is spending his ball at his home in Hampshire, where he says he is catching up on boxed sets of crime series such as *The Sopranos* and *Dexter*.

He intends to go ahead with his 30-date tour of his one-man show, opening at Basildon on February 13.

★ **Never mind the sharks, crocodiles or pythons on his travels, what Ben Fogle reckons are really dangerous are... suitcases on wheels.** "People who use them are so annoying," he blusters. "They pull them around station platforms and airports and trip you up."

"And look how small they are. They're just about large enough for a pair of pants! You don't need to put your pants in a little bag on wheels."

Better than putting pants on your head, Ben. Remember that night?

★ Not much longer to wait for **Cressida Bonas** before her gallant prince returns from the front line in Afghanistan to sweep her up and take her somewhere warm (and I don't just mean his bedroom in Clarence House).

Prince Harry is due back within a few days from his four-month tour as an Apache helicopter pilot, although he will have a two-day stopover at a base in Cyprus for "decompression" (military-speak for a right royal knees-up to slake the lads' thirst after all those dry days in Helmand).

Then Captain Wales will head straight to London to place a chaste kiss (as if!) on the cheek of the alluring Miss Bonas, who has been pining for her prince since he was posted away in September.

It's been a testing time for Cressida, 24, since that her royal romance began only two months before he left. But their dalliance has endured, with the pair staying in touch via regular Skype sessions.

Stowe-educated Cressida, who is studying contemporary dance in Greenwich, is likely to be rewarded for her loyalty with a spell at Harry's side on a trip to his favourite African country, Botswana, where he escorted Cressida's predecessor, Chelsy Davy, on the Okavango.

★ The early elimination of **Pamela Anderson** from *Dancing On Ice* is a disappointment for the staff at *Champneys*.

The pneumatic saucupot had planned to use the Hertfordshire health farm as her base while the TV series progressed, having stayed there twice last year, when her treatments included skin resurfacing (not that her face looks like a motorway) and a session with the spa's astrologist.

She didn't, however, stick to her diet, sneaking out to the local pub, *The Greyhound* in Tring, for fish 'n' chips and a pint of cider.

My girl with the hot towels also reports that Pammmy adopted a stray cat, Molly, which she found wandering around the spa. "When she returned the first thing she asked about was the cat and she was delighted to hear that Hannah on reception had re-homed Molly in Hemel Hempstead."



PHOTO: JEMAL COMBES

★ No matter how famous the cast of tonight's BBC comedy *Blandings*, during filming they all took second place to the Empress, the pig who is the real star of the series based on PG Wodehouse's novels. **Timothy Spall**, who plays the porker's aristocratic owner, the Earl of Emsworth, says: "That pig was treated like royalty. At one point the whole crew were standing around whispering because they wanted it to go to sleep. It was 'Shush! You'll wake it!'. All of us (his fellow cast members **Jennifer Saunders**, **David Walliams** and **Paloma Faith**) felt a mixture of disgust, pity and love for it. But I have never seen two ends of a creature so ugly."

**CRIPES, JAPES AND CHORTLES: REVIEW PAGES 50 & 51**

## I'm a softie says tough chef Marco

★ That brooding knife-wielder **Marco Pierre White** says that in the past year he's turned down numerous offers to appear as a celebrity chef in various TV shows. But he felt himself unable to resist the lure of a lucrative bid from Australia, where he's now presenting a series of *MasterChef: The Professionals*.

The trailers for the show portray the mercurial Marco as a cross between Hannibal Lecter and a sadistic drill sergeant and, despite protestations, we know he isn't averse to his image as a ruthless taskmaster who will brook neither disobedience nor a lemon tart that doesn't have crisp pastry.

Yet the wild-haired McEnroe of the Magmix insists: "Most of my reputation is exaggerated. I'm very conventional, very respectful. I'm not that hard man, I'm quite soft. I'm very caring of the contestants."

As for his stellar status, the thrice-married maestro asserts: "When I was a boy, chefs weren't famous. What was famous was the name of the establishment, such as the *Mirabelle* and *Le Gavroche*. We're tradesmen; we should always remember that's what we are."



★ Viewers of the film *Quartet*, the **Dustin Hoffmann**-produced story about a musicians' residential home, may want to arm themselves with dark glasses when **Michael Gambon** appears on screen.

Sir **Michael's** grashers appear to be to have been given another makeover, even though they were dazzling enough (not surprising given the fortune he's spent on them). He proudly told an admirer that his dental regeneration had cost him £50,000, paid for by doing voiceovers for the HSB advertisement.

The 72-year-old knight takes care of his appearance these days, although he often looks tired, understandable given his personal life. He remains married to his wife **Anne** but he spends much of his time with set designer **Phillipa Hart**, who is 25 years his junior and with whom he has two young children.

The strain of keeping up this arrangement takes its toll on the old dev. According to neighbours at the London block where he has an apartment, he often arrives home late, closes his front door and lets out a "terrifying primal scream, like an ape giving vent".

★ The last time I wrote about **GEMMA ARTERTON** she was feeling very uncomfortable after simulating sexual congress on the pebbles of *Hastings Beach* for *Byzantium*, a film in which she plays a vampire prostitute. For the same movie she later had to stand under a freezing waterfall in Ireland while the crew chucked buckets of blood over her.

But one shouldn't feel too sorry for this Gravesend-born trouper. For all those tricky scenes she was lucky to have her devoted Italian businessman husband of two years, **Stefano Catelli**, at her side, ready to proffer a cup of hot cocoa.

Not only that, she now says **LIKES** being covered in blood. "I love the gore, the execution of it on set when it's someone making the blood pump out of your arm. Horror is fun, because you can be really bold and I do love being dramatic."

No sooner had she finished *Byzantium* than she had to be covered in more yucky stuff for her next movie, *Hansel and Gretel*, when another character "internally combusts" over her. "I get totally showered with all this \*\*\*\*", she giggles. "There were all these guys behind the camera with buckets of slop, pasta and stuff, just throwing it at me. I had to try really hard not to laugh."

★ Here's a confession of naughtiness from **Gino D'Acampo**: the TV chef admits to stealing the *I'm A Celebrity...Get Me Out Of Here!* trophy which he was given after being crowned *King Of The Jungle* in 2006.

D'Acampo, who was supposed to return the trophy for it to be presented to subsequent winners of the reality series, says: "I stole it. I told the show's bosses I'd lost it but it's hanging up in my house."

This isn't the first time D'Acampo has taken something he shouldn't. As a 21-year-old waiter, he stole guitars worth £4,000 from singer **Paul Young's** house in North London and consequently served two years in prison.







SKI STAR: Chemmy Alcott

★ As our number one skier you'd expect life for Chemmy Alcott to be a series of ups and downs. But the Twickenham-born blonde seems to have had more than her fair share of downs. Her first was breaking her leg in a major ski accident two years ago. Then just last month she broke it again. On the upside she's had plenty of time to plan her wedding to fellow downhiller Dougie Crawford. "We are getting married in Syon Park on June 6," she tells me at a cocktail party hosted at the RAC Club by the French ski resort of Val d'Isère. "Then after I've competed in the Olympics next year I want to get on with having some babies. I would like twin boys and a girl."

Chemmy's mother who died in 2006 lost twin daughters before Chemmy was born. "She ate carrots for about eight months in the hope of having twin daughters. So I have written a letter to the universe instead asking for boys." Her Glaswegian fiancé isn't so fussed. The 26-year-old Eurosport commentator dragged his ski boots waiting seven years to propose to Chemmy then popped the question during a high-speed boat ride and after leaping off a cliff. Sounds like their nuptials won't be too conventional either. "I've decided to have a 'bridesman' instead of a bridesmaid," Chemmy adds, "So the colour scheme will be champagne instead of peach." As will the drinks, we hope.



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Picture: ANDREAS RENTZ/GETTY



★ The indigenous birds are very noisy creatures, so Brad Pitt may need his ear muffs when he joins Angelina and their six children on Cockatoo Island in Sydney Harbour later this month. Mind you he's been used to flashes and bangs on the set of Fury, a Second World War adventure he's been filming in Oxfordshire. He upset villagers in Shirburn when he staged a Nazi tank battle on Remembrance Sunday despite being asked to cease fire by Watlington Parish Council. The actor, whose visceral 12 Years A Slave is tipped to win an Oscar at the Academy Awards in February, is flying off for festive frolics with William Hague's favourite anti-rape campaigner on the set of her film Unbroken and then taking their tribe of six children and Angelina's father actor Jon Voight to spend Christmas Day in Tasmania. "Angelina doesn't want to be too far from the set of her movie over Christmas and has rented a huge Heritage house on the island for all the family to spend New Year's Eve watching the famous firework display over the Harbour Bridge - it's the best place to see it," adds a chum. I just hope Brad and Ange have time to enjoy a glass of Chateau Miraval Rosé from their 1,200-acre vineyard in Provence; it's just been awarded the best rosé in the world title.

# Adam Helliker

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★ No gold stars to Nigel Havers for his efforts in home decoration: buying books by the yard. Despite his credentials as a gentleman of discernment, Havers opted for filling the "library" at his London home with tomes bought for appearance rather than their content. The old smoothie was spotted at an antiques fair choosing quantities of Victorian volumes by their colour, as dealer Andrew Collier confirms: "He went for dark green and blue coloured editions of the 1890s, for £8 each."

★ Heston Blumenthal on cooking for friends: "I'm easy to cook for. But what happens if someone comes to my house and I just give them bolognese? They'll wonder why they can't eat the bowl."

# Wills makes son king of the road

Picture: KELVIN BRUCE

PRINCE CHARLES has long been worried about his eldest son's love of speed but now he may suffer sleepless nights over grandson George. William accepted an early Christmas gift yesterday when he was given a balance bike for his four-month-old son by organisers at the Motorcycle Live show in Birmingham. Complete with coat of arms the bike will doubtless be used by Prince George at Kensington Palace as soon as he is old enough. William was interested in slightly faster modes of transport and tried a £10,000 Triumph Daytona 675R for size at the NEC. The dashing Duke already owns a Ducati 1198 SP superbike so it was hardly surprising when he checked out the new 168mph Diavel too. "Go on, get on it!" shouted one onlooker, to which William replied: "All right, then, if I have to." Meanwhile brother



Harry is showing no sign of getting on with it as his race to the South Pole was delayed again yesterday because of appalling weather. Harry and his snowed-in chums will hopefully start the Walking With The Wounded Allied Challenge from an advanced position today. The Prince, who has grown a ginger beard on the trip, has joked William was "jealous" of him because he'd love to get away from "screaming" George. But no doubt George will be screaming for joy come Christmas morning.



FAST: Prince William on a Triumph yesterday. Inset, George's bike

★ The smooth Gordon Honeycombe was once one of Britain's most popular newscasters and, although he now lives in Australia, he has a burning desire to be back on television - as a subject of the BBC series Who Do You Think You Are? But in spite of dropping hints to the production team, the 77-year-old broadcaster can't get the BBC to bite. "Because I moved so far away I think it's been a question of 'out of sight, out of mind' as far as they're concerned," he tells me while on a visit to Cornwall, where he has family roots. "In 1973, I presented a documentary for ITV entitled A Family Tree which was followed by a BBC series about the Honeycombes. I think this helped start the present-day interest in genealogy. "I still get letters from people who remember me when I was on TV and I'm still writing and acting. I'm in a feature film out next year. I'm playing a granddad - what else?"



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40 years of British Quality

★ You would think that Sunday night chez Strictly Come Dancing co-host Claudia Winkleman would be a riot of sequins and sparkle. But the period paid in London that the panda-eyed presenter shares with her hubby and three children remains a glitterball-free zone. The tangerine-tinted TV star, who is married to film producer Kris Thykier, can't bear the sight of herself on screen. So it's switch off rather than dance off for her kiddiwinkles Jake, nine, Matilda, seven, and Arthur, two. "We watch the Saturday night show obsessively," says Claudia, but she doesn't let them watch the results show which she presents with Tess Daly on the Sunday. "They don't really know what I do on the show. They just know Mummy goes to work on Strictly at the weekends." The famously-fringed Cambridge graduate views television as a poor second to her role as a parent. "My main job is being a mum," she declares. "The rest is just stuff I do to buy shoes."



★ Throughout his platinum-coated career, Peter de Savary's reputation has been one of a buccaneering businessman who instilled fear not only into his competitors but also his staff. Yet few realised that behind his bravado he hid a fear of flying after a plane crash in which he nearly died 27 years ago. He was in the Caribbean with his pilot, a nanny, his pregnant wife and his four daughters, when the aircraft plunged into the sea. "We were in the ocean, upside down, the bloody plane was full of fuel and I couldn't get the door open," he recalls. The pilot died, but the rest of the passengers escaped. "I've hated flying since then," he says when we meet in the £10million penthouse apartment he is selling at St James's Place, close to the St James's Club he launched 30 years ago. He is more relaxed these days. "It's because of Monty," he says, stroking the Chihuahua who goes everywhere with him. "I carry him on board as hand luggage. He just sits in a bag under the seat in front. He is much better than hypnosis or drinking vodka which was what I used to do to relax. He de-stresses me. The only airlines that won't allow dogs on board are Virgin and BA so I never fly with them."



★ The Texan beanpole Jerry Hall called time on her last affair with Australian property tycoon Warwick Hemley a year ago because she was fed up with the jet lag she suffered every time she had to fly Down Under for a spot of hanky panky. But she has yet to find a replacement to fulfil what she delicately calls her "needs". Despite the multiple indiscretions she had to put up with during her 23 years with Mick Jagger she would, she tells me, be happy to find another Englishman with whom she could share her dust. "I'd love a Brit again; after all I had one for long enough, honey," she dravls. "Now I just want good sex, good quality conversation and someone who is good fun." "In that order please."

Edited by JANE SLADE





★ Australian cricketer **Shane Warne** and his fiancée **Elizabeth Hurley** have been having fun making plans to renovate their bucolic love nest in Herefordshire. Last summer the loved-up pair paid £6 million for Donnington Hall near Ledbury and now they have decided how they want to improve it – adding lots of en-suite bathrooms and, as they have rather grandly told the local planning authority, “generally undoing the previous inappropriate design choices made to the house”. Yet sensitive Shane, whom I saw last Sunday when he hosted a splendid celebrity match with Liz at Cirencester Cricket Club, is still concerned his fans might think he is becoming too grand because he is about to become lord of his own 13-bedroom manor. “Yeah, we bought a nice house,” he says. “But I’m not King Warne sitting in a big chair. I still lie on the couch in my tracksuit bottoms and watch telly.” And Miss Hurley ain’t stuck up at all, assures Shane. How does he know? “Cos she also loves wearing her trackies and Uggs boots.” So there.



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ONE IN A BILLION: The Hurlingham Club says that it is not for sale

## New club move for Roman?

AS HIS fortune of £9 billion and costly investment in Chelsea Football Club demonstrate, Roman Abramovich is a man used to paying out big sums to get what he wants. But even he might balk at the price of obtaining the property he covets – the Hurlingham Club in south-west London. Members of the genteel establishment in Fulham, west London, have been thwacking their croquet mallets with extra vigour, either with excitement or irritation over rumours that the Russian tycoon is prepared to pay a “bonus” to each of the 10,000 patrons to secure the 42-acre site and its beautiful Georgian clubhouse – at a price of at least £1 billion. The teacups on the club terrace have been rattling over the size of these individual payments. “Everyone’s talking about it,” clucks my man in the straw boater. “Some say the figure if we agree to leave will be £100,000 each, others have heard Mr Abramovich is so determined to get the place that he will give every one of us up to £1 million!” What has particularly attracted Roman to Hurlingham is its position; it is effectively the biggest country house closest to the centre of London but more importantly it is only a penalty kick from Chelsea’s Stamford Bridge ground. Besides being a private residence for him and his girlfriend Dasha and their two children, there would be all those lovely facilities (40 tennis courts, a nine-hole golf course and two swimming pools), which his football team could use. A club spokesman tells me she has heard the rumours: “Apparently Mr Abramovich was up in a helicopter and spied the club’s greenery and said it would be the perfect place for him to own so close to London. But if he makes any formal approach we would have to tell him it is not for sale.” Abramovich, 46, is bored with the problems he has encountered with plans to refurbish his present home in Chelsea, for which he paid £25 million two years ago. Last month he was granted permission for a £10 million building programme on the house in Cheyne Walk, once owned by the artist James Whistler, but only after months of wrangling with his neighbours. Hurlingham, which costs members £1,280 a year, first opened its doors in 1869 as “an agreeable country resort”, having previously been the home of Richard Naylor, a Victorian capitalist. The question is just how high will Abramovich have to go to tempt the members, who include actor Trevor Eve and broadcaster Ed Sturton, before they simply can’t say no to all that loot?



## When will he Murray me?



As Andy Murray once more prepares to shoulder the nation’s hopes for Wimbledon, his girlfriend **Kim Sears** will be sitting in the stands wondering if there will only ever be two Mrs Murrays (his mother and his brother’s wife). The delightful Kim, a canine portrait painter, has been at Andy’s side for eight years now. She looks after his £5 million home in Surrey, walks their two border terriers Rusty and Maggie and serves up his favourite dishes (Dagels smothered with peanut butter for breakfast and sushi for dinner). The patient Kim has learned to amuse herself while the dour Scot is away. The other day she was in the Lake District, recounting: “I spent hours wandering the fells admiring the scenery and trying to stop Maggie from eating Beatrix Potter’s sheep.” Sounds much more fun than a night in with teetotaler Andy, 26, who doesn’t like radio or TV, preferring to spend the evenings playing Scrabble. And as for marriage and babies, that would seem as remote as his chances of winning the tournament at SW19 this year. Last year he scowled: “I haven’t proposed, no matter how much she’s pushing; I haven’t fallen for it yet.” Such chivalry.

Last week **Sir Mick Jagger** has boasted that he has a 28-inch waist. That means he’s the only man in the world with a waist smaller than his mouth?

★ When **Esther Rantzen** appears in front of an audience these days she appoints a “knicker monitor” after an embarrassing episode of inadvertent flashing. “I lecture on cruises and one time my daughter came along with me,” she says. “At the end of the talk this lady walked up to my daughter and said ‘I think your mother would like to know that we could see her underwear all the way through’.” “My daughter said ‘She would have liked to know sooner’, so now I make sure I have someone who can be a knicker monitor to shout ‘knees together!’ at me.”

★ When she spent all those years as the BBC’s royal commentator it was **Jennie Bond’s** job to stick her elegant nose into the Royal Family’s business. Now that she has retired, Jennie is more sensitive about her former victims, especially William and Kate. “Every time their privacy gets invaded, I just feel so sorry for them,” she sighs. “I think Kate handles it very well, but do we have to have these prying photos? It is so difficult. There is no point in having a monarchy unless they are visible and yet there must be some leeway to allow them privacy.” Quite so. But then again Jennie herself cannot resist a spot of intrusive speculation about the impending birth and what sort of grandmother Diana would have made. “Diana was always very proud of William. She told me once that the woman was very lucky to have him, and I think she’s been proved right. I would be surprised if there wasn’t a tribute to her in the name if it is a girl. There was only one Diana, and that may be too full of meaning and tragedy. But she was Diana Frances and I can see the name Frances being in there somewhere.” So that is a top tip from clairvoyant Jennie.



★ Last week I noted how **Leo Sayer** had been stamping his perfectly formed tootsies about the state of contemporary music. Now it’s time for another blast from the past: from **Nik Kershaw**, who had hits in the ‘80s with such popular ditties as *Wouldn’t It Be Good* and *I Won’t Let The Sun Go Down On Me*. For years Kershaw, 55, doggedly refused to join the retro concert circuit, disdaining lucrative offers taken up by Paul Young, The Human League and Howard Jones, as they toured the world banging out their old hits. “I said ‘I’m a credible artist, I’m not going to do that, that’s like giving up,’” he puts. “Then you get to the point where you remember that those songs set me up for life. They are still putting my kids through university.” Now Nik is riling through his wardrobe for his old stage clothes ready to tour Australia with another Eighties star, Kim Wilde. Not that he needs the money, living happily between Essex and Ireland on his royalties. As he observes: “I’m lucky to have this lifestyle. I spend a lot of time with my family, walking the dog and playing golf. It’s a ridiculous way to earn a living.”

★ Apart from a little problem with draining bottles of **Jack Daniel’s**, which he has overcome by becoming teetotal, **Daniel Radcliffe** has remained remarkably level-headed through his fame and success as a child star. But he’s about to fall prey to a showbiz temptation that would be distinctly unacceptable at Hogwarts – getting a tattoo. He says: “It’s going to sound preposterous, but there’s a Beckett quote I really like that I’m going to get tattooed on me. Try again. Fail again. Fail better. That’s what I’m about.”

★ The launch by the **Duchess of Cambridge** of the Royal Princess cruise ship was an expensive operation in terms of champagne. The bottle used by **Her Royal Loveliness** was a Nebuchadnezzar (20 normal bottles) of Moët & Chandon costing £1,256. But her hosts were so concerned that the bottle would smash (it is considered a very bad omen if it doesn’t) that before Kate arrived there were three practices – each with full bottles. So the total bubbly bill was £5,000.



★ With five children, a contented hubby and a business portfolio worth millions, beauty czarina **Liz Earle** would appear to be living proof that women can, indeed, have it all. Not so, she tells me. “It’s very difficult. I have never met a married mother who says they get it completely right. We are fed the idea of being able to do it all but you simply can’t. You just have to do the best you can.” Speaking at a party for her charity **Live Twice**, which aims to give second chances to disaffected youths, Liz, 50, added: “I try to make the family my priority but to be at this launch I’ve left my youngest, who is three, at home, and she’s probably thinking ‘Where’s Mummy, I want a story,’ which means I’ve failed.” So now she just tries to worry less and laugh more. “I’d rather have a few laughter lines around my eyes than no laughs in life.”

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