

Crossman drops a bombshell £20 COUNCIL RENT

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THE PEOPLE

FRANK
FEARLESS
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THE PAPER THAT LOOKS AHEAD



Tramp's
mongrel
rides in a
Rolls now

It couldn't happen to a nicer dog!

LIVING a dog's life is just fine for shaggy Shamus, the mongrel.

After years wondering if she would ever smell a bone again she has struck it rich.

In dog's life Number One, Shamus wandered along the byways of Oxfordshire with her master, Jeremiah Comshaw.

Jeremiah was a tramp. So was Shamus. They both scratched a living by scavenging on local rubbish dumps.

But last week Jeremiah was killed in a road accident. There was no sign of his mongrel pal.

Police went to a barn at Deddington where Jeremiah often slept.

And there was Shamus, tied to the little yellow pram in which the tramp kept his few possessions.

Unfortunately, Shamus had been trained never to trust a policeman and she snapped and growled at the visitors.

FRESH MEAT

Then the police recalled that there was one man apart from Jeremiah who could handle the dog.

That was wealthy Dennis Washington, whose factory stands across the road from the tramp's favourite rubbish tip.

Mr. Washington was sent for — and Shamus calmed down as soon as he arrived.

Dog's life Number Two had begun. . .

Shamus was taken to Mr. Washington's luxurious house at Deddington where there are even gold-plated fittings in the bathroom.

To the surprise of Mr. Washington's wife, Grace, and six-year-old son, William, the dog settled down immediately.

"My wife thought we might have to take an old pram with us when Shamus went for a walk," said Mr. Washington.

"But not a bit of it. She'll only travel around in my £6,000 Rolls now."

Instead of sleeping in barns or under hedges, Shamus now jumps on to Mr. Washington's bed every night.

She doesn't have to hunt for scraps any longer, either.

Mrs. Washington goes to the butcher's every day for fresh meat.

To go with her new dog's life, Shamus has a new name. From now on, she's Bridget.

CROWD BEAT UP TOUTS

TICKET tout took a terrible hiding before yesterday's Big Rugby Match. Literally.

Angry fans in Cardiff waded into touts asking five times the price for tickets for the Wales v. Scotland international.

One tout tried to sell five 5s. ground tickets at 25s. each in a hotel bar.

A crowd of Scots and Welsh fans got angry.

In the end they bundled him outside, knocked him down and snatched the tickets.

But they were scrupulously fair. As the tout lay on the pavement they tossed him 25s. — exactly the price of the five 5s. tickets.

In St. Mary Street, not 100 yards from the ground, 30 Scots chased two touts out of a public house. The couple had asked £1 each for 4s. tickets.

Match result: Wales won 8-3.

A bump in the night...

It was two o'clock yesterday morning when the police found Alexander Jamieson out on the street in his underpants, shouting at the top of his voice.

Alexander, a 25-year-old Royal Navy seaman, had fallen out of a bedroom window, landed on his head — and wandered off in a daze.

The police took him to hospital. Then they called at the house where Alexander had been staying in Fenswood Road, Long Ashton, near Bristol.

They heard that Alexander was to be a guest at the wedding of his shipmate, 21-year-old Keith Welling.

So he was spending the night at Keith's house.

"He must have had a black-out," Keith's mother, Mrs. Mary Welling, said later. "There hadn't been a party, so he wasn't drunk."

THE whole of Britain's council house system is about to be swept by a "wind of change"—and the blast will be felt most of all by the rich tenants.

Mr. Richard Crossman, Minister of Housing, declared his intention to take drastic radical action in an exclusive interview with "People" reporter Bob Taylor.

The council house system is in a mess from top to bottom, said the Minister. "I mean to put it straight—quickly."

The scandal of the wealthy tenant living in a council house at a subsidised rent—against which "The People" has campaigned for years—will be vigorously tackled.

"Local councils must get tough," said Mr. Crossman. "They must use their powers and hit these tenants where it hurts most—in the pocket."

TRANSFER SCHEME

"THEY MUST CHARGE THE RICH TENANTS £1,000 A YEAR RENT IF NECESSARY. I SHALL NOT INTERFERE IF THEY DO THAT."

Councils would be perfectly within their legal rights in charging above an economic rate, he said. "That will soon sort the problem out."

Also high on the Minister's list of priorities is a plan for easing the mobility of council house tenants. He wants to set up a transfer list, so that tenants in one part of the country can "swap" homes with those in another when they want to switch jobs.

Other points in Mr. Crossman's Council House Charter are:

IMMIGRANTS must not be kept out of council estates through racial prejudice.

HOUSING MANAGERS must look on their job as a vital social service — not merely that of a rent collector.

FOR SALE

MIXED — COMMUNITY council estates must be tried again—with the parson, the doctor and other professional people living alongside less well-to-do folk.

OWNER — OCCUPANCY must be encouraged. Council tenants should be urged to buy their own homes privately when they can afford it—so freeing council houses for the needy.

● "ACTION AT LAST!" — Turn to Page 12 for a full report of Richard Crossman's man's exclusive interview to "The People."

How are the mighty fallen!

SIR JOHN HUNT, conqueror of 29,000-ft.-high Everest, found a 3,000-ft. Scottish mountain too much for him yesterday.

He lost his footing on the south face of the Arinwell Mountain, Glenelg, slithered 50 ft. and cracked a rib.

Mr. Hunt was on his way to present the prizes at the East of Scotland Skiing Championships.

He tried to climb on but the pain forced him to give up.

A rescue team carried him down the mountain on a stretcher to a waiting ambulance.

Sir John's explanation: "I hit a patch of ice hard and then struck a rock."

DOCTOR'S HOME—A CAR IN THE BUSHES

By FRED BOULDEN
A NOTICE at the end of the doctor's fern-lined drive says: "SCRAM."

At the other end of the drive, surrounded by a 5 ft. hedge, is the doctor's home — a blue 1963 Ford Anglia car.

The doctor, 41-year-old Adair Girty, set up residence in Cumber Lane, Essex, and began saving hotel bills between jobs as temporary stand-in for family doctors in various towns.

Last week, as I walked up the drive, Dr. Girty would

down the window of his four-seater home and called: "Sorry I can't invite you in. . . I'm a bit untidy at the moment!"

The doctor told his bed-clothes — an overcoat — and began tidying up as he explained.

"There are two main reasons why I live like this. One is the money I save by not living in hotels when I'm not working. The other reason is the sense of freedom this life gives me."

Dr. Girty, a former Royal Army Medical Corps captain, has been Medical Registrar at Stamford and Rutland Hospital and at the City Fever Hospital, Bradford, Yorks.

He is a bachelor of medicine and holds a diploma in public health.

"My medical qualifications are better than most," the doctor told me.

"I've been travelling all over the country and never had a settled home. I've worked in 98 places. I bet that's a world record."

Dr. Girty set up home in Cumber Lane nine weeks ago. He just drove into the undergrowth a few yards off the road.

He built the hedge of branches, fern and fern. And recently he started adding a roof.

"I'm not very popular with courting couples in the lane," Dr. Girty admitted. "I've had to put up with a spot of sabotage."

Then the doctor described his daily round.

It starts at about midday, when he wakes up.

"Then I bet about a thimbleful of water on a candle," Dr. Girty said. "After that, I do the housework. Make the bed and generally tidy up."

"I have no cooking facilities. I eat tinned food and wash it down with water."

That water, the doctor explained, is obtained on his daily 20-mile trip to London.

"I go to King's Cross Station and fill three plastic bottles

with water from a tap in the gents' toilet," Dr. Girty said. After that, the doctor generally goes to a London post office which stays open all night.

"I read there," he said, "and write off for jobs. It's warm, and has comfortable chairs. I normally stay till about 3 a.m. Then I go home to bed."

Dr. Girty added: "No doubt local people think I'm potty. But all I am is an individualist. I even put my hair on the right side, in order to be different."

A British Medical Association spokesman who heard about the doctor's country life commented: "How odd. But it's a free country."

Rally men killed

MOTOR cyclists Arthur Batho, of Newnham Gardens, Greenford, and Roger Flowers, of Caryon Avenue, South Harrow, were killed yesterday when they crashed at Capel Curig in North Wales.

They were on the way to join 6,000 motor cyclists attending the annual Red Dragon rally at Llanberis.

Houses searched in hunt for nude girl's killer

A HOUSE - TO - HOUSE search was mounted last night for the killer of 16-year-old Anne Daniels. Her nude body was found yesterday in a school playground less than a mile from the home of Margaret Reynolds, one of the babes-in-the-ditch victims.

Police, called to the Sacred Heart School in Aston, Birmingham, found that Anne, a factory worker, had been murdered in the playground lavatory. She is believed to have been strangled.

Now detectives face these questions: Has the Midlands maniac struck again? Or is a second girl-killer loose in the town of fear?

Dark-haired Anne — described by a friend as "a lively, fun-loving girl" — lived in Mansfield Road, Aston, close to the Clifton Road home of six-year-old Margaret.

After Margaret's body was found in the playground.

The lavatory was partly flooded and detectives called for pumps from the nearby fire station before Dr. Frederick Griffiths, the Home Office pathologist, made an on-the-spot examination.

Chief Detective Superintendent Nicholas Brennan, with Chief Superintendent Arthur Brannigan, who took part in the search for Margaret Reynolds's killer.

A police spokesman said:

BLACK against WHITE

ON THE BRINK

● One false move and Africa could be plunged into the most terrible race war the world has ever seen.

● How near to the flashpoint is South Africa? What new dangers has the Rhodesian rebellion brought?

● An expert has brought back a penetrating report

Start it on Page 2 today

"Our men are searching every house in the area."

He added: "At this stage there is nothing to link the Anne and Margaret murders."

Anne's mother, Mrs. Mary Daniels, went to Victoria Road police-station to help trace Anne's movements on Friday night.

Detectives have discovered that Anne was in the Roma Delta café near her home until late that night.

Mrs. Frances Cavanagh, who lives near by, said: "My dog started barking at half-past one this morning. I looked out and saw a man and a girl kissing in the alley."

A wordy fall-out in space

OH, what a fall-out there was yesterday over those pictures from the moon.

Scientists on East and West sides of the old planet Earth became involved in a real war of words.

And unscientific epithets like "sensationalism" were the major Soviet weapon.

Space-chief Professor Anatoly Blagonravov complained in Moscow that the West in their eagerness to be first in publishing the pictures showed them on a distorted scale.

Britain scored a world "ace" on one of the world's major stories, through the "Daily Express," which helped scientists by passing the electronic signals through newspaper picture transmission equipment.

Sir Bernard Lovell at Jodrell Bank, Britain's radio telescope station, replied to the Russian allegations.

"We were extremely careful to say that only the Russians would have technical data. In all my comments I stressed the point that there was no indication of scale."

As Moscow television showed Russians the pictures for the first time, 24 hours after the West had seen them, Professor Blagonravov referred to "moves" of a sensational nature.

Don't be downhearted! MOST parts of Britain will have a rainy start to the day—but don't be downhearted. The drizzle will clear away and there will be sunny spells in the afternoon.

OUTLOOK: Sunny intervals and showers. Lights: London, 5.28 p.m.