

# Diary by PETER TORY

## Margaret is outdone by a newcomer

A LEAGUE table showing the number of jobs carried out last year by the royal family has just been published.

The Queen's assignments, including official visits, receptions, audiences and tours, totalled 285.

Her sister, Princess Margaret, once again beset by niggling ailments and the odd depression, managed 101.

Notably absent from this survey, carried out by a Mr. O'Donovan of Datchet, Berkshire, is popular royal newcomer Princess Michael of Kent.

Czech-born Marie Christine, 37 this week and one of the busiest and most sought-after royal figures, does not, of course, receive a Civil List allowance.

Her engagements are not, therefore, official. And not recorded in the Court Circular, from which the survey is assembled.

Even so, the Michaels managed to tot up more engagements than Margaret; at least 120. And this could be a sore point.

Princess Michael's enthusiasm, though gaining her nationwide adora-



101 JOBS: Princess Margaret



120 JOBS: Princess Michael

tion, has hardly endeared her to all members of the royal family, particularly Princess Margaret, who takes home £98,000 from the Civil List.

On one occasion, at a West End restaurant, Margaret grandly swept past Marie-Christine, who happened to be dining at the establishment with friends.

Although they live in adjacent apartments at Kensington Palace, the princesses seldom exchange words.

Without official financial backing, how do the Michaels afford their social whirl?

Their spokesman, John Barratt, tells me: "They try and do the best they

can. We have to be very selective. One does not accept things which are going to be enormously expensive.

"Unlike other members of the royal family, they tend not to do too many visits too far outside London. Always we look at them and say: yes, but what's it going to cost us?"

Their hard-up image was enhanced when Prince Michael turned up at a function with a frayed shirt that looked as if it had been borrowed from Worcel Gummidge.

And one wag has said: "Princess Michael is lovely, but she would go anywhere for a free hot dinner."

## Lambton to the slaughter

"LORD" LAMBTON, who relinquished his title, has shot so many pheasant this season at his County Durham estate that at times the sky has grown dark with plummeting birds.

One estimate is that Lambton and his

friends have slaughtered as many as 10,000 birds. Tony can become quite over-excited with all this slaughter. The other day he found that a locked gate was barring his progress. Instead of climbing over it, he shot the padlock off.


## N. AMERICA BUYS BL SYSTEMS KNOW-HOW.

The heavily automated production line for the Austin Metro is widely recognised as one of the most advanced in the world.

Before the line was built, BL Systems Ltd. developed a highly original computer software package that allowed production engineers to simulate problems on the production line itself and actually see what would happen and why.

It is called, appropriately enough, "See Why" and the advantages to production engineers are enormous.

BL Systems are now offering the package to other manufacturers and N. American giant Alcan Aluminium, Perkins Engines, the British Airports Authority and the Post Office are early customers.

 **Fighting back**

## FORTY YEARS ON A DESERT ISLAND

THIS month represents a splendid milestone for Roy Plomley, the veteran presenter of the radio programme Desert Island Discs.

He is 68 next week and only a few days later his show will be 40 years old—so old indeed that George Bernard Shaw was invited to be one of his earlier castaways.

More recently Princess Margaret and Mrs. Thatcher have obligingly named the discs they would like to play should they ever be marooned.

The princess's selection included Scotland The Brave, a comic notion if one thinks about it, as was another choice, Tennessee Ernie Ford's Sixteen Tons.

The Prime Minister chose Bob Newhart's comedy monologue Introducing Tobacco To Civilisation and Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, two works which, if played every day under a palm tree, could lead to certain madness.

But of the 1626 castaways, American author Norman Mailer and film director Otto Preminger provided some of the most memorable moments.

Asked to nominate a luxury, Mailer replied: "A stick of the finest marijuana."

Preminger also caused a bit of a stir by losing his temper. The gentle Plomley asked Otto, an inveterate traveller, if he were a bit of a gypsy.

The ill-tempered movie man snarled in guttural Germanic anger: "Is this what you do to your guests—you insult them, say they are gypsies?"

## Lee opens a spirit centre

LEE EVERETT, psychic wife of Britain's zaniest disc jockey KENNY, has opened what is thought to be the country's first spiritual advice centre.

Called "House of Spirit" the centre is a converted shop near the Everett's home in Notting Hill Gate, London.

Lee, 45, who trains mediums and is known in the spirit world as Crystal Clear, tells me it has been her ambition

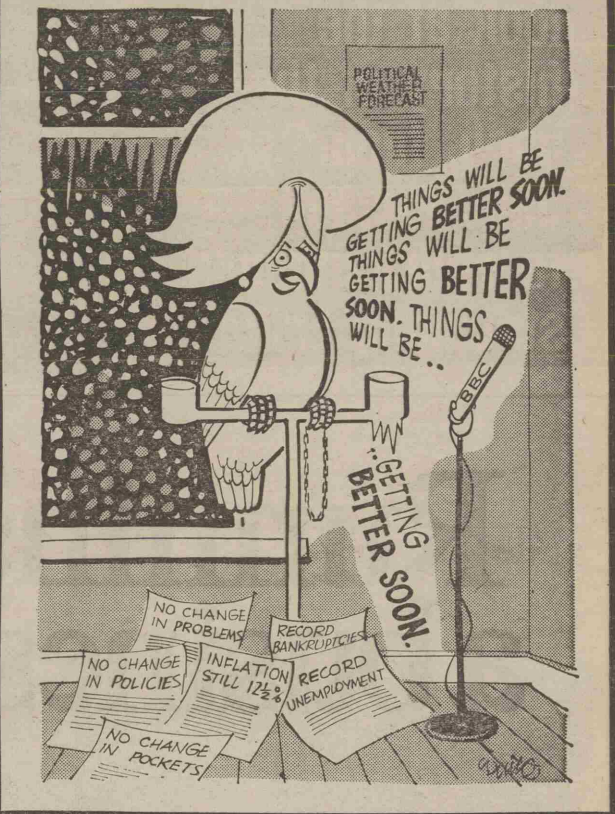
to open a sanctuary to develop healers and mediums.

"I have twenty students at the centre. We meditate and I teach them healing."

Does Kenny attend? "No, he's far too much of a fidget bottom for that."

"But by healing I have cured Billy Fury, my ex-husband's heart condition, and Elton John's manager, John Reid of foot trouble."

## The world of Keith Waite



## Matthew's stage play left a peculiar smell

SIR ALEC GUINNESS'S son, MATTHEW, has been telling me of a most disturbing study which he has now abandoned.

The actor and writer became an expert on pheromones. Or, in other words, the basic animal pong with which we signal to our mates.

Pheromones are smells

which either attract or repel. They can even, says Matthew, be bottled—obviously to devastating effect. They have been used as sex aids.

This curious knowledge, which 42-year-old Matthew says became rather frightening, was gained during his researches into an experimental play that was staged in Newcastle.

Not exactly the kind of theatrical experience with which Sir Alec is familiar—it involved spraying the substance on seats which were to

be occupied by the audience.

Says Matthew: "Men started swopping seats with women, and in one corner the men started to get quite aggressive."

He explains that he has now dropped his interest "because it led to all sorts of manipulation."

"One British company approached football clubs, suggesting they could control hooliganism by spraying pheromones around the crowd."

Are pheromones even now being used on us all? I think we should be told.



PRESENTER: Roy

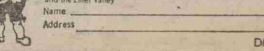
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