

GOOD ON YER COBBER

(Rolf Harris needed it after touring with the Fab Four.)

SPRING FEVER doesn't have to be in the air when you meet Rolf Harris. He has his own built-in brand all the year round. But when Rolf toured with The Beatles for three weeks the fever in the air revolved around the Fab Four. Rolf himself received a medal . . . for bravery on the field of action!

"Everybody had been telling me what it would be like, sport," Rolf told me. "A packed audience, impatiently waiting for THEM to close the show. And I'm the turn before THEM.

"To say I was panic-stricken and in a cold sweat is to put it mildly. It kept me awake at nights, working out the best way to cope with the problem. I mean the problem of going on *immediately* before The Beatles.

"I was completely new to working with such a showbiz sensation. I usually work in the comparative calm of night clubs.

"Anyway, I decided 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.' And I worked out some funny lines to include Paul,

George, John and Ringo in my own songs. It was a good idea, as ideas go, except when I mentioned the boys names the reception was deafening. I almost screamed myself!

"And in *English Country Garden* I stressed how people wearing hob-nail boots should be careful or they'd stamp on a 'beetle.' Judging from the audience reaction you'd have thought I'd actually trodden on Paul's tootsie.

"So there I was, lying awake at nights, trying to kid myself I was a tough Aussie with an all-round technique—gags, singing, playing the guitar, draw anything, but NOT a bigger draw than The Beatles.

"Somehow I'd work up a little confidence by the time I arrived at the theatre. But then I'd pass through the crowds waiting for The Beatles and the self-boosting act would sag again."

Rolf paused to doodle a human-looking kangaroo—on a menu card.

"Imagine waiting in the wings to go on face-to-face with Beatlemania. The first time I tried to believe it

was all for me. The second time I had to call a halt, lean on the microphone and just LOOK at the audience."

Rolf paused again and added a few more lines to the kangaroo.

"And the third time?" I asked.

"My thoughts ran away with themselves. I just hoped the fans wouldn't rush the stage, their patience exhausted!"

"Is that why you got a medal?"

"More or less," Rolf grinned. "And on the last night of our season together, The Beatles handed everybody on the show a miniature transistor radio. I got one—as well as the medal.

"They didn't HAVE to do it, you know. It only goes to show, once again, what a darned generous bunch of boys they are."

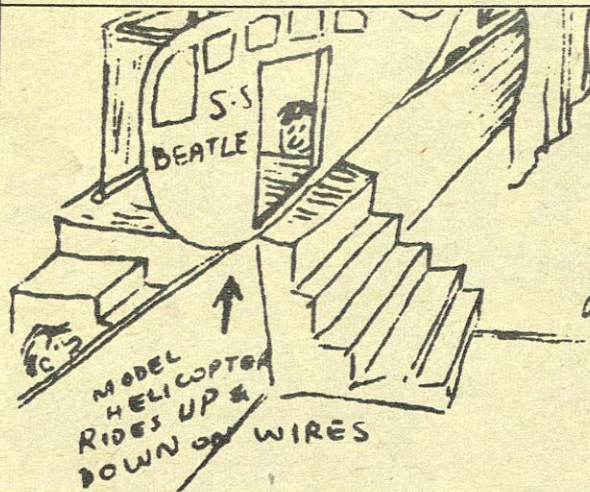
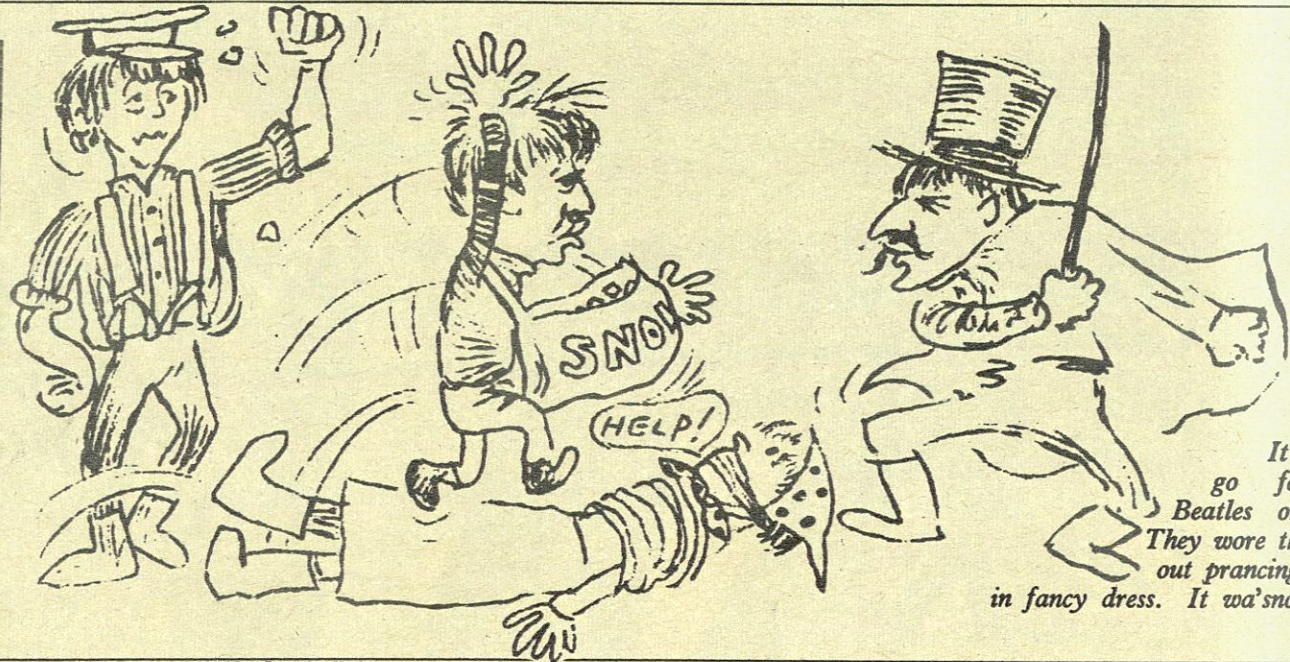
Rolf put the finishing touches to the tail of his doodled kangaroo. He called it 'The Lad's Fair Dinkum'.

That goes for Rolf, too.

PAUL FRY

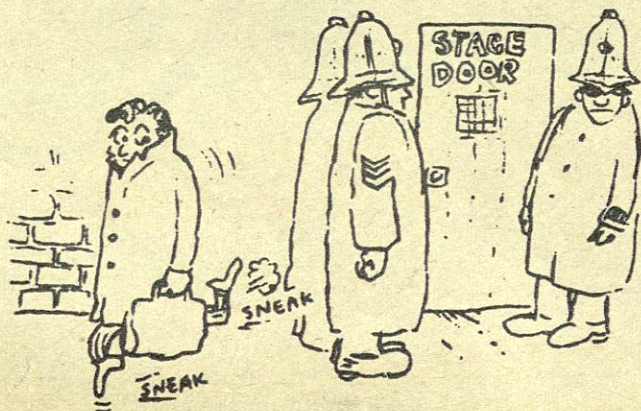


Rolf Harris has already made a big name for himself in this country as a singer and entertainer. Here's another side of his talent. Cartoonist extraordinary, Rolf drew these sketches from his memories of The Beatles show he compered.



"I introduced Cilla as she climbed out of a cardboard helicopter," Rolf said.

"They moved the steps by accident one evening. In the dim light of the scene change Cilla missed them altogether and lost a lot of dignity. But she got up laughing and the audience loved her for it. Why did Cilla arrive by helicopter? Well, let's be honest, she's hardly a plane girl!"



"The worst moments for The Beatles were getting away from the fans after the show. Ringo sneaked off quickly before they could catch him," said Rolf. "I've never seen four boys move so fast in all my life as The Beatles when they made for their car with the fans after them. With his coat collar turned up and gripping a zip holdall, Ringo must have the world record for the 100 yards sprint. John borrowed a commissionaire's coat to sneak off in one night. George bought a cloth cap and a second-hand raincoat which worked fine until someone photographed him in it and he was seen in all the papers!"



Fab | Rolf
Harvis