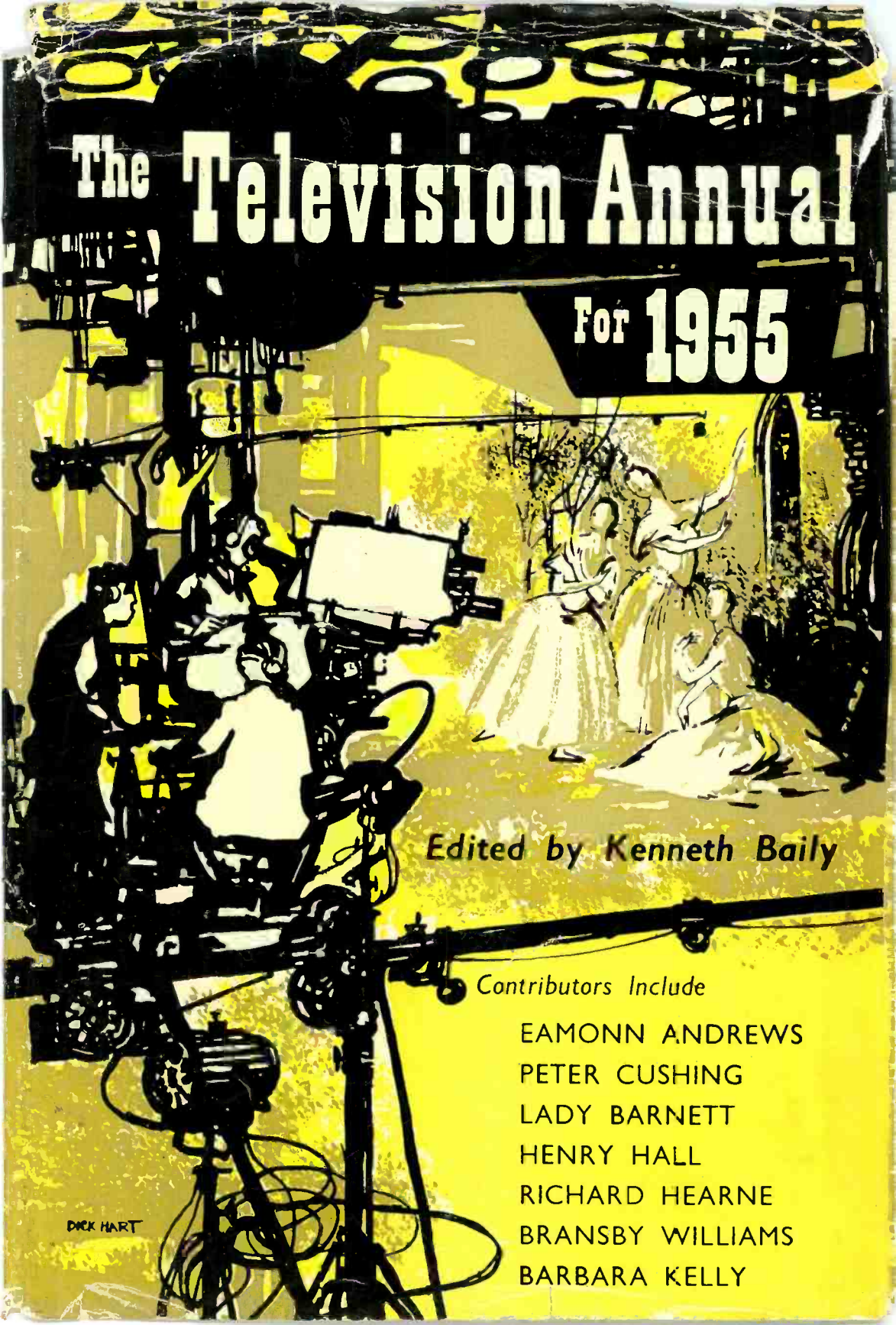
The Television Annual For 1955



Edited by Kenneth Baily

Contributors Include

EAMONN ANDREWS
PETER CUSHING
LADY BARNETT
HENRY HALL
RICHARD HEARNE
BRANSBY WILLIAMS
BARBARA KELLY

THE

TELEVISION

ANNUAL FOR 1955

EDITED BY KENNETH BAILY

and featuring articles by

EAMONN ANDREWS, HENRY HALL,
BARBARA KELLY, PETER CUSHING, LADY BARNETT,
RICHARD HEARNE, BRANSBY WILLIAMS,
PATRICIA CUTTS, SIR GEORGE BARNES,
AND HUMPHREY LESTOCQ.

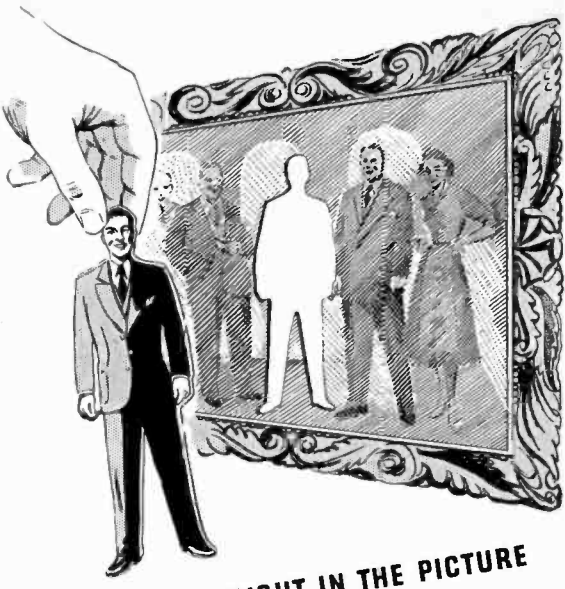
THE TELEVISION ANNUAL is now recognized as an indispensable companion for every viewer. This year's edition gathers together a feast of entertainment and information. In it television's own stars tell their personal stories and express their opinions freely. In addition to these contributors, a profile gallery of personalities includes Joan Regan, Reg Dixon, David Nixon, Eve Boswell, Glyn Daniel, Sally Barnes, Shirley Abicair, Joan Turner, George Martin, Ursula Howells, Avis Scott and Donald Gray.

THE TELEVISION ANNUAL is now relied on as the most authoritative survey of British television year by year. Its Editor, Kenneth Baily, is one of the most experienced press commentators on television, recognized by Fleet Street and the BBC alike. Television critic of *The People*, magazine writer, author and one-time TV scriptwriter, he interprets in this book all the behind-the-scenes excitement of the television studios.

His own outspoken review of television has become a controversial feature of THE TELEVISION ANNUAL, and this year is partnered by a revealing cross-examination of Sir George Barnes, BBC Director of Television, on the future of television. The great advance of 1954, the exchange of programmes between European nations, is recorded, as is the development of outside broadcasting, and documentary programmes. A chapter is devoted to the BBC's great history of British air power. Women's television, children's television, and the Grove Family, are all featured.

There is a charming story of Gilbert Harding as a boy; Eamonn Andrews provides sidelights on the "What's My Line?" stars; Patricia Cutts shares pages from her personal diary; Henry Hall surveys the light entertainment world; Stephen McCormack tells of the TV adventures of Richard Dimbleby; and Peter Cushing contributes a delightful survey of TV plays and their players.

Here is a book which projects right into your hands the people of television, the atmosphere of television, and the real facts about television today. More than 160 superb illustrations provide a souvenir of television personalities and programmes, which every viewer will want to keep.



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The Listener

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YOUR NEWSAGENT HAS IT

THE
TELEVISION
ANNUAL FOR 1955

The Companion Book
to Viewing, with Pictures of the
Programmes and the Stars

Edited by
KENNETH BAILY

Contributors include

EAMONN ANDREWS, RICHARD HEARNE
SIR GEORGE BARNES, HENRY HALL
BARBARA KELLY
HUMPHREY LESTOCQ, PATRICIA CUTTS
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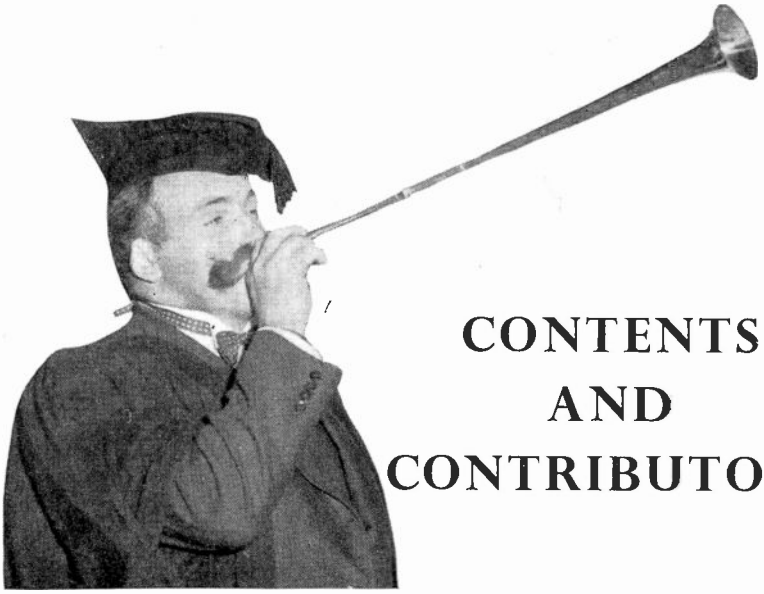

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THE TELEVISION ANNUAL
FOR 1955

Over to Rome

On Whit Sunday, 1954, viewers saw the splendour of St. Peter's and watched His Holiness Pope Pius XII as he said of television: "May this first international programme be a symbol of union between the nations. Let the nations thus learn to know each other better . . . How many prejudices and how many barriers will thus fall! A new co-operation will be started. This is our hope."

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In 1954 television's year began with Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh away on their Commonwealth Tour. In May viewers joined the great welcome to them as cameras watched the Royal yacht sail into London.

THE TROUBLED SCREEN

The Editor's Review

Kenneth Baily

"THE people themselves will decide the future of television. Behind all the shouting of big business, show-business, public corporations and governments, the viewer's voice will prevail. . . ."

This is Charles Chaplin speaking. On one of his visits to London I asked him what he was thinking about TV. The great film star, the astute picture business man, went right back to the likes and dislikes of the people in Every Street.

He said: "No artistic medium has yet lived which has not played to the convenience of the public and to the public's emotional needs. The people want to see the riches TV can bring to their homes, including films. They will also want to go on seeing films, and plays, and music-hall, and circuses from the auditorium seats."

Is it so simple? I asked Charlie: "Are there not one or two snags? For instance, the critics of commercial TV—many of them very learned men—say the public will get only what it suits the advertisers to give them."

"Advertising is death to TV," came Chaplin's retort. "Advertisers bind the artist. There is no artistic freedom in promoting business. You can say show-business is hard commercial business; but it is the talent of the artist, given full rein, that has always made show-business money. There are men who think people will watch TV to see quiz shows offering cash prizes. They will. And fine for the cinema industry. For they will tire, and creative drama will win them back."

But whether TV is commercial or non-commercial, Chaplin seemed convinced that it is no threat to cinema or theatre. In the long run, he felt, people would never surrender the herd instinct which takes them out in the fellowship of shared entertainment.

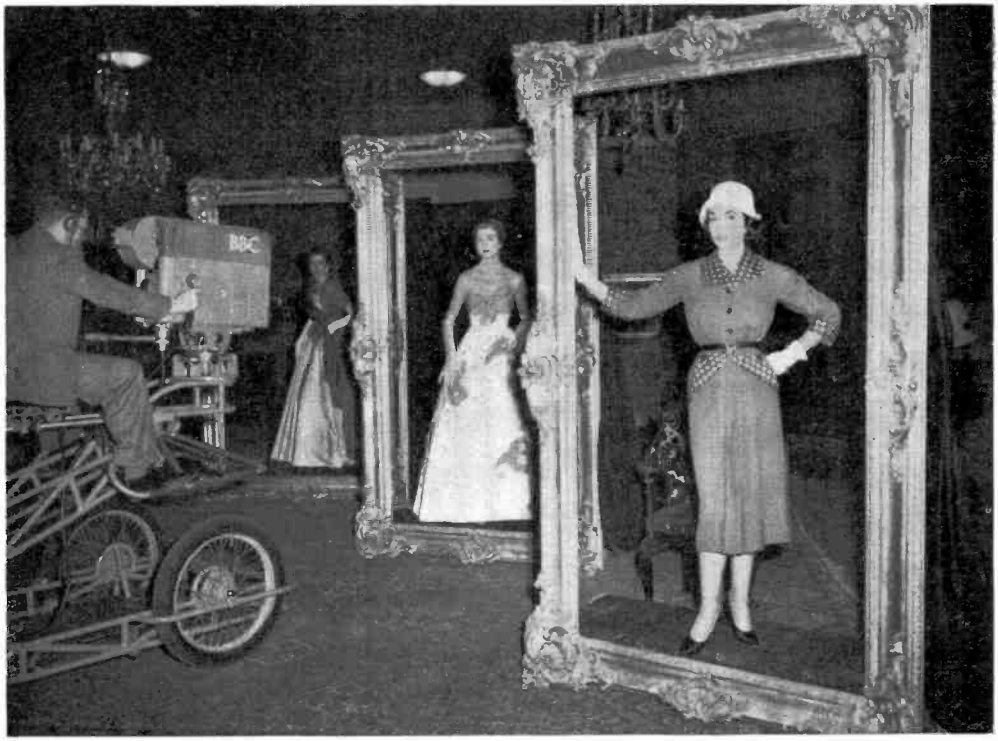
You are There, *a TV innovation in 1954, pictured real scenes from history as though television had existed at the time. Here BBC cameras watch Julius Caesar as he debates whether or not to cross the Rubicon.*

"Television," he went on, "will gear itself to the other entertainment forms. That is another way of saying it will do what the public wants from it. Sometimes people want to see TV. Other times they want to go to a film or sports event. It is only a matter of time before the business men in show-business will accept this truth.

"My view is that they will find the deciding factor in the cost and distribution of TV; and I say the only answer is in shilling-in-the-slot TV.

"Show-business balance sheets are only sound when they keep in step with the public's instinct. A man instinctively values that for which he pays on the nail. Instinctively, he is slowly rendered hopeless by getting TV virtually free for three hours each night. In the end he will give up the search for value that way. And, in the end, he will give up the search for value in a TV service which is really trying to make him buy liver pills."

We can perhaps forgive Charles Spencer Chaplin his remote and rather god-like view of TV. To him TV must still seem a toy, being played with by little men, who have still to put away the childish worries and jealousies it has roused among them.



Modern "masterpieces", fashions from the 1954 Spring Collections of the leading London designers, were televised from Christie's Galleries, where art treasures of the world normally go under the hammer.

But meanwhile we have to live with the adolescence of TV. Certainly some of us find the viewing of it just about as irritating as having an unpredictable teen-ager ever at the elbow!

So far as Britain is concerned, TV is the BBC—though another brand is round the corner. And what has been started the BBC way can hardly be changed, at any future date, into a pay-as-you-view system of TV. It also seems unlikely that the new commercial system, now legislated for, can ever adapt itself to the coin-in-the-slot method.

Charles Chaplin seemed to me to be speaking most significantly when he stressed the importance of people's convenience. This strikes right at the heart of the TV matter. For TV demands adjustments in the time-table and pattern of family life. It seems likely that large numbers of people in Britain today are letting cinemas, theatre and sports events go by default simply because the TV is on and something good may turn up for them. This does not mean that they prefer TV, or are even actively choosing it instead of other pursuits. It is simply more convenient for them to sit around and wait while the bran-tub of Lime Grove disgorges itself.

Sonia Dresdel gave a memorable performance in the nerve-tingling, one-actress play Sorry—Wrong Number. *This was a short play. Kenneth Baily here suggests that plays are often too long.*

At present, ease and convenience are the real powers of TV, greater than "the visual impact" about which theorists talk, and greater than the Lime Grove programmes having the highest "viewer appreciation" marks. The ease of viewing cancels out a great deal of the care taken by the BBC in planning a mixed bag of programmes each night, on the assumption that viewers will switch on only to the item they really want. It is more convenient to leave the thing switched on all the time, or at any rate most of every evening.

In the end this convenience may be less valued as what is watched palls more and more. But that is only a supposition. I cannot see that the BBC —or any other TV corporation—can do anything about it. Chaplin is probably correct in saying the viewer himself will in time decide that TV all the time, every night, is a mug's game.

In specific TV activities, however, the viewer's convenience could well be more actively met by the BBC. A ninety-minute play at least once a week, and sometimes twice, does not conveniently fit the leisure time of many households. The plays get high audience figures because—pity us! —we have no alternative. But few can ever be worth a solid ninety minutes of sitting.

A poor appreciation figure received at the BBC for a play is often explained away by denigrating the author's "dramatic sense," his plot, his lack of pace, or lack of characterization. It would often be more realistic to admit that all these were poor because they were spread too thinly over too long a time. It would be more convenient to the viewer for plays to be

Mary Watson was one of the actresses who won viewers' admiration in 1954. She is seen here with Peter Williams in the "Whiteoaks" play The Mistress of Jalna, *in which she played the governess.*

When announcers sing! An unorthodox outburst seen in the Alexandra Palace "farewell" programme. Jasmine Bligh (second right) *one of TV's first announcers, joined Sylvia Peters, Mary Malcolm and McDonald Hobley to Eric Robinson's vocal accompaniment.*

McDonald Hobley in another unexpected TV role—with Margaret Lockwood in a comedy song-and-dance act in the "Welcome Home" music-hall show televised on the night of H.M. the Queen's homecoming.

Philip Harben and Jeanne Heal have maintained their pre-eminent positions in television. But when TV went all Elizabethan for an evening they appeared on the screen like this.

fewer and frequently shorter; and it would be less strain on some of the playwrights.

There is a notion at the BBC that the viewing audience needs "cushioning," between the more serious items on the screen, in the relaxation of light entertainment. It would, however, be more to our convenience if the light entertainment for which we stay indoors and stop doing something else were more often worth our sacrifice. Filling the "cushions" for the sake of having "cushions" in the theoretical plan is not a realistic way to produce light entertainment. Empty cushions are flat and let you down.

In this book Henry Hall gives facts which—to say the least—question the BBC's cry that this country lacks light-entertainment talent. Moreover, the people who have not got TV, and rely on sound radio, will today find a great deal of talent working there weekly. It would be both convenient and worth while to the viewer if TV could bring him a half-hour relay from the Palladium; and if it could bring him the Askeys, the Terry-Thomases, and the Jimmy Edwardses who are so busy on sound radio.

Television cannot go to the Palladium because theatre managements and performers' unions fear that even the occasional televising of live theatre shows will lessen audiences at the theatres. The stars busy in sound radio cannot appear in TV because they are mostly occupied at night in the live theatre. They are on the radio only because they can record their shows in the daytime. But the same performers' unions will not agree with the BBC over terms for film recording for TV.

The public, which has been inconvenienced by this deadlock for several years, has never once been given the full facts from which it could

The great and much-loved ballerina Alicia Markova takes a lively interest in performing for TV. She is a favourite of American viewers as well. Here, at Lime Grove, she dances (second left) *in* Pas de Quatre, *choreography by Anton Dolin and music by Cesare Pugni. With her* (left to right) *are Jacqueline Moreau, Rosella Hightower and Denise Bourgeois.*

judge for itself whether the BBC terms are inequitable, or whether the unions' objections are nothing more than obstructionist policy born of fear. If the latter is the case, why does the BBC refuse to rally public goodwill to its side by stating the terms it is offering?

In its attitude to the public the BBC is an odd mixture of school-marm and slavey. With superior haughtiness it considers that the policies at the heart of its services must never be ventilated. It feels so self-sufficient that it sees no reason why it should share its problems with the people paying its keep. By telling us exactly what terms it is offering to the entertainment unions and sports promoters for rights essential to TV's progress, the BBC could rally public goodwill to its side. Lacking this, we are inevitably inclined towards the assumption that its terms are shabby ones, rightly scorned by the unions and promoters. In that event the BBC cannot escape the indictment that it values the proper development of TV too little, and the convenience of its paying public hardly at all.

On the other hand, like a timid slavey running at her master's bidding, the BBC now plans its TV programmes according to what it thinks are the wishes of the great majority TV audience. In TV, programme planners are

no longer indifferent to the "popular mass." Popping in a few "minority interest" programmes of information, music, ballet and opera, does not change the general urge in TV planning, which is, today, to continue winning the big audience figures given to endless quiz programmes, unsuitable variety, and plays mostly indifferent and nearly all untailored to fit TV.

The standard of taste in TV programme planning has been pegged down by the planners. The test is to compare the number of serious plays and Shakespearean productions televised every year in the three or four years following the war, with their all but total absence in the past year.

The TV planners are every bit as mesmerized by the audience-research viewing and appreciation figures as any commercial sponsor will ever be mesmerized by the sales figures won for his product by TV plugs.

The production of minority-interest programmes, a legitimate service, and mostly finely achieved, can no longer be allowed to hide the sheepish following of the highest viewing figures in the variety and drama departments. The quiz which scored high is kept on *ad nauseum*, with the same

Vital picture-patterns, quite new to British TV, came to the screen when the Moscow State Dance Company performed traditional folk dances of Russia. They were presented with distinction by TV producer Patricia Foy.

personalities; and then it is copied *ad nauseum* by other quizzes under different titles. The variety pattern which scored high is repeated again and again; and then with different artists when the first ones tire.

According to the audience-research figures, mass audiences watch plays and variety. But since they have no TV alternative this counts for little. A national Sunday newspaper, using exactly the same "scientific opinion poll" as the BBC uses in its audience research, found that, *over four to six years* of viewing, plays and variety were appreciated less and less until they reached a minus figure; indeed, the only category of TV programmes this survey showed to have an increasing appreciation index was the documentary category.

In documentary programmes TV as a medium is still being developed with ambition and initiative. In informative programmes (the "Talks Department") the courage to admit controversy, new presentation ideas and polish are pushing the use of TV into exciting fields. But on the drama and variety fronts production has become a sausage machine. The same

A familiar example of TV's panel-game fever. The Name's the Same, *an import from American TV, endowed the modern distinction of "TV star" on Brenda Bruce, Frank Muir, Lady Boyle and Denis Norden.*

Perhaps the most resounding success of the TV year, on the lighter side, the Ask Pickles *series reached the hearts of the people. Wilfred, with his wife Mabel, here make friends with Mij and her master.*

kind of plays and the same kind of light entertainment pass endlessly across the screen.

Justly, to the majority audience is due the major TV output of popular entertainment in drama and variety. But because of a slavish following of safety-first viewing figures, the potentialities of TV are being only half-used to provide popular fare. Experiment in technique and presentation does not automatically de-popularize a programme—as Lime Grove now seems to assume. The first TV quiz was an experiment. It was not, however, the final experiment in TV. The stage play, though useful in maintaining the TV output, is neither convenient in its timing to the viewing family, nor suitable in its construction for TV. It should be disappearing from TV while television's very own form of dramatic story-telling increases. The past year has seen neither any disappearance nor any increase.

Television is muddled, nervous, impetuous, afraid, because it is arrogantly self-conscious. It lives too much to itself. It has got to break the barriers around it—some self-erected—not least of which is the one so foolishly separating it from sound radio. In these pages Sir George Barnes claims that TV must meet every demand of the BBC's Charter, whether or not the doing of this provides the programmes best suited to TV. There

In the series Spice of Life *TV attempted to present illustrated "scrapbooks" of the lives of celebrities. When Jessie Matthews told her story, Anna Neagle joined in, with McDonald Hobley as the interviewer.*

would appear to be an assumption here that the Charter is TV's, and not the BBC's; a forgetting of the fact that the BBC is TV and radio together, and that the Charter's full demands are to be met by both services working together. Sir George hopes TV can serve serious music just as sound radio has done. Yet it would seem obvious that this duty is best left to radio. He casts aside the idea that licence-payers' money would go farther if some radio programmes were adapted to go on TV at the same time. With certain kinds of radio programme this could be done, without loss to the listener. To deny the possibility before it has been tried is defeatism, or fear.

But no. TV has as little as possible connexion with the radio house next door. Yet, administratively, the BBC looks to TV to absorb its radio staff as and when promotions are made, or whenever radio may have to adjust its output in face of TV. The personnel can be shared, but not the artistic resources! Here is muddled thinking, arising from those strange domestic inhibitions which have grown up as the BBC has watched the Cinderella TV rise in its midst.

And now competition comes hovering over the BBC horizon. Who can say what mistakes it will make, and what falls it will take, in its first steps? Facing up to it, the BBC is in many ways strong, and in some ways impervious. But where the BBC rule of TV is muddled and weak there will assuredly rise a fever of new thinking. This, we can but hope, will be to the BBC viewer's benefit, whatever alternative attractions lure his eyes.

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS—1

Joan Regan

Two business men, by chance encounters in their daily work, turned a suburban housewife into a top-line singing star. The housewife was Joan Regan, and the first man to change her life was her bank manager. She told him she loved singing and was really a bit stage-struck.

Among the bank manager's clients was a theatrical impresario. An introduction was arranged, and Joan went to the impresario's office and sang. He was impressed enough to have a record made.

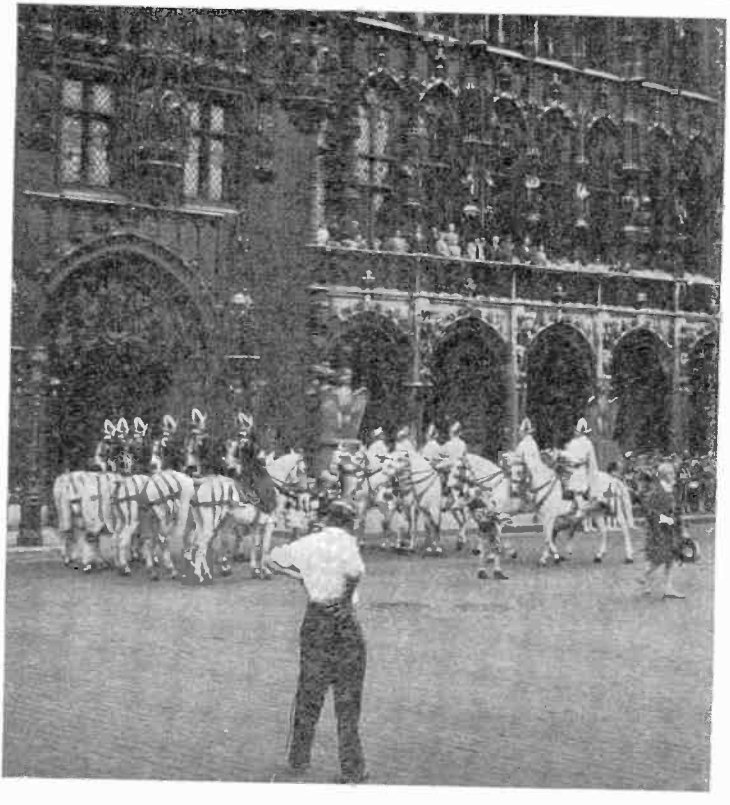
Now on to the scene comes the second business man. He was Bernard Delfont, agent and manager of many top variety stars. In the course of business one day, he walked into that impresario's office.

A record was being played, and a young woman, her back towards him, was listening to it. It was Joan Regan's one recorded song. Bernard Delfont said: "I like that—who is it?" The impresario said: "Meet the owner of the voice," and the young woman turned round, and Joan Regan was introduced to Mr. Delfont. As a result, her record was sent to a recording company and Joan was given a contract. She recorded "Till I Waltz with You, Again" and "Sad, Sad Day."

For months the recording studio was the only studio she knew. But Jack Jackson started playing her records on the radio. They became popular—so popular that Joan became a recording star, a radio broadcaster, and was asked for in America. There she built up a great following, her record of "Till They've All Gone Home" becoming a best-seller.

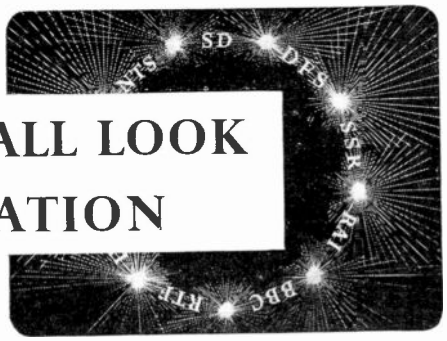
When Richard Afton first asked Joan Regan to sing in the *Quite Contrary* series, she was too far away from town on tour. She entered the series in the second programme. This was her first-ever TV appearance.

Joan Regan is Irish, and twenty-five years of age. She has two growing boys, Danny and Russell.



The "speakerines" of European TV visit Lime Grove and are here pictured with our Mary Malcolm (top). *Already Jacqueline Joubert* (centre), *from France, was no stranger to the BBC television studios.*

From Belgium, British viewers saw that country's first television outside broadcast, the pageant-like parade of Ommegang. Dressed as in bygone days, noble families of Brussels take part in this traditional event.



NATION SHALL LOOK UNTO NATION

There is established a girdle of sight around Europe, so that men all the way from Scotland to Rome, and from Rome to Berlin, and from Berlin to Copenhagen, may now look at each other

And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here.

THOSE are Shakespeare's words. In 1954 British television viewers saw pigeons dipping over their native roofs in Rome on a sunny Sunday evening—about 1,300 leagues away! (The Celtic measure, a league, is computed at about three miles.) Carnival-time musicians in Montreux and Brussels and Siena, Danish country music from Copenhagen, and martial bands in Paris—all were heard and the players seen. So was the Pope, speaking from the Vatican.

What His Holiness had to say, to eight viewing nations, provided a challenging and serious note. Like an inspiring, questing theme, it underlay the merry strains and gaiety of the other programmes seen. For it voiced the hope and the need of men, that some contribution to the peaceful union of the nations might in time be made by television.

The original motto of the British Broadcasting Corporation was "Nation shall speak peace unto nation." But in 1938, when fortifications and not TV-links were the preoccupation of Europe, that motto was shelved. In its place appeared "*Quaecunque*," to which some gave the innocuous meaning "What you will." But the BBC maintained that it stood for the first word in the famous phrase "Whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are good . . ."

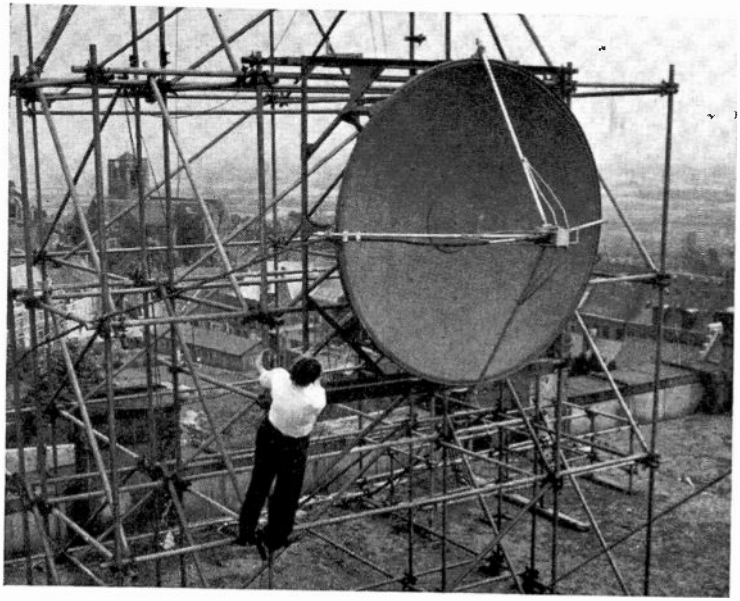
Today nation can look at nation—at any rate throughout Europe, and whatever the political situation, and however cold or hot this or that confined war. There is much to be done, and a long way to go before sight between nations can help to condition men's minds towards political action

which is more peace-making than war-fearing. But the beginning has been made. Certain men in eight countries, though they be specialized TV men, have in their action committed themselves to international TV. Millions of viewers, seeing the result, are witnesses of one small hope in a world of dashed hopes.

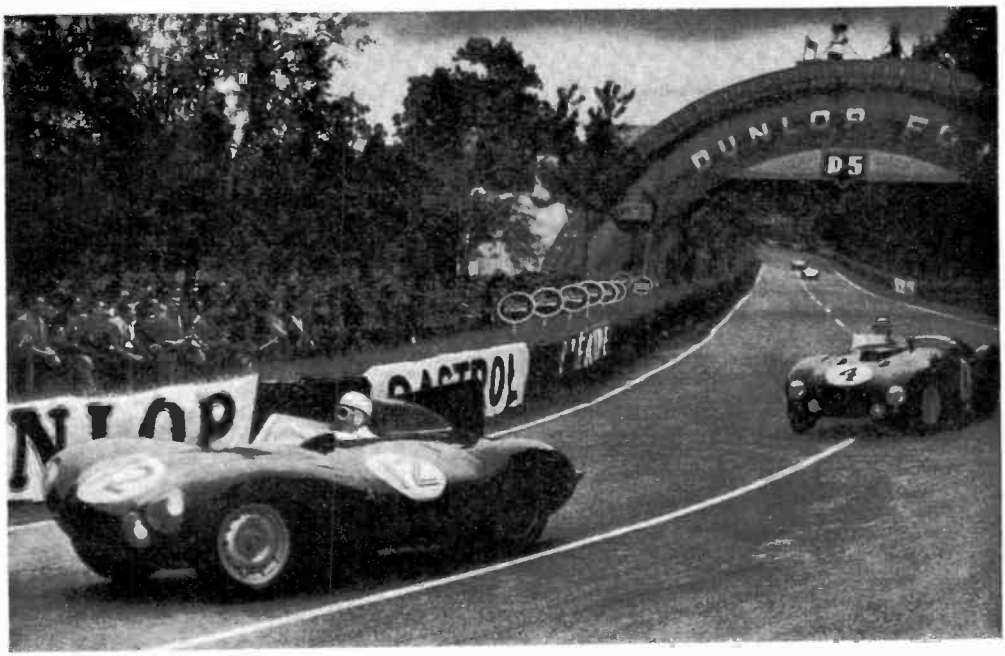
It may well be true that the TV link through Europe began as no more than a technical ambition pursued by engineers only keen to make the technical possibility come true. It may well be true that the TV programme-makers who became involved were also mainly ambitious to produce attractive and amusing pictures. It may well be true that viewers everywhere watched them only to seek a bit of novel excitement. But better this beginning than one made for hard political or idealogical purposes. Caxton did not print on paper in order to flood the people's homes with newspaper leading articles and election manifestoes. He printed because he found the way to print. Marconi, so far as we know, burned not with international idealism, but with scientific urge, when he "wirelessed" across the Atlantic. Baird televised a wooden dummy's head not out of love for his fellow men, but out of love for his scientific knowledge.

The fact that, in the main, international TV began by putting pretty pictures and amusement on the screens in no way reduces its potency now that it is in men's hands. He would be foolish who passed himself off as wise enough to say it will never do more, and nobody can say how much it will do for good or evil. But we cannot deny that the more it is operated, and the more it is looked at, the more important it will become.

This truth already stirs among those working in it, however mundane their day-to-day ambitions for it. A German TV technician working on



Long-range television is transmitted through a series of small relay transmitters erected on high points along the route. In the country town of Cassel, in France, one of these pieces of equipment was installed on the casino roof.



Exciting Sunday-afternoon viewing was provided in the relay from France of the Le Mans motor race. The Jaguar (No 12) driven by Stirling Moss and Peter Walker led the field at this point, the Tertre Rouge Curve.

the first link-up told a BBC man working with him that, in the war, he was stationed in France at a blockhouse today used as one of the transmission centres for European TV. "Then it was a radar post, for trapping your flyers," he said. "This that we do now is better, yes?"

It was "better" technically, and in its implications socially, when TV technicians first found the way to televise an event twenty-five miles away from the Alexandra Palace transmitter. The occasion was Ascot Races. A flippant occasion, in the view of some people; but it led to TV outside broadcasts from all over Britain as we know them today. The European link-up can be said to have started then. For the seed of the technical operation needed to take TV across a continent was planted between that English racecourse and Alexandra Palace. It was the technical means of carrying TV over hills and high obstacles.

Television can see far so long as its carrying waves are not obstructed. Heights interrupting the TV lines of sight have to be hopped over by means of midget relay transmitters sited on the higher points along the vision route. It was for Ascot Races that this technique was first crudely laid down. It was then developed considerably by the use of micro-wave links —series of midget transmitters, whose parasol-like "dishes" have now become the sign of TV operations right across Europe.

Eighty of these relay points had to be installed, from Rome through Switzerland and France; and from France through Holland and Belgium to Germany and Denmark. They joined up forty-four European TV stations, permanent units of each TV system in eight countries. The network operated on two million pounds' worth of British electronic equipment. It crossed the Alps, where relay transmitters stood on the peaks. Up 12,000 feet on the Jungfrau, the Swiss TV men installed a transmitter in the ice, and left it to operate itself automatically and even to keep itself warm! The cross-Channel lap in the link-up, which joined Britain to the Continent, used and improved on the experience gained in two previous BBC-France operations, in 1950 and 1952, when programmes were brought to Britain from Calais and Paris.

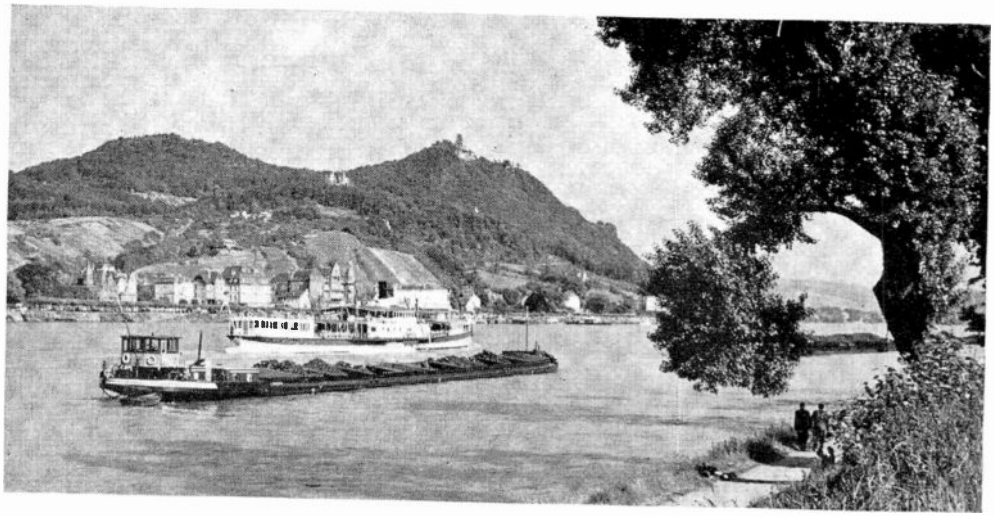
The link-up was reversible; it could bring to Britain, and it could take from Britain. The Continental countries watched Queen Elizabeth reviewing naval volunteers in London; saw athletics in Glasgow; horse-jumping at Richmond; and toured London by night. It was estimated that in Europe about a million and a quarter viewers watched the programmes. France and Italy are most advanced in TV, and provided between them about a million viewers. Western Germany, with half a dozen TV stations, added perhaps 200,000. The other probable audiences were: Holland 125,000; Switzerland 30,000; Belgium 15,000 and Denmark 10,000.

These audiences are in direct proportion to the development of TV in the countries concerned. Indeed, the carnival televised from Montreux was only the third outside broadcast in the history of Swiss TV. Holland, Belgium and Denmark were also contributing to the link-up as "beginner" nations in TV operation.

A great part of the link-up was installed on a temporary basis in order to find out experimentally what were the potentialities of a permanent link through Europe. After the eighteen programmes which made up the experiment, each TV authority taking part expressed its desire to establish the link-up on a permanent basis as soon as possible. The most cautious estimate of engineers and programme men selects the winter of 1956 as the time when exchange of TV programmes throughout the European countries will be a normal part of TV broadcasting in general.

Technical achievements apart, this result will call for a great deal of ingenuity, tolerance and broad-mindedness among the interested parties. The interested parties are not only the different national TV authorities. Every nation's government will become more and more interested as aspects of the life it orders can be watched by other nations. The promoters of sports events will begin to wonder about the monetary advantage—or might it be disadvantage?—of showing their promotions so far beyond the boundaries of their arenas. The variety and theatre performers have

Above: *The World Cup football matches were a feature of the exchange of TV programmes between European countries. Here Uruguay's Carlos Borges* (second from right) *scores in the match against England, televised from Basle.*
Below: *a tournament between standard bearers and horse-racing round the town square were shown in a programme from Siena in Italy.*



A summer evening on the Rhine was captured in a relay from West Germany. With the Drachenfels castle across the river, viewers saw scenes in a holiday camp run by young people and watched the varied river traffic pass by.

already formulated the principle of bigger fees for showing their work by international TV.

The future of TV in the smaller European countries depends a great deal on the exchange of programme material, whether it be "live" or on film. For outside Paris and Berlin there are no great centres of performing talent for Europe's TV authorities to draw on. Those two cities have not the very full resources of London. Some TV prophets see London becoming a kind of TV Hollywood to Europe. In London would be made TV films for European countries, and later, perhaps, live TV programmes in the required languages.

Finding the financial resources for doing this; devising equitable fees for those doing it; and settling problems of distribution, and even of Customs duty on TV equipment, will call for international agreements in no way easy to come by.

But the first step towards world-encircling TV has been taken. To the east the Iron Curtain bars the way; to the west, the expanse of the Atlantic, still technically unspanable by TV. No one can predict in which direction TV will take its second roaming step—or whether, indeed, the sally will be made by America towards us. Futuristic talk of aircraft hovering over the Atlantic, whilst being used as TV-link stations, is discounted in knowledgeable quarters. The only serious thought being given to transatlantic TV in the United States centres on a theoretical route via Newfoundland, Greenland and Iceland, which it would seem requires a vast cable installation of immense cost.

K.B.

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS—2

Eve Boswell

BY ADDING dancing to her TV appearances, singer Eve Boswell cornered her own bit of the 1954 TV limelight. In fact the dancing was not new to Eve. As a young girl going round the European circuses with her parents—a circus act—she pirouetted and hand-balanced as though born to it. As indeed she had been.

But her voice took on a more dominant role in her grown-up career—until the summer before last, when the dancing feet appealed for attention again. She was in a summer show at Blackpool, and at rehearsal one day was watching the show's corps de ballet practising. The tune and the movement took her feet into a number of spins and movements, as she waited in the wings. Seeing this, the ballet master challenged Eve to do the same high jinks with the corps de ballet. Doing so, Eve found herself feeling very much at home. So she took a refresher course in dancing.

Hungary is Eve Boswell's native land, though she was discovered in South Africa, largely as a radio singer. She worked there for some years, and married there at the age of eighteen. Before the war, her parents appeared in their comedy-instrumentalist circus act on TV at Alexandra Palace. Eve, even smaller than now, was with them and passed all but unnoticed.

Circus work took her right across South Africa in circus trains and in a caravan home. When her caravan was parked for the night in a railway siding, a sudden storm struck down some overhead electric cables, which fell on the circus train and set it on fire. Lions and tigers escaped, and one tiger looked in on Eve as he passed by her caravan door. A great deal was lost in the fire, but Eve and her home on wheels escaped. Now she lives in London, in a flat behind the BBC, and goes down to the country to see her young son at his prep school.

Among What's My Line? *celebrities Eamonn Andrews found the Australian soprano Joan Hammond* (left) *friendly and sparkling. Ace test pilot Neville Duke* (below, left) *sat at Eamonn's elbow "erect and slightly nervous." In the chapter opposite, Eamonn also tells of the pact he had with film-star Boris Karloff* (below, right).

STARS AT MY ELBOW

EAMONN ANDREWS

recalls some What's My Line? *celebrities*

THE public is always interested in personalities, in people who have hit the headlines, for anything from flying the Atlantic to scoring the winning goal in the Cup Final. We're a curious lot, we human beings, and the farther away something is from our normal orbit of activity the more anxious we are to see it. This is probably why Mount Everest had been such a challenge for so many years, until Coronation Year, when the challenge was answered; and it is also probably why the man next door, no matter what he does, can never become a real celebrity to you!

It's always a thrill, for me at any rate, to see someone walking down the street and pass me by within arm's length, and then suddenly to recognize a well-known film star, a footballer, a boxer or singer—or even a politician! It explains why people are for ever hanging round stage doors and football dressing-rooms, and the entrances to famous hotels. That one glimpse, that one quick hello, may put them streets ahead of their less lucky neighbours and colleagues when they say: "Oh, I saw Humphrey Bogart last night . . ."

I suppose there has been nothing since the beginning of time that has presented those glimpses, those brief helloes, in more intimate fashion than has television. Personalities who have been no more than photographs in a newspaper, or huge distant images on a silver screen in a cinema, have suddenly been looking at you right there in your own drawing-room. It certainly makes the world a smaller place. What's more, it may reduce world-famous personalities to life-size (or even smaller). If you are a little cynical it may even *stop* them being celebrities, as far as you're concerned! You may find yourself saying: "Oh, him! He was in my house a few weeks ago!"

Despite this impact of television I still get a thrill from meeting famous people. I still believe that with very few exceptions famous people are

Bob Hope (centre) *had to make a dash to reach the guest seat of* What's My Line? *With Jack Buchanan and singer Lizbeth Webb, Bob is seen here meeting three familiar TV performers—Diana Dors, Eric Barker and Bob Monkhouse.*

famous only because they have qualities and abilities that lift them above the ordinary run, and therefore I am nearly always happy and honoured to meet them.

On *What's My Line?* in particular I have been lucky to meet many of these celebrities. Some stand out in the mind more clearly than others. I should tell you that we always talk before we go on the air. Oddly enough, the celebrity that comes to my mind first of all is one that I never really met in this way. It was the fabulous Bob Hope.

A couple of years back we were appearing at the Radio Exhibition at Earl's Court while Mr. Hope was doing variety at the Palladium. He was to join our show in the star spot during the short break between "houses." We were "on the air" before he arrived and he was whisked away in a fast car before I reached the end of the programme. So the only conversation I've ever had with this wise-cracking citizen of the U.S.A. was precisely what was seen on the television screens of the viewers we had on that particular night.

I remember how he got his first big laugh from the packed theatre by signing in as Bing Crosby. I remember the sort of shock I had when I turned to see him sitting right there beside me, and saw him looking tired and a little older than I had expected. I remember thinking how nice it was to discover that he was a very ordinary sort of fellow, and how hard I tried not to be smart. When you meet a world-famous comedian like Bob Hope you're always placed in the same temptation that the boxer is who does a

three-round exhibition bout with the world champion. He sometimes thinks that if he can slip in a quick sneaking right hook and knock the champion out he'll have made his name overnight. Champions are always in the tough spot. And not that I'd have succeeded, but I didn't even try to knock this particular verbal champion out. He was smooth, slick, friendly, and as quick on the uptake as I'd always imagined him. He was a champion all right.

Away on the other side of the scale I remember world-famous Australian soprano Joan Hammond as one of the very few celebrities to have beaten the panel of experts. It's a long time now since I met this lady who combines a voice that has thrilled thousands of people and a drive on a golf course that would put many a man to shame. She's fresh, wholesome, warm and friendly. She had a pair of eyes that were one of the few I'd seen really to merit the word sparkle.

Mark you, the occasion wasn't without a touch of embarrassment. With two "noes" to go, the experts had broken down their information to the fact that the celebrity was a world-famous singer. The next "no" went in picking out perhaps her most famous recording—"One Fine Day"—and there was only one "no" left when Gilbert Harding said: "I think I know who you are; you're Joan . . . Cross." Miss Hammond's delightful sense of humour was unabashed, and we all loved her the more for it.

Walt Disney was smooth, easy, confident. He gave no hint, no matter what question you asked him, that he had probably been asked it a hundred

Walt Disney and his March Hare from the cartoon film Alice in Wonderland. *"Smooth, easy and confident," says Eamonn Andrews, Walt Disney gave one of the most charming and informative interviews in the* What's My Line? *guest spot. It was Gilbert Harding who guessed Mr. Disney's identity on that occasion.*

times before in other places, at other times. And his face would only break out from behind that assured and charming mask if you happened to hit on the character that at that very moment was making the agile brain tick over, and the world-famous imagination take those great sweeps of creation. It was quite a gamble when you consider that the character you had to find lay somewhere between Mickey Mouse and the little fairy-like figure of Tinker Bell, to whom he had given a new, bewitching shape.

I suppose it's hard to imagine two things farther apart than Tinker Bell and Frankenstein. But, oddly enough, Frankenstein was one name I never mentioned on television when the man filling the celebrity spot was that Englishman who plays cricket in Hollywood, Boris Karloff. It was really a little pact we made between us, because the name Frankenstein has been following this distinguished actor all round the world for close on a quarter of a century. Karloff did not, of course, as many people think he did, play the part of Frankenstein, but of the Monster that Frankenstein (originally Colin Clive) created.

Although he was glad not to hear the name mentioned, for once at any rate, Boris Karloff made it quite clear to me afterwards that he continued to be most grateful to this terrifying Monster that had made him world-famous and financially secure.

One of the most captivating things about some celebrities—not all, I agree—is the way in which they behave off the screen almost exactly as

Maurice Chevalier, seen here on a visit to Café Continental, *had the same winning personality in the* What's My Line? *guest chair as he has on the stage and screen. He was captivating to panel and chairman alike.*

A "five-headed celebrity!" Here's the Crazy Gang, who brought comical chaos to What's My Line? *when they were "the mystery guest."* Left to right: *Teddy Knox, Jimmy Nervo, Bud Flanagan, Charlie Naughton and Jimmy Gold.*

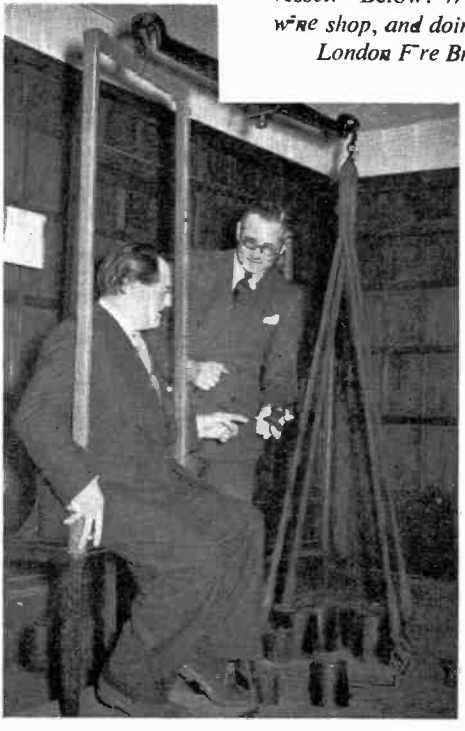
they do on. Maurice Chevalier is one of these. He smiles the same melon-slice smile we all know. He uses his hands, his shoulders, his head, with that gallic *joie de vivre* that rivets all eyes on his immaculate figure when he steps on any stage in any part of the world. But he uses it, as I've said, off-stage as well, and to be with him is almost like seeing a sneak preview of a picture or getting a copy of a book before it's been published.

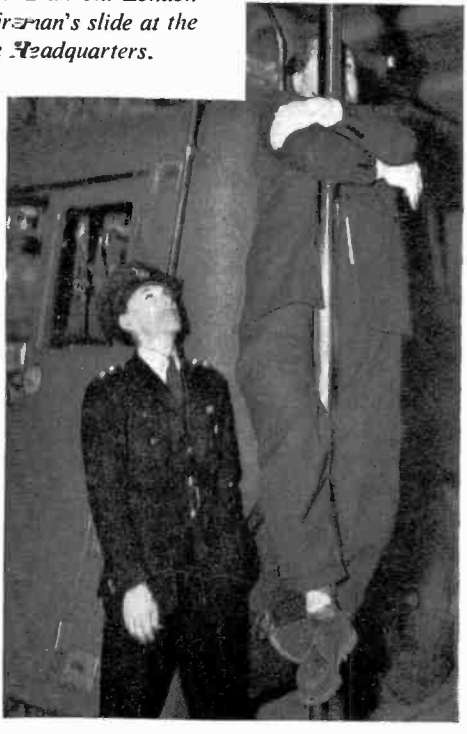
Neville Duke comes to my mind, that hero of this screaming jet age, that imperturbable character who dares all the mystery of the skies and flies faster than man had ever imagined before. Like a senior bank clerk, a parson without the cloth of his calling, like that nice young man who lives in the big house on the corner, he sat there beside me erect and slightly nervous, and it was hard for me to imagine him surrounded by the trappings of steel and glass and by the swift rushing air that was part and parcel of his fame and glory.

None of us who saw it would ever forget the five-headed celebrity we had one mad night. It was the Crazy Gang. They took over the whole show, pushed me off my chair, brought on hatchets, hose, firemen's helmets and an atmosphere of complete insanity that if it didn't get them a certificate in quintuplet certainly beat me and the experts by leaving us helpless and breathless with laughter.

Yes, it is fun meeting celebrities—indeed, probably a lot more fun than being a celebrity. And just because nowadays they can step right into your own drawing-room don't think less of them than you have done before. We can all learn something from them, these people who are famous. Fame is very seldom an accident, and is more often than not won by qualities it would do us no harm to emulate. So next time you join me or anyone else in rubbing shoulders with the mighty, don't just stand and stare, but learn. It's fun!

Richard Dimbleby on the TV job. Above: *In an iron-ore mine in the Lake District, and aboard a Port of London fire-fighting vessel.* Below: *Weighed in an old London wine shop, and doing a fireman's slide at the London Fire Brigade Headquarters.*





ADVENTURES WITH DIMBLEBY

Producer STEPHEN McCORMACK *reveals what has gone on in making the* London Town *and* About Britain *programmes*

FOR five years I have presented Richard Dimbleby in *London Town* and *About Britain*. We have gone together to dozens of widely different locations; and I have never found him to be anything but the genial, accomplished professional that he appears on your screens. It has been a happy partnership—but then, I have looked after him so well!

For instance, I dressed him in a diving suit to go under the Thames, and I squeezed him down a manhole into the sewers below the streets of Clapham! I gave him a bus to drive on the "skid patch" at Chiswick, and had him race on a fire-engine round Piccadilly Circus. In the City we have been to the Stock Exchange and to Lloyd's, to the great warehouses of the Port of London Authority, to the Whispering Gallery at St. Paul's. Ever solicitous, I have weighed him on the scales at an old wine shop in St. James's. It was interesting to find from the records there that Richard was heavier than the Aga Khan, and that Beau Brummel was a mere stripling by comparison.

But don't let me suggest that *London Town* has been merely the vehicle for a lot of light-hearted adventures. We both have affection and respect for the history and traditions of our capital city. The underlying idea of all our programmes has been to quicken in the Londoner—if he needed it—some new interest in the romance of his birthplace, and to show the rest of Britain some of the varied stories in the life of the world's greatest city.

As a documentary producer I had one major problem to overcome before we could launch such a series. I was determined to let some air blow through the programmes, and to get more action and excitement into the stories than could possibly be arranged in front of our studio cameras.

The blending of film shots into studio sequences, a technique that we helped to pioneer, is now an accepted part of television; but when we began to experiment there was very little experience to build upon. It has

Film background of a London street makes a studio reconstruction of Richard Dimbleby's tour of London's dustmen. This blending of film and studio work has been a feature of the London Town *and* About Britain *programmes.*

been fun proving that we can have any exterior location we wish, filmed in advance, and then add our studio reconstructions to complete the story.

I still receive letters from viewers saying "Will you please settle a family argument—my husband says that when Richard Dimbleby appeared to be on the river he was really in the studios, but I insist that he was really in the boat." The answer, of course, is that both the indignant wife and her husband are right! My job as producer is to plan in advance with my scriptwriters—Peter Hunt and Stephen Hearst—the vital second when we cut from film to the reconstruction of the same location in the studio. I would like to explain that we use this technique so that we may roam about at will and yet save time and money—two vitally important considerations.

It was in January, 1952, that we extended our programmes to cover the whole of Britain, and we have moved about using this technique as each new area was opened to viewers by the increasing chain of transmitters. We have been able to range from the heart of England—in Warwickshire —to early spring in the Lake District, and to high summer in Scotland.

We have also visited North Wales and the Scilly Isles; taken the waters at Bath; travelled down the south coast of Cornwall to Land's End; and visited Edinburgh, as the capital of Scotland prepared for the Coronation visit of Her Majesty the Queen.

Sometimes the business of getting our heavy sound cameras to remote locations has led to a few complications.

To travel to Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, we had to use a tank-landing craft (provided by Lord Bute) to ferry our large truck over from Colintraive to Rudhabodach. I cherish the sight of an imperturbable BBC driver, sitting at the wheel as he drove on to the ferry. As the front wheels ran down the ramp, the ferry sank, until the waters of the loch were lapping over his front wings. And then the ferry began to move away from the shore! Some wild heaving on the tail end of the van followed, with wild Scottish cries mixing with our soft "southern" voices; but, suddenly, the dead weight of the truck slid forward with a lurch, and we were triumphantly afloat.

We had a problem getting the same van away from our locations when "hound trailing" in the Lake District. Heavy rain during the end of our filming quickly converted the slopes of the hill farm into a morass. The rear wheels skidded hopelessly, and we had to ask the farmer to lend to us,

About Britain *takes Dimbleby to Edinburgh. Here producer Stephen McCormack's film unit is seen shooting Richard in an old part of the Scottish capital—Gladstone's Land in the Lawn Market.*

to put under the wheels, some new wire mesh which he had ready to make a fence. Another farmer produced a tractor, and we inched our way agonizingly slowly back on to the main road. When I got back to London there was a certain amount of correspondence concerning the ruined wire mesh. I liked the memo I got from our Administrator: "Don't get enmeshed in this business!"

We once filmed a rescue scene on the top of Snowdon. I used two film cameras shooting simultaneously to get good continuity, and also to save repeating the dizzy climb. We sent the film off to the labs in London, and waited for the report. Back it came: "One camera giving some fine night sequences, but how are you going to join them together?" The altitude and cold had affected one camera. Sadly we assembled the rescue team and went up to the top again.

When we went to the Isles of Scilly the only regular boat, *The Scillonian*, was short of the heavy lifting gear required to hoist the camera car on board, and we were helpless until the Trinity House vessel *Satellite*—on a journey to Bishop's Rock Lighthouse—came to our rescue.

Down in Cornwall we had arranged to film the romantic St. Michael's Mount—the home of Lord and Lady St. Leven. The Mount is joined to the mainland by a narrow causeway over which one can walk at low tide; but the tide comes in very fast. On the day in question we got the vehicles over safely; but Richard Dimbleby was late. I saw him arrive at the mainland end of the causeway, and drive on to the sands. His car promptly sank up to its hub-caps! It was interesting to watch the pantomime that followed.

Realizing that the tide would not be high enough to get across by boat, Richard abandoned his car to some fishermen on the shore and began to run across the causeway as the tide began to cover it. A cynical cameraman began to offer bets as to whether he would get across without a soaking, and we stood and cheered on this bulky figure skipping agilely along the causeway. He got across in time, but for the last few yards every step was accompanied by fountains of sea and foam.

On my previous visit to the area I had been with Peter Hunt to Mevagissey, a lovely little fishing village. We were looking at the road that winds round the cliff, and at the colour-washed houses that hang over the harbour, when I noticed a fisherman joining us. I imagined that he was going to offer us a trip round the bay, and prepared to answer him. He took his pipe out of his mouth, tipped his blue peaked cap on to the back of his head, and said: "Are you gentlemen looking for your back-projection shots?" This, from a local fisherman, startled us. But it turned out that he had advised on a Clark Gable film that had been shot there, and he had been up to London to keep an eye on the studio reconstructions.

A studio reconstruction of the Dimblebys' Dutch barge, Vabel, *on the Thames, in a programme about London's river. Mrs. Dilys Dimbleby, Sir Alan Herbert and Richard toast the fourth anniversary of the* London Town *series.*

Last year we were allowed to board the Walmer Lifeboat to go out with a crew to the sinister wrecks on the Goodwin Sands. It was a glorious day, with a stiff breeze and a good swell, and we looked forward to some fine action pictures. We neared the wrecks, and the coxswain turned the lifeboat so that we could get close to the spars of the wrecks sticking out from the boiling seas. We were hanging on with excitement and getting some lovely shots when, without warning, a huge wave came up and completely engulfed the boat!

I can tell you that it is an odd feeling to find salt water running down inside one's neck and pouring away over one's shoes. As the wave cleared I looked to see if Ken Higgins, the cameraman, was still with us. He had been hanging out over the side rather perilously. Yes, he was there all right. He wiped the water from his face, looked rather glumly at his saturated camera and said, "Stephen, it's not a film camera you need for this job—you should have asked for a flipping underwater television camera!"

My long association with Richard Dimbleby prompted him to ask for

me to be with him in Westminster Abbey, when he learned that he was to be given a "Number Two" for his Coronation commentary. My job was to keep a telephone line open to the producer, Peter Dimmock, and to make sure that at every important change of camera angle Richard had the proper place in the official list of personages. I had also to be a general dogsbody. It was the most exciting day in my television career.

From our cubicle in the Triforium, high above the Altar, we could look down on that most solemn and glittering scene. On our television monitors we could pre-view all the shots covered by our cameras in the Abbey, and could see the excitement of the crowds as they roared a welcome to the Queen as she left Buckingham Palace. I know that we had the most complete and exciting view of the whole wonderful ceremony, and I shall always be grateful to Richard for asking for me to share it. Some of my friends, who know nothing of the skill and art of a Dimbleby commentary, assumed that being "Number Two" to Richard meant that I would take over the commentary, if for any reason he could not continue. I was able to tell them that my instructions, if such an unfortunate event happened, were very simple. I was to ring Peter Dimmock at once—so that he could plug in immediately to John Snagge's commentary on sound radio!

I have only seen Dimbleby at a loss for words once. It happened during our first visit to Stratford-upon-Avon. We were filming an interview at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre with Sir Ralph Richardson, Mary Ellis and Anthony Quayle. This distinguished trio were filled with admiration for Richard's quick grasp of their explanation of the problems involved in their new season—then just about to open.

"We're all actors," said Sir Ralph, "and we can go on the stage to speak lines that we've learned, but the thought of this impromptu conversation in front of a camera is terrifying." Richard replied, modestly enough, that after all he had had a lot of experience in this apparently casual business and that he was sure they would soon feel at home. "O.K., camera—action!" called out John Rhodes, our film director, and the interview began. But it did not continue for long, for Richard forgot his questions and "dried up" completely! The good-natured laughter that followed put everyone at ease, and after that the filming was completed in record time.

For our kind of programme we are eternally interested in people, seen in their own surroundings as themselves. I believe that as new television stations open in the Commonwealth countries there will be a great opportunity for us to exchange programmes; and I should like to think that some of our journeys across London Town or About Britain could be shared by British people wherever they may be.

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS—3

George Martin

GEORGE, with his newspaper and his pipe, struck a new vein of comedy in the none-too-rich TV field. So far he has shared with Norman Wisdom the boon of making only occasional appearances on TV. This is not to say he could not support a regular series; indeed, he did once bring that off. But his popping up only now and then is peculiarly advantageous to his type of inconsequential humour, always refreshing after the normal run of gag-cracking comics.

From the Army town of Aldershot, George and his two brothers made a comedy trio which entertained the troops at home and in Europe. An accident broke up this act, and George returned to engineering work in the local Army workshops. But his heart was on the stage, and his young wife encouraged him to drop all security and really go and have a try to "get it out of his system."

George took an audition at London's Windmill Theatre, and, having no money for the fare home after it, spent that night in a bombed building. They had asked him to call back at the Windmill next morning, and when he did so they promised him a trial run there—and gave him £10 to go on with then and there. The Martin act, in those days, was comedy with an accordion and songs. It was Val Parnell, ruler of London's Palladium, who told George that his originality was in his comedy, and advised him to drop the instrument and most of the singing.

This he did, and when TV sneaked him in one night as a last-minute addition to *Music-Hall*, George Martin established himself in seven minutes. So much so that music-hall, concert and pantomime appearances have kept him fully engaged ever since. So Mrs. Martin was wrong to think he would get it out of his system, but very right in letting him have his go. With a new house at Aldershot, and a bonny family, she is very pleased she did.

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS—4

Ursula Howells

MORE than one motherly viewer who has seen her in TV plays has telephoned Ursula Howells to advise her how to get some happiness into her life. She has had to play so many neurotic, ill-treated women, that some viewers have convinced themselves that she must be unhappy in real life!

She is, however, happily married to an industrial consultant; and the only time she gets anywhere near "the mopes" is when his business takes him abroad and she is missing him.

Despite her run of tragic TV parts, she says she is very happily "at home" at Lime Grove. She has worked so much in TV that she finds the job like working among friends. Even the dingy rehearsal rooms she likes, as familiar places, full of the memories of other happy occasions in preparing previous plays.

It was the theatre, however, that gave Ursula her TV début. That was when a West End theatre production of the play *Frieda* was taken to the Alexandra Palace studios. To this West End part Ursula had come by dint of hard work in the provinces.

At the time of evacuation in the last war, Herbert Howells, Ursula's famous composer father, decided his daughter had best move from London to Dundee. The girl, hardly out of her teens, began to get backstage jobs at the local repertory theatre. A chance came for her to start playing parts.

Then the producer Anthony Hawtrey went to Dundee, promoted Ursula to leads, and took her with him when he took over the management of that "shop-window" theatre in London, the Embassy.

Soon *Frieda* followed, then other West End parts, good supporting roles in films, and a string of TV parts. She went with Patrick Barr and Peter Cushing to Germany with the TV play *Portrait of Peko*, which the BBC "exported" to the German Radio Show.

MUSIC IN TELEVISION

STEVE RACE *strikes a few controversial notes*

SOMEBODY once said that there were only two kinds of music, Good music and Bad music. And since some people consider even bad music good, there was really only one kind.

Granting the existence only of good music, then, one turns to television and finds once more a division, this time between Background and Foreground music.

Background music—in the new, television sense—is subservient to the performer's personality, the action or the scene. Producers quite like to have it around. Foreground music is subservient only to the technical insanities of the medium, and TV authorities view it with profound mistrust.

It was only to be expected that music (the Blind Art) and television (the Seeing Art) should be uneasy friends at first. But it is disappointing to find them so, now that TV has grown into manhood.

The problem is a very real one for the higher-ups. Mr. Brown, the bank clerk in Walsall, has bought a television set, and he wants to see things on it—current events, dancing girls, acrobats and the exciting interior of Euston Station. Does he really want to see Ida Haendel's bowing arm or Geraldo's brass section? Isn't it enough to hear them on his radio? If common decency forces us to show them on rare occasions, wouldn't he perhaps rather see Miss Haendel from above, or the Geraldo trumpets silhouetted sideways against a screen, with some smoke rising behind, and maybe a couple of self-expression boys dancing before?

I suggest that after the first few months of viewer's myopia he would not. Music is an adult, intelligent art, not to be subjected to the fidgets of an uneasy producer. Does the viewer really find his enjoyment of a girls' choir enhanced by their drill manoeuvres and attempts at semaphore? Is a

Moiseiwitsch, the famous pianist, takes off his jacket to rehearse for a Sunday-evening TV recital. This informal behind-the-scenes shot is in direct contrast to the carefully lit and composed pictures we normally see of solo instrumentalists.
Below: *Mantovani and singer Maria Perilli discuss one of the songs she is to sing in the series of programmes this popular conductor presented.*

piano solo version of "Fire Dance" the better for leaping flames at the foot of his screen? If that view were the correct one, wouldn't the most spectacular TV programmes be the most popular?

One's mind turns to *Hit Parade*, its birth attended by a great deal of hoo-ha about dance music taking its place in the TV programmes, and in which dance-band enthusiasts had to content themselves with a headlong dash across the faces of the Cyril Stapleton band. There was Ernest Borneman's *Four o'clock in the Morning Blues*, a rare excursion into the realm of pure jazz, in which Johnny Dankworth was recognizable to such of his intimates as had 17-inch screens, and the rest was dancers, dancers, all the way.

Television dancing—which is really not two familiar words but a Strange New Thing of its own—has been largely responsible for the growing despair of music-loving viewers. Hirsute young men and curiously shaped young women, their seats begrimed with the grey dust of studio floors, are a poor substitute for glimpses of a virtuoso instrumentalist at work. Their impressions of Life Among the Under-privileged—street corner, dockland and garret—might well be sacrificed occasionally for a glance at some of the more wholesome musicians about the place.

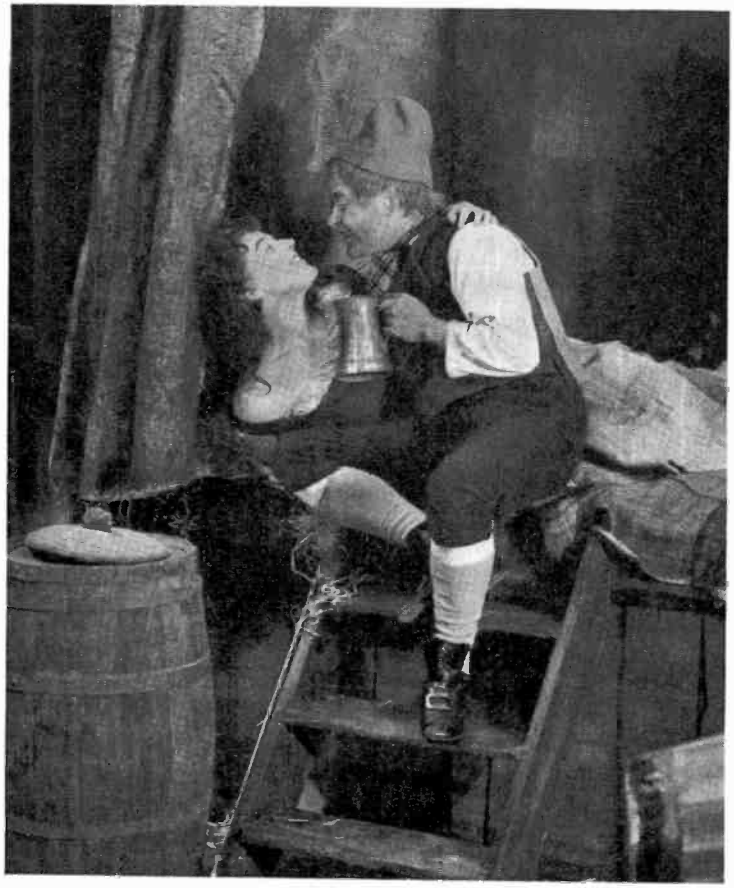
It is significant that even when a series of orchestral concerts was inaugurated on TV, it was called *The Conductor Speaks*. It was not enough for him to conduct: he had to compère the proceedings. Excellent though the programmes were, was it that no-one quite dared to put a straight symphony concert on the air without a "gimmick"?

What I have called foreground music is quite rarely encountered on TV. But the programmes teem with background music. I don't mean the entr'acte music of plays and features, which is almost always extremely well chosen, and, in the case of serials, proves the popularizing power of repetition.

No, I mean the music which presents no problem to the producer (other than his usual ones) since the viewer is happily looking at something attractive, like Carole Carr's face or an excerpt from *The Chocolate Soldier*. In music of this kind, television has done us proud.

There was the superb *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, perhaps the most perfect programme ever to come out of Lime Grove, and *The Medium*, which—despite one unforgivable piece of miscasting—was very nearly as good. There was the excellent *Ballet for Beginners*. *Music for You* is always first-rate, the standard operas are usually so, and the musical comedies—inexplicably rare, when one considers their enormous popularity—well performed and photographed.

Whatever it may be that is wrong with the variety programmes—and there is nothing that a little understanding of the technical problems would



One way of presenting more serious music on TV is to find dramatic musical works which, in their action, provide attractive pictures. In Edinburgh TV produced The Jolly Beggars, *Robert Burns's cantata set to music by Cedric Thorpe Davie. Here Margaret Fraser and Duncan Robertson enact a scene which Burns painted in two lines of verse—"Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk, Sat guzzlin' wi' a tinker hizzie."*

not cure—the music is usually good of its kind, or as good as the conventions of music-hall allow it to be. The orchestra which usually accompanies the big shows is competent and experienced, and Eric Robinson conducts it with a knowledge of musical styles so wide that it would be almost impossible to replace him.

No mention can be made of the popular dance bands, since they are lucky if they ever see the inside of a television studio. Ted Heath, for instance, who leads the most popular and fantastically successful band in the land, has (at the time of writing) been booked three times since his orchestra was formed eight years ago, and was not "in vision" at all on the last occasion. There is firm conviction—so firm that I don't suppose anyone in Lime Grove would take the trouble to question it—that dance bands are not capable of providing visual entertainment. Ted Heath, having topped the bill at the Palladium for two weeks this year, probably has a different view.

The music of children's television programmes is a delicate subject for this writer, unless I may be permitted to say that I try in *Whirligig* to give

the children music they will like, without scraping the bottom of the barrel for the latest novelty regardless of its musical (or literary) value. The products of what the American music business is pleased to call "the moppet market" are not going to reach Britain's children through *my* agency, even if the young viewers' requests do always favour the "Top Ten"—regardless of what they may be. The bottom of the barrel aside, I am happy that the TV children's programmes avoid the pitfall (into which our sound equivalent has fallen) of giving young people only the sort of music they ought to like at their age.

Background music and foreground music: both combine to provide a vast field for TV entertainment and instruction. If the television programmes, as I like to think, are ideally a microcosm of the nation's life off-duty, from bop club to night school, then all round the BBC can congratulate itself on something very near to a bullseye. But it must not be afraid of music or of the men and women who make it. Let's have music rather more literally "in the picture," if you please.

Carmen, *played dynamically by Anna Pollak, was a highlight of TV opera production in 1954. The production was by George R. Foa, with settings by Stephen Bundy, and Charles Mackerras conducted the London Symphony Orchestra.*

IS TELEVISION ON THE RIGHT LINES?

SIR GEORGE BARNES,

the Director of BBC Television,

faces a cross-examination

FOR this cross-examination, *Television Annual* briefed a "Counsel for the Viewers." His questions and Sir George Barnes's answers are recorded below.

COUNSEL: *The British Broadcasting Corporation runs television and sound radio. It cannot do this without apportioning between the two the public's money and the nation's resources of talent. One would assume, being of a kindly disposition, that the BBC will not wish to waste in sound radio material which might be best suited to TV—and vice versa. Indeed, looking to the future, and not that far into it either, the question of what sound radio does, and what TV does, would really seem to be fundamental to the wise direction of the BBC. For the more who view, the fewer are left to listen.*

One would therefore expect—for one is always hopeful—that the BBC will examine its sound and television output and make a clear demarcation to separate those kinds of programme material best suited, on the one hand, to TV, and those best suited on the other, to sound radio. Is this to be the case?

SIR GEORGE BARNES: Television is still developing and changing, and it is very difficult even now to foresee exactly how television and sound broadcasting are going to settle down. A rigid demarcation between whole types of material, as is suggested in your question, seems unlikely. It is not that music is best heard, and that plays are best seen; but that some plays, some concerts, are more satisfactory in the one medium, some in the other. This, I think, extends over most fields of broadcasting.

The question has many aspects. Examine music a little further. Where music has a visual aspect, opera and ballet for example, there is obviously

Sir George Barnes received his knighthood from H.M. the Queen when she visited the Lime Grove Studios with H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. In this picture the Queen is talking to Sally Barnes, while (right) *the Controller of TV Programmes, Cecil McGivern, looks on. Others present are Pat Kirkwood, Leslie Mitchell, Jimmy Edwards, Norman Wisdom, Helene Cordet and Al Read.*

a job for television to do. Orchestral music is difficult to televise. Is it therefore to be excluded from television? BBC programmes for the last thirty years have been a major factor in extending the musical horizon of the nation. This tradition will be maintained, and the BBC's chief service to music lovers will undoubtedly continue to come through sound broadcasting. For all that, should not the BBC's television service (despite all the difficulties of televising instrumental concerts) nevertheless strive to do everything in its power to help maintain and even build upon this vital and immeasurably important broadcasting tradition?

This single example points not a quandary but a challenge. The challenge is not limited to music. I believe that a public television service must meet this challenge.

COUNSEL: *You have said, Sir George, that it is your opinion that TV is developing and changing. Whether you put it that way or not, this means that nothing is static, nothing fixed, in the TV Service. Here is no rigidity. If there is not a vacuum, there must be something else; and what is not fixed is fluid, open-minded, many-directional. Television is therefore experimental. But I put it to you that we have had TV long enough now to be able to see at least which experiments in it have stood the test. Has there not been sufficient experience to decide which types of programme material are best suited to TV?*

SIR GEORGE BARNES: We are beginning to learn. Television is sound radio with an added dimension. Its possibilities are therefore very great. Take two very different kinds of programme. On any afternoon our mobile camera units can simply look at and transmit something that is happening. They can take the viewer to Wimbledon or Lord's or the Pool of London. These are actual events, life caught in the camera. The same evening,

Iain MacCormick, a playwright, contributed a cycle of four plays to TV in 1954, as well as writing others for the medium. In The Liberators, *a scene from which is shown here, a tense moment is provided by Laurence Payne, Owen Holder, Patrick Allen and Jack Rodney. TV needs more plays, says Sir George Barnes.*

studio cameras can transmit a carefully rehearsed play, with every shot known in advance, every move planned. This is to transmit a work of art. Is the one less important, less real, than the other?

Of course there are certain things television cannot do really satisfactorily. Polo, for example, is curiously intractable because the pitch is so large that the viewer loses his sense of direction. The topography is a major factor in any outside broadcast. But this new medium is nothing if not flexible. There are programme possibilities that have not been exploited so far; and endless further possibilities not yet even conceived.

COUNSEL: *These appear to be eminently reasonable generalizations. But, like one of your cameramen, Sir George, I am trying to narrow the focus. You do not say which, if any, of TV's experiments we may have tested to a verdict, either for or against. It appears that over one hundred plays are being televised each year. Those who write plays tell me that the world's dramatists cannot provide tolerable quality for such an output. For myself I find that seventy to ninety minutes of play-viewing is inconvenient, week after week, to my home arrangements. It is also obvious—plainly obvious—that you are transmitting a plethora of what is called professionally, I believe, "variety." I suggest that it is becoming clear that you have done too much drama and variety, and that these two activities can, in many ways, succeed better in sound radio.*

SIR GEORGE BARNES: No. On the contrary, I think that even at this early stage it could be said that television drama is achieving a character and a method that make it important and acceptable. I agree that television must continue to be a window on the world; we must develop its power to see an actual event, an historical moment, as it takes place. But I do not see this development taking place *at the cost of* dramatic productions. I cannot agree that all plays are the better for being invisible. Some are, many are not. The television play has come to stay.

The actual supply of plays creates difficulties, of course. We have produced over a thousand plays in our television studios since the war. This kind of demand puts a strain on dramatic literature as a whole. We must certainly get many more plays written specifically for the medium. Indeed, we are bending our efforts towards this already.

I will just mention two points about variety. It is the business of the BBC Television Service to put out a full programme, and certainly we could not do this if we were to eschew light entertainment. Even more important is the fact that television is in a position to re-create and re-invigorate a music-hall tradition which has been dwindling over the last thirty years. This is a big job, it is not done overnight. But the rewards are big, too. Here is a huge new market for the great comic tradition.

COUNSEL: *I have read that TV kills comics, but you bring us the news, Sir George, that rather is she to rise, a saviour of great comic tradition, bringing succour to the wasteland through which howl the spectres of a thousand scripts that passed in the night unlaughed at. For this prospect we ought, I suppose, to be thankful. Nevertheless, there are allegations that because drama and variety were main-supports of the* sound radio *machine created by the BBC, they were relied on too much as supports for the TV Service. Would it not be honest, courageous, and statesmanlike—qualities which I am sure the BBC asks of its leaders—to admit that TV has been built too much in the departmental pattern traditionalized by sound broadcasting?*

SIR GEORGE BARNES: Television started without any departments. It grew. As it grew, departments became necessary. The sound departments were, of course, invaluable. Broadcasting depends largely on relationships between the broadcasting authority and outside professional bodies. Television was able to use the bonds already forged by the BBC's sound service.

New departments were also necessary, of course—films, for example, and scenic design—and certainly the present set-up is in no way sacrosanct.

Syd Seymour and his comical Mad Hatters Band appeared in the Variety Parade *series. The Director of TV here claims that TV can re-create and re-invigorate a music-hall tradition which has dwindled over the last thirty years.*

I personally hold that BBC producers should be interchangeable, and that the departments should now become increasingly flexible.

COUNSEL: *I press my point that there may have been some degree of mistaken direction. Is it not conceivable that, working in a revolutionary medium, men may take a wrong path or two—and perhaps have radically to reorganize?*

SIR GEORGE BARNES: Of course. I believe we in the TV Service are on the right path, but both the nature of TV, which is fluid and changing, and the nature of man, which is nothing if not fallible, necessarily demands a constant reorientation.

COUNSEL: *Perhaps my memory fails me, but I do not remember the last reorientation in the TV Service. However, would a reorganization of emphasis and priorities in TV programme output be a practical proposition—say, giving the TV Service a documentary-OB-informational bias?*

SIR GEORGE BARNES: I do not think that such a change would be desirable. I have already indicated that, in my opinion, television as a medium has a wide range of capacity. What it *can* do is by no means limited to its informational and documentary aspects. I believe that television can and does produce really satisfactory plays and entertainments of all kinds (even opera, where progress has been substantial over the last two years). I do not want to see television's wings clipped at this early stage. Further, we have a charge laid upon us by our Charter: our job is to inform, educate and entertain the public within the structure of public-service broadcasting. To swing our programmes in one particular direction would seem to be a departure from our obligations under the Charter. But, in any event, the essential point is that there is no indication at the moment that television is more rewarding in the one field than in the other, and I for one would be loth to see any trimming of its great potentialities.

COUNSEL: *It would seem to some of us, Sir George, that the Charter is the brief for the British Broadcasting Corporation, and not for the TV Service alone. It needs to be met, surely, by both TV and radio services—and met, I submit, in ways best appropriate to each. Therefore, answer me this, directly: With a TV licence total of over three million and an eight-to-ten-million peak TV audience, is there co-ordination in planning the kinds of programme output, as between sound and TV, in TV operational hours?*

SIR GEORGE BARNES: No.

COUNSEL: *Now there is a negative, if you like—and with what profound implications! Then what, Sir George, is the BBC answer to the suggestion from the licence-payer that money could be better used by building a great deal of broadcast light entertainment so that it could be simultaneously*

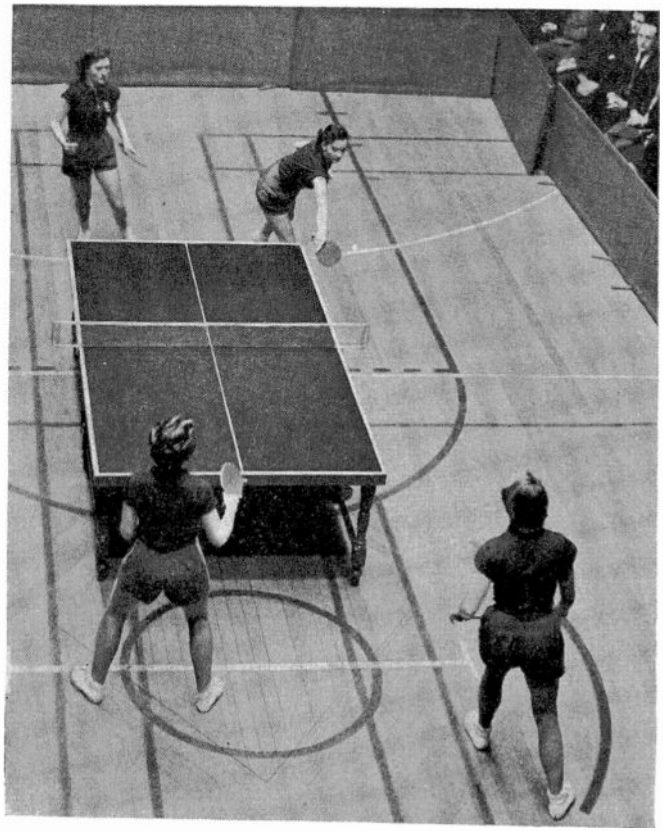


Table tennis makes a popular outside broadcast for winter evenings. The famous twins Diane and Rosalind Rowe here play Jill Rook and Ann Haydon. Televising more sport is seen as a needed development of the programme service, says Sir George Barnes.

viewed and heard? This is to say, for instance, that The Huggetts *or* The Life of Bliss *might very well be broadcast by radio and TV at one and the same time.*

SIR GEORGE BARNES: Some events can, of course, yield satisfactory programmes on both sound and television. Thus, a promenade concert or a royal procession can be visited by either microphone or camera, or both. Light entertainment programmes are, however, in almost all cases, produced specifically for the medium concerned, and it must be so. A television variety programme cannot, for example, have scripts in vision. Parts have to be learnt, rehearsed, dressed, lit, grouped and shot. It is a much more complicated job than sound variety. A show built in this way for television (such as *Music For You*, for example) with its dance routines, its visuals, and so on, would be largely lost if heard on sound only. Equally, sound variety programmes are built very specifically for the microphone, and would simply look silly if televised.

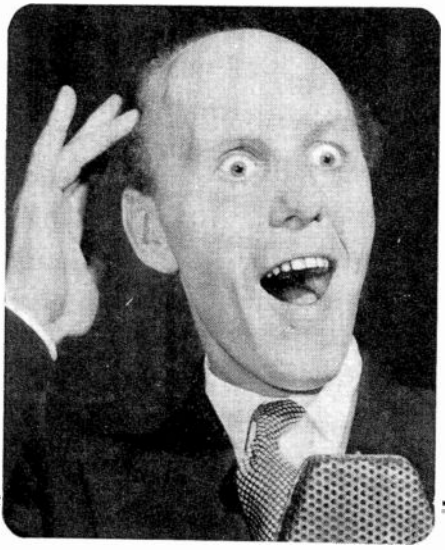
To put it briefly, this kind of operation is possible to a very limited degree for outside events where the BBC is "eavesdropping" with either camera or microphone, and in programmes like *In Town Tonight* which do not depend on rehearsal or script and which have no production numbers.

COUNSEL: *One final question. Let us for a moment's conjecture remove TV from its troubled situation. Sir George, you are given access to all the sports and theatres—let us suppose. You are given capital expenditure for a twenty-five per cent increase in outside-broadcast camera units. In this happy situation, would you step up outside broadcasts, and lessen studio production?*

SIR GEORGE BARNES: We would certainly step-up our outside broadcasts; but not, I think, at substantial cost to studio programmes. We badly want to televise more sport, and in particular we want to televise many big sporting events which are of great public interest. This, I imagine, would be an improvement and a development of our present outside-broadcasts policy, rather than a radical change. It is interesting to visit theatres with our mobile camera units, and here again we would welcome the opportunity to pay more than the twenty-four visits a year which we are allowed at the moment.

On the other hand, there is a limit to this kind of programme, and certainly I would not wish to provide visits of this kind as an *alternative* to studio productions. The play prepared expressly for TV and shot in the studio has obvious viewing advantages.

In Town Tonight, *veteran sound-radio feature, became a TV programme as well in 1954. Its producer, Peter Duncan, here talks to Richard Todd and Janette Scott, when they appeared in the programme. TV's Director says here that the broadcasting of programmes simultaneously on sound and TV is possible only to a very limited degree.*



YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS—5

David Nixon

A FLAIR for conjuring, when he was a schoolboy, led David Nixon to the music-hall stage. This in turn led him to occasional TV appearances. But it was determination to get further on, and win headline fame, which got him into *What's My Line?*

Every other Sunday, in the TV Theatre at Shepherd's Bush, there is an audition for would-be *What's My Line?* panellists. Here unknown actresses, fashion models, writers, journalists, and amateur comics mix with famous actors, actresses, and novelists to have a go on a dummy *What's My Line?* show, while producer Dicky Leeman watches to see if any of them show enough promise to get on the reserve list for the real panel.

David Nixon went all out to get one of these audition tests. With charming persistence he worried Dicky Leeman into it. He took the test, and went down on the reserve list, very near the top. Months passed. Then, when Jerry Desmonde had to leave the panel, Leeman put David in. His success there has bolstered his stage conjuring career and made him a certain ace in the coming shuffle for TV fame which commercial TV will stir up. It has meant a brighter and more secure future for David and his wife Paula, who is a singer, and with whom he has played in pantomime.

Yet this break is the ultimate sequel to another one—save the pun, a break in his leg. For it was when he broke his leg as a Boy Scout and was unable to take the part allotted to him in a Scout concert, that his father bought him some billiard balls and suggested that he should mock up a bit of conjuring. "You can stand still, doing that," he said. Today, standing still is the last thing to interest David Nixon.

The Price of Television Acting?

SINCERITY

says BRANSBY WILLIAMS

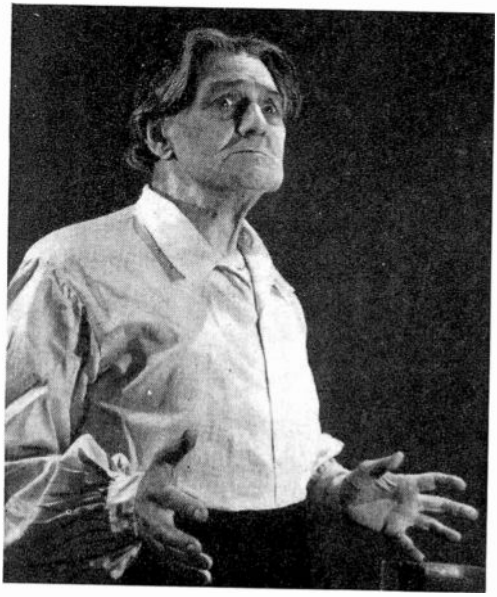
I LOOK back on the day when John Logie Baird asked me to recite a poem for him, as a television experiment. This was before there was any BBC Television Service. I recited the verses in a room full of red flashes of light. Then Baird came in from another room, thanked me, and said: "Good. I have just seen you in that other room." And now . . . my face and voice are seen and heard at the very moment I appear, as far away as Scotland; and hundreds of letters reach me, telling me how viewers have felt that I have been talking just to them.

When I first televised for the BBC, at Alexandra Palace in 1936, the lights were so hot they melted all my sticks of grease-paint. I was presenting a character show, and had to make up in the various guises with my fingers, dipping them in the liquid pools of paint!

Some years later I appeared in *Picture Page* and felt very nervous. I knew that TV had advanced; I had got to advance with it. The producer, S. E. Reynolds, put me very much at ease when he said: "Now, my dear boy, just be yourself, calm and composed." I tried my best; replied to the questions asked, and laughed, as though at home. At the end, Reynolds's voice came from the control box: "Thanks, Bransby—that was a perfect bit of television!" That was my first real encouragement.

Next I had to appear in a play on TV. It was then that I started thinking seriously about it, and studying the thing. I watched others, working by me. I soon learned that much more was needed from the actor than some, I am afraid, realized. A great deal of thought was needed.

In nature, a man hearing a sudden noise starts—"God! What's that?" The emotional actor—and I think I have been this for some years—acts naturally. But—it is indeed a *but*—in television you must avoid those sud-



Bransby Williams as (left) *Mathias in* The Bells, *and (right) as "The Caretaker" in an old music-hall sketch—two characterizations he assumed for viewers. At eighty-four, Bransby Williams admits to coming to TV as a "new boy." With humility he describes in these pages how he learned the new techniques.*

den starts. You must avoid rapid changes of facial expression. You must, as it were, round everything off. Movement and expression must not become jerky. It is this which brings the acting right home.

The actor must realize that he is before that most discerning detective, the camera. This "eye" shows a half wink, an uncontrolled twitch of the mouth. Above all it detects insincerity. Alas—how little some actors and actresses realize this!

When I played Scrooge in the *Christmas Carol* play I had to learn to control, in steel discipline, face, voice and figure; for Scrooge shows sudden starts and alarums. Next, I played perhaps one of the strongest and most difficult parts, Mathias in the famous Irving play, *The Bells*. I needed the utmost of alertness all through this, for here were scenes in which the character is only watching, scenes in which he is listening, and then the ones where he expresses fear and horror at hearing "the bells." Afterwards I was complimented, and that meant that I was learning, for no artist can ever cease to learn.

Next came my solo performances for TV, and here I knew I was right up against it. Here was TV naked, staring me in the eye. This must be real and sincere—talking to the most discerning thing I have met in all my long career, the TV camera.

Viewing families now write to me and say: "You were talking to us." After my performance in *Well—You Asked For It!* one wrote and said that my concluding "God bless . . .!" was a "benediction"; another said, "As you put up your hand for Good Night, I took it and shook"; and, on my throwing a kiss with my hand, a lady wrote, "I knew as you looked into my eyes, that the kiss was for me."

Do not think by all this that I am full of conceit. It is just that here is some proof that sincerity is needed—"As you looked into *my* eyes . . ." Of course, I have found it difficult. Each time I feel the difficulty, the challenge. This is especially the case when I am doing something humorous. I miss an audience to encourage me with a smile, a chuckle, a round of applause. It is lonely work.

Yet I must say I prefer the loneliness to having those studio audiences which seem to laugh at the most ridiculous things and scream their heads off at the most trivial.

TV is one of the great wonders of the world. Let us remember this, and treat it with the reverence it demands. To it we artists must give our best and be proud of such an opportunity.

Television, sound-radio and public appearances keep the veteran Bransby Williams busy; but when he has a little spare time he relaxes at home with brushes and paint-boxes. In this other medium he captures many characters he has played.

PETER CUSHING TALKS SHOP

This favourite TV actor speaks here as a specially interested play-viewer

WHENEVER possible my wife and I watch the television plays. We are both "of the theatre." As an actress my wife was known as Helen Beck—and I was interested and amused to find, only the other day, that TV producer Eric Fawcett still has a photograph of her taken when she went to Hollywood, in her revue-playing days with Cochran and Charlot. However, you might think that watching TV plays would lose some of its enjoyment for a couple of professionals who "know the game." How wrong you would be! I am always most keenly interested. A story, as a story, is just as intriguing to an actor as to anyone; but to this is added, for me, the almost enthralling interest of watching the techniques of my colleagues in the profession, and those of the various TV producers.

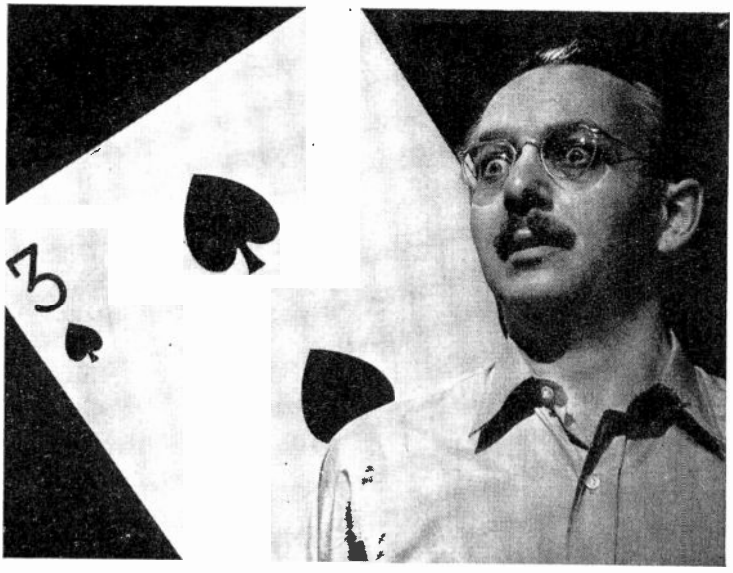
Also, we actors all have our favourite plays, and we never tire of seeing them whether or not we have yet had the chance of playing in them. My favourite play—I think there is no other about which I am more enthusiastic—is *Journey's End.* It is a classic of drama, surely. And I have always wanted to play Stanhope. Scenes were televised from it, from Alexandra Palace, on the night that they did that long and special programme to mark the closing down of those pioneer studios.

It held me again. I believe the BBC cannot televise this play complete, because a Hollywood film company, holding the rights, will not allow it. I hope against hope that if this restriction is ever relaxed, I shall not then be too old to play Stanhope!

Vivid in my memory is the TV performance of Terence Rattigan's *The Deep Blue Sea.* You must recall the fine performances of Googie Withers and Kenneth More. Without for one moment detracting from that production, how lucky we felt the stars to be. For they had played

Peter Cushing says he has always wanted to play in Journey's End. *The play—with Andrew Osborn and Terence Longdon—was revived by TV in 1954. It was one of the first plays to be televised from Alexandra Palace in 1936.*

In The Deep Blue Sea *Googie Withers gave one of the TV performances of the year. Here Robert Harris, as Sir William Collyer, tries to persuade his estranged wife, Hester, to return to him.*



David Kossoff as seen in the strikingly presented play, Mr. Betts Runs Away. *This play was produced by Eric Fawcett, who also presented this actor in a memorable short piece,* The Baby. *Peter Cushing here tells of the humour which David Kossoff brings to the rehearsals of TV plays.*

this piece for some time in the theatre. So they escaped in some degree the pressure of work which normally goes into a TV production. The two or three weeks of rehearsal which goes into a TV play is by no means too long, especially as we do not normally get into the studio, with cameras, until the day before transmission. Speed the day, I say, when actors' union regulations will permit the telerecording of plays, especially for the "repeats." To work like a black for three weeks, give one performance, have three days off, and then do the repeat, causes something of a mental shock to the actor.

As in all types of work, a little humour often relieves the strain, and there are certain people in the business who can always be relied upon to give it. My friend David Kossoff is one. He and I have another kindred interest in that he is an expert pen-and-ink artist. It was during the children's TV serial, *Silver Swan*, that David relieved our prodigiously strenuous rehearsals for a perfectly frightening sword fight by drawing a strip cartoon of the stages in it, pinning bits of this about the studio.

I was keenly interested in Eric Fawcett's production of David in *The Bespoke Overcoat*, using the no-scenery technique which gives such powerful impact to close-up shots. It was Eric Fawcett who gave me one of my most happy TV experiences. This was working under his direction for *Tovarich*.

It was a wonderful experience, I think for three reasons. I had the great privilege of playing opposite Ann Todd, a grand worker and delightful company. This was her first attempt at comedy, and she was determined to bring it off. Eric Fawcett was making his first production after a year

away from the BBC, and he was determined to come back "big." I had just been awarded the TV-actor-of-the-year-award, and was also determined to live up to it. These factors gave us a most wonderful team spirit.

A play I loved watching was *Caste*. This, I believe, got a mixed reception, but I have always fallen for it. Maybe it is because I am a sentimentalist and whole-hearted romantic! Another reason I liked it was for the performance of Jill Bennett as the heroine's perky sister. Jill is a good friend of ours. Brian Oulton, who played the hero's upstanding Army friend, later played with me on the stage in *The Lady and the Soldier*. He is a very adept actor at sinking himself right into his parts—a capacity which I am sure pays off in TV.

Television is so intimate a medium, and so "quiet"—it is like acting in a small room—that you dare not let up for one moment. You are, as it were, under microscopic attention; whereas the greater size of stage

Tovarich *presented Peter Cushing in partnership with Ann Todd in one of the most sparkling and likeable plays TV has ever produced. The secret of the teamwork behind the production is revealed in this chapter.*

Caste, *says Peter Cushing, is one of his favourite plays as a theatregoer and TV viewer. Jill Bennett, a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Cushing, played the perky sister of the romantic heroine; she is seen with Mervyn Johns and Sam Kydd.*

playing does allow you now and then to take it less intensely. This means that in TV absolute concentration is needed, and really hard thinking has to go into assuming your part during rehearsal.

This inevitably means that all one's reactions are heightened, tensed-up, and this applies to interludes in rehearsal as well as to the work. I remember in *Asmodée* how that rather tense, hard-thinking play, set in torrid Southern France, got us all very much keyed up during rehearsal. Then at one point a stage direction said that Maureen Pryor—as the Governess—was to "flatten herself against a wall like a bat." Knowing Maureen, this seemed suddenly ludicrous—and the tension broke while we all went into hysterics!

Henry Kendall and Eileen Peel in Stolen Waters, *a controversial play on "the Jewish question." Both these artists have been associated with Peter Cushing. Eileen Peel played with him in TV's* Asmodée, *and Henry Kendall was Peter's producer in wartime ENSA plays.*

Ever since then I have called Maureen "The Bat." Whenever I see a newspaper headline with "Bat" in it, I cut it out and send it to her. She is a near neighbour of ours, a charming friend and I think a fine actress. One remembers her in *Boyd's Shop*, playing a comedy-character part; in *The Teckman Biography*, playing a romantic-mystery part; and of course that superb performance in *Asmodée*.

Eileen Peel was with us in *Asmodée*, but one of her 1954 TV performances was in *Stolen Waters*, and there, playing her husband, was Henry Kendall. Seeing him gave me great pleasure, for I benefited considerably under his direction when he produced me in several ENSA plays during the war.

An Irish play full of comedy, Boyd's Shop *gave Maureen Pryor (at shop counter) an amusing character part. Peter Cushing tells of working with her in TV.*

The Dashing White Sergeant, which gave young Janette Scott a TV chance, brought a number of happy recollections to me. Maurice Colbourne, who played Janette's father, is another near neighbour of ours, and he has a charming cottage in Guernsey. He played with me in the Saturday serial *Epitaph for a Spy*. Then there was Marjorie Fielding, who really got me laughing in the stage production of *Quiet Weekend* merely by walking across the stage and uttering a one-word line—"Parsley!"

David Markham, also in *The Dashing White Sergeant*, has a most disarming way of working in a play with a wickedly humorous twinkle in his eye. Frequently he has had me in a fit of giggles during quiet serious rehearsals.

Television play-viewing often leads me to compare the impact of the TV performance with that of the stage performance, in cases where I have watched both. As it happened, I saw a stage performance—in a repertory theatre—of *No Time for Comedy* just before it was done in TV, with my good friend Frances Rowe in it. Now in the theatre I thoroughly enjoyed this play; yet it did not go down all that well, as a whole, in its TV form.

I don't really think that a twenty-seven-minute breakdown right at its outset prejudiced it, or its players, though I know how nerve-racking such hitches are. In this case poor Frances Rowe and Elisabeth Welch had to stand almost like statues in their positions for the whole twenty-seven minutes, since no warning could be given of when the break would be remedied.

I had a great interest in *That Lady*, the Edana Romney play, so beautifully set and dressed. For I had been asked to consider playing Philip of Spain in a film of this play. I could not do so because I was going into the stage production of *The Lady and the Soldier*. *That Lady* should make a wonderful film, especially as Joan Fontaine, Dennis Price and that wonderful pioneer of film acting, John Gilbert, were billed for it.

Janette Scott, the young actress, had a leading part in The Dashing White Sergeant, *and is seen on the left with David Markham, favourite TV actor.*

Frances Rowe, Patricia Burke and Michael Trubshawe in No Time for Comedy, *a sophisticated American play which suffered the ill-luck of a television breakdown.*

Beautiful settings and costumes marked the TV production of That Lady, *in which the dramatic leading part was played by Edana Romney, seen here. Peter Cushing reveals a sidelight on the film of this play.*

Patrick Barr—*The Teckman Biography* again—is an actor I cannot watch on TV without recalling a most adventurous time we had together in Germany. For the German Radio Show, the BBC sent over the complete production of *Portrait of Peko*, in which we had both played at Lime Grove. Our sets were erected round one corner of a great exhibition hall, and it was rather like working in Cruft's Dog Show!

Few of us could speak German, and most of the TV technicians could not speak English. At one point in the play I had to enter through a door with a dagger and a revolver. The drill was for both of these to be placed on the far side of the door, ready for me to pick up. Imagine my horror when, about to enter, I saw that they were not there. I told the props man that I would not go on unless I had them. In broken English he promised me he would get them to me before I needed them. In I went.

In the middle of a speech, as the time to use the revolver and dagger approached, I saw the props man crawling on his tummy across the floor, dragging a TV screen-monitor on wheels with him. The dagger was in his

One of 1954's thriller serials, The Dancing Bear, *brought Norman Wooland* (right) *to TV screens. Willoughby Goddard and Ingeborg Wells played with him throughout this story of espionage, set in Austria and echoing present-day events.*

mouth, the revolver stuck in his shirt. I could not for the life of me understand why he wanted to bring the monitor as well!

Then I saw what he was doing. He was using the monitor to watch for a moment when my hands were "out of shot," so that he could reach up from the floor and give me the props. He managed it just in time.

While I was "off" during this production, a bunsen burner that was required in one scene caught alight some material surrounding it. The burner was being fed from a cylinder of gas. I was the only one free to get to it and do something about this blaze. I ripped the connecting tube out of the burner. But then, of course, we were all being gassed. So I stepped on the tube, but the pressure of gas in it only blew it up to balloon size. Luckily somebody else rushed in and moved the cylinder.

But I am sure most of the German crowd watching us, and of course unable to follow our English lines, quite thought the fire was part of the play. They went away thinking wonderful things about our realistic and courageous acting!

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS—6

Avis Scott

WHEN, after two studio tests, the BBC appointed Avis Scott a relief announcer, the success put her in a quandary. As an actress, she was due to play the feminine lead in the Norman Wooland TV serial, *The Dancing Bear*. As an actress, too, she had reaped some success on the London stage and in such films as *Waterfront*—appearing with Richard Burton and Robert Newton.

But she had asked for the TV announcing tests because stage and film work had lapsed so seriously that she had been earning her keep as a waitress. Miss Scott went into the TV studio as a relief announcer realizing that she would not be able to play in the TV serial, but hopeful that appearances on the screen would jog the memory of the film and theatre managements about her talents.

Her first spell of announcing duty did just this. She was offered two film parts. But again there was that twist of fate, for her success at announcing brought her a second announcing spell—and the dates of this clashed with the offered film work. So that she had to decline, too.

A great deal of publicity fell at Avis Scott's feet as a result of her TV appearances. She was called "this wide-eyed zany" and "that delightful forgetter of lines." Certainly her unorthodox announcing method introduced variety into this familiar field of TV action—and even opened up new possibilities. But, ideally, Miss Scott would rather work as an actress —in TV, on the films, and on the stage—and take a turn at relief announcing at Lime Grove only once or twice a year.

That might be the perfect life. So rarely is life perfect. And this she knows only too well.

Avis Scott is the daughter of a country rector, is thirty-one, and unmarried.

THIRTY GIRLS WITH TV SECRETS

They are the Studio Secretaries

THIRTY girl secretaries at the Lime Grove TV studios zealously keep to themselves top secrets of the stars.

Every night when they leave their typewriters to go home, they are in honour bound not to talk about facts which have come their way during the day's work as secretaries to TV producers.

In addition to shorthand and typing, the TV producer's secretary has to assist him in handling, casting and rehearsing plays and variety shows. This brings the secretary in close contact with the stars in the shows.

When a play is being cast, the producer's secretary will ring up film and stage stars, or their agents, to see if they can take a part the producer wants to offer them. Discussions about fees may follow, and as the secretary notes down what is said, she knows the facts she is hearing must remain for ever confidential.

The whole costing of a TV production—the price paid for costumes, scenery, music, script—will be collated for the producer by his secretary. It is a strict rule of the BBC that none of these costs shall be divulged to anybody outside the studios.

When it comes to rehearsal time, for a fortnight or three weeks before the TV play reaches the screen the producer's secretary will mingle with the cast, day in, day out. She will check their attendance at rehearsal. She sees that they are properly fitted in the TV wardrobe. The bigger the star, the more attentive she will be—seeing that he or she has everything needed, from a morning cup of coffee to cigarettes or a hair slide.

She will lunch with the stars in the TV canteen, sharing easily in their conversation, hearing many secrets of show business, always remaining tactful and discreet.

Temperamental stars display their temperaments in front of the TV secretary. But whatever their behaviour, she will not be found talking about it afterwards.

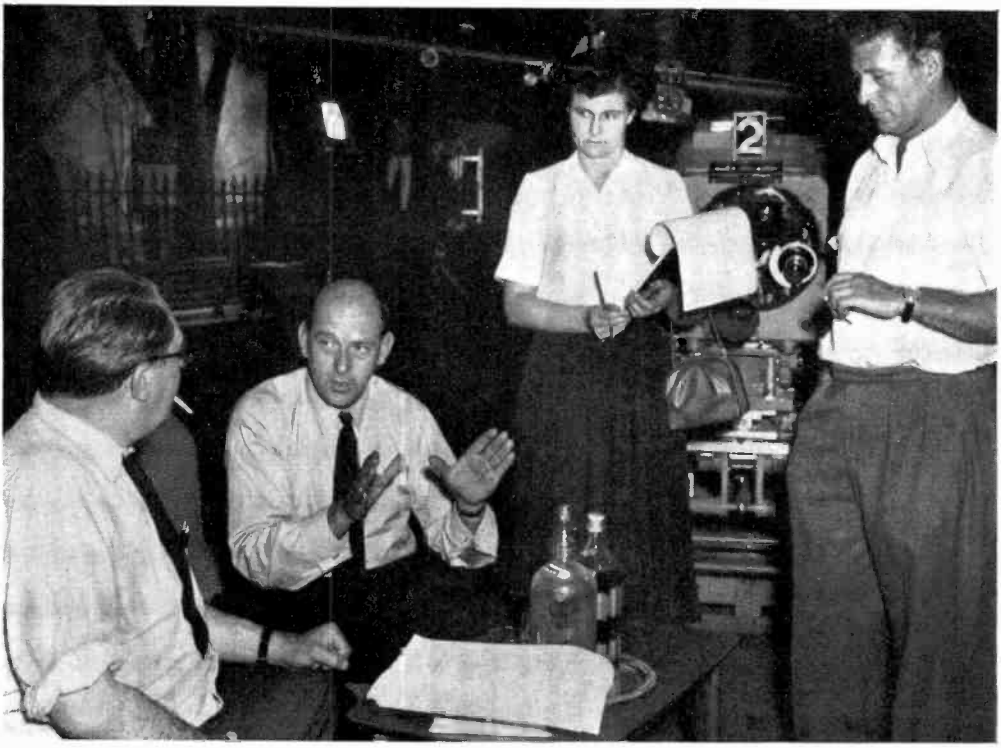
Indeed, many of the stars are friends of these TV girls, as a result of working with them. They know they owe the producer's hard-working secretary a great deal. When they are rattled, she soothes; when they are pleased with themselves, she congratulates them; when they forget things, she reminds them.

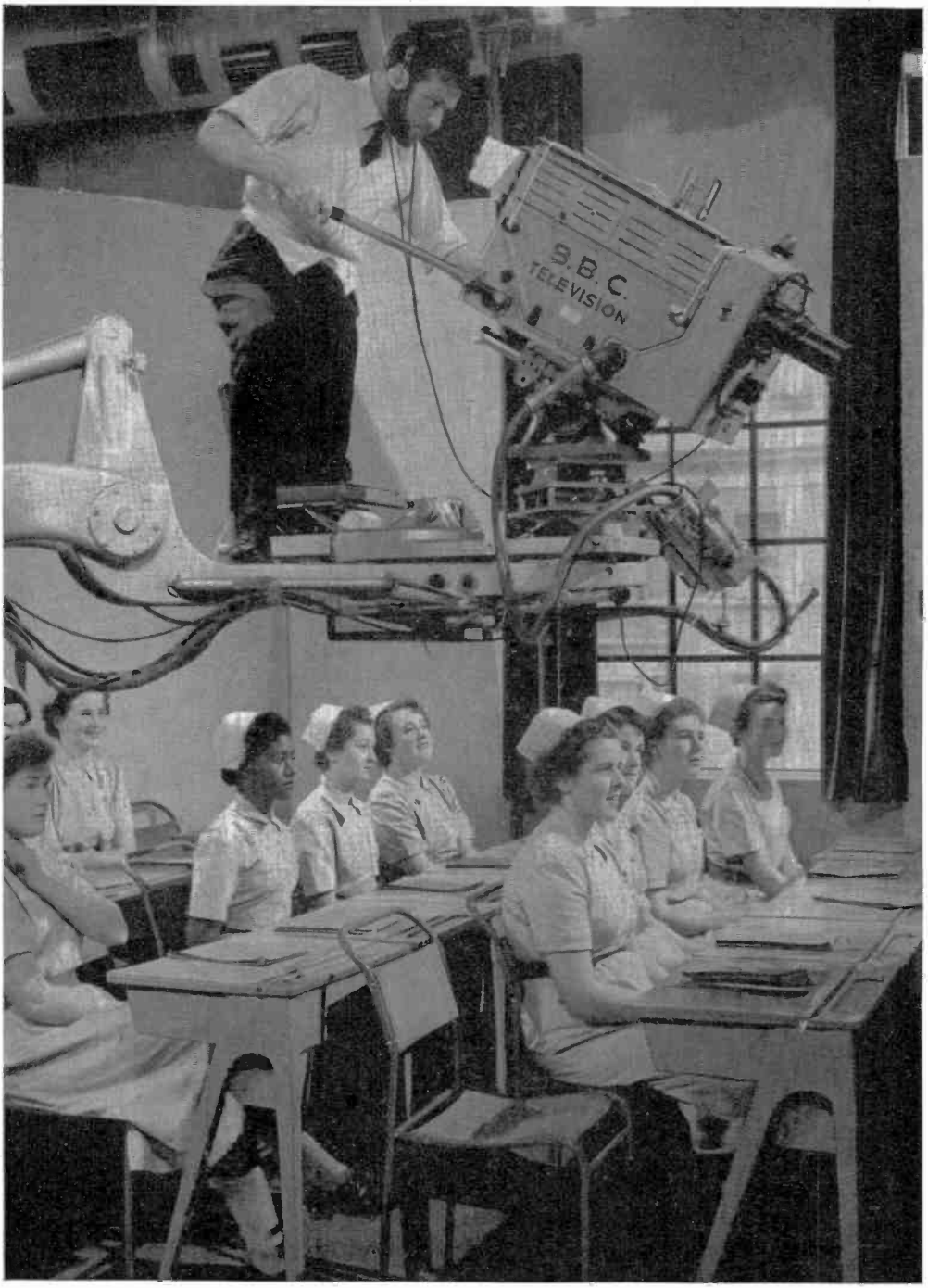
When exterior scenes have to be filmed for a TV play out of doors, the producer's secretary goes on location with the stars. And she will see that they get their meals and, if necessary, a room at a near-by hotel.

These highly confidential secretaries are given their TV jobs after serving in other BBC offices. Frequently they are good-looking girls, with a smart dress sense. This helps them to get on with the stars they work with.

On their seven to eight pounds a week they often live a leisure life in keeping with their jobs—going to the latest plays, the ballet, riding in the Park, and taking holidays abroad. But, wherever they go, they keep their star secrets.

A secretary at Lime Grove stands by to record rehearsal decisions taken by producer Bill Ward, who is discussing a script with Gilbert Harding.





World Nurse *was a documentary programme. But this class of student nurses was staged in the TV studio. Real life—TV has found—is often best shown by acting it. Many of its spheres can never be fully captured by outside cameras.*

"Documentary"—
a poor name for programmes which show

WHAT GOES ON

by KENNETH BAILY

IN THE first year of television broadcasting—which was 1936—cameramen poked a camera out of an Alexandra Palace window and sent on to the screens of the few thousand pioneer viewers some pictures of a train moving along a near-by railway line.

Ever since, life as it is, real and unvarnished, has beckoned to the TV programme-makers. This enticement was already there for the film-makers. But with TV it looked like being a more exciting challenge, for television could surely show "actuality" as it happened.

This kind of pictorial representation of real life has always been termed "documentary"—an unattractive word. It has turned out that television documentary programmes have developed almost wholly inside the studio walls, and not by sending cameras outside at all.

The movement of cameras beyond the studios has been confined, with small exceptions, to the televising of news events, spectacles and sports events, as well as theatre relays and church services. These programmes are "outside broadcasts" and not "documentaries." In the difference between the two is most of the reason why TV documentaries have been studio-created.

An outside broadcast is usually of an event of limited duration. The effects of the event, which may be interesting to watch, are usually over when the event ends. But a documentary programme aims to illustrate an aspect of life or a sphere of human action which is continuing. A whole and full picture of it, and of its effects, can never be obtained by watching it for half an hour, or even three hours.

It will be clear that this is so with life and work in a hospital ward, at a police station, in courts of law, and especially so in any attempt to illustrate human behaviour in marriage, or what is done for foster children, for missing persons, or for a released convict. All these have been matters for TV documentary production. No outside broadcast could have put them on the screen within convenient space of viewing time and simultaneously have illustrated and explained them fully.

But the documentary programme can give an all-round view of such activities, and a picture having depth; by depth is meant the unearthing of the significance of the subject. Here is a way of showing what crime and law, as dealt with in a magistrate's court, mean to the people involved in them, whether criminals, solicitors, judges or probation officers. In this kind of programme a nurse on ward duty in hospital is seen as making a contribution to an intricate organization for healing, and the organization itself, with the human stresses and strains that are part of it, is shown—as well as the nurse.

To write the script for such programmes demands patient fact-finding and untiring observation. The scriptwriter must "live" with the subject, finding out all about it and everything he can about the people in it. Every human characteristic of the people, every professional technique or trade custom, that he observes and notes will pay him dividends later. For as he recreates these in his script so the plain facts of the matter grow alive with the humanity which clothes them in real life. So a seeming realism is brought to the viewer.

A seeming realism, for the other dominant trend in TV documentary has been the handing over of its presentation to actors. It is performed. The real people who make the subject being portrayed rarely if ever appear. Nothing is seen as it *really* happens. Everything, almost, is recreated to appear to be happening within the condensed time-space which a single TV programme has to have.

It is perhaps because the significant things in life are mostly serious things that BBC documentaries by TV have to a great extent dealt with social problems. A lecture on any of these subjects would hardly be popular entertainment. Yet a reliable, independent newspaper survey of viewers' appreciation of TV programmes, over a period of some years, showed that documentaries were being increasingly appreciated while much else on the screen was being enjoyed less and less.

The reason may be in the theory that people are never more interested in anything than in people. Quite a slice of TV documentary output has dealt with what is usually termed the "sordid" side of life. Yet it has been well received. People are curious about life as it is lived by a neglectful mother or a man just out of prison. Yet a straight talk from the TV screen given by a social worker would not hold the viewing audience.

Miss Caryl Doncaster, who has produced a number of "social problem" documentaries, offers a reason for this. She guesses that when the viewers' emotions are touched, facts go home. When facts alone are offered, without emotional stimulus, only the minority will really attend.

This emotional stimulus comes from the dramatization in the present BBC form of documentary. In fact, very often, a story is presented. But

Return to Living *told the real-life story of a man released from prison. Authenticity in the studio settings was insisted on, even to the fares-chart in this London bus.* Right: *Caryl Doncaster, the thirty-year-old producer of this programme, checks a point with Mr. W. J. Lawton, Governor of Wandsworth Prison.*

neither the dramatization nor the story has been deliberately invented as a method of stirring emotions. Each has come about primarily for practical script-making and studio-production reasons. The story enables a consecutive form to be given to the facts which have been gathered. The dramatization is necessary because it would be impracticable to have real people enacting this dramatized story—say the real people from the hospital or police court which the programme describes.

Nor, according to Caryl Doncaster's present thinking, is it possible to switch from the dramatization to a real person. Interrupt the story for a few words from an expert and—it seems to her—you break the programme's back.

Other documentary-makers in the Television Service do not agree with this presumption. Norman Swallow has pushed ahead with programmes which have mixed dramatization and expert speakers; and is, indeed, keenly exploiting the possibilities of mixing-in film material and outside-broadcast sequences as well.

While most members of the TV documentary department are all for this combination of all TV's resources, the compact studio dramatization of a subject has so far won hands down, when it comes to appealing to a large audience.

Robert Barr, who went into TV documentary writing from newspaper reporting, uses real people in performed programmes when he has decided that only so can a necessary touch be made to look authentic. In a programme about a hospital ward, he put in eight nurses with his cast of actors. Their job was to give the authentic touch to making the beds in the ward which had been recreated in the studio.

In another programme, with a trial scene including pronouncement of the death sentence, he had a man who had for years been clerk to the Lord Chief Justice; his job was to place the black cap on the actor-judge's head. Only one who had seen this happen again and again could—in Barr's opinion—do the action correctly.

Barr admits forthrightly that his aim in TV documentaries is to interest people in other people, rather than to explain an aspect of life in sociological terms. With a newspaperman's flair, he selects people whose workaday lives have a story. It may be that their job is socially significant and important to civilization; but, as in his programme about a Medical Officer for Health, the job touches people whose real-life circumstances are already dramatic.

Nobody can wait for an hour in a police station, even when life in the area is as flat as a pancake, without sensing the dramatic possibilities in the duties being carried out by the men and women on duty there. Barr's series on life in a police station, *Pilgrim Street*, grew entirely out of this observation.

The TV documentary, in which Britain undoubtedly leads the world, made its first impact as a matter of importance with the programmes written by Duncan Ross. His *Magistrate's Court* and *The Course of Justice* series paved the way and set standards.

More lately, Duncan Ross has been exploring new methods. He calls it sticking his neck out; and claims, possibly rightly enough, that only by so doing can he develop this form of TV programme. He first took the risk—as it then was—of introducing dramatization and actors into informational programmes. He was the first to attempt a documentary wholly based on outside broadcast cameras.

The Courts of Justice move to Lime Grove. In this scenic set were acted scenes in The Course of Justice, *the documentary series by which British television led the world in this field of programme production.*

His latest venture has been to attempt a kind of TV essay. Here is no "story" as such, nor any conscious effort to explain a problem or even present hard facts. It is virtually taking the viewer to a place and letting him watch what happens. The TV camera becomes the viewer. Ross has used this method to "look-in" on a dockland hostel, a doctor's waiting room, and an auction room.

He contends that this is something which cannot be done by the film—for box-office reasons, as well as some technical ones—or by sound radio, or on a theatre stage. It is part of his search for "pure TV." It may be a by-way off the main TV documentary road—or it may become the road itself.

So the excitement of looking at life as it is, by TV, remains; but not the least part of it now is in the way the look is going to be brought to bear. For this line of TV programme-making the future is full of promise. Beside it, the more headlined field of TV variety and comedy appears to offer a very uninteresting future indeed.

Behind These Doors *was an experimental series of documentary features, which Duncan Ross devised to illustrate what a casual visitor might see and hear in such places as a doctor's waiting-room and an auction sale-room* (below).

RICHARD HEARNE

The creator of Mr. Pastry talks about his TV career

ALTOGETHER, Richard Hearne has appeared on television scores of times. He started in the palmy days of Alexandra Palace, and has gone right on. "One of the tragedies of life is how soon we forget," he says. "There's a popular idea around that TV started up after the last war. This is not so. I made my first TV appearance in 1936, at Ally Pally, on what was then called the Baird system.

"Who now remembers? Who now reveres the name of Baird, as I did then? John Logie Baird gave to us artists the means of playing to a nation sitting at home. He was TV's prime inventor. He died too soon, and never saw the real fruits of his pioneering."

When the BBC service started at Alexandra Palace, Richard Hearne recalled, the Baird system of transmission was run alternately with the E.M.I. system. For Richard the thrill, and part of the satisfaction, of the Baird system was that the performance was filmed and then, ninety seconds later, transmitted. So at the end of his act he was able to run down a corridor and see himself as he had been seconds before, going out to the viewers!

In those days Richard Hearne was appearing with Leslie Henson at the Strand and Gaiety Theatres. He introduced into TV various acts of his own devising, such as *Take Two Eggs*, *Shifting the Piano*, *Mending a Window* and *The Handy Man*. Sound radio's Gershom Parkington Quartette was fresh in the public's memory, and in 1937 Richard televised, with Leslie Henson and Fred Emney, an act called *The Worse than Narkington Quartette*.

Henson had the 'cello, Emney the piano, Selma Orneal an accordion, and Richard Hearne a sousaphone. "Fred and I repeated this act recently,"

says Richard, "after eighteen years—and with great success. A really good comedy act never dates."

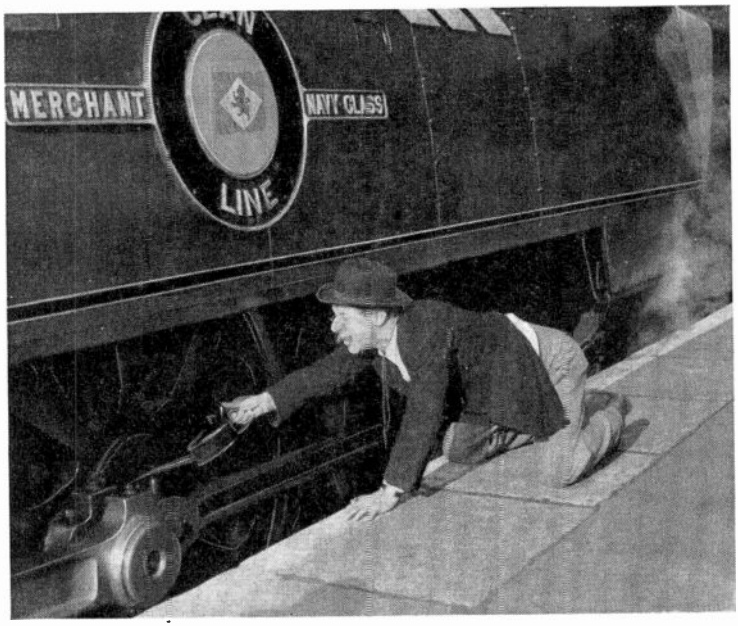
To his TV work he brought an early training. "I started in the circus, where I was appearing with my father and mother, when I was eight. In those days people had to go out to laugh. Now the comics are brought to their homes. But what a worry it all is—especially to those in charge at the BBC. They have all my sympathy.

"I'm certain that nothing can kill off a comic's material quicker than appearing in TV. Half a dozen appearances may suck all his ingenuity dry. And it is dangerous to repeat it. What is the answer? I don't know. I hope it is having plenty of material, and certainly having plenty of experience before trying to emulate somebody doing the same kind of work—whether verbal, slapstick or dancing.

"Then, of course, the great need of TV comedy is for a relaxation of union rules which at present prevent the film recording of shows. Only so can artists who are busy in theatres and film studios find time to rehearse and play in the TV studio. Moreover, a judicious editing of film recordings can remove the flaws, the gags which don't come off in a live performance."

Since his early days in TV, Richard Hearne has tried to give viewers

Richard Hearne as Mr. Pastry in the television act which is perhaps the most popular of all his performances — "The Lancers." This act won him great acclaim in the United States in 1954, when he played it in one of America's biggest TV shows. In this chapter he tells of its origin.



"I want this engine to get me to the coast!" says Mr. Pastry, before travelling to the Continent from Victoria Station. He was on his way to Switzerland, where he made a series of comedy films for children's TV programmes. As popular with kiddies as with adults, Richard Hearne has become a British TV institution.

the slapstick comedy which has always been a part of the British comedy tradition, but refined—or adapted to the requirements of TV. As he sees it, these requirements are: "Be clean. You are working in somebody's home. When you are invited to somebody's home for the first time, you try to be on your best behaviour; so you should *every time* you appear on TV. It's your first visit for thousands. Give them something which is self-explanatory. Ape them, if you like, but laugh with them. Make a bigger mess of things than they have ever made themselves."

His famous "Lancers" act first saw the light of TV in 1939. He first played it in *Running Riot* at the Gaiety. He readily pays honour to its originator.

"I had seen a comedian called Tom D. Newall do it," says Richard. "After his death I got permission from his wife to use it and adapt it, and gave Tom the credit as originator. He was a great friend. Other people say it was done even before he did it; I wouldn't know—that was before I was born."

Television brought to Richard Hearne one of the greatest thrills in his career when he was invited to do "The Lancers" on TV in the United States, in 1954. He was asked to appear in the Ed Sullivan Show—one of the most fabulously famous of America's top TV attractions.

America had never seen "The Lancers." The result was quite beyond his hopes—like a dream. He still says he does not believe it happened. To remind him of it, however, he keeps an article written by Ed Sullivan, who

What is Mr. Pastry doing to Jack Warner? There is possibly more in the cards than meets the eye! The camera has caught a bit of Richard Hearne's nonsense during a TV rehearsal. Below: *Mr. Pastry visits the children in a London hospital. Nobody could be a finer tonic for them!*

is also a columnist in the States. Instead of any description from his own lips of his American success, Richard Hearne would rather this article were quoted.

Ed Sullivan began his piece with: "To the young in heart of England, who have accepted Mr. Pastry as a symbol of the qualities which they most enjoy, it should be spelled out that on the night of Sunday, March 21, 1954, forty million Americans in all walks of life met him on their TV screens and hailed his 'Lancers' pantomime as high art . . .

"No British performer ever has scored the tremendous hit achieved by Richard Hearne on American national TV. The writer of this tribute is an American newspaperman. He wears second hat as producer and master of ceremonies of TV's *Toast of the Town*, on which Mr. Pastry appeared.

"On this show I have used many English stars; Margot Fonteyn, Moira Shearer, Audrey Hepburn, James Mason, Beatrice Lillie, Gracie Fields, Sarah Churchill, and others have made their first appearances on American TV on our stage. Norman Wisdom was one of the British comedians I have imported, and Norman Evans another. All of them won tremendous American acclaim.

"But there was something about Mr. Pastry, the determined enthusiasm of his dancing with an imaginary partner, that really charmed the U.S., while tickling its funnybone. American newspapers gave him ecstatic notices. Sid Shalit, writing in the *New York Daily News*, greatest circulation in the U.S., summed it up: 'You missed a very great talent, a very great talent, if you failed to catch Richard Hearne, the English comedian, on the Ed Sullivan show last Sunday. His pantomime in his hilarious 'Lancers' dance was wonderful. Let's see more of him'."

The Ed Sullivan article goes on: "When I first saw Mr. Pastry in the Christmas pantomime show at London Palladium, it seemed to me that American audiences would enjoy him just as greatly as we did. He and I both wondered whether 'The Lancers,' taken out of context, would register with an audience in a country three thousand miles away. It seemed to me worth the gamble. And the gamble became a great coup, because of the artistry of Richard Hearne.

"I'm bringing him back to America for three more TV shows. This time, I'm hopeful he will bring along the wife and two daughters to whom he referred over the CBS-TV coast-to-coast network. He said he felt lonely without them looking. We don't want Mr. Pastry to feel lonely, and I'm sure that he doesn't feel that way now that cab drivers, elevator operators, hotel clerks and policemen hail him as he walks along our streets.

"In other words, Mr. Pastry found that America also has millions of the young in heart. And they want him to come back . . ."

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS—7

Reg Dixon

SHUSTOKE is not a bit of nonsense. It names a point on the map of central England where Reg Dixon farms seventy-two acres, with pigs, Ayrshires, and hundreds of chickens. There, too, is Mrs. Dixon, an Austrian by birth and British by adoption, and their six-year-old daughter, Josephine. Reg also has a step-son, Toni, who is going into the hotel-management business.

Reg, the Coventry son of a midwife, went into a butcher's shop, a carpenter's, a hairdresser's, a watchmaker's, a greengrocer's, and took a turn as a gentleman's valet before performing for pay. He started in the entertainment business at a local circus, not intentionally entertaining the public as cleaner of elephants.

For six years he toured the small music-halls as half of a double act, and first broadcast a week after the Abdication of King Edward VIII. Then, playing a music-hall in the North, he had a bad cold one night. He wanted the audience's sympathy, so when he went on he told them frankly that he was "feeling proper poorly." He never looked back.

He considers his most nerve-racking experience lasted all of two years —the whole time he appeared in radio's *Variety Bandbox*, writing his own scripts for each fortnight's broadcast.

It was Henry Hall who heard him sing "Confidentially," and suggested it should be finished—it was only half a song then—and be published. It became a best-seller. Mr. Dixon, albeit, takes TV seriously. He always tries to do something new for the viewers, and refuses to come before them at all regularly. He knows that the TV millions, having seen and heard once, are not going to care so much when they see and hear the same stuff again. He says he won't be able to appear at all frequently on TV until the BBC buys him four scriptwriters to keep up a constant flow of new material for him. But that would make the BBC feel proper poorly.

THE GROVE FAMILY

By a Life-long Friend

Michael Pertwee

I FIRST met the Grove Family before they were there.

If this sounds odd, you must realize that the Groves grew; and I watched them growing. They grew in the script-writing mind of their creator, Michael Pertwee; he being aided and abetted by his playwright father, Roland Pertwee.

In Michael's Chelsea home, I watched him at work on the first scripts. "Mum" and "Dad," and the rest, were just names down the edge of the pages. Nobody had yet seen them. By his side, as he worked, Michael had a folder marked "Things to be put in." It listed everyday incidents and sayings from the lives of countless ordinary people, reported in the newspapers. It is from such everyday material that the Pertwees keep the Groves solidly down to earth, and as normally realistic as hundreds of other families.

When six scripts had been written, the BBC gave the all-clear for the Groves to materialize. In cold BBC terms this meant that producer John Warrington had to audition some actors and actresses. In fact he had to do much more. He had to find a bunch of players acceptable to the nation as an ordinary family. By looks, stature, bearing and voices, they must seem, quite naturally, a real family. Moreover, as artists, they must be temperamentally fitted to work together for what might be a very long time.

The BBC was determined to make the Groves a permanent and ever-running feature of TV, if it could possibly get away with the idea. In that case, the players chosen would be in continuous employment, Monday to Friday, for ever—or at least until their real ages advanced beyond the age of the characters they were playing!

This was a considerable innovation in TV. Never before had it offered the theatrical market such a multiple plum job. It is understandable, there-

The Grove Family. Elder son Jack was away doing his National Service when this picture was taken. This very popular TV family, with their human weekly story, is performed by: Edward Evans (Dad), Ruth Dunning (Mum), Sheila Sweet (Pat), Margaret Downs (Daphne), Christopher Beeny (Lennie), and Nancy Roberts (Gran). Peter Bryant plays the son Jack. The stories had to be arranged to allow each member of the cast to get his or her summer holiday.

fore, that no fewer than 270 actors and actresses applied for the auditions! Steady work was the lure; not, at that time, the money.

After weeks, about a score of hopeful players sat nervously smoking endless cigarettes in a waiting room at the TV Centre. Each of them had been auditioned twice for one or other of the seven parts in *The Grove Family*. Now the lucky seven were to be finally chosen. One by one that waiting room crowd diminished. In the end, seven were left. Here were the Groves; and Dad Grove met Mum Grove for the first time, and as they congratulated each other, looked round at the ready-made family presented to them by the BBC.

Edward Evans—"Dad"—later gave me tea in his real home, in a pleasant avenue in Golders Green. There I met his wife and two growing children. John Warrington and his production team were with us, for we had been out filming a private house in Hendon which was to become the exterior of the Groves' house on TV. Warrington's scenic designer had been inside the house, and with the real-life occupants' permission, made drawings of the lay-out; for the scenic sets to be built for the Groves at the Lime Grove studios were to match authentically the filmed exterior of the house.

Edward Evans had been in TV plays before, and had done a great deal of film work, and repertory theatre work. "Mum," with her traceable Northern accent, is played by Ruth Dunning, who was born near Manchester. She now lives in Notting Hill with her husband, Jack Allan, who is a favourite TV actor. Ruth had appeared in repertory and West End theatres.

Nancy Roberts, chosen for the outstanding part of the nonagenarian "Gran," is 60, and lives right in the centre of West End's theatreland, with an actor husband, and an actress daughter married to an actor. In real life she has a baby granddaughter.

"Jack," the elder Grove son, and "Pat," the elder daughter, found they had something in common as actor and actress; for Peter Bryant and Sheila Sweet had worked together in the Salisbury repertory theatre and also in Scotland. Peter Bryant lives with his parents in Acton, and Sheila Sweet with hers in Hampstead.

The two young Groves, "Daphne" (Margaret Downs) and "Lennie" (Christopher Beeny), go to a school for children taking up the acting profession, and their general school lessons are fitted in before and after their TV rehearsals.

So the Grove family were put on the air. And then, quietly, and all but unnoticed, TV hit one of its biggest successes. For viewers' appreciation was such that after only four weekly instalments of *The Groves*, the BBC ordered twenty-two more weeks of scripts from the writing Pertwees. The

Those lively and ever-plotting younger Groves, Daphne and Lennie, decide to have a party—an intention which gives rise to domestic complications only too typical of family life! School lessons for Margaret Downs and Christopher Beeny are fitted around rehearsals.

acting company had been engaged for thirteen weeks, and when this was prolonged, they all received a rise in pay.

This, however, was not all. Determined, it seemed, to rival radio's long-running *Dales* and *Archers*, TV booked in another long run of the *Groves*, and with their fees raised again, this bunch of happy players seem set on the Friday night screen well into 1955. Never before had the BBC been so keen to keep a series.

In the planning offices of the Television Service, the Grove family were now regarded as an important asset. They were given the best rehearsal room of the many church halls and club gymnasia used by the BBC. It was selected because it is airy, has french windows to a garden. Here in summer time, the Grove company can gain fresh air as they work, for the health of each member of this cast is at a premium. Their regular weekly date

Pretty Sheila Sweet has made Pat Grove a reflection of the elder daughter families like to have.

with the Friday night viewers demands that. The hall used is in Chelsea, near the River Thames, by which the Groves take a lunch hour keep-fit walk.

The week in, week out rehearsal and performance, month after month, must not be allowed to strain the players. Their holidays must be fitted in, and to do it, Michael Pertwee arranges their scripts so that each member in turn can be away for the holiday period.

The perpetual run of the Groves means that the cast members are barred from all other engagements in theatre or films. To artists of the calibre of Edward Evans, Ruth Dunning, Nancy Roberts, and John Salew (who plays "the man next door") this is important. But they chose to commit themselves to TV for a long stretch because much may follow; who knows . . . a Grove Family film, a Grove Family play?

The Grove family can be called TV's happy event of 1954. They have given countless folk a weekly dose of happiness. As a working group of players they are perhaps the happiest people in the studios. Nice to know on the screen—and nice to know off it, as I can vouch. . . .

When "Gran" had her ninetieth birthday, the family forgot her aggravating ways and drank her good health; and, as families do, said they wished her many more years! The Groves ring true to life.

I'M ON THE TV TIDE

But where it's taking me is another thing, says

BARBARA KELLY

THERE are two things to be said straightaway about television, so let's face it. It is good for an actress's business. And it makes her countless friends—who are not to be confused with "fans."

Though an actress for some years, I know jolly well that appearances in *What's My Line?* contributed to my being chosen for the West End play, *Angels in Love.*

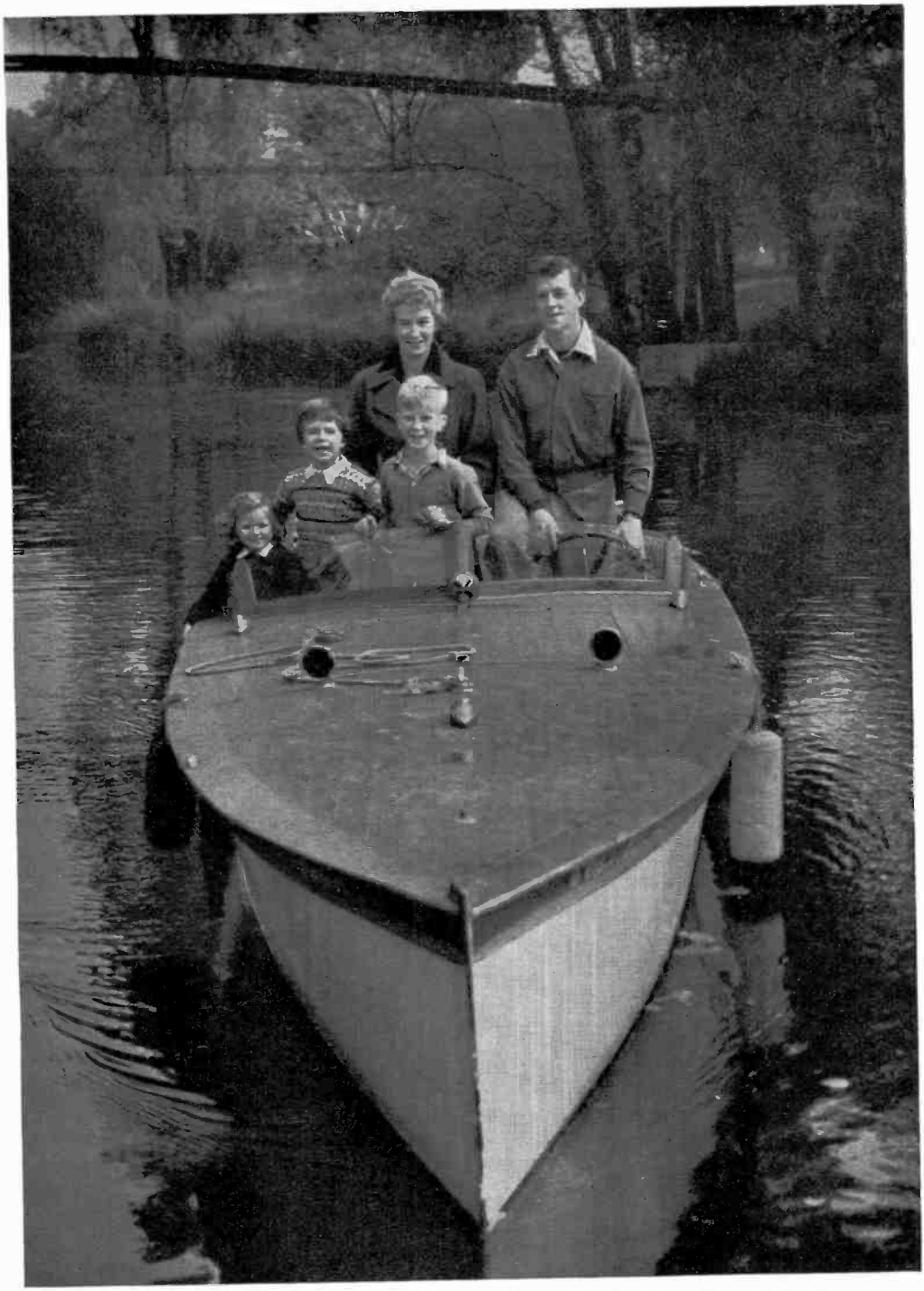
And although West End playgoers are only a tiny fraction of the national TV audience, no theatre management is blind to the distinct possibility that viewers knowing an actress from *What's My Line?* will want to see her in a play at the theatre.

The friendliness you find through being part of the viewers' furniture—for this you assuredly become—is of course phenomenal. It is not a superficial fan-following, which usually results from carefully directed film-company publicity. It is a stronger and more intimate thing. The woman who, after I was televised in a strapless gown, wrote and said "Now look here, Barbara, you are getting to look as though you're always taking a bath," was registering a raised eyebrow in the pally way a mere "fan" would never do.

And where but in TV would you get a letter from a ninety-two-year-old man living in a remote Northern Ireland village, suggesting you must be the daughter of the son of his great friend (if you follow me)? He was right, too. My grandfather had been his buddy, and we are now regular correspondents, swapping news of mutual relatives we have over in Canada.

Only because of *What's My Line?* too, did a national children's charity put my picture on their money boxes. If only indirectly, and I admit by a publicity method, I can enlist in this way the practical friendliness of people for suffering kids, then for me TV is worth while—let alone all else it means.

What else will it mean to me? I wish I knew! Television's implications



On the Thames near their home, Barbara Kelly and her husband, Bernard Braden, take out their lively family, Kim, Kelly and Christopher. Barbara is a viewer's favourite and Bernard is a radio listeners' star.

are so deep and so wide that it would take a wiser guy than I to give the answer. It seems to me it is taking a whole lot of wiser guys, and they aren't so near finding out!

Bernie and I would like to do a situation-comedy series on TV. I would like to do occasional plays. We don't because of a host of technical problems which are part of the great unknown sea of TV, yet to be charted.

Do I think TV is a social menace? Who am I to say? Isn't the question of what it should show and not show a simple one for public taste to solve? Two things I do know. When commercial competition to the BBC does come, it will have to be very popular in its programmes, and I know that the BBC must provide then what the non-popular minorities want. It will be a sad day for all of us if the BBC does not do this.

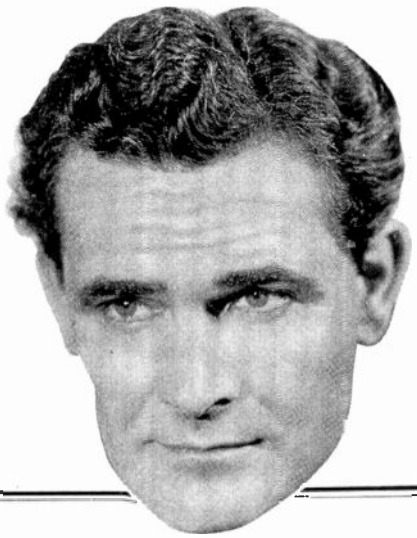
The other thing I know is that where young viewers are concerned, it is the parents' responsibility, and nobody else's, to see that they view only what is suitable for them.

On second thoughts there's a third thing I know. I know I'm on the TV tide, but where it is going to take me, that I don't know!

The Barbara Kelly that TV has so far missed—the accomplished and charming stage actress. This is how Barbara looked in the play Angels in Love, *at London's Savoy Theatre. With her in this scene is Maxine Audley.*

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS—8

Donald Gray



His is the radio voice which, when transferred to TV, revealed that it partnered an appearance quite able to match the handsomeness in the voice-box. For some time Donald Gray had been a frequent actor in radio plays. His broadcasts in this sphere were somewhat confined to villainy, because the BBC radio producers seemed to think the "deep-brown" voice more suited to that than to heroics.

Donald was in fact in the BBC Drama Repertory Company for three years. He then took the usual series of tests for TV announcing, followed by a trial on the screen as a guest announcer. He is now a regular relief announcer, whose early hesitancies have consolidated into a personable manner very human in appeal, and in nice contrast to the personality of McDonald Hobley.

He was born in South Africa, and began work there, not in the theatre but on an ostrich farm. His acting urge brought him to Britain, where there are more stage opportunities. He worked with a number of repertory theatres, and then got into films. The war interrupted this, and in 1944, in a fierce action during the advance on Falaise, he lost his left arm.

When he afterwards starred with Linda Darnell in the film *Saturday Island*, the script was adapted to take account of his one-armed-ness. At Lime Grove they tell a human story of his announcing test. There were other candidates there, nervy in a suspense-taut studio. The studio manager, to put them at their ease, asked each in turn to relate some happening in his life. Simply and straightforwardly, without heroics or pathos, Donald told how he lost the arm. The tension in the studio vanished, leaving instead a sense of comradeship and inspiration which was helpful to all.

WOMAN'S-EYE VIEW

The aims of TV's Women's Programmes Editor, reported by TV Critic

DOREEN TURNEY-DANN

IF A little of what you fancy does you good, Doreen Stephens, new Editor of women's TV programmes, is making the best of a difficult job. She has the biggest potential audience in the country and (any man will tell you) the most unpredictable.

Under the round, comfortable title of "housewives" lurks a monstrous regiment of women who know their own minds. There are those who go out to work and would like later programmes; there are those who want nothing but fashions and all things frivolous; some just want to know how to deal with a stopped-up sink or leaking radiator; other ask for slimming exercises or hints for caravan holidays.

Miss Stephens is finding that the circumscribed cliché, "women's interests" can cover anything from a piano recital to plaiting rush mats. Now this ex-Liberal candidate, ex-publicist of Continental films and champion of women's rights has plenty of ideas of her own. Yet, for the present, she is content to be a back-room girl at Lime Grove and let the ideas roll in from her audience.

She recently did a country-wide tour to find out what women really want to see on TV. She did not get a straight and simple answer; she only reaffirmed her own belief that you can't please all the people all the time. And Miss Stephens had to return to Lime Grove prepared to strike a precarious balance somewhere between the kitchen sink and culture.

When I met her she was wearing a plain tailored suit with two lush, white orchids on the lapel. Perhaps that echoes the pattern of the Stephens TV scheme. Her aim is to deal competently with simple, practical things, but also to add the luxury touch with fashion shows and the introduction

of famous guests. There must also be a leavening of comment on world events for housewives who rarely set a foot outside their own back gardens, and a fair picture of the work of social services.

For Miss Stephens firmly believes that television is the greatest gift to women since they got the vote. She sees that small screen providing a new world for them, bringing them dozens of new interests. That is why two of the newest women's programmes are tentatively called *Make the Best of Yourself* and *New Interests on Your Doorstep.*

Now Miss Stephens would like to establish women's television rights with a third programme. It would be called *Family Affairs*, and that can encompass many things from the care of home and family to music and art for all. Time and studio space are not, at the moment, on the side of more TV for women, but the new editor is planning ahead.

The next move is an evening programme, a Home Magazine, mainly of interest to women, but with something that the husbands will enjoy too. A good time for this would be between 6.45 p.m. and 7.30 p.m.—a time when mother has got the younger children in bed and father is home from work.

There will be more fashions (top favourite of women from North or South), topical personalities, and musical items. But nothing about such

Miss Doreen Stephens (centre), *Editor of women's-interest programmes, at a planning conference with S. E. Reynolds and Jacqueline Kennish, producers respectively of* About the Home *and* Leisure and Pleasure.

things as foundation garments or middle-age spread. The go-ahead Miss Stephens takes the old-fashioned view here: "A lot of women are still embarrassed when these things are discussed in front of their husbands."

So she will keep the personal touch for the afternoon programmes. Most of all she would like to see her viewers get the club spirit, to feel that they are dropping in among old friends.

Her main problem is to find fresh hostesses for those club meetings. "It is not enough for them to be competent or to have strong character," she says. "Television has a strange knack of making even the nicest people seem insincere. They must have depth and warmth; they must know and love their audience, for they are visiting them in their own homes."

Stalwart Joan Gilbert apart, the search for women who can please other women goes on.

When Miss Stephens first broadcast to her great mixed bag of viewers, she told them: "We're going on experimenting to try and get the programmes better and better." Miss Stephens may well succeed, for she has amazing energy, a ready tolerance and a courage born of competence.

Jeanne Heal, for a long time a pillar of women's TV, seen with artist Mervyn Levy in a lino-cut demonstration, presented as part of the Leisure and Pleasure *policy to provide women viewers with recreational ideas.*

Joan Gilbert (right) *and Marguerite Patten, two popular personalities in women's television, talk with an expert about meat cuts and joints. Practical advice to housewives is a feature of the programmes Miss Doreen Stephens directs.*

At least her experiments will not be merely dependent on good intent and theory. For out of the studios she is Mrs. J. A. Gorsky, wife of a busy London doctor. She has brought up four children; runs a career and home with equal efficiency. She could make a new dress or answer hecklers at a stormy political meeting with enviable ease.

With not unnatural pride she says of her children: "They are all completely capable. I taught them all to cook—even the boys."

Daughter Anne is married and a qualified doctor. David is taking his final law exams. The youngest, Christopher, has just been on a trip to an Australian sheep farm before starting his National Service, and twenty-one-year-old Jocelyn is studying occupational therapy.

The Gorsky home reflects perhaps best of all the touch that this fair-haired, forceful woman is trying to bring to television. One room has the highly polished, elegant look that goes with Regency furniture. Another has a homely, easy air. And even among the high ceilings and formality of Bayswater the irrepressible Miss Stephens has dared to experiment. In the dining-room she has papered two walls with the sort of bold, bright-patterned paper that was born with the Festival of Britain. Unexpectedly it succeeds.

I should not be surprised to see her "do-over" women's television with the same flair. For Miss Stephens, who calls TV "a little window on the wide, wide world," is looking out far ahead. Like every good feminist she is not going to miss a chance of making the best of this new world for women.

VICTORY IN THE AIR

The Story of a great Television Achievement

THE year 1954 sees launched one of the major operations of the BBC Television Service. This is the compilation in visual form of a history of war in the air—the first complete record of Britain's mastery of air-power in the first half of the twentieth century.

This history takes the form of fourteen half-hour films, all specially made by the BBC in an exhaustive operation which began in February, 1953. The winter of 1954-55 sees these films come to our screens, at weekly intervals. Not only are they history; they will make history. They will be of inestimable value to the record of our national story.

It will be recalled that the United States sent to British TV screens a series of films, *Victory at Sea*, chronicling the story of sea-power in the Hitler war. It was natural and understandable that these films had an American outlook. It was before these films were shown in Britain, however, that the BBC first approached the Service Ministries with a project for filming the war in the air. This was done in 1947. Not until 1952 could the project be taken further. By this time, the BBC had determined that, unlike the American films *Victory at Sea*, this film record of air war should start right at the beginning of military flight. It should, also, not end with the close of the Hitler War but bring the subject right up to the present time.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., has acted as technical adviser on the production of the TV story of air-power. He is pictured while giving an introductory talk outlining the general pattern of the fourteen films in the series.

John Elliot (centre), *producer of this important BBC television film series, is seen discussing the script with an R.A.F. plotting team in the Control Room at Uxbridge. The room was especially reconstructed for wartime sequences in the films, which tell Britain's air story from 1914 to the present day.*

The production of the films has taken twenty-two months and has been done in full co-operation with the Air Ministry, Admiralty, War Office and Ministry of Supply. Five million feet of filmed photographic record of British flying development and achievement in the two World Wars, and in the years between, has been examined. From it, the fourteen films have been made, with new sequences specially shot to fill in and link the story.

The film has been produced in a suite of rooms specially provided at Alexandra Palace. A self-contained unit of the BBC staff has given all but exclusive attention to the work.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert has been full-time adviser to the unit. He will introduce the series on the air and preface each weekly film in the series.

Much material never before released for public showing will be seen in the films. Film archives, until recently "top secret," have been opened

Though dealing primarily with the air campaigns of the last war, the films show earlier types of aircraft in action, such as these lightweights of the Civil Air Guard of 1939, here seen at Hanworth during a pioneer TV outside broadcast.

up. Film material captured from the enemy during both World Wars has been included.

This film record will start in 1916, when the Royal Flying Corps went into action in France. The first Zeppelins will be seen—from films stored and forgotten in Paris. A First World War air dog-fight will be shown—from film found stored in an old hangar in Canada.

The searching for and sifting of film took six months. Rough scripts were then made, merely assembling the available pictures. These were then submitted for check to the Air Ministry Historical Branch. Every fact apparent from the collected film material was investigated. Not until all possibility of error had been removed were the final scripts prepared.

The contribution of American aerial-warfare film to the series will be about ten per cent. The remainder has been found in Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and other allied countries, as well as in film captured in enemy territories.

There is no cinema newsreel material in the films. This is because the American trade association of cinema newsreels, in its anti-TV policy, refused aid asked for in the making of the American TV films, *Victory at Sea*; and the British counterpart of this association has undertaken to toe the same line in reference to any film-making by TV in Britain.

Russian air-warfare films are kept in the Imperial War Museum in London. But none of this material has been used in the films because its

availability was conditional on the BBC showing the complete scripts of the full series to the Russian Embassy in London. Since the scripts contain contemporary material, this condition could not be met.

Official German films of British bomber raids in the last war, and of German measures to combat our fighters and bombers, have been drawn on. Captured films, showing what Germany had planned to follow the V2 assaults on this country, will also be seen. These show preparations for a V3, which could have obliterated a whole postal district of London at one go.

A number of specially shot sequences have been made to record activities of which no suitable film was taken during the war. A fighter operations room had to be reconstructed, for instance. This was done with Air Force personnel, and these men had to be dressed in the uniforms appropriate to the phase of the war being recorded.

At North Weald a sequence was filmed in the old control tower, with the Controller of the Battle of Britain phase brought back to his post for the filming. In filming the "doodlebug" phase of the war, aircraft contemporary to that time had to be found; the Meteors then used were slightly different from those in use today.

The film will be frank. They are historic, not only heroic. Suffering has to be shown. War kills, and these films show war. But the BBC is aware that a film of this kind made for TV is different from one made for cinema-

Some of the BBC staff worked for nearly two years to produce the films. Here, in their cutting room, are (left to right): *Maureen Taylor, script research assistant; Ray Dicks, senior film editor; Philip Dorté, Head of TV Films and in charge of the project; and John Elliot, the producer.*

showing. It is going to enter people's homes; and in some of those homes there will be relatives of men maimed or killed in action. Where suffering and death have to be shown, care has been taken that the dead seen shall not be recognizable.

The great events of the air war were not always filmed at the time. Nor were all those who came to be recognized as "air aces." The films will not give any special treatment to the "aces." Some will be seen incidentally—because what they did was in fact incidental to the air war, and to what many other men, unnamed, did.

In the final stages of the film history, however, some of the men behind the scenes, whose foresight and energy spurred the development of air-power, will be seen. They include Sir Robert Watson Watt, of radar fame; Lord Beaverbrook; "Bomber" Harris; Sydney Camm, designer of the Hurricane; and Reg Mitchell, designer of the Spitfire.

Viewers will see this film story in the following sequence of parts:

General introduction: 1914–34, The Rise of Air-Power.

1. Europe, 1935–1940; the rise of Hitler to Dunkirk.
2. The Battle for Britain, including the "Battle of Britain."
3. The Battle of the Western Ocean; air war at sea.
4. First British Bombing of Germany; and the Russian Front.
5. Air Defence of the Middle East; El Alamein and the Western Desert.
6. Fortress Europe; combined operations, commandos, the North Africa landings, Tunisia.
7. Opening of war in the Far East; Pearl Harbour.
8. Major Bombing of Germany; round-the-clock attacks; the dam-busters.
9. Air Campaign in Italy; Cassino and the liberation of Rome.
10. Normandy Landings; opening of Second Front.
11. Facing New Weapons; V1 and V2.
12. Collapse of Germany; end of war in Europe.
13. Burma, the Pacific, and the Atom Bomb.
14. Air-Power in the Post-War World.

Great care has gone into the recording of the music and commentary for the film series. Sir Arthur Bliss has composed the main motif—a signature tune, as it were. Other leading composers have contributed to the rest of the music, which has been recorded by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Muir Matheson.

The narration and commentary will be by a number of varied voices selected from the theatrical profession, and not from the familiar band of TV and radio commentators and announcers.

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS—9

Sally Barnes

RARE indeed is the artist who can stir the viewing public to enthusiasm by a first appearance. When Sally Barnes came to TV in one of Henry Hall's *Face the Music* shows, there was no doubt of the impact she made. Here was good fun with a hint of that pathos which begets affection for a likeable waif. Sally Barnes went straight to the heart.

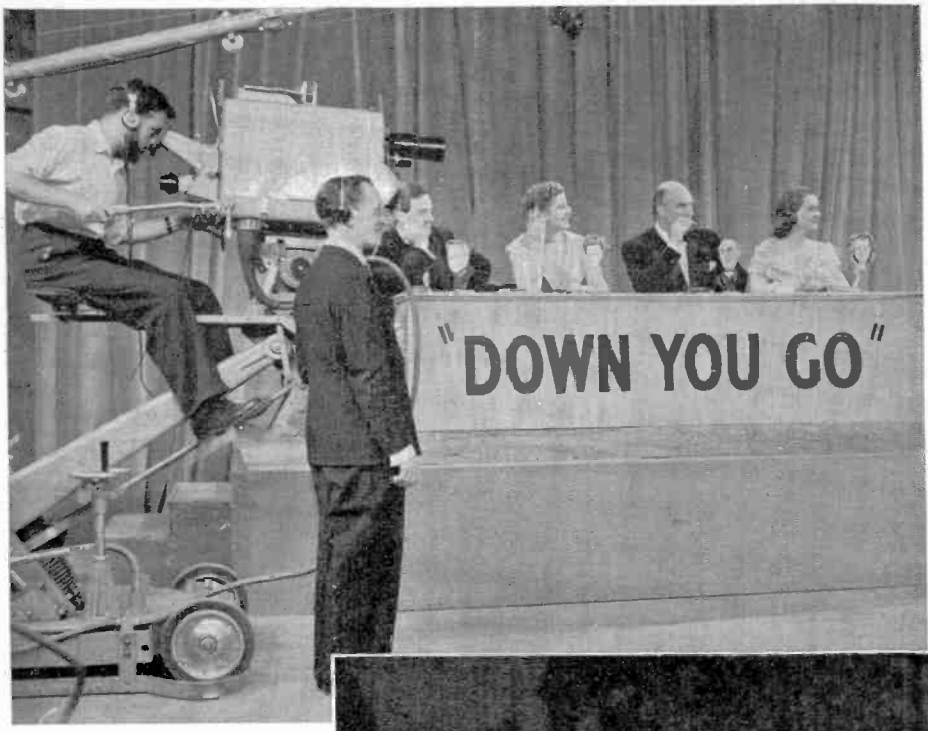
The BBC, rocking under criticism of its variety shows, leapt at Sally as though she were the answer to a prayer. They gave her a series.

But it was almost as though the pathetic character in her act had now got a hold on her work. That night she had been an undoubted and an all but unparalleled success; but her next TV appearances, having lost the freshness of novelty, seemed to have nothing fine or big enough with which to maintain her talent. Sally is enjoyable viewing at any time; but there is an uneasy feeling about that the fanfare came too soon.

This the twenty-seven-year-old Sally knows. She has been "in the business" since girlhood, and that is long enough to equip her to "take it." Henry Hall had found her in a seaside show at Scarborough, in 1953. Prior to that she had spent nine years plodding round provincial music halls, and in seaside concert parties—in one of which she met her husband, Bobby Beaumont, an impressionist and straight actor.

Before her TV début, Henry Hall had offered her a contract in his touring stage show, and she had to decline this because she was expecting a baby. The tour was postponed for other reasons, and a month after baby Laura arrived Sally was able to go out with the show.

After her initial TV success her name crept up from the foot of the music-hall bills to the middle, and then to the top. This, TV did for Sally Barnes—and provided the privilege of appearing before the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh, when they visited the Lime Grove studios.



It was in the word quiz Down you Go! *that Patricia Cutts* (top right) *was introduced to viewers. In this, the original panel, she shared the game with Paul Jennings, Elizabeth Gray and Kenneth Horne.*

Patricia Cutts becomes a "flapper" of the Charleston dance days. This 1929 scene, with ballerina Moira Shearer, was recreated in the film studios for the picture The Man Who Loved Redheads.

LOOK IN MY DIARY

PATRICIA CUTTS

shares the record of a week in her life

MONDAY. Sorted the laundry. They are always sending me sharp notes telling me not to write messages to them all over the laundry book. Had to complain about my husband's torn shirt. Wrote the complaint on the book. Clean forgot that they preferred nice little letters.

Lunched with a sweet manufacturer at the West End club owned by Dicky Attenborough and John Mills. Saw John. Then a magazine sent a photographer round to take pictures of me in my kitchen. So I had to cook something. Chose cakes. Cooked them all right, but they were not the right shade for the camera, so they had to jiggle with their photo lights to put a shadow on my lovely cakes. If only they'd told me first, I'm sure I could have cooked one *in* them!

TUESDAY. A fan sent me some chocolates. The note with them was so odd I felt sure they were poisoned! Tried them on Bill Linnet, the theatrical agent, and felt like a murderess. He's still alive.

For no reason at all, took a water bus down the Thames to Greenwich, wrapped in four scarves and two pairs of spectacles—it's the only thing to do with TV making everybody recognize you. Looked for a wonderful pub we'd been told about, for lunch. It was raining now. Couldn't find the pub, so went to another, where the waitress immediately recognized my *voice*. I always thought TV was visual!

Kidded her I wasn't me. "Oh go on," she said, "Seen you on the telly tons of times—and with a voice like that? Can't get away from it, duckie!" After lunch found the wonderful pub.

Dined at the Five Hundred Club and danced far too long at the Millroy.

WEDNESDAY. Had a long telephone confab with a girl who advised the banana-and-cream treatment. I mean for slimming. Everybody's doing it.

Sounds potty to me, but I expect I shall fall for it. She said she'd lost seven pounds in forty-eight hours. You eat nothing but bananas and cream. A man in a pub told me the whole thing was a racket put up by the banana-boat firms!

Felt all conscientious about my health by now, so went to a Kensington store and drank spinach water. It's all right if you like that kind of thing. Felt a hundred per cent, either through imagination or spinach water. Would really like to know which.

A friend called and took me a pleasant ride to Epsom Races. Lost three pounds, but it was worth it because we had a box. Home just in time to change for the first night of *Waiting for Gillian*. Had a good cry at that and enjoyed it like mad. Then to dinner with Googie Withers, John Macallum and producer Murray Macdonald. Sat in a coma, John being very rude about my being so sad. Can I help it if a good play gets a hold on me?

THURSDAY. *Down You Go* day. I always tell myself I'll rest in order to be fresh for the show. Never do. Instead, get myself lunched by an admirer. Wish they'd all do it! He was deep in conversation with me as we walked away from the restaurant, when I saw a couple of blouses I simply must get, in a store window. Told him, and dashed inside. Got the blouses all right, and then felt I'd been terribly rude. But when I got outside, he'd gone. Worried half the afternoon about him.

Had to keep the Lime Grove car waiting while I dressed, with Liz Gray sitting in it. She was very good about it, and so was Dicky Leeman when we arrived late. All the *Down You Go* team very rude because I was the only one who knew the "hang-over." They all say I bribe Alf Wurmser. So I tell Alf to take out a slander action against them; but he says *I* should. Don't understand the law.

Awful on transmission. Everybody I'm sure knows by now that I'm just stupid.

Went home and got half undressed for bed when I got held by the TV play, *It Never Rains*; especially as Jo Douglas was so good in it. She was my understudy in a revue at the Watergate. She's a wonderful actress—has that North Country application to hard work. Must get myself reborn in Pudsey.

FRIDAY. Go and do some weekend shopping; umpteen telephone calls—nice, but not getting me anywhere; then Auntie comes for lunch. She sits in a chair which collapses. Seems upset, but I tell her "That one has always been bust." Perfectly delicious lunch cooked by my housekeeper Mrs. Arnott—boiled chicken with mushrooms, fruit salad with joghurt.

One of the few occasions when viewers saw Patricia Cutts off the familiar Down You Go! *panel was when she appeared on TV showing animals at the Belle Vue Zoo, Manchester. The feminine charms of this lovely TV star do not prevent her being on the best of terms with snakes! In her diary here, she even admits playing with reptiles.*

Took a small schoolboy friend and dog to the Round Pond where we sailed a boat. Rainy and windy. Walk back through the park. Liked it very much.

SATURDAY. Nothing happened.
(*I really forgot to keep the diary*!)

SUNDAY. Lovely morning in bed with the Sunday newspapers. The things people get up to! Then down to the Moon Arms, Chelsea, for drinks with Jack Hawkins and his wife, Liz Allan and her hubby Bill O'Bryen. Ginger beer and shandy. Jack bidding us farewell before going abroad to make a film. Rude remarks about my insipid drinking habits. Remind them of the whiskies I downed all for TV in that thing about drink and motorists.

On a Fellow's invitation to the Zoo in the afternoon. Went backstage at monkey house. An orang-outang undid my mackintosh and took it off. Played with the reptiles—I like snakes now. Tickled the lama. Going home it suddenly strikes me—you never see a fat monkey, and *they* love bananas. . . .

The roaming outside-broadcasts camera went to the top of Scotland's Forth Bridge and up the slopes of Snowdonia in 1954. Above is the picture the precariously perched TV cameraman caught as two of the maintenance men on the Forth Bridge came towards him. At this point there is a 300-foot drop to the water! Left: *Sheep farming on the slopes of Snowdonia was explained by hardy Esme Kirby, who farms these wild places successfully.*

ALL OVER THE PLACE

Outside Broadcasting gathers strength

THE world is not yet television's oyster. It is taking longer to span the world through the TV cameras than it did to encircle it through the microphone. Television is not by any means so simple a power to carry over long distances as is sound radio. In terms of live outside broadcasts, Western Europe has only just come into the home-screen picture. And though Richard Dimbleby has been seen in Malta, it needed film to bring the pictures of him home. He has not yet been seen climbing the Leaning Tower of Pisa at the very moment of doing it.

It is within Britain that outside broadcasting by TV is now being developed most speedily. Even so, the ease and speed with which the BBC can fix a microphone to a G.P.O. telephone line almost anywhere in the country is still unparalleled in arranging TV outside broadcasts at home.

An outside broadcast on TV normally requires the special setting up of a chain of midget TV transmitters between the location of the broadcast and the nearest point on the BBC national network which links the main transmitters at Alexandra Palace, Sutton Coldfield, Wenvoe, and the rest.

Until recently all such link-chains had to be led right to the transmitters. It is now possible to "tap into" the "line," or cable or radio relay, which runs between the main stations. This has given the BBC a greater area in which to arrange outside broadcasts economically.

Even so, equipment for outside broadcasting, entailing mobile camera units and all their apparatus, is expensive. With that so far at the BBC's disposal anything like a national coverage by outside broadcasting has only been possible by the various regions taking turns in using the equipment. This is why viewers get phases of programmes from the North, the West, and so on.

Nevertheless, venturesomeness has made its enterprising mark within the limits imposed. Viewers have seen training parachutists jumping into the sea off the coast of South Wales; moved with climbers high up near the summit of Snowdon; and been on cottage roofs with thatchers on the edge of Exmoor.

The Sunday afternoon features, *Out of Doors*, which were started in the spring of 1954, have done much to extend the travels of the mobile cameras. The "roving eye" camera has also helped. This is a single TV camera able to operate fully from one handy-sized motor vehicle.

While the great sports events, like the Cup Final, the Test Matches and Wimbledon Tennis Championships, received their customary attention, enterprise was shown in new directions.

The return of the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh to London after their overseas tour called forth a special operation with twelve cameras covering the pageantry of the homecoming from the time the *Britannia* sailed under Tower Bridge, and followed Her Majesty's progress in the Royal Barge to Westminster, and through the streets from there to Buckingham Palace.

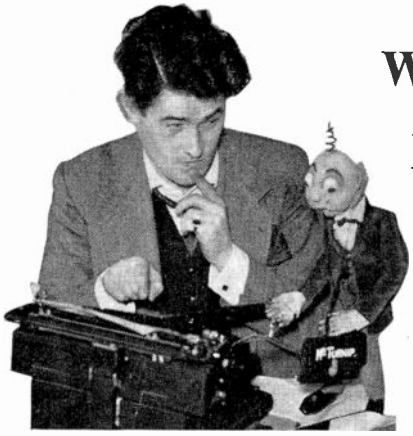
Did you know this? Television goes so high to bring a golfer's put to the screen! This tower was erected to carry cameras watching the Ryder Cup golf tournament at Wentworth Golf Club, near Virginia Water, Surrey. Play on the crowd-encircled greens was watched by using long-range telescopic lenses. The high vantage point also enabled viewers to gain an overall view of the course.

A highlight of TV outside broadcasting was the return of H.M. the Queen from her Commonwealth Tour. A TV camera on Tower Pier, beside the Thames, watched the Britannia *sail in while members of the Royal Family waited.*

This was quickly followed by the new achievement of taking outside broadcasts from ships at sea. A three-camera mobile unit was placed aboard the cross-Channel car-ferry, *Lord Warden*, and a programme of ship-to-shore pictures was received as she sailed from Dover to Boulogne. From this the roaming cameras moved on to the great liner *Queen Elizabeth*, through which viewers watched from close at hand its arrival and docking at Southampton.

Another original location for the mobile cameras was on Scotland's great Forth Bridge, where, dotted about, they showed something of the wonders of the famous structure and of the complexities of its maintenance.

The summer was laden with the highly varied picturesqueness and thrills of Royal Ascot, the Richmond and Windsor Horse Shows, the British Games at White City, the Greyhound Derby, swimming championships, speedway, and Bank Holiday car racing at Crystal Palace. The Farnborough Air Display, and opera in the country setting of Glyndebourne, added peaks in the ever-widening travels of TV's mobile eyes.



WORKING IT OUT FOR CHILDREN

HUMPHREY LESTOCQ, *star of* Whirligig, *explains what goes into fun-making*

"HAWKINS, come down here at once!" I shouted. It was, after all, in the script.

Down he did come, plus two bucketfuls of plaster powder which, of course, fell all over me. The cameras were switched off, and someone said that it was all right to come out now. Out we came, covered from head to toe in white plaster. For a bit of fun, I picked up a handful of the stuff and chased Charlie, the props man. Anyway, he had dropped the stuff.

This sort of thing has been happening to me almost as long as *Whirligig* has been running. We all enjoy it because it gives such pleasure to hundreds of our little friends in their homes all over Britain. But a great deal has gone into the making up of this kind of fun for youngsters. First, I think entertainment for children has to be approached in a completely different way from entertainment for adults. Perhaps it is because it is so different that so many adults watch children's TV and find it refreshing.

I don't think that to entertain children you merely have to understand children. You must also fix your mind on their parents. After all, it is the parent who is going to allow the child to watch, and may even forbid him seeing a certain programme. My wife and I are pretty strict about TV-watching for our children, Michael and Pat. If it is a nice day, there are times when we prefer them to play in the garden. It seems to me quite reasonable, if a programme is just silly-funny, and nothing else, that a parent should prefer his child to be in the fresh air.

There must be some reason for the fun. I have found almost frightening the logic with which children approach everything. We have to decide whether to treat them with strict logic, which they may accept, though it may be rather dull; or whether to be so illogical that it is ludicrous, and

Julia Lockwood, the daughter of film-star Margaret Lockwood, has become quite a leading lady of plays in Children's Television. Here she is with another young TV player, Anthony Valentine, in The Secret Way. *In its drama output Children's Television mixes modern stories of child adventure and school tales with historical costume stories.*

A long-lived favourite with young viewers was the Saturday show Whirligig, *presided over by Humphrey Lestocq and Mr. Turnip. Always popular on the* Whirligig *field was puppet cowboy Hank on his horse Silver King, seen here with Francis Coudrill.*

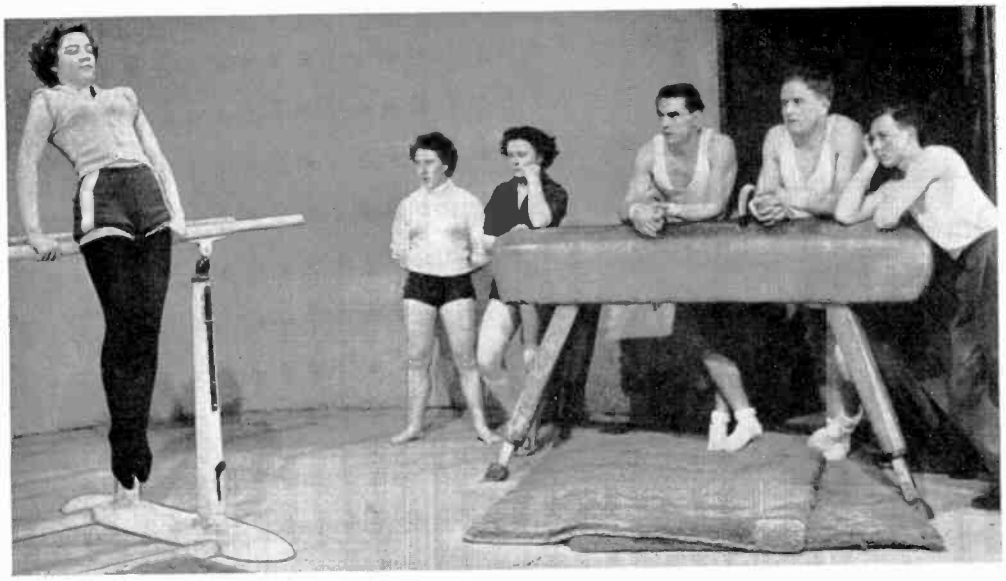
they will accept it because they see through you! They will have a laugh at your expense.

Even though it is ludicrous, the way you put it over must be sincere. A child will believe something as long as he thinks that you believe it too. If you slip on a banana skin that is not there, and he can see that it is not there, then you must make him believe by your actions and reactions that you thought it was there! Only then will he accept the situation and laugh at it.

It may sound confusing to add that the child saw the banana skin was not there and knew what you were up to all the time. But he did; and he has gone all the way with you, because he feels he is one up on you—the "silly old H.L." feeling.

I often make quite a song and dance about appealing to the child watcher direct, by looking straight at the camera and asking his opinion. In fact I take him into my confidence. This makes him feel part of the show. I did a quiz programme not so very long ago, and at the end I asked how many had got full marks. I finished by looking straight at the left-hand side of the lens and saying: "Look, there's one little tiddler who's only got six!" By the next post I had four letters from parents whose little scraps had got only six, and the kids had thought that I really had spoken to them.

A constructive use has been made of Children's Television by presenting to the young viewers other youngsters who have hobbies or talents to show. These programmes, All Your Own, *have been ably presided over by Huw Wheldon* (right), *seen here with Keike Ihara, a thirteen-year-old Japanese girl who demonstrated the art of Japanese tea-making. Watching are Keike's parents.*



How to get the best out of physical recreation, shown in a children's programme by Christine Norris, on the bars, and a group of young gymnasts.

The worst pitfall in children's TV, surely, is this terrifying business of being patronizing. Otherwise excellent artists have fallen foul of this bogey. We have only to ask ourselves if *we* like being patronized! In *Whirligig* we try never to play down to the children. Personally I believe you can either go so far above a child that he looks up to you and respects you as a superior, or you can go right down to his level so that you and he are one. I think he loves the second method best, though the first may sometimes do him more good!

Another thing we have found in doing *Whirligig* is that though children are prepared for things to drop on me, we must always see that I come back to life immediately, otherwise they get frightened. We discovered this after the very first show. A whole ceiling had to fall on me from a great height. The children knew it was going to happen, because we had "planted" it. When it happened it was a corker. Four pounds of plaster fell from about fifteen feet and hit me dead centre on the head—a beauty! But we had letters from irate parents rating us for not showing that I was unhurt.

Peter Ling, our scriptwriter, has had just about everything happen to me except tar-and-feathering. I do it quite cheerfully because, through trial and error, we have found that our viewers really look forward to seeing what will happen to me next. But it is all done only after very careful thought. No gags are put in at the last moment, and we rehearse a whole week to get it all absolutely right.

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS—10

Glyn Daniel

THE flippant panel shows are popular enough, but it took the educational *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* to send viewers' appreciation soaring more rapidly than it ever climbed for *What's My Line?* This unpredictable occurrence also shot a university archaeologist into the top rank of TV personalities. Nobody was more surprised than Dr. Glyn Daniel, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and lecturer at the University in archaeology and human geography.

Daniel was one of a number tested for the *panel* of this programme. They sent for him when they ran short of a chairman for the third edition. The bonhomie and twinkle he brought to that position have also packed in the viewers for his *Buried Treasure* series.

From Barry, in Glamorgan, Glyn Daniel went as a bright grammar-school boy to undergraduate studies in geography and archaeology at Cambridge. Travelling scholarships took him abroad on excavations, and then followed a research fellowship at Cambridge.

The war found a use for his knowledge, in the job of reading aerial photo-maps. He ran an air-photo unit in India, there meeting a WAAF who is now Mrs. Daniel. They live in a "college house" at Cambridge.

Glyn Daniel has faith in the assumption that *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* has whetted the public's historical curiosity. His success lies in the fact that he treats it all as a bit of fun—a bit of useful fun.

His personality has had a remarkable impact on viewers. On a railway station in France a Frenchwoman all but embraced him, crying—"Ah—Anim*aa*l, Veget*ar*ble, Miner*aa*l!" She had seen the programmes during a holiday in England. When he came off a plane at London Airport a customs official held him back, sure he was a "wanted" man. A senior official was sent for and had to tell the subordinate that this was the face he had seen on TV, and not the one from the Custom's black list!

WHEN THE CONDUCTOR SPEAKS

PHILIP BATE, *producer of the famous music series, recalls some of the maestros*

(in an interview)

THE conductor first spoke in television away back in 1938, when Sir Henry Wood agreed to conduct an orchestra of twenty-eight players for us. In point of fact, the viewers saw Sir Henry rehearsing the orchestra. This was followed by a second programme, with Sir Adrian Boult. And, after the war, it was Sir Adrian who re-opened the *The Conductor Speaks* series.

He was followed by Sir Thomas Beecham who, looking at the microphone in the studio, asked, "What do I talk to—that howitzer thing?" During the programme he recited a limerick about a brand of pills with an apposite name. At the end, he told the viewers, "If you have enjoyed it, kindly intimate the same to the management." Then, turning to me, he asked, "Did I over-run?" I told him he had—to the tune of eight minutes.

So when Sir Thomas came into the series a second time, I had to hand on an official warning that any over-run would be cut. He talked as much as ever, but came home to a romping finish within thirty seconds of our

Leopold Stokowski, the American conductor, in the TV studio, discussing a point of musical interpretation with orchestral leader Paul Beard, during a rehearsal for The Conductor Speaks.

limit. That time, he candidly told the viewers, "This is, of course, a minority programme; but then everything good is." It was during this programme that I held Beecham in the longest close-up on record for a conductor. There was a passage of music where a close-up shot of him was so impressive, that I kept the camera there for seven minutes.

The Continental and American conductors who have visited us for these programmes have all been enthusiastic about TV. Kostelanetz takes the televising of concerts very seriously, and has many ideas about the visual presentation. As soon as he arrived in this country he sent me his portfolio of scores all marked with suggestions for the TV presentation. He said he hoped they would be some help. Afterwards he said he wanted to come back some time, intimating that *The Conductor Speaks* series has prestige by repute in the United States.

Nikolai Malko was most amusing in our preliminary discussions. He is an expert amateur conjuror, and throughout our talks was doing tricks as any other man would doodle or play with a pencil. He is a great animal-lover, and always has stories to recount about his own pet at home, which is a chipmunk.

Rafael Kubelik brought his wife and small son with him, and they accompanied him in the studio at rehearsals. In the evening Kubelik was, I think, made nervous by the programme preceding us, an outside broadcast, over-running for fifteen minutes.

I think all these great conductors feel that tension and excitement before going on the air which all artists experience. In fact, if I got one who did not I should probably wonder if he was up to the standard! Stokowski had the added anxiety of wondering how his little son was going on, for the boy was that day having his tonsils out. Stokowski interrupted rehearsals to take long-distance telephone calls to the nursing home.

Sir John Barbirolli, whose very informal manner is of course quite his own and absolutely normal to him, has a great comradeship with his musicians in the Hallé Orchestra. During our rehearsal, one of the players dropped his trumpet, making an awful clatter. Sir John really "tore off a strip" at the man. But when, later, Sir John was in frenzied action and his baton flew out of his hand and clattered across the hall, the trumpet player was perfectly able to say loudly, "Butter fingers!"

During this rehearsal Sir John was conducting *Eine Kleine Nacht Musik* very informally, seated, without baton, the musicians gathered round him. This seemed to me so effective and so much in keeping with the music, that I later put them on the air in just the same way.

When the Queen Mother was in Manchester, opening the new Free Trade Hall, she asked Sir John Barbirolli when he was going to be on TV again. Sir Malcolm Sargent has been asked the same question by Royalty.

Away from the rostrum and at the piano. André Kostelanetz, says producer Philip Bate, "takes the televising of concerts very seriously, and has many ideas about the visual presentation" of music.

Sir Thomas Beecham can always be relied upon to provoke discussion even when presented as a conductor. Here he is caught giving a talk on his reminiscences for TV.

Nikolai Malko, in The Conductor Speaks *series, gives a lead to the violas of the BBC Concert Orchestra. He brought to the production of his programme a very amusing personality.*

Lady Barnett, as millions came to know her after her venture into What's My Line? *Before that she was an occasional radio broadcaster in the Midlands. Opposite she tells how she thought she had failed in TV and reveals how she succeeded.*

LADY BARNETT *gives her line on—*

WHAT'S MY LINE?

in an interview

My broadcasting began in sound radio, and I must say I find TV less trying on the nerves. Broadcasting a talk, sitting alone in a radio studio, is I think a most trying experience. You know your script almost by heart, and yet you have to try and get light and shade into it and make it sound fresh. There is no audience; nobody to react to what you are saying.

By comparison, I am now quite fond of the stage at the old Shepherd's Bush Empire music-hall, which has become the TV Theatre and is where *What's My Line?* takes place.

There is the liveliness and warmth of the audience reaction, as well as the feeling of being at home with the others on the panel, whom one has come to know so well. In this atmosphere one hardly notices the blank eyes of the TV cameras, which can be quite terrifying on other occasions. Despite all this, however, I am quite aware that my first experience of *What's My Line?* was not so happy. Indeed I shall never forget it!

The trouble in the first two programmes in which I appeared was not, I think, merely nervousness. It was that I took the thing far too seriously. But I did not realize this until the third show, and then only accidentally. In sound radio, and in my only previous TV programme, I had been used to serious discussion. I know now that in my first two *What's My Line?* shows I regarded the puzzle of finding out the challengers' jobs as a life and death affair!

After the second programme I was quite sure that I had failed. But my contract was for two more Sundays. Certain that it would not be renewed, I went along in a perfectly reckless mood. I was not going to care about anybody or anything. I was just going to sit there and enjoy myself, and the sooner the remaining two shows had been worked off, the better I should like it.

This attitude was evidently exactly what was needed, for I appeared relaxed and natural. In my casual frame of mind I took the quiz for what it is—a game—and did it for the fun of it.

To my utter surprise, the contract was renewed. You can be sure that I went on in the same frame of mind, and have tried to keep so ever since.

What's My Line? *producer Dicky Leeman briefs Eamonn Andrews before transmission. There is no rehearsal, but attention is paid to foreseeable situations.*

Before this surprising turn of events in my life—for such it was—I had done two sound-radio broadcasts in the Midlands. I was then asked to join the serious discussion panel in the Midland Region's *Town Forum*, for a programme which was to be televised as well.

This was in August, 1953, and for some reason one or two of my contributions to the programme were given considerable publicity in the newspapers. Personally, I think this was only because it was the holiday season and there was little better news to print!

However, the newspaper publicity caused the TV people to offer me a test for the *What's My Line?* panel. I went to Lime Grove and took this—alone. About six weeks later I was asked to join the panel.

Life ever since has been almost topsy-turvy compared with the quiet affair it was before. The steady beam of publicity which follows anyone who appears on TV regularly is quite phenomenal. One is recognized everywhere; one is deluged with invitations to do this and that; and if ever one speaks in public one has to be more careful than ever before in minding one's ps and qs.

There are some people who say that this is not a good thing. If they mean that a TV broadcaster can exploit this notoriety and claim great powers of wisdom or public leadership, I agree with them. What the public expects of me does sometimes rather scare me; but, on the whole, I think the British public can be relied upon to take us for what we are!

I am a woman who happens to be on a TV quiz panel, and who tries to take part in local activities, local government affairs, and so on. And that is quite enough for me.

I gave up my medical practice in 1946, and, living in a Leicestershire village, with some time to give, felt it right to take part in local affairs. Being a Rural District councillor kept me very well occupied, and broadcasting and TV must necessarily be regarded as incidentals. In any case, the TV limelight is notoriously fickle and precarious!

When *What's My Line?* catches you, however, TV does rather play havoc with your family life. Because it is a Sunday show, it means goodbye to those relaxed family week-ends at home.

I have a two- to three-hour train journey every Sunday afternoon in order to be in town for the programme. I usually get back home on Monday. I am lucky in that I do not have to kick my heels in an impersonal hotel after each Sunday-night show. I have cousins in London who put me up and give me some sense of family life for what remains of my week-end.

If my eleven-year-old son were not away at school, I might be less willing to leave home every Sunday. As it is, he is one of my sternest critics. I think he regards *What's My Line?* rather like an examination, and in his eyes I am either jolly good or pretty awful—according to how many challengers I guess.

I have enjoyed being in *What's My Line?* tremendously. It has made me many friends, and widened my knowledge of what life means to people these days. One cannot receive a mail of two or three hundred letters a week without finding out a bit about what life is doing to people. The letters I get from lonely folk with problems have certainly challenged me—and, I hope, added not a little to m understanding.

A trio from a phase of What's My Line? *when film-star Patricia Medina* (right) *was a member of the panel. Lady Barnett and Patricia are greeting Gilbert Harding at the Television Theatre on his first appearance, early in 1954, after his illness.*

TELEVISION AMERICAN-WISE

Sidelights on the nation with more than two hundred TV stations

WHERE *WHAT'S MY LINE?* CAME FROM

MARK GOODSON and Bill Todman devised *What's My Line?*, and now have a business providing "packaged" panel shows to U.S.A. television. From six successfully running panel games they gross one and a half million dollars a year. Thirty-four million people watch their programmes, *What's My Line?* attracting the largest audience—nearly ten million.

One day they were asked if they had ever tried to guess the jobs of guests at parties. This led them to think of building a quiz around occupations. First, they suggested a roving-eye camera, picking up people in the street and having the guessing left to the viewer. Then they discarded this idea in favour of having a cross-examining panel.

They planned a serious programme, with no idea of playing for laughs. On their trial panel they put a psychiatrist and a personnel manager. But when they tried it on a trial audience they found it so full of laughs that they then spent two hundred and fifty hours polishing it into a "gimmick" comedy show.

They devised *The Name's the Same*; and their other quizzes are called *Winner Take All*, *It's News to Me*, and *The Web*. They have a staff of thirty, on half of the seventh floor of the New York Columbia Broadcasting System building. Mark Goodson has had six weeks' holiday in eleven years. Bill Todman says: "Believe me, we built up because we were on the constant sell. When the opening came, we were there with the gimmick—the successful gimmick."

QUOTES FROM THE *HOLLYWOOD TV REPORTER*

Quiz-frenzy: "Before each quiz show the announcer goes into the audience to select contestants for the show who obviously will make some money. After watching a few of these exhibitions we have come to the conclusion that people would rather win money than do anything. But in doing so they lose all grace and dignity. Some day, some wild seeker of quiz show gold is going to cause some real trouble in a studio. Monday night at C.B.S. we

This is America's "Roving Eye" of TV at work. Cameramen on mobile units televise crowds participating in New York's Easter Sunday parade on Fifth Avenue. "Remotes," as outside broadcasts are called, are dominant in American TV.

witnessed the following: The announcer said, 'Now who wants to go on the show?' A stout lady with her hair in curlers rose out of her seat and shouted, 'Me—I'm from Brooklyn, and I have twelve children.' (Most experienced would-be contestants know announcers like people from Brooklyn with many children and they lie easily.) The announcer asked her, 'What else do you do?' She giggled and said, 'I used to work in a hot dog stand and my hobby is raising love birds.' (Two more good answers.) The announcer was suspicious, and said, 'You look familiar; have you been on the show before?' 'No,' said the woman, 'I just moved here from the mountains.' (Another good answer.) A woman sitting next to her said, 'She's a liar. She's always here.' The stout woman shrieked, 'Never!' She bent down, yanked at her accuser's hair, stuck her tongue out at the announcer, gave him a Bronx cheer, kicked an aisle sitter in the shins for no good reason and stamped to the back of the studio, yelling, 'You're all liars and cheaters and you're all no damn good.' As she stepped through the door, an usher tried to quiet her and she kicked him too. There's trouble brewing on the quiz shows."

Public Assistance: "City of New York's Welfare Dept. yesterday declared that the *Strike It Rich* quiz operates within the meaning of a

There was some criticism of news readers being unseen when the BBC changed its TV news presentation in 1954. Here in a New York television studio a reporter broadcasts news of the day's events in full view of the viewers.

public welfare agency, and must have a licence from that department . . ." [*Cash prizes given in this programme had brought people to New York to 'have a go'.*] "Welfare Commissioner Henry L. McCarthy declared that some 25 families out of the many who came here to appear on the programme had finally wound up on this city's relief rolls."

Charity: "County Relief now considers a TV set a necessity for the poor and permits arrangements to buy one on time [*hire purchase*] . . ."

Warning?: "Note the two different trends in TV in Europe and here. There the trend is towards getting advertisers to support the medium. Here it is felt TV has become so expensive for advertisers, the people are going to have to help foot the bill on special shows [*by means of coin-in-the-slot TV sets*] . . ."

Stock for BBC?: "Hopalong Cassidy has 130 shows in the can, bringing in much loot, and is reluctant to make any more for a while . . ."

Reform School: "It will be tougher and tougher to sell sponsors on shows dealing with murder, prisons, violence and delinquency. New thinking among ad men is that people who leave the TV set in a happy frame of

mind might buy the product but depression might have the opposite effect . . ."

Commercials Knocked: "Television commercials are strongly condemned by representatives of influential groups throughout the country on the grounds that they infuriate, bore, irritate, deceive the public and destroy their own value, in a survey conducted by New York public relations counsel Edward L. Bernays. Preponderant complaints included: demoralizing, exaggerated, insufferably repetitious, trite, obtrusive, interrupting, poorly-timed, juvenile, insulting, bad taste and lack of dignity . . ."

City Note: "Banks and other lending institutions have adopted a policy shying away from motion picture financing unless the producer can clear eventual TV exhibition of the films. The TV rights are added protection for the financing institutions, in the event that loans are not paid off through cinema exhibition of the films."

Same Here!: "Happiest people on TV are the chairmen of panel shows. They laugh at everything . . ."

AMERICAN AWARD PROGRAMMES

The American show-business paper, Variety, *reported as follows about programmes cited as outstanding in* 1953-1954:

Station WKY-TV, Oklahoma City, did an outside broadcast from its Court of Justice during an actual murder trial. It promised the Judge "no encumbrances, no lowering of the court's dignity, no opportunity for grandstanding . . . After it was all over, Judge Van Meter said: 'The trial coverage was handled in such a manner as not to hamper or influence the trial in any manner . . . In my opinion, if TV is used in an educational and factual manner, as it was in this case, without any of the spectacular portrayal, it should be very helpful'."

Station WCAU-TV, Philadelphia, with a *Summer School* programme, "provides youngsters during their vacation months away from school with a great deal of knowledge about things that matter in this modern world, and does it painlessly and effectively. *Summer School,* however, didn't sugar-coat or over-gimmick. It did not rely on entertainers to educate, but mostly educators who could challenge and hold young audiences. No bores. No stuffed shirts . . . Programmes, five days a week, were organized around themes of 'The Worlds of Yesterday and Today,' 'And Tomorrow,' and 'Man's Conquests—of Distance, Time, Himself, Disease.' *Summer School* reached more than 10,000,000 boys and girls."

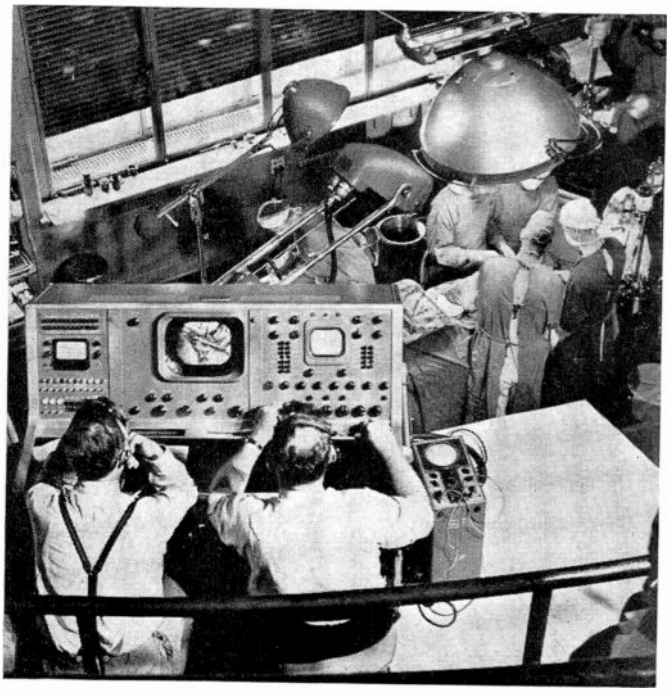
"TV is often at its stunning best," goes on *Variety,* "when it leaves the studio, abandons the re-created world of scripts, props and sets, puts aside

its role of entertainer and uses its cameras as observers of moments of high drama in real life. Such moments are rare, but when they happen they emphasize that live documentary TV is truly a unique medium, possessing in certain ways, powers of communication that are greater than those of films, theatre or printed journalism. WHAS-TV's (Louisville) broadcast of a cancer operation was that kind of event.

"This was a sensational programme, but it was not sensationalism. Common sense, good taste of TV staff and participating medicals were insurance against tawdry or morbid approach to delicate subject. Their motives were important: to emphasize importance of familiarity with cancer's seven danger signals, to stress life-saving need for early diagnosis and treatment, to point-up alarming increase in lung-cancer, to promote regular use of X-ray, to spotlight American Cancer Society's annual fund drive, and to show dramatically importance of Red Cross blood donations . . .

"Prime evening time was used for this documentary report of an operation for chest cancer. During hour-long programme WHAS-TV gave its audience detailed close-up of this complex surgery, including removal of entire lung . . .

"Operation was a success, and three weeks to the night after the operation the patient, James Durham, who in interest of saving other lives had volunteered to have TV cameras cover his operation, appeared on the screen, on his feet and looking well—to drive home even deeper the fact that early detection and prompt surgical action had saved his own life . . ."



Television of a cancer operation was judged an outstanding feature of American TV in 1954. In this picture TV is used in an American hospital to assist medical students.

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS—11

Joan Turner

THIS attractive comedienne with the beautiful voice tells the story of her ascent to stardom in her own way: "I started in show business when fourteen—and the show was called *Hot From Hollywood*! It was at the Queen's, Poplar. Imagine what a fat podge I was at that age—with fringe, short socks, and Shirley Temple dress; and I had the nerve to sing Grace Moore's 'One Night of Love'!

"After that first show I got the push for telling the theatre boss what I thought of him—and of myself. And I didn't get back into the business until I'd swallowed an awful lot of pride. Meanwhile I took jobs in shops —usually sweet-shops, where I could chew as I worked. This did not make me very popular with the shopkeepers. Then I did an audition for Carroll Levis, but he passed me over. Since then we've worked on the same bills and often laughed about that audition.

"I went out in a revue called *Overnight Success*. I wasn't. But it went on, I going from digs to digs all over the country, until I met my husband. I was now seventeen. The war came, and he went into the Navy. When he had got himself sunk four times, we got married before he had a fifth wetting. He is a solicitor in Lincoln, where our home is.

"I left the stage for four years after getting married. For some reason, when I came back, I got on like a house on fire. But since I got on, I worry more. The old story—'It's tough at the top'—is very true. Nowadays, while my baby daughter is so young, I spend most of my time in London at Mum's. Everything is going so wonderfully for me, I can't believe it's true—a radio series, TV, Blackpool last summer with Jimmy Edwards, a lovely baby, and good health . . . I'm paralysing my hands keeping my fingers crossed!"

Gilbert Harding with his mother, the late Mrs. May Harding. Opposite she recalls charming memories of the TV star from babyhood to adolescence. Mrs. Harding's husband, Gilbert's father, died when the son was three.

CHILD HARDING

Here are some fascinating glimpses of Gilbert Harding as a boy. They are found in notes made by the Editor of this Annual after conversations he had with Mrs. May Harding, Gilbert's mother. Mrs. Harding died in 1954. *Her memories now serve as a charming reflection of the boy to whom television was to bring fame of an unprecedented kind.*

I PAID a number of visits to Mrs. May Harding, in her quiet home on the outskirts of the cathedral city of Hereford. In a sunny drawing-room, one Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Harding told me:

"When Gilbert was born I was Matron of the Hereford Institution, and his father was Master there. Our living quarters were on the premises, and there Gilbert spent his early boyhood. His sister, Con, had been born fifteen months before, and my husband was delighted to have a son.

"Gilbert did not look very imposing at first, but at three months he was a really lovely baby. He was healthy, and showed a quick and bright intelligence well before he was three years old.

"His father said: 'We'll make something of this chap!' And I remember him once suggesting that Gilbert might be a comedian! But I'm afraid he was a real Mummy's boy. To this, my husband said: 'As soon as he can hold a cricket bat I shall claim him!' My husband was a fine cricketer."

Mrs. Harding recalled that, years later, Gilbert went into the shop of a Hereford tobacconist who remembered his father. Gilbert was buying cigars, and the man said to him: "If you could play cricket like your father, I'd give you a box!"

When Gilbert was three years old his father died. Mrs. Harding told me of the change in his environment, of her attempts to make up to him for the loss, and of a new influence introduced over him.

"My own father, who had been Master of the Institution, came back to take up the work again," she said. "In him Gilbert found a rigidly strict Victorian grandparent. An atmosphere of strain developed between them. Gilbert just would not brook his Grandpa's harsh discipline. Once when he was told that little boys were to be seen but not heard, he replied by telling his Grandpa that he knew all about that, and doubtless would tell the same thing to his grandchildren!"

Mrs. Harding told me that she could not remember when Gilbert could *not* talk—nor when he wasn't headstrong. With much amusement

she told of the three-year-old Gilbert, who, forbidden to eat chocolates before eleven o'clock in the morning, coaxed a lady-help to put the clock on so that he could get at the box.

I had the opportunity, on another occasion, to mention to Mrs. Harding my admiration for Gilbert's richly stocked brain, wherein he keeps in word-perfect condition passages of great literature. She then told me: "He began to read very early on; but he loved my reading to him. His almost photographic memory for words was already in action, for when I was tired and had to read to him, I used to leave passages out. But he always knew, and quoted them back at me."

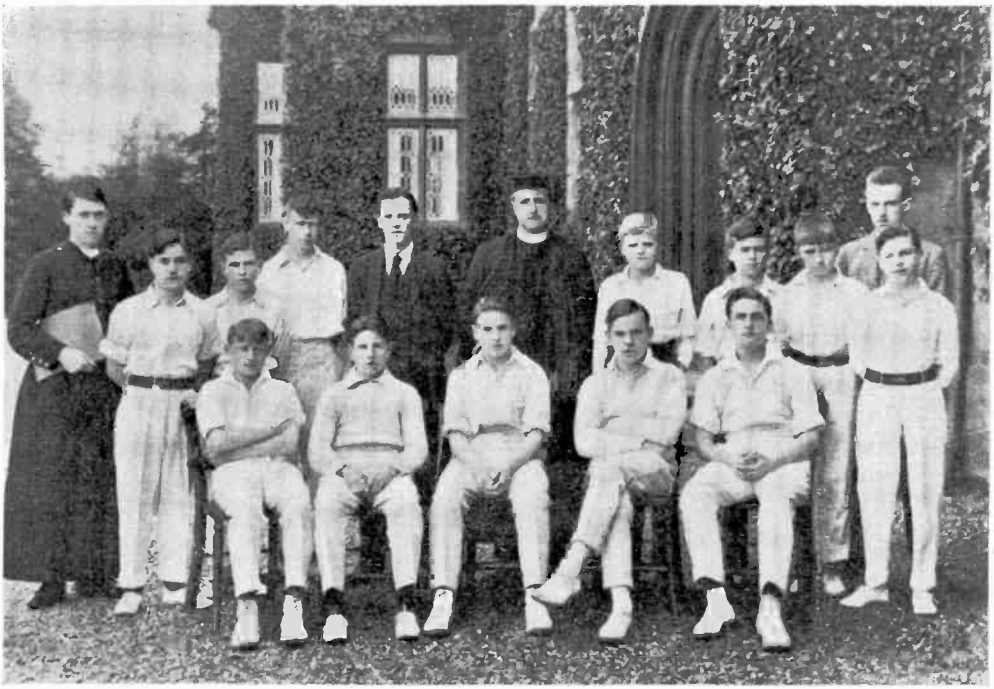
The Harding fame began when Gilbert became something of a handful for the BBC. It was amusing to hear his mother say, with great fervour: "He was a handful, all right—until he was about nine, when he developed a mind ahead of his years, and was charming and interesting company to me, wherever we went.

"In his very young years he had mixed freely with other children; especially, I recall, two little girls who lived near-by. In the Institution grounds was a piece of ground with a sandpit, known as "the Land," and they all used to knock around together there.

"Gilbert was sensitive, very impressionable, and quickly sensed worry or trouble around him. I was busy with my administrative duties, and his Grandpa remained grim and stern. I felt that this stern atmosphere was not good for the boy.

"I smile now when I think of the tricks he got up to to wheedle me. Those were the days before lipstick, but I had some red lip-salve, and I

Gilbert, and his sister Constance, on their father's knees. In his very early childhood, Gilbert was a fluent talker. Before he was three, his father said "We'll make something of this boy!" "He was a handful, all right—until he was nine!" said his mother.



Gilbert Harding (extreme left) *at the Wolverhampton Royal Orphanage School in 1923. It was at this school that Gilbert's intellectual prowess was discovered and encouraged. He was ahead of his years, with examinations no trouble to him.*

remember once, after he had gone to bed, he called out: 'I've done it, I've done it! Come and look!' He had daubed the lip-salve round his throat in gory pretence of having cut it!

"Once, in order to get some peace, I'm afraid I shut him in a cupboard. It was big and airy, with ventilation holes in the door. But, of course, I was immediately anxious for him, and stood by the closed door, listening. I heard him praying: 'Please God, suffer my mother to be good and let me out!' I'm sure he knew I was listening. But what shame I felt!"

Gilbert had spoken to me more than once of the grim memories he holds of his first days away at school. I taxed Mrs. Harding with this—had he not, perhaps, been sent away too soon? "I was always worried that his Grandpa's sternness, and my preoccupation with my job, were drawbacks in his environment," she explained. "These were big factors in my decision to send him away to school.

"He was only nine, and there was great conflict in my mind about it. But he was a boy who made you spoil him—I suppose I did it to get a bit of peace. And I felt, all things considered, that boarding-school life was what he needed.

"I shall never forget the day I took him for his first term—and nor will Gilbert. Indeed, in a history of the school, years later, he wrote his own graphic memory of the occasion." Mrs. Harding took a book from a shelf, and showed me the passage Gilbert had written: "It all seemed dreadful, final, terrifying and almost unbelievable. I was going to be separated from my mother, going to be locked up and put in uniform. I was horrified by the rough shirt I was given, the broadcloth pants, the chipped enamel plates and mugs, and the terrible cocoa."

From subsequent conversations I had no doubt that Mrs. Harding did not regret the early separation. She had gained the compensation of seeing her son's intellectual prowess open up and soar ahead at that boarding school. His education, she was sure, was the spur to his adult ability, not only in academic terms, but in those subtle but powerful attributes of clear thinking, insight, and forthright approach.

"There was a fine headmaster at the school," she told me. "He spotted Gilbert's able brain, and was determined to see it well used. I remember, after Gilbert had written a grousing letter home, threatening to run away, the Head sent for me. I remember him saying: 'Gilbert wants everything he has the whim to ask for, and you, Mrs. Harding, give it him!'

"That master gave the boys dramatic readings from Dickens. These made a great impression on Gilbert; and I remember how impressed he was when the great actor Sir Frank Benson visited the school and gave them Shylock and King Richard the Second. Another red-letter day was when he received a school prize from the hands of the Duke of York."

As I sat with his mother, I imagined this boy Harding growing up in his teens, coming home from the school, his mind aflame with new knowledge. "What happened during the summer holidays?" I asked her.

"He would come home to me," she said, "and though we never went away, we would have grand times together, taking days out. Often they were coach trips to the beauty spots of Herefordshire. Gilbert always liked there to be plenty going on. Moving among people he would converse with them easily, ever asking questions, and stocking his mind with knowledge.

"There was no end to his reading, and books piled high in his room. He began to show two unusual interests. He was intrigued by police courts, and the whole business of law and order. He would go into the public seats during court hearings. His other grandfather—who was a fine and jolly man—took him to Hereford Assizes when Armstrong the poisoner was tried. Gilbert was much annoyed because his grandfather would not let him stay in court to watch the death sentence pronounced.

"His other growing interest was in religions. He spent hours in Hereford Cathedral, and as a result is as fine a guide to that great church as

anybody alive. In a local Roman Catholic church there was a saint's hand, and the mystery of this seemed to draw him. He made friends with the priests. Religious ritual seemed to fascinate him then."

She told me proudly of Gilbert's full enjoyment of the last years of his schooldays. He raced to get through the examinations, becoming a star scholar of the school, and thoroughly absorbed in just the things he liked.

She said: "There was a chance of his sitting for a scholarship at Cambridge, and this was another testing time for me. I felt it would be suicidal not to encourage him to go to the university. But his grandparents took a harshly realistic view. 'It's time the boy was off your hands, and earning his living,' they said.

"I know now that I was not very worldly-wise. I knew little about university life, nor how to give the right guidance for a career. Had I known I could have been more helpful to Gilbert. But he won the scholarship, and to Cambridge he went. I think he had a thoroughly good time there; though, again, easily able to do the work and get his degree."

In the last talk I had with Mrs. May Harding she said: "I often think of his father saying 'We'll make something of him'!" It seemed to me that this gracious woman, who was so much alone, had done her best to see that promise fulfilled.

His scholastic career took Gilbert on to Queen's College, Cambridge. Here he is (centre, in striped tie) *with some of his contemporaries there. Mrs. Harding recalls that he was "easily able to do the work and get his degree."*

Arthur Askey is seen here in a TV show with Richard Murdoch. Memories of radio's Band Wagon! *Arthur is an example of the British variety talent for which Henry Hall speaks up in the following chapter.*

THIS *IS* HENRY HALL SPEAKING

He says TV must face the music of a changing show-business

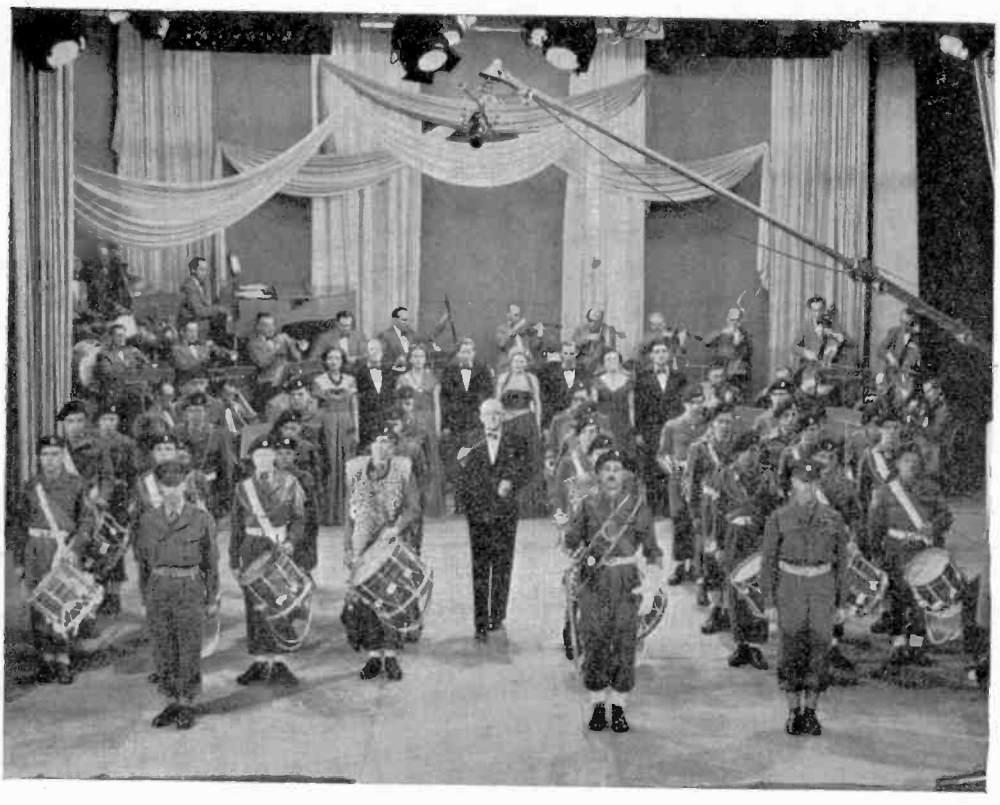
IN HIS *Face the Music* programmes Henry Hall found a formula for bringing to TV the top-line stars it so rarely captures. He contributed to the icing on the TV-variety cake. Most of the time the cake is ice-less. The BBC gives as the reason a general lack of good variety talent in Britain as a whole. The variety profession says the BBC will not pay enough to get the best talent.

Some stars are wary of Lime Grove's production techniques. Others are so busy more profitably employed at nights that they cannot reach the studios, unless they can film-record for TV in the daytime. And the performers' and musicians' unions will not agree to the terms and conditions so far offered by the BBC for film-recording engagements. In this situation TV goes for the Benny Hills, the Bob Monkhouses and the Avril Angers, hoping to build them into its own variety stars before they are employed too continuously and too expensively by the variety theatres.

Henry Hall, who is an impresario in live show-business, agrees that there is little else TV can do at present. But he takes a different view of the variety field as a whole, in which, after all, are the BBC's only resources.

"Show-business has changed, and is changing," he says. "The public reaction to variety is changing too. Sound radio, the films and, to some extent, TV have educated the public away from the tell-them-a-story and sing-them-a-song music-hall act.

"It is also true, today, that the public get more entertainment than ever before. In films and broadcasting the world is searched to bring them the best talent. In the theatre plays are culled from all over the world. The audience inevitably becomes more selective when faced with so many riches. And the talent proffered faces intense competition.



The finale scene in the TV programme which recalled the show-business career of Henry Hall, in the Spice of Life *series. Starting as a music copyist, Henry became musical director of railway hotels, before broadcasting made him famous. Later he became an impresario in the entertainment business.*

"Television does not live in a vacuum. It is part of all this. And, so far as this country is concerned, I believe there is a revival of home-grown talent. The live theatre always shows it first. It has started to flood back to the London stage. At Wyndham's the all-British show *The Boy Friend* is not only a success, but is bought by the owners of *Guys and Dolls*, and presented on Broadway. A triumph for our own youthful talent. At the Hippodrome *Wedding in Paris* was a big musical fully competing with the American shows which, it was alleged, had cornered the West End.

"It's no longer so funny to jibe at the Palladium as a branch of New York show-business. Norman Wisdom did better business there than any American.

"Al Read comes to London and reaps a stage success at the Adelphi. The lights of the West End glitter with home-grown names—Arthur Askey, Robert Morley, Terence Rattigan, Noël Coward, Ronald Shiner, Dorothy

Tutin, Geraldine McEwan; and over in Hollywood, right in the American camp, Audrey Hepburn becomes the headline name.

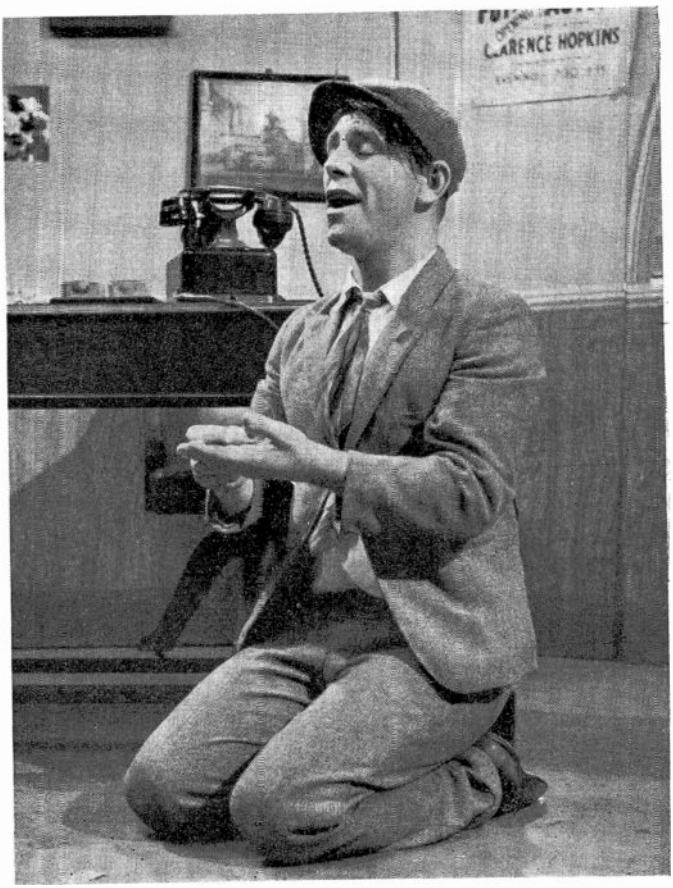
"Some of these names have been at the top some time. But on-coming home talent supports them in their shows, helps write the shows, and helps produce them.

"The same thing can be reflected in other media of show-business like broadcasting. In the changing world there is a ready acceptance of new names. Benny Hill, Bob Monkhouse, George Martin, and Sally Barnes are examples. A few years ago none of these artists would have been considered.

"This is the show-world TV has to come to terms with; and in doing so, it has to be clever, for this new show-world is alive with cleverness, and its artists do not spark unless handled subtly.

"On TV's own doorstep there is another change. Before TV, how could a schoolmaster, a chef and a dress model have become national stars? Yet here are Gilbert Harding, Philip Harben and Lady Boyle acclaimed as high-rating entertainers.

"Today whether you live at Scunthorpe or Bannockburn you see the stars of Britain. You would be foolish to want anything less than stars, or the fresh turn of star potential.



Norman Wisdom, despite his infrequent TV appearances, is a most popular personality with viewers. Henry Hall recalls his Palladium triumph. This is how he appeared in the TV show presented when H.M. the Queen visited the Lime Grove studios.

"Television is still a toy. Its variety presentation is a young and experimental presentation. Some of the established stars will refrain from taking part in it yet; others will be made bigger stars by it; some unknowns will become stars through it.

"Principles don't change, though techniques do. As radio found its Tommy Handley, so TV will find its great comic. This is inevitable; but it is possibly a much harder job today getting the technique right for producing the great comic.

"I think that TV perhaps faces its most trying year. It faces competition of its own kind; it faces a sharpened reaction by the live forms of entertainment; there are sparks in this situation which may well start a revolution. The trick will be in the way TV does its entertainment. It will have to be a changing world at Lime Grove, too.

"But, believe me, TV has only got to prove the trick once, to be away like a forest fire. The talent, the brains, and the ingenuity are there. It's the vital spark that is needed."

A brighter moment in TV variety output was when the Lyon Family, of radio fame, staged an onslaught on the Lime Grove studios. In the course of their bid for TV fame they entangled producer Henry Caldwell (right).

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS—12

Shirley Abicair

TWENTY-FOUR is a grand age for a girl to find her engagement book crammed full, to have a fashionable flat in Mayfair, an expensive car, and as many clothes as she wants. These are the marks of good fortune which have come to Shirley Abicair.

This Australian girl was a university student in Sydney when she started singing at private parties to earn a bit of money towards her educational fees. Accompanying herself on a zither, unearthed in the Abicairs' musical home, she entered a radio talent contest and won a radio series as a result.

Shirley often talked of her ambition to come to London to storm the BBC. In the end she took the chance, and flew to Britain—stopping twice *en route* to sing in cabarets in order to earn her fare. Because she looked attractive, a photographer snapped her leaving the plane at London Airport. A BBC sound-radio producer saw the picture in an evening newspaper. He wanted another act for a radio show by Commonwealth artists, and asked Shirley to bring her zither along. Geraldo heard the broadcast, and fixed her a concert date at Bournemouth. He also got her an audition for a new London show.

In the theatre as she took her audition was TV producer Kenneth Carter. Impressed, he gave her the *Centre Show* date which so memorably made her an instant TV success. Those were the strokes of good fortune which not only enabled Shirley Abicair to streak to the top, but also challenged her to polish her talent and so maintain her position.

So much work has gone into that, as well as into collecting folk songs for her act, that she says she has had no domestic life at all in England yet. In 1954 she sent for her air-hostess cousin, Maureen, to come from Australia and act as her manager. This Maureen did; and the Abicair business, founded on good luck and nerve, looks surely to the future.

A discovery of the TV year, Armand and Michaela Denis, the wild-life film-making team, are seen (above) *among African tribesmen. Michaela is seen* (right) *with an aardvark, an odd creature which, she warned viewers, has a clinging odour!*

Outstanding among Panorama's *contributions to controversial TV programmes was the removal of a tooth by hypnosis, which was demonstrated by nineteen-year-old Sylvia Langley and a dental surgeon. Sylvia proved to viewers the painlessness of the operation.*

WORDS WITH PICTURES

Television Annual *quizzes* LEONARD MIALL, *Head of TV's Talks Department*

Leonard Miall was appointed Head of the BBC Television Service's Talks Department at the beginning of 1954. *For seven years he had been BBC Correspondent in Washington, whence his voice used to come as a frequent contributor to radio news talks. He joined the BBC on the radio talks side before the war.*

What are the main changes that you have tried to make since you took over TV talks?

"My main concern has been to build a number of good vehicles for the treatment of topical events. Some were there already: *Press Conference*, for instance, or *In the News;* and there were the series on foreign affairs which Grace Wyndham Goldie used to produce, with people like Alan Bullock, Christopher Mayhew and Chester Wilmot—and what an irreplaceable loss to television talks that Comet crash brought! But most of these were concerned with some aspect of international affairs which was chosen and prepared a long way ahead. I have been trying to establish new programme series for which the actual subjects can be chosen at the last minute, and which yet are more ambitious than studio discussion limited to 'talking faces'."

Such as?

"Such as *Panorama*, which now has a much less rigid format and is, in my view, often a very enterprising piece of television journalism. *Panorama* deals with the arts, and with human-interest stories, and sometimes with scientific or medical topics. It tends to leave current politics and inter-

Press Conference, *a regular TV feature on current affairs. On this occasion Harold Wilson, M.P., was quizzed by journalists Francis Williams, William Connor* (" *Cassandra* "), *Malcolm Muggeridge and William Clark.*

national affairs to *Viewfinder*. I was most anxious to have a programme like *Viewfinder* going regularly, with an experienced TV performer like Aidan Crawley as what the Americans call the 'anchor man'."

What about other familiar and established talks contributors? Are you going to keep them on or search for new faces?

"Well, both. I am very anxious that we should get more new faces. It seems to me that too often we see the same old faces time and time again on the screen, and instead of a population of fifty millions you would think we numbered about a hundred. But, at the same time, I do not want to lose

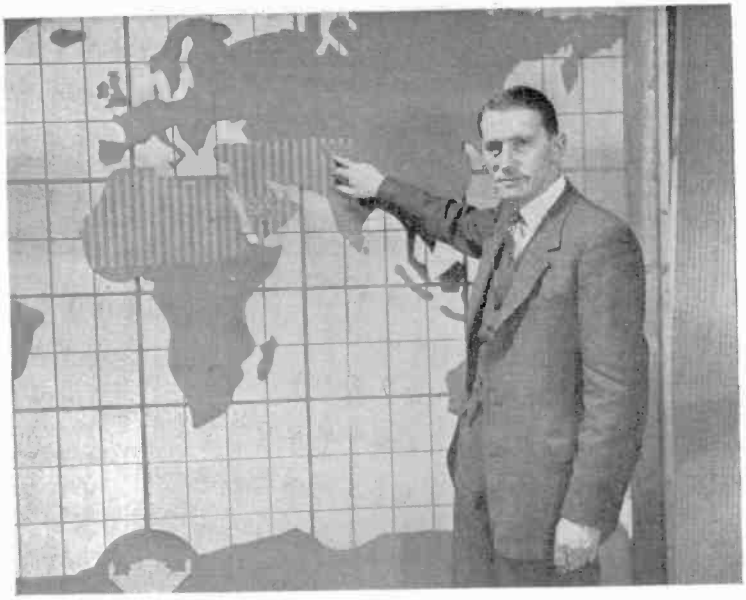
In May, 1954, a few hours after running the mile for the first time within four minutes, Roger Bannister was in the TV studios being interviewed. Viewers saw him again after his dramatic victory over Australia's John Landy in the Empire and Commonwealth Games at Vancouver.

In the News *represents the party lines in politics. Here, on one side of chairman Edgar Lustgarten, are W. J. Brown and Lady Tweedsmuir, M.P., and on the other side, Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., and L. J. Callaghan, M.P.*

people who are good and who are well liked. For giving a talk on TV is not easy, especially when you have to cue in a great deal of filmed illustration—and we are trying to use as much filmed illustration as possible these days."

What are your plans for expansion and development of talks on TV?

"The greatest virtue of TV is that it is new, and still in the experimental stage. We are trying out new ideas all the time. We try new ways of presenting information. For instance, we have been experimenting in *Facts and Figures* with ways of presenting economic news, which is normally pretty



In Men seeking God *Christopher Mayhew, M.P., explored some of the great religions of the world to discover what they mean to their followers. To prepare the series he travelled afar, taking special films to illustrate his theme. On this map he shows the area where Islam predominates.*

dull. *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* and *Buried Treasure*, I am sure, brought an interest in archaeology to a lot of people for whom it was a boring subject before. And we have been trying to take a new look at old truths, for instance in the *Men seeking God* series which Christopher Mayhew did recently. We will go on experimenting, I hope. Some of the programmes no doubt will be failures. Some perhaps will be good. But we will try not to stick only to formulas that have been proved to be successful."

What are your main difficulties?

"Fighting for resources. BBC Television has grown very rapidly. As a service we are putting on an ambitious number of different programmes for the physical resources at our disposal. And so there is a constant battle among the different programme departments for studios, for rehearsal time, for the use of film cameras to take on trips, and for all the countless other things that may be essential to the success of a television programme, even though you do not necessarily notice them when you look at the screen."

Some people say that too many of the talks are too highbrow. Do you agree?

"While the BBC has only one TV programme to offer at any one time it will never succeed in pleasing everybody. Some people also complain that we are too lowbrow. I hope that we will keep some sort of balance between talks programmes which appeal to the intellect and talks programmes which appeal to the emotions; between those that make you think and those that make you want to do something; between simple programmes and ambitious, complicated programmes; between programmes that instruct and programmes that amuse. We have a need for all of them."

When the Rev. Billy Graham conducted his notable mission in London, TV asked him to conduct one of its Epilogues. *He spoke on "The Hour of Decision".*

Animal, Vegetable, Mineral *developed into the* Buried Treasure *series, with Glyn Daniel. When this programme described the primitive civilization of Tollund Man, Sir Mortimer Wheeler and Noëlle Middleton assisted Dr. Daniel to illustrate the preparation of a meal in those distant days. They did not appear to enjoy the result!*

THE PROGRAMME-MAKERS

Men and Women in the BBC Television Service

Three men hold the top jobs in the BBC Television Service. These are:

SIR GEORGE BARNES, Director of TV since 1950. He is fifty, and had worked for some years in the BBC on the sound-radio side. He was a radio talks producer and then Talks Director. He was Head of the Third Programme and Director of the Spoken Word. He was trained for the Navy but later took up writing and worked in a publishing house. Married, with one son.

ROBERT McCALL, Assistant Director of TV. He started his career in journalism in Australia, where he did music and dramatic criticism before becoming sales manager to a gramophone company. This led him into Australian broadcasting and he became assistant general manager of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. To take up his TV post he left the job of Controller of BBC Overseas Services.

CECIL McGIVERN, the man directly in charge of programmes as we see them on the screen: he is Controller of Programmes. He took this job after a spell as a film scriptwriter, a job he went to after leaving a successful BBC career as a sound-radio documentary writer and producer. He began his BBC career at Newcastle, in which area he had been a schoolmaster and repertory-theatre producer. Later, with the BBC at Manchester, he was in charge of North Regional radio programmes. He joined the London BBC features department in 1941 and contributed some of the outstanding radio documentaries of the war years.

Assisting Cecil McGivern, as Assistants to the Programme Controller, are:

CECIL MADDEN, a TV pioneer who started British television broadcasting at Alexandra Palace in 1936. Before that he pioneered the old BBC Empire Service, and during the war ran many of the radio programmes for Forces overseas. In TV he started up children's programmes and discovered many artists who are now stars.

MARY ADAMS, who has been in the BBC since 1930. In TV she managed for several years the Talks Department, being responsible for informational features. After Newnham College, Cambridge, she was a research scholar, lecturer and tutor. During the last war she was with the Ministry of Information.

Programme Chiefs

Programmes are divided into categories, and each category has its separate production department. At the head of these departments are:

MICHAEL BARRY (*Drama*), who was a pioneer TV play producer at Alexandra Palace. He has also written plays for TV. He is forty-five and became a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art instead of following up his initial training for an agricultural career. He has been producer at a number of repertory theatres and has directed films.

RONALD WALDMAN (*Variety*), the popular *Puzzle Corner* personality, who went to TV after a successful career in

Three TV pioneers meet again in the programme that marked the closing of the studios at Alexandra Palace. Joan Gilbert, who worked on Picture Page *before the war, with Cecil Madden and Joan Miller, original* Picture Page *girl.*

sound radio, on the lighter side. He became interested in the theatre while a student at Oxford, and subsequently was leading man of the Brighton Repertory Company (in which, at the time, there was also acting McDonald Hobley). He is married to Lana Morris, the film actress.

SEYMOUR de LOTBINIERE (*Outside Broadcasts*), whose work during the Coronation period of 1953 gained for him the award of the O.B.E. He started at the BBC in 1932, becoming an outside-broadcasts commentator. He later built up the present system of sound-radio outside broadcasting, discovering most of today's star commentators. Has held a number of high posts in the BBC.

LEONARD MIALL (*Talks*), who was appointed Head of this department in 1954. For seven years he had been BBC sound-radio correspondent in Washington, whence he was often heard broadcasting American news to this country. He joined the BBC before the last war as a sound-radio talks assistant, and took part in pioneering the first broadcasts to Germany immediately after the Munich Crisis.

FREDA LINGSTROM (*Children*), who formerly worked in sound-radio's talks and schools-broadcasts departments. She is sixty-one and began life as an art student. She is an expert artistic worker in textiles, china and glass, and the author of four novels. Created Andy Pandy and the Flowerpot Men for TV.

DOREEN STEPHENS (*Women's Fare*), who became Editor of Women's TV Programmes in 1954. She has been secretary of the Red Cross Overseas Department, and a welfare adviser to the London County Council. She has fought four election campaigns and two borough-council elections as a Liberal. Past national President of the Women's Liberal Federation, and Chairman of the Council of Married Women.

KENNETH WRIGHT (*Music*), who has had a long career in the BBC, having held a number of jobs in sound radio. He arranged many kinds of programme in the early days of broadcasting, later becoming Head of the Music Department. Included in his broadcasting work have been announcing and orchestral conducting. He is an accomplished composer. Married to Dianne Dubarry, the singer.

PHILIP DORTE (*Films*), TV's first Outside Broadcasts Manager in Alexandra Palace days. Now he controls the Film Department, which produces and handles all film used in programmes. He was with the famous Gaumont-British film concern. During the war he was mentioned three times in dispatches and awarded the O.B.E., attaining the rank of Group Captain in the R.A.F.V.R.

HAROLD COX (*Newsreels*), who has managed *TV Newsreel* for some years, having joined TV before the war, after working in the film industry. He first worked on outside broadcasts, and in 1947 was given the job of starting up *TV Newsreel*. His other interests are sailing and fruit-growing.

RICHARD LEVIN (*Scenery*), who heads the Design and Supply Department, which designs and supplies all scenic sets, furnishings, dressings and properties used in TV productions. He was a film art director and then had charge of shop display in a London store. He became a furniture designer, and exhibition designer, working as the latter on the Festival of Britain.

JEANNE BRADNOCK (*Wardrobe*), in charge of the Wardrobe and Make-up Department, which keeps, hires, designs and fits all types of costume worn in TV productions, and sees to all make-up requirements. She joined TV in 1937, having done similar work in films. She looked after the make-up side of things first, later bringing the two sections together.

Producers and Directors

Under each Departmental Head are teams of producers, as shown in the notes which follow.

DRAMA

DOUGLAS ALLEN spent several years on the stage as an actor, stage director and producer. He was with several repertory companies, worked on tour and in the West End. Joined TV as a studio manager in 1947.

IAN ATKINS, son of Robert Atkins, the famous producer of the Regent's Park Open-air Theatre, was once stage manager for his father. As an actor he played in productions by John Gielgud and Komisarjevsky. He was trained, however, in film studios, where he was a cameraman. Started in TV in 1939.

LEONARD BRETT directed stage plays in the West End for ten years, including *Ten Minute Alibi* and *George and Margaret*. He is a Dorset man, who took the stage in repertory, and has worked in Paris and with J. B. Fagan's famous Oxford company. He has acted in films, and is a keen cricketer, keeping wicket.

RUDOLF CARTIER was born in Vienna fifty-one years ago. He studied architecture and design, and stage production under Max Reinhardt at the Viennese Academy of Music and Drama. He has been a journalist, and film scenarist in Berlin; and directed films in Vienna, Prague and Paris. He wrote and produced a TV play in 1952, and later joined the staff.

HAROLD CLAYTON produced at the Embassy, Criterion and Saville Theatres, and taught at the Central School of Speech Training. He was once an actor with the Dennis Neilson-Terry Company, and managed provincial repertory companies. Married to Caryl Doncaster, TV documentary producer.

ERIC FAWCETT, one of the most versatile TV producers, covering plays, variety and *Music for You*, joined the BBC (sound

radio) after a thorough stage upbringing. The son of Alfred Burbidge and Florence Henson, he played in musicals and films in London and in America. As long ago as 1929 he appeared in an experimental TV programme organized by John Logie Baird in a London attic.

STEPHEN HARRISON has had a long film experience in America and at Elstree, being associated with such films as *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, *Catherine the Great* and *The Private Life of Don Juan*. During the war he was a chief sub-editor of the BBC Home News. David Markham, TV actor, is his brother.

CAMPBELL LOGAN toured abroad and at home as an actor, having played at the Globe and Wyndham's. He has also been a stage manager, including a term at Regent's Park Open-air Theatre, and has written plays. During the war he served with the Army Film Production Unit.

DENNIS VANCE is interested in experimental TV drama, especially short plays without scenic sets. A Liverpool man, he broke into theatre work in London. He met a BBC radio producer and as a result took to radio acting. Then he had a spell running a dance band and a variety agency. Worked in films on Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet*.

Working for the TV Drama Department as producers, on occasional and short-term contract, are: Julian Amyes, Alan Bromly, Barbara Burnham, Hal Burton, Peter Cotes, Desmond Davis, John Fernald, Lionel Harris, Stanley Hayne, Stuart Latham, Tatiana Lieven, Michael MacOwan, Douglas Moodie, Andrew Osborn, and Alvin Rakoff.

Kenneth Wright, Head of TV's Music Department, chats with eighty-two-year-old Adelina de Lara, the celebrated pianist, when she gave a recital for viewers.

Producer Richard Afton shows the Duchess of Rutland some of the studio complications, before she appeared as the "Beauty" in his Quite Contrary *series.*

VARIETY

RICHARD AFTON has been responsible for many Saturday-night shows and the *Quite Contrary* series, and he established the Television Toppers. He gave up a doctor's training to tour in theatricals, and produced such stage shows as *Little Bit of Fluff*, *Red Peppers* and *Naughty Wife*. Has introduced a number of new acts to TV, also ice and water shows.

KENNETH CARTER has found new acts for the *Show Case* series. He started in the chorus of musical comedies, became assistant stage manager in theatres, was assistant skating director for London's first-ever ice show, worked with Bristol Old Vic, and produced stage revues and pantomimes.

BILL LYON-SHAW produced the *Variety Parade* series, having joined TV after working as production manager to Jack Payne. Though intended for the surveying profession, he went into repertory and ran his own company at Margate.

MICHAEL MILLS started in the BBC as a sound-effects boy at Broadcasting House. In the Navy he became stage director of a naval show touring Europe, Canada and the Pacific. Later he was for a time stage manager at St. Pancras People's Theatre. Joined TV in 1947.

GRAEME MUIR has produced the Vic Oliver and Eric Barker shows. After an education at Oundle and Oxford, he became an actor, then stage-managed in London theatres and appeared in the West End. He acted in several TV plays before joining the TV staff, and is married to actress Marjorie Mars.

BRYAN SEARS studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, understudied

A typical rehearsal-room scene, as producer Graeme Muir (foreground) *directs Keith Kennedy and Julia Shelley in a* Music for You *programme.*

in *Balalaika*, and has played in Shakespeare at Regent's Park Open-air Theatre. He became a sound-radio studio engineer, compèred *Worker's Playtime* and produced *Variety Bandbox*.

BILL WARD, one of the TV pioneers—he joined the original Alexandra Palace staff in 1936, where he was cameraman, vision and sound mixer, and lighting expert—has trained new TV producers and been responsible for the Vic Oliver shows and the *Friends and Neighbours* series. He was a radar instructor during the war.

OUTSIDE BROADCASTS

DEREK BURRELL-DAVIS works in the North Region, covering sport and life in northern towns. A Yorkshireman, he went in for surveying but switched to the film industry, becoming a location manager. Joined TV in 1950 as a studio manager.

ALAN CHIVERS usually handles TV relays from theatres and ice shows. He has worked in repertory and films, taking a course in flying at the same time. He has been a test pilot and flying instructor. Joining the BBC as a recorded programmes assistant, he transferred to TV in the early post-war days at Alexandra Palace.

H. A. CRAXTON had a varied career in sound radio before moving into TV. First a sound-radio announcer, he became responsible for writing and producing the daily *Programme Parade*. Then he worked in a Broadcasting House administrative department, joining TV in 1951.

PETER DIMMOCK is also Assistant to the Head of TV Outside Broadcasts, and a well-known commentator on horse-racing and ice shows. In 1954 he pioneered work with the new Roving Eye. Once a flying instructor, he took to racing journalism

with the Press Association. Joined TV in 1946 as a producer-commentator.

BILL DUNCALF has appeared on the screen as commentator and interviewer in general-interest programmes. He was a medical student, but left this for film work, in which he was cameraman and script-writer. He was on BBC West Region's staff as a features producer.

KEITH ROGERS, a senior producer, often handles programmes of industrial and scientific interest. Formerly, he was a technical journalist, for some time working on a technical radio magazine. He was also a Merchant Navy radio operator, and in the last war a radar expert in the R.A.F.V.R.

BERKELEY SMITH frequently appears as commentator, doing this duty at the 1953 Coronation and when the Queen left London Airport for her world tour. He has been a lecturer, in Britain and America, and has produced radio programmes about Britain for American listeners. Before joining TV in 1950 he was a radio reporter at the United Nations Assembly.

DAVID THOMAS works from Wales, where he launched regional programmes in 1953. He has been a schoolmaster at Swansea Grammar School, and languages lecturer at a technical college. He has also worked as theatrical producer for local organizations and the Arts Council in Wales, and has done much broadcasting.

TALKS

GRACE WYNDHAM GOLDIE is also Assistant Head of Talks and has handled many of the most important and more serious TV informational series. She was the first TV critic of *The Listener*, and then a member of sound-radio's Talks Department, presenting many eminent people at the microphone. Once she worked as librarian to Liverpool Repertory Theatre.

PAUL JOHNSTONE, a South African educated in England, left Oxford to enter the Navy. He was a schoolmaster for a time, then joined the BBC as producer of sports talks for overseas listeners. He became a senior radio talks producer, then joined TV, where he started the popular *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral* quiz.

ANDREW MILLER JONES often produced scientific programmes and has established the *Panorama* feature during 1954. He worked in the early talkie-picture studios, and pioneered cartoon and animated-diagram films for instructional purposes. He became a junior TV producer at Alexandra Palace in 1937.

Working for the TV Talks Department, as producers on contract, are: John Irwin, who presents the *In the News* programmes and left the BBC staff to work as a free-lance; and S. E. Reynolds, producer of women's features.

DOCUMENTARIES

ROBERT BARR had a varied career in Scotland and Fleet Street as a newspaper reporter, joining the BBC from the *Daily Mail*. He wrote sound-radio scripts, became a BBC war correspondent, and has done TV programmes on hospital life, the work of Scotland Yard, police-station life, and the job of a fashion model.

GILCHRIST CALDER is a Yorkshireman who worked in theatres as a stage manager and actor, playing in *Love on the Dole*. Working with Wilfred Pickles, he took over his part in *The Cure for Love*. He produced for repertory theatres at Cambridge and Portrush, and joined TV as a studio manager in 1947.

CARYL DONCASTER has produced programmes about marriage, missing persons, and released prisoners. After training at Bedford College, London University, she took a social-science course at the London School of Economics. She worked on the development of film strips for schools. She is thirty and married to TV drama producer Harold Clayton.

STEPHEN McCORMACK has built up the popular *London Town* and *About Britain* series, being responsible in 1954 for the Malta programme with Richard Dimbleby. He joined TV as a studio manager at Alexandra Palace after working in the theatre as stage manager and with British Forces Radio in the Far East in the war.

Outside-broadcasts producer Bill Duncalf tries his hand at commentating when TV's roving-eye camera visits Waterloo Station. Below: *Producer-commentator Berkeley Smith interviews a TV cameraman during the programme about the pioneer TV days at Alexandra Palace. A number of the O.B. producers do the job of commentating under the direction of a producer colleague.*

Robert Barr (right) *checking studio details before one of his documentary programmes. Dr. Cormac Swan, with him, gave script assistance on medical subjects.*

NORMAN SWALLOW produced the series on the United Nations World Health Organization and specializes in current affairs. He joined TV in the Talks Department, after working for sound radio in the North Region and in London. Has been a journalist and literary critic.

CHILDREN'S TV

DOROTHEA BROOKING was trained at the Old Vic, and was a radio producer at Shanghai's official radio station. She specializes in children's plays and serials, and has written plays herself. Is married, with one son.

PAMELA BROWN left school to study drama, having already written a book. Then she worked in repertory theatres and wrote more books. She has written scripts for sound-radio children's programmes, and acted in broadcasts of her own books. Married to a theatre producer.

NAOMI CAPON studied ballet and mime, later teaching at Yale University, U.S.A. She has acted in American radio series, and danced with a team of folk dancers on American TV. She was once on the *Economist*. Married to an architect.

JOY HARINGTON has been in show business since 1933, having acted in Hollywood in thirteen pictures, and worked as dialogue director there. She toured U.S.A. in *Murder in the Cathedral* and *Ladies in Retirement*, having started her acting career at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. Has one daughter.

CLIFF MICHELMORE looks after the popular *All Your Own* feature and other instructional items. First he trained as an engineer, but from the R.A.F. went to British Forces Radio Network, and in a Hamburg-London record programme partnered Jean Metcalfe, whom he married. She is commère of radio's *Woman's Hour*.

DON SMITH is in charge of much of the film production in children's TV, and edits *Children's Newsreel*. He was associated with sound recording and production in the film business. He made the famous train-journey film, *London to Brighton in Five Minutes*.

REX TUCKER, who specializes in plays and dramatic serials, was a drama producer for sound radio in the North Region,

and later on radio's *Children's Hour* staff. He first entered business but became a teacher and freelance writer. He began writing for radio, and then joined the BBC.

MICHAEL WESTMORE, producer of *Whirligig* and *Teleclub*, is interested in puppets and model theatres. He took an honours degree in law and history, and after Army service went on the stage. He has pioneered the lighter side of children's TV programme production.

MUSIC

PHILIP BATE has put the *The Conductor Speaks* series on the screen; he also presents Sidney Harrison and certain ballet programmes. Originally he took up scientific work, then joined the BBC as a studio manager at Alexandra Palace. In the war he held technical and administrative jobs in sound radio. Collects historical musical instruments.

GEORGE FOA concentrates on opera programmes and put a modernized TV-version of *Carmen* on the screen, having filmed backgrounds for it abroad. Born in Milan, he trained there as an opera producer. He was with the Carl Rosa Company, and worked in Hollywood. During the war he was in charge of the BBC's Italian radio service.

CHRISTIAN SIMPSON is something of an expert in special TV effects for the presentation of music and ballet. The son of a Scottish minister, he joined TV in its first year as a sound engineer, and later became a cameraman. He has also worked in the lighting section and been a studio manager.

Scenic Designers

Backing up many TV programmes is the work of the scenic designers, who design the sets and arrange set dressings and properties. They include:

JAMES BOULD, who went to Birmingham School of Art and was designer for Birmingham Municipal Theatre. He worked at Dublin's Abbey Theatre, and has designed for Cochran, Charlot and Stoll. He worked for the stage in America Russia, China and France, and was at one time producer at Manchester Repertory Theatre.

STEPHEN BUNDY, who got his training with Aberdeen Repertory and has designed for many outstanding play productions, and also for opera in TV. He is an expert in theatrical hair styles and costumes. Has worked in TV since the early post-war Alexandra Palace days.

JOHN COOPER, who joined TV as a draughtsman, having been in film production work with the G.P.O. and Crown Film Unit. He was draughtsman and set dresser at Pinewood film studios, and has been a commercial artist on display and exhibition work.

RICHARD GREENOUGH, who often designs for variety shows. Beginning as an electrical engineer, he migrated to the stage, working as scene-shifter in the West End and as an actor at Stratford-upon-Avon. He studied art at night school while in the Army.

RICHARD HENRY, who joined TV as a holiday relief scenic draughtsman, and won promotion, designing for many children's programmes. Previously he worked on the scenic staff of the Rank film organization.

FREDERICK KNAPMAN, who began his career at Lime Grove Studios when they were occupied by the Gaumont-British Film Corporation. He joined TV as a draughtsman and has designed for a variety of shows, including *Music for You.*

BARRY LEAROYD, senior designer, who has worked for TV since Alexandra Palace days. He looks after some of the most important plays and has taken a hand in production duties. Trained as an architect, he worked in film production before joining TV in 1938.

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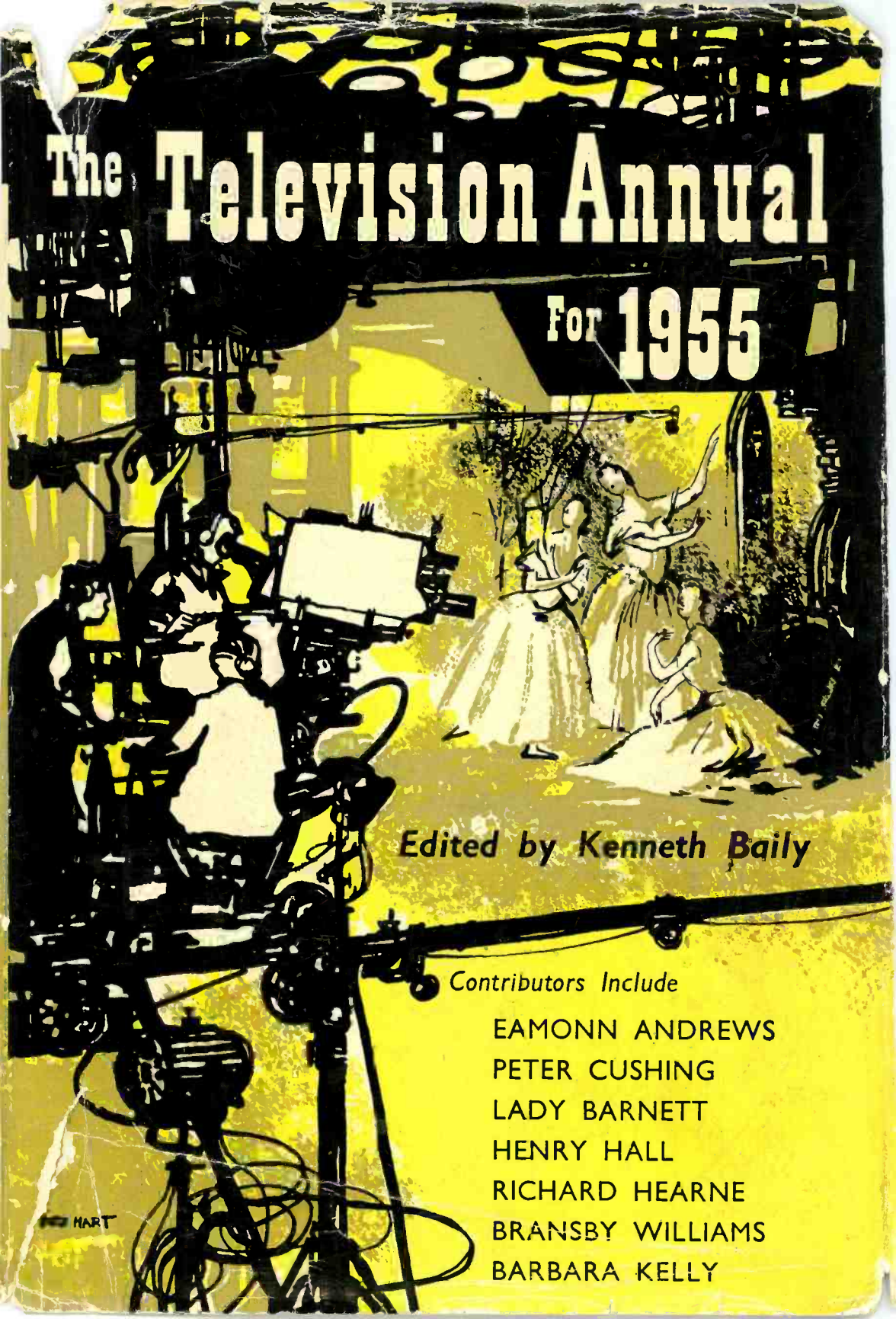

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