THE
TELEVISION
ANNUAL FOR 1953

AN AUTHORITATIVE
GUIDE TO VIEWING WITH MORE THAN A HUNDRED
SOUVENIR PICTURES OF THE PROGRAMMES
AND THE STARS

Edited by
KENNETH BAILY

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THE TELEVISION ANNUAL

FOR 1953

Television's entente cordiale *is charmingly demonstrated by announcers Sylvia Peters and Jacqueline Joubert in this scene from the foot of the Eiffel Tower, taken at the time of the first Paris-London link-up in July, 1952.*

1 TELEVISION NEEDS A BBC CHANGE!

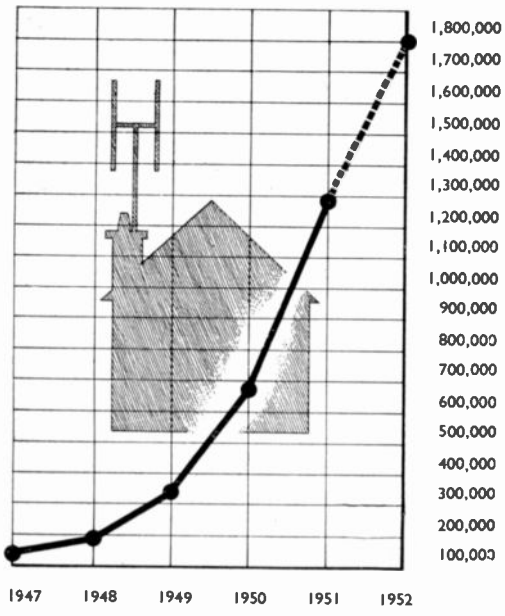
The Editor's Review

Is television showing us the right things?

Like a boy from school bringing home a very mixed report, the BBC Television Service can always hide its shoddier programmes behind its almost certain successes. For TV is a medium in which a producer would have to be gagged and handcuffed in order to fall down on some of its most popular programmes. (This presupposes that the man *is* a producer and not a BBC misfit being shoved around through departments in the vain hope of finding himself a square hole.)

The most certain successes in TV are actuality programmes, which take the cameras out of doors. So long as the events chosen have excitement, spectacle or royal personages, they are the shows which ninety-nine out of every hundred viewers will acclaim. Similarly, the *Television Newsreel* heads the viewing popularity poll, year after year, for much the same reasons. Being human, and kindly, we remember the glories of the outside broadcasts, and too often forget the agonies imposed upon us by ill-chosen, misguided and economy-emaciated studio productions.

Or we recollect easily, and with inspiration, programmes like *Struggle*



This graph shows the rapid increase in TV licence-holders since 1947. (The broken line indicates an estimate for 1952.)

Something the television cameras found in Paris when the BBC achieved a cross-Channel TV link in July, 1952. The sophisticated smart set of the French capital stage a cabaret entertainment in a "dive."

Against Adversity, *Dangerous Drugs*, *The Rising Twenties* and *Pilgrim Street*—and overlook unsuited stage plays thrown on with no-star casts, and variety shows spuriously gilded with the same old dance routines and lacking new comedy material.

People who regard TV seriously as an "art" claim that some forms of entertainment are not suited to it. There is sense in the argument that TV shows too much studio variety, because the actuality quality of an occasional relay of a top-liner from the London Palladium would thrill more viewers than half a dozen *Café Continentals*, with their mock-up atmosphere and procession of same-looking acrobats and jugglers.

But it is not simply that there are types of programme unsuited to TV. The fact is, the glossiness and breath-taking impact of good entertainment will not be attained in a BBC which remains a cosy monopoly. This monopoly calls its own terms, and playwrights, actors and variety artists who refuse to play at those terms are unwanted. A great many have refused to play, and often they know better than the BBC thinks it knows how to provide first-class entertainment. They have more show-business experience than has the BBC, which in the main is directed by people with little or no stage, film and variety experience outside broadcasting.

Many TV producers have a zeal and enthusiasm for TV. Too few have a

thorough show-business experience with which to exploit their keenness. The few who may have this are hamstrung because the BBC administrative set-up limits their freedom to give a show all it needs to be first-class.

It is this administration which expresses the self-satisfied terms of the monopoly. These terms are based on the save-the-halfpennies and we-know-best kinks in the BBC's make-up. Despite the more recent "achievements" of TV, the administrators are still running it on a shoestring. Despite the need for a flow of contributory talent from direction level to variety act, the administrators still turn away directors, writers and artists with original ideas and professional experience, only because the BBC terms offered to such people are impossible if their best work is to be done.

But, you may well be asking, is not all this a little remote from the viewer who has bought his TV set and wants to be entertained by it? I say not at all. Spread over any one year, the BBC accountants, who are clever,

Televison showed 17-year-old Maureen Connolly accepting her Wimbledon Trophy from the Duchess of Kent, after the memorable final of the women's singles in the 1952 lawn-tennis championships.

Petula Clark, 19-year-old vocalist with a style all her own, introduces her young sister Barbara in a TV programme. Televison thrives on personalities with the intimate touch. Humphrey Lestocq has this homely quality, and is seen below—with Mr. Turnip—greeting French TV announcer Jacqueline Joubert.

The clocks show the increase in the average number of transmission hours per day undertaken by the TV Service over the post-war development years 1947-1951.

can show that more money is being diverted into TV. The point they obscure is that not enough of it is being spent on the right things, because the administrators say too often that they "know best" what the right things are. For them the right things are the cheaper things, and anything which is unambitious and "safe" because it has been done before.

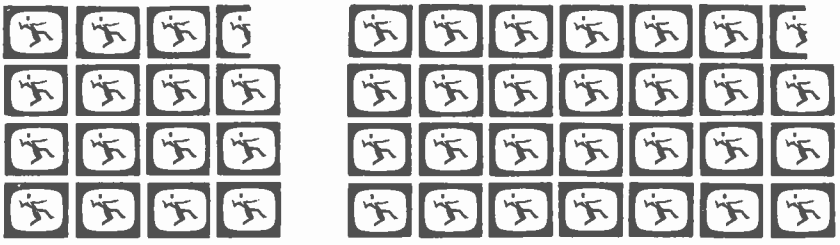
In their ivory tower they recoil before any TV need which challenges them to re-think the whole custom and tradition of BBC dealings with the only people who can provide good TV programmes—experienced artists, writers, producers, composers and musicians.

These are the creative people who stand beyond the BBC-restricted ring of British TV, as, year after year, newspaper headlines scream of petty squabbles between the BBC administrators and the professional organizations reasonably protecting the rights of artists, writers and the rest. Every one of these protracted squabbles delays the day when first-class people will begin to contribute first-class TV programmes.

This schoolmasterly attitude at the BBC can injure and insult even the most experienced and well-established contributors to TV. In 1952 the TV administrators went into prolonged huddles trying to decide who should be given the grandiose title of Musical Director to the Television Service. They, knowing best, had to find the right man. Yet three million viewers, several thousand artists and all the TV producers and technicians knew, with the certainty that comes from five years of working experience, that there was one man for this job, head and shoulders above all others. This was Eric Robinson.

On a free-lance basis, Eric Robinson had directed TV's music, from music hall through ballet to opera, for five years. He had learned all there is to learn about the special techniques required to put music into TV. All the administrative ya-hoo over finding a musical director was insulting to him while it went on, and would have diluted the enthusiasm of anybody other than this stout pioneer of British TV entertainment. But the administrators, up on their self-erected pedestals, scanned the horizon for some newcomer they could claim to discover, blind to the man under their noses. . . .

No money to buy up the best comedians at a fee which will free them,



1947 1951

The diagrams show how the number of separate programmes produced by the TV Service has increased in recent years. Each symbol represents 100 programmes.

for a spell, from the music-hall contracts which keep them out of TV. No money to buy more than two or three of our national drama stars every year. By fighting the administrators to crisis heat, producers obtain Margaret Lockwood for a play, Norman Wisdom for a "spot." And after Margaret and Norman have gone again, the administrators command that there be a few cheap programmes in order to recoup the cost of the Lockwood and Wisdom fees.

So—is TV showing us the right things? It will not do so until the BBC mentality I have described is changed. Until then let TV expand its actualities, its documentaries, and lessen the variety and drama which its administrative paralysis so often makes flaccid.

It is salutory, in reviewing 1952, to recall that the "achievement" of bringing TV programmes from Paris was an achievement only because the BBC had not bought sufficient micro-wave link equipment to avoid its being hazardous. It is well to remember that 1952's gifts to the provinces, Kirk o' Shotts and Wenvoe, gave a TV service to new regions only at half power—because the BBC administration had not the fight to insist on the high-power transmitters being ready in time.

In a national economy of rearmament, when priorities have to be fought for, it is little short of fatuous that nobody at the BBC has fought for the small amount of expenditure necessary to equip the new TV regions with sufficient outside broadcasting cameras and staff. As it is, only a handful of provincial programmes can be provided per year.

Behind a façade of specially stirred-up "achievements," the BBC Television Service is still scraping along on too-short commons. It is bogged down by an administration which thinks that saving a halfpenny is more virtuous than entertaining viewers. The first task of the newly appointed Governors and Director-General at the BBC is no less than to sweep out the timid and bigoted administration which has debilitated TV under its recently departed overlords.

TEST FACES

Here are a few of the faces viewers saw doing the TV announcer's job during 1952. Throughout the year a search was kept up for relief announcers who could deputize when any of the three staff announcers was away. The B B C also has in view the possibility of requiring a new permanent announcer some time; and the best of the relief announcers are "short-listed" for consideration should this need arise. Scores of actors, actresses, mannequins and photographic models passed through camera tests.

NOELLE MIDDLETON

BERNARD McNABB

PETER HAIGH

BRIAN KENT

2 I REMEMBER TV AT FIRST SIGHT

By MICHAEL ACKWORTH, who was a Pioneer Viewer

THE day I put up my first TV aerial my landlady nearly had a fit. "Will it set the house on fire?" she asked. "Will it electrocute the neighbours?" she queried. "Does it mean you're going to see through the wall into next door?"

She was, indeed, highly suspicious, and she was pacified ultimately not because no disaster came of my first weeks of viewing but because she was convinced that the lack of catastrophe meant that the newfangled thing was not working after all.

The TV set to which that horrific aerial led was a gigantic affair, which I thought at the time might usefully be converted some day into a handy clothes wardrobe. Controlling this receiver was a ten-finger exercise to be performed on as many knobs. Rarely did one night's tuning of it give you any good result the next night. The magic combination always had to be sought again.

"Will it set the house on fire? Will it electrocute the neighbours? . . ."

The TV picture was—and this will impress you—about twelve inches by ten; but it appeared on the end of the cathode-ray tube upside down. This was done on purpose, for you viewed the picture in a mirror, on the inside of the lid of the set. The upside-down vision reflected in this mirror naturally came out the right way up.

It was indeed a stout pioneer that set, made by the firm that had been formed by John Logie Baird's own associates. After seven years in store, during the Hitler war, it worked again—and picked up the first trans-

missions when Alexandra Palace was reopened.

The first picture I ever saw on that set was the living image of Leslie Mitchell. That it *was* his *living* image was the whole thrill of the occasion. For, remember, in those days next to nobody had ever seen anybody through space at the time that the person was actually *there*! Films, yes, we knew all about them; but we also knew that Clark Gable had been put on the film a year or so before we saw him, and that as we watched him on the screen he was probably acting quite a different part in a Hollywood studio.

Leslie Mitchell sat in front of the camera so that we could see if our sets were working.

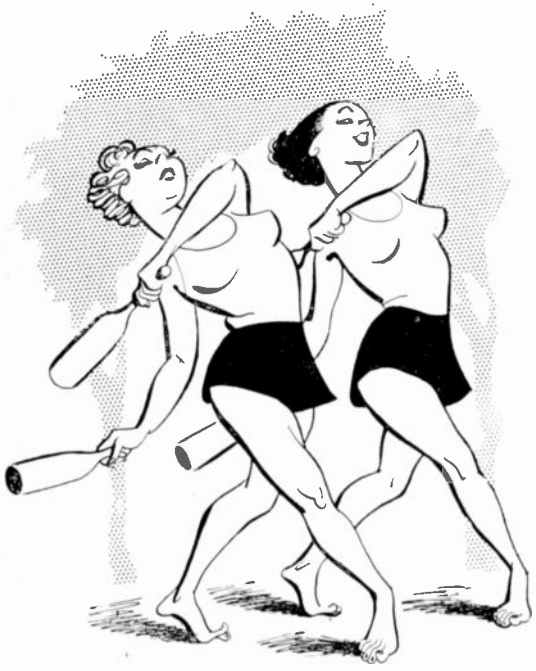
But here was Leslie Mitchell made visible in my home at the very moment that he was sitting on a stool in the TV studios specially to talk to me. This was progress, this was.

Leslie Mitchell thus became the world's first TV announcer; because, contrary to popular opinion today, Britain had a daily television service before the United States of America. The year was 1936, and Mitchell's first job as the announcer at Alexandra Palace was to sit on a stool in front of the camera and talk impromptu for a few moments every so often during the day.

He did this just so that I, and the other pioneer viewers, could find out that our sets were in fact working. (It would not be fair to overlook the fact that the Alexandra Palace engineers also wanted to know if TV itself was working! Hence these "test transmissions.")

The official programme service consisted of an hour every afternoon, and a transmission between nine and ten each night, except on Sundays. It took the BBC quite some time, if I remember rightly, to take a Sabbatarian plunge and start Sunday TV.

The newspaper critics today have two cries about TV; one is that TV is starved of stars, the other that it fails to make its own. Things were once different. Judging from my early viewing, the established stars of show-business before the Hitler war were only too pleased to televise. I remember



Vigorous beauty was also shown to us.

Sophie Tucker being a very early TV catch; and our viewing also brought us Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon (both at the height of their film fame), Yvonne Arnaud, the Western Brothers, Gillie Potter, Anne Ziegler, Robb Wilton, and the dearly beloved and late Lily Morris.

Today TV has its own Top Hatters dancing troupe; in those days there was no need, for all the glamorous girls from the West End's smartest niteries came gleefully to our screens. I recall the famous Buddy Bradley Girls, the Albertana Rasch Girls from the Dorchester and Henry Sherek's Chester Hale Girls.

But if today it is plain that the future of TV is largely out of doors, bringing us real life as it lives, certainly TV's most memorable beginnings were the first outside broadcasts. I shall never forget the first outside scene I ever saw on a TV screen. Yet it was pedestrian in the extreme. From just outside Alexandra Palace the cameras showed us the Northern expresses steaming through Wood Green railway station, which lies below Alexandra Park.

It did not seem long afterwards, if memory does not deceive me, that the BBC had the cameras outdoors *at night*! For I have a vivid recollection of seeing guns operating an anti-aircraft exercise by night, again in Alexandra Park.

Vigorous beauty was also shown to us in exercises by the Women's League of Health and Beauty, in the open air; and there were outdoor riding lessons, golf lessons and gardening demonstrations.

Our great national events and Royal processions are now so much an everyday TV accomplishment that I was surprised, casting back in memory, to realize that I had seen the Coronation of King George VI and his Queen Elizabeth on that pioneer TV screen in 1937. This must have been the BBC's first major outside broadcast on TV; and the thrill in it which has remained with me was a close-up view of Queen Mary, at the window of her glorious coach, discreetly wiping a tear of joyous emotion from her eyes.

Plays seemed to become a staple of our early TV evening diet from the start. It is odd that one recalls so few of them; for I am quite sure we had two or more each week. If I recollect aright, however, they were shorter timed than is today's practice. Bridie's *The Anatomist* remains clear, perhaps because it was the first occasion when something "horrific" was allowed into the privacy of that new and untested fireside audience.

Leslie Mitchell was joined by two women staff announcers, Elizabeth Cowell and Jasmine Bligh. Of contrasting beauty and personality, each of these ladies had her following of fans among the viewers. Many were the arguments between their two devoted camps! I believe Miss Bligh has been back in TV since the war; all I know is, I would dearly like to see an evening's TV today announced by Leslie, Elizabeth and Jasmine, just for the fun and nostalgia of it.

The end of those pioneer TV days came with the declaration of war on Germany in September, 1939. It is a vague, strangely muddled memory. Just what we were seeing on TV at that time I cannot remember. All I do remember is that the BBC suddenly announced that there would be no more TV; and how, as if attempting to stay the ponderous and evil march of those crisis hours, I switched on my set, just to make sure. The screen flickered vacantly. Assuredly, Alexandra Palace was silent and blind.

That set, with the twenty thousand others which shared 1939 TV, was closed up, stored away, and when TV came back in 1946 the arrival seemed quickly to become a normal affair, with less intimacy and more automatic order to it.

Or was it, perhaps, just that the old Baird T8 set, in its massive "wardrobe" cabinet, was soon replaced by a neat, streamlined modern receiver, a quarter of the size?

The end of those pioneer days came in 1939.

3 SHE SEES TV FROM A TO Z

A Television Producer's Secretary has a Big Job

JOAN leaves her home in a London suburb every morning and has a difficult journey by bus and underground railway to Shepherd's Bush. Then a brisk walk, or in wet weather another bus ride, to Lime Grove.

Lime Grove is an undistinguished, narrow street of Victorian villas, broken suddenly by the massive blocks of the BBC Television Studios. Into their modernistic foyer Joan trips, the beautifully coiffured and fashionably dressed receptionist bidding her "Good morning!" Along winding corridors, past dressing-rooms, washrooms and bathrooms, she goes to the office of the TV drama producer to whom she is secretary.

It is from this position that Joan sees the work behind TV from A to Z, in a way few other television staff ever see it. For over and above taking shorthand and doing typing, producers' secretaries have duties which qualify them in many ways to be termed "producer's assistant."

The clearing-up operation after one play has been produced often coincides with the initial work on the next play Joan's boss is to produce. So, on this morning, she finds her desk littered with the debris of the play her producer had put on the screen the night before.

There is the working script, used by him throughout the rehearsals and transmission, marked on every page with the alterations and additions he made in the production as he worked. This script she must file away carefully, for not only will it be needed should a second production of the same play ever be called for, but a producer's "second thoughts," noted on a working script, constitute a valuable reference for his future work.

It is in these working notes that the steady development of TV technique is often marked down, as new ideas occur to the producer. And, faced with some awkward problem of technique in a future play, the producer may wish to turn up an old script to see how he coped with a similar situation before.

Into the file, with the working scripts, Joan will also put a string of notes which her boss has made, assessing the performances of the cast in the play he has just done. In this way the strong as well as the weak points of the work of actors and actresses are collated for reference whenever the task of casting arises again.

But Secretary Joan is also an important cog in the great administrative machine of the British Broadcasting Corporation; and the tentacles of

Secretaries of TV producers mix with the stars in the course of their work. Margaret Lockwood was acclaimed in one of her rare TV appearances when she played the title role in H. G. Wells's Ann Veronica.

that octopus—bound, some critics would say, with too much red-tape—also claim her attention after a play has been produced. There are forms to be filled up.

There is the "Performance as Broadcast" form, known to TV secretaries as the "P-as-B." In this every detail of what was transmitted over the air has to be reported. Along with the names of the cast she must put down the titles, composers and publishers of any piece of music used in the production, even though it was only a few bars. Details of the costumes and scenic sets must be entered; and along with the exact running time the play clocked up must go details of the scriptwriter, adaptor or playwright whose work was used.

The completed "P-as-B" form—or, rather, appropriately addressed copies of it—Joan sends to those meticulous BBC departments which control the costing of productions, the deployment and use of staff and materials, and the copyright and fee-paying intricacies connected with the payment of writers. All this paper work is done so that a complete history of everything entailed in a production can join the massive library of files of "Programmes as Broadcast."

Joan's busy producer may have left with her a few dictated letters to members of his cast, and to the writer of the play just completed, congratulating them or otherwise expressing his opinion on how their work turned out in the end. She will get these letters off.

She will get no peace from the telephone. Her producer's departmental head may well ring through to give his carefully considered opinion of her boss's work on the previous night. This she must note down. The scenic designer who worked on the play, and the wardrobe mistress, may ring to ask whether by any chance the producer will want any of the stage furnishings and costumes used for a forthcoming production—or can they all go back either to scrap or to store?

More and more these days Joan may receive one of those exciting telephone calls from a film producer who happened to watch last night's play and was impressed enough to want to talk—"very tentatively"—about the possibility of turning it into a film. Joan will look in her boss's diary and book a very definite luncheon date for him to meet the film man.

But where, you may ask, is her producer on this busy morning? He has not arrived at the office, and as like as not he is closeted somewhere in the West End—or even at the end of a railway journey in the country—already discussing with a writer the preparation of a new play.

On the other hand, he may have had so gruelling a fortnight rehearsing last night's production that he is still in bed! And who will blame him—after a couple of weeks of daily rehearsals and bouts of overtime, late into the night, making last-minute alterations as the production was built up?

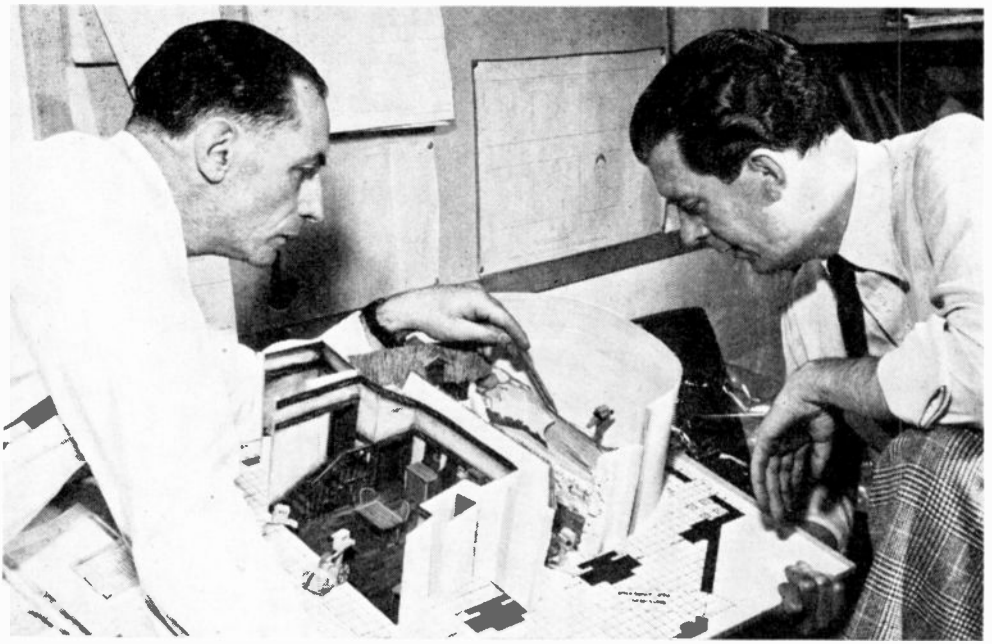
Joan takes her lunch in the large canteen at the studios amid a noisy babble of chatter rising from legions of other secretaries, scenic painters, technicians, cameramen, producers, and the actors and actresses rehearsing in the studios that day—these often lunching, incongruously, in their costumes and make-up. Many of the actors and actresses she knows. She has worked with them on previous productions, and, taking her coffee with some of them, she joins easily in their inevitable gossip about the worlds of theatre, films and broadcasting.

But time presses. The next play her producer must provide has already been put in the programmes schedule, for a Sunday and a Thursday screening six weeks ahead. Soon Joan begins to work up the administrative framework on which this production will be built.

If it is to be a stage play, already performed in the theatre, the producer will be reading it over again and again, deciding how he is going to adapt it for TV presentation. Joan will read it, too, and her comments and ideas will be welcomed by her boss.

If it is a new play, being specially written for TV, the writer will now begin to call at the office for long discussions with the producer, out of which the shooting script will emerge—usually in sections, posted back by the writer from his literary hideout. Time and again Joan will be asked to

Television artists in costume, and BBC staff, gather in a BBC canteen between rehearsal sessions—the daily lunch-time setting for a producer's secretary.



Television producer Eric Fawcett (right) *sizes up the model of a scenic set with designer James Bould—part of the business of play production.*

type new scenes, copying them from the author's home-typed drafts or, more often, from a conglomeration of scrawls written by writer and producer together in a late-night huddle.

Of one thing the producer will try to make sure as soon as possible—that is, his cast requirements. Finding the right actors and actresses for a play often calls for an intensive search lasting some weeks. Leading players are busy people, and it falls to Joan to chase those whom the producer has written down as his first selection for the cast. This will be the ideal cast. Rarely is it found at first go.

She will write to actors, ring up actresses, send frantic telegrams to the agents of actors who appear to have vanished completely. Some on the ideal-cast list may be touring the provinces, others may be away on film location. One leading player, though willing to play the part, may be able to do so only if he can have some time out of the early rehearsals in order to finish a film job.

As one prospective player after another falls down, not being free for the job, so Joan switches her search to substitutes suggested by the producer. He may well rely on some of her suggestions, for the good producer's secretary sees as many plays and films as she can, noting in her retentive memory any players whom she thinks her producer might some time like to draw into TV.

During this worrying time of finding a strong enough cast Joan may have to use her tact in dealing with an actor, or actor's agent, who has a bone to pick about the fee being offered for the part. For, whether the producer is in the office to cope with this kind of telephone call or not, neither she nor he can do anything about it.

The amount of money he has to spend on the coming production has already been allocated from on high. It is his job to divide this between the various costs involved—acting fees, writer's fee, cost of costumes and scenic sets. But once this is done, the individual fees for the artists are decided by the Bookings Department—with which most actors soon find it a waste of time to haggle! Joan, however, cannot do her job without being "in" on these financial differences between the BBC and players, and not the least necessary of her attributes is an ability to keep confidences and remain discreet.

An enterprising producer, given a suitable part to cast, will always be keen to bring in an artist new to TV. He may call half a dozen "new-to-TV" players to his office to read through a section of the part he has in mind for them. It will be Joan who will have to fix these appointments and see that the newcomers arrive when they are wanted. It will be her job to entertain them, put them at their ease, and see them to the canteen for a nice cup of tea when the ordeal of their "test" is over.

Meanwhile the script of the play will be taking shape. Perhaps it requires a film sequence. This can be used to give an authentic touch to an outdoor scene. Or it can help out where time passes so quickly in a play that the actors will have no chance to change costumes and to "age" their make-up during the actual production. A scene set several years ahead can thus be filmed beforehand and fitted into the live production on the night of transmission without any interval for making the necessary changes.

If film is needed, Joan will have to negotiate with the TV Film Unit to find a time when the filming can be done. She will have to consult the players involved in the film sequence and make sure they can attend. If an outdoor scene is required, Joan and her producer may make a trip out into Hertfordshire, Bucks or Surrey to find the kind of rural setting or country-mansion background they are needing.

Having found it, they will have to seek the permission of the owner of the land, or the house, for filming to take place there. Then, on the day of the filming session, Joan will accompany the producer, players, film technicians and make-up assistant, and will stand by while the action is shot, working as a film continuity girl. It is her responsibility to note what the players wear in the shots taken; and to time the various "takes." Armed with these notes, the producer can later match up the filmed sequence accurately with the live performance in the studio.

The view the producer's secretary sees when a play is in production in one of the Lime Grove studios, as she sits with her chief in the control gallery, above the studio floor. Here the play The Venus of Bainville *is in final rehearsal.*

Key to Picture:
A, B, C, D and E are different scenic sets in which the action of the play took place.
1, Microphone boom assistant. 2, Camera. 3, Actors. 4, Microphone boom. 5, Microphone boom assistant. 6, Camera. 7, Microphone boom assistant. 8, Dresser. 9, Microphone boom assistant. 10, Actor. 11, Camera. 12, Cameraman. 13, Studio Manager. 14, Actress (Veronica Hurst). 15, Dresser. 16 and *17, Camera crew. 18, Make-up girl. 19, Studio attendant. 20, Stage manager.*

In due course rehearsals begin. Because each day's programmes monopolize all the TV studio space, play rehearsals have to take place in additional rehearsal rooms. These are dotted about the West End of London in the most unexpected quarters—over a mews, the upper rooms of a pub, the gymnasium of a youth club, in a church hall, and so on. In these bare rooms the position of the scenic sets and furniture to be used in the play are outlined in chalk on the floor.

At the first rehearsals producer and cast go over the script, sitting round in conference fashion. Perhaps towards the end of the second day they begin to take their positions and start to act. All the time—and for the whole fortnight of rehearsal—Joan will most likely be in attendance, taking notes from her boss about alterations he sees he will have to make, as the script comes to life in the players' work.

Within two or three days of the transmission Joan will be making sure that any special costumes, wigs and so on needed for the cast are in fact available. She will have to chase actors and actresses to arrange times for fittings, either in the TV Wardrobe Department or at one of the famous theatrical costumiers in the West End.

At long last the day of the play's TV production arrives. There is a final camera rehearsal, starting at one o'clock. With a short break for tea, this rehearsal often continues to within an hour of the transmission time

for the play. Throughout Joan is beside the producer, in the production control gallery.

Before him, in the gallery, the producer sees a row of monitor TV screens. Each of these can show him the picture from one of the cameras he is using on the studio floor below. One screen also shows him the picture actually in transmission. Thus as the play moves between one camera and another he gets an advance view of each forthcoming shot, passing it on to transmission at the crucial moment when he wants to *dissolve* or *cut* to a new angle of view. He can obtain some changes in the length of shots by talking to the cameramen on an "inter-com." All along he gives instructions to a vision mixer, also sitting beside him. Nearby, too, is a microphone and sound assistant, ever watching that the microphones in the studio follow the moving action, and seeing to the insertion of any sound effects or music from recordings.

As the final camera rehearsal proceeds Joan will have her notebook open before her, taking notes of the last-minute ideas coming to the producer for making emendations, or perhaps cuts, in the script. At the tea break she will go down to the studio floor with him to remind him of these notes so that he can give the cast their last-minute instructions.

The knitting together on transmission day of the many factors and departments which contribute to a complicated TV production rarely goes through without emergencies cropping up. A costume may be late in delivery; a sound-effect record may not turn up; a technical fault may occur, necessitating a change in the studio set-up—in all such nerve-tensing moments, Joan will be relied on by her producer to help smooth over the trouble, to pacify worried players or technicians, and even to run about herself if nobody else is available to fetch something urgently needed.

So a new play goes out to millions of viewers. And, as soon as the caption "End" has wiped it off the screen, producer's secretary Joan may be called to the telephone. For there are plays which are so provocative that some viewers cannot hold their peace, and must leap for the telephone as soon as they are over in order to voice either their fervent congratulation or their hot protest at the BBC for presenting such a play.

But if Joan's chief is understanding he will tell her: "Leave the customers' phone-calls to the switchboard—get off home." He knows that the nervous tension and sheer physical labour of production day in the TV studios earn any girl a good night's rest—however tough, sophisticated or resilient she may be.

So home goes Joan, by the bus and the underground railway; home, if she is lucky, just about midnight. And in the morning she must turn back again, towards Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush. . . . But this is where we came in.

4 TELEVISTORY, 1873—1953

PETER WYMER turns back the years and shows that the history of TV is a cavalcade of scientific research by men both known and unknown

IT IS quite impossible fully to ascribe such a complex development as television to any one man or group of workers. The great invention has come by the patient weaving together over many years of a multitude of scientific discoveries and developments—and the final pattern of TV has still to be decided.

The scientific workers of the latter part of the last century who made the discoveries which have given us modern TV probably had little idea at the time that their findings would be used for such a purpose.

Amongst these many discoveries certain events have, of course, a particular significance. These include the work of scientists whose findings were fundamentally vital to the evolution of electronic TV. There were others whose foresight and imagination enabled them to piece the disconnected discoveries into the final picture. And, of course, great credit goes to John Logie Baird, whose persistent faith in the future of TV made him devote his energy tirelessly to the fulfilment of a practicable working system.

The earliest fundamental discovery, which perhaps is the most important, was the finding that the electrical resistance of certain substances changed when light shone on them. This is reported to have come about in an accidental way, as is often the case in such matters. Two telegraph engineers, named Smith and May, noted in 1873 that light shining on certain electrical resistances—which were constructed of the metal selenium—caused a change in the electric current through these resistances.

Although it had no immediate application, this discovery was probably the first noted observation of photo-electricity. Later, in 1887, Hertz, the man who was first to demonstrate the existence of radio waves, investigated this type of effect in more detail, and further development was made later by Hallwachs, Lenard and other workers.

The eventual result was the arrival of the photo-cell, an electronic device which provides electrical impulses in proportion to the intensity of the light falling on it. Without this there would be no way of getting what we

now know as a TV camera, for, basically, this camera is able to produce an electrical picture of an illuminated scene. The understanding of the photo-electric effect gave rise to many schemes which were suggested in the latter part of the last century for the achievement of what was already being talked of as "television"—that is, "vision at a distance." In the main, these ideas were ahead of their time, because the apparatus necessary for the practical implementation of them was then unrealizable.

All these ideas—and this applies to TV today—had a fundamental point in common. It was early realized that it was necessary to break down a visual scene into separate elements. Each of these would be made to give rise to electrical impulses, which would be transmitted and would produce at the receiving end correspondingly varied elements of light; reassembled, these elements would give rise to a reproduction of the whole of the original picture.

It is possible to produce a visual impression of a scene in such a manner if a sufficient number of pictures is sent and built up per second. The human eye has a property called "persistence of vision," and if a succession of quite separate pictures is rapidly presented to the eye it sees it as a continuous whole. In fact, if one can produce even as few as ten pictures per second a not unrealistic illusion is produced of a continuous image.

Quite apart, however, from the device needed to produce electrical signals from light at the transmitting end and, vice versa, at the receiving end, there was the need for some form of magnification between the two. This became possible only when the wireless amplifying valve was introduced.

Amongst others, the English physicists, Ayrton and Perry, suggested a basically simple TV system inspired by the discovery of the photo-electric effect. Their system involved a number of light-sensitive electric elements arranged in a mosaic (rather like the squares on a chess-board), so that when a lighted scene was optically focused on to this mosaic each of the elements produced an electrical charge corresponding to the light it received. (This would be from that part of the picture which was focused on it.) These signals would then be conducted in turn to a similar mosaic at the receiving end, of most ingenious "light-valve" devices, which would transmit light in proportion to the signal received. But the feeble sensitivity of selenium in this respect, and the lack of amplifying devices, meant that this system was not realizable in practice.

The electrical impulses referred to above can be obtained from one photo-sensitive device (or set of such devices) if different parts of the scene to be transmitted are focused on it in succession, and are sent one by one and not all at once. If this is done sufficiently rapidly a visual impression of the scene as a whole may be produced.

To achieve this some form of "break up" of the picture was necessary. Nipkow achieved this successfully in 1884 by the use of a flat, circular rotating disk with a number of holes in it arranged to follow a spiral path. The disk rotated in the plane of the image (formed by a lens) of the scene to be transmitted, the light passing through the apertures into a light-sensitive cell so that, at any instant, the cell was illuminated by the light coming through *one* of the holes. When the disk was rotated the varying positions taken up by the holes caused the cell to be illuminated with light from different elements of the picture, each producing its own electrical signal.

British radio scientist A. A. Campbell Swinton, who as long ago as 1908 outlined a system of TV transmission essentially the same as that used today. Later this became the basis of the electronic technique.

An exactly similar disk, synchronized to rotate at the same speed, was used at the receiving end, in front of a device which produced light in proportion to the electrical signals received. If this light-producing device was then viewed through the disk the original picture would appear.

This is the basis of the mechanical system of TV which, although capable of much refinement, as evidenced by the later work of Baird, has very definite limitations of a mechanical nature.

The modern electronic system of TV was forecast, remarkably accurately, as long ago as 1908 by a British scientist, A. A. Campbell Swinton. He outlined a scheme which, in fundamentals, is essentially the same as that used in TV today.

His foresight, and almost uncanny anticipation of subsequent developments, was emphasized by the fact that the apparatus he described

The date is 2 July, 1928, on a London rooftop. In the deck-chair is Jack Buchanan. Standing behind him, John Logie Baird watches one of his earliest TV transmitters while it picks up a picture of the star.

for realizing his scheme was then quite undeveloped. His ideas were in fact so much in advance of their time that the major proportion of TV development until the early 'thirties went on along the mechanical lines previously opened up.

In 1926, in England, Baird gave the world's first public demonstration of an actual TV transmission, using his mechanical system based on the ideas of Nipkow and others. A few years after this experimental transmissions on the medium wave-band, employing Baird's mechanical system, were made by the BBC at the very low definition of 30 lines and 12·5 pictures a second. (In Britain today pictures are of 405 lines definition, and 25 complete pictures per second are produced.)

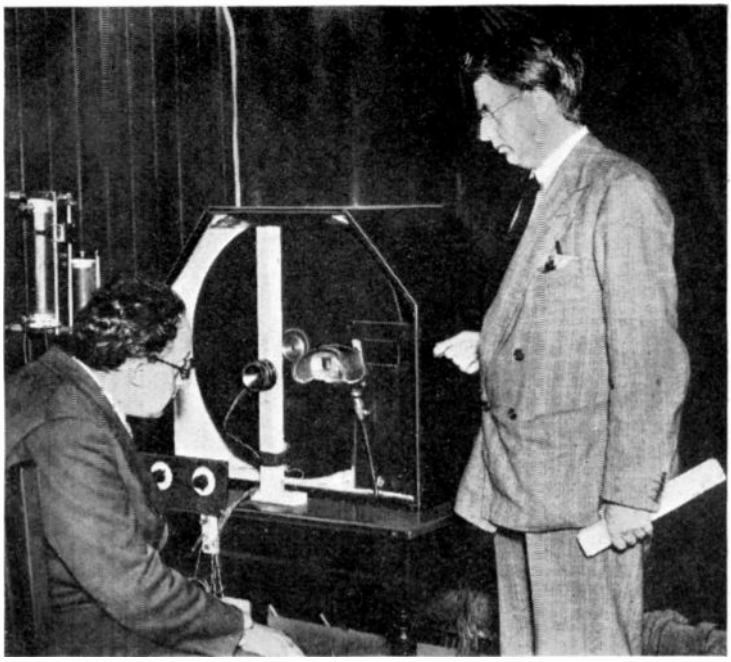
Around 1930, however, serious consideration was given to the development of an all-electronic system. In such a system, as outlined by Campbell Swinton, the picture scanning was to be done electronically; that is, with a beam of electrons. This beam would scan a photo-sensitive surface and generate impulses which would be transmitted by means of a high-frequency radio valve, in the same way as a sound broadcast. These impulses would be made in their turn to control a similar beam of electrons, at the receiving end, which would produce corresponding light changes on a

fluorescent screen. The system gave the extremely high-scan speed without which high-definition TV would be impossible.

The new system relied on what is called a cathode-ray tube, consisting essentially of an electron gun, which "shot" electrons on to a screen surface coated with a fluorescent material. Such devices were evolved from the early work of Professor Sir J. J. Thomson, who discovered the electron, and Braun, who produced the first workable cathode-ray tube based on Thomson's results. In a modern tube the brightness of the light produced is controlled by varying the strength of the electron beam by means of the picture impulses received from the transmitter.

A great deal of research work was required, however, before such a system saw the light of day. A team of hand-picked scientists was mobilized by the late Alfred Clark and set to work, under the direction of I. Shoenberg, at the E.M.I. research laboratories in London. There the realization in practice of Campbell Swinton's ideas was made possible by the development of a camera pick-up tube and a cathode-ray tube for the receiving end. The camera tubes converted the light and shade of a televised scene into corresponding electrical impulses, and the tube at the receiving-end enabled a TV receiver to build up the picture from the electrical signals it received.

A tremendous amount of fundamental research and intricate development had to be done to achieve this. The first experimental "Emitron" camera used photo-sensitive mosaics which were, at that time, of a



The world's first public demonstration of TV was operated by John Logie Baird in London in 1926. The pioneer inventor stands on the right here, explaining a piece of his early apparatus to a colleague. A plaque now marks the building in Soho where, in attic rooms, Baird first "sent a picture through a wall."

revolutionary construction. No fewer than 2,500 separated sensitive elements to each square inch were produced on their surface.

(As a point of interest, one of the most sensitive types of camera now in use, the "C.P.S. Emitron," employs photo-sensitive mosaics with something more than a million elements to the square inch, and it is possible for mosaics of over two million elements to the square inch to be produced.)

After some years this electronic system was ready, and in 1934 was demonstrated for the Television Committee which had been set up by the Government to report whether a British television service could be established.

The demonstration was successful and the development possibilities of an all-electronic system of TV began to look better than those of a mechanical system. Construction of the London TV station was begun at Alexandra Palace, and in 1936 regular daily transmissions were started. For a trial period Baird's latest mechanical system was used, alongside the electronic system of E.M.I. In due course the electronic system was adopted completely. So developed the first regular TV service in the world.

British TV and a ballerina are at the beginning of their careers in this picture. For that is Margot Fonteyn, in 1936, performing at Alexandra Palace a few weeks after the opening of the BBC Television Service.

5 AN A B C TO GOOD VIEWING

What You Should Know about Installing and Operating Your TV Set

Aerials for TV vary according to how far you live from the transmitter. Up to ten miles away an indoor aerial should serve under normal conditions. Up to twenty miles away, a single dipole (one rod) on the roof. If you live farther away still, an H aerial will be necessary—and for great distances it will probably need special additions.

Before buying a TV set have it tested in your home if possible; make sure the dealer knows every peculiarity of reception in your district.

Controls on TV sets are simple—usually two knobs in front. Many receivers have controls at the back for pre-setting; these adjust the focus, size and steadiness of the picture, and once set should not need touching.

Darkness is not necessary for good viewing today. On the contrary, watching TV in a dark room is a strain on the eyes. A shaded table lamp, or wall lamp, preferably behind the set, is best. Modern TV screens are adequately visible in daylight.

Earthing a TV set is important. Do not overlook this elementary precaution. All that is required is a connexion to a piece of pipe, a metal rod or plate buried in the ground just outside the window.

Fixing a TV set and aerial in the home—especially the aerial—is an expert's job. The farther you live from the transmitter, the greater the false economy of not having your TV aerial installed expertly.

Guaranteeing to make no changes which could make your TV set out of date early on, the BBC has said that it will not introduce either colour TV or higher-definition TV until the whole of the country is served with the present black-and-white system.

Hearthside positioning of the TV set needs thinking about. If you are not careful you will find that one side of the viewing circle is roasted by the fire while the other sits in draughts from doors or windows!

Interference on TV can be due to several factors. For many viewers motor-car interference is the chief bogey. As far as possible the manufacturers have tried to provide against it in set designs; but the only certain remedy is with the motorist, who should fit a suppressor on his car, at very low cost. Electrical equipment in nearby hospitals, factories or shops can cause interference; as can the close proximity of aerodromes, or large steel structures like gasometers and bridges.

Junior TV programmes for children are broadcast each day at tea-time, both for entertainment and instruction. Juvenile talent is encouraged.

Keep your hands outside the TV set! Never try to adjust anything beyond the controls at the back. High voltages are provided in TV receivers, and expert technicians should always be called in if inside adjustments are necessary.

Locality of your house may affect TV reception. Hills or high banks in the immediate vicinity can interrupt or weaken reception, as can tall buildings. But today technicians can overcome many such disadvantages.

Music is reproduced at finer quality from the TV wavelengths than from the sound-radio wavelengths. This is an asset of the shorter wavelengths. No sound-radio wavelengths are receivable on TV sets; you cannot hear Home, Light or Third unless the TV set incorporates an ordinary radio set, as some do.

News events are presented to viewers by the *Television Newsreel*, a new edition of which is shown each night from Monday to Friday; and the sound-radio News Bulletin is broadcast on the TV sound wavelength at the end of each night's TV programme. A weather forecast, illustrated by maps, is also shown each night.

Outside events—sport and national occasions—play an increasing part in TV programmes. To put them on requires the provision of mobile camera units and sets of micro-wave link relay transmitters. It is because a lavish supply of this equipment has not yet been made available that more outside TV broadcasts are not taken from outside London. Post-war shortages must be blamed.

Programme hours of the TV Service are at present (excepting the afternoon children's programme and the twice-weekly afternoon programme for women) from 7.30 or 8 p.m. to 10.30 or 11 p.m. Additional morning

Regional TV studios are not yet available. Occasionally TV relays events from provincial halls, as here, when a Town Forum *discussion came from Birmingham.*

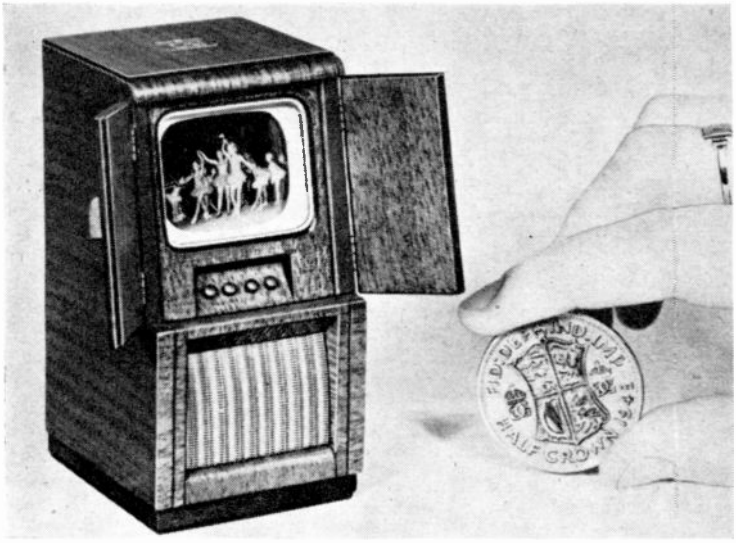
and afternoon periods occur when national events or sports events are televised. The Governors of the BBC do not favour the extension of TV hours over seven a day at the peak of the Service's development in coming years.

Quotas for materials for TV set manufacturers are kept short because of defence needs. This may delay delivery of sets in a new TV-station area.

Regional TV studios are not available, and the Midland, Northern, South-western and Scottish TV stations have to draw mostly on the London studios for their programmes. Occasionally outside broadcast units are installed in halls and theatres in the regions.

Size of the TV screen is important in direct relation to the number of viewers and the size of the room. A big screen is no asset for a small family in the smallish room; for one thing, the lines making up the picture will always be visible. The 12-in. tube normally gives the ideal screen.

Tax-dodging by TV set-owners without licences is costing the BBC £300,000 a year—money badly needed to lengthen and improve the programmes. A £2 TV licence is necessary, by law, immediately you buy a TV set. This includes the £1 licence for your sound radio. The Post Office will give you a full pro-rata discount on your present sound-radio licence if it still has time to run.



Is this the smallest TV set in the world? Complete in every detail, this beautiful model of a famous make of TV receiver was presented by the manufacturer to Queen Mary. It has taken its place in the famous Royal Doll's House at Marlborough House.

Unlimited life for the cathode-ray tube in a TV set cannot be expected; like valves in a sound-radio set, these tubes will wear out. But they are now much longer-lived than they were a few years ago, and the majority give reasonably long service without serious deterioration.

Viewers' special TV interests are fostered energetically by the British Televiewers' Society, which has a number of regional groups. Particulars are available from the London headquarters at 12, Whitehall, S.W.1.

Women are provided with two feminine-interest TV programmes each week, during the early afternoon.

"*X-ray*" power of the TV cameras can see through airs and shams put on by people appearing in TV! Absolute sincerity is required, especially of TV speakers, and it is intriguing to watch the politicians coping with TV at electioneering times!

You can express your opinions on TV programmes. Letters are all examined, and producers receive any dealing with specific programmes.

Zones of the British Isles still to be given TV stations are: Aberdeen and North-east Scotland; Newcastle and North-east Durham and Yorkshire; Northern Ireland; the Isle of Wight and the central south coast; Cornwall and South Devon. Plans for putting stations into these areas have been delayed by the Government's economy measures.

6 WILL TELEVISION KILL SOUND BROADCASTING?

By MAURCIE GORHAM—who has been Editor of the Radio Times, *Chief of the BBC Light Programme and Chief of the Television Service*

I THINK the answer is No. But it will turn sound radio into something very different from the broadcasting we have got used to in the last thirty years.

Looking into the future (and not very far into it either) I can see television entirely displacing sound radio as the main source of entertainment and information for the ordinary man. TV sets will be found as a matter of course in homes, in schools, very often in clubs, village institutes, and what are grandly called "community centres." People will expect to *see* events happening all over the country; nobody will tell you that he "heard" the Boat Race, the Cup Final, or the big fight. Public men and women will be judged by their faces as well as their voices, as they always were until sound radio came in. Actors and actresses will have to act again, instead of being able to thrill millions by reading from a script.

This will happen not because television is more modern than sound radio, but because it is more natural. The reign of radio, short as it is, has been so thorough that we have almost forgotten how unnatural it is to depend on the ear for things that really demand the use of the eye.

For thirty years we have been content to let our radio blindfold us and then tell us what we ought to be seeing for ourselves. We don't see a race; we hear somebody telling us about it, and we can't even tell whether he is right or wrong until we get the result. We don't see a play; we hear people talking, and an experienced listener who knows the conventions can work out who is talking to whom and where they all are. We never see anything except the blank face of the loudspeaker and the pointer on the dial.

Real life isn't like that. Nobody voluntarily goes about blindfold and gets somebody else to tell him what is going on. There are occasional things that you may prefer to hear rather than see, but they are not many compared with the number of things radio has set itself to do.

It will have to stop doing most of them when widespread television shows people what it is to see as well as hear. But that is not to say that sound broadcasting will die out altogether. Not in Britain, anyway.

Sound radio cannot equal the attraction of a TV picture like this. A charming incident which was watched by viewers when H.M. the Queen presented prizes at the Richmond Horse Show in June, 1952—now a popular TV event.

Even when television stations have spread all over the country, when screens are bigger and brighter, maybe in colour, and when sets are cheaper, when interference has been stamped out, breakdowns are a thing of the past, and television runs as smoothly as a sewing-machine, I still don't think sound broadcasting will become as obsolete as the silent film. Television won't do everything, and it won't be on the air all day.

Television is more expensive than sound radio, whatever you do. It is a more expensive process right down the line, and the simplest television transmission costs more than, say, putting on a record in sound. There is no point in incurring the extra cost of transmitting vision unless people are going to look at it, and you can't look at television all day. There are times when hardly anybody will want to look at it. You can't cook and bath the baby or do your homework or your football pools to television as people have done to sound radio, nor can you imagine factories speeding up production with "Television While You Work."

Of course, all-day television will come in countries where there is keen competition between commercial stations. It has practically come already in cities like New York, where you can see television at almost every hour from early morning until last thing at night. Stations go on transmitting just because they don't want any potential audience to get into the habit of watching another station's programmes. But it is not likely that competition will ever reach that pitch here.

Practically, the peak hours for television will be shorter than the peak hours for radio, and there will be no "background viewing" to replace the "background listening" we know now. The slack hours will still be filled by sound broadcasts, even if they come to you over the sound channel of your TV set.

Providing background listening for people who are too busy to watch television does not seem to give much scope to sound radio in the television age. But there are several other things it can still do.

One is to bring the world to us in a way that television will not be able to do for many years to come, and may never be able to do. To bring us instant news and first-hand reporting from the ends of the earth, as we have come to expect. To span oceans, girdle the globe, let us hear at midnight what is happening on the far side of the earth at noon.

Television networks will creep over the map, but they have started slowly, and there are some gulfs that they have as yet shown no power to cross. We can see what is happening in Paris, but long after we can see what is happening in Hamburg and Rome we shall have to depend on sound radio to let us hear what is happening in Melbourne, Malaya and Korea.

Similarly, sound broadcasting from Britain will remain an essential

link with the Dominions, the Colonies, ships on the seven seas, and troops in far parts of the earth. Then there are the people and places nearer home that television transmission may never reach. In the mountainous districts of Scotland, up the deep Welsh valleys, most of all in the trawlers and drifters and all the shipping in the coastal seas, there will be people who must *hear* the news, the weather forecasts, all the useful information that radio can give, because they cannot hope to see.

There is one more stronghold to which sound radio can retreat, once it reads the writing on the wall.

Broadcasting in the home, like the cinema as a public entertainment, has tried to do all sorts of things that it could not do well, just because it had the field to itself. The coming of television must make them both shorten their fronts. The cinema might as well give up doing newsreels, and broadcasting will have to give up far more. Instead of trying to do everything it will have to seek out the things that television can't do, or can't do so well.

One of them is to stir our imagination with words and music, and I hope this creative side of radio will survive. It will be a long time before television can give us a substitute for such outstanding sound-radio programmes as *Streets of Pompeii*, *March of the* '45, or *The Dark Tower*.

A sound-radio play goes on the air. No costumes, no make-up, no learning of parts, no scenery, no lights, no mass of technicians. These three players, in a Broadcasting House studio, are (left to right) *Laidman Browne, Gladys Young and David Peel, and their play is Shakespeare's* All's Well That Ends Well. *They have rehearsed for three days. For a TV performance the rehearsals would last a fortnight at least.*

"Television may come to excel in ballet and opera," writes Maurice Gorham, "but for sheer enjoyment of music, sound radio will remain safe and sure." Here is a Ballet for Beginners *production of* Giselle *in the TV studio.*

Most of all, radio will find its true function again in music. Here the ear is supreme. Sight can sometimes add to our enjoyment of music, but more often it can take away. Using television to broadcast music is as misguided as using sound radio to broadcast a circus or a pantomime. We can discount the faltering experiments in this direction that BBC television has given us so far, but even the far more expert producers of the films have rarely succeeded in adding anything to the presentation of music that music itself could not give.

Television may come to excel in ballet and opera, and it can always give useful demonstrations of technique by showing, for instance, close-ups of a pianist's hands; but for sheer enjoyment of music, sound radio will remain both safe and sure.

In its early days sound broadcasting depended mainly on music. The wheel may come full circle in the television age.

"Now, you silly little man, make them laugh!" Jerry Desmonde seems to be saying to Arthur Askey in this TV studio. Many comedians have tried, but Arthur is one of the few comics who can succeed in television.

7 TELEVISION LAUGHS LAST!

And Making the Laughs Last is the Big Headache!

FINDING the right light-entertainment programmes for TV has perhaps given the BBC more headaches than anything else on the television front.

When the TV Service resumed, after the Hitler war, the swiftly growing number of viewers soon became raucously vocal in their criticism of what was being offered as "variety," "music hall" and "cabaret." Any approach to a distinct TV formula for a light-entertainment show was not reached until Terry-Thomas began his *How Do You View?* series in 1950.

Still today, light entertainment, though certainly glossier and more finished, is haunted by weaknesses of talent, script and presentation ideas, to such an extent that its standard is precarious. Nothing fails so thoroughly in TV as a light-entertainment failure.

In a few more years the BBC may have sufficient experience to accept the theory that neither the definition of the TV camera nor the size of the screen is equal to showing adequately much that is conventional of variety in the show-business world. Stage spectacle, howsoever modified, and lines of dancing girls, may in the years to come be recalled only as the primitive beginnings of TV light entertainment. The occasional outside broadcast from a Palladium First Night may have then replaced lavish studio presentations built on the old structure of the stage revue.

In programmes as "telegenic" as *How Do You View?* and the *Eric Barker Half-hour* there hide today the seeds of the bulk of future TV light entertainment.

The "Music Hall" formula, as well as the system of separate acts having spots to themselves in TV, raises other difficulties special to the new medium. Television appears to put variety acts under a peculiarly sensitive focus. This is so much the case that it is arguable whether TV is a field for *new* variety talent. Once a new artist has been on that screen there is no music hall in the land where he will be safe from a past TV mistake creeping up on him.

Not all experienced music-hall-stage acts suit the intimate conditions of both the TV studio and the home-viewing circle. Even acts whose business and material *can* achieve laughter in TV are still not in the clear. For, unlike sound radio, TV reveals by sight to five million people all over the country at one go what the act does and what it looks like. A music-hall

That handsome man in the picture, left, *is Richard Hearne. In the dressing-room mirror Hearne is half "Mr. Pastry." Finally "Mr. Pastry" is completed.*

act heard on sound radio is still an attraction in the flesh at your local music hall. But if the act comes on there when you have seen it on TV, and displays the same business and uses mostly the same material, you feel cheated of your admission money.

Music-hall acts—and managements—know this only too well; and many acts acceptable to TV will not appear in it for this reason. Also, some managements will not allow their contracted performers to appear in TV.

CAFÉ CONTINENTAL AND *SHOP WINDOW*

THE success of *Café Continental* has been largely due to the persistence of its producer, Henry Caldwell, in looking outside this country for the acts he uses in this series. He so avoids the touring music-hall acts and puts on instead the cream of Continental and American talent, consisting of artists who do not appear on the halls in this country and have nothing to lose by showing themselves to the large TV public.

In 1952 Caldwell tried a new formula aimed at putting new variety talent into TV without the resultant shows appearing amateurish under the perceptive eyes of those TV cameras. He launched the *Shop Window* series with the notion of showing professional acts with some stage experience but none of TV. The series had an archness about it, but it did bring some freshness into TV light entertainment and it may have made one or two discoveries worth exploiting in TV.

IT'S MAGIC

THE invention of comedy material, if it is to be new in each of a series of programmes, is the most prodigious job in all broadcasting; and, as in sound radio, comedians and scriptwriters who can go on maintaining a successful supply of material are at a premium. No number of "new angles" for the presentation of a comic in a series will cover weak material or a drying up of comic invention. No number of additional ingredients, however polished or glamorous, will compensate the viewer for gags which fail to make him chuckle.

This was proved by the attempt to give the comedy magician, Tommy Cooper, his own TV series, *It's Magic*. Tommy Cooper's act was split up, as it were, and interlarded with conjuring, music, dancing and even poetry recitals, all of which were brought in on the slender assumption that each part had "a magic" of its own.

The result was a hotch-potch which could only have been redeemed if the starring comic had been liberal enough in the inventiveness of his material to keep it fresh and full of surprise each time he appeared. Unfortunately, Tommy Cooper had not that liberality of material.

HOW DO YOU VIEW?

THE inventiveness, fortnight by fortnight, of Terry-Thomas and his scriptwriters, Sid Colin and Talbot Rothwell, has kept *How Do You View?* in its pre-eminent place as the really "telegenic" light-entertainment show.

Their inventiveness, however, has a unique personality, and a unique

Ever since TV started up again after the war Café Continental *has been an attraction. Producer Henry Caldwell* (extreme right) *has brought international acts from entertainment spots all over Europe. Here, at a celebration of the* Café's *1952 birthday, are Hélène Cordet, Pierre Auguste and Florence Desmond.*

The team which made What's My Line? *famous as TV's first quiz programme. Novelist Marghanita Laski, Jerry Desmonde, Elizabeth Allan and Gilbert Harding.*

vein of material, on which to work. The Terry-Thomas personality is something entirely to itself. It is more than the dandy man-about-town who is always a silly ass. For Terry-Thomas is not a silly ass in the music-hall tradition at all. His funniness is a confidence trick between himself and the viewer; he is straight away on close enough terms with the viewer to make it apparent that the business of the half-hour is fun-making, to be enjoyed by all—Terry-Thomas included.

The vein of material he strikes is unique, for no other comic is so well fitted, by both his turn of mind and his turn-out, to strike the riches of gentle satire without becoming too clever-clever and without appealing only to the sophisticates who never laugh aloud but only sit and smirk.

The How Do You View? *girls are having a spot of off-stage fun with Terry-Thomas. Janet Brown* (centre), *Terry's in-a-tizzy secretary, has the support of Avril Angers, seen more often as that warm-hearted lady from the canteen. This show was the first successful comedy series in television.*

One of the teams which attempted to make Know Your Partner *a worthy successor to* What's My Line?: *Yvonne Arnaud, John Fitzgerald and Karen Greer.*

Blessed by these ingredients, Terry-Thomas, his writers and his producer, Bill Ward, have the sense to know that only the most disciplined concentration will cook up their kind of comedy food in the way which keeps it fresh. The amount of hard work, of burning the candle at both ends, and of ever stretching all the tricks of TV technique, which goes into each fortnight's *How Do you View?* is nobody's business. But so long as it remains "funny business" the team know they are "on the beam."

GEORGE MARTIN

A THIRTY-YEAR-OLD comedian, whose two years' stage experience included a long stay at London's Windmill Theatre, George Martin was introduced to viewers as a new comedy-show star. He was awarded a trial run of six productions after winning favour in two short acts in TV variety programmes. Martin's line is the exaggerated, casual manner of the comic cynic. His series appeared casual to the point of haphazard—too haphazard. Then, second thoughts at the BBC turned the show into a bill of variety acts with George Martin virtually the compère. This was less haphazard, if less flattering to George.

SONGS AND GAMES

DONALD PEERS and Betty Driver both lavished on their respective classes of fan their respective talents in TV series. The male idol hit the higher note in originality.

The viewers' insatiable appetite for parlour-game shows was piquantly satisfied by the delicious Miss Allan and the be-curried Mr. Harding in *What's My Line?*; and then left hungry by that programme's half-baked successor, *Know Your Partner*.

8 MOMENTS I WOULD RATHER HAVE MISSED !

By LESLIE MITCHELL, the TV Interviewer who has been in it since the start

THERE are, of course, many moments in every television interviewer's career when he or she wishes the studio floor would open, letting everyone through into a merciful oblivion: but I think I have had more of these than anyone else because I have been at the job longest. I was, in fact, the first TV announcer, as many people will already know.

I came to television from sound radio—where I had been announcer, producer and compère—after twelve years on the stage as a straight actor. In all these pursuits I had always had a script to learn or to read from, which made these jobs comparatively easy. Then came the early days of television, when I was faced, for the first time, with a continuous series of appearances in front of a camera, *with no script*; I had, in fact, to improvise for any and every occasion, and also to be prepared for any unrehearsed incidents.

For instance, in those pioneer days if anything went wrong behind the scenes it was taken for granted that I would immediately rush in front of the cameras and fill in until the breakdown was dealt with, and I remember on one occasion I had to talk, without any preparation and at a second's notice, for twenty-two and a half minutes non-stop! I believe this is an all-time record.

Many people who appear before the cameras today complain about the conditions in the studios—they don't like the lights or the heat, or they find their brief appearance a severe strain on their nerves. I have every

sympathy with them: the strain is simply colossal. But it was even worse when television first began.

In those very earliest days of all I had to go into a completely dark room and sit down on an office stool in front of a fluttering and very dazzling light, known as the Baird Spotlight. My first cue came from a man on my right who gave me a vicious jab to the kidneys. This meant "Smile." Another and equally vicious jab on my left side was my cue to start talking, and I firmly believe that my agonized expression now so familiar to viewers derived from this early treatment.

Before the days of "Interludes" it was often my lot to be left to fill in some awkward gap in a production, and I recall one such occasion when I got a message from the producer that the vision had gone off but I was to carry on in sound only—just go on talking. With a feeling of relief I relaxed in my chair, put my feet up, got out a file and did my nails, scratched my head and generally "let my back hair down," while I merely kept on talking. After about three minutes of this I got another message to say the first one was a mistake. It was the sound that had gone, and the vision was still on! I hesitate to think what viewers thought I was doing.

When the first outside shows were televised, before the war, there were often moments of acute embarrassment. I remember a Bank Holiday production in the grounds of Alexandra Palace when we were going to give viewers a taste of all the fun of the fair, with the merry-go-rounds and

The world's first TV announcer, Leslie Mitchell, being made-up in the Alexandra Palace make-up room in the early days of the BBC Television Service. The make-up expert was Miss Mary Allan; and putting in her own final touches is Elizabeth Cowell, one of the first two women TV announcers to be appointed. The make-up in those days was heavier than is necessary now.

After leaving the TV announcing staff Leslie Mitchell was for some time interviewer in items like this for the famous Picture Page *programme.*

side-shows, the costers and everything that makes a London Bank Holiday go with a swing.

I was in charge of the outside part of the business, my job being to talk to the people while the fun was in progress. To make sure it would all go according to plan I collected my own crowd, because the TV show was on the day before the actual opening, the fairground people being only too willing to put on a special show for us. So I marshalled my crowd, in gay holiday mood, round the various side-shows.

To make them look like different people I got them to change hats and coats at intervals, and so arranged matters that they should always be a little in advance of the cameras—that is, if they were all shouting round the coconut shy, I would talk a bit on my own while the crowd hastily changed caps for hats, or berets for bowlers, and moved on to the next camera scene.

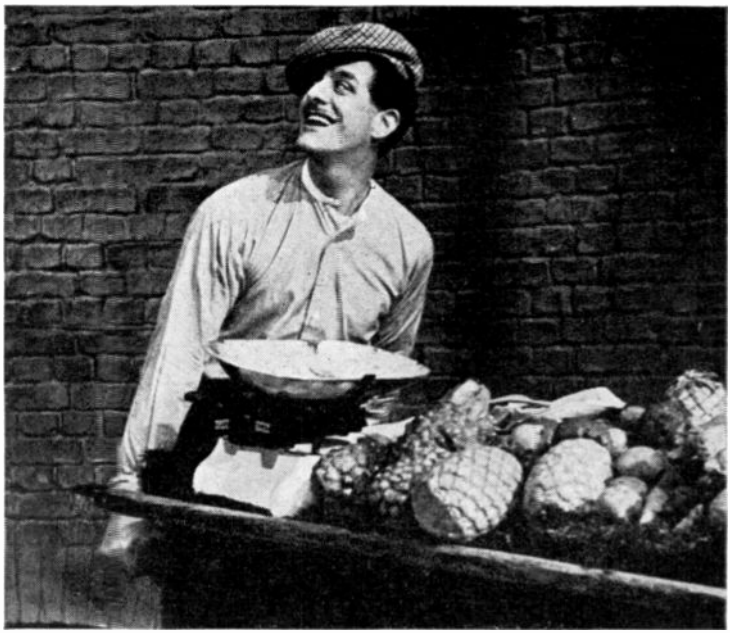
I was particularly proud of one angle shot I had on the swing-boats, as we had them going backwards and forwards right into the camera, with laughing, screaming customers in the "boats" being encouraged by a delighted crowd below. The next scene was to be at the rifle range, and I duly described this while my crowd clambered out of the swings and rushed away to their next "location." But an official at Alexandra Palace also

thought my shot of the swing-boats was a winner, because he suddenly told the cameraman to go back to the swings for another picture, only to find them empty and deserted, the jolly crowd having apparently dissolved into thin air. This is one of the moments I would rather have missed!

But there are plenty of others, such as when two policemen from a south-coast town, twin brothers, appeared on TV. They were not only always being mistaken for each other, but also were the first two constables to have radio sets concealed inside their helmets, so they were duly invited to appear in *Picture Page*, and I had to interview them. Having introduced them, I started to ask the usual questions, only to discover they were both struck dumb with camera-fright and would not speak at all. So I told the story of their lives myself, while one or the other nodded or said "Yes" in quavering accents from time to time.

This drying-up in front of the cameras is by no means unusual, and it is not confined to human beings either, for our animal visitors occasionally behave abnormally in the studios. I think my worst moment in this line was when Gandar-Dower brought a cheetah up to Alexandra Palace. He had visions of starting cheetah racing in this country as an alternative to greyhounds, and so he had brought back this beautiful and very tame creature from his travels in India, where he had seen a great many exciting cheetah races.

This particular animal, in between its trials on the track, was leading rather a social West End life—going to parties, walking down Bond Street on a lead, and getting its pictures into all the papers and magazines. Much



Whether the part be serious or less serious, Leslie Mitchell has always been ready to play it. Though the compère of the show, he joined in the fun, and imitated a barrow-boy, when a novel variety programme introduced to viewers street entertainers found in London's West End.

as I like animals, I had not previously had many opportunities of meeting cheetahs, so when it came into the studio I inquired before I took it in hand whether it was absolutely safe. "Just like a kitten," said its owner, at the same time slipping it off its lead.

It appeared to be most friendly and affable, so I caught hold of its collar and walked it round the studio to get it used to the lights and the cameras, and also the BBC personnel—a process which takes time. Finding that we both got on well together, I was feeling relaxed and the cheetah was apparently happy in my company, so when the moment came for us to face the cameras I sat on my haunches and, to show how friendly the creature was, I gently boxed its ears to encourage it to play with me. Without warning the cheetah's ears went back, its eyes blazed and, giving a loud and terrifying roar, it sprang straight at me, bowled me over and stood astride my body, breathing heavily up my nose. I lay quite still, silently counting up to a very considerable number, while its owner dashed across the studio and pulled it away.

As I recovered from the shock I said to Gandar-Dower: "I thought you said this beast was all right." His reply was: "Very stupid of me, old man, I never thought; of course, *it hasn't been mated yet !*" I felt there *must* have been an answer, but I couldn't think of it at the time.

Visitors from overseas have caused me some anxious moments, too. There was an Archdeacon from the Far East who had been a missionary for twenty-five years and had greatly distinguished himself by translating the Gospel into a most difficult local dialect. He had been honoured by the Emperor of Japan, then a rare honour for a European, and had even had a private audience with him. He brought with him a copy of his translation, and for a brief moment before we were due in front of the camera I glanced at the book, but had little time to discuss it with him. Later, when the show went on the air, and I questioned him about his work, he hotly denied all the facts mentioned. It was only then that I discovered he was almost stone deaf.

At the time of the Coronation of King George VI the Sultan of Morocco sent the Grand Vizier to represent him, and he graciously agreed to appear on television. As the programme started I was suddenly told I had to interview him. In something of a panic I asked: "Does he speak English ?" The producer was vague. "I don't know—I think so," he said, and hurriedly disappeared.

When the moment came I introduced the Grand Vizier, a magnificent bearded figure, tall and dignified, in his ceremonial robes, then I turned and addressed him in English. To my horror he replied in what I took to be Arabic. So then I spoke in what I thought was reasonable French, asking him whether he would care to say a few words to his unseen audience.

The General Election of 1951: TV programmes saw Leslie Mitchell interviewing the Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, M.C., who spoke for the Conservative Party.

Again he replied in Arabic. I hastily repeated my question in rather worse French, with the same result. In despair, I turned to the cameras and said: "His Excellency wishes to convey to viewers his deep appreciation of the kindness shown to him while over here in connexion with the Coronation," and firmly ended with "Good-night!"

When I met the producer afterwards he gave me a withering look and said: "Have you gone off your head?" I asked the reason for this onslaught. "Well," he said scathingly, "when the Grand Vizier spoke to you he said, in French: '*Voulez-vous me poser des questions, s'il vous plait?*' and you looked completely shattered and practically started reciting French verbs!"

I angrily explained that the Grand Vizier had not said anything of the kind, and went on to say that my French was pretty good, as I had been at school in France, but the producer insisted he was right. I was so angry that, to prove my point, when I saw His Excellency coming down the corridor I approached him and excused myself for having misunderstood his response in the studio, and I am bound to confess that he *did* then reply in absolutely flawless French!

Producers at times can be very heartless! There is one I have down on my list for revenge one of these days—for sheer cruelty! Before the war an enthusiast who wanted to see the South Bank rebuilt brought a 30-ft. scale model of his ideas for brightening up London, to be shown in *Picture Page*. Now, most interviews in this feature were timed for three to

five minutes each: so, with one eye on the clock, I asked questions about the model, and at the end of the allotted time I said: "Thank you very much—most interesting—I wish we had more time to discuss it in detail."

But my victim was determined not to be rushed. "Oh, but you haven't seen the most important part yet—you just come down here," and he firmly took charge of the interview from then on, with me praying every moment to be faded out. The producer was so delighted to see me caught out at my own game that he allowed the interview to run on for twenty minutes, which was a record for any *Picture Page* interview and added several grey hairs to my head.

I think perhaps one of my worst moments on television was when I took part in an early fire-fighting demonstration at which they were using one of the new 90-ft. turntable ladders. My job was to get on the ladder and go up with it, at the same time describing everything in detail and giving a running commentary of my impressions.

I was attached to the end of the ladder, and as it extended I found that the knees of my trousers had somehow got caught in the rungs. There was all the force of an 80-h.p. engine pushing the ladder up, and no sooner had I got started than I realized that my trousers and I were rapidly parting company. By making violent signals to the cameramen, and at the same time talking twice as fast into my microphone, I managed to keep the shots to head and shoulders only, and arrived at the top chilly, careworn and very unhappy! I think this is the only time a commentator has been debagged in front of the audience!

Of course, these shattering experiences are not confined to television alone. I had my moments in sound broadcasting, too. There was an evening in the early 'thirties when Leslie Henson forgot the date of a broadcast and I was pushed into the studio to sing two songs and improvise for fifteen minutes.

I left the BBC before the war, but often work as a freelance in sound, as I do in television. I was in Broadcasting House the night that the land mine fell in Portland Place. Realizing that I had left my car outside the front entrance of the BBC, I dashed out to try and salvage it, but it was well and truly ablaze and very, very hot. I looked up and saw the BBC was burning in the top two storeys, and the Langham Hotel opposite was also alight.

Two or three days later I chanced to meet one of the BBC "High-ups," who stopped me and said: "Ah, Mitchell, I understand it was *your car* that set the BBC on fire." I said: "I know. And I can't afford it!" after which we glared at each other and parted. I'm afraid I have never paid for the BBC, though I *did* have to pay for another car—another experience I would much rather have missed!

9 "TELEVISION PLAYS —*are the lazy man's theatre*"

This objection to TV, made by a theatre devotee, is here taken up by the Editor

THERE are still people who have no use for television, and my friend the Regular Theatregoer is one of them.

His first shot against TV is always: "Television? Bah!—it's the lazy man's theatre. Instead of going out to a play, he's only to sit at home and have plays brought to him. And because the BBC has to keep the thing going it is always putting on plays, and the man at home forgets the last one he saw before the next one is over. Even if I believed that TV was an asset, I'd still say it is doing far too many plays."

This criticism is, of course, far too sweeping. For one thing, there is not a play-producing theatre in every town and city in Britain. The TV audience contains hundreds of thousands of people who have no theatre to go to. Where there are theatres even the spread of the repertory movement has not ensured that the best plays of classic drama are to be seen, year by year. The Reps have to win commercial success and can do this only by concentrating on modern West End successes.

Also, however devoted a following a local Rep may have, the theatre-going public is still a minority. In all towns the majority of people go to the cinemas, and never to the theatre; either it has always been too expensive or it has always been regarded as a rather "upper-class," exclusive, and too "cultural" place for an evening's popular entertainment.

It is not TV's fault if these notions about the theatre are wrong. It is the fault of the theatres, and of the people who won't go to see what a live theatre performance is really like.

It is very pertinent, too, for the Regular Theatregoer to be reminded that the BBC has stated that less than a quarter of the TV audience earns over £650 a year; so that TV drama is going mainly to the income groups which have always been, largely, the non-theatregoing public.

Probably for every habitual, or even occasional, theatregoer whom TV turns into a "lazy" stay-at-home there are seven viewers who are not theatregoers at all. It is also every viewer's experience that either he himself, or some other viewer known to him, has in fact been stirred to visit a theatre for the first time in years solely because he has seen plays on TV.

West End star Margaret Johnston gave one of the outstanding TV performances of 1952 as Katharina the shrew, in Desmond Davis's production of The Taming of the Shrew. *She played opposite Stanley Baker, who was Petruchio.*

Told all this the Regular Theatregoer will not withdraw the whole of his complaint against TV drama. He says: "You have put up a plausible argument, but I repeat that TV is putting on too many plays. Familiarity breeds contempt. What on earth is the good of taking the drama to a mass of people to whom it is fresh—according to your argument—and then ruining their appreciation of it by giving them so much that they don't know which is a good play and which is not? It's turning them into automatic screen-watchers."

Here I have some sympathy with his argument. But it is the complaint of a man who is a devout drama enthusiast and not an average viewer. The mass of viewers are not drama enthusiasts in the dedicated manner of the Regular Theatregoer. They like to read, to be told, or to watch a good story unfolded; and when they see one on the TV screen they take it as an incidental bit of pleasure which has happened to come their way. They may talk about it next day—though I think this is doubtful—but the TV play has not become a significant event in their dramatic appreciation. They are not "collectors" of drama, as are devotees like the Regular Theatregoer. They only seek entertainment, in its broadest and fullest sense, and it can come to them from a magazine, a cinema, the radio or the TV screen. When it is over it is over, for them; and they turn to something else.

Now this is not the place to sit in moral or sociological judgment over TV viewers who, being more or less as I have just described, can be criticized for taking life far too passively. TV may influence folk too much in that direction—but it is not only TV drama which may be doing so. The point is that broadly it is these people, and not drama devotees, for whom TV drama has to be produced. Among them there may well be—in fact, there most certainly are—people who begin to show a livelier and more inquiring interest in drama than the majority; and in this respect TV is doing good by the drama devotees in that it may be increasing their number.

But my sympathy with the Regular Theatregoer's complaint that there are too many plays on TV is won for a different reason. I would say the trouble is that there are not enough of the right kind of plays on TV—and, incidentally, when this is remedied I think the sociological criticism of "passive viewing" will be largely invalidated in that what is viewed will more often be worth the viewing.

So long as the BBC thinks it must put out two plays every week I fear there will continue to be a great deal of dramatic material on the screen which is unsuitable for TV and for TV viewing. This mammoth output of a hundred plays a year forces the BBC to make stage plays the majority of its televised plays.

"From the shadowed screen of the fireside corner a much more intimate contact can be made with the viewer audience, which is watching as so many separate individuals, and not as members of of a crowd . . . Consequently, the characters in a TV play can expose themselves more frankly, more subtly and more intimately than can those in a stage play." *In* Love and Mr. Lewisham, *Emrys Jones and Sheila Shand Gibbs gave moving performances.*

Many stage plays, especially those which have been West End successes, are not suited to the requirements either of TV production or of TV viewing. Taking the viewing end first, theatre plays are too long for the proper convenience of the fireside circle, which should be able to fit in a spot of TV alongside its evening domestic programme. It is my belief that the more people get used to TV the more will they resent giving up an hour and a half, or more, to one "screen story," which is what TV drama is.

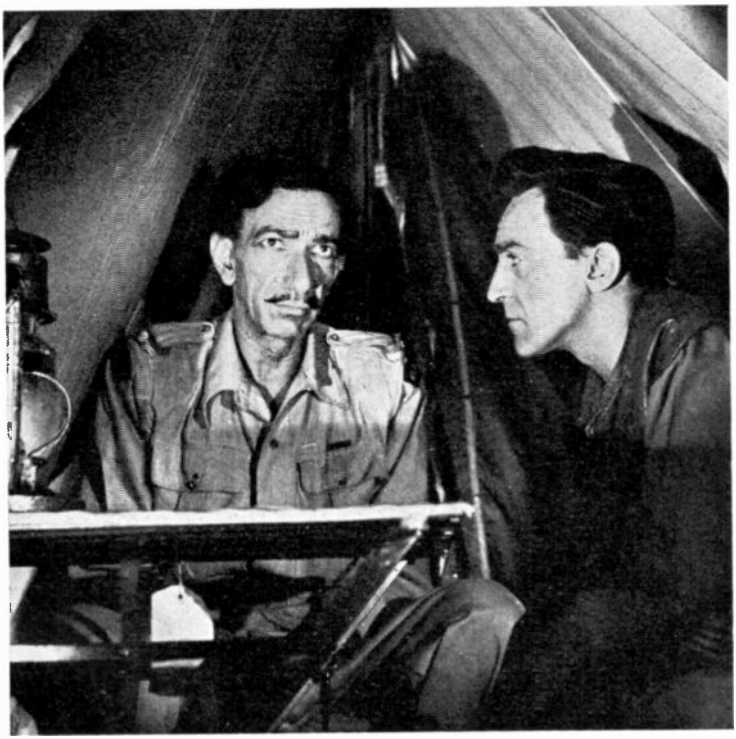
The ideal viewing time for a play is probably an hour, and many have been satisfying which have lasted for a shorter time. In the past year the BBC has made some attempt to find shorter plays, but the programme planners still find it easier to allocate large portions of transmission time to long plays. In my view, in future years we shall regard theatre-length plays on TV as an oddity of TV's primitive beginnings.

But, more important, the three-act stage play, however skilfully adapted for TV, is not making the best use of the medium. It has been written for the conventional requirements of the stage and of the crowded theatre audience. The TV studio is not a theatre stage and the parlour at home is

not a theatre auditorium. The true TV play takes these conditions into account and exploits them in its own ways, and these are ways quite different from the methods used by stage dramatists and producers.

From the shadowed screen in the fireside corner a much more intimate contact can be made with the viewer audience, which is watching as so many separate individuals, and not as members of a crowd out for a night's enjoyment in a packed theatre. Consequently, the characters in a TV play can expose themselves more frankly, more subtly and more intimately than can those in a stage play. A man can speak his thoughts for a whole minute or longer on the TV screen and remain wholly acceptable, where the same thing in a theatre would be risky in the extreme. Viewing a TV play is more akin to reading a novel, the story of which is "seen" within the privacy of one's own mind.

Television producers have all the technical equipment with which to exploit this deeper quality of TV drama—varying camera lenses and angles, special scenic effects, film insets, all the tricks of sound recording, and so on. But to do so they must have stories specially written to fit their technique. I suggest it is because they are not getting sufficient stories that there may appear to be "too many" plays in TV—because so many of them are undistinguished in this special medium. If there were more truly TV plays there would be more significant and really memorable productions.



Patrick Troughton (right) *is a sound-radio actor who has attracted notice in TV plays as well. Remember his part in the serial of* Kidnapped? *Here he plays, with Abraham Sofaer, a moving scene in* Lines of Communication, *a story of the last war in Burma. Luckily for TV, "there is more good theatrical talent in this country than either the theatre or the films can use."*

A play rarely staged, Shaw's Back to Methuselah *was produced in five parts in 1952. Among a distinguished cast were Ursula Howells and Maurice Colbourne.*

This argument, I must confess, usually puts my Regular Theatregoer friend out of his depth. "Oh, well, of course, if you are going to talk about TV technique," he says, "you can count me out. I think it's just so much blather invented by the people in TV to make them appear clever and important! And whether you have stage plays on TV, or these specially written TV masterpieces for which you pray, I still think the viewer is only going to get a cheap imitation of what is best in our drama, simply because you won't get the best actors and actresses of the day performing in them. The BBC has got to run TV on the cheap, compared with the figures paid and earned in the West End theatre. So it cannot afford to engage the best players in the land. They will always be bought up by the stage, which can afford them. D'you mean to tell me that for some newfangled art-form of a TV play, at BBC cut-prices, you are going to get Laurence Olivier to the BBC studio? Or Emlyn Williams, Edith Evans, John Gielgud, Michael Redgrave, Roger Livesey, Ronald Squire, Wendy Hiller, and the rest?"

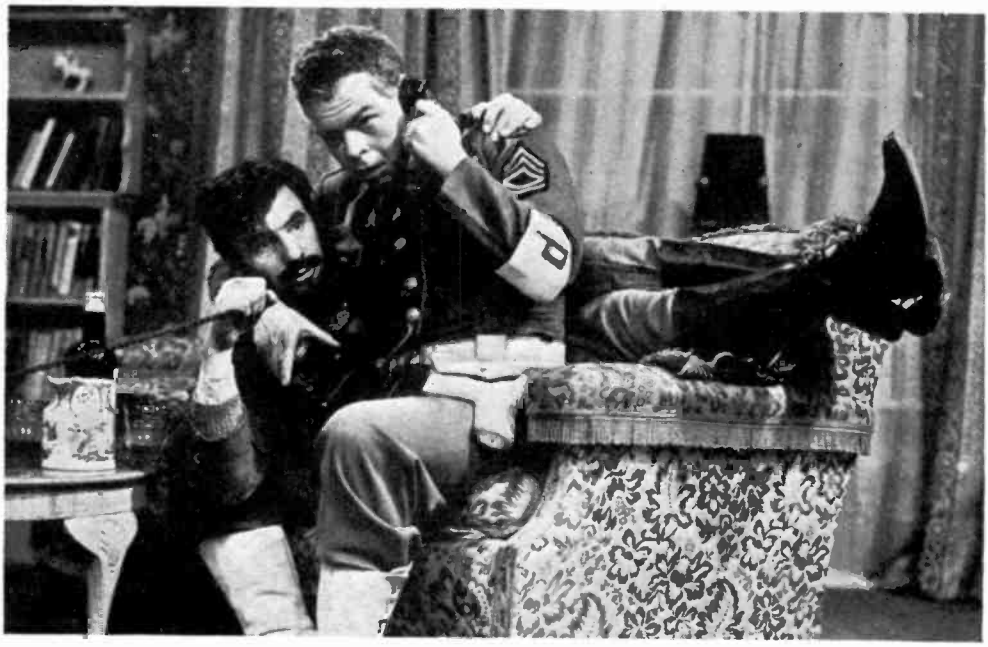
But this, again, I tell him, is the argument of a drama connoisseur! Few devoted theatregoers in the provinces ever have a chance to see these stars, but they still go to the Reps and the local theatres, and still enjoy and follow the drama.

Claire Bloom (left), *after visiting Hollywood to play opposite Charles Chaplin, entered TV drama in* Martine. Right: *Denholm Elliott and Maxine Audley.*

Furthermore, though some of the stars he names have on occasion appeared on TV, he should know very well that there is more good theatrical talent in this country than either the theatre or the films can use. The profession is tragically overcrowded. I would say that the one good thing about the BBC's output of a hundred TV plays a year is that it offers, week after week, opportunities for actors and actresses to work; and the result has been, already, that stage and films have been able to add to the national resources of good acting talent by using players discovered in TV.

More than this, though every major theatrical star could probably adjust himself to it, TV acting is like neither stage nor film acting, and the talent it draws on has a glorious chance to make a success in a new branch of the acting art. A star from the West End stage who has done this brilliantly is Margaret Johnston; but in the main the special requirements of TV acting have called forth a galaxy of talent which would probably never have been heard of, had all the stage stars flocked into the studios!

In this way the British drama as a whole has had added to it a new richness of talent by the work in the TV studios of such players as Jane Barrett, Helen Shingler, Andrew Osborn, Walter Fitzgerald, Patrick Barr, Barbara Murray, John Robinson, Elizabeth Sellars, Raymond Huntley,



Here are James Donald (left) *and Peter Dyneley giving vivid life to the comedy of Eric Linklater's witty play,* Love in Albania.

Frances Rowe, Edward Chapman, Jean Cadell, Arthur Wontner, Herbert Lomas and many more.

To this the Regular Theatregoer never makes any reply. Can it be, I wonder, that he is getting just a little jealous?

With so much to be produced the year's plays could not avoid taking an erratic course. But to test the Regular Theatregoer's assertion that viewers do not remember TV plays, can you name the plays in which the following players gave quality performances *during the first half of* 1952?—Claire Bloom, Eliot Makeham, Patrick Barr, Elizabeth Sellars, Geoffrey Sumner, Margaret Lockwood, Frank Pettingell, Emrys Jones with Sheila Shand Gibbs, Marjorie Mars, Patrick Troughton, Margaret Johnston, Walter Fitzgerald, Victor Rietti. *You may check your answers by the list given below.*

Key to Drama Quiz: Claire Bloom in *Martine* (see page 59); Eliot Makeham in *Haul for the Shore;* Patrick Barr in *The Three Hostages;* Elizabeth Sellars in *Dial M for Murder;* Geoffrey Sumner in *Home and Beauty;* Margaret Lockwood in *Ann Veronica* (page 17); Frank Pettingell in *Ebb Tide;* Emrys Jones and Sheila Shand Gibbs in *Love and Mr. Lewisham* (page 56); Marjorie Mars in *Mourning Becomes Electra;* Patrick Troughton in *Lines of Communication* (page 57); Margaret Johnston in *The Taming of the Shrew* (page 54); Walter Fitzgerald in *Portrait by Rembrandt;* Victor Rietti in both *To Live in Peace* and *The Wanderers.*

10 A SCORE OF STARS

Elizabeth Allan

ELIZABETH ALLAN is her own lucky star—twice over. Rare indeed is the star who sees her name drop from the bright lights, but lives to see it up there again. Stardom twice in a lifetime is something a good playwright might well make capital of, but in real life it is difficult to believe in.

It was when Clark Gable was an idol of the cinema-going fans that a young actress left her family home—a doctor's home in Skegness—to seek rewards on stage and films. Reward came with breath-taking speed, for soon she was in Hollywood, filming opposite Clark Gable—and Ronald Colman and Robert Montgomery too.

In fact—thinks Miss Allan today—this was altogether too quick. "In those pre-war days Hollywood pushed young girls too speedily into stardom," she says.

Certainly the Elizabeth Allan name faded from the lights. There was another reason, too, in an unfortunate law case over a film contract; the case lasted two years, and while it was hanging fire the film producers were wary of employing her. There was also the war, and as the years went by the private life of Elizabeth Allan prospered and fully replaced the public life. She had married a theatrical agent and become fully engaged in housekeeping.

Then, all unheralded, a million TV screens caught up on fickle fame and gave it second thoughts about Elizabeth Allan. She took the viewing public's heart overnight in the *What's My Line?* quiz programme, and within half-a-dozen Monday nights TV had remade the public life of Elizabeth Allan. She became the talk of viewers everywhere, and theatre managements and film producers, overhearing, sent her plays and scripts.

How had this come to pass? It happened because Leslie Jackson of the BBC was given the new *What's My Line?* to produce, and because he went home one night and confided to his wife that he was looking for a suitable woman for the programme's panel. Mrs. Jackson, one-time stage manager, had worked on tour with Elizabeth Allan. "Put Liz in it," she told her husband.

But it was not as easy as that. For TV programme chiefs had the notion that *What's My Line?* should have a panel of the higher-domed intellectuals, and Leslie Jackson had to fight to get Miss Allan accepted. Once he had got his way, the viewers quickly showed that Mrs. Jackson had had the right idea and the BBC big-wigs the wrong one.

Many viewers would vote Elizabeth Allan the brightest discovery of British television since the war. This experienced actress earned her star position by being her charming self in the What's My Line? *quiz programme.*

Today Elizabeth Allan is a TV asset whom producers will never willingly allow away from the cameras for long. But she says the theatre remains her first love. Perhaps with memories of a stardom which came too early, however, she has been very wary of accepting theatre offers. "It must be the right part in the right play," she says.

It is the same with films, and she said "No" to a number before accepting the first picture of her second stardom, a film in which she played the young-hearted mother of teen-age daughters. Television chiefs, eager to exploit her acting talent as soon as possible, planned a Saturday-night dramatic serial for her—*Silk*, *Satin*, *Cotton*, *Rags*—and it was a grave disappointment to her that she could not accept it.

About TV Elizabeth Allan has strong feelings. "TV has suggested plays to me, but I don't think viewers want photographed stage plays. TV must have its own plays, and they must be shorter than at present," says she. "Give me a play to that plan, and, if the part is right, I'll do it."

She has a warm heart for young people, and thinks TV is not doing all it could give for teen-age viewers, or doing enough for beginners in show-business who want to get into TV.

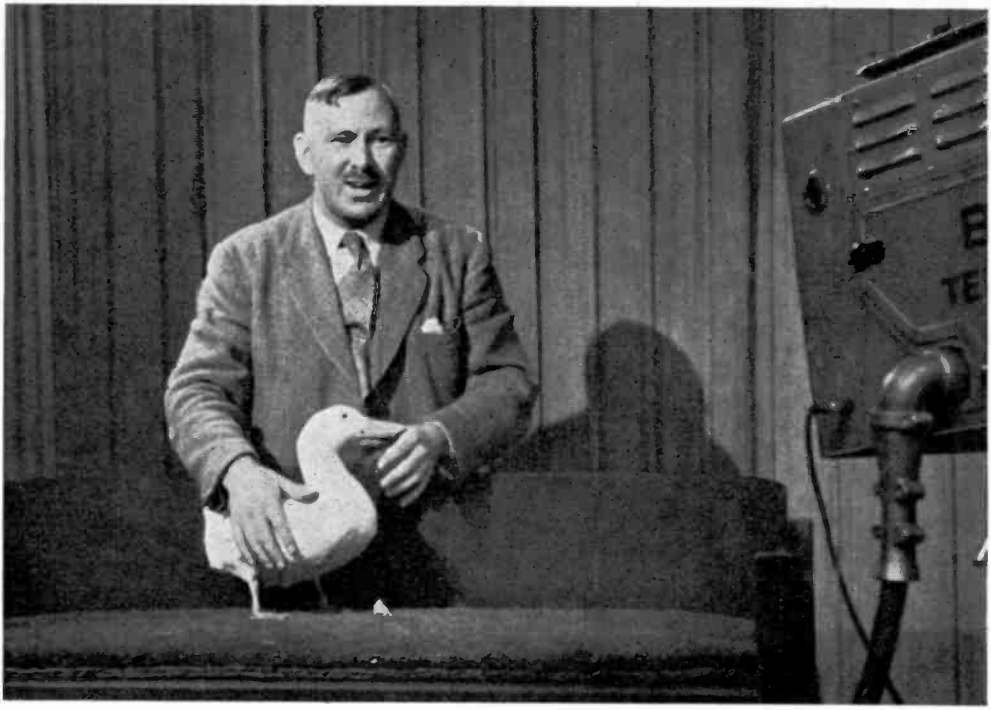
"I would like *What's My Line?* to be played by teen-agers, for teen-agers. It would teach young viewers to use their brains, entertainingly. I had a letter from a schoolgirl who said *What's My Line?* was the favourite game of the moment at school. She wanted me to give her some tips on how to shine in it!"

The woman who tasted such early fame thinks the BBC should apprentice eager young men and women in the TV studios. "Let them sweep up, act as call-boys, go through the mill. It's the only way to get enthusiasm into TV."

Any young actress asking Elizabeth Allan how to gain stardom receives a bounty of motherly wisdom. She has no children of her own. She also knows what the scramble for early fame took from her. She knows her second fame is well-nigh a miracle—the chance in a million on which no young actress must ever, ever bank.

George Cansdale

ANIMALS are always popular on television. But it must be confessed that most viewers prefer the pretty, furry kind which are amenable to sentimental petting. When it comes to screening a series of Zoo programmes, embracing the full gamut of wild life, without hesitating at vicious snakes, scorpions and the like, it takes more than the creatures themselves to win enthusiasm for the programmes. It takes George Cansdale.



He is every animal's friend—and the welcome friend of viewers as well. The amiable George Cansdale has made zoology programmes a top favourite.

He has caused zoology on TV to win a programme-appreciation rating sometimes higher than the programmes by the favourite comics. His series, *Looking at Animals*, has won a permanent place and, "rests" apart, is likely to go on as long as he remains Superintendent of the London Zoo, from which he takes his animal cavalcade to the studios.

His popularity in TV came unsought. No feverish study of personality, of profiles or patter, for him. He went in, and did the job as himself.

The TV producers called him a "natural." In point of fact he proves once again that those prying TV cameras like the sincere, natural man the best. They see through nothing quicker than a pose.

Ask George Cansdale for his own TV secret and he has to say: "I cannot say what I think it is without at least sounding immodest; but, if you want the truth, it is, I think, that viewers can see that the animals are in careful hands. That pleases them. It also pleases me—because I like to think that all the hands caring for animals at the Zoo have the same understanding touch. In fact, if my programmes represent the spirit of the human-animal relationship at the Zoo, that for me is a better result than any personal popularity."

Indeed, how true this is. How many times have you heard Granny, in her corner seat, say at the end of *Looking at Animals:* "I'm so glad the animals at the Zoo are looked after by that kind man!"

Behind the Cansdale touch is a background of life spent close to animals. His natural-history enthusiasms, as a boy, led him to a job as a Forest Officer on the Gold Coast. His work entailed long treks in the forests, with a team of natives. On these trips he looked out for all kinds of wild life to send home to the Zoo. Each trek ended with his parking a minor Zoo round his house, sometimes 200-head strong. This went on for fourteen years.

Now he lives on the spot, hard by the Zoo, and has no need to keep at home more than a pet owl and jackdaw. He has two sons, six and seven years old. Boys and girls occupy a good deal of his evening spare time, for with the energy and enthusiasm viewers know so well he goes off lecturing to youth clubs.

He is churchwarden at All Souls', Langham Place, the graceful church opposite Broadcasting House, where his unaffected and realistic religious belief gains strength from the large congregations for which this church is now noted. He has taken a TV Sunday-night Epilogue.

Prior to taking his animals to the studio he goes round the Zoo, mixing with them, handling them, and making himself known to them. He does a lot of this with animals recently arrived. "They must get to know how I look, feel and smell," he says. But as for the confidence which all can see he has in handling animals, of this he says simply: "It's instinctive."

Joan Gilbert

SUCCESSIVE vintages of viewers have different memories of Joan Gilbert. She has been a TV name since the start of TV—and all along she has been argued over by divided camps of the viewing public. No TV personality has remained so regularly provocative of disagreement among the viewers.

The pioneer viewers, who took their first TV programmes solely in the London area from Alexandra Palace, before the Hitler war, remember Joan as "the *Picture Page* girl." *Picture Page* was started as TV's *In Town Tonight* in 1936. At first Joan Gilbert, who had been secretary to radio's *In Town Tonight* producer, worked for *Picture Page* behind the scenes, finding the interesting personalities it presented.

Then she was given the job of editing this programme, and when it first went on the air under her management she had failed to make up her mind who should introduce it, and so at the last minute went in and did the job herself. From that moment she became a screen personality.

As the number of viewers has grown from thousands to millions, Joan Gilbert's personality has remained a provocative talking point. The girl who started in broadcasting as secretary to an In Town Tonight *producer first won her fans—and her critics—with* Picture Page. *This became* Week-end Magazine. *But the effervescent, unpredictable Joan always remained unpredictably effervescent.*

After the closure of TV for the war Joan brought *Picture Page* back again, much in its old form. Now the second "wave" of viewers, the rapidly growing post-war audience of Alexandra Palace and Sutton Coldfield, gained acquaintance with her.

For one reason or another *Picture Page* began to look as though it was having a chequered career. Its standard became erratic; viewers liked it, viewers could see nothing in it; viewers adored Joan Gilbert, viewers were irritated by Joan Gilbert. Somewhere among the reasons for the programme's ups and downs was a silent struggle Joan was carrying on against bouts of ill health.

Towards the end of 1951, TV chiefs, far from satisfied with *Picture Page*, gave it to a new producer with the command to streamline it. A polished and snappier version appeared, but viewers found it too far off the warm and familiar—if haphazard—beam of Joan's own *Picture Page*.

Suddenly the TV chiefs wiped out the programme completely. Or so they said. What happened was that *Week-end Magazine* replaced it—and the old *Picture Page* viewers felt that the old-type *Picture Page* had almost come back, masquerading under a new name.

So *Week-end Magazine* is but the latest phase of Miss Gilbert's TV life, and the only one known to the latest "wave" of viewers, those who take their TV from Kirk o' Shotts and Wenvoe.

Behind each programme Joan Gilbert spends a hectic week, finding, with her producer, the personalities she is to introduce. Energetic but inconsequential, impulsive but never despairing, she frequently leaves right to the last moment her final decisions as to who is to be in the programme and who is not.

On the screen, charmingly belying her twenty years in the employ of the BBC, she is amusing, worried, chirpy, erratic and still unpredictable. And still the viewing families argue about her.

Unmarried, Joan Gilbert lives in a flat near Baker Street, where, despite her intention never to do so, she carries on her weekly battle with telephones and callers—the ceaseless business of finding the right people for what is possibly the most unique, and certainly the most battle-scarred, programme in British television.

Boyer and Ravel

REMARKABLY little is ever written about dancing acts. Film stars, ballerinas and comics get their lives written up year in year out, but those couples who glide on to the cabaret floors with their speciality dance routines appear to come and go, silently, unknown, un-talked-about, the ghosts of show-business.

A cynic might say the reason is that few of them last long—either together professionally, or, should they be domestic partners as well, together in real life. Certain it is that popular opinion—rightly or wrongly—associates dancing acts with the more garish and fickle strata of the entertainment business!

Television's *Eric Barker Half-hour*, however, brought to a wider public the dance creations of a couple who have stayed the course—and at the top—and whose private life is wrapped up in a very happy marriage of some years' standing.

Ronnie Boyer and Jeanne Ravel soon showed in TV not only their perfectionist technique, but something frank, warm and attractive in themselves. As is so often the case, the TV camera glimpsed the personalities behind the act.

Married, with a teen-age schoolgirl daughter, Boyer and Ravel have maintained their happy domestic life against the brittle professional background of West End night-clubs, Riviera casinos, South American cabarets, and private performances on the moonlit yachts of millionaires!

Their profession whirls them from one country to another, from this capital to that resort, but despite this—and probably because of it—they live a quiet and simple home life in a Thames-side flat near London.

They make sure that the limelight and publicity which their work brings to them does not touch the life of their schoolgirl daughter. In the day-to-day training and physical discipline their work asks of them they know full well that an untroubled and happy private life is the best assurance of staying-power.

"We believe in hard work," says Ronnie Boyer, "and in enjoying its rewards together." Both have known what is meant by hard work, study and practising until a standard of perfection is reached. Jeanne, from a scholarly family—her father a headmaster, a brother one too—herself trained for the ballet. Ronnie learned to act the hard way on the stage, as a dancer, and in addition undertook the disciplines of an athlete. In the war he served on an M.T.B. He is a skilled motor mechanic.

Such a grace and artistry covers their work that the physical stamina which has to be put into it is rarely thought about. In some of their dance routines a spinning whirl may spin Jeanne round at 25 miles an hour, so that she suffer's a second's blackout. In perfecting a new movement, in which Ronnie supported Jeanne only on the palm of his hand, his wrist muscles were pulled every time they tried to practise it. It took six months of practice to develop the muscles sufficiently.

They frequently have cine-films taken of their practices, so that they can study routines, movement by movement, in slow motion, and ever seek to improve them. They study music, classical and popular, for new dancing ideas. With all this they bring originality to their line of business in TV—the secret of a freshness which has won them admiration and affection.

Felicity Gray

BALLET was a bane to many a viewer. In the earlier years of the Television Service tempers were roused: "Why do they give us so much of this ballet?" They were giving it not more than once a month, even so; yet it fell lower and lower in programme-appreciation ratings as the viewing audience grew.

Viewers still do not rate it a favourite viewing fare. But the BBC has evidence to show that more and more viewers now see more and more in ballet, and an occasional special production—such as *Les Sylphides*—can become one of the popular programmes of a week's TV. There is no doubt that Felicity Gray can take to herself a great deal of the credit for this upgrading.

A graceful interlude in the open air between the strenuous practices which are the secret of Ronald Boyer's and Jeanne Ravel's artistry. In the Eric Barker show this husband-and-wife dance team became a viewing attraction.

Felicity Gray, the girl who made ballet public. Making a film in England in 1952, Hollywood actress Gene Tierney had to play scenes as a ballerina. She sent for Felicity Gray to teach her the correct way to go about the job. Where ballet was concerned Gene was a beginner; so were many TV viewers, three years ago, when Felicity Gray first put on the screen her informative Ballet for Beginners *series.*

She it was who was asked to prepare a series of six *Ballet for Beginners* programmes. They explained what ballet is, and why it is what it is. They scored; a repeat series was asked for; a TV Ballet Group was formed to present it. Miss Gray's ballet programmes are now an established feature of British TV, and are unique in world TV.

Felicity Gray was the first choreographer to devise a ballet specially for TV. But she was never a slow starter; she was devising ballets for herself, and giving public performances of them, within three years of starting her own ballet training. And, contrary to the popular notion that for ballet the beginner must be very juvenile, her training did not start until she was fourteen.

At that age her desire to go in for ballet so convinced her family that they took her away from school and moved the family home from Oxford to London so that she could train under Phyllis Bedells. This zealous girl's name then was Felicity Andreae.

As a soloist, as a principal dancer, and as a choreographer, she was seen in London, Paris, Copenhagen and New York with the best companies and in the most reputable ballet theatres. As a specialist dancer and choreo-

grapher she has worked for pantomimes and seaside summer shows, a great deal of this in Scotland. She played a season with the "Fol-de-Rols," taking speaking parts in sketches in addition to dancing.

When she met actor Willoughby Gray, and they married, she decided it would be a good thing for an actor's wife to act as well, so she trained with the Old Vic in Liverpool, and then went round the country with him, acting. She has been the Archangel in *Everyman* and Regan in *King Lear*.

The Grays live in the Medway valley in Kent, where their pride is a home which was a fortified manor-house in the fifteenth century. There is a ghost, whose "footsteps" they hear with perfect ease and regard as a normal accompaniment to life there. There has also been another spectre, if the confident word of Felicity's husband is to be believed.

Willoughby Gray saw this transparent gentleman, one night, sitting in the firelight, opposite the painting of a family ancestor. Needless to say, when Willoughby looked closer the squatter *was* the gentleman in the portrait.

From this gracious home environment Felicity Gray travels to Town, lured by the inner prompting that ballet can be for all—or almost all.

Mac, Sylvia and Mary

IN RECENT years the BBC has made a great business of an effort to find some new television announcers. New faces have kept popping up on the screen to tackle, for a short spell, the duties of McDonald Hobley, Sylvia Peters and Mary Malcolm. Their owners are known as "relief announcers," the BBC's notion being to have a small reserve of "deputies" who can stand in whenever Mac or Sylvia or Mary is away.

The BBC, however, is not blind to the fact that it will need to add to the TV announcing staff sooner or later. Nor does it ignore the awful possibility of Mac or Sylvia or Mary some day deciding to move on to other, and possibly more lucrative, employment. So, hidden behind the long search for "relief announcers," is a secret quest for a face and personality fit to win a permanent place on the TV announcing staff. (By the time this Annual reaches your hands, a choice may well have been made.)

The proportions of this search are, to say the least, remarkable. Over four hundred handsome men and beautiful girls have been given camera tests behind closed studio doors. Many hundreds more have had their qualifications examined and been interviewed. Among actors and actresses and photographic models TV announcing appears to have become a plum to seize, not because it is golden, but because it makes you the friend of many millions of "patrons"—always supposing they like you.

Mary Malcolm. A gracious presence, a dignity and a face of classic English beauty—in having these qualities Mary Malcolm pleases both the viewing public and her employer, the BBC. The BBC is being very cautious about the choice of possible new television announcers.

Sylvia Peters (right). *A winsome way with a dimpled smile, and a sweet voice, make Sylvia a certain winner in many a viewing home. She is married to a TV producer.*

McDonald Hobley. Charming, debonair, cheery, and yet quiet, Mac has held sway as Britain's only regular man announcer in TV for five and a half years. His versatility is an asset, for he can become light-hearted compère or informative film commentator according to the producers' needs.

Against this veritable onslaught on their long-inviolate pedestals, Mac and Sylvia and Mary have gone on, blithely doing their job with a cheeriness which has never betrayed the competition mounting against them. And it seems clear that against this assault viewers also have maintained their high devotion to—Mac and Sylvia and Mary.

No "relief announcer" diluted the affection felt by viewers for the three regulars. Time will tell . . . 1953 may see some revolution in the TV announcer placings among viewers' screen favourites. But thousands will deny that anything of the kind could ever happen!

McDonald Hobley and Sylvia Peters came to TV by way of the stage. The son of a naval chaplain—the family once lived in Chile—Mac went to school at Brighton College and became a fervent follower of the repertory company at the Theatre Royal. This company he eventually joined—finding in it a young actor named Ronald Waldman.

The Hitler war interrupted Mac's career in repertory and theatrical tours. A varied war service landed him on the staff of Radio SEAC. After the war a fellow officer, who was on the BBC television staff, let Mac know that they were seeking an announcer. Mac's application for the job had to compete with a hundred others; and after several camera tests he landed the position. Away from the studio Mac is a sportsman with a taste for quiet and leisurely country cricket and darts. In a charity cricket match in the summer of 1952 he captained a BBC team including Tommy Cooper, Ronnie Waldman and Norman Wisdom—with Gilbert Harding as umpire!

It was towards singing and dancing that *petite* Sylvia Peters was directing her ambitions when her mother saw a BBC advertisement for women TV announcers. Just before this, Sylvia had played soubrette parts in the famous wartime musicals at the Coliseum, *The Night and the Laughter* and *The Night and the Music*. She had shown talent early, and at seventeen had been in the ballet of a West End musical. With a wary eye on the insecurities of theatrical life, she had also taken her teacher's examination in dancing, thinking that with this she could always earn an income if stage work failed.

However, Mother's persuasion made Sylvia answer that BBC advertisement. Like Mac, she faced stiff competition from scores of other candidates for the job. In Sylvia's case it was her recital of the "Three Bears" nursery tale during a camera test that probably won her the job! For it gave her the chance to exploit that sweet winsomeness which by now has almost become a national asset!

For some time Mac and Sylvia carried all the announcing duties at Alexandra Palace—for Lime Grove was then undiscovered. Then TV Controller Cecil McGivern said there must be a third announcer and, after a dress show had been televised one night, he travelled in a BBC car from

the studio with an attractive woman whose face and personality he felt might exactly fit the bill. This was Mary Malcolm, who had acted as a model in the dress show.

In point of fact, she had become an experienced announcer during the war—though in sound radio. She too took an announcer's test, and early in 1948 she joined the staff.

Who knows how much of her beauty and gracefulness comes from her grandmother—Lily Langtry? She, an actress whose beauty was fabulous, was the toast of the town in Queen Victoria's time. Mary, however, after a smart beginning in life in London Society, had ideas about becoming an architect. Early marriage was chosen instead, to Sir Basil Bartlett, writer and actor. With three growing daughters, they live alternately between a fashionable West End apartment and a country house under the Downs near Chichester, in West Sussex.

Marjorie Mars

A SLIP of a girl, her red hair in long ringlets down a black dress, stood giving an audition to a London theatrical manager. She had chosen to recite a powerful piece of poetry. At the end the theatrical sage said to her mother: "Yes, she has something. But don't send her to one of those dramatic schools. She will only have to unlearn everything they teach her. If she wants to get on, on the stage, let her go through the mill, start with walking-on parts, in the chorus, anywhere. . . ."

So young Marjorie Mars went into choruses, did walking-on parts. Her mother, for years associated backstage with the original Gilbert and Sullivan productions, had the realism to know that the manager was talking sense. She also knew, for she had told the manager so, that Marjorie would have to earn her own living. "And as she never comes out of a shop with the right change, it might as well be done on the stage, and not in an office among figures. . . !"

In 1952 Miss Mars gave one of the outstanding TV performances of the year in the powerful part of Lavinia Mannon, the grown daughter spun round by a net of tragedy in Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra.* The next morning a viewer, on his way to the office, popped into a telephone box, looked up the Marjorie Mars number, and voiced his appreciation of the performance he had watched the night before. Other viewers were moved to write to her.

Says Miss Mars: "Although the theatre remains my first love, it is this very personal contact which one makes with the viewing audience that I find so satisfying." She admits, as well, that the difficulties and

Marjorie Mars made TV news when she played the powerfully tragic role of Lavinia Mannon in Mourning Becomes Electra, *a play which had such a good TV reception that it made the film industry take the picture of Eugene O'Neill's saga off the shelf, to which it had previously been relegated as "bad box-office." Marjorie thinks that TV studio atmosphere helps an actress's art.*

uncertainties of TV production, at present, increase the excitement and nervous tension she brings to a part, "perhaps for its good." This is well said, for those TV difficulties often ask for a Spartan forbearance from sensitive players.

Continuing lack of studio space confines ten out of twelve days of rehearsal to bare rehearsal rooms, where chalk marks on the floor indicate where scenic sets, furniture and cameras will be sited when the cast eventually reach the studio. Once in the studio, technical problems too often necessitate changes in the plan at the last moment.

Marjorie Mars played in TV in the pioneer days before the Hitler war. For a year and a half after the war her part in the Drury Lane success, *Carousel*, kept her away from the TV studios. Among a number of stage plays, West End theatregoers remember her portrayal of the hysterical girl in *The Silver Cord.*

"Strong meat" parts, played with her infinite pains, usually cause her to have a day in bed after the TV performance. A country-lover, crazy about gardening, and liking riding and golf, she accuses TV of keeping her in London, in an upper flat off Portland Place, from the windows of which

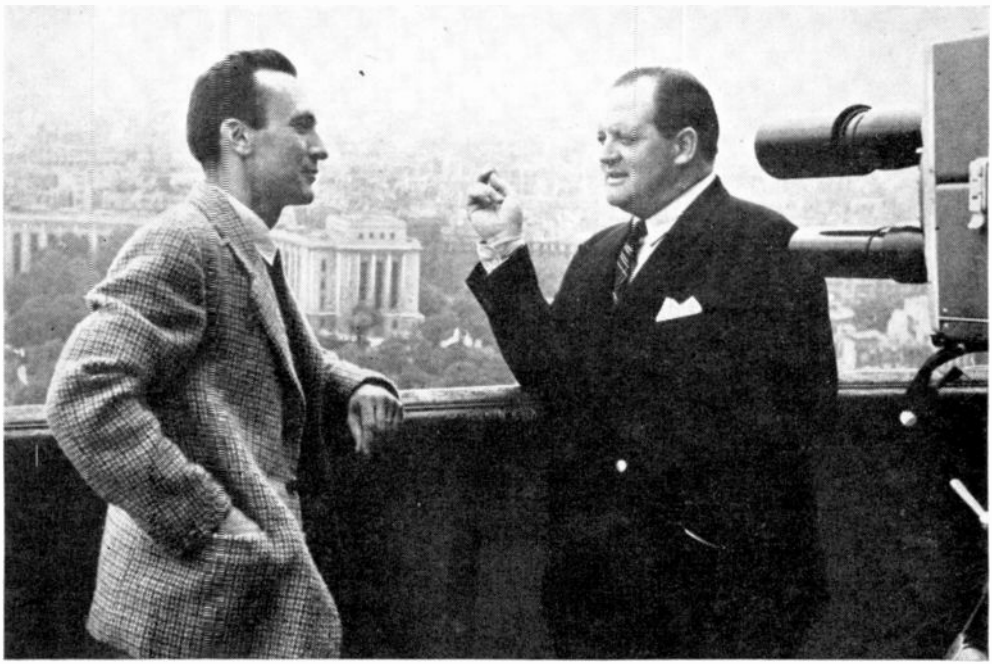
she can see the back end of Broadcasting House and the more inspiring spire of All Souls' Church in Langham Place.

In point of fact she is town-tied mostly because her husband, Graeme Muir, is a TV producer. He is on the light-entertainment TV staff, to which he brings the unusual qualification of several years of first-class experience in straight drama. Marjorie and Graeme met when acting in the same play; but they did not make a practice of playing together. She voices the quite technical reason that "it is difficult to act with your own husband, because you know each other too well."

Richard Dimbleby

IN 1953 there is little doubt that Richard Dimbleby will work with the Coronation on the tip of his tongue. The task of commentating, in vision and in sound, on the great spectacles of the Royal Year will be one beyond the compass of any single broadcasting voice. But we can be sure that the Dimbleby voice will be selected for the climaxes of the pageantry. For, to the BBC chiefs who arrange these matters, Dimbleby is the Primate of a team of commentators in which the others most famed are but bishops.

More than one shakily produced programme in the 1952 relays of French television was saved by the presence of mind of Richard Dimbleby. With him, on the Eiffel Tower, is Etienne Lalou, French TV commentator.



There will be a battle royal, appropriately enough, between the TV and sound-radio departments to secure him for their different hordes of customers—those who listen and those who can also sit and watch. It remains to be seen whether his 1953 assignment will leave him still claiming that he finds commentating for sound radio the more satisfying.

Maybe this is not a strange claim for a broadcaster who made his fame, before all others, by putting spectacle into words for the great unseeing audience. In TV the picture becomes a competitor with traditional Dimbleby commentary. And, as he has admitted, he becomes an annotator.

Annotator Dimbleby never lived far from notebooks. The son of the proprietor of a flourishing weekly newspaper business, he was predestined for some aspect of the job of reporting news. In the end radio helped him, more speedily than newspaper work, to ascend the peak whereon dwell the Olympic voices of British broadcasting.

In point of fact, he was serving on the editorial staff of a totally unglamorous technical journal when he wrote and told the BBC it was high time they had their own reporters to go out and speak-back the news from where it was happening. To young Richard, then, News Bulletins were the end. His new idea, welcomed by the BBC, became his beginning. For he was asked to show what he could do.

The rest is known. Down Dimbleby's way, in Surrey, family life passes peacefully uncommentated upon. Dilys, his wife, and the children—three growing boys and a girl—help him to run a farm. When he is there.

Carole Carr

EVERY viewer likes a girl as pretty as a picture, and among the pretty pictures which TV brings into the parlour Carole Carr's is a safe bet for soothing away the cares of the day. This busy young woman has not the time for TV that viewers would like her to have, but in the *Hit Parade* series she imprinted on TV the star value she has long maintained in sound radio.

She is busy because few good-lookers in the popular singing business can bring to the job so much all-round experience as she can. For one thing she has been at it since she was fourteen. Before she was eighteen she had stepped up on to the vocalist's rostrums with the bands of Carroll Gibbons, Geraldo and Jack Payne. Singing in the best West End places, at famous Sunday concerts, on the halls, to the Forces overseas during the war, and on the radio—the lot had come to this fair-haired, blue-eyed beauty before she married in 1949.

Ever since she has been doubly busy, because she has a nice old-

fashioned idea that marriage means housework, and whatever your job, and however glittering the lights which spell out your name, housework a wife should do.

It was typical of the Carole Carr two-way domestic-cum-show-business career that when the BBC telephoned her to say that she had been chosen as "Forces' Sweetheart" she was painting her kitchen, wearing dirty slacks and a paint-splashed smock.

Her husband, Peter Leuw, was a squadron-leader and prisoner-of-war for four years. To him falls one of the duties binding upon all good husbands of attractive TV songstresses. This is defeating the telephone freshness of impetuous male fans. With such hopeful telephoning courtiers Mr. Leuw has an unfailing reply, when they ask for "Miss Carole Carr, please." "Certainly," he replies, "I'll bring my wife."

And to think that somewhere in Carole's bookshelves are some wordy volumes on bone structure and anatomy—it was always her intention to become a nurse!

Gilbert Harding

WHATEVER he achieves in the end, Gilbert Harding will have a unique place in the history of British broadcasting.

He is the only personality who stays on the air despite the chronic nervous jitters he gives the cautious and solemn high-ups of the BBC. The public never tires of the resulting excitement.

You can call him the Bad, Bold Boy of radio, and of TV, if you like. But Harding the man shows no such easily defined label. He is hated, tolerated, loved. He has as many sides as his fine vocabulary has shades of expression. He can be happily top-o'-the-world or sorrowfully dejected.

At forty-six a kaleidoscopic life of half a dozen unfinished careers can be judged to have left him permanently unsettled, permanently seeking an Eldorado, and permanently angry and compassionate by turn over the stupidities and mistakes of men and women.

Only the most delicate and far-seeing analysis could do justice to a description of Gilbert Harding. Perhaps the most elusive component in his personality is the one crystallizing the influence of his family background.

He once paid a visit to a village church to regard with pride the record of his great-great-grandfather's marriage. In the register the bridegroom had made his mark—X—for he could not write. He was a bird-scarer.

Gilbert Harding's father and mother were master and mistress of a workhouse, and in those surroundings Gilbert was reared, losing his father at a young age. Mr. Harding senior was but twenty-eight when he died.

Carole Carr, radio's "Forces' Sweetheart," became a viewing pin-up as well with her Hit Parade *appearances and solo performances in 1952. Singing since she was fourteen, Carole had starred with the leading bands before she was twenty.*

Either as an amiable, witty guest, or as a bristling firebrand, Gilbert Harding adds amusement and excitement to the quiz show What's My Line? *At 46, a bachelor, he has made a dashing entry into a variety of careers. He first reached the microphone as a commentator. Then the radio programmes* Round Britain Quiz *and* Twenty Questions *made him famous. Nowadays he's only to be outspoken to be headline news.*

Tutored and disciplined by his mother, young Harding showed early intellectual prowess and won a Cambridge scholarship from the Royal Orphanage School at Wolverhampton. When he left Cambridge, Trenchard had formed the Police College at Hendon, and undergraduates were considering a career in the police force to be a promising one.

So Gilbert Harding joined the Bradford Constabulary as a policeman on the beat. Between that initial job and his impact on the BBC he saw the 'thirties through as a theological student, preparatory schoolmaster, private tutor, teacher in Cyprus, and law student.

He was about to be called to the Bar when the 1939 war deflected him into the BBC, as an assistant in the monitoring staff, responsible for listening to and collating enemy broadcasts. Later he joined Wynford Vaughan Thomas and Stewart Macpherson in doing outside broadcast features for overseas programmes, chiefly to the U.S.A. and Canada.

When the BBC sent a new representative to Canada Harding was chosen to go as his assistant. There he led to the full the life of an important official. But when peace came and Broadcasting House could offer him nothing but a job vetting broadcasts from Japan, he left the BBC staff.

He was then a freelance, dependent for his income on engagement by producers for talks programmes. The affection in which he was remembered by some on the BBC staff stood him in good stead, and soon he was "chairing" the *Brains Trust* and *Round Britain Quiz*, followed by *We Beg to Differ* and *Twenty Questions*. He entered TV by playing at being himself in Michael Howard's comedy series, *Here's Howard*, in 1951. *What's My Line?* put him on the vision map.

He has played a dramatic part in Ealing Studios' film *The Gentle Gunman;* he has toured the music halls; and he has become a Sunday newspaper columnist. What he *will* become is anybody's guess.

Eric Robinson

ONE of the gadgets now commonplace in TV studios is the conductor's rostrum fitted with TV screen. On this screen a conductor can follow a show as the cameras see it, while conducting the music for it. But only three years ago such a piece of studio furniture might well have qualified for *Inventors' Club*. Eric Robinson was at that time conducting music for TV

The orchestral conductor in TV often stays outside the picture. But Music For You *has brought TV's maestro more into view as a personality and Eric Robinson is now held in affectionate regard by viewers everywhere. For six years Eric has conducted orchestras for every type of TV programme, and has supplied the special orchestras and musical arrangements often required by producers.*

under primitive conditions in which at times he could not see the action his music was accompanying! Often enough the orchestra was placed in a different studio from the action, and Eric was guided only by hearing the action, and the producer's instructions, on headphones.

It was while bringing TV music through these trials that Eric Robinson became the first conductor in the world to direct musically up to a hundred TV shows a year. It was working in those conditions, in close association with technicians and cameramen, that made him the most professional conductor in the new profession of TV musical direction.

In our more recent TV times Eric has ambled amiably into camera view and become a personality likeable in the home. This he has achieved by introducing his own *Music For You* programmes. One of these was chosen for the opening of the Wenvoe TV station. As a man who takes TV seriously, understands its audience and is versatile with the baton from tap-dance accompaniment to grand opera, he is a man no TV organization in its right mind would dare let go.

Eric reached London from the north. His father was a church organist in Leeds. His brother, Stanford, forged ahead as a conductor in sound radio. Eric played in theatre and cinema pits; and played violin in the original TV Orchestra before the war. He became a conductor in a wartime garrison theatre. His army band became the famous Blue Rockets Dance Orchestra. Today, with George Melachrino, he runs a West End organization for providing music and orchestras for many branches of the stage, film and radio business.

Terry-Thomas

THE best lines spoken about Terry-Thomas—outside the *How Do You View?* series—were said once by his producer, Bill Ward, who surely should know. . . .

"The real secret of Terry-Thomas is that he first approached the medium as a viewer, and as a viewer decided on the things that he liked and disliked, and also took notice of the likes and dislikes of other viewers. Getting to the other side of the screen was, therefore, for him like getting through the looking-glass was for Alice. Once there, it seemed the most natural place in the world to be."

This is nicely said, but its implication is a stark one. It means that Terry-Thomas did a lot of thinking about TV, and then a lot more hard work to achieve in TV what his thinking had led him to believe about TV.

That this all boils down to the simple result that "he's funny" is certainly an anti-climax. But life often is, especially near the top of any

Well—I suppose these are as good as the usual carnation—maybe better? Anyway, Moulting never could get the order for the florist's right. (It's Terry-Thomas—as if you didn't know. You did? Good show!)

tree. And, anyway, aren't anti-climaxes funny? *D'you think so, d'you really?—good show!*

The Terry-Thomas public, say the wiseacres—who pretend they always know—is a shade limited by reason of what they call his sophistication. *His* public, however, only want to know where he came from—we hasten to add that their curiosity is entirely an affectionate one.

Here, then, are the facts. He worked in an office. He did amateur theatricals much better. So he became a film extra. He joined an adagio dance act and, because it was too much for him, married the girl (with whom today, sixteen years after, he lives in happy concord).

He entertained the troops in the war. He reached the West End with Sid Field in *Piccadilly Hayride* and via the most sophisticated cabarets. He had a Royal Command Performance. And then TV commanded him to re-think the whole business of being funny.

He's still thinking about it. It is that which wears on Moulting so!

Herbert Lomas

A SLIGHT play, shorter than the usual television length, with the title *Noah Gives Thanks*, came to the TV screens in the first weeks of 1952. It was repeated at the request of viewers at a time when the programme planners were finding it difficult to select appropriate programmes—during the lying-in-state of King George VI. On both occasions *Noah Gives Thanks* caused what is known in the theatre as a furore. The BBC was bombarded with letters of enthusiastic appreciation and gratitude for this simple yet moving piece of drama; but the greater part of the bombardment fell on Herbert Lomas.

"I have never known such a fan-mail," he says. As he has more than forty years of acting experience behind him, this assertion means a great deal. "They tell me," he says incredulously, "that if you played on the Drury Lane stage for a year and a half, to the full capacity of the theatre, you would still not have played to as many people as you reach through one television performance."

Nevertheless, at sixty-six Herbert Lomas is not hopping mad to be in TV frequently. In the wisdom of his age and his long professional experience, it seems to him that a two-week TV rehearsal is packing things rather tight, after the three to four weeks' rehearsals customary on the stage.

He likes to know a part, and everything about it, and to go on doing it, sustaining it throughout a "run." On TV it's all done with after two shows —sometimes only one.

For these reasons he took a lot of arguing into TV at all. As it was, for some time he made the condition that he would only do plays he had played on the stage—in which he already knew a great deal of the part.

Thus, at first, viewers noticed this mellow actor's characteristic work in such stage successes as *Summer Day's Dream* and *The Holly and the Ivy*, when these came into TV. It was TV producer the late Fred O'Donovan who persuaded Herbert Lomas to learn an entirely new part for TV. The play was *Noah Gives Thanks*. On the strength of that success, Herbert Lomas was starred in *The Nantucket Legend*, a prize-winning television play from America.

Herbert Lomas first acted in the West End in a walking-on part in a play starring Ellen Terry, at Her Majesty's Theatre. He had come to London from Burnley, Lancashire, to break into acting by way of "the Academy."

"My father could ill afford it," he says, "but as I was not shaping to do anything else, to the stage I came." Towards the stage, the young Herbert had always felt himself shaping—"Many's the whipping I've had for going to the Blood Tub in Burnley in those days." "Blood Tub" was the term then given to a theatre where the crudest melodramas were performed.

It was in the touching little play Noah Gives Thanks *that Herbert Lomas* (centre) *won a great following of viewers. With him in this scene from the play are Mary Jerrold and Beckett Bould. Lomas has been acting for more than forty years.*

Annette Mills has a visitor in Muffin's corner in the children's TV studio—her brother, John Mills. Muffin the Mule, worked by Ann Hogarth, was the first TV character to become a national figure with the children.

With the famous Horniman Repertory Company, in Manchester, Herbert Lomas created the father's role in *Hindle Wakes*—a part he played successfully later in London, on tour, and in America. When he created it he was twenty-four, and it had to be a wig and make-up part. "Now I can go on just as I am!" he says.

Harold Brighouse, having seen Lomas in his one-acter, *Lonesome Like*, straight-away wrote *Hobson's Choice* for him; the part—Willy Mossop.

"In those days I had no ambition to be anything of consequence. I just wanted to be in the theatre," says this veteran, for whom John Drinkwater sent when he wanted the right man as his famous *Abraham Lincoln.* Drinkwater's other play, so different, *The Bird in Hand*, saw Lomas a star, too. So did Galsworthy's *The Skin Game.*

Today, bowls are his peaceful recreation. And the man who grew such wonderful fruits and flowers for the chapel, in *Noah Gives Thanks*, does not like gardening one little bit!

Annette Mills

TODAY, sixteen years after the beginning of TV programmes, it is necessary to tell the children that there was no Muffin and no television when Annette Mills was herself a little girl. Her papa was head of a sailors' training school; her mama had shown considerable verve for those days by becoming one of the first women typists.

Annette liked dressing up to amuse her young brother, Johnny. Later he often dressed up to amuse her—as she sat in a cinema seat watching John Mills.

Her teen-age loves were playing the piano and dancing, and it was as a dancer that she first reached the stage. Life then began to play hard for Annette. Dancing, she fell, and broke a leg. The dancer's career was smashed.

She turned to her piano, and started writing popular songs, and in the 'thirties became one of Tin Pan Alley's most marketable song writers.

War came, and returning from entertaining the troops, at an Essex base, she was involved in a car smash during a bad air-raid. The injuries were serious. She was in hospital for three years.

It was on crutches that she walked into a BBC studio to give a sound-radio talk. When the producer of that talk later transferred to TV, Annette was asked to "pop along one day" and "do something" at the piano for the children.

While doing it, she thought it might be a good idea to have animals on the piano top. So she went to see the collection of puppets kept by Ann

Hogarth. There she found Muffin, resting after touring the country in a puppet circus.

Today Muffin is a commercial investment, as well as every child's real pet mule. There are Muffin books, films, records, songs, models, soap—and what have you.

It is Ann Hogarth who still pulls the strings for Muffin and his TV pals. It was she who, in 1952, took Muffin to Australia, and while he was away TV had to make do with films of him, which he had kindly left in Annette's charge.

Eric Barker

ERIC BARKER has no ambition to be a long-run TV comedian. He thinks that any brand of funny business quickly wears thin on the viewer's screen, and if the funny man stays there too long TV may be his death and not his living.

In his wisdom he insisted on *The Eric Barker Half-hour* being kept to six shows only in the last months of 1952. And to do this meant his sacrificing a sound-radio offer to run his *Just Fancy* series through the autumn.

But down in their Kent cottage—bought for £400 when between them they had but £150!—the Barkers, Eric and Pearl Hackney, keep busy. For the secret of the Barker success is in his conscientious writing of his scripts. In the summer he is often up at 6.30 a.m. and at work in a garden hut converted into a study.

Writing, after all, was Eric's first career. In the palmy days of lush and numerous fiction magazines he was one of Fleet Street's leading short-story authors. At the same time four novels slipped from his pen.

His stage career began with his working mainly as an impressionist, and it was when he was doing this, at London's Windmill Theatre, that he met Pearl, who was looking after the dancers.

Pearl's clever characterizations in the Barker TV show have caused TV drama producers to offer her parts in plays. But she, too, holds the view of not overdoing TV appearances. Besides which she has a nine-year-old daughter to look after.

Both Barkers like country life. Eric is a churchwarden: and village activities and improving and maintaining their cottage are their sole away-from-work joys.

The Barker type of comedy may not be the belly-laughing stuff which, we are told, the bulk of the people want from TV. But, without losing his head in clouds of satirical wit, Eric has possibly made the best success yet

Eric Barker's favourite homework is working the model theatre for daughter Petronella. Mrs. (Pearl Hackney) Barker is handy to help—as she always is in the Eric Barker Half-hour *TV series of fun, wit and caricature.*

of a form of TV comedy which owes more to thought and human caricature than to gags and slapstick. It is his view, anyway, that the majority viewing audience is not as lowbrow as some would have us think—an opinion which makes him welcome inside the still idealistic BBC.

Max Robertson

So FAR as the BBC can find out, 90 per cent of men viewers like sport on television and so do 55 per cent of the women viewers. The rating for women is higher than many might expect, and almost certainly in recent years more and more women have become intrigued by sport on the home screen. How much of this allure is in the commentators, who so often in TV are seen as well as heard?

It would be unwise to attempt an answer to this query; but no stretch of imagination is required to know that Max Robertson is a TV commentator with a presence and appearance of considerable appeal, as well as a first-class ability for the job.

Max Robertson, one of TV's sporting commentators, shares a joke with a young visitor to a London park. Though a sports specialist, Max has shown his descriptive gifts on ceremonial events and other outside broadcasts.

Television has always been glad to borrow him from sound radio, where his official job on the BBC staff is supposed to be, and were it not that his superiors in sound radio are wary of TV's claims on their best men we should see considerably more of Max Robertson. He has made his impression as a sports commentator, particularly with tennis and athletics; as one of the swiftest-speaking BBC commentators he is reckoned the best man for covering sprints.

The first sports commentary he ever gave was in Australia, but how he got there had nothing whatever to do with broadcasting. Sent to Cambridge, Max Robertson found out early on that university life was not satisfying him. His reaction to this was both drastic and enterprising. He joined a gold-seeking expedition in New Guinea.

However, the gold sought barely met the costs incurred, and Max found himself on the way back from New Guinea. At Australia he hopped off the boat, went along to a radio studio, and offered them a talk about his adventure. For this he was paid one and a half guineas, but it led to an introduction to a radio official who was able to see Max appointed an announcer in the Australian Broadcasting Company.

Announcing in that set-up was most informal, and it was here that the young Robertson developed that ease of manner and homely touch which so favour his TV work. At twenty-two he became a "Schools Broadcasting Officer" in Australia, a job which nevertheless still entailed doing commentaries and saw him regularly working on cricket and rugger outside broadcasts.

An Australian radio official then left for leave in London, saying he would mention Max to the BBC. To make quite sure, "Enterprise Robertson" had armed this official with a double-sided gramophone record. On one side it held a sports commentary by Max Robertson; on the other side were a series of radio announcements in varying styles, by Max Robertson.

The BBC official in London, who was tickled enough by this record to play it over, eventually wrote to Max saying, more or less, "I promise nothing, but if you come to England, call in and see me." Max thought no sensible BBC official would have written thus unless he had been impressed with the record. So Max Robertson dropped everything, went to London, and did call in at the BBC.

The upshot was a job for him on the overseas programmes side of the BBC. Bit by bit, he fought his way into the all but sacred and closed rank of radio commentators, an effort rewarded with his assignment to Wimbledon in 1946, since when he has been recognized as the BBC's "tennis bloke." The Olympics of 1948 assured him his place as a foremost expert on athletics.

It was with a film of the 1948 Olympics that he entered TV—commentating on it for the children. The 1952 Olympics saw him holding an important job with the staff of commentators of the BBC Overseas Service at Helsinki, a task which gave him little chance to work at the microphone for home listeners.

His job now is partly in the organizational backroom where outside broadcasts are planned, and partly at the microphone or with the TV camera. He regards it realistically as a job which has got to be worked at hard if it is to be kept, and harder still if it is to get him to the forefront of radio and TV personalities.

But he loves commentary, and thinks it requires a literary mind. A poet himself, he certainly can select and use words, as will be remembered by viewers recalling his brilliant handling of the proclamation of the Queen's accession at Temple Bar.

He proposed to his wife at a Lawn Tennis Association ball, married her between broadcasts and TV dates, entailing rushed flying trips between London and Amsterdam, and they now have a two-year-old daughter.

John Robinson

A LITTLE man crossing a London street bumped into John Robinson, tapped him on the arm, and said brightly: "Hullo, Doctor—how's things today? Everything all right?"

"I beg your pardon—but haven't you . . . ?" began the surprised Mr. Robinson.

"No, no, come off it, Doc!" the man persisted. "You remember me. You treated my fibrositis at the hospital—you remember. But then, of course, you see dozens, don't you?"

"I'm afraid I don't remember," said Robinson firmly, "but, tell me, do you watch TV on Saturday nights?"

For a long minute the little man stared at the familiar face of "Dr. Mark Fenton." "Blimey!" he said. "Wrong doctor!"—and swiftly made off in his confusion.

The incident speaks highly of the well-nigh hypnotic effect which John Robinson's characterization of "Dr. Mark Fenton" had on viewers of the highly successful Saturday-night serial, *The Broken Horseshoe*. For there is little doubt that this was the first dramatic serial in British TV history to make a fictional character every bit as real as "Paul Temple" and "Mrs. Dale" had been for radio listeners.

John Robinson was, of course, no newcomer to TV, but it was his luck that he was chosen for the first TV serial lead which had in it the magic that

Remember The Broken Horseshoe*? As Dr. Mark Fenton in that Saturday-night serial, John Robinson won a great many hearts as a TV hero.*

can make a lasting impression. He began his TV acting with a play paradoxically called *Ending It* in 1939, and in point of fact had played a dozen widely contrasting parts in TV plays before *The Broken Horseshoe* popped up to become his luckiest thirteenth.

Ten years before his TV début he had entered the famous Liverpool Rep as a beginner. Of a dozen West End productions in which he played the highlights were *Black Limelight*, *The First Gentleman*, *The Gleam*, *Edward, My Son*, and the Lyceum production of *Hamlet* which went to Elsinore.

He travelled round the world to get to Australia and back, all in order to play with Elisabeth Bergner in *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* in Australia. During a lull in that Australian tour he spent what he describes as some of his happiest weeks living on a coral island, big-game fishing, swimming and sunning the bright day long.

At his home at Sunbury-on-Thames he has two growing daughters, Jane (15) and Phillipa (12). Jane has a passion to go on the stage, and Daddy does not think he will be able to prevent her.

As the strong, silent type, whose sensitive emotions it is not done to reveal too often, if at all, John Robinson has perhaps come the nearest to giving TV its matinée idol—so far as women viewers are concerned. Few

Cécile Chevreau, a girl for whom viewers have learned to watch—whether the part she plays be piquantly dramatic, as in Silk, Satin, Cotton, Rags, *or tensely realistic, as in* Dangerous Drugs. *She has an actor husband and a nine-year-old daughter.*

actors in any TV year receive an average of fifty glowingly appreciative letters for six weeks on end. This was the reward which John Robinson reaped for transfusing into the character of "Dr. Mark Fenton" so much lifelike blood.

"After signing all the autographs, and answering the letters, I had about as much writer's cramp as a National Health Service doctor must get writing out prescriptions!" he said.

Cécile Chevreau

By all the rules of the game, one of the best star-making vehicles in television should be the Saturday-night serial plays. Few actors and actresses get the chance to play the lead in six peak-hour viewing sessions at weekly intervals. It would be surprising indeed if Cécile Chevreau did not become many people's favourite Saturday star during the run of *Silk*, *Satin*, *Cotton*, *Rags*, the serial in which she played a woman journalist among four probable husbands.

Before this, however, Cécile had been pushing to the fore in TV. Few viewers perhaps remember her first screen appearance as one of Mary Queen of Scots' four ladies-in-waiting in an unusual TV piece, *The Four Marys*. Many more have a distinct and lasting impression of the girl drug addict in Robert Barr's documentary, *Dangerous Drugs*: for it was in that realistic forty-five minutes that Cécile Chevreau hit the critics' acclaiming headlines.

To play this part Cécile was carefully drilled in the symptoms and effects of drug-taking by two doctors. To gain realism she even had a plaster fitted to her leg, and then sawn off, in the casualty ward at Charing Cross Hospital.

Although she likes working in TV, the theatre remains her first love. Before the war she was in repertory and little-theatre shows, did radio broadcasting, and appeared in documentary films in France. After the war the West End's Garrick Theatre saw her in *Always Afternoon*, and the Little Boltons Theatre in *A Call on the Window*.

Her husband, Jacques Brunius, writes, acts and directs. With her nine-year-old daughter Christina she lives in a Hampstead flat, above the flat of her mother, Jeanne Chevreau, harpist in the BBC Symphony Orchestra.

One of a number of hard-working actresses who have been on the verge of big lights in the West End for a few years, Cécile Chevreau has TV taking serious notice of her. Such young women must learn how to live contentedly with potential stardom round the corner. For Cécile Chevreau TV should be bringing the corner considerably nearer.

11 SCHOOL FOR PRODUCERS

Preparing for TV as a Career

IN THESE days the massive television studios at Lime Grove appear as the home of TV, and Alexandra Palace features little in our minds. But there are still two studios in that archaic pile of architecture on the hill above the Wood Green suburb. And they are the studios with all the history.

In them the BBC Television Service began—and operated exclusively for seven years. One of these studios is still used for programmes of the talks-feature type. It seems appropriate that, in the place where TV began,

Royston Morley, TV Instructor in the BBC Staff Training School. One of the pioneer TV producers, he was in the Television Service before the war. He has produced many TV drama highlights, including Shakespeare; and such plays as Terence Rattigan's The Final Test, *Eugene O'Neill's* Mourning Becomes Electra, *and the intriguing political story, starring Eric Portman and Helen Shingler,* The Whip. *This last he wrote himself. He is also a novelist.*

the other studio should now be the "nursery" where the TV producers of tomorrow begin their training.

For Studio B at the Palace is occupied from time to time by the "classes" from the BBC's Staff Training School which are making a special study of TV. Royston Morley, a pioneer TV producer—remember his *Mourning Becomes Electra*?—is the TV Instructor on the Training School Staff. Three times a year he guides a company of "students" through courses, giving them a grounding in all aspects of TV from cathode-ray tubes to make-up.

This training scheme is basically for BBC staff. The bright young boy or girl leaving school who wants to go into TV as a career cannot go in this way. Very occasionally a university graduate who has shown talent in repertory theatricals may be admitted to the courses; but in the main this training exists for BBC staff, men and women with prior knowledge of sound radio—and even, perhaps, of some administrative department in TV itself.

Each year a small quota of "students" is taken in from broadcasting organizations overseas. The courses are much in demand with the many countries abroad now starting TV, and London is becoming, through this Training School, the centre of the world for instruction in operating television.

To the old studio at Alexandra Palace go Royston Morley's trainees as soon as they are capable of trying their hands at a spot of practical production work. There, with actors, they produce plays and features for themselves on a closed circuit, watching their efforts on monitor screens, so that when necessary they can stop in the middle of a scene and do it again.

But, before they have reached this stage, in a lecture room opposite Madame Tussaud's in London they have heard leading members of the TV staff lecture on the increasingly complicated work which goes on in the backrooms of the Television Service.

High-up TV engineers explain the technicalities. Drama producers, variety producers, feature producers, all give them talks on production. Administrators tell them how a television service has to be organized if it is to remain on the air as well as remain solvent.

Perhaps the highlights of the TV training course are those few occasions when the "students" are able to go out with a mobile camera squad and tackle the job of producing an outside broadcast.

These men and women students, not by any means all young, end their training with no very definite promise of a job in the BBC Television Service. They return to the work they were doing, in sound radio or elsewhere. Their chance to practise what they have learned about TV will

One of the old Alexandra Palace studios is transformed into a practical "classroom" for people wanting to learn the tricks of TV production. Here is a writers' class, organized under the TV training scheme, able to watch a performance in real life and on a number of monitor TV screens at one and the same time.

come only when vacancies occur on the TV staff and the selection board considers their abilities—if they have applied for the job.

The outsider looking on may feel critical of this procedure. He may ask, in the first place, why, after such thorough training, risk people going back to old jobs outside TV, and so allow all that the training has taught them to grow rusty in the mind? He may ask, in the second place, why limit the entry to the TV Training School so exclusively—for how is a young man or young woman, determined on a career in TV, ever to get a start?

The official BBC comment on these grouses would no doubt be lengthy, and full of the mysteries of administrative and financial policy. The short answer to the first question is that a broadcasting corporation with a staff of twelve thousand must offer some opportunities of advancement to its

legions of workers. And as TV is the golden gate to advancement in broadcasting work for most people in the BBC, a preparatory course in TV, if run by the Corporation, must give first place to the staff already on the strength.

The second question is perhaps the more important; for, apart from technical electronic work in the radio manufacturing firms, there is no place to which the school-leaver or undergraduate can go to get a start in TV. The answer would not appear to be with the BBC Training School at all, at any rate in the first place. The place for raw beginners is surely in the studios, as is the case in the more rough-and-tumble set-up of the film industry.

Mundane jobs, requiring no expert experience, need to be done in TV studios, whether it be sweeping up or working as call-boys and "fetchers and carriers" of studio props. Young people, however highly educated, keen enough to begin on the bottom rung of the ladder, would quickly get an insight into the technique employed in various types of production; and, after two or three years, would probably in some cases make more suitable "students" for the TV Training Course than some of the present type of inflow.

But the BBC custom is for these mundane jobs to be taken by men, often in middle years, whose lifetime occupation is portering and the like.

Should sponsored TV ever come to Britain, no doubt the more competitive spirit, which must necessarily affect it, will open the commercial studios to raw beginners. But at Lime Grove and Alexandra Palace there will always be but small hope for the bright beginners knocking at the doors—unless they are willing to enter sound radio and work in it for several years before going on to TV. Even then, with sound radio certainly facing serious curtailment sooner or later, in the face of television expansion, vacancies in it will become scarce.

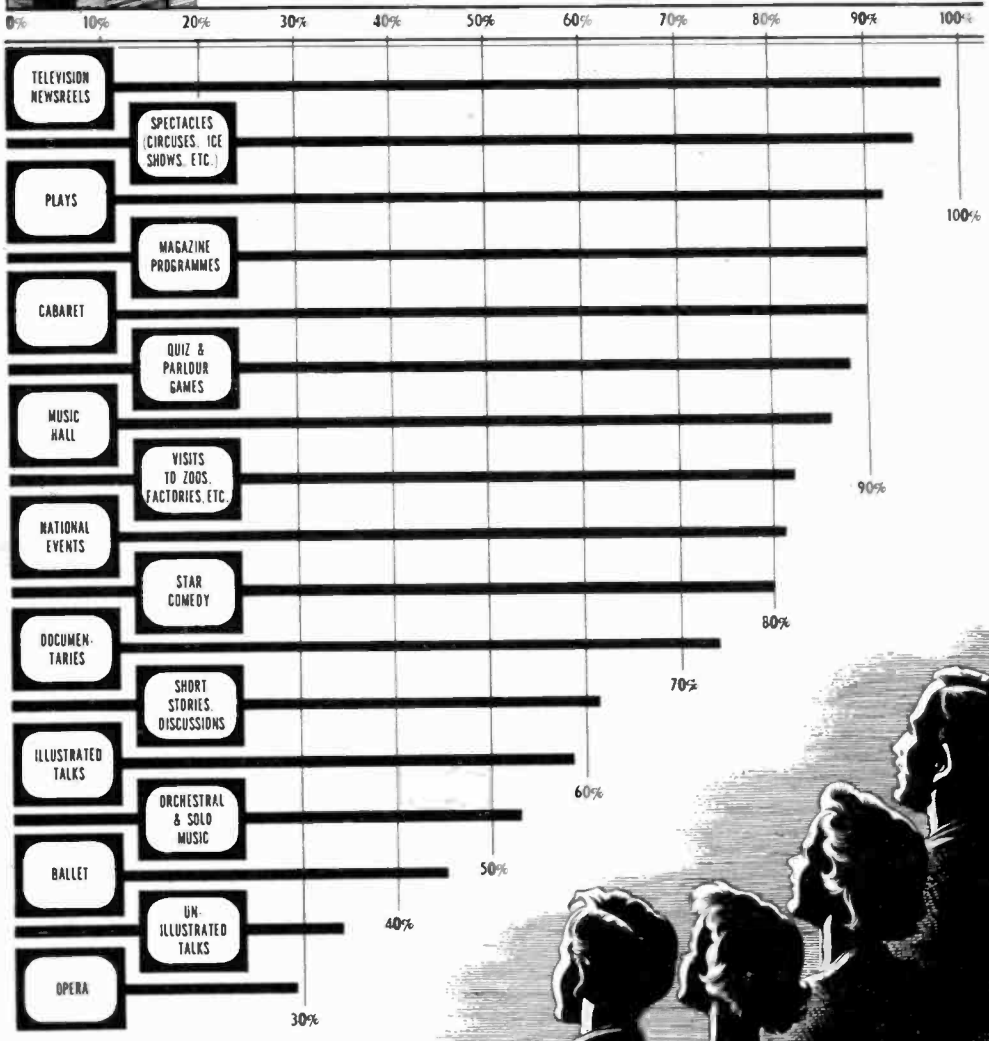
On the more glamorous side of TV, those handsome boys and beautiful girls who aspire to become TV announcers, compères and commentators must take their place in the jungle of the theatrical-cum-film-cum-modelling business, where hundreds of presentable actors, actresses and photographic models are already jostling for a trial before TV's cameras.

And practically no hope whatever can be offered to the beginner actor or actress who wants regular work in TV. A great deal of grinding repertory-theatre experience is the only thing which will get these hopefuls beyond the lengthy waiting list for TV auditions. For there are always scores of players with West End experience out of stage employment, and ready to hand whenever a TV producer wants a cast. There is also the growing legion of players who now have first-rate TV experience.

Unlike flying, or the other scientific callings of our time, TV offers little scope for a career—unless you already have one foot on the doorstep.

VIEWERS' FAVOURITE PROGRAMMES

In 1952 fifty-seven thousand families who had become viewers in 1951 were invited to tell the BBC their TV likes and dislikes. Below is a representation of the result of this "poll," indicating the percentage of viewers liking each kind of programme.



1939

It is interesting to recall that in 1939, *with TV in its third year, viewers were invited to say "I like" or "I don't like" to a list of programmes then being produced, and the top four favourite programmes were adjudged:*

Newsreels	93%	Picture Page	92%
Theatre Relays	93%	*Variety*	91%

12 WHO VIEWS WHAT?

The BBC is Finding Out

Television Newsreel is the most popular of all programmes televised by the BBC. The least popular programmes are those of opera.

As the years pass, and TV develops and expands, viewing becomes less and less the pastime of people who are comfortably off, and more and more indulged in by folk with moderate incomes.

How do we know these facts about the public reaction to TV? We know because all the time the BBC is conducting an investigation into the tastes of the viewing audience, its composition and its viewing "habits."

In 1947 it was found that 24 per cent of the total TV audience consisted of families where the income was over £1,000 a year. By 1951 the over-£1,000-a-year group of viewers was only 9 per cent of the total viewing audience. The major part of the audience was found to be in homes where the income was between £225 and £400 a year; in fact, such homes produced 45 per cent of the total TV public.

A number of surprising discoveries are made about the viewing public. The BBC has found that where two families have more or less the same income, but one has an educational level lower than the other, it is that one which will be likely to buy a TV set first.

In homes without TV, 40 to 50 per cent of the radio-set owners listen in between 8 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. In TV homes during that period, less than 10 per cent are listening to sound radio. On Saturday nights 61 per cent of the TV audience views and 31 per cent of the sound audience listens.

New viewers have TV switched on for more hours each week than viewers who have had a set for some years. The number of viewers who turn back to listening to sound radio slightly increases with the length of time they have had a TV set.

The BBC investigation showed that, in a week when sixteen hours of TV were broadcast, viewers watched between seven and eight hours. Children between 12 and 14 view, on an average, six hours a week. In the later teen ages evening viewing decreases, until in the early twenties (20-24) people view for about five and a half hours a week. But as soon as people in TV homes reach the 25-34 age group TV comes into its own again.

Over 60 per cent of the TV audience go to the films less often. But where theatregoing is possible only 35 per cent of viewers have cut down theatre visits. Over 40 per cent of viewers have cut down their reading.

Television Newsreel *cameramen Ronnie Noble* (left) *and Cyril Page* (below) *at work covering the chaotic war events in Korea. There's no room for "home birds" in television's news-camera team. Each* Newsreel *cameraman must have sufficient of the wanderlust in him not to mind being sent anywhere in the world, often at a day's notice. In 1952* TV Newsreel *increased its output from three to five editions a week. Remaining top of the viewing popularity poll, it aims in due course to provide a new edition each day.*

13 NO REST FOR TV's NEWSHAWKS

Out and About with the Newsreel Men

EVERY week eight film cameramen are sent out by the BBC to bring in up to twenty picture news stories for *Television Newsreel.*

Sometimes a few of the score of stories are from freelance film cameramen in the provinces, commissioned by the BBC to cover local events which have some national interest. Up to ten more stories come from overseas for inclusion in each week's *Newsreel.*

Until June, 1952, the Newsreel Department was staffed and equipped to produce only three editions each week. Each edition was shown twice—on two consecutive nights. But *Television Newsreel,* topping the list of viewers' favourite programmes, merited more resources. So additional staff, more equipment, and more provincial and overseas cameramen-correspondents were brought in. This expansion enabled every night, except Saturday and Sunday, to have a fresh edition of the *Newsreel.*

The BBC aims eventually to put on a new newsreel *every* night of the week, a job which will entail the making of seven editions and the finding of thirty-six stories each week.

Television Newsreel was launched as an entirely BBC production because the cinema newsreel companies would not allow their reels to be televised. Today, as the cinema managements know full well, viewers in their homes can see more film news stories in a week than they might see in a month's cinema-going.

Moreover, the stories on the home screen are more varied, and of longer duration, than those in the cinema reels. And, perhaps most important, TV can film a story on the day it happens and put it out in the *Newsreel* that same night—a feat made possible by a rapid system of commentary recording.

To maintain this output of nightly news pictures, the Television Service relies on a team of cameramen who are speedy in action, wide-versed in the problems of travel, full of both guile and tact in the face of red tape, no respecters of regular working hours, and having a perpetual wanderlust which no domestic ties or family life will ever overcome! For at any moment they may be sent not only all over Britain but to the uttermost ends of the earth.

A great deal more than the expert handling of a movie camera is required of these men. They need also the flair of the journalist, and his persistence—that quality which makes a good reporter believe the story will be got despite all the difficulties and all the people who get in his way.

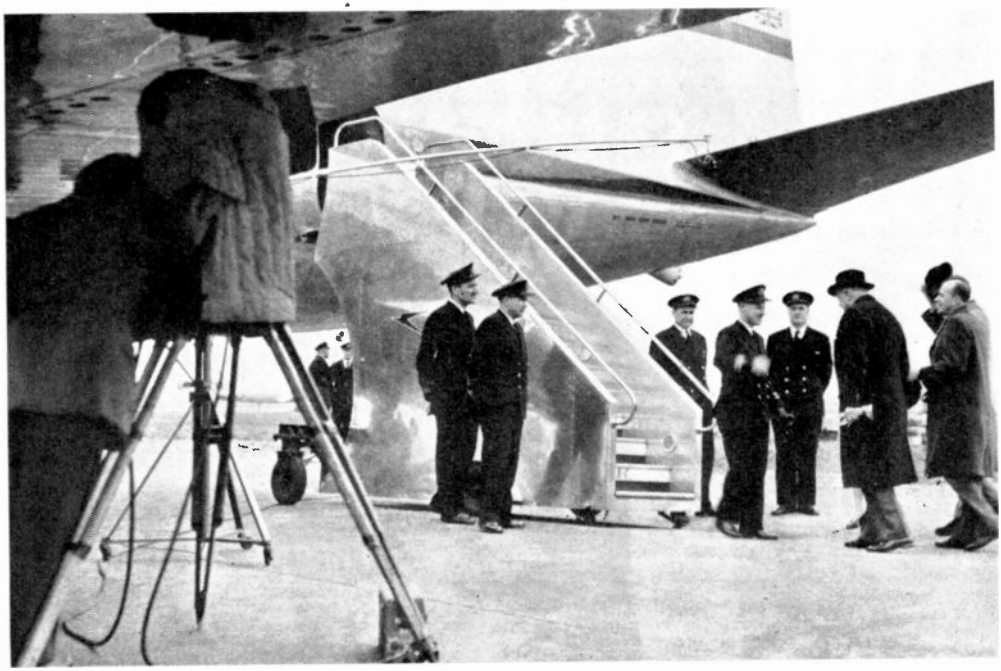
The saga of what has gone on, and what TV's newshawks have gone through, to bring their stories in, will probably never be told in full. For any adventure or incident in their careers is all in the day's work to them; the most bizarre and thrilling happenings go untold simply because these cameramen accept them as commonplace!

Most travelled of the *Newsreel* cameramen is Charles de Jaeger, of whom a BBC executive once said: "The only way to keep that man in England would be to burn his passport!" Charles views with gloom the prospect of staying at home any longer than a few weeks. His bachelor flat is perpetually overrun by moths, and its garden perpetually overgrown, because he is never in it long enough to finish putting it to rights.

It was he, in 1952, who not only made the film shots of the special *Newsreel* trip to South Africa in the Comet, but also filmed stories of events in South Africa at a time of political turbulence.

In addition to covering the burning political issue between Prime Minister Malan and "Sailor" Malan's "Torch" movement, de Jaeger moved around film-shooting native life. He was a bit disconcerted,

Newsreel *shot the first Comet passenger flight to Johannesburg. Philip Dorté, TV Films Chief, is introduced to the crew by Sir Miles Thomas, BOAC chairman.*



however, when he entered a native reserve expecting to get pictures of a native chief in all his war-paint, to be met by a coloured man in a perfect blue pin-stripe suit. This was the chief!

When he wished to film a native policeman at work in Livingstone, the constable suggested there would be a price for taking his picture. "Price?" exclaimed de Jaeger jokingly. "But I charge for taking your picture! However, I'll waive that, and send you a copy!" The P.C. obliged beamingly.

Going on to Khartoum, de Jaeger was the guest of the religious leader, the Mahdi, who, to the cameraman's surprise, allowed him to film both his palace and the mosque. In the mosque he got his pictures only by working barefooted.

It was de Jaeger who won the first newsreel interview of Marshal Tito to reach this country after the war. He found the Marshal very willing to co-operate, so long as he was given time to comb his hair before the camera started turning.

It often happens that a *Newsreel* cameraman will leave home in the morning not knowing that he will be away that night because an aeroplane is to whisk him half across the world. This was the case with James Balfour, who started his day covering a story at London's Heathrow airport, to land up that night in a plane heading for the Canal Zone. The urgent call came to him when he was actually turning the camera at Heathrow.

Out in the troubled Canal Zone, Balfour had to get his first pictures without official army transport. Although he carried no arms, he actually got a lift or two on "enemy" vehicles! More than once he was trailed by armed men in fast cars.

An assignment Balfour had at home, though nothing like as nerve-racking, shows that news-getting in this country can be tough, despite all the aids of fast cars and aeroplanes. Sent to film a crashed aeroplane on a Welsh mountain Balfour had to abandon his car halfway up the mountain track. To reach the crashed plane meant a rock-climbing scramble, impossible when carrying equipment. Luckily he found a shepherd to help him; but that film, lasting but a couple of minutes on the screen, meant torn and sodden trousers for Balfour, from scrambling through mountain scree and bogs.

Michael Lewis, sent to cover a raging and spectacular oil-tank fire at Avonmouth Docks, could only get there in time—and at night—by chartering a private plane. Speed was essential, for as soon as the fire was got under control the best pictures would be gone. The charter plane developed a fault halfway and had to make a forced landing. Luckily they were near an R.A.F. aerodrome and were just able to land on it. Lewis got pictures of the Avonmouth fire at its height only through the co-operation

of the R.A.F., who assigned a fast fighter to take him for the remaining part of his journey.

It was a TV *Newsreel* cameraman who, by using a helicopter, got the first pictures of the release of men from the Wolf Rock Lighthouse after they had been marooned there for weeks. It was rough weather, and there were hazards in leaning out of a be-buffeted helicopter to film the men tossing on the lifelines below.

A more congenial sea assignment came the way of Charles Parnell, filming the maiden voyage of a new liner. Part of his story was to show the liner picking up a pilot, and Parnell joined the pilot boat, to shoot the approach to the liner's side.

Bearing in mind the feud between cinema newsreel companies and *Television Newsreel*, what happened next had a cynical humour about it. Proud that his ship was going on to the *Newsreel*, the liner's captain ordered the ship's band to play "some newsreel music" as the pilot boat came alongside. The band chose the opening music to British Movietone News!

Many a minor assignment within the peaceful confines of Britain has its difficulties for the cameramen. But for consistent facing of hazard, day after day, the men who have covered the Korean War take the palm.

First sent to Korea was Cyril Page, and the many stories he sent back were obtained by moving on hands and knees through jungle, swamps, rivers and torrents. Weather conditions, plus lack of shelter, made the sheer work of filming difficult, for dust clogged the camera and frost seized it up. He travelled on ammunition trucks, was shot up in a jeep, and landed in a pot-hole.

After Page's return home, cameraman Ronnie Noble went to Korea. His pictures were obtained, behind the firing lines, by squatting up trees for hours; by constructing a "hide" to look like a sandbag entrenchment; by filming through the bomb-drop doors of a low-flying bomber; and by making numerous lone treks on a hunch that, despite what the communiqués said, there was something going on worthy of film outside the official map of action.

On one such trek Noble was washed down a river, refusing to swim for it because that would have meant abandoning the cans of exposed film in his arms. Luckily, soldiers spotted him and fished him out.

Since its beginning *Television Newsreel* has had an unnamed and unseen commentator, whose voice has now become nationally known. This is Edward Halliday, whose main business in life is in his artist's studio, where many celebrated people sit for their portraits. He goes to the TV studio each evening to put his voice to the *Newsreel*.

Newsreel stories on specialized subjects may be accompanied by specialist commentators, like Godfrey Baseley on agricultural matters,

Special Newsreel *editions during the 1952 Olympic Games kept viewers in touch with events at Helsinki, and showed Britain's McDonald Bailey* (second from left) *come third in the 100 metres final. America's L. Remigino* (*981*) *was first.*

Charles Gardner on aeronautical topics, Raymond Baxter on motoring, and so on. Fashion pictures, and other feminine topics, are often commentated on by Marjorie Anderson, well known to sound-radio listeners.

Today *Television Newsreel* is using more film than any other film concern in Britain—something like fifty thousand feet a month. The United States, Canada, South America and Continental countries queue up for copies of some of the *Newsreel's* more important stories. In the past year, with TV beginning or planned in Holland, Italy, Belgium and Switzerland, agreements have been drawn up for the exchange of film stories between the BBC and these countries.

Finally, the story can now be told of how the familiar opening picture—"Television Newsreel" circling the TV mast—came to be chosen. This might never have seen the light of day, had not Sir William Haley, when BBC Director-General, paid an unexpected visit to Alexandra Palace, where, at the time, a change of opening sequence for the *Newsreel* was being planned.

The order had been given by TV chiefs that several different openings must be made before one was chosen for public use. Only the first design had been made when Sir William Haley asked, on that visit, to see it. He so liked it that he ordered its immediate adoption.

Documentary programmes explain aspects of real life, showing how people work and live. To portray the working life of a shop-girl, The Rising Twenties *series recreated in the TV studio the sales floor of a large store* (left). *The same series of programmes also focused on what happens to boys called to National Service in the Army* (below). *Actors and actresses impersonate the ordinary citizen in these programmes.*

14 TALK IT – OR SHOW IT?

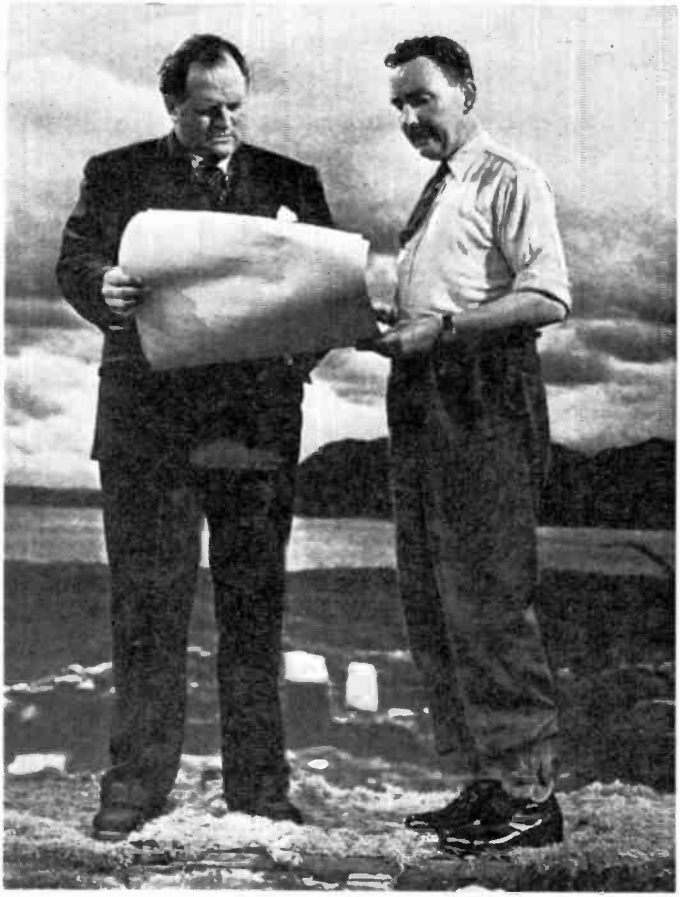
A Survey Introduced by JEANNE HEAL and CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW

JEANNE HEAL: I have often been asked to state the aim behind the series of programmes I introduced to viewers on the physical and mental handicaps under which some of our fellow men and women have to live.

I think our aim was to encourage handicapped viewers, and to give other people some idea of how to be helpful when they meet the handicapped. Scores and scores of viewers' letters did seem to indicate that they want the encouragement, that they want to be helpful, and that the programmes were of some use. Often we were able to put disabled people into touch with organizations to help them. Viewers, unhandicapped, gave proof in their letters of how fundamentally kind people are. The people we showed in the programmes appeared gladly. They had come to terms with their disability, and knew they could help others—in addition they could get across a few heartfelt truths to the unhandicapped public. If saying that sounds rather like a Sunday-school lesson—well, I am afraid I am so ashamed by the valiant people I met in the "Adversity" programmes that I simply cannot talk dispassionately about them.

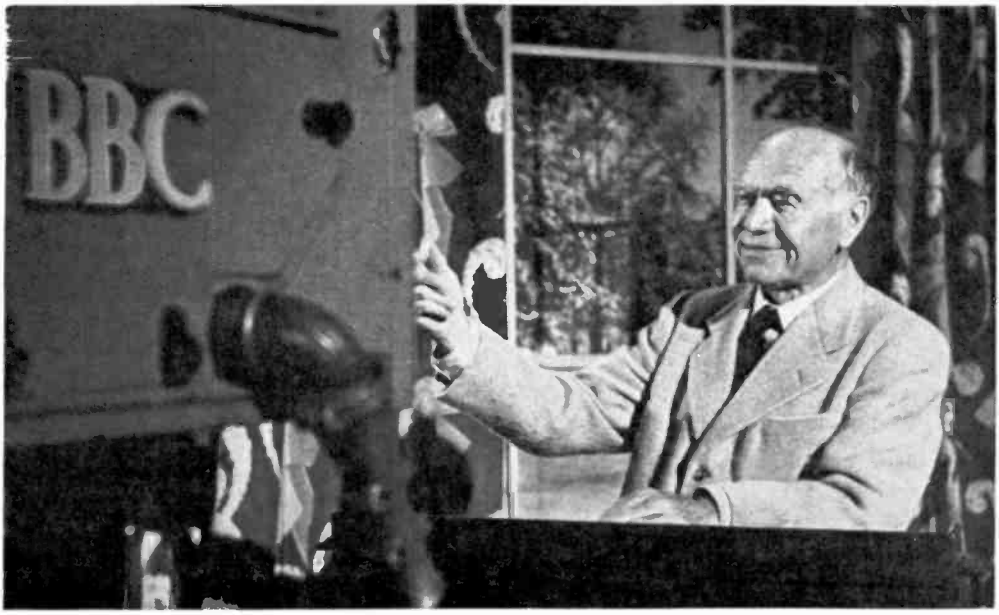
CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW (to whom we put the question, "Would British viewers benefit if the BBC adopted the American system of introducing Government Ministers before the TV cameras?"):

In the United States Ministers do not have seats in Parliament, and their Press Conferences and TV interviews will always be more important than they are here. In Britain Ministers have seats in Parliament, and I think that they are best cross-questioned there by the elected representatives of the people. This is not less democratic and usually much more effective in keeping a check on Ministers. All the same I would not oppose an experiment on our television programmes—preferably with home affairs on which Ministers can speak freely. Cross-examining Ministers on foreign affairs in public is usually either boring or harmful. Programmes like my



Above: *In TV's talks programmes, demonstrations are a helpful feature. Herc, garden expert Fred Streeter* (left) *joins Mary Malcolm and two horticultural specialists in TV's own demonstration garden plot outside Alexandra Palace.*

Left: *Richard Dimbleby meets a Scottish personality in Scotland during one of the* About Britain *documentary programmes. In these features film "inserts" are taken on location, and photographic back-cloths are used, to recreate Richard's journeys in the studio. Examine the foot of the picture for the clue which proves this to be a shot taken in the studio!*



Lord Beaverbrook revealed himself a dynamic TV "talker" when he spoke on The History of The Times *and gave an appreciation of the late Lord Northcliffe. His talk was filmed and repeated by special request of viewers.*

International Commentary *series are a different case. This feature aims at presenting viewers with the facts and at setting out different points of view, not with pushing any particular point of view itself.*

Here, the two personalities who have become perhaps the most successful at "talking" to viewers express their own opinions on the value of talks programmes in TV. It may be fashionable to think that television programmes which give information, and even attempt to educate, are the least popular. It is turning out, however, that a "talk" programme in TV commands the attention of viewers more successfully than do the talks in sound radio.

The BBC's viewer-research system has proved that illustrated talks and discussions do not stand at the bottom of the poll when it comes to viewers voting for their favourite programmes.

Both classes of TV programme clock up 61 marks out of the possible 100 for the best-liked programmes. Four other classes of programme come below this marking, the bottom score in the poll being 29 (for opera). It is interesting that *unillustrated* talks on TV come next to the bottom, with but 34 marks.

Two TV departments provide informational programmes, the Talks Feature Department and the Documentary Department. Both Miss Heal

Dangerous Drugs *was an outstanding documentary programme. A girl, brought to hospital after an accident, was shown to be a secret drug-addict. The nurse and a specialist spot the tell-tale signs of her addiction.*

and Mr. Mayhew have worked for the Talks Feature Department. The Documentary Department places its strength on a team of able producers and writers, and on the work of actors and actresses; it has provided such outstanding informational series as *Pilgrim Street*, *The Rising Twenties*, *London Town* and *About Britain*, also such single programmes as *Dangerous Drugs*.

The documentary programmes have proved more popular than the talks-feature offerings. The reason may be as simple as this: they tell a story. Extreme pains are taken to catch the meaning and flavour of those parts of real life which the TV documentaries explore. The producer and writers of *The Rising Twenties* series, showing the life of youth today, went out and lived in the places where they could see what is going on—to an army camp, to a West End store, to a youth club, to employment exchanges and training centres.

The talks-feature programmes in TV, however, depend on the people involved in the subject appearing in person, or at least such programmes depend on the appearance in person of experts who are specialists in the subject.

Talks programmes, such as those in which Sam Pollock investigated employment conditions in Lancashire, depend on a good deal of straight talk from the commentator, mixed with film shots, and when possible with on-the-spot interviews with some of the people involved.

Cécile Chevreau played the part of the girl, whose illness and restoration to health were shown with authentic realism, the scenic set for the action (below) *being a replica of a ward in a famous London hospital.*

The lively personality of Sir Thomas Beecham provided a not unamusing programme in the series The Conductor Speaks. Below: *Puccini's little-known opera,* Gianni Schicchi, *was produced by George Foa with his customary attention to pictorial detail and the gestures of singers able to give a lively acting performance.*

15 ON NOTES . . . AND POINTS

Music and Ballet have a TV Appeal all their Own

THE concertgoing public in this country is a very small minority of the population, whereas the TV public is rapidly becoming a thorough cross-section of the whole national population.

There are, therefore, few "music lovers"—in the strict sense of the term—in the TV audience. The "music lovers" apart, it is probable that the only TV music programmes in 1952 which viewers noticed for longer than the opening bars were two of *The Conductor Speaks* series. In one of these Sir Thomas Beecham was, understandably, the star; and in the other Sir Malcolm Sargent was the attraction.

These programmes presented a couple of personalities who were new to the majority of viewers; and both possessed in abundance all the intriguing characteristics which the British public recognizes as making a "character." Sir Thomas very likely drew the biggest response around the firesides, because from his opening words nobody could be sure what he was going to say next or even what he might do next. Sir Malcolm ran him close—in the viewers' view—by reason of a humanity and a sheer vitality which produce a kind of personal magnetism; this few viewers seem able to resist, least of all women.

Sir Adrian Boult and Sir John Barbirolli also took their turn on the rostrum for *The Conductor Speaks*. In the North, where Barbirolli has a bigger name than any other British conductor, his personality may have scored with the viewers. The point, however, is that high appreciation for a TV programme of music appears to be won only when there is a "personality" on the screen, as well as the varying views of an orchestra.

Gerald Moore, the famous accompanist, demonstrated the truth of this in a series of Sunday-night talks, illustrated on the piano. Few viewers would switch on eagerly for a TV talk on the memories of an accompanist. But Gerald Moore proved to be an amusing "character" into the bargain, and sure enough his series scored a steeply rising vote of appreciation with each session.

The first objection of the majority to "straight" musical performances on TV—that it is boring to watch an orchestra—is ruled out by these discoveries of 1952. For orchestras *will* be watched, probably with growing interest and not mere tolerance, if the conductor, or some other contributor to the programme, has a forceful or colourful manner.

It will not do, however, for us to discuss this subject so glibly. So long as the BBC Television Service can offer us only a single programme, without alternative, the serious music lovers deserve and should get their share of the programmes. For them the TV presentation of a symphony or concerto is judged on its strict merits as a musical performance—indeed, some of them strongly object to the BBC always wrapping round such performances the aura of a personality, whoever he may be.

The presentation of solo recitalists, instrumental or vocal, on TV usually occupies less time of the evening programme than features by a full orchestra, and many of these recitals have been imaginatively produced by Christian Simpson and Philip Bate. The outstanding recitalists of 1952, for many viewers, were probably Gigli, in Eric Robinson's *Music for You*, and Eileen Joyce, who played with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Norman del Mar's baton.

A trend towards putting smaller musical combinations on TV has

A leading French ballerina, Irene Skorik was introduced to viewers in Swan Lake. *Dancing opposite her was Youly Algaroff of Les Ballets des Champs Elysées. The BBC believes that more and more viewers are liking ballet.*

begun, both with the light, "Palm Court" type of music, and with chamber music. With a view to giving the pictures suitable "tone," the idea of televising a chamber music programme from beautiful or historic buildings was tried. The first attempt was when cameras were set up in the Livery Hall of the Goldsmith's Company, in the City of London.

Televised opera is at the bottom of the list of viewers' favourite programmes, but the BBC has doggedly persevered with it. There is a story told that after televising *La Bohème* the BBC received a congratulatory letter from an elderly couple who reported how much they had liked "the story," and added: "even the background music was beautiful, too"! The BBC executive in charge of musical programmes in TV lightheartedly took this as a good omen—did it not, he asked, mark the beginning of *some* appreciation for opera?

George Foa, a TV producer with experience in the Italian opera houses, has been entrusted with the development of opera via TV. His touch, to the viewer whose musical experience is average, has perhaps been chiefly noticeable for the vitality he has infused into the *acting* in operas. By careful production of facial expression and gesture, he has got a good start in making the singing of opera more palatable to many viewers. There were striking evidences of this in *La Bohème*, *Gianni Schicchi* and *Rigoletto*.

The opera *Macbeth* was selected for TV's visit to a beautiful opera-house in the country, at Glyndebourne, an outing which is becoming an annual event for the cameras.

BALLET

Ballet for Beginners, a successful TV series started in 1950 and repeated in 1952, is regarded by TV programme planners as something of a bait to viewers who, before having TV, either scorned ballet or had no opportunity to see it.

Certainly Felicity Gray's series, explaining what ballet is, and why it is like it is, has recruited more viewers for the other ballet programmes. These have not by any means been regular features of TV broadcasting. The appearances of first-rate ballet stars have been few and erratic; and 1952, in fact, saw fewer famous ballet companies in the TV studios than the previous year.

The leading French ballerina, Irene Skorik, gave a new and fresh interpretation of Odette in *Swan Lake*, opposite Youly Algaroff, of Les Ballets des Champs Elysées; *Pineapple Poll* gave the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet a chance to impress the growing number of ballet viewers; and during the annual Radio Show, at Earl's Court, *Coppélia* was presented with some wealth of scenic setting and studio space.

The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet visited the Lime Grove studios to perform Pineapple Poll *against the scenic sets of Osbert Lancaster. Here is Elaine Fifield dancing the lead part, with the company.*

Christian Simpson is a TV producer whose inventiveness continues to explore new ways of televising dance, as well as new methods of presenting music. He has tended towards the conventions of mime—mixed, shall we say, with some of the traditions of classical ballet. Outstanding in this unknown territory of TV programming was his production of *The Eye of the Gipsy*, for which guitarist Freddy Phillips arranged an accompaniment largely of guitar music.

As with music, TV is making ballet more popular on a national scale; yet at the same time televised ballet remains a controversial issue with its strictest adherents in the theatre. Balletomanes, able to see ballet in the theatre when they wish, still debate whether the adapting of ballet to TV is not debasing to the "pure art." Some leading ballet stars incline to the same view and have been reluctant to dance for TV.

Probably the growing public demand for ballet on TV will see that this controversy gets no further than the rather esoteric circles in which it began. And the BBC, on its side, will no doubt press forward with exploration into methods of devising new ballets specially for TV. Looked at in this way, ballet is a good thing for TV, and TV a good thing for ballet.

16 FROM KIRK O' SHOTTS TO PARIS

The Outside Cameras Start a-Roving

WITHIN a short time of the start of sound-radio broadcasting the BBC was relaying programmes from abroad. The taking in of outside broadcasts from points within this country had, of course, developed swiftly from the start.

Britain has now had a daily television service in operation for nine years—three of them before the Hitler war. In the seventh year—1950—the BBC managed to give viewers the first-ever outside broadcasts from Calais, across the English Channel. In the ninth year—1952—we had Paris on our screens. It was not until Sutton Coldfield opened, in 1949, that television O.B.s first emanated from outside the Greater London area. Not until eight years had passed did O.B.s come from the North, Scotland and Wales and the South-west.

The first TV outside broadcast from Scotland was the opening ceremony for the Kirk o' Shotts transmitter, relayed from an Edinburgh studio. Mary Malcolm sits extreme left, while Scottish dancers perform before a distinguished audience.

Nobody can say how much longer it will take to bring us TV pictures from places in Europe beyond Paris. Nobody can say—unless they are able to spend a prodigious sum of money to do it—when we shall receive an O.B. from across the Atlantic.

The reason for this very gradual extension of the field for television O.B.s is the greater difficulty encountered in harnessing TV waves over great distances than is the case with sound-radio waves.

Not until the building of regional TV stations in this country had provided scattered pick-up points for O.B.s could outside-studio programmes be collected from the provinces. Even then, special midget TV transmitters always had to be set up to carry the TV waves from the O.B. location to the regional transmitter, or to one of the link-stations connecting the five regional transmitters.

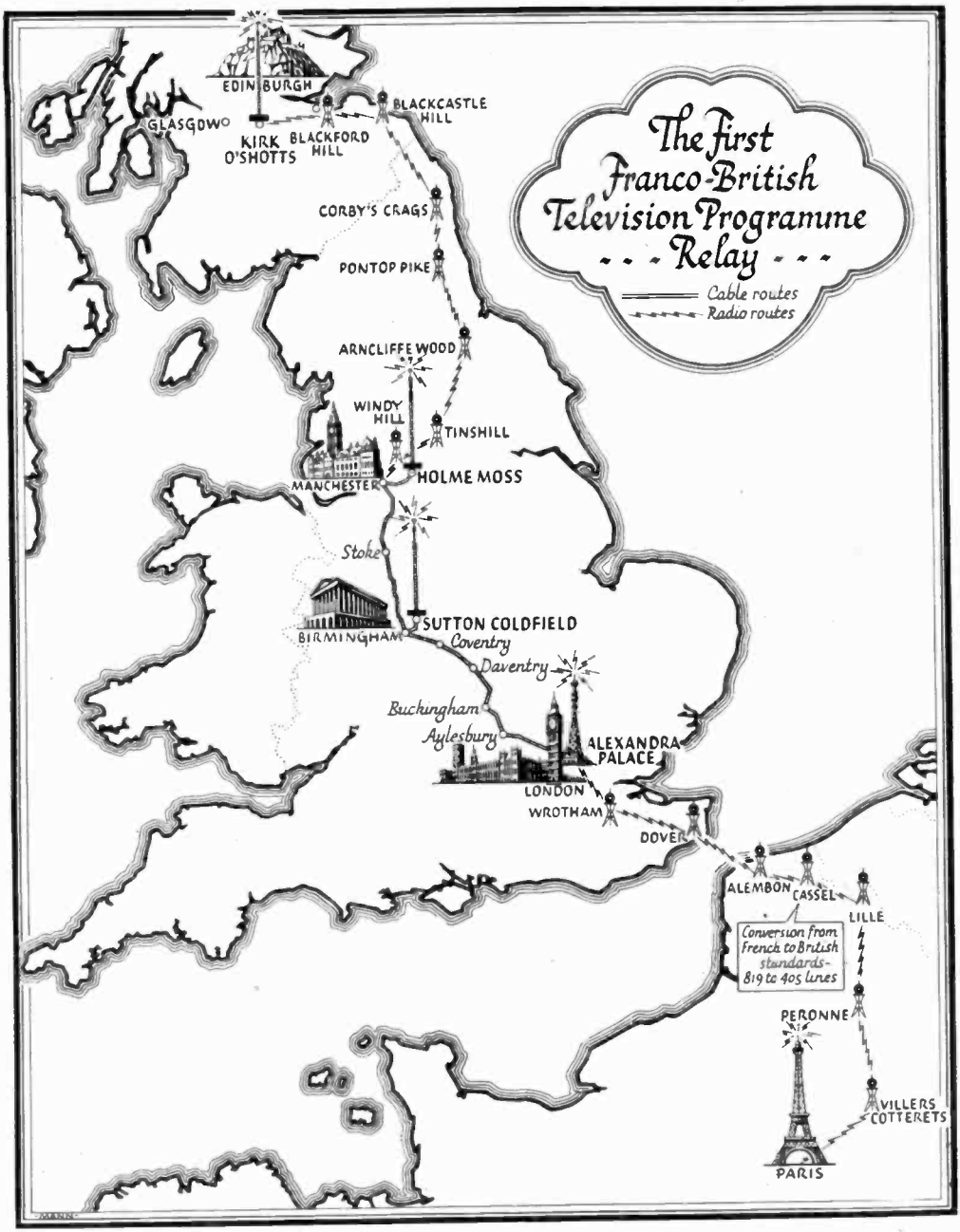
Television pictures must be boosted by link transmitters every twenty or thirty miles along the route. Great progress was made for the Paris-London link-up when one of the booster links spanned fifty miles.

Added to this natural difficulty is the great expense involved in obtaining and keeping an increasing number of these midget link equipments so that the field of O.B.s can progressively widen. Post-war shortages of materials, and rearmament restrictions on spending, seriously hold up the BBC's attempt to furnish itself with this equipment. The same restrictions have held up the supply of mobile camera units.

It is for these latter reasons that O.B.s from the regions in this country have been few and far between, despite the opening up of most of the country with TV reception points on the national network linking the main regional transmitters. The BBC is still without the gear to put more provincial events into the TV programmes. As it is, the regions have to share the necessary gear and to await their turns for it.

Nevertheless, 1952 saw the greatest advance in spreading the O.B. field. The Paris-London link perhaps obscured, with its excitement and glamour, advances made at home. For the first time places as far apart as Edinburgh and Cardiff, Leeds and Bristol, were brought into the picture; while Birmingham, Nottingham, Blackpool, Manchester and other cities all contributed O.B. programmes.

The Paris-London link, though an exceptional effort, paved the way firmly for a permanent TV link-up with the Continent. It was achieved by many months of co-operation between French TV technicians and the BBC. The outcome was a system by which the French manned and operated a link from Paris to Lille through one micro-wave midget transmitter which was set up between the two cities. From Lille to London the link was operated by BBC engineers through three specially erected transmitters placed on high ground.



How the French TV programmes journeyed from Paris to Britain in July, 1952. In France, between Paris and the coast, five micro-wave transmitters were set up on high ground. In England, two more highly placed transmitters completed the link-up, across Kent. The map also shows the permanent-link network joining the London TV studios to the regional TV stations in Britain. This network has now been expanded to connect up the new Wenvoe station near Cardiff.

While these micro-wave transmitters were being tested and operated for the Paris-London link-up, the BBC had only two such midget transmitters remaining in England with which to operate normal O.B.s at home.

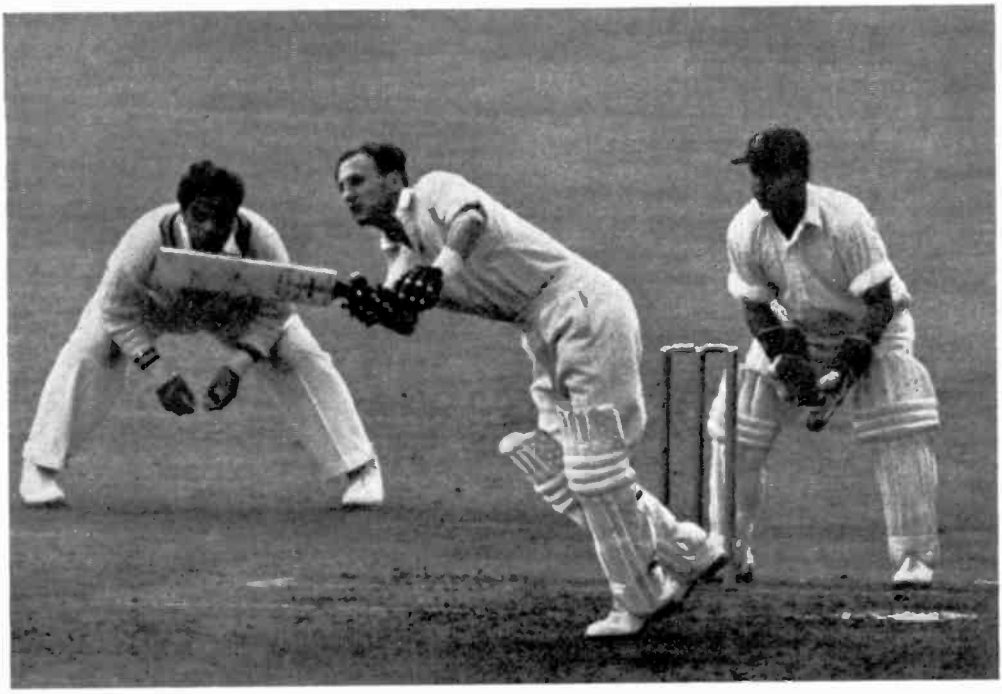
The programmes from Paris were brought to us by French camera crews, though three or four BBC cameramen were there to assist.

There is little doubt that in 1953 the valuable technical experience gained by the Paris-London link-up will promote the operation of longer O.B. links within this country. Even so, though outside programmes may come from farther afield in the regions, the number of such TV forays will still be limited, by reason of the continuing shortage of camera equipment for outside broadcasts.

Anything like the regional representation of programmes to be found in sound radio cannot be expected in TV until each region has as many mobile units as are at present having to be shared nationally.

There are difficulties, also, in the siting of the midget micro-wave transmitters by which O.B.s can be brought in from regional localities. The path between the transmitters must be unobstructed, as the very short waves used do not bend round obstacles as do longer waves.

TV technicians waiting in London saw this emergency message from their colleagues in Paris when the first tests were made over the Britain–France TV-link system.



During the summer of 1952, Test Match cricket gave viewers close-up shots of the style of England's captain, Len Hutton. Here he has hit out at Mankad during the Third Test against India at Old Trafford.

This is why the midget transmitters must usually be placed on hill-tops. Even then the aerials must be raised fifty feet or more above the ground. Where hill-tops are not easily accessible, mobile unit vans are equipped with fire-escape-type ladders with which to raise the midget transmitter up to a hundred feet.

Technicians have still to find out how many of these O.B. links can be worked together, over a long distance, before the pictures will be spoiled by distortion. At the moment the theory is that six links may be the limit—but experiments with TV often disprove theories!

On the home outside-broadcast front, the total number of programmes from outside the studios was again increased in 1952. The daily newspaper headlines may give the impression that sports promoters and theatre managers, objecting to the televising of their enterprises, are well-nigh strangling the activities of the mobile cameras. The viewer's experience during 1952 hardly tallies with this notion. Though the greater sporting events in football, racing and boxing may have been barred from his screen, barely a Saturday afternoon passed without a sports O.B., and hardly a week without an entertainment O.B. on a weekday evening.

A snow blizzard made the televising of the 1952 Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race an eventful occasion. Richard Dimbleby assists an expert to describe the course. Despite the weather viewers saw a thrilling race almost without hitch.

For the first time, the full series of Test Matches was televised. The Wimbledon Tennis Championships occupied afternoon and evening hours of screen time throughout their run. Those viewing favourites, the Ascot Race Meeting, the Richmond Horse Show and the Royal Tournament, were seen in detail. Rugby and hockey internationals, amateur boxing and some amateur soccer came to the screens.

In the development of regional sporting O.B.s it was interesting to see racing from Worcester, and cricket from there as well. Boxing came from

Nottingham and Liverpool, as well as from London. Speedway was watched as it took place at Belle Vue, Manchester; and ice hockey came from Nottingham, as well as from London.

The months preceding the Olympics at Helsinki were well used by the TV Outside Broadcasts Department, who brought us an overall view of our best athletes in training. We watched the swimmers at Blackpool, the athletes at the White City, and the *Britain in Training* series took us to the Thames Rowing Club and the Hyde Park Barracks Riding School, among other venues.

There was considerable development during 1952 in using the O.B. cameras to take viewers to beautiful and historic places. A polished technique of camera and lighting work, harmonized with careful commentary, made a number of these programmes outstanding.

Memorable were the visits to Lichfield Cathedral, to the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew at Smithfield, and—with organ music as its main purpose—to watch Fernando Germani playing in the church of All Souls, Langham Place.

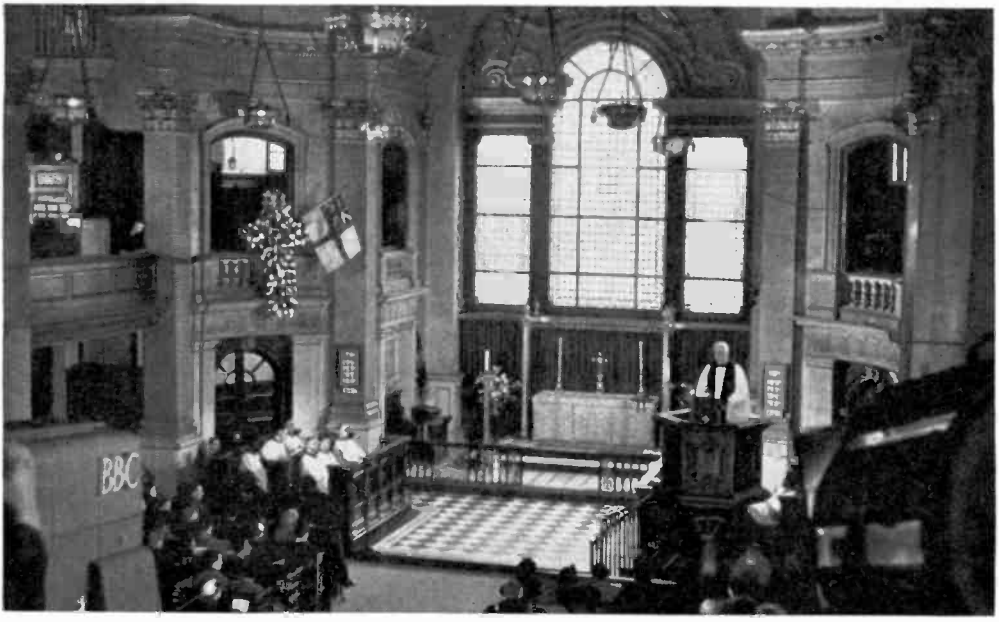
Pictorial interest was also high in the development of a new approach to country-life programmes calling on the O.B. cameras. The *Country Calendar* series brought together, in the co-ordinated form of a magazine programme, types of outside broadcast which had before appeared as separate items—such as visits to gardens and farms. In this connexion an innovation was the covering of the famous Bath and West Show.

Features on industrial life in *Other People's Jobs*, and such sound-radio importations into TV as *Town Forum* and *Public Enquiry*, put the mobile units into action in Birmingham, Nottingham and Manchester.

But in addition to these more obvious "out-of-the-studio" events, the outside-broadcasts teams have the job of giving viewers a number of light-entertainment features. It is with their units that *Music Hall* is broadcast from theatres, specially occupied for the purpose in London. *The Centre Show* from the Nuffield Centre, and all theatre relays, depend on the availability of mobile cameras, and often on the arrangement of special link equipment.

A more ambitious organization of outdoor cameras was evolved for the 1952 Boat Race than had been the case in previous years. This was largely due to the fact that a larger launch was available to carry the TV cameras for following the crews along the river. This launch, the *Everest*, virtually became a floating TV station, and although snow fell and caused interruption to the pictures, viewers saw most of the race at close quarters—and could follow more of it than sound-radio listeners, whose commentary broke down completely.

There were two TV cameras on the launch, and others on shore at the



The death of King George VI gave opportunities for TV to knit together a mourning people's observances to a beloved ruler. Millions at home watched the memorial service at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, the Royal Parish Church.

start and finish. The production of the broadcast was controlled from the launch, which had its cabin fitted up as a TV control room.

The year 1952, however, will probably be remembered mostly for adding to that small yet growing number of great national occasions which have been covered by TV since the beginning of the Television Service. To viewers from London to central Scotland came the moving sight of scenes after the death of King George VI. The TV cameras were there when the cortège arrived at Westminster Hall, and when it left, and when it passed through the streets of Windsor.

The proclamation of the Accession of Queen Elizabeth the Second, and that of her Coronation, were also televised. In 1953 all the majesty of her Coronation procession will reach the TV screens, tuned to the now complete national TV network of five main regional stations. Either through the outside-broadcast cameras, or through *Television Newsreel*, the Coronation ceremony itself will be seen.

For the "O.B. boys" it will be a year of historic duty, as well as of further experiment in expanding the field of TV outside broadcasts. And perhaps twenty-thousand veteran viewers will find it intriguing to remember that it was through TV that they watched the last Coronation procession to take place in London—as long ago as 1937!

17 WHEN MY NEIGHBOURS COME IN TO VIEW

DOROTHY WORSLEY shows that Criticism of TV is the Liveliest Part of the Party!

"I WOULDN'T have television in *my* house—even if it was *given* us!" Having heard several women make this sort of remark, I asked my friend why she was so against TV.

"Oh, I'm not *against* it. I *like* it!" she replied, "but only in other people's houses. You see, it's such a time-waster. *I* can't always be sitting in the dark . . . I have to sew or knit in the evenings."

"There's nothing to stop you working as well as watching TV," I said. "Come round to my place and see for yourself."

She gave me one of those looks which plainly meant she thought I was talking through my beret, but nevertheless she agreed to call in that evening. I knew one or two other women who had this fixed idea that you cannot enjoy television unless you sit in utter blackness, with your eyes glued to the screen, meanwhile neglecting the darning piled up in the corner. So I asked them round too.

When they arrived the *Newsreel* was already on, and they sat down to watch without noticing there was a softly shaded light on, strategically placed behind the settee. Before the play started I picked up my darning basket, and said: "Better get out your knitting, girls, then you won't go home feeling guilty about wasting time!" By the end of the evening they were all converted. They agreed they had done quite a lot of work *and* enjoyed the programme at the same time, and furthermore they did not find that the shaded light spoilt the picture. In fact, they said, it saved any feeling of eye-strain.

Well, that was the beginning of my "viewing-parties." Now hardly a day passes without T-Visitors at my house. And what a wonderful way of handing out hospitality, in these days of low incomes and high prices, not to mention shortages in the larder! I find my friends are only too delighted to "look in," in both senses, and if I give them a cup of tea or coffee as well, they feel they have been entertained almost lavishly.

Since starting my "viewing-parties" plan over a year ago I find I have automatically classified my friends into different sections. I know now

which ones like variety and comedy shows; those who prefer plays; the operatic and orchestral ones, and the more earnest types who enjoy *In the News*, *International Commentary*, and any programmes that stimulate thought and discussion.

There are some who only like the actuality shows: events like Trooping the Colour, the Royal Tournament, or the sports meetings. Then there are the artistic or "Third-programme" types, who are heavily critical about the more experimental television programmes.

I notice how my regular viewing visitors are becoming far more critical. They no longer think of TV as a novelty, but take it as a subject for discussion, as well as interest and entertainment.

I find my women friends are inclined to criticize the programmes even more than the men: it seems to me that the man viewer likes to relax, light his pipe and take it easy. But not so the women. They take in every detail, right from the start, especially if the announcer turns out to be Sylvia Peters or Mary Malcolm. The dress, make-up, the actual setting of the picture, are carefully observed: if Sylvia or Mary sports a new frock or different hair-style it is at once noticed, and comes up later for discussion.

"What *I* like about the announcers is their naturalness," said my bank manager's wife. "They're more like *friends* than people doing a job of work —they make me feel *they're* enjoying it all as well as me!" This sums up the secret of the announcers' popularity, of course. "I wonder who it will be tonight?" is always the first remark of one of my over-sixty visitors, who nurses a secret hope that it will be "Mac" and that he might possibly bring Kilty, his Scottie dog, with him. When Mary Malcolm had an attack of laryngitis, this visiting viewer kept calling in to inquire "Have you heard how that dear girl's throat is?"

New viewing-visitors are always eager to know more about the announcers, and get very interested when I tell them, for instance, that Sylvia and Mary have most of their dresses supplied by the BBC, though they help to choose the styles and materials themselves, in consultation with Jeanne Bradnock, the Wardrobe and Make-up Manager. The jewellery they wear is often their own property, though they can, of course, be supplied from the enormous stock in the Wardrobe Department. The flowers in the pictures are real, and great trouble is taken to vary the settings for the announcers' appearances.

Some of the regular artists have become great favourites with my T-Visitors; especially with the women. Elizabeth Allan, too, is extremely popular with women as well as men; it is her elegance which invariably excites comment. One of my woman friends suggested it must be something of a problem for anyone appearing in a weekly TV series to keep on varying her clothes, and doing so must eat up a considerable portion of her TV

One of the most popular events for "TV viewing parties" is Trooping the Colour. Housewives leave their chores to gather round their own or neighbours' screens. The Queen was seen taking the salute.

fees. "I know what *I'd* do," said one of my more astute T-Visitors. "I'd buy one long evening skirt, and then have a lot of different blouses—after all, they're the only part that shows above the table in *What's My Line?*" As a matter of fact, I discovered this is just what Elizabeth Allan had been doing!

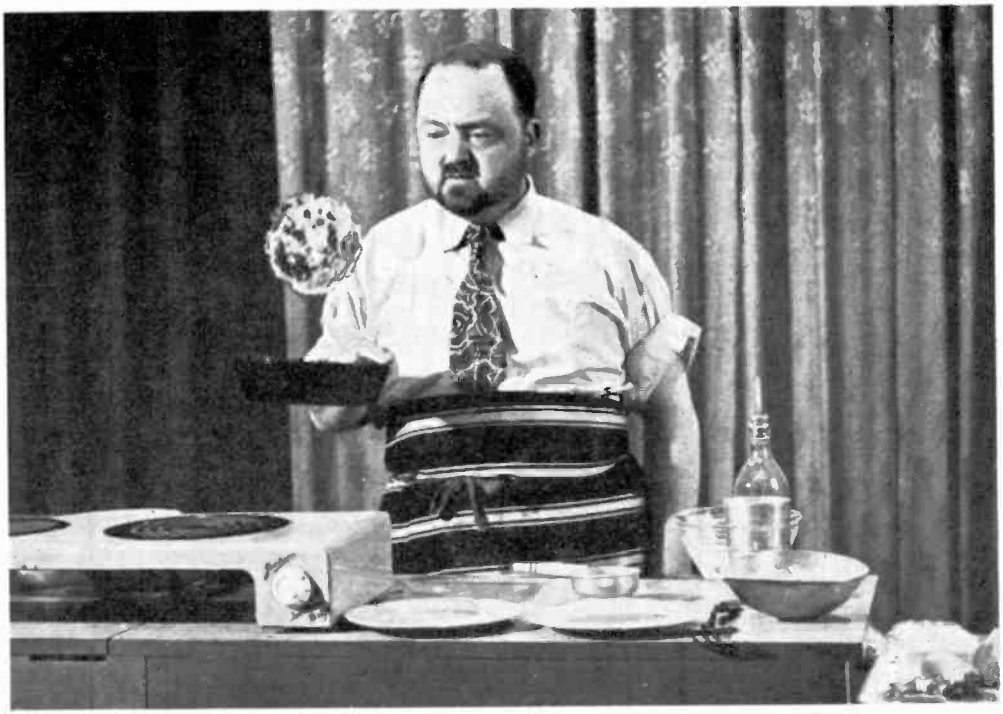
Any man on the screen is naturally a source of interest to all women viewers, the popularity poll being headed by the regular announcers and such commentators as Leslie Mitchell, Richard Dimbleby, Max Robertson and Brian Johnston. And perhaps I ought to warn Ronnie Waldman that there appears to be something about *him* that rouses a fierce maternal instinct in middle-aged ladies!—at any rate in the ones who visit my house. They yearn to protect him—maybe it is only from Mac and all those Puzzle-Cornerers—but the moment he appears on my screen a motherly sigh goes up and there is great disappointment if he has not had "a nice lot of presents" as a result of the Deliberate Mistake.

One elderly lady, who never misses a *Kaleidoscope* on my set, gets more and more cross if the viewer-competitor guesses too correctly. "It's a shame," she mutters. "They are being helped by their friends, and poor Mr.

Waldman is all on his own." On the rare occasion when the competitor failed to get the requisite number of marks, it positively made Mrs. Blank's evening for her: "I *am* glad," she said happily, "I always wanted Mr. Waldman to win!"

But I find TV popularity is not confined to variety and acting performers, for there are talkers equally popular. George Cansdale, Superintendent of the London Zoo, has an enormous following among my friends. Gerald Moore, the well-known accompanist, won hearts right, left and centre in his series of personal talks from the screen. Sir Thomas Beecham had us almost falling out of our seats; and Lord Beaverbrook, Christopher Mayhew, Robert Boothby, Graham Hutton—each has his train of followers in my circle of visitors. There is general agreement in my viewing circle that the secret of success on the TV screen is not necessarily based on looks or age—or even reputation! It is in the *personality* of the subject—that subtle, indefinable quality that can project itself through the cameras right into the viewers' sitting-rooms. I am afraid some of the biggest names from stage and films have flopped badly in my crowded drawing-room. Yet a newcomer has become the talk of the bus queue next morning.

Dorothy Worsley thought her women friends would resent Philip Harben's fulsome cookery hints. But his friendly and informal way has got them eating out of his hand! Pancake Tuesday gave Philip an obvious chance to shine.



When it comes to Philip Harben, the television cook, I fully expected my woman TV viewers to be roused to both criticism and resentment, because any man daring to invade the precincts of woman's own particular province —the kitchen—is surely asking for it. But they not only like him, they are quite prepared, literally, to eat out of his hand!

I think this is because of his friendly, informal way of passing on vital information; he never talks down to his audience. He so obviously enjoys cooking, and telling us little stories about this and that, that we hardly realize we are being taught something new: and far from being resentful, we find ourselves licking the lipstick off our lips as yet another Harbenesque masterpiece comes out of the oven!

From several neighbourly discussions in my district I find that some mothers have a deep-rooted objection to television for children. They are under the impression that it stifles imagination and inventiveness, making young people mentally lazy.

Now children come in to view on my set as well as the adults, and, in my experience, watching TV appears to be the source of inspiration for play and hobbies alike. I have seen some of these youngsters making puppets, ranging from the crude to the near-perfect, according to age; in fact, one boy of sixteen who lives near-by has made a complete theatre, with lighting, scenery, and beautiful costumes for his array of home-made puppets. I know a home where a one-time linen-basket comes out for regular games of "Andy-Pandy," while in another house I often overhear remarks such as "Bags I being Jennifer today!"

The only potential harm, I think, is where children are allowed to switch on the TV indiscriminately, especially the adult programmes. At any rate, my own viewing circle is firmly of the opinion that viewing should be strictly rationed for all young people. There are now programmes arranged to suit all ages, so it is not difficult to pick out those that are meant for any particular age-group.

When, on rarer occasions, I have invited young people of 16-18 upwards to view, I have found that there is much to be learned from the ballet and orchestral programmes. Teen-agers also gain inspiration from the performances of instrumentalists and the presentation of plays.

But all my TV friends think that more warning should be given—say in the *Radio Times*—when plays are not suitable for viewing by young folk, especially in a mixed audience. In my house, some plays have certainly been a source of embarrassment to young people.

I have said a great deal about what women *like* on TV, so perhaps I ought to mention the dislikes among my T-Visitors.

They hate all hand-waggers; you see these at any football match or similar outside feature. The moment the camera swings round their way, a

Few winter Saturday afternoons pass without a sporting event coming to the home screens—despite the ban on TV cameras by some sports promoters. Here cameras watch England play South Africa in a Rugby International at Twickenham.

fatuous grin spreads over their features and they wave wildly into the lens. Then there are the camera-hoggers at dances, who prance about on one spot determined to stay in the picture at all costs. As a contrast to these, there are certain people acting as guests at floor-shows like *Café Continental* who persist in assuming a bored expression and sitting mutely through the acts, doing nothing towards maintaining that gay and care-free atmosphere so necessary to this type of entertainment.

Then there are those comedians who continually laugh at themselves—it is somehow far worse when one can *see* them doing it. There are also the distinguished people who sometimes talk to us without taking their eyes off the script, hidden just below camera level. I have found that everyone has a personal TV-dislike. My own pet horror is the close-up of the soulful singer, with wide-open mouth and rolling eyes. There is only one way to deal with these—and that is to turn off the sound. Then you have some real comedy! And I *do* wish that the members of the *Inventors' Club* team would get together and invent a word other than "simple" for describing the inventions. It was repeated fourteen times in the last programme I heard—a small but monotonous point.

Television has now established itself as the home entertainment of the future, and it is probable that women will use it most, and therefore criticize it most. Let the BBC remember this!

18 KIDDY-VISION, ONCE DAILY

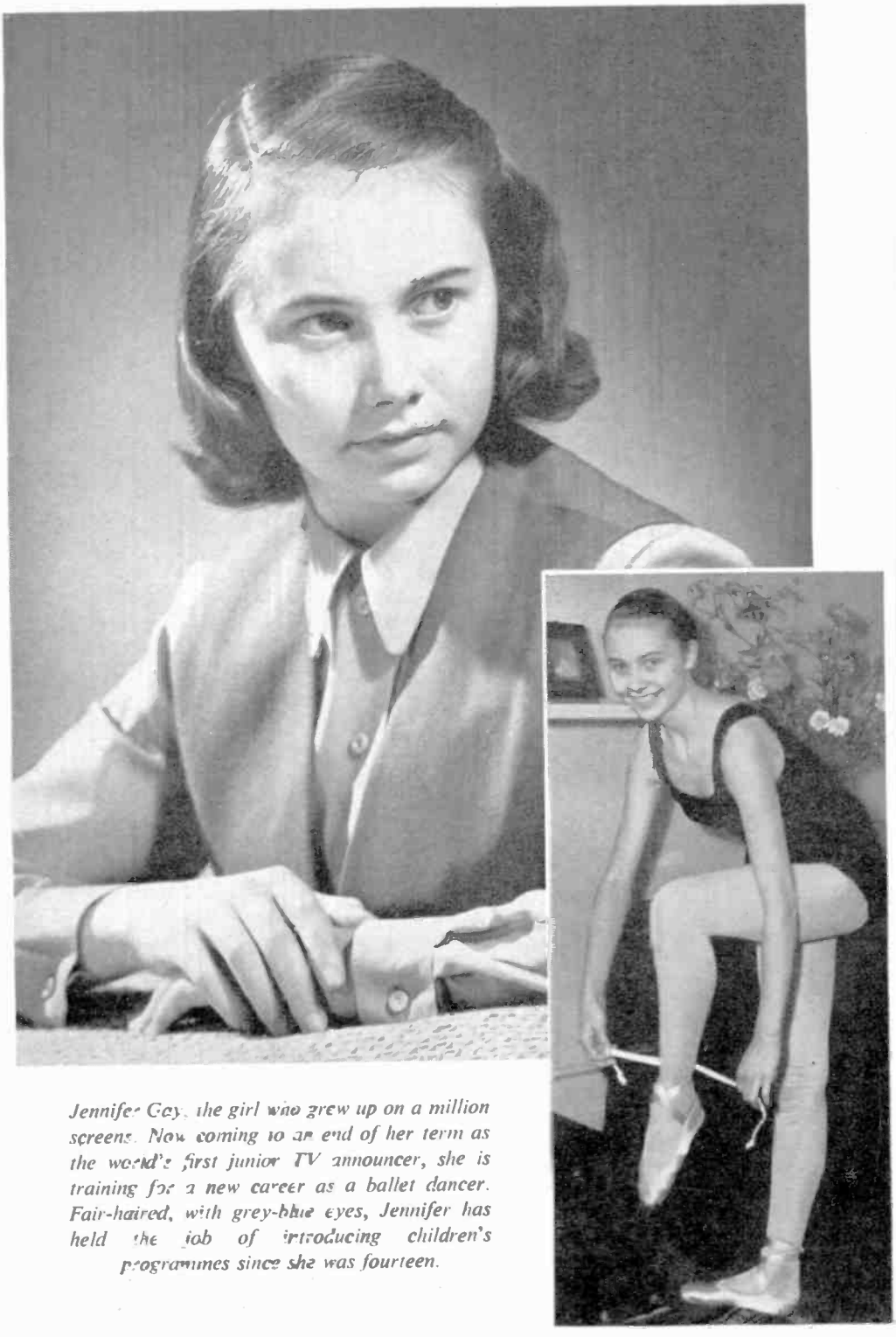
But JENNIFER GAY has Grown Up and must Bid it Adieu. . . .

THE first schoolgirl in the world to announce TV programmes as a regular job, Jennifer Gay first faced those frightening cameras when she was fourteen.

At seventeen, now, she must leave them. For she has grown up—and not the least intriguing part of adult viewers' enjoyment has been in watching her do it.

But for countless children Jennifer Gay opened up the wonderland of TV when TV was new to most. Her name will be on the lips of those children when they bore *their* children with memories of what TV was like

In the famous schoolboy stories, Billy Bunter (Gerald Campion) once again has to face Quelch, form-master of "the Remove" (Kynaston Reeves). A children's programme which had an adult (male) following!



Jennifer Gay, the girl who grew up on a million screens. Now coming to an end of her term as the world's first junior TV announcer, she is training for a new career as a ballet dancer. Fair-haired, with grey-blue eyes, Jennifer has held the job of introducing children's programmes since she was fourteen.

Children's television programmes draw on young dancers from the leading schools of ballet. Here's a scene from Happy Families, *a dance story which was very appropriate to TV. The junior audience has shown its interest in a wide range of programmes.*

before the kids blasély accepted it as commonplace. For Jennifer goes out into the big, cruel world with more fans than any Hollywood film star; and will probably be remembered longer than most expensively promoted screen idols.

The career now before her, she hopes, will be the entrancing yet hard one of the ballet dancer. For this she has trained with determination throughout her TV career.

With her very fair complexion, light-brown hair and wise, grey-blue eyes she has occupied the children's TV studio with the same determination to do the job seriously. Her most frightening afternoon was when she had to

The Florentine Apprentice *was a play which appealed to the older children. In this scene are John Slater, Antony Kearey and William Strange. John Slater became a favourite TV personality with adult viewers in 1952 by his originality in the* Saturday Night Story *series.*

"I am Colin." Mary finds her cousin, Colin, at grim Misselthwaite Manor. A scene from the moving serial play of the famous children's story, The Secret Garden. *The young actress, Elizabeth Saunders, scored a triumph as Mary Lennox. Colin was played by Dawson France.*

partner Mrs. Attlee in the programme which opened the Lime Grove studios. Her most apprehensive—avoiding a bout of sea-sickness when crossing to France to take part in TV's first-ever cross-Channel hook-up—which, we must not forget, was as long ago as 1950. In this Jennifer was shown going through the Customs and being shown round the port of Calais.

But—lucky girl—her memory must be stocked with TV pictures which no viewer ever saw. She takes her studio secrets with her—kissing Muffin and Mr. Turnip as she steps lightly through the door into the world beyond the modern looking-glass.

"Winnie the Pooh" made a nice cuddly-looking TV character for the younger children in a series of programmes based on the famous stories by A. A. Milne. Pooh and Piglet are here seen in a domestic incident at Pooh Corner — a delightful world of make-believe.

19 IN THE TECHNICIANS' BACKROOM

A Year of Developments

THE technicians in the backrooms of the BBC Television Service are kept busy, for TV calls for development apace. There is constant call for improvement of the methods by which TV is supplied, and of the places where its programmes are produced.

The call of the national population is for more TV stations to cover areas still without TV. With the high-power stations at Kirk o' Shotts and Wenvoe opened up in 1952, the five basic transmitters of the national network were completed. Government restrictions held up the five medium-power stations planned to cover the gaps left in the national reception area.

The call of the programme producers and the studio technicians is for continuing conversion of the old film studios at Lime Grove into TV studios of the very latest design.

The call of the outside-broadcasts technicians is for more and constantly improving equipment to extend the distances over which outside locations may be linked into the national transmission network. Outstanding in this direction, in 1952, was the achievement of the Paris-London link, which is described in Chapter 16.

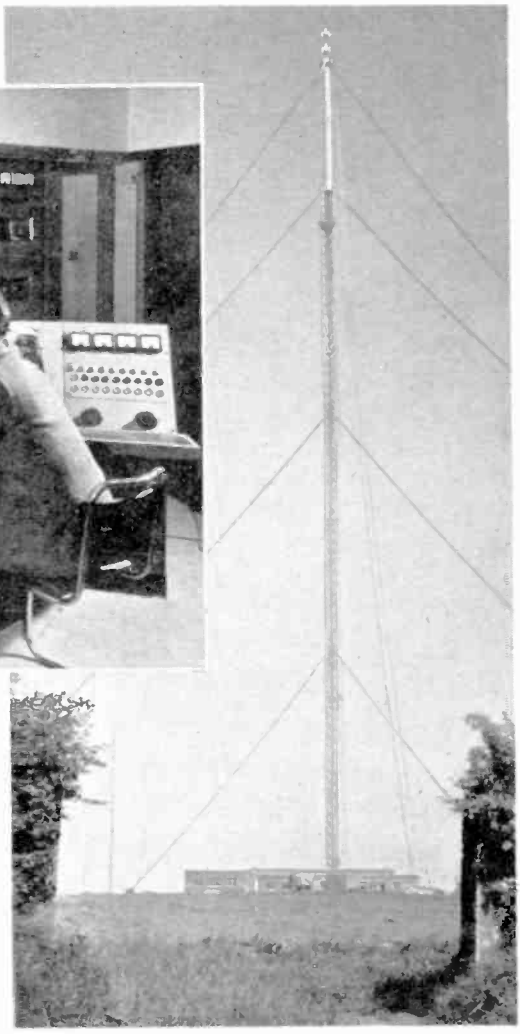
And there is the recurrent call, from public and technicians alike, for colour TV. Eventually—it may be in 1953—a single colour transmitter is likely to be opened to give an experimental service over a limited area.

NEW TRANSMITTERS

IN Scotland it will probably always be remembered that a dramatic and solemn event gave viewers their first pictures from the Kirk o' Shotts transmitter. Test transmissions, on medium power, began in January, 1952, before either the link from Holme Moss or the high-power transmitter was ready.

As a result of these tests it was decided to start the daily service by the station in March. But it would be through the medium-power transmitter, originally built as an emergency stand-by.

Then came the death of King George VI, and by a strenuous effort the BBC, and the Post Office engineers working on the link, put Kirk o' Shotts on the air to transmit the TV broadcast of the King's Funeral on 15



Inside the Kirk o' Shotts TV transmitter, which extended viewing to Scotland. Engineers are adjusting the 5-kW medium-power vision transmitter. The five cubicles at the back contain the vision transmitter. Three similar cubicles (outside the picture on the left) contain the 2-kW sound transmitter. The transmitters are operated by controls on the desk in the foreground. Right: *The 750-ft. aerial mast at Wenvoe.*

February. The station then closed until its official opening day in March. In August its high-power transmitter was completed, and Kirk o' Shotts went over to "full throttle," sending the Television Service over a wide area of Scotland.

During its medium-power operations. Kirk o' Shotts did not transmit the morning programmes, since Post Office engineers needed all the hours they could get to complete the link from Holme Moss.

(*The full link-system covering the national network runs as follows: Alexandra Palace to Sutton Coldfield by cable, with an alternative radio link, seldom used. Sutton Coldfield to Holme Moss by cable. Holme Moss to Kirk o' Shotts by radio link. Wenvoe to Alexandra Palace, via Bristol and Cardiff, by a mixture of cable and radio links.*)

The Kirk o' Shotts and Wenvoe transmitters are of similar design, and what is described herewith of Kirk o' Shotts applies with only small differences to the Wenvoe station, which covers South Wales and a great deal of the West Country.

Wenvoe is not so highly sited as Kirk o' Shotts, which stands 900 ft. above sea level. The Scottish station's 750-ft. mast brings the total height of the vision and sound aerials to over 1,600 ft. This mast weighs 140 tons and its total downthrust amounts to 336 tons. It can withstand a wind load of 80 tons, which corresponds to an 80 m.p.h. wind, at the base, rising to 120 m.p.h. at the top. In such a gale the mast-head would move 7½ ft. from the perpendicular. Design of the mast took into account the possibility of 23 tons of ice being caked over it, half an inch thick, in winter.

Sound and vision reach the aerial by a single transmission line, of novel design. This is a coaxial copper tube in which the normal inner tube has been replaced by a form of wire rope with a copper outer layer. This conductor is centrally located by a number of small rod insulators projecting from the inner surface of the tube, which is 5 in. in diameter. The tube is suspended, pendulum fashion, from a support at the top of the mast. This type of transmission line has been found to have a very high degree of electrical uniformity, essential for wide-band TV transmission.

LIME GROVE STUDIOS

CONTINUAL development, and much experimental progress in studio facilities, is going on as the conversion of the old film studios progresses at Lime Grove.

In March, 1952, Studio D was taken over for drama productions, which had until then made do in the two original, and small, studios at Alexandra Palace. With an area of 5,400 sq. ft., this provided producers of plays with twice the working space they had had in Studio A at the Palace.

Studio D is equipped with three cameras fitted with C.P.S. Emitron pick-up tubes. Each camera has a three-lens turret allowing viewing angles of 38·5, 24 and 16 deg. to be selected by the producer.

The total lighting power in this studio is 120 kW, but the cameras are of such high sensitivity that the lighting power needed for most productions is much less than the total, 75 kW being normal for most plays.

In its original state, the floor of Studio D creaked badly under the weight of the camera dollies and microphone booms. It had to be removed, rescreeded with concrete, and relaid with wood blocks, with a topping of linoleum. As a matter of interest, the weight of a camera on its dolly, with cameraman, is 12-17 cwt.

Studio G, at Lime Grove, is now in occupation by the Light Entertainment Department and the Ballet Department. It has an area of 6,000 sq. ft.

and is equipped with four cameras, which have four-lens turrets allowing viewing angles of 37, 28, 19 and 10 deg. This studio has been given an experimental design in producers' and technicians' control rooms. The sound and vision control rooms are separated by a glass window. It has also been regarded experimentally from the ventilation point of view. The air can be concentrated over any portion of the studio in use.

The latest Lime Grove studio to be brought into use is Studio H, occupied by children's programmes, with a floor space of 2,800 sq. ft. In many ways it contains the latest experimental designs. In the lay-out of the vision and control rooms considerable development has taken place. The vision-mixing desks and monitors have been so arranged as to give producers a frontal view of the studio, instead of the side view hitherto common in BBC studios. To remove the possibility of eye-strain, due to glare from the studio affecting eyes previously attuned to watching picture monitors in half-darkness, the double-glazed windows between the control rooms and the studio are fitted with tinted glass. New developments have been made also in the vision-mixing arrangements in this studio. Camera cuts and fades are controlled by push buttons and switches.

Development of Lime Grove is still proceeding. New telefilm facilities are almost complete. A presentation suite, with announcers' studio and announcers' dressing room, is being prepared. (At present the announcers usually work from Alexandra Palace.) Later, Studio E will be brought into service, adding a further 4,800 sq. ft. to the production area. The fifth and largest studio, F, with a floor area of 9,600 sq. ft., is not being developed as yet. Scenic shops are being built near-by. At present the main work of scenic set construction is carried out at Alexandra Palace, and all scenery has to be transported across London.

COLOUR TELEVISION

THE BBC's own Research Department is making experiments in colour TV and has compared varying systems. An outstanding demonstration of colour TV was provided in 1952 by the Electric and Musical Industries firm, which has pioneered much electronic development.

The demonstration was of a laboratory system, on closed circuits; a system not as yet suggested for broadcasting purposes, but being explored in order to study problems of colour reproduction—especially in connexion with pick-up tubes and cathode-ray receiving tubes.

Indoor and outdoor scenes were shown in colours which were equal to the best Technicolor-film standards. A normal photographic colour chart card was compared with the screen result, and the degree of faithfulness in the reproduction of seven graduations of tints was remarkable.

20 WORKADAY TV

Radio's Eye in Industry

WIRELESS was used for business purposes in the workaday world of shipping, defence and industry long before anybody thought of using it to supply entertainment. Marconi's first experiments were in fact devoted to this utilitarian end.

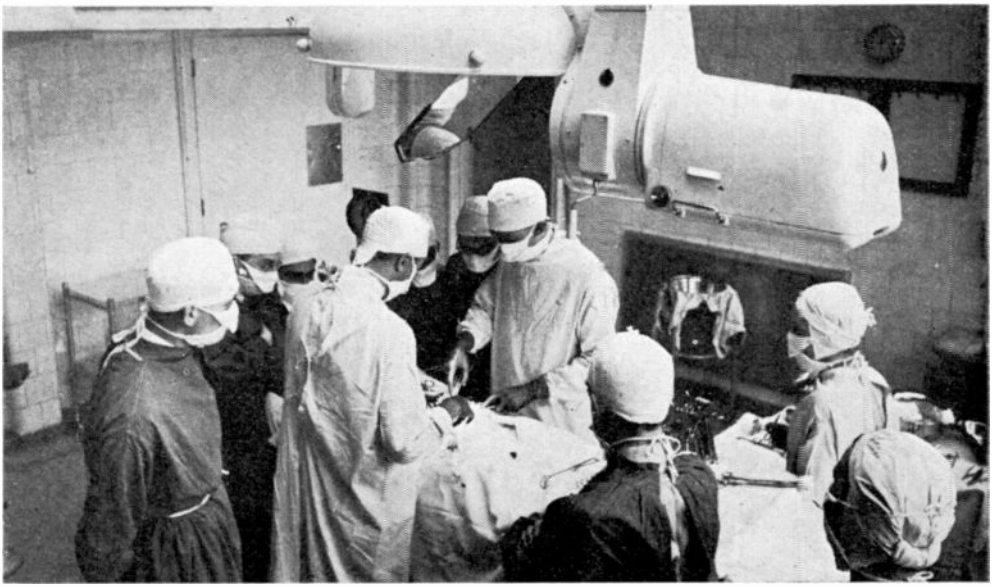
Not so with TV. It started as an entertainment—but industry has not taken long to catch up with it and harness the radio eye for the further simplification and improvement of business and manufacturing operations.

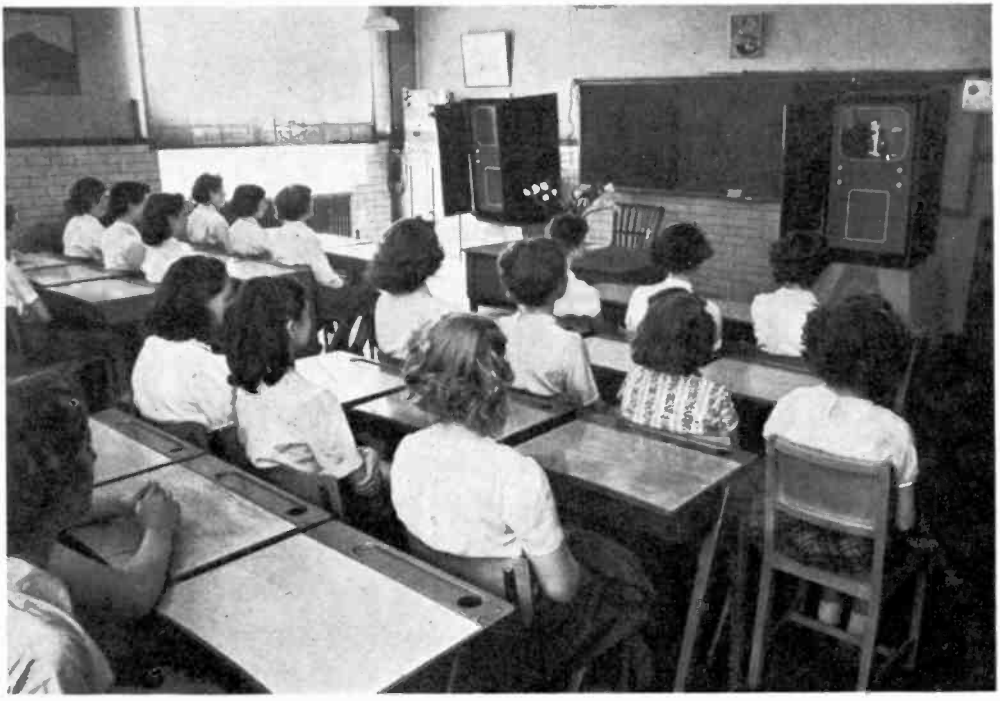
A London banking house, which keeps many of its records stored in the country; scans these records when need arises by TV—a TV link joining its London headquarters to the country branch.

In an engineering works in the Midlands TV is used to inspect industrial processes where no human could go with safety—among air-blast circuit breakers at work.

At Guy's Hospital, London, staff and medical students, who could not be accommodated in a single operating theatre, watch operations in progress by means of TV.

TV cameras above operating tables in hospitals show surgery in action to students elsewhere in the building. This equipment is working at Guy's Hospital, London. More and more TV is being used in scientific and industrial work.





In 1952 the BBC and the Middlesex education authority made a cautious experiment with TV for schools. Six schools—this is one—watched a month's TV lessons on a closed circuit, over which were sent experimental educational programmes produced at Alexandra Palace. A regular service is now planned.

For the Army, the Navy and the Air Force, TV has been joined to radar systems for the scanning of radar screens in distant rooms. And it was TV under water which found the sunken submarine, *Affray*.

In the United States mammoth cranes and bulldozers are being operated by a single operator enabled to watch what they are doing on TV screens in his cabin. Television has entered the iron-smelting industry, enabling the remote inspection of processes which was before an uncomfortable job in blazing heat.

The loading and shunting of railway trucks is scanned by TV cameras at one American industrial plant. And experiments are being made, both in Britain and the United States, to see if TV cameras set up in libraries, usually accessible only in the main cities, can send information to students in distant schools and universities.

In education TV obviously has a big future, and 1952 saw the BBC carry out a month's experiment, transmitting televised lessons to six schools in Middlesex. As a result, TV for schools is being planned on a national scale, and may start, in part, during 1953.

21 HERE ARE THE PROGRAMME MAKERS

Your Guide to the Men and Women behind the Credit Captions

THE staff of the BBC Television Service is 1,500 strong and is bound to increase considerably in the next two or three years. A large administrative and engineering staff works in the "backrooms" behind the producers and scenic designers, whose names may more often get credit on the viewer's screen.

The Director of TV is a member of the BBC Management Board and is responsible to the Director-General of the BBC. The Director of TV deals with main policy and administrative matters in the running of the TV Service.

Next comes the Controller of TV Programmes, who is the boss of all producers and programme workers, inspires, sanctions and throws out ideas for programmes, decides on programme building and timing, and generally administers the production of programmes in the studios.

Administrative chief and policy-making diplomat, George Barnes is the Director of Television. He has a long BBC experience on the serious side of broadcasting.

Below the Programme Controller are heads of programme departments —Light Entertainment, Drama, and so on. The producers come next, working directly to their departmental heads.

The following "Who's Who" gives details of the chief TV executives, departmental heads, producers and scenic designers.

Chief Executives

GEORGE BARNES was made Director of TV in 1950. He is forty-eight, and was originally intended for the Navy, being educated at the Royal Naval Colleges, Osborne and Dartmouth, and at King's College, Cambridge. Returned to Dartmouth as an assistant master, but later decided to take up writing, and joined the Cambridge University Press.

He joined the BBC staff as an assistant in sound radio's Talks Department and within six years was made Director of Talks; there followed appointments as Head of the Third Programme and as Director of the Spoken Word. Married, with one son, he still retains his love of the sea and ships, his chief hobby being sailing.

CECIL McGIVERN, TV's Programme Controller, was born in Newcastle of Irish parents. He attended St. Cuthbert's Grammar School and later Armstrong College, Durham University. In 1952 he spent time in Paris, personally arranging the Franco-British TV exchange. Before joining the BBC he was a schoolmaster, travelling amateur-theatre producer and repertory-theatre producer in the north-east. His first BBC jobs were at Newcastle and Manchester, where he was responsible for variety and drama and eventually for all regional programmes in the north-east. In 1941 he was transferred to London as a documentary feature writer and producer, and contributed some of the outstanding documentary sound-radio programmes of the war years. After the war he left the BBC and joined the Rank Organization as a script-writer. Rejoined BBC in 1947.

Cecil McGivern is television's Programme Controller, the producers' and programme workers' boss, and the man who decides what you see, how much you see and when you see it.

Michael Barry is Head of TV Drama Department, and chooses the plays.

Ronald Waldman is Head of TV Light Entertainment, and searches for comics.

Departmental Heads

DRAMA

MICHAEL BARRY, though Head of TV Drama, still manages to find time to return to the studios as a producer, in which capacity he shone brilliantly for many years. He has also written plays for TV. Forty-three years old, Michael Barry originally trained for an agricultural career, but instead of taking this up became a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Held a number of production jobs in repertory theatres up and down the country. Has directed films. Made TV history in 1951 by producing the first religious programmes in TV, the *Epilogues*.

LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

RONALD WALDMAN, the popular *Kaleidoscope* personality, is also Head of TV Light Entertainment. One of the youngest BBC executives, he is forty. Was a successful producer and light-entertainment broadcaster in sound radio for many years. While at Oxford University he was a member of the Oxford University Dramatic Society and became interested in the theatre. Joined the Brighton Repertory Company in 1935; became leading man, and then producer. Joined the BBC as a sound-radio assistant in 1938. A bachelor, he lives in the West End, and as a hobby plays the piano.

OUTSIDE BROADCASTS

S. J. de LOTBINIERE became Head of TV Outside Broadcasting in 1952. Previously he had been Head of sound-radio O.B.s as well, with an assistant head for TV. Now he has complete charge of the mobile cameras, and the future of televised sport and outdoor events and occasions rests with him. Lotbiniere joined the BBC in 1932, having previously practised at the Bar after an Eton and Cambridge education. He became an outside broadcasts commentator. During the war he held a number of important BBC jobs—Assistant Controller of the Home Service, Regional Director at Bristol, Director of Empire Programmes, BBC Representative in Canada —becoming Director of Outside Broadcasts in 1945.

TALKS

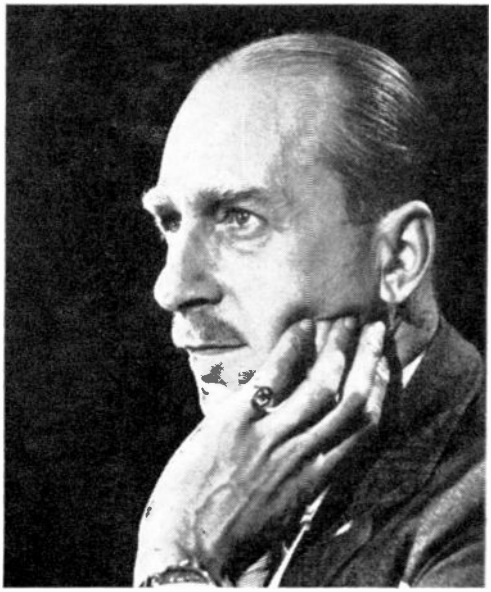
MARY ADAMS, as Head of TV Talks, has charge of those demonstration and informative features which are not dramatized documentary programmes. Has been in the BBC since 1930, all the time associated with informational broadcasting. After Newnham College, Cambridge, she spent four years as a research scholar, lecturer and tutor. She had six years producing sound-radio talks, joining the TV staff at the very beginning of the Service, in 1936. During the war was for a short period Director of Home Intelligence at the Ministry of Information, and then produced overseas programmes for the BBC.

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES

FREDA LINGSTROM took up her appointment as Head of TV Children's Programmes in 1951. Now aged fifty-nine, she began life as an art student, is an artist of distinction, and painted the murals in Norway House, Cockspur Street, London. She has also worked in textiles, china and glass. Joined the BBC in 1942 in sound radio's Home News Talks Department. Later transferred to the Schools Broadcasts Department, where she started the *Looking at Things* series. Is a scriptwriter, and has also written four novels, one of which, *Beggar's Fiddle*, was serialized in *Woman's Hour*. Created TV's Andy Pandy.

FILMS

PHILIP DORTE, who made TV's film trip to South Africa in the Comet, is Head of TV's growing Film Department and came to TV from Gaumont-British. His first job was as TV Outside Broadcasts Manager. Served as signals officer during the war, being three times mentioned in dispatches



The organization of film production in the TV Service is under Philip Dorté, who is a TV pioneer. Before the war he organized some of the first outside broadcasts from Alexandra Palace.

and attaining rank of Group Captain in R.A.F.V.R. Was awarded O.B.E. (Military). Returned to TV as Outside Broadcasts and Film Supervisor, and appointed Head of TV Films in 1949. Has been to America to study TV, particularly in regard to newsreels. Is married, with three daughters.

NEWSREELS

HAROLD COX is TV Newsreel Manager. He joined TV in 1938 from the film industry, as a producer in the Outside Broadcasts Department. Served in the Navy during the war as Lieutenant Commander, R.N.V.R. Returned to TV Outside Broadcasts in 1946, and in 1947 was given the job of launching TV Newsreel. Married, with two children, his hobbies are ocean racing and fruit growing.

Producers

DRAMA

DOUGLAS ALLEN has produced many of H. G. Wells's stories for TV and spent several years on the stage as an actor, stage director and producer, in repertory, on tour, and in the West End. During the war served with the R.A.O.C. After demobilization was stage director for *Spring* 1600, *The Time of Your Life* and *Clutterbuck*. Joined TV as a studio manager in 1947.

IAN ATKINS, who directed *The Three Hostages* serial, was trained in the film industry, which he entered as a cameraman just as talkies were beginning. Was stage manager to his father, Robert Atkins, at Regent's Park Open-air Theatre, and later played small parts for such producers as John Gielgud and Komisarjevsky. Joined TV in 1939 as a studio manager. Did radar research during the war. On his return to TV his first job was to handle televising of his father's production of *As You Like It* by the Regent's Park Company.

HAROLD CLAYTON, who produced *Back to Methuselah*, was at one time stage director and actor with the Dennis Neilson-Terry Company, and has produced and managed repertory companies at Newcastle and New Brighton. Played in *After October* at the Aldwych Theatre and toured in this play with José Collins. Produced at the Embassy Theatre, Arts Theatre, Criterion and Saville. In R.A.F. during the war, and afterwards taught at the Central School of Speech Training. Joined TV in 1946. Is married to Caryl Doncaster, TV documentary producer.

ERIC FAWCETT has had a most versatile TV career from the early days, having scored some of TV's most striking programme advances in straight drama, variety and opera. Came to radio after a thorough stage upbringing. Son of Alfred Burbidge and Florence Henson, he appeared on the London stage in musicals. In the 'twenties played in America in musicals and films. In pre-war TV played as an actor and then joined the staff as a producer. During the war returned to the stage in *Runaway Love* at the Saville Theatre and then became a sound-radio variety producer. Rejoined TV in 1946. As long ago as 1929 he appeared on an experimental TV programme, organized by John Logie Baird in a London attic.

Producer Eric Fawcett has provided plays, opera, musical programmes and variety for TV. He was once on the stage himself, as straight actor and musical comedy lead. He made an outstanding success of TV's version of the opera I Pagliacci.

STEPHEN HARRISON frequently produces classic stage plays for TV and has had a long film experience. Was in Paramount studios in America, and in 1929 was assistant director to Paramount at Elstree. With London Films he was editor of such pictures as *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, *Catherine the Great* and *The Private Life of Don Juan*. During the war was chief sub-editor of BBC Home News.

CAMPBELL LOGAN produced the *Pride and Prejudice* serial. Before this he made TV history by introducing TV's first drama serial, Trollope's *The Warden*. Toured abroad and at home as an actor, having played at the Globe and Wyndham's. Stage-managed for Leon N. Lion at the Royalty and Garrick. In 1939, stage director at the Open-air Theatre. During the war served with the Army Film Production Unit. Has written plays; is married, with two children.

LIGHT-ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCERS

RICHARD AFTON, who married in 1952 one of the "Top Hatters," produces the *Music Hall* type of show and *Top Hat Rendezvous*. Gave up a doctor's training to go into touring theatricals. Produced such stage successes as *A Little Bit of Fluff*, *Red Peppers* and *Naughty Wife*. Joined TV in 1947 and has introduced a number of new variety acts to TV light entertainment, also the *Aquacade* bathing-pool variety show.

WALTON ANDERSON produced the Charlie Chester show, *Pot Luck*. He was trained at the Central School of Dramatic Art and joined various repertory companies, later playing at West End theatres. Stage-managed and produced at the Arts Theatre and the Aldwych before joining TV as a studio manager in 1939. Has been responsible for some of TV's musical comedies and revues.

LESLIE JACKSON produced *What's My Line?*, for which he first chose the famous team including Elizabeth Allan and Gilbert Harding. Was educated in Dublin and became a student at the famous Abbey Theatre. Until the war acted in repertory and on tour. Saw seven years' service in the Navy, then returned to the stage, and joined TV as a studio manager in 1946. In that capacity had charge of every kind of production on the floor. Produced the Bradens' first TV series. Married to an actress, has two children. Keen on sailing and boxing.

BILL LYON-SHAW produced the *Know Your Partner* quiz show. Originally intended to be a surveyor, but became stage-struck through his local amateur dramatic society. Began in repertory, then started his own company at Margate. After serving in the R.A.F., joined George Black, Ltd., as a stage director, later becoming production manager for Jack Payne. Lives by the Thames at Shepperton, sails; builds boats.

MICHAEL MILLS, TV revue producer, started in the BBC as a sound-effects boy at Broadcasting House. Joined the Navy in 1939 and served until 1945, when recalled from sea to become second in command and stage

director of a naval show touring the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Canada and the Pacific. Was for a time stage manager at St. Pancras People's Theatre, and joined TV in 1947. Aged thirty-four, he is a bachelor.

GRAEME MUIR, who produced the Tommy Cooper show, *It's Magic*, is an actor from the legitimate stage turned variety producer, and was educated at Oundle and Oxford. Acted in repertory, stage-managed at London theatres and appeared in West End plays. First broadcast in a Greek play in 1940, and acted in several TV productions before turning producer. Is married to actress Marjorie Mars. Likes golf, horse-riding, and anything to do with motor-cars.

Graeme Muir is a producer in the Light Entertainment Department of TV, with a flair for the "mixture" programmes which bring viewers comedy, dancing, music and attractive pictures, such as in Music for You.

BRYAN SEARS has produced the *Kaleidoscope* series. Studied at Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, understudied in *Balalaika*, and has played in Shakespeare at Regent's Park Open-air Theatre. Became a sound-radio programme engineer in the Variety Department; once compèred *Workers' Playtime*. Produced *Variety Bandbox*.

BILL WARD, producer of the Terry-Thomas series, *How Do You View?*, and of the Vic Oliver series, *This is Show Business*. His real name is Ivor William, and he has superintended the work of new variety producers. Was once the youngest engineer in the BBC—at Plymouth. Has done all the technical jobs in TV: cameraman, vision and sound mixing, and lighting. During the war instructed on radar at Military College of Science. Became a studio manager at Alexandra Palace, promoted to producer in 1947. Married, with two children, he is a keen apiarist, gardener and golfer.

OUTSIDE-BROADCAST PRODUCERS

ALAN CHIVERS looks after many informative and educational outside broadcasts. Worked in repertory and film studios, taking a course of flying at the same time. After eighteen months had both private and commercial pilot's licences. Joined R.A.F. Fighter Command, after two years becoming test pilot. Served later as flying instructor, until invalided out of the service, joined BBC as a recorded programmes assistant, later transferring to TV.

H. A. CRAXTON is a producer specializing in sports. Was at one time a sound-radio announcer, and became responsible for writing and producing sound radio's daily *Programme Parade*. Then worked in a BBC administrative department until joining TV in 1951.

PETER DIMMOCK, popular TV horse-racing commentator and assistant to the Head of television outside broadcasts, arranges many of the most important sporting and national-events telecasts. Is an ex-R.A.F. pilot and flying instructor. He joined the Press Association as a reporter on being demobbed, and covered horse racing for daily and evening newspapers until 1946, when he was appointed to BBC Television Service as outside broadcasts commentator-producer. Well known to viewers also as a commentator on ice hockey and speedway.

BILL DUNCALF, educated at Clifton, Bristol, became a medical student, but left this for film work. Was a cameraman and documentary-film writer and producer. Became a free-lance scriptwriter for BBC and films, and then joined the BBC's West Region staff as a features producer. Transferred to TV in 1951.

BARRIE EDGAR has worked as a producer of outside broadcasts from London and in the Midlands and the North. Was assistant stage manager, Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham, and stage manager at Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Has played light-comedy roles on the stage. During the war was a pilot in Royal Naval Air Arm. Joined TV as a studio manager, and appointed producer in 1949. Is son of Percy Edgar, late Chief of BBC in the Midlands, and married Joan Edgar, wartime BBC announcer.

MICHAEL HENDERSON, commentates on the rugby internationals and outside ceremonies, is also often on the TV Newsreel. He is also a producer of O.B.s, and joined the BBC originally as a studio manager in sound radio. Became a news reader and announcer before transferring to TV. Has played cricket, hockey and rugger for Wellington College, and got

his rugger Blue at Oxford. Keen on sailing, playing the flute and singing madrigals and choral works. Married to an Australian journalist on a famous London Sunday newspaper.

KEITH ROGERS normally specializes in programmes of industrial or scientific interest, but in 1952 was engaged on the London-Paris exchange programmes. Was a technical journalist before joining the BBC, and had been a radio operator in the Merchant Navy. In the last war was a member of R.A.F.V.R., responsible for the installation of radar equipment.

AUBREY SINGER, a producer specializing in religious outside broadcasts, is a Yorkshireman and, until joining TV, had spent all his time in films. Sailed to Africa on a windjammer, and while in that country directed four films; has also worked on children's films in Austria.

BERKELEY SMITH has turned more and more from producing outside broadcasts to commentating on them. Spent practically all the war in the Middle East, India and Burma, where he commanded a battery of field artillery. On his returning he lectured all over the country, and in America, on the Burma campaign. In 1946 produced programmes about Britain for relaying to U.S.A. Made daily commentaries on the 1947 Olympic Games for the American networks. In 1949 went to Lake Success as a radio reporter, covering United Nations Assembly. Married the girl who organized his after-war lecture tour; has three children; lives in Sussex.

TALKS PRODUCERS

PETER de FRANCIA was introduced to TV when he worked on four programmes coming from the Victoria and Albert Museum, this resulting in his being appointed a talks producer. Provided the *Roof Over Your Head* series. Born and educated on the Continent, he studied art and has varied interests, including anthropology, economics, stone carving, etching and engraving. Once wrote a book about museums.

GRACE WYNDHAM GOLDIE, responsible for Christopher Mayhew's foreign affairs TV programmes, is a graduate of Somerville College, Oxford, and late dramatic critic of *The Listener*; was also TV critic in that journal for two years before the war. Has been a BBC sound-radio talks producer, being responsible for presenting many eminent people at the microphone, including the late George Bernard Shaw. Broke new ground in TV talks programmes with such features as *International Commentary*. Is married to Wyndham Goldie, the actor.

ANDREW MILLER JONES produces many scientific programmes and has made a special contribution to TV's handling of medical subjects. Worked in the early talkie-picture studios. Pioneered cartoon and animated-diagram films for instructional purposes. Joined BBC in 1937 as junior TV producer. During the war was in charge of R.A.F. Training Film Production.

GEORGE NOORDHOF, at thirty, is a producer of scientific talks programmes, including *Science Newsreel*, and has assisted on such programmes as *Inventors' Club*, *Looking at Animals* and *The Limits of Human Endurance* series. Educated in Holland and at Cambridge, where he became a research scientist for the Admiralty and later for the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Became a lecturer for the Workers' Educational Association and a broadcaster in the BBC's Dutch programmes.

S. E. REYNOLDS produces many of TV's programmes for women and was for a long time associated with *Picture Page*. Took on Joan Gilbert's *Week-end Magazine* in 1952. After Oxford he went in for agricultural engineering, but left this to run cinemas and become an artists' manager specializing in overseas tours by concert artists, theatrical companies, military bands and opera companies. In 1934 began writing for sound-radio programmes, and then wrote and took part in over a thousand radio programmes.

NORMAN SWALLOW produces programmes about current affairs at home. He left Keble College, Oxford, after taking honours degree in Modern History, to join the Army in 1941. Served throughout the war, though occasionally writing in periodicals, mainly as a literary critic. Joined BBC North Region in 1946 as a features producer, transferring to London for TV in 1950. Is married, plays tennis, cricket, lacrosse, and likes watching football.

DOCUMENTARY PRODUCERS

ROBERT BARR directed the *Pilgrim Street* series of documentaries and has contributed several other outstanding documentary programmes, especially on crime and its detection. Had a varied career in Scotland and Fleet Street as a reporter, and joined the BBC from the *Daily Mail*. First BBC job was as sound-radio scriptwriter. Became a radio war correspondent. Three days before the final German capitulation he was injured and flown back to England. Became a TV producer in 1946.

Documentary producer Robert Barr has pioneered this TV activity.

Stephen McCormack goes all over Britain to produce documentaries.

CARYL DONCASTER, at thirty, was responsible for the outstanding series on *The Rising Twenties*. After training at Bedford College and London University, she took a social-science course at London School of Economics. Then worked with a concern developing film strips for schools. Is married to TV drama producer, Harold Clayton.

STEPHEN McCORMACK produces the popular *London Town* and *About Britain* programmes, having pioneered the all-but-undetectable marriage of filmed scenes to live ones. Joined BBC as a TV studio manager in 1946. His training had been in stage management with the Prince Littler commercial-entertainment concern. The war put him in the Irish Guards, and he produced the first pantomime ever presented in that regiment. Was later posted to India and was two years with British Forces Radio in the Far East, originating broadcast messages from the troops to their homes. Married an actress, and has a young family.

W. FARQUHARSON-SMALL produced *Current Release*, the series of film "trailer" programmes by which the film industry allowed glimpses of new films to reach viewers' homes. Has been in the BBC since 1938, producing features and drama for sound radio in the West Country and Scotland. Began his career as an artist and has been a stage-manager, scenic-set designer and director of colour films.

DOROTHEA BROOKING produces children's plays. She was trained at the Old Vic and spent two years in Shanghai, broadcasting and producing at the official radio station there. Has written plays for radio. Is married, with one son. Between writing, housekeeping and producing, she paints, mainly portraits.

PAMELA BROWN, producer of juvenile features, left school to study drama, having already one book to her credit. Wrote three more books between jobs in repertory. Went to the Middle East with Combined Services Entertainments in 1946. Played Sandra in *The Swish of the Curtain* when it was broadcast as a sound-radio serial. Has written scripts for sound-radio children's programmes, and acted in broadcasts of her own books. Is married to Donald Masters, producer of Amersham Repertory Theatre.

Pamela Brown, who was a youthful prodigy as a writer and actress, is one of the younger producers of children's television programmes.

NAOMI CAPON has specialized in experimental features for children. She studied ballet and mime, later teaching at the Department of Drama, Yale University, U.S.A. Worked for United States Government during the war. Has acted in American radio series and danced with a team of folk dancers on American TV. Was once on the *Economist* as research assistant. Married to Kenneth Capon, well-known architect.

JOY HARINGTON, the producer who put Billy Bunter into TV, has been in show business since 1933, her first acting job being at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. After two years in repertory, toured U.S.A. in *Murder in the Cathedral, Ladies in Retirement* and other plays; went to Hollywood, where she acted in thirteen pictures and was dialogue director in nine. Has done many broadcasts. Likes "messing about in boats."

DON SMITH edits *Children's Newsreel* and knows all branches of the film industry, especially sound-recording and production. His unit was the first to operate from the studio centre at Lime Grove. His hobbies are photography and bee-keeping.

REX TUCKER produces plays for children. Went into business on leaving Cambridge, but disliked it so much that he left to take up teaching and free-lance writing. Began writing for radio and later joined BBC. In September, 1939, was on sound-radio's *Children's Hour* staff. After war became drama producer in BBC North Region. Writes children's books. Is married, with one son.

MICHAEL WESTMORE has produced such children's successes as *Whirligig* and *Saturday Special*. After taking honours degree in both history and law, and doing six years in the Army, decided to go on the stage; also broadcasts a great deal. Is interested in puppets, model theatres and art. Likes music, especially singing. Paints in water-colours.

MUSIC PRODUCERS

PHILIP BATE put on the TV screen piano lessons and the *Ballet for Beginners* series. Originally took a science degree at Aberdeen and did research work for the university. Joined BBC as an assistant studio manager at Alexandra Palace and became a producer within a year. During the war was first a programme engineer in sound radio and then held administrative and production positions in overseas and home broadcasting. Is an expert musician and has a valuable collection of ancient musical instruments.

GEORGE FOA has produced most of the operas which have come to the TV screen in recent years. Born and brought up in Milan, he was first trained as an opera producer, then came to London and joined a firm of music publishers. Later produced for the Carl Rosa company and then went to Hollywood and worked in films. During the war took charge of BBC's Italian Service, joining TV in 1950.

CHRISTIAN SIMPSON has pioneered the arts of music and ballet in TV. Son of a Scottish minister, he joined TV in 1936 as a sound engineer. Later transferred to camera work. Joined R.A.F. in the war, first in radar, then in air-crew, specializing in coastal reconnaissance. Returned to TV in the lighting section and became a studio manager. Later promoted to producer of ballet and musical features. Paints and composes music.

Scenic Designers

JAMES BOULD is a drama scenic designer. Studied art at Birmingham School of Art and was a designer for Birmingham Municipal Theatre. Worked in the famous Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and came to London to design for C. B. Cochran, Charlot and Stoll. Was for a time producer at Manchester Repertory Company. Has worked for the stage in France, America, Russia and China. Served in Royal Navy, later becoming a commando and First Lieutenant to Admiral Fraser in the Pacific.

STEPHEN BUNDY got his training with Aberdeen Repertory Company, where Stewart Granger, Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray were also "in training." In addition to scenic sets, he designs theatrical hair styles and costumes. Married, with one son.

RICHARD GREENOUGH is a designer of light-entertainment settings. Entered the theatre after training as an electrical engineer. Has been a scene-shifter in a West End theatre and an actor at Stratford-upon-Avon. While stationed at Glasgow during the war he studied at the School of Art and followed this up by taking to scenic design.

BARRY LEAROYD designed sets for *The Venus of Bainville* (see page 22) and is senior designer in the Scenic Department, being responsible for settings for some of the most important plays each year. He was educated and trained as an architect, and was working in film production prior to joining TV in 1938. Had a varied war service: ack-ack, O.C.T.U. instructor, War Office Staff Captain, Pilot Officer and Flight Lieutenant.

Viewers would soon notice if TV plays took place before plain curtains! But how many stop to think how much preparatory work has to be done before a play gets its right scenic setting? Here is senior scenic designer Barry Learoyd at work.

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