THE
TELEVISION
ANNUAL FOR 1956

Every Viewer's
Companion, with Souvenir Pictures
of Programmes and Stars

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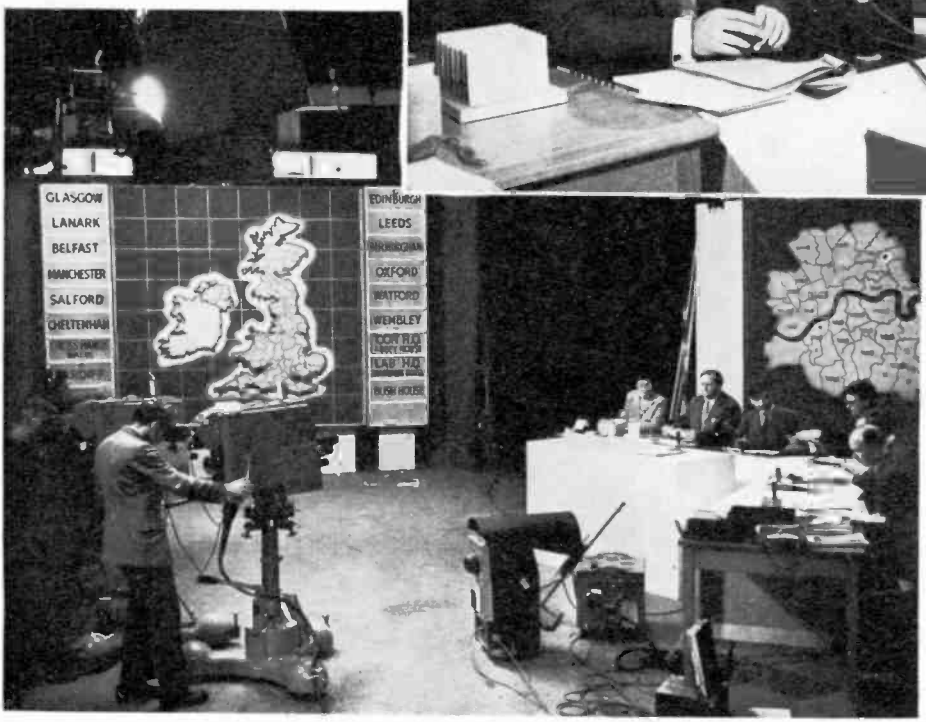
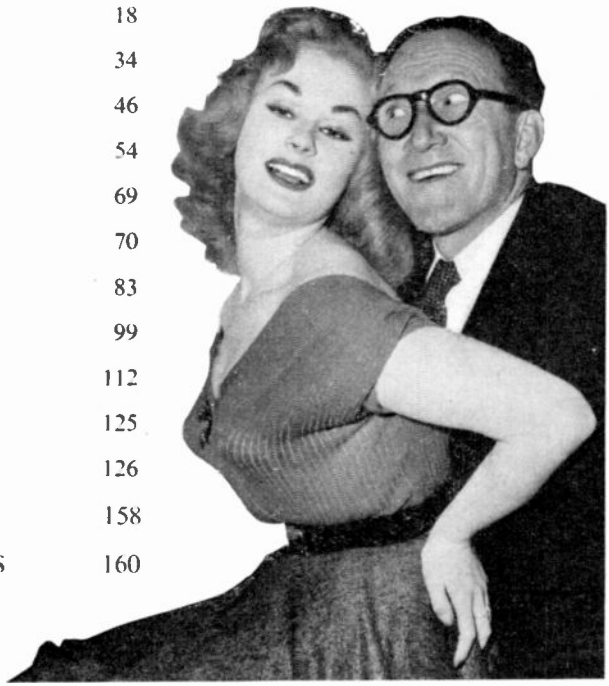




SABRINA and ARTHUR ASKEY

KEEPING THE VIEWERS UP LATE!

A few years ago no one would have suggested that people would stay up late to watch horses jumping on television. Now this fine sport is a TV spell-binder. Viewers saw Dawn Palethorpe on Earlsrath Rambler taking part with the British team in the International Horse Show at the White City.

THE HAND THAT TIED THE CAMERA

The Editor's Review

TELEVISION, as Britain has come to know it, is BBC Television. Now commercial TV comes in and almost certainly TV will enter a period of unpredictable development. Before the complexities of this new situation dim the view, it might be as well to see what the BBC has done with TV so far.

Before the Hitler War there were three years of BBC Television, watched by a very limited audience, though when the outbreak of war closed down the BBC service, that audience was showing signs of very rapid growth. The BBC has now run TV for eight years since the war. While the service covered only London and the Home Counties, the number of viewers (according to licence figures) grew to 126,500 between 1947 and 1949, the major part of that audience being recruited in the second year alone. In 1950, the addition of the Midlands to the service area increased the viewing audience to 343,800. By taking in the North, in 1951, the figure shot up to 763,900. It overtopped the first million in 1952, when the West and Central Scotland were added. Between then and now, in three years, TV has added to itself around a million new viewers each year. There are now over four million.

Counting in members of families in TV homes, it is now reckoned that twelve million people watch TV programmes, or about one in every four people in the British Isles.

Such a development is not unimportant. It is a development in home life, and therefore has social significance. It is also a development in the techniques of communication and entertainment. It is a factor to be reckoned with on various scores, of which not the least is how the BBC has made use of TV as a new medium.

The documentary programme is perhaps the BBC's most renowned TV achievement. No other TV system in the world has developed this informative feature so well. Here is a scene in a documentary about the training of girls for a ballet career.

The arrival of any new medium attracts innovators keen to attempt the purist approach, bent on doing with the medium only those things which—they think—are best suited to its nature. The BBC Alexandra Palace story between 1936 and 1939 is largely one of zealous purists who wanted TV to become a new art form in its own right. Though there was some excess of ivory-tower "artiness," the period did sow fruitful seed; experiments in dramatic and musical production originated ways of presenting TV programmes to which Lime Grove has really added little but improved reproduction of the picture.

On the eve of the war, which closed down Alexandra Palace, the BBC may have been nearer to the use of TV for material best suited to it than it has been since. Outside broadcasting was blossoming out; informational programmes were developing; drama, when it was on, was short—or allowed to run long only when the play merited it; light entertainment and comedy shows were very much the minor constituent.

After the war the significant milestone was not the extension of studios and technical facilities, nor even the rapid increase in audience. It was the BBC's top management decision to tie TV to the same administrative

framework as sound radio. This was done irrespective of whether that set-up was the best to produce what TV needed—the material Alexandra Palace had begun to show it needed. The result was that TV was given too much drama, and altogether too much emphasis was placed on the manufacture of studio programmes, and too little on expanding the outside broadcasting, informational, news, and filming sides. Because large drama and variety departments existed for sound radio, they had to exist for TV. This was the BBC gospel. It has bred a mere time-filling machine, devoted to putting artificiality on a screen which craves actuality.

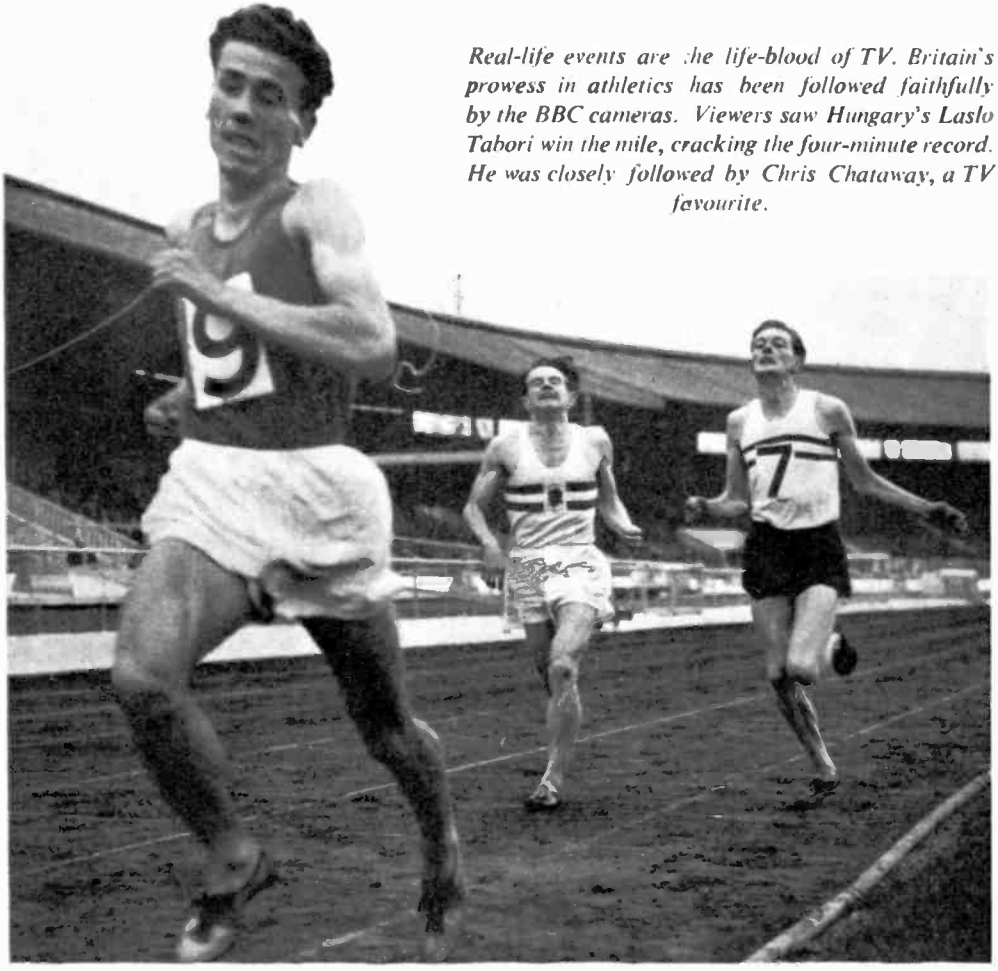
This is not to say that plays, and studio concoctions generally, should have no place in TV. In fact, the first post-war years achieved the TV documentary feature, now perhaps the BBC's most renowned TV production, and achieved it inside the studio. Here was an intrinsic studio use of the medium bursting through of its own volition; just as the same thing happened with some of the plays produced. There was, indeed, a high-drama period rich in the development of TV as a visual-small-screen

BBC Television has cut drama output. But at least a hundred plays still have to be found each year, excluding serial thrillers. The Portrait of Alison *serial gave tense incidents like this one, played by Patrick Barr, Peter Dyneley and Brian Wilde.*

medium. We recall such plays as *Cry Aloud Salvation*, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, *The Gentle People*, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, and plays specially provided by Terence Rattigan and J. B. Priestley.

Between 1949 and 1952 drama was the popular peak of BBC television with documentaries creeping up, and variety direly criticized, though being allowed more time. But by 1954 drama had been cut from 15 per cent of total transmission time (in 1950) to 12 per cent. Variety, on the other hand, increased in the same period from 9 per cent to 12 per cent—or from 152 hours a year to 249.

There was, of course, over these years a very gradual increase in the total transmission hours. Thus the proportion of outside broadcasting increased from 22 per cent in 1950 to 27 in 1954. Nevertheless, this was the period when the comedy shows and panel games were given their build-up. It is a regrettable failing of the BBC that it rarely if ever frankly explains



Real-life events are the life-blood of TV. Britain's prowess in athletics has been followed faithfully by the BBC cameras. Viewers saw Hungary's Laslo Tabori win the mile, cracking the four-minute record. He was closely followed by Chris Chataway, a TV favourite.

Alma Cogan with the dance team in a BBC variety show. While Lime Grove increased the number of light entertainment shows, its research into viewers' opinions showed that certain documentary programmes were appreciated more than some variety shows.

its programme selection policy, and one can only assume its reasons for lavishing attention on any one sphere of TV broadcasting. It is fairly generally assumed that the extension of variety TV broadcasting was connected with the make-up of the TV audience. For it became apparent—some think to the surprise of the BBC—that TV was spreading most rapidly among the lower-income groups.

If we divide TV programme output between actuality-cum-information and entertainment, we find that in 1950 50 per cent of programme time was being given to outside broadcasting and informational features, while 35 per cent was allocated to entertainment. By 1954, however, despite some increase in broadcasting hours, the outside broadcast and informational material was down to 35 per cent, with entertainment up to 46.

It is of some interest to compare this balance with that of the same ingredients in sound radio. The Home, Light and Third Programmes, in 1954, produced 26 per cent of outside broadcasting and information against 62 per cent of entertainment. This greater amount of entertainment would seem proper in the non-visual medium, and the BBC might well say that TV *is* doing more of the outside broadcasts and informational features so well suited to it.

The argument becomes one of degree. The BBC's case for claiming a right and appropriate use of the TV medium can look good. In 1954 TV transmitted 559 hours of variety, plays and entertainment films; but there were 918 hours of outside broadcasts, talks, news and documentaries. Here, on the face of it, is more "actuality" than "studio concoction." I see little reason to doubt, however, that the public would prefer even more actuality; viewers know what is good for TV, and the BBC's own research into audience opinions shows that many a TV documentary scores a

The TV link-up of European nations is one of the good things largely inspired by the BBC. Viewers saw this festive scene in Brussels.

higher rating than a variety show, and a number of "talks" personalities are quite as popular as panel stars.

It is safe to say that there was little memorable in those 559 hours of studio entertainment, compared with what was memorable in the 918 hours of actuality. Arthur Askey, Benny Hill and Gilbert Harding apart, probably no TV light entertainment would be seriously missed. On the outside broadcasts front, since the war we have had the Victory Parade, the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip, the funeral of King George VI, the Coronation, the Olympics, and the Eurovision programmes linking the countries of Europe.

On the informational side we have had outstanding medical programmes; the Aidan Crawley, Christopher Mayhew and Jeanne Heal features; *Panorama;* and the talk of great orchestral conductors. Here, whatever the viewer's taste or "standard," there must have been much which was memorable.

One readily concedes that most *entertainment*, of any kind, is ephemeral, and should not be compared with the excitement and curiosity aroused by "actuality" on the TV screen. Of course a televised Coronation will impinge more on the mind than a Terry-Thomas programme. But between these two extremes there is a great deal of TV variety material which is a misuse of the medium solely because it is so unsatisfying; and there are

Viera, the attractive and original singer of light songs from many lands. Born in Yugoslavia, Viera brings the kind of sharply-focused intimacy to TV which is more difficult to achieve in the full-scale spectacular variety programmes.

J. B. Priestley added distinction and new development to TV humour with his series' Natasha Parry and John Stratton contributed to the satirical fun poked at manners and ways of speech.

more than a few plays which betray, by their unsuitablity, that they have been chosen only to fill one of 104 play "spots" which must be filled each year.

So long as TV must be a daily service giving forty to fifty hours of programme a week, it is obvious that it cannot be filled only with the programmes best suited to it. There is not sufficient outside broadcast or informational material, let alone the extravagant facilities which would be required. One is pushed to the useless conclusion that there is too much TV—a useless assertion, since the clock will not now be put back. One can only dream of an ideal TV service which would give news and information for an hour each night, take in outside broadcasts as and when they were important and available, and garnish with one play and one variety show at the weekend! Additional hours might be used for showing films specially

made for TV. Such a service would be akin to the published magazines—something to attend when one had the time and the inclination.

Such a service, it is my view, would be using the medium appropriately. The TV the BBC has developed is more a hybrid—half *television* in its own right, and half a peepshow on to conventional theatre and show-business. Commercial TV will entrench this hybrid even deeper. The sole factor undisclosed as yet is what the public will do in the end when it really comes to terms with TV. Will it treat it every bit as casually and intermittently as it treats a magazine?

At present, probably the majority of viewers switch on the TV set every night without fail. Most of what they see is quickly forgotten. No harm

The Merchant of Venice *was one of the BBC's outstanding Shakespearean productions. Michael Hordern* (left) *gave a memorable performance as Shylock; and Rachel Gurney* (right) *brought freshness to the part of Portia. Each year Lime Grove turns its attention to two or three of Shakespeare's plays.*

was done by having *What's My Line?* as a national relaxation and talking point every Sunday. But the screen time must be filled, and because one panel show took our fancy, others had to be put on. Most viewers would probably agree that we could have done without them.

The cult of the TV personality has come, and will probably be with us a long time. Doting on Sir Mortimer Wheeler or Josephine Douglas probably does nobody any harm, and may brighten the lives of some. But they are certainly not "great," nor have they lasting significance.

And a great deal of TV is of this shadow world, adding nothing to national life. But who can tell what seeds have been sown by the informational side of TV? Millions of people have seen talks and documentary programmes about problems and subjects which had never before been brought home to them. Millions of people must have at least a little more understanding of the complexities of modern civilization; of its background; and of the kind of people who make up the world today.

Alongside the passive watching of TV's shadowy world, there is an occasional stimulus to action. Through TV more people are interested in sport—either to go out and watch it, or to go and play it. Hobbies and housewifery have been stimulated.

A great deal of nonsense is talked about the danger of TV to children, when what should be our concern is the danger of unwise parents allowing

"Because one panel show took our fancy, others had to be put on. Most viewers would probably agree that we could have done without them," asserts Kenneth Baily. Guess My Story *took the Sunday night place of the original success,* What's My Line? *It introduced Rikki Fulton, and re-introduced panellists Elizabeth Allan, Michael Pertwee and Eunice Gayson* (left to right).

"Although there are more homes without a TV set than with one, more children watch children's TV programmes than listen to sound radio's Children's Hour." *This sphere of TV is now of the utmost importance, and commercial TV is extending it. Here are Donald Hewlett, "Fuzz" and Robert Harbin in the BBC* Jigsaw.

children to see adult programmes. The audience for the BBC's children's TV is now large enough for this sphere of TV broadcasting to be of the utmost importance.

Although there are still many more homes without a TV set than with one, more children watch children's TV programmes than listen to sound radio's *Children's Hour*. Just over a million and a half children listen to children's radio programmes; but 2,200,000 now regularly watch TV's. The blind spot in the BBC Television Service has been in catering for the twelve to sixteen-year age group, and a complete failure to interest the teenager generally. Commercial TV will certainly attempt to fill this gap.

It is interesting that there are age-ranges, after childhood, when TV assumes sometimes more and sometimes less importance in people's lives. It has been shown that young married folk, often kept at home, see more TV than the middle-age group; and the elderly and lonely also see more.

With the alternative choice of BBC and commercial TV, and later a second BBC choice, and later still, colour TV, there is plenty of opportunity left for changes in both the use of TV and in public reaction to it. It seems to me that public reaction will now become the determining factor. If there are radical changes in what TV is used for, I hazard the guess that they will be a long time coming; and when they do come it will be because Mr. and Mrs. John Citizen have at last decided just what they want from television.

Arthur Askey

THE producer of Arthur Askey's BBC television shows, Bill Ward—who has now moved into commercial TV—always said that Askey knew more about the comedy business than he did. And Arthur always said that Ward knew more about the TV business than he did. This has been the secret of the working partnership which made Arthur Askey the most successful comedian on TV.

And, of course, Arthur could draw on a long and varied experience in the comedy business. He started it, unofficially and unpaid, by imitating his superior officers in the Liverpool Education Offices. Askey was then a clerk. But he was doing a great deal of amateur entertaining in the Liverpool area. So when he met a typist called May, who could sing, he suggested they both join a professional concert party. They did. Arthur followed this up with another proposal to May. The result of that was May leaving the stage to housekeep—and ultimately bring up their daughter Anthea.

Third-run music-hall tours and a number of seaside concert parties kept Arthur busy for a number of years. For several seasons he was the beloved comic of holidaymakers at Shanklin in the Isle of Wight. It was sound radio's *Band Wagon*, the first-ever series of comedy shows to centre on one star, which "made" him. Modestly, he says it was mostly due to "Stinker" Richard Murdoch pushing him on in the partnership which that radio show introduced. *Band Wagon* became a national institution, before *ITMA*. In fact when the war broke out and BBC plans were interrupted for a time, the news that *Band Wagon* was to come back on the air was even reported at the War Cabinet as a sign of rising morale.

Arthur started his radio broadcasts with the greeting, "Hullo, folks!" It was because Tommy Handley was using the same greeting that Arthur changed to "Hullo, playmates!" And when asked to do his first TV series, he suggested as its title the phrase with which he had always introduced his nonsensical piano playing: *Before Your Very Eyes*.

BENNY HILL

The 31-year-old comedian surveys the years that led to TV fame

IT CERTAINLY makes you think, this TV lark.

I was walking through the West End the other day. There was a ladder from the pavement to the upper floor of a building. Two workmen had their heads out of a window at the top. At the foot of the ladder stood their mate.

I walked round the ladder—a careful boy is Benny!—and was only a few paces past when the chaps up above lowered an autograph book, wrapped carefully in brown paper, to their mate below. For me! The TV camera makes 'em recognize the top of your head now!

It's not so long ago, really, since I was sharing lodgings with honest workmen like those chaps on that building. The salt of the earth! I recall this without any sense of big-headedness, but just as fact.

When I was first in London I lived in a kind of tenement lodging-house. A grand old dame kept it, and workers, come to town to work their trade, sat round the big table with me. I never met a landlady more careful. We even shared the tea mug.

She had a secret passion, that old dear. Strawberries. In the season she'd sit in the kitchen eating them and if you went in to get a cup of water from the sink, she'd look daggers at you—as though you were going to loot her strawberries. But, bless her, she was one of the best. Kept me from starving more than once. Looked after our health, too, she did. Swore that onions trapped germs, and always kept half of one hanging up.

I suppose I've always noticed people. Certainly I enjoy impersonating characters more than cracking witty gags. First of all it was my school-

masters. Taunton's School, Southampton, that was. Well—you know what boys are, and some masters. . . . !

My Dad had a shop in Southampton, and I used to hide behind the counter and spy on his customers. Then after closing time I'd go the other side of the counter and imitate them all one by one. No wonder my parents decided that what I wanted was a bit of strict routine. A job with no larking about allowed.

"Woolworth's. That's the place," they said. And sure enough they put me in the branch at Eastleigh, where I had to settle down as stockman-clerk. They told me I'd become manager of a branch, if I worked hard. A sixpence-to-a-bob future for me, my lad, and no nonsense.

Well, I mean, you don't see many new faces when you're clerking, do you? Far better to be behind the counter. But I couldn't get there in Woolworth's, because I was a big boy and not a little girl, see? It stands to reason.

So I went out into the by-ways, meeting people. About a dozen by-ways

Benny Hill is never serious for very long, and here he does a bit of impromptu fooling during a TV rehearsal. The young comedian from Southampton has built up a reputation for the kind of cheeky comedy which is sure to go well in the family circle of viewing homes.

Benny Hill among the dancers in The Benny Hill Show. Back row, left to right: *Jacqueline Curtis, Josephine de Marne, Elizabeth Seal and Joan Hart.* Front row, left to right: *Christina Lubicz, Louise Clarke, Jane Taylor and Ann Banbury.*

—streets on a milk round. I enjoyed that. Never knew what tales the women were going to tell you when they popped their unpowdered noses round the doors. Mind you, I was still only fifteen. So at sixteen I decided I was old enough for show-business.

I was lucky; I went to London and got a job as property boy in a touring revue. Wonderful training, that. I was promoted to stage manager —and then it happened. What I had been waiting for. The comic fell ill. Nasty Benny, fancy wishing ill on a fellow pro'!

I pleaded to be sent on in the comic's place. They let me have a bash, and I've written "Comedian" at the top of my unemployment cards ever since.

Came the war—(BBC commentator's voice!)—and I became a Private/ Comic/Third Class/Unrecognized. France, Germany, Holland, Trieste rolled by, with me in R.E.M.E. and then—bless the day—in Army Entertainments. But all of this was a great piece of luck, really, because you see

I met French and Germans and was able to add to my store of comedy characters.

I think it's a fact I should never have got on, on the BBC, without my "languages." Well—you know what the BBC is—all very cultural. What I mean is, I picked up enough lingo to impersonate continentals, and when you are doing sound-radio work there's nothing like a few accents to add variety to the variety, so to speak.

This TV business has made people inclined to forget that I did a lot of sound-radio work first. I've been "on sound" about five hundred times and had my own show on the West Regional before I'd even seen a TV camera. In it with me was a clever comedy actor, Johnny Morris. You know him now, don't you? He was making people laugh down in the West for years before Lime Grove discovered him.

One summer, greatly daring, I took my Western radio show to Weymouth to see if it would "take" as a seaside show. We ran one week, me holding the cash, and I lost £50 on the enterprise.

After that I thought it better that seaside shows should employ me,

In his TV series, Benny Hill had a shot at everything. Viewers never knew where he would turn up. One surprise was seeing him attempt to take part in a classical ballet scene.

In a variety of incongruous costumes and a selection of outrageously unorthodox roles, Benny Hill won national acclaim in The Benny Hill Show. *He was frequently partnered, as here, by Jeremy Hawk. Benny Hill showed his talent for TV first as compère of the Nuffield Centre shows for the Forces. He began his broadcasting career in the West Regional's sound radio programmes.*

rather than I run them. So between spasmodic sound-radio spells I drew very welcome pay packets in summer shows at Margate, Ramsgate and Newquay. For a time I teamed up with Reg Varney. You've seen him on TV, chiefly in his naughty schoolboy character. But, mark you, when I worked with Reg, he was the comic. I was his "straight man."

My TV luck came through compèring the Centre Shows, given for the Forces at the Nuffield Centre. These led directly to my own TV series and that in turn to my very lucky break in the West End *Folies Bergère* show at the Prince of Wales.

So bless the telly, I say—whatever *you* say of it! It has only one snag. I've had to stop travelling on the underground. People would start nudging each other and trying to decide whether I was me. It got to such a pitch that one day I felt it kindest to them for me to get out at the next station. It wasn't the station I wanted.

Makes you think.

THIS MAY BE A TV REVOLUTION

The Big Question behind Commercial Television

by KENNETH BAILY

SO COMMERCIAL television comes to Britain! What will be the results? Anyone who knew for certain could sell his wisdom for a fortune. Since the Government set up the Independent Television Authority, to provide competition with the BBC, there has been a crop of guesses, assumptions and predictions about the difference it will make. But it is plain fact that Britain has not one iota of experience in commercial TV broadcasting. And it will certainly not do to make the glib assertion that what has happened to TV commercially controlled in the United States will happen here.

We are not adopting the American method at all. The British genius for compromise is the backbone of the legislation upon which the ITA rests. The ITA plan is not that of brutal salesmanship wrapped in majority-appeal TV entertainment, with no kind of ruthlessness barred—from which derives most American TV experience. Our commercial TV format is basically a means of collecting advertisers' money on the one hand, with which to finance TV programmes on the other. On paper, at any rate these two hands should never meet.

Your half-hour ITA programme begins at 8.1 p.m. and ends at 8.29. Those twenty-eight minutes will be as innocent of advertising as anything from Lime Grove. The sixty seconds fore and aft of the programme will be the advertisement, paid for at a rate which, with the other "plugs" topping and tailing other programmes, provides the cash for making the programmes. This is exactly akin to a newspaper, where the advertising columns have nothing to do with the editorial columns, yet pay for their production.

This is quite different from the American method, where the sponsor rigs his programmes throughout with the stars and the material *he alone* thinks will win him the kind of audience he wants for selling his particular

goods. In Britain it is going to be the size of the audience for the "plugs" which will matter most to the advertisers. Though advertisers may want attractive shows between their "commercials," the ITA, as a kind of semi-BBC referee aiming to put on a balanced programme timetable, will control the programmes.

For this reason the ITA is a stark experiment. It faces an uncharted course. It must knot on to its prim, Government-tailored apron-strings a whole circus of showmen, TV experts and film men ready to make TV programmes in a totally unknown financial and psychological situation. They will be pioneers, one and all; they will succeed and fail, make money, and as certainly lose it. Only time and public will show whether their errors will be retrievable, whether their losses will be recouped.

The situation is peculiar in another way. The ITA is not starting at the beginning of TV. The BBC began it in 1936. The man who joins the race late can learn from the mistakes of earlier runners; but he still has no experience of the going. The most massive obstacle before commercial TV is the mighty start the BBC has been able to consolidate. Even were it safe to assume that a haughty and complacent BBC had no intention of fighting the ITA—which is not the case—the cards already held by Lime Grove are mostly aces.

They have the audience. With ten transmitting stations against the

Commercial TV goes into action. This picture was taken in the first studio opened by Associated Rediffusion, the programme contractor providing the London programmes from Monday to Friday.

Dicky Leeman, renowned as What's My Line? *producer at the BBC, is one of the Lime Grove men who is now working with commercial TV. He is in session here with TV favourites Patricia Cutts and Elizabeth Gray.*

ITA's initial three, the BBC spreads TV over a population of forty-eight million of whom thirteen million (counting members of families) regularly look-in. The ITA will operate in three areas only with a population in the region of twenty million; but before any TV household there can look at ITA, slight or major adjustments must be made to set and aerial—at a cost, slight or major. In the first three estimated ITA reception areas there are at present two and a half million TV sets. In 1956 the ITA programmes must have the appeal necessary to draw those viewers from their habit-founded BBC viewing, and they must have as well sufficient magnetism to persuade those same to spend money on set and aerial adaptation.

This change-over is vital, for the ITA depends on advertisers' money, and advertisers want to reach the largest possible market (audience) in the shortest possible time. More ITA stations will be added, perhaps at the rate of three a year from 1957 onwards. But meanwhile it looks as though the advertisers' money will go on missionary work to the "unconverted," rather than on selling to the first few faithful.

The BBC has the studios and the equipment. It has found the job of

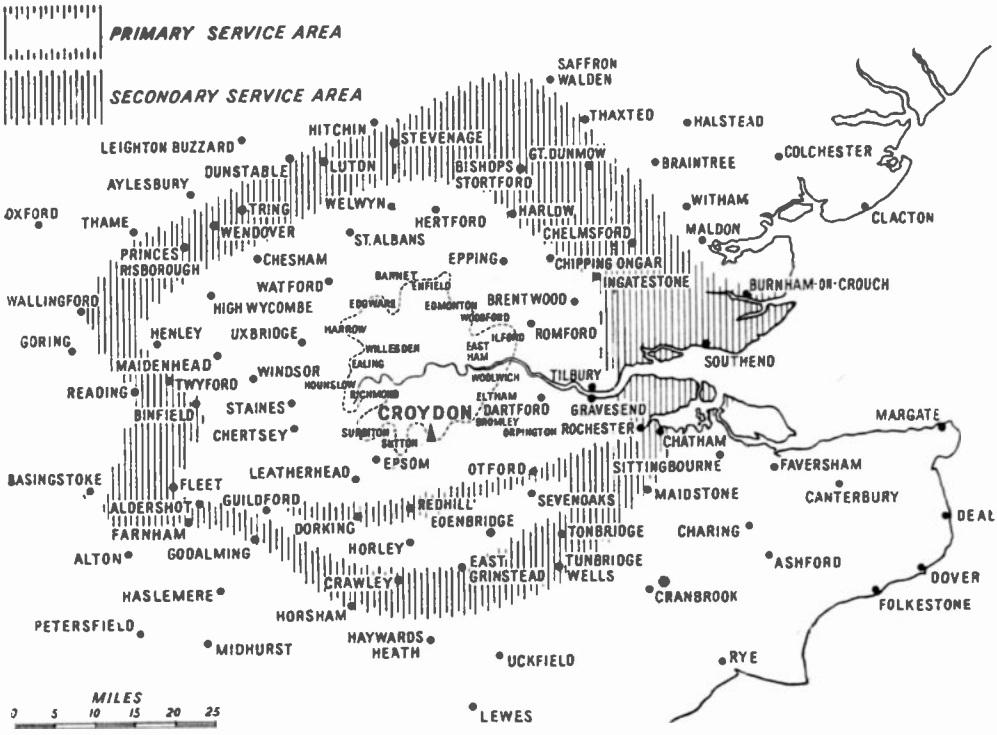
providing these a long and tedious operation. Building operations may be easier now ; today the radio manufacturers may be able to turn out TV cameras, and the vast multiplication of intricate equipment going with them, more speedily than they could for the BBC when it was teething TV at Alexandra Palace.

But since the ITA has appointed four programme producing companies, there is not merely a single demand for studios and gear, but a fourfold one. To meet this completely and simultaneously seems a tall order. Commercial TV may well be forced sometimes to make a truly pioneering start in empty theatres and church halls lashed-up as studios, with motor caravans parked outside as control rooms.

Oddly enough, such a beginning could be more fruitful than it looks. The makeshift period in BBC television was rich in inventiveness. It was a challenge which brought out the best in men and women struggling to establish TV. Commercial TV may find a cramped beginning something of a blessing.

The BBC has the experienced producers and technicians. However many

The expected area over which the first commercial TV transmitter will be received. Sited at Croydon, it will cover a first-class reception area from Hertford in the north to Leatherhead in the south; and from Brentwood in the east to Henley in the west.



BBC stars transfer their loyalties to the new commercial opposition, they cannot shine there until there are men to produce them and technicians to project them to the screens. The ITA cannot begin to move until it has a trained driving crew. Some BBC television producers have already left Lime Grove to take up appointments either directly in the commercial TV field or allied to it.

People critical of BBC salary rates, and its red-tape regulated promotion ladder, assert that there will be a wholesale walk-out of cameramen, studio technicians and film workers from Lime Grove. In this matter I do not consider that the BBC has disclosed its hand. It probably does not mean to do so.

Sir Ian Jacob, its Director General, has made one move, which may be a feint, hiding a card still held under his board-room table. He has said he will not automatically offer his staff more money to keep them away from commercial TV. But, a sprinkling of key men apart, will commercial TV offer BBC workers all that much more than they now earn, so long as it is

Rachel Gurney, an actress made popular in BBC TV plays (*see page* 15), *takes part in one of commercial TV's plays,* Change of Heart. *She is shown in a dramatic scene with Maureen Davis. Among the famous dramatic actors and actresses commercial TV brings to the screen are Sir Laurence Olivier, Donald Wolfitt, Flora Robson, Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, and Eric Portman.*

One of the first plays to be seen on commercial TV—Two for One—*provided this fetching scene. Regarding the mischievous youngsters are Ann Stephens, Marjorie Stewart and Maurice Kaufman.*

forced to spend lavishly to equip itself and buy the best stars as its initial shop-window dressing?

In fact, it may appear that the mistake has already been made at Lime Grove of allowing the small handful of key producers to transfer to the competition; for until the BBC has trained replacements for these, a number of its programmes will be manipulated by greenhorn producers—not a reassuring outlook for BBC viewers.

In the uncertain field of TV stars there are grounds for thinking that loyalty to the BBC will be stronger than some wiseacres have suggested. Gilbert Harding and Wilfred Pickles think sufficient of the BBC, and insufficient of commercial TV, to have decided to work exclusively for the old Corporation. Lime Grove has pressed other TV stars to sign on exclusively. The Harding and Pickles contracts are significant. Both stars were made by broadcasting, and owe their fame solely to the BBC. Other stars claim today's star rank only because TV made them household names. Such men and women may harbour strong loyalty to Lime Grove.

If the more cynical assumption, that only the money matters to a star, is the more correct one, it is still doubtful whether ITA with so small an initial audience will appeal to artists for whom publicity and wide recognition are as important as cash. A number of BBC stars will need considerable allurement from the ITA front if to work there must mean

Comedian Reg Dixon is among the first to get ready for the new commercial TV programmes. Here he receives make-up repairs while making the Confidentially *series, to be seen among variety offerings provided as an alternative to BBC television.*

lessening or losing BBC engagements. Most TV stars also work in sound radio. There they have rewarding markets in the Home and Light programmes, as well as extra fees for "overseas repeats." For them, the ITA is only one market against three BBC markets.

At the outset, the established TV stars look like sitting on the fence and seeing how soon the audience flocks to ITA and so makes regular appearances there an investment in public appeal. Meanwhile the commercial production companies seem liable to bring in, at lavish fees, many stars in the internationally famous class who rarely if ever appear in BBC television. This cream of world talent will produce the sensational publicity the ITA needs if people are to be lured into adapting their TV sets. But whether such cream remains will depend entirely on whether commercial TV pays off well enough to meet the high cost of maintaining it.

The cost of TV production and development is a major problem for the BBC as well as for the ITA. Though the BBC has the start, any inflation of prices for artists and programme material as a result of commercial competition will increase expenditure at Lime Grove. But the BBC Television Service is at an expensive stage of development anyway. It is by no means fully equipped with studios, gear or staff. It is going steadfastly ahead building for itself a massive Television Centre at White City. It is adamant in its intention to start a second TV programme of its own in 1957, to be yet another alternative for viewers. This, it seems, will double the present output of BBC programmes.

Indeed, largely because of TV development, the income the BBC expects to receive in the next three years will fall short of its planned needs by about £6,000,000. The ITA has the straight job of making a television service pay. Unlike the BBC it has not got at the same time a vested interest in maintaining and improving a vast sound-radio organization. Despite the gradual transformation of radio listeners into TV viewers, the BBC expenditure on sound broadcasting is still increasing. It was up £700,000 in

the BBC's last financial year. Broadcasting House is determined not only to keep up the present sound-radio output, but to establish fifty new-type sound transmitters to give perfect radio reception throughout Great Britain.

Television is costing the BBC four million a year, rising by about half a million a year. With this expansionist expenditure on both sides at the BBC there is no wonder that there is talk of yet another rise in licence fees. The advent of commercial TV can only sharpen the BBC's own TV development needs, especially the plan for what it considers to be its main weapon against the new opposition—its second TV programme.

There are those who say that the BBC's television expenditure is wasteful. Studios and equipment are on too grand a scale. The backroom staff of administrators and the studio-floor staff of technicians are too great. Commercial TV, they say, will avoid elaborate organization, and put its all into buying talent and ideas.

The cost of the BBC's talent and actual programme material in TV is averaged at £1,916 per hour of transmission time. (The sound-radio cost is only £462.) It has been suggested that the cost of the one-minute advertising "plug" on the ITA will average £600. That would give £1,200 for a half-hour show with a "plug" at the beginning and end.

But a specific estimate can give no indication of the overall one. Commercial TV finances will be complicated. There will be thirty-second "plugs"

The distinguished actress Flora Robson also prepares in a commercial TV studio. She starred in one of the opening plays of the Theatre Royal *series, a programme devised to compete with the BBC's Sunday night TV play.*

Training studio staff has been a major preparation by the commercial TV programme companies. Trial programmes and auditions have been produced by young men and women looking forward to careers in the new business. Among those who left the BBC television staff for the venture are Bridget Booth (left) *and Pat Bennett* (right), *here being instructed by David Boisseau.*

as well; and variations in programme lengths. Shopping guides and advertising documentaries will complicate the economic basis. There may be variable rates for advertisers according to the region in which their commercials are shown. Moreover the most popular TV shows, in BBC experience, do not necessarily cost anything like the BBC average of £1,916 per hour. *What's My Line?* is well below that rate. So is *Ask Pickles.* Whereas many a Sunday-Thursday play, or Saturday-night variety presentation, runs away with more than £2,000.

In theory it would look as though the ITA will spend three times as much as the BBC, because it will have three regions fed by separate programme companies, working the same hours as the BBC. But this is by no means certain, for it has still to be decided what proportion of the programmes will be put over the full, three-region network, and how much material will be exclusively directed to the separate regions.

Commercial TV could, of course, concentrate on personality shows, like quizzes, which in BBC experience are economical; in short plays and serials; and in outside broadcasts, avoiding elaborate productions. By its brief, however, the ITA has to give a balanced programme for all tastes. According to its blueprint it must embrace information and culture, as

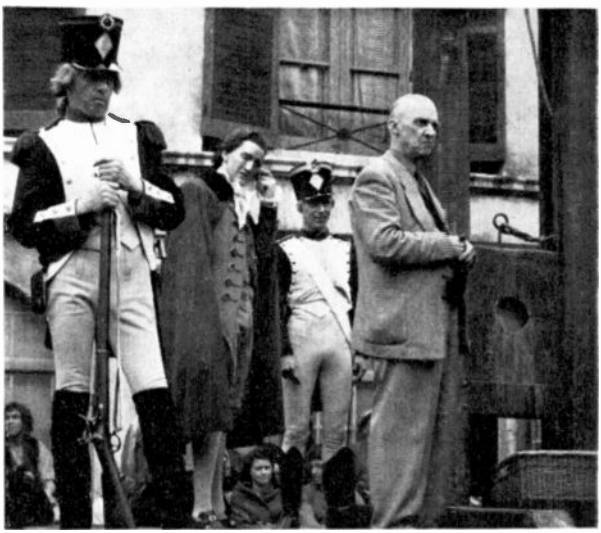
well as variety. One of its programme contractors, Mr. Sidney Bernstein, has already declared that he intends to produce opera, ballet and good music.

The one certainty, it seems, is that the viewer is going to have a variety of samples of commercial TV thrown at him, while the advertisers sit waiting to find out which bait he rises to best. At that point, one must suppose, the advertisers will become acutely interested in the detailed content and balance of ITA programmes. As this is a matter in which, according to legislation, advertisers are supposed to have no hand, there will then arise a most interesting situation, charged with political dynamite.

A side issue, not without intriguing possibilities, is the situation of an advertiser who has faith in the "pulling power" of a TV personality. Unable to control the content of the actual TV programme between his "plugs," may he not collar the personality for the "plug" itself? Indeed, this formula is already in use in some of the first "commercials" made. There certainly are not enough stars to embellish "plugs" *and* programmes! Some kind of agreement on star usage, between advertisers and programme companies, seems inevitable here.

At heart commercial TV is a gamble. The hive of talent-seeking and artistic ingenuity it will stir up is bound to sting Lime Grove into something more than its normal service. Once commercial TV has run a few months, BBC normal service is unlikely ever to be resumed in quite the same way. There will always be an antidote to BBC complacency.

But there may also be a danger of too many TV cooks thinning out the limited talent available, with the long-term consequence that the viewer turns to TV more and more as a utilitarian news and information gadget, and less and less as an entertainment.



The man in the modern suit adds an incongruous touch to one of commercial TV's preparations for entertaining viewers. He was helping in the filming of a guillotine scene for The Scarlet Pimpernel.

Harry Secombe

DOWN in a Welsh valley the Rector of the village of Machen views Harry Secombe's TV shows with more than a passing interest. The Rev. Fred Secombe is Harry's brother. Secombe Major (Fred) was a prefect over young Harry. Fred was always bent on the Church as a vocation. Harry, good at English, wondered about going into journalism. But there was something tugging him another way.

At first it was his voice, a good treble, much in demand for choirs. Was music, perhaps, Harry's career? But then the younger Secombe also loved staying on the local concert platforms after the choir had done its turn, so that, all alone, he could entertain the audience as a comedian. He did impersonations, a favourite one being of Stanley Holloway.

But when school-leaving came Harry went into an office. He joined the Territorials at seventeen. War came, and before he was a year older, Harry Secombe was in the Army. He was in the first landing in North Africa, then followed Sicily and Italy. In the Army he met a pianist, and together they gave troop concerts. Harry's comic talent had scope to grow.

In fact he was posted to the Army Entertainments section full-time. The officer in charge of these soldier entertainers was Colonel Philip Slessor, later to work with Harry in radio's *The Goon Show*. Back in Swansea after the war, Harry found office work no longer to his favour, so he went to London and applied for an audition at the Windmill. He worked for three months doing six shows a day there.

Then came a lean time with little work. He met Michael Bentine, Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan, and together they worked out the beginnings of *The Goon Show*. Harry had a spell as resident comic in radio's *Variety Bandbox*. In the *Welsh Rarebit* radio shows he first used his fine singing voice. Variety, films, radio, and finally TV came to him for his unusual and likeable talents. Today he's earning a five-figure salary.

THE TOPPERS ARE PROBLEM GIRLS

You would never have dreamed of the complications

by HILTON HEWS

THE line of dancing girls is commonly supposed to be put into show business for the benefit of the tired business man.

I have often wondered how such a line has established itself in TV. For in front of a TV set in his home I circumspectly imagined the tired business man as having other forms of recreation. There's always an armchair. There may be books. Some wives' conversation is recreational! And there may be a garden, a garage or a bench to potter around.

However, perhaps Lime Grove knows its licence-paying tired business men best. And we will pass by the gibe about the BBC having an inferiority complex about the Palladium and the Tiller Girls, and trying to get back by having its own pet line of Toppers.

Suffice it to say the Toppers came, conquered many, and brought a bevy of problems in the wake of their tipper-tapping feet. First of all, when the original "Rooftop Lovelies" of a programme called *Rooftop Rendezvous* were imported into a new TV show called *Top Hat*, and were given the name "Toppers," there was the criticism that there were too many pairs of legs per square inch of cathode tube.

Producer Richard Afton and the BBC together ignored this; and we got used—as Afton and his employer knew we would—to trying to spot the girl we liked best from a line of bean-sized arm and leg wavers.

The art of the producer soon saw to it, however, that dressing the girls in character costumes—like that of Charlie Chaplin, for instance—could

The girls who made the "Toppers" famous. This was the original line of TV dancers which was disbanded to make way for the present troupe.

centre our attention on two or three if a close-up occasionally revealed the delight being felt by the wearers of these costumes.

This, however, raised the impudent criticism that some of these Toppers were not perhaps as new to show-business as the official age range of "young lovelies" might lead one to suppose. Carping critics said rude things about the combined age of the line.

In fact, a few years of show-business experience was telling with some of the original girls, who were showing a mature touch of personality and character in their work—as we shall see.

Age, combined or in singles, had nothing to do with the next problem. The Toppers began to get married. Romantic newspaper columnists tied this on to the BBC for showing them off to prospective husbands with TV sets. In fact, girls of marriageable age often do get married.

A dancing line threatened with depletions due to wedding bells was no longer a good proposition; so apart from a few of the "babies" of the line, who were retained, the first Toppers were disbanded. The youngsters kept in hand were to be integrated in a new line for which the prime rule of admission was "No girl over seventeen allowed in."

Auditions were held for several dozen hopeful girls, some from Scotland, and many from the North and Midlands. After much nervous tension,

Ginger Stewart

Pat Denny

Ann Banbury

Three of the original "Toppers" whom some viewers missed when the girls were changed.

a lot of newspaper pictures, and a display of coy pride on the part of the BBC, the new line was formed. And for good publicity measure, Mr. Leslie Roberts, director of the Toppers, had chosen six blondes and six brunettes.

More eventful, however, was the selection of a line of identical age who, from the distance of TV viewing, all looked much the same. This was eventful in that it shot up the next Topper problem. The girls might all look youthfully streamlined, of one fresh and unspoiled mould, but—would you credit it?—some viewers now missed the different personalities which the old line of Toppers had shown up, by reason of its variegated ages.

It suddenly appeared that viewers had been lavishing their affection on chosen favourites in the original line. To mention three, there were Pat Denny, Ginger Stewart and Ann Banbury. Each of these girls, and some others, had won favour by their "different" looks, or by some peculiar characteristic of their dancing.

These admirers said the new line looked like a row of mass-produced dollies. But this problem did not daunt Leslie Roberts or producer Richard

The new TV Toppers number twelve girls, and can be divided into two working groups of six blondes and six brunettes. Here are the blondes: (left to right) *Wynne Gray, Gillian Mitchell, Virginia Buckland, Ann Taylor, Angela Bradshaw and Daphne Ford.*

The other half of the Toppers dancing line—the six brunettes: (left to right) *Jackie Joyner, Thelma Baker, Peggy Gomm, Delicia Beckett, Mary Mitchell and Ann Talbot.*

Afton. In fact, the ingenious Mr. Roberts claimed that he all along had nursed a plan which would take the cameras close-in among the streamlined bunch, and reveal to viewers that even a row of seventeen-year-olds had piquantly varied personalities, once you looked close enough.

His plan, which sure enough is having the effect, is to use routines which centre on two or three girls, so that close-up shots can be used. The nearer proximity of camera is revealing the varying types which do in fact still go to make up the Toppers. In addition, the selection of six blondes and six brunettes is now being seen as no mere publicity gimmick. It has allowed Mr. Roberts to work routines for six girls at a time, instead of crowding the screen with all twelve.

So the new line of Toppers, young though they are, seem to have as many advantages as the old. In total they may look alike; as programmes work out, they surprise us by their diversity of facial attractiveness; and as blondes, or as brunettes, they even score over the original girls in being more compact, and therefore more recognizable, working groups.

But no doubt other problems are on their way. Though what on earth can go wrong now, I for one can't possibly imagine.

EVERY FOURTH VIEWER HAS A DOG

says MACDONALD DALY

A MELANCHOLY-FACED, bandy-legged basset-hound named Morgan became the first doggie TV star in the United States. A snub-nosed Boxer pup named Jasper had the equivalent distinction in Britain.

The BBC, however, was singularly slow, compared with promoters of American programmes, to appreciate the appeal of dogs in sound-plus-vision. Perhaps they were remembering that talks about dogs (in fact nearly everything canine except Rustler's high-pitched bark in *Riders of the Range!*) had failed to ring the bell to any large degree in sound radio.

Yet in a country which has a dog for every four families in the land, where the editors of magazines know the certainty of a heart-throb in a picture of a baby or a dog, where 60,000 Londoners go every February to admire the pedigree aristocrats on the benches at Cruft's, one would have thought dogs likely, from the beginning, to get at least as large a share of TV as bush-babies and snakes.

It wasn't so. While the Americans, encouraged by Morgan's fan-mail, were putting on the *Doggie Half-hours* of Helen Hayes Hoyt and the *I Love Dogs* programmes of Mavis Mimms, the BBC planners were deciding, in 1953, even to give a miss to the annual outside broadcast from Cruft's. "Perhaps," one dog lover wrote to them in protest, "if it had been Cruft's-on-Ice you would have been more enthusiastic about it."

Jasper's appearances, it was decided, were best suited to the afternoon programmes designed for housewives. Month by month we brought him forward, from the time he was seven weeks old, to report on his progress, and to show him on TV. His first worm-tablet, his inoculation against hard-pad, his first bath, his first response to the command "Sit!"

In the week of his début I received more than a hundred letters, most

of them enclosing the stamped addressed envelope which makes reply a matter of honour, and generally putting forward a problem relating to the correspondent's own dog. These letters, during the twelve months that followed, settled down to a steady fifty or so per week. My secretary told me she was working harder for Jasper than for me!

One of the most moving letters came from a little girl named Sylvia Cockerill, of Hull. She told me her father was blind. His guide-dog (his "seeing-eye dog", as the Americans call it) was of the same breed as Jasper: a Boxer named Chloe. For a long time, Sylvia said, her father had nursed a secret ambition—to show a dog for himself. People had told him that Chloe was not good enough. Week by week Sylvia and her mother would read to him from the pages of the dog magazines about points which show judges looked for, and he would run his sensitive hands over Chloe and imagine in his mind the ideals of the breed. He was not a wealthy man, said Sylvia, and could not afford to buy a show-dog. But he had sent his Chloe to be mated to a champion. And from this mating, nine weeks before Sylvia wrote to me, had arrived a litter of eleven bitches and a dog.

Now Sylvia, having seen that I would be judging at a show near her home, wondered if they could bring the puppies to the show, and would I do her and her father the good turn of picking one which, in my opinion, was most likely to grow into a specimen good enough for her father to fulfil his ambition to enter the show-ring? It is a very brave man who thinks he can select a certain show-winner from a litter of baby puppies, for there are so many things which can go wrong while a puppy is growing up. But

Macdonald Daly (leaning on counter) gained TV popularity for his programmes about dogs, and enhanced his position by steering the Something to Shout About *panel game. He took BBC cameras on their first jaunt to a public house, to a meeting of a local canine society. The occasion pictured here made TV history.*

on dozens of occasions I have been present at some home and have joined with some friends and fellow judges of dogs, and we have pitted our brains against each other in an attempt to find at weaning-time the best of some litter of puppies. Sometimes I've been proved right. Many times I've been wrong!

I can assure you, however, that there has been no time when I have sought so hard to be really right in the selection of a puppy as on this occasion, seeking to guide Sylvia and her father, for whom the choice meant so much. I found there was one puppy in Chloe's litter which, at the age, seemed to stand out. She had a good shape, beautiful bone, neat feet, a nice expression and a look of what we dog judges call "quality." It means a look of being one of the aristocrats of the breed.

And you can imagine the pleasure I felt some twelve months later, when I attended the show where Mr. Cockerill received his first prize-card with that selected pup from Chloe's litter!

When I went out to the United States and South America last year on a three-months' judging tour, I was intrigued to find what Morgan's TV programmes had done to revive the popularity of the basset-hound, that odd-looking hunting-dog of which we see so few specimens in Britain nowadays.

A fetching line of basset-hounds, the breed of dog of which Macdonald Daly tells the story. In the United States, a basset-hound named Morgan became a TV "star"—at his antics American viewers sat convulsed.

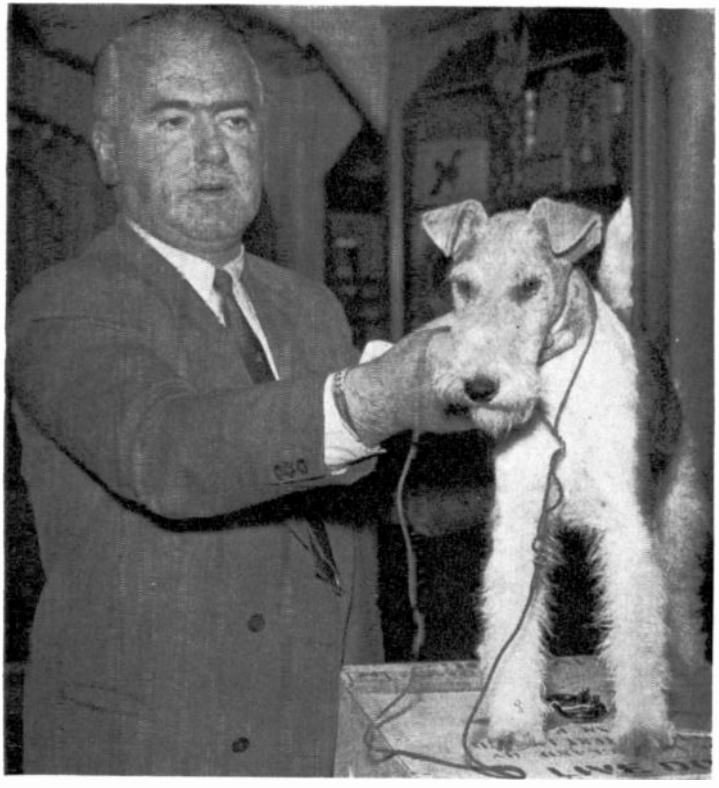
Lady Docker took a lively interest in one of Macdonald Daly's programmes, broadcast from a public house. This was at one of the 900 dog shows in miniature, held by canine societies all over the country.

There was a big entry of them at the first show I judged, in New Jersey. Everywhere one heard of them as house-pets, or being kept in packs which children, in particular, were encouraged to follow. The basset-hound, with his long body and short legs, is a slow hunter, and novices attending their first hunts are able to enjoy the fascination of seeing a hound, nose to ground, unravelling the mysteries of a trail.

If you look at the picture of typical basset-hounds which I reproduce here, you will understand why Morgan had just to be *himself*, on TV, to bring the house down! As he pottered about a room, or as he cogitated on some problem put to him by his master, or as he heaved himself with a weary sigh out of an armchair, America's viewers sat convulsed.

I was reminded of a story told about the first basset-hound ever to be shown in England, at Wolverhampton 80 years ago. Sir Everett Millais was the exhibitor. He took along a hound named Model, which he had bought in Paris.

"I arrived in Wolverhampton the night before the show," he said. "After dinner I went down to the hotel smoking-room, and found the other exhibitors talking dogs."



Macdonald Daly shows off Judy, a wire-haired fox terrier. The picture was taken at London Airport as Mr. Daly was about to leave for Brazil. Judy went with him to make a commercial TV film on the virtues of the English wire-haired terrier.

"What are you showing?" they asked him. "Terriers or bulldogs?" (these being the most popular breeds at that time).

"Neither," said Millais, "I'm showing a basset."

"Basset?" they said. "What the devil's a basset? What's it look like?"

"Oh," said Millais, "approximately four feet long, and about twelve inches high!"

There was some forgivable exaggeration about these dimensions, but not a lot, for Model, 46 lb. in weight, was 12 inches at the shoulder and 32 inches from nose to set-on of tail. He and other imports which gave the basset a send-off in Britain were descended from hounds of ancient lineage which flourished for centuries in France, raised by royalty for the slow trailing of deer and hares.

French sportsmen, seeking a hound which would hunt slowly, evolved this low-set dwarf, deliberately breeding from specimens with the shortest legs, but striving always to maintain the head and large body proportions of bigger hounds. As the lowest and heaviest specimens continued to be bred from, the forefeet gradually began to turn out, to act as buttresses to the chest wall, and the present-day unusual proportions are the result.

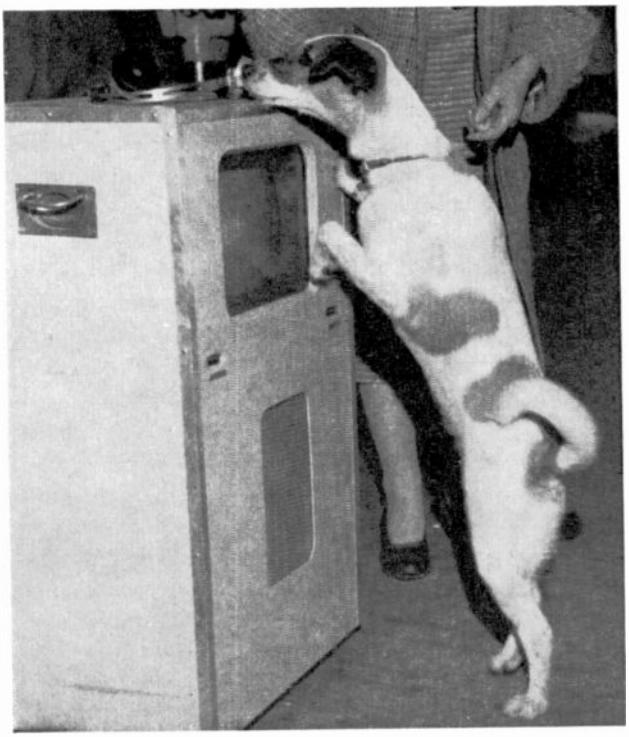
With Morgan in mind, I brought a basset-hound to the TV cameras in the Cruft's programme this year. Nineteen letters asked me, within the week, where such a dog could be bought!

Twice we have staged TV dog programmes in a pub. And it was only on check-up that we found these were the only times, since the more experimental days of 1936, that TV had ventured into a "local." But it was an appropriate venue. The small canine societies of England are accustomed to holding their evening "match meetings", dog-shows-in-miniature of which 900 take place each year, in the back-room or on the bowling-green of their village hostelries.

Gradually, of recent times, the BBC has become more alive to the appeal of the dog. Not only pedigree dogs, but the little mongrel from a dog's home, Smokey, played a part in making the planners canine-conscious. The telephone lines were jammed as viewers sought in hundreds last autumn to become the owners of Smokey, after Scottish producer Jim Buchan had exhibited her appealing little terrier face in close-up. It was therefore appropriate that when Jim and I presented TV's first Club for dog-owners, last April, it should be named *The Smokey Club*. There, in the opening minutes, we had Smokey herself to be re-introduced to admirers. She was no longer a pitiful little waif, but a chirpy, well-fed, shining-coated piece of perkiness.

A dog sits at the feet of about every fourth TV viewer in Great Britain. It makes sense, therefore, that the organizers of commercial TV programmes plan to cater for Britain's dog-owners and dog-lovers at least once a fortnight.

And (tell it not in Gath, nor whisper it in the corridors of the Kennel Club!) they plan regular programmes about cats as well!



Smokey, TV's dog star. Rescued from a dog's home in Glasgow, as a result of being televised, she has the BBC's dog programme named after her—The Smokey Club.

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Bronwen Pugh

AT 5 ft. 9 in. Bronwen Pugh is the tallest of the women announcers at Lime Grove. She got there by doing what hundreds of young women try—but mostly fail in bringing off. She merely wrote to the BBC on an impulse. But luckily she was auditioned and accepted.

Those who think of the Welsh as a dark race born small of stature, must make Bronwen an exception; her willowy figure and her colouring belie the tradition. Her hair is auburn, and her eyes are grey-green. Born in Cardiganshire she can speak her native language, and for that reason was given announcing duties on St. David's night. She also knows some German and Italian. In fact, speech has been all-important in Bronwen's career. Though she gained much publicity as a dress model, elocution is her main professional subject.

Between jobs as a dress model, she set herself up as a private teacher of speech, concentrating on pupils who had been recommended to the art of good speaking for psychological reasons. Business men, lawyers, artists, ballet dancers were among her clientele.

Bronwen Pugh lives at Hampstead with her parents and one sister. The voice which has become so familiar to viewers is the exact double of her mother's voice—much to the confusion of telephone callers seeking Bronwen. It is a legal household. Bronwen's father is Judge Alun Pugh, who sits on a London bench, and her mother is a magistrate.

The extra announcers—for Sylvia Peters, Mary Malcolm and McDonald Hobley are the permanent BBC staff announcers—often come and go. But Bronwen brought a new style both of manner and dress to TV announcing, and as a complete foil to Miss Malcolm and Miss Peters, she has made quite a niche for herself. At twenty-five the years are on her side, and TV announcing can be an opening to new careers. It gave film stardom to Noëlle Middleton. Miss Pugh looks to the future wide-eyed. . . .

BERNARD BRADEN

writes on one comedian's favourite TV comics

SOMEBODY once said that you can't really criticize comedy, because in doing so you merely succeed in defining your own sense of humour. If this makes it tough for the critic, it makes it tougher for the comedian. The most *he* can do is to present his own sense of humour, and hope that he is not left out there all by himself.

Television has taken a pretty heavy toll of the funny men during the past few years. Almost as many comics have fallen at the fences as there are jumps in the Grand National. Viewers who have enjoyed performers in radio, films and on the music-halls are sometimes puzzled why they do not like the same artists on TV. Believe me, so are some of the comedians.

But probably it is easier to discuss this prickly problem in terms of success. (I would not be such a heel, anyway, as to discuss it in terms of the failures!)

To begin, I rule out the "one-shot" successes. It is one thing to do the act you have been playing for months on the halls, and let the TV boys photograph it. It is quite another thing to do a TV series of new sketches, most of them untried and untested.

This past year has featured five comedians who have made unqualified personal successes in TV . . . at least with me. Three of them are young, and relatively inexperienced. They are Benny Hill, Bob Monkhouse and Dave King. The other two at a quick guess were in the entertainment business before the three young fellows were born. They are Arthur Askey and Fred Emney.

There is one thing that all five of these gentlemen have in common, and I'm beginning to think it is probably the most important key to TV success

in comedy. For their detractors, the word would be "brashness." For their fans, the word is "authority." And this is where TV offers its biggest hazard.

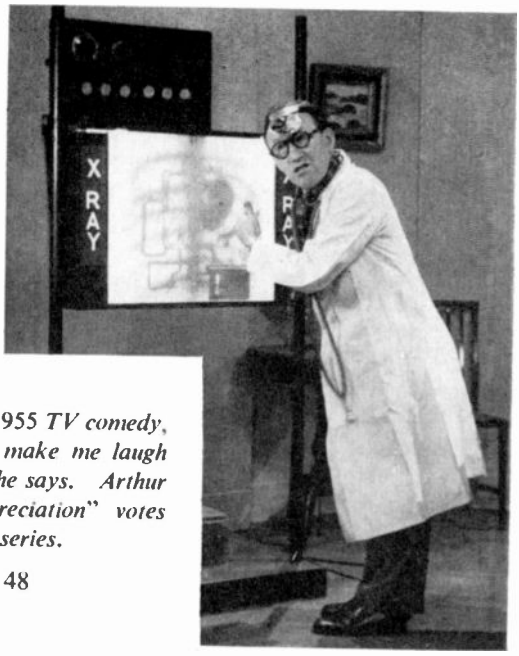
It seems to be more difficult for an authoritative personality to keep his strength in a TV studio than on a stage or in a radio theatre. I once took a very small part in a TV programme which was compèred by a man who seemed to have all the authority in the world—when rehearsals started in the morning.

His job on the show was to take charge, to give the viewers the feeling that no matter what went wrong, he could handle it. Unfortunately the nature of TV rehearsals is such that this man spent the whole day being told where to stand, when to look at what camera, when to lean back so that he would not throw a shadow on the person he was talking with, when to lean forward so that they could shoot over his left shoulder, and when to take a five-minute tea-break.

As a good trouper, inexperienced in the medium, he tried to remember everything he had been told. The one thing they forgot to tell him was that when transmission began, he really *would* be in charge, out there all by himself, with none to say him yea or nay. By then he was so used to being ordered about that he had forgotten how to be authoritative himself, and I'm afraid he gave a very good impression of being a very nervous man.

Compare this with Sir Gerald Kelly, for example, who refuses to subordinate himself to BBC cameras or microphones. He wends his purposeful way through an art exhibition, stepping over cables, and admonishing cameramen and technicians to try and keep up with him. The result, most of you will agree, is good TV.

To some degree or other, this is the kind of effect the five comedians I have mentioned all exert over a TV studio. They may make as many concessions to the technicians as are required to get the comedy past the camera lens. But when the show starts, their job is to be funny, and, as Arthur Askey



To Arthur Askey go top honours for 1955 TV comedy, claims Bernard Braden. "Arthur can make me laugh when I don't even feel like smiling," he says. Arthur Askey's BBC series won more "appreciation" votes from viewers than any other series.

Fred Emney appeared to Braden "imperturbable, completely wacky, a lot of fun," because of his ability to cope with all kinds of nonsense.

might say, "When I'm trying to be funny, heaven help TV if it gets in my way!"

I think the top honours for the year must go to Arthur Askey, because he is the only comedian who has made TV fans of people who don't really have his sense of humour at all. He has fun, he is without malice, and he is funny. Arthur can make me laugh when I don't even feel like smiling.

The high spots of the Fred Emney series were those moments when some struggling actor was wrestling unhappily with material he obviously had little faith in. On these occasions the producer wisely used a close-up of Mr. Emney registering a pained disbelief which was funny because it sometimes reflected the feelings of the viewers. Fred was imperturbable, completely wacky, and I got a lot of fun out of his ability to cope with whatever nonsense came his way.

Of the three younger comedians, Benny Hill has certainly made the greatest impact on the public. His approach is fresh, he is young and very talented. I like him best when he is singing madrigals, occasionally casting a sidelong glance at the wings as if he momentarily expected the hook. Benny's special quality is that of the mischievous boy intent on a prank, but prepared to take a caning if somebody catches him out!

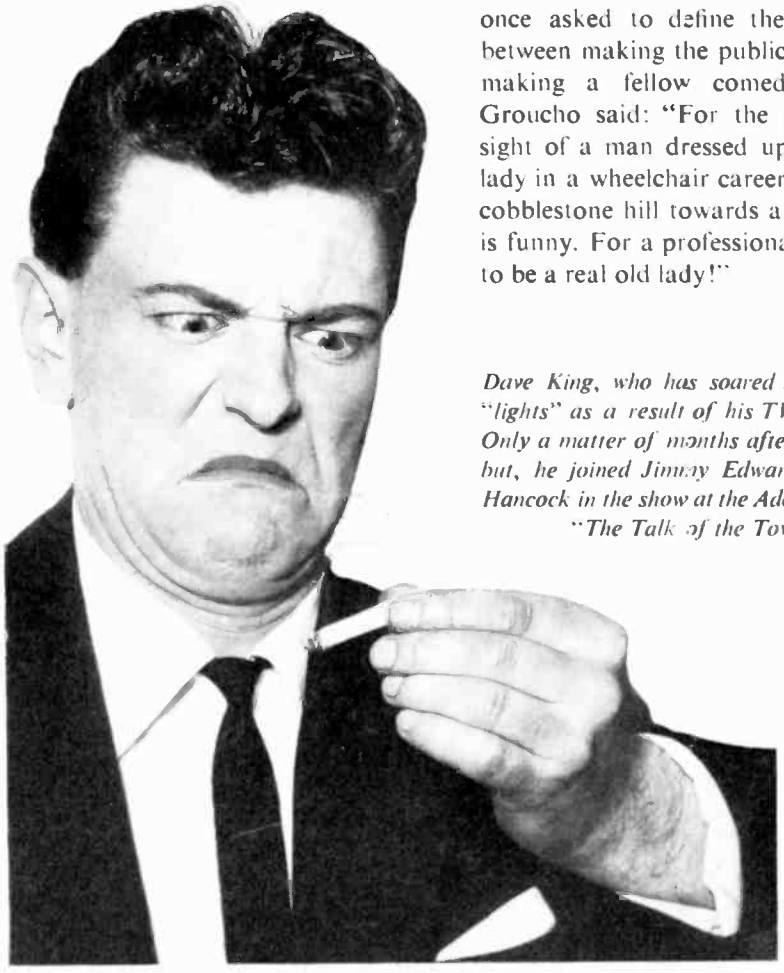
Bob Monkhouse made a personal success of TV in spite of having a split professional personality. As a writer he probably worries more than funny men who rely on other people's material, but he always looks on the screen as if the comic side of his make-up is well on top of the writer. His eager diffidence has charm for me, and I think it has for a lot of other people, too.

In a way I think Dave King is the most interesting TV personality of the past year, on the comedy side, perhaps because his future is so unpredictable. I saw his initial TV appearance, and on that occasion his relaxation seemed to me nothing short of miraculous.

There are a lot of clever impressionists in the business, and there are a number of comedians who rely entirely on their personalities. Dave King is one of the few funny men I have ever seen who can present a personality of his own, and suddenly switch to an impression of Robert Mitchum, and really *be* Robert Mitchum.

Also, Dave sings well, his mind is inventive, and in fact I don't know of anyone who would even attempt to convey the difference between Dean Martin and Bing Crosby—as he does so successfully.

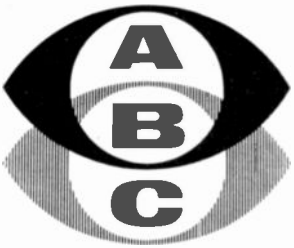
These are the men who have made me laugh most and longest, but, as I said, it may all depend on your sense of humour. Groucho Marx was once asked to define the difference between making the public laugh and making a fellow comedian laugh. Groucho said: "For the public, the sight of a man dressed up as an old lady in a wheelchair careering down a cobblestone hill towards a brick wall, is funny. For a professional it has got to be a real old lady!"



Dave King, who has soared to West End "lights" as a result of his TV popularity. Only a matter of months after his TV debut, he joined Jimmy Edwards and Tony Hancock in the show at the Adelphi theatre, "The Talk of the Town."

COMMERCIAL TV BEGINS

The First Steps



Screen sign of the Associated Broadcasting Company's programmes.

COMMERCIAL television begins in Britain as a service initially covering London and the Home Counties. During 1956 large areas of the Midlands and the North will be covered. The London area will not be quite so extensive as that area covered by the BBC's Alexandra Palace station; the commercial station is situated at Croydon.

Sets currently for sale are tuneable to commercial TV. Older sets need conversion and aerial additions. Cost of these alterations will vary according to age of the set and to location.

Commercial TV is an alternative service to the BBC service, which continues. The new programmes will run for about the same periods of day as the BBC programmes, although commercial TV is expected to have some morning programmes.

The Independent Television Authority is the government body watching over commercial TV, and owning its transmitters. But the programmes are produced by separate contractors—firms specially formed to produce the programmes. There are four such contractors, initially; and between them they share provision of programmes to the London, Midland and Northern stations of ITA.

Advertisers buy advertising time on the screen, ranging from fifteen seconds to one minute. They buy this time from the contractors, who finance the programmes out of the revenue so gained from advertisers. In any one hour of programmes there will not be more than six minutes of advertising. For much of the time it is expected that advertising will be shown only at the start and finish of half-hour programmes.

Specially made advertising programmes, for example "shopping guides," will be shown occasionally.

Commercial TV makes television history by producing Sunday-night variety from the London Palladium. Gracie Fields joined the top roster of international stars in this venture, to make a welcome reappearance in Britain.

Under the Act empowering the ITA to set up commercial TV in Britain, it is intended that advertisers should have no say in the content of the programmes shown between the advertisements. News programmes will have no association with advertising. It is expected that the main national sports events will be shown by the ITA and the BBC together.

The ITA expects its contractors to work to a code of standards regarding good taste and propriety in advertising.

The ITA is also pledged to provide a balanced assortment of programmes, including plays, variety, music, ballet, documentary and informative features, news, children's programmes, and religious features.

Jack Jackson, a famous band leader before the war and a favourite radio "disc jockey" since, becomes a leading personality in commercial TV. Every Saturday night he conducts a programme from a London night club.

Johnny Ray, the fabulous "cry-crooner" from the United States. BBC Television was never able to bring him to the screen. Commercial TV is able to largely because of the fact that the men behind it are London's leading impresarios, who employ Mr. Ray when he is in Britain. Viewers now see the crooner singing at the London Palladium, under the management of Val Parnell.

Fred Emney

IN the early days of TV, a comedy instrumental act appeared on the screens in which Fred Emney played a sousaphone, and Richard Hearne got mixed up with quite a number of very odd instruments. After that there was the war, and TV closed down. And it happened that several years elapsed before Fred Emney was free enough to tackle TV again. When he did so, in the *Emney Enterprises* shows, he very soon became one of the home screen's favourite funny men.

While TV was developing, after the war, Fred was busy in the field of entertainment to which he has always belonged—the musical comedy stage. The stage came naturally to him, for his father was one of the greatest of all pantomime dames. Fred was on the stage at fifteen, and early on worked through a variety of entertainment jobs in the United States and Canada.

In the 'thirties he was rarely off the West End stage, and Richard Hearne was often with him in musicals, such as *Going Greek*, *Big Boy*, *Running Riot* and—more recently—*Blue for a Boy*.

He approached his TV series with an open mind, saying, "TV will either make me popular or ruin me!" He threw himself into the job, rarely resting in the fortnight between each of his shows. He suggested all manner of film stunts, out-of-doors, and was always ready to do anything, dress anyhow and go anywhere in order to get a new comedy sequence on to film, for blending with the studio show.

He has one great asset for the TV producer coping with the intricacies and last-minute emergencies of TV production. If a camera move is slow, a supporting player's line fluffed, or for any other reason the flow of the show is held up, the producer can always put Fred's face on the screen! Whatever is going on, scripted, impromptu, unexpected or even disastrous, the Emney expression never fails to save the day! Fred lives at Hove; he is a keen motorist; and he has a dalmatian called Trafford. "I'm worried about those spots—he never seems to lose them," he says!

DAVID NIXON

writes frankly about
getting on
in Show-business

TELEVISION brought me a terrific slice of luck, there is no doubt about that I never thought that national recognition would ever come to me. I believed I would always get a fair living—get by, unspectacularly, in my own line as a conjuror with a line of comedy.

This is not to say I never had a struggle. Of course I did. But there are a number of performers in show-business who get so far, make a quiet reputation in a limited field, and can go on fairly comfortably like that for years without their names ever being in lights or their pictures being in the newspapers. After struggling, I was getting into that way of business. At least, I think I was. Nobody can ever foresee the future !

Certainly I never expected a seat on *What's My Line?* When the BBC producer Dicky Leeman sent for me, quite out of the blue, and asked me to join that famous panel, I am told I paled visibly and sank into a chair with the shock !

Let's be quite honest and call that part of it a fluke. It was surely little more, for Dicky Leeman had happened to notice me conjuring in a children's TV programme. He happened to want a new panellist, and he happened to think of me as a possible recruit. That's all. I had not asked to go on *What's My Line?* I had not pulled strings. I had not striven for it as a goal, and when I went on the show, I was definitely on trial and liable to be sent packing.

There was no guarantee that I would stay: nothing between me and making a hash of it and flopping except—well, me. I hope that doesn't sound swollen-headed—but this is the only way I know of expressing just what show-business is.

It is largely luck—even the fluke chance. But, once given that chance, it's the man himself who decides whether the opportunity is going to be turned to advantage. You may say that given the right personality, he can't fail. I wish I could rely on that! Personality, especially in a TV panel show, requires at least some self-control. It has to be gauged to the occasion, to the twists of the game—and, most important, to the other personalities sharing the panel with you.

Let me say straight away how lucky I was—once again—to get in on that particular *What's My Line?* panel. For there was never any doubt at all about the sincerity and spontaneity of its team spirit. That I stayed on it is due largely to the help I got from Lady Barnett, Barbara Kelly and Gilbert Harding.

This is not just a matter of making the newcomer feel at home. It is a far more subtle thing. An awareness of the particular contribution your colleagues can make, and an ability to allow them to make it—however promising is your opportunity to make your own—that is team spirit.

With me it often worked this way. Supposing I cottoned on to the challenger's job fairly quickly, but I knew that the job was the kind which would give another team-member good scope to use his or her own particular kind of cross-examination, I would gag myself out of my turn, get a laugh, and pass the ball.

That way the viewers got a laugh plus the cross-examination—which seems to me good for all of us, and better than one of us scoring a solo triumph by giving the answer straightaway.

As a matter of fact, I have always found that your public remembers you more for the laughs you give it than for the cleverness you show. The always-clever TV panellist would not, I think, be very popular. Certainly not with his fellows on the panel!

Not "home", but certainly "dry". There would be nothing funny about this picture to the rare reader who had never seen David Nixon—but everybody else will know the cameraman's joke!

Mr. and Mrs. David Nixon quite off duty in their own home. Pamela Marshall joined her TV-famous husband in the series Home and Dry, *winning viewers' affections by her charm and ability.*

It is really extraordinary—the more I look at it—how my experience of *What's My Line?* reflects the essence of working a career in show-business in general. In this career I'm sure it pays you to do a bit more than the contract pays you for. I suppose we were paid to find the answers in *What's My Line?* In fact we all did more than that. But I learned this lesson early on, when working with Greatorex Newman in his famous *Fol-de-Rols* seaside concert parties.

Rex Newman did not suffer fools gladly; yet he was no tyrant. He was loved by most of his artists. He expected them to give their best plus a bit more, and they were only too glad to give it. The baritone who would not help out by playing hind-legs to a donkey in a comedy sketch did not last long in Newman's employ!

It pays too, in show-business, to be liked. This is a dangerous thing to say, because somebody always thinks it means being what is called a "sucker-up". Believe me, the "suckers-up" in our profession always get sucked-down fairly rapidly! Being liked is not being soft. You've got to know when to stick out for your rights, especially against those who are out to exploit the likeable ones.

I'm sure that your general behaviour off the stage or screen counts in this business. And if that brings you friends—let's face it, you need friends as well if you are going to get anywhere at all. I don't mean pals in high places, either. There are plenty of people lower down the show-business scale who get opportunities to think of you for a job that's going. But they won't think of you if you're disliked.

I was pretty well jobless altogether when, walking along Charing Cross Road, visiting agents, I bumped into Henry Caldwell. This was in the early Alexandra Palace days of TV, and Henry had not even started the show which made him famous, *Café Continental*. But he was putting on a short variety show with Nat Allen's Band. He asked me to do my act in this programme. That was my first TV engagement—and it was luck and friendliness that gave it to me.

When I was touring Germany, giving shows to the Forces, many of us in the small company had to do far more than we were ever supposed to do, if the shows were to get on at all. We had to prepare the halls, equip the stage, and so on. The extra work we did won us friends, and back in civvy street that friendliness has stood us all in good stead.

So to the newcomer to show-business I would say: Be ready to work harder than you ever expected; be ready to live on short commons and a lot of hope; avoid jealousy, tale-telling, bitterness. Of course the theatrical profession is a "jungle". It is highly competitive. Of course it holds all sorts, and some knives get put in some backs. All this goes on in other competitive professions. But the same golden rules hold in this game as hold for life in general. Rules so prosaic that in cold print they look like a sermon, and you must think I'm preaching; yet there are no other words for these rules.

Play the game. Work hard. Avoid bitterness.

Then, if you have the luck, and the merit to hold it, you will be happy, and, what is more important, you will be making a lot of other people happy too. And I don't mean the audiences only.

David Nixon (left) *came into the firmament of TV stars by joining the famous* What's My Line? *panel. He speaks highly of the team-work of Lady Barnett, Barbara Kelly and Gilbert Harding.*

GETTING AROUND AND ABOUT

by PETER DIMMOCK
Head of Outside Broadcasts, BBC Television Service

THE autumn of 1955 sees the fruition of the first post-war phase, as it were, of the BBC TV Outside Broadcasts Department's development. In face of the new commercial competition, the BBC now has eight of the most modern and fully equipped mobile outside broadcasts units in the world, together with some more ultra-lightweight Roving Eye units on the way. This gear is spread throughout Great Britain, though all or parts of it can be moved into any one area for a major O.B. operation. The TV cable network which links the BBC transmitters throughout the land is now fitted with "take-in" points all along its routes, allowing O.Bs. to come to the screens from almost any county in the country.

The BBC keeps an experimental O.B. unit and team of specialist technicians steadily working at future developments. It is their particular job to try out new techniques and give operational tests to new equipment as it is developed, either by our own BBC engineers—who built the first Roving Eye—or by the skilled TV industry in Great Britain.

Our motto in O.Bs. is to press on with the job, do it as best, and as unobtrusively, as we can, and be ready for the next assignment in the shortest possible time. We are fortunate in having some of the most highly skilled outside-broadcast production staff, technicians and cameramen in Europe, together with what is perhaps the most important ingredient of all —a great team spirit. This team spirit is beginning to extend across the Channel, for our cross-Channel link has brought close co-operation with TV technicians in many European countries; and the day when programmes from the Continent become a frequent part of BBC output is now very close at hand.

On the programme side at home, we are building up as many series as

possible, so that viewers will come to know the pattern of particular outside broadcasts. If, therefore, they find that they particularly enjoy an O.B. they will, we hope, make a date with the next programme in the same series. Sport will be a most important ingredient in our O.B. programme schedules, but, at the same time, we do not intend to let it supersede some of the interesting but more serious programmes.

Our *At Home* outside broadcasts, which have informally introduced Lord Montgomery, the Duke of Norfolk, Peter Ustinov and Lady Barnett, are proving most popular; and we shall continue this series well into 1956. Some people have asked why we do not adopt the American way of using the kind of "gimmicks" which Ed Murrow uses for these programmes. The answer is a simple one. On the whole, British viewers seem to prefer a more straightforward and direct approach on these visits, without any unnecessary frills.

Although co-ordinated from London, the *At Home* series has received

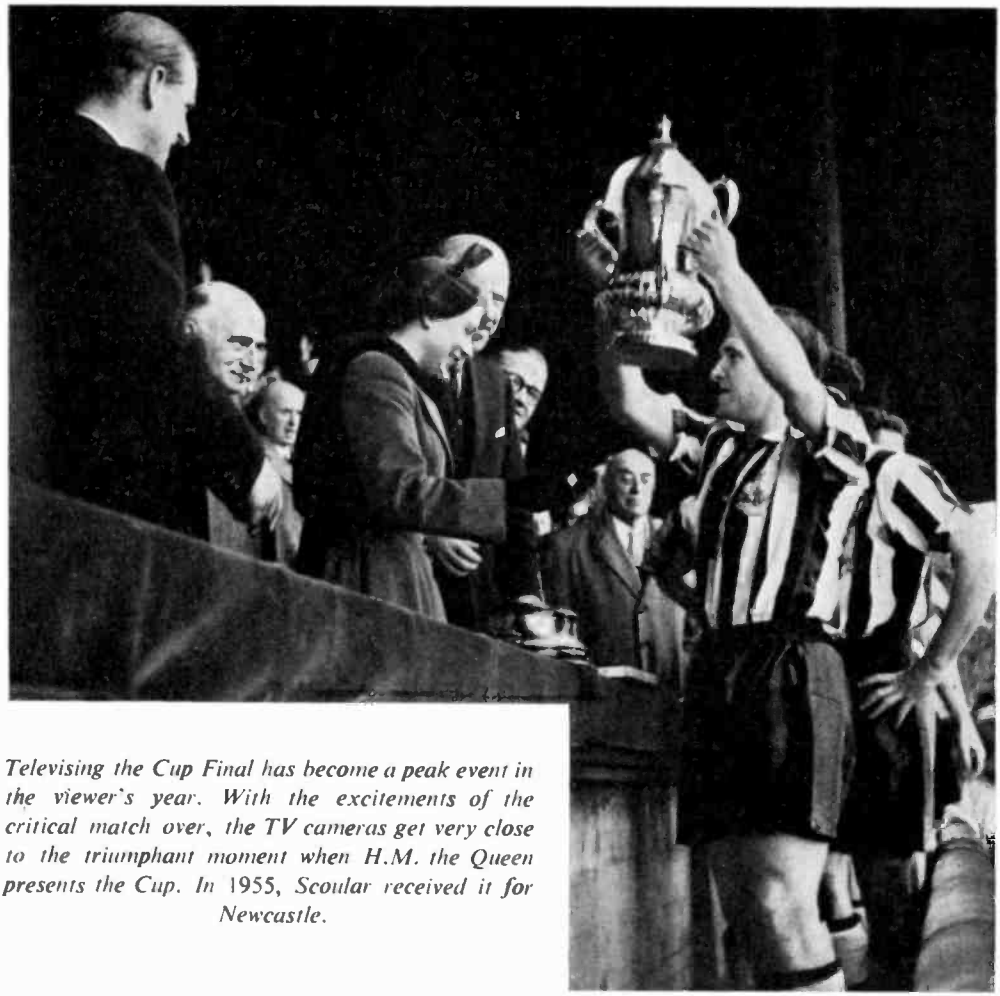
In his Sportsview *programmes, Peter Dimmock keeps viewers up-to-date with sporting personalities. On this occasion Roger Bannister and Pat Smythe received trophies as Sportsman and Sportswoman of the Year. Viewers also voted them* Sportsview *personalities of the year.*

Diane and Rosalind Rowe, the table tennis champions, have been followed by viewers through most of their winning games. In the Sportsview *gymnasium, at Lime Grove, they were shown receiving the Victor Barna Cup from Lady Swaythling. Diane is on the left and Rosalind in the centre.*

tremendous support from our regional units. The outside-broadcast units based in Bristol, Birmingham, Cardiff, Manchester and Glasgow have also added many new programmes to the schedule; and they have been developing "studio" TV in areas where there are as yet no permanent TV studios. This is done by putting the O.B. unit into a suitable building, often a BBC sound-radio studio.

Regional outside broadcasts often provide the network with some outstanding programmes. The Tillicoultry mine in Scotland and the visit to the Wookey Hole caves in Somerset were two exciting underground expeditions with O.B. cameras.

The North has developed a strong strand with the variety O.Bs. including the *Top Town* series and some interesting visits to that great seaside home of entertainment, Blackpool. The West has been developing its animal programmes, many of which have featured Peter Scott. Scotland,



Televising the Cup Final has become a peak event in the viewer's year. With the excitements of the critical match over, the TV cameras get very close to the triumphant moment when H.M. the Queen presents the Cup. In 1955, Scoular received it for Newcastle.

where the mountainous terrain still makes it difficult for the unit to roam far afield, has sent many and varied O.Bs. south of the Border, and *Smokey Club* has now become the established "doggy" programme of TV.

Encouraged by the popularity of *Sportsview*, we have increased our sports programmes to three a week, and hope that this satisfies the avid sports fan. *Today's Sport* is proving a popular Saturday night feature, and relies on swift teamwork to ensure that the film sequences of the outstanding events of the day are ready for the screen.

Sportsview, an O.B. Department programme, edited every week by Paul Fox, relies a great deal upon live contributions from the regions. Our aim with this weekly programme is to try and make it sufficiently topical and professionally newsworthy to interest the real sports fan, but

also at the same time to try and include items of interest to the family as a whole. Mother may not be especially interested in sport, but we still want her to enjoy *BBC Sportsview* if possible.

For this reason we try to make the items as varied as we can and also include as many sportswomen as possible. By using all the technical resources available we bring in live O.B. cameras up and down the country for up-to-the-minute and on-the-spot sports reports. Scotland's Peter Thompson can always be relied upon for the latest news of soccer north of the Border, and Eddie Waring is now well known for his contributions concerning the latest sports topics in the North.

A number of amusing incidents have occurred in connexion with *Sportsview*. How many viewers remember that spontaneous remark by athlete Derek Johnson, after the Oxford and Cambridge, sports when in answer to Max Robertson's query as to whether the team were having a celebration party that night, he said "Yes, at Cadogan Square, and we are short of partners!" As a result many young ladies spent a very unexpected but gay evening until the early hours! What the unsuspecting hostess felt about such a last-minute feminine invasion is not recorded, but thanks to Johnson's appeal, the undergraduates had a whale of a party!

Now, what about the events and sports which you may expect to see on your BBC screens in 1956? Some of the outstanding events that you definitely will see are the Wimbledon Tennis Championships; some Rugby internationals; some major horse shows, including of course the Horse of the Year Show and the International Horse Show; part of some major athletic meetings; the F.A. Cup Final, and some international soccer matches; some top-class horse racing, including Royal Ascot and the big National Hunt, and flat-racing fixtures at Kempton Park; and the Royal Tournament and Trooping the Colour.

Angela Buxton, young British tennis player. Several months before she reached Wimbledon, Angela appeared in Sportsview, *rightly tipped as one of the British hopes of the year.*

EIGHT YEARS SAYING "GOOD EVENING"

by McDONALD HOBLEY

I HAVE been announcing on TV since the day the BBC Television Service re-opened after the war, in June, 1947. The opening programme which I helped to announce included Margot Fonteyn dancing, Leslie Mitchell compèring a variety show, and the play *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*. Next day I announced the outside broadcast of the Victory Parade—the event which well and truly put TV right back on the map.

A friend with whom I had served in the war had tipped me off that the BBC was looking for TV announcers, and that was how I came to apply for the job. Maurice Gorham was then the head man of TV, and perhaps his own faithful description of how the announcers were appointed will be more entertaining than anything I can remember of it myself.

In his book, "Sound and Fury," he recalls: "We spent a lot of time in testing announcers. I decided to see all the likely ones on the screen, which is the only safe way. The TV camera does even queerer things to faces than the microphone does to voices! We saw 120 in the first batch. They began with a fairly straightforward test—coming into a room, sitting down, and reading an announcement. Those who passed that were tested further; they had to take part in a spontaneous interview with Jasmine Bligh. The survivors were tested again in close-up and finally asked to tell a fairy story in their own words.

"I was rather proud of this last idea," continues Gorham; "it was the nearest one could get to judging how they could perform in an emergency, without a script. For the final round we made eight or ten of them tell the story of Cinderella, and I expected to be bored stiff with hearing the same story so many times. It proved instead to be a fascinating experience; I had not realized the tale could be told in so many ways. . . ."

As a matter of fact, I had almost forgotten how to tell it! From those tests actress Winifred Shotter was chosen as the new woman announcer; and we two joined Jasmine Bligh to make the staff announcing team. Miss Bligh had been one of the three announcers before the war.

The Victory Parade was the first of a number of historic TV occasions which I announced. There was the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip; the special outside broadcasts at the time of the death of King George VI; and the Coronation. Although one's part on such occasions is small, it is not lacking in a feeling of awe; for on those national occasions the announcer feels more acutely than at any other time the expectancy of the viewing millions to whom he is speaking.

It may be sheer nostalgia, but I am inclined to believe that in those first few years at Alexandra Palace there was a closer link generally between the viewers and announcers. TV was then more informal—with the unexpected and breakdowns adding to the fun, though harassing and regrettable at the time. Today TV is more a streamlined service; and at Lime Grove we are even separated physically from what is really going on in the studios. For the announcer's studio is tucked away by itself in a distant corner of the great studio building.

In the earlier and informal days there were often last-minute items put into the programme impromptu. I remember the occasion when I saw

Just occasionally in his TV career, McDonald Hobley has appeared on the screen in other guises. Viewers were given a peep of him as the Demon King, in the BBC's staff pantomime at the Fortune Theatre, when TV cameras visited the theatre in London Town. *Diana Davis was the Dandini of the show.*

McDonald Hobley acts the role of a BBC interviewer sent out on the none-too-comfortable job of quizzing a steeplejack on a factory chimney. As the steeplejack was really Terry Thomas, the occasion was more hilarious than risky. This was one of the pioneer TV-announcer's contributions to TV fun.

seven or eight men file into the studio while I was announcing, with a studio official holding up a placard at me on which were the words "Interview them. . . ." In the rush of the moment nobody had told me who they were or what story they had to tell.

The men were pushed alongside me, and I had to begin. I asked them if they had had a good journey, and one or two other obvious questions, before it came out that they were a bomber plane crew who had been out rescuing a crashed aircrew in the Alps.

In the two small Alexandra Palace studios I was known—unfairly—as a jinx; for it was alleged that when I was on duty things were sure to go wrong. Certainly I had my share. I had just announced that a famous cellist would play some lovely music when crash! bang! wallop!—a studio lamp burst over our heads, scattering glass over both of us.

I was never very sure of those introductions to a well-known variety star which go: "I am sure there is no need for me to introduce our next artist. She is as well-known to you all as to me. . . ." And one night when I had one of these I suddenly realized, half-way through the words, that I had clean forgotten who the star was anyway. What is more, I knew that I was not going to remember the name. So that time I really had to live

up to the "no need to introduce" preamble, and had to say simply "Here *she* is . . .!"

A series of sports programmes given by experts was put on at Alexandra Palace, and I was chosen to be the "guinea pig" being shown the tricks of the game in each programme. I am not a top-expert at golf, but I do play, so when a golf professional was brought on to give hints, I told him I would pretend to put a really bad hold on my club, merely so that he could correct it for the sake of the viewers. Imagine my consternation when, during the broadcast, he picked on this hold and said "You are a fool, you know, I told you not to hold the club that way at the rehearsal. . . ."

I did not know when that series began that it was to include wrestling. But I knew it well enough before the wrestling programmes were over—I was thrown all over the studio floor and carried bruises for days afterwards.

We frequently had animals from the Zoo in the studio. One was a rattlesnake, which was shown in a deep tray. As I interviewed the keeper I noticed he was getting very worried and kept poking at the snake with a stick. I was not aware that I had my hand hanging in the tray within striking distance of the snake. Afterwards the keeper told me that he had a syringe in his pocket at the ready in case I was going to need snake-bite treatment. That programme ended, incidentally, by somebody coming up behind me and draping a python round my neck quite unexpectedly.

Risking a gentle (and unnecessary) chiding from Mac's two feminine colleagues, we put on record here pictures taken of the TV announcing staff in 1948, *when these three viewers' favourites first teamed up.* (Left to right) *Mary Malcolm, McDonald Hobley and Sylvia Peters.*

Luckily it was a harmless one, but I've no doubt my visible reaction was far from normal.

Not the least unexpected part of our duties as announcers is coping with viewers who telephone during transmission and ask to be put on to us, either requesting information about something seen, or wishing to give us some information. A young man in Leeds was put through to me one night and had made the long-distance call solely for the purpose of pointing out that a newspaper shown in a play was of the wrong date. He was very emphatic that I got his name, and his age, and I'm sure he expected me to announce to viewers that he had noticed the mistake.

Should one's hair be a little out of place, or the tie askew, I am certain to be rung up by viewers wanting me to tidy up before I appear again. Pronunciation of words sometimes bring on telephone callers, too—usually to tell you that your usually faultless King's English is slipping.

And off duty, people met up with casually frequently address you as though you personally were responsible for everything the BBC televises. "That was a rum play *you* gave us last night," they say, "why don't *you* do something about it?" I find the best reply to this is "Oh, did you see it? I'm afraid I was too busy answering my correspondence between announcements; in fact, apart from the title, which I announced, I know nothing whatever about the play . . .!"

Sylvia Peters with her first-born; the baby daughter, Carmella, was born on March 16th, 1955. Sylvia was released from announcing duties for some months. Her husband is Kenneth Milne-Buckley, a Lime Grove assistant producer.

Helen Bailey

SOAP-BOX oratory in London parks and at street corners is an unusual, if possibly fitting, training for a panellist in a TV quiz programme. Several years of it sharpened the wits of Helen Bailey, so that she became one of the cutest brains in *Down You Go!*—an operation where, she says, she misses the hecklers but enjoys herself anyway. For Helen Bailey's main career has been as a propagandist lecturer for the Economic League. This job has taken her to Hyde Park, to the London docks—where once she told dockers all about the Stock Exchange—and round the factories of Britain in an attempt to get people to understand more about what makes our economic set-up tick.

In this work she never earned more than £14 a week, and though the remuneration for appearing in a Lime Grove panel show put her in the margin of show-business's gilt-edged income field, she is never likely—on her own admission—to tour the music-halls or top the bill at the Palladium. Rather has TV embellished her career as it did Lady Barnett's, opening additional avenues for her serious public speaking, and making her a national figure of specialized authority, not a mere glamour girl.

Native Scots canniness made her aware of this possibility immediately the TV world first approached her. She was suggested for a panel-show audition, and impressed the BBC so much that she was advised to glamorize her rather Economic League hairstyle. Helen Bailey did so in double-quick time. After this a series of circumstances in fact kept her from making her full impact on viewers. The panel she had been marked down for was changed. She made one visiting appearance and then vanished. She was one of three women in line for the 1955 *Guess My Story* series; but the BBC put in Miss Allan and Miss Gayson, asking Helen to wait for the later come-back of *Down You Go!*

The girl who was a WAAF corporal, and became a radio instructress at Cranwell, is still only thirty—and her TV journey would seem to be only at its start.

Ted Ray

UNDOUBTEDLY a main event on the lighter side of TV in 1955 was the emergence of Ted Ray as a visual comedian. This may sound impertinent to a comedian who had several years of experience appearing before music hall audiences before he became a radio comic. But it was as a sound-radio funster that Ted Ray became a national star. And on that national basis, he was a voice much more than a face in the public's gallery of fame.

Year after year of TV programmes passed by, and Ted stayed solidly behind the sound-radio microphones, unseen. Then cautiously he agreed to do just four Saturday-night TV shows, well spaced at monthly intervals. The first *Ted Ray Show* took the viewers by surprise—a surprise of the delightful kind. For here suddenly was a comedian who was every bit as funny to watch as he had been to listen to. In fact many think that as a visual actor, Ted has created for himself a second stardom, as it were.

He achieved this by taking great care to have a couple of highly original, and therefore vastly amusing, sketches written for him in each of his TV shows. Moreover, he chose accomplished theatre stars to act with him in these sketches. For the rest, he maintained restraint, refusing to monopolize the hour-length shows and instead acting as compère to a succession of artists who, he insisted, must be of international repute.

The birthplace of Ted Ray looks like a joke, in itself, if a poor and inappropriate one; it is Wigan. Ted tried two careers before he found his way into the music halls as a comic with a violin. He was a footballer, and he went to sea as a ship's steward. Today he sees the theatrical tradition he started in his family being carried on by his son Andrew Ray.

But, despite his overwhelming success in coming to TV, Ted Ray has no intention of over-doing it. After his first four TV shows he returned to winter in sound radio, quite determined not to do another TV series until the summer. In this way his star value, though ample when it comes, will be strictly rationed, and thereby all the more welcomed by viewers.

THE CHILDREN ARE WATCHING

by MICHAEL WESTMORE

Director of Children's Programmes with Associated-Rediffusion

Michael Bentine

FOR some years before moving to the commercial TV front, I was engaged on children's programme production with the BBC. From what we found out there I have no hesitation in saying that children are a most critical TV audience. They will not accept the shoddy, the false, or the weak.

But before TV found this out, it had to move into quite new ground where children's entertainment is concerned. Children's books apart, there were really only two forms of junior entertainment prior to the arrival of TV. There was Punch and Judy for all; and for the favoured there were the private-party conjurors and puppeteers. At Christmas there was of course pantomime, but that is rather in a class to itself.

It was soon found out by the BBC that the private-party type of children's entertainer was rarely acceptable on TV. The viewing audience of one or two children at home was obviously a very different matter from the bunch of kids enjoying a party. There was, however, one significant exception. The puppeteer world did give something to TV which the new medium made very much its own. His name was Muffin!

Annette Mills, bless her memory, was the pioneer of children's TV. She brought in puppets, yes—but she did so much more which was original and entirely new, and was only done because it had to be done if puppets were to become TV personalities. Muffin and his pals came off the artificial puppet stage, slipped their strings it seemed, and mingled with the children viewing at home. All successful children's programmes using puppet or model characters have had to follow the same technique.

There was, of course, never any doubt that Annette Mills enjoyed doing her programmes. And I would say that the basic test for producing TV for children is whether the producer really enjoys it himself. If it's

comedy, you must really be amused yourself. It's no use thinking "this will amuse children." That's the danger signal—for it always means that it won't amuse them!

The other rule is to see that nothing shown is harmful in any way. and that nothing can be misunderstood. These were the standards we worked to very directly at the BBC in producing *Whirligig;* and they applied in time to every form of children's TV programme.

Fun and lovable characters apart, you can always be certain that children will also enjoy a good story. So far it seems that if it is to be most effective the story must be acted in play form. There have been attempts at straight story-telling in BBC children's TV, but I think it is generally agreed that no direct story-teller has yet got a hold on the children. Junior TV has not found its Algernon Blackwood. With the advent of commercial TV doubling the field of endeavour in this sphere, it is possible of course that a supreme children's story-teller will turn up on one side or the other.

But in the sphere of acted stories the BBC found that both single plays and serials were always sure of winning appreciation. I would add the rider that serials must, however, be weekly. A child can lose interest in a

Twelve-year-old actor Jonathan Swift played the part of the boy Jesus in The Messenger, *a BBC television play for children. With him is Jefferson Clifford as a temple elder. An ambitious children's series on the days of the young Christ has been made by the BBC in Jordan.*

Harry Corbett is a Bradford business man whose dexterity with the glove doll, Sooty, *has brought him TV fame and fortune.* Sooty *is a loved feature of children's TV programmes, and in various guises has become a part of every nursery.*

fortnight. I also think that a six-week serial, the usual BBC length, disappoints many children—if it is good—by ending too soon. Associated Rediffusion will run longer serials for this reason.

It seems to me unwise also to allow serials to stay too much in one period. The BBC has done rather too much of the period-costume children's story. All our serials will be contemporary stories, about modern boys and girls and up-to-date circumstances. I think more by mischance than intention, the BBC's children's serials have happened to meet girls' tastes more than boys'. We hope to strike a more equal balance.

Of course you cannot be concerned with children's TV without meeting the criticism that you are inviting children to sit passively indoors when they ought to be active. The test here seems to me not to be whether you do TV for children at all, but how much of it you do, and whether in a strictly limited output you encourage activity by what you do.

Though they might be a boon to parents in the school holidays, day-long children's programmes would clearly be dangerous! It does not look as though commercial TV will extend the hours of children's viewing beyond those of the BBC. But it will extend the rather confined experiments the BBC has made in programmes aimed to spur children to action.

The BBC found that children need hardly any encouragement to imitate almost anything practical which is shown on the screen. Painting competitions caused loads of mailbags of children's paintings to descend on Lime Grove.

I do not think, though, that viewing children have always been asked to do the right things. Littering the house with cardboard, glue and matchboxes can go a little too far! Though in commercial TV we plan to encourage model-making and painting and so on, we shall also concentrate

The "Owl of the Remove", a school-tale character of the 'twenties, has been revived by the children's modern entertainment, TV. Actor Gerald Campion plays the BBC's Billy Bunter.

Now that commercial TV is catering for child viewers, the field of junior programmes will extend. More open-air and sporting features are expected. In this BBC programme, Max Robertson shows a youngster some of the secrets of archery, in the grounds of Blaise Castle at Bristol.

on useful and practical hobbies. Also we intend having quite light participation programmes in a regular Competition Corner, with prizes.

We shall encourage children to write playlets—in which, for instance, they will have to write for a fixed composite scenic set. Our participation programmes will also be pretty clearly defined for different age groups.

In fact, our children's programmes in general will be much more clearly defined for ages than are the BBC's. There will be certain days of the week devoted to separate age groups; and certain periods deliberately aimed at girls and others at boys. In this way we hope to avoid the difficulty of very young children having to watch a programme suited to higher ages, while waiting for a more junior feature to follow. In this way, too, we shall in effect be limiting the hours any child can usefully watch TV.

An innovation we shall make in this direction is having a toddler's

programme in the middle of the mornings. On the BBC, *Watch with Mother* has established a tradition that the afternoon is the time when the very young can be occupied for fifteen minutes by TV. We in commercial TV feel that a mid-morning session may be even more of a boon to a busy mother.

Commercial TV will, I think, also break new ground in programmes for older children. Children from twelve to sixteen years have not been all that well met by the BBC programmes. There has been some lack of the projection of the modern world into which "growing-up" children are coming—current affairs, the wonders of science and engineering, and the out-of-doors world. We shall have special programmes focused very directly on these matters, and coming to the screen quite regularly.

Another field of children's viewing which I imagine commercial TV will explore more actively than the BBC has done so far is the TV counterpart of the children's comic-paper strips. This picture-story technique seems a "natural" for television exploitation; and animated cartoon stories will, I'm sure, become a basic part of the new service of TV programmes.

A new children's programme character introduced by commercial TV is the Cat, played by Albert Stevens. Michael Westmore and his assistant here show Puss his TV contract.

"OUT OF THE PICTURE"

by ANTHONY OLIVER

Story-teller of Music for You
spins another tale

YOU KNOW, when I was a little boy I used to think how nice it would be when I was grown up and I could understand all the things that puzzled me, but now that I am grown up there are still an awful lot of things I don't understand.

Not the same kind of things, of course. I remember when I was a boy I could never make out why my Auntie Jessie used to sting when you kissed her; of course I see now that she must 'ave 'ad a bit of a moustache and used to shave—well, of course every time you kissed 'er she stung. Oh! worried me for years that did, till I got older. But some of the things that puzzle me now don't solve themselves as easy as that. They may do one day, they may do . . . I wonder.

I'll tell you what I was thinking about in particular—old Colonel Lloyd. Now that big white 'ouse just outside the village near the old churchyard, that's Colonel Lloyd's place. He's not there at the moment but when 'e's back that's where 'e lives. Wonderful old chap, you know. I suppose some people would call 'im eccentric. Well, it depends 'ow you look at things; 'e certainly likes to 'ave things 'is own way. He 'ad an unexploded bomb in 'is garden during the war but 'e wouldn't let the Army take it up, you know; said 'e didn't want anyone mucking about with 'is antirrhinums. No, 'e used to wear a tin hat during the day and slept in the air-raid shelter at night: well, of course, 'e was right outside the village, nothing near 'im at all except the old churchyard.

Aye, it went off on a Thursday morning, I remember; blew all 'is windows out and 'alf the churchyard went to kingdom come. But same as 'e said, with any luck most of them were there already so it didn't really matter.

If you could get 'im talking, you know, 'e was wonderful to listen to.

Oh, 'e'd travelled all over the world—China, Canada, Africa, England—oh, I don't know where 'e 'adn't been altogether. When 'e was younger 'e lived with one of these cannibal tribes in the South Seas for two years; aye, wrote a book about it an' all. Oh there's no doubt 'e'd lived in some very strange places, seen some very strange things. Even when 'e was older 'e still travelled a lot. Perhaps 'e'd close up the house and disappear for anything from six months to two years, then one day you'd meet 'im in the village and 'e'd say "Good morning" just as if 'e'd been gone a couple of days.

Always very nicely dressed 'e was, nothing slapdash about 'im. Now you'd think leading that kind of life 'e'd be pretty free and easy with 'is clothes, wouldn't you? Not a bit of it. You'd never see 'im in the village without a bowler hat and a tightly rolled umbrella; oh, you could recognize 'im a mile off by them: sort of a trade mark.

Well now, about two years ago I was walking one day just outside the village and I met the old Colonel going down the road. He said 'e was going away again for a bit and while 'e was gone 'e wanted me to repair one or two clocks for 'im that 'ad been acting a bit funny, and would I

A busy actor on the West End stage, Anthony Oliver only gets the rare chance to appear in TV plays. He made the most of one of these occasions when he played a blind man in For Dear Life, *with Malcolm Keen, Patricia Burke and Hamilton Dyce.*

Actress Patricia Burke, daughter of the famous singer Marie Burke, was starred opposite Anthony Oliver in the dramatic TV play For Dear Life. *By contrast, on the stage, this versatile actor played in the comedy success* The Gay Dog.

go up next day to collect them. Now, as I say, this was two years ago and I've often thought back on it since so I'm pretty sure I've got the details quite clear.

I'd sorted the clocks that wanted seeing to, and just as I was leaving the Colonel said that 'e'd looked out some old clothes 'e'd finished with and if they were any good to me I was welcome. He'd put them all in an old tea chest and we went through them together up in the attic.

Now at the bottom of the tea chest underneath some old newspapers I found a couple of very old yellow photographs with a nice little frame round each of them and glass in the front, all tidy like. When the Colonel saw what I'd got 'old of 'e took them from me and 'eld one in each 'and looking at them. "Good God," 'e said, "they've been there a good few years. I'd forgotten all about them; are they any good to you, Dai?"

"Well," I said, "I could use the frames, aye."

" All right," 'e said, "you may as well 'ave them, they must be safe enough by now."

Well, of course I thought it was a funny thing for 'im to say at the time, but knowing the old boy 'ad some funny ways I didn't comment on it. I wish I 'ad now. Well, that was that. I picked up the clothes, the clocks, and the photographs, wished 'im luck for 'is journey and came back here. I didn't ask 'im where 'e was going and I don't suppose 'e would have told me if I 'ad. Some things 'e talked about, some things 'e didn't. All I knew was 'e was off in a fortnight's time.

Well, I was fairly busy at the time and it was two or three days before I sorted out the Colonel's stuff and then I 'ad a real good look at the

photographs for the first time. One was some sort of native chap wearing a few feathers and the other was a kind of landscape.

Now of course at the time I was mainly interested in the frames but as far as I can remember this native chap, who was obviously one of the Colonel's cannibals, 'ad nothing on 'is 'ead and as I say not much anywhere else except for the odd feather. In one hand 'e was carrying a nasty looking spear. He was very thin, jet black, and standing in a sort of little clearing of trees with a very nasty look on 'is face. In fact, not the sort of chap most people would care to meet in a dark lane at night. Well, there 'e was.

Now as it 'appened I wanted a frame. I'd promised to frame a wedding group for Maggie Morgan (False Teeth)—her niece 'ad just got married. (Silly girl, fancy marrying a chap like that? Still, that's another story). Anyway, I opened up the back of the frame and took out the photograph. Then I realized it wasn't the photograph that was yellow, it was the glass. The photograph was black and white but the glass was quite yellow and much thicker than usual, in fact I'ad never seen glass quite like it before.

Anyway, I didn't do any more that night because just then Idwal Evans called in and we walked down to the pub for a game of dominoes and a glass of beer, and I didn't look at the photograph again until the following morning. It was just where I'd left it, right 'ere on my work table, with the frame and the glass on one side and the photograph 'ere on the other. The first thing I noticed was that it 'ad faded badly, in fact, the chap with the feathers 'ad gone completely and only the trees were left.

It must 'ave been a very early type of photograph, you see, and that was obviously the reason for the yellow glass, to stop it fading; but what puzzled me was that the trees 'adn't gone—only boyo with the spear.

Anyway, I was so interested by now that the next day I walked out to tell the Colonel about it; I knew 'e wasn't leaving for a day or so, and I thought 'e'd be interested too, knowing 'ow keen 'e was on photography. But as it turned out it was no good, because 'e must have decided to leave earlier, and the house was all closed up like it always was when 'e was away. Well, now, I wouldn't have given it another thought if I 'adn't looked at the photograph later that day and seen that the chap with the feathers was back again. Oh, 'ullo, I thought, some trick of the light. Now, as I say, when I first looked at it I am pretty certain that what I saw was same as I've told you, but I could be wrong, because this time the chap was certainly the same as before, feathers and all, except that now 'e was wearing a bowler hat and carrying a tightly rolled umbrella instead of a spear. He looked a good bit fatter, and not only that, instead of a very nasty look 'e was now wearing a great big grin right across 'is face.

Well, now, perhaps you can see what I'm getting at. I know it sounds

Here he is—"Dai," the lovable watchmaker whose Welsh village-life tales became so popular in the Music For You *programmes. It is, of course, Anthony Oliver himself behind the TV make-up.*

stupid but I seriously wondered if that yellow glass was put there to stop things getting out of the photograph. No—well, it's worrying isn't it? Of course I could be wrong—I could be wrong. Memory can play some very funny tricks, and, fair play, I 'ave seen photographs of these native chaps in top hats and such like before. But I wasn't taking any chances and in case the yellow glass 'ad got anything to do with it I put the photograph back in the frame behind the glass and left it.

Now you see on that evidence you can't go and report it, can you? No—well, you'd feel such a fool, see, and ten to one they'd find the old Colonel safe and sound in Indo-China or somewhere. But there was just one thing more, and I tell you straight, I wouldn't rely too much on this.

The nearest place down the lane between this cottage and Colonel Lloyd's place is that little house where Minnie Watkins lives. In other words you can't get to the Colonel's house without passing Minnie. Now Minnie's a bit simple, bless 'er. She's a spinster, well over fifty and man mad. Oh, been trying to get a man for years, so as I say don't take too much notice, but she *did* happen to say that one night that week she'd

met what she called a "foreign" gentleman in the lane coming from the Colonel's drive and took 'im back for a cup of tea. Very sunburnt she said 'e was and by 'is clothes she thought 'e was hiking, but 'arf the time she makes these stories up you know, it's what they call wishful thinking. I'll never forget the things she said about that 'oliday camp she stayed at. (Idwal Evans 'as been saving up to go ever since, only not with Minnie of course). Oh, she's got men on the brain. Poor old Jones the Milk leaves it at the garden gate now, 'e's afraid to go near 'er.

I did try and pump 'er a bit to draw 'er out. "You ought to be ashamed," I told 'er, "asking strangers back for tea." "Go on," she said "'e was lovely, 'e was only a foreigner and they can't eat you can they?" but apart from a nervous giggle more than that I couldn't get out of 'er.

Well, there it is. I expect when the Colonel comes back we'll all have a good laugh about it—I hope. Of course there *is* a way of finding out. I *could* take the glass out of the other photograph and see what happens, but I don't think I will. No, well, I know it's silly, but as far as I can make out it seems to be a photograph of Niagara Falls.

Another aspect of Anthony Oliver's versatile career—a scene from one of his films. The picture was Street Corner, *and Peggy Cummins* (left) *played Anthony's wife. TV actress Anne Crawford played in the same film.*

Alma Cogan

THREE years ago she was singing, half-heard and half-noticed, while people supped well at a popular West End hotel. She sang with the dining-room band, and used to slip away to be met at a side door by her father who took her home every night. Alma Cogan has gone a long way in the short time since then. It is computed that she is earning £350 a week, on TV, radio and the music halls.

The Cogan working career began quietly in quite a different way. She lived at Worthing, and on leaving school went to art school there. She had some notion of becoming a textile or dress designer. Singing was a sideline indulged in in the privacy of her home. But it began to interest her more than art work. And when the Cogan family made a move to London, Alma set about trying to get her singing voice heard in the right places. Hence a job with that hotel band.

It was there, sure enough, that radio producer Roy Speer heard her. At the time he wanted a singer for Dick Bentley's first radio series. Alma got the job. Once heard in the radio studios, she was marked down for more work, and when this developed into replacing Joy Nicholls in *Take It From Here*, Alma Cogan began to become a name in every radio-listening home.

Her TV fans grew as she made a popular niche for herself in Benny Hill's famous comedy series. Today she lives with her mother and younger sister in a Kensington flat. Her father died before her greatest fame was reached. During rehearsals for her work she has little time for small talk. She can be seen in a corner, going over her songs to herself; choosing new songs and working out the best ways in which to exploit her voice and her personality.

One influence of the art student days remains—she designs all her own dresses and gowns. She thought up a new gown for each of her TV shows; gives each dress a wear-an-tear career of twenty weeks on her music hall tours; and once gowned herself in a hundred yards of feathered net!

EYES ON THE WOMEN

Introducing MARY HILL
Head of Women's Programmes in a major commercial TV company

NEW pairs of eyes are going to look at the housewife from the TV screens. They belong to a legion of new personalities massed by commercial TV for its feminine-interest programmes every day. And behind the screens, the British housewife will be under the close scrutiny of the advertisers providing the money for these programmes.

This is not entirely new for the advertisers. The Housewife has long been the major quarry of the advertisers' hunt. Cohorts of young men and women are employed all the year round drawing housewives and writing about housewives, for advertisements. But for TV this implanting of the "housewife market" factor will be quite new.

Women's TV programmes on the BBC have been devised with the slightly motherly attitude of seeking anything vaguely feminine with which to interest and help the fair sex. The "science" of catching and influencing the housewife has hardly entered the citadel of Lime Grove. The hard-headed demand for fixing an exact case history of British womanhood, its habits and tastes, before providing TV output for women, is unknown, and possibly anathema to the gentlewomen who run BBC feminine programmes.

But it is the usual practice in the advertising world, before setting anything in front of a housewife, whether product, pack or advertisement. Make no mistake, it will be the practice in commercial TV as well.

There is no hesitation about this. The very choice of times for women's programmes on the new TV is based on the market survey science. In its big-motherly way, the BBC seemed to decide it injudicious to lure women to radio or TV during the working hours of housewifery—the mornings. Tactfully, BBC women's broadcasts have been placed in the afternoons, when they would disturb no more than afternoon tea. Even radio's *Woman's Hour*, which is a little early for that, is supposed to coincide with after-lunch coffee—or tea in the, industrial areas!

But this will not do at all for commercial TV. The market survey

TV announcer Bronwen Pugh wearing a nightdress and a negligee in a fashion programme introduced by Jeanne Heal. For the ladies, Bronwen's "creation" is made of tricot and nylon.

science has told its organizers that more women may go out in the afternoon than is healthy for TV programmes whose very existence is pegged to holding the largest possible audience. In fact, commercial TV men know that radio's *Woman's Hour* audience starts fading away from 2.30 p.m., before the programme is over. And they believe that the BBC's TV women's features between 3 and 4 p.m. clash very much with young housewives taking babies out, meeting children from school, shopping, and with older women going about their social calls, bridge parties or women's organization meetings.

The "science" therefore points to the morning period as the one to exploit most advantageously for women's TV programmes. And as to interrupting the housework, it all depends how you lay the bait. As Miss Mary Hill said, "We think women will welcome two separate half hours of TV strategically timed during the morning."

Miss Hill is organizing the feminine programme side of Associated Rediffusion, which supplies weekday commercial TV. Her strategy is

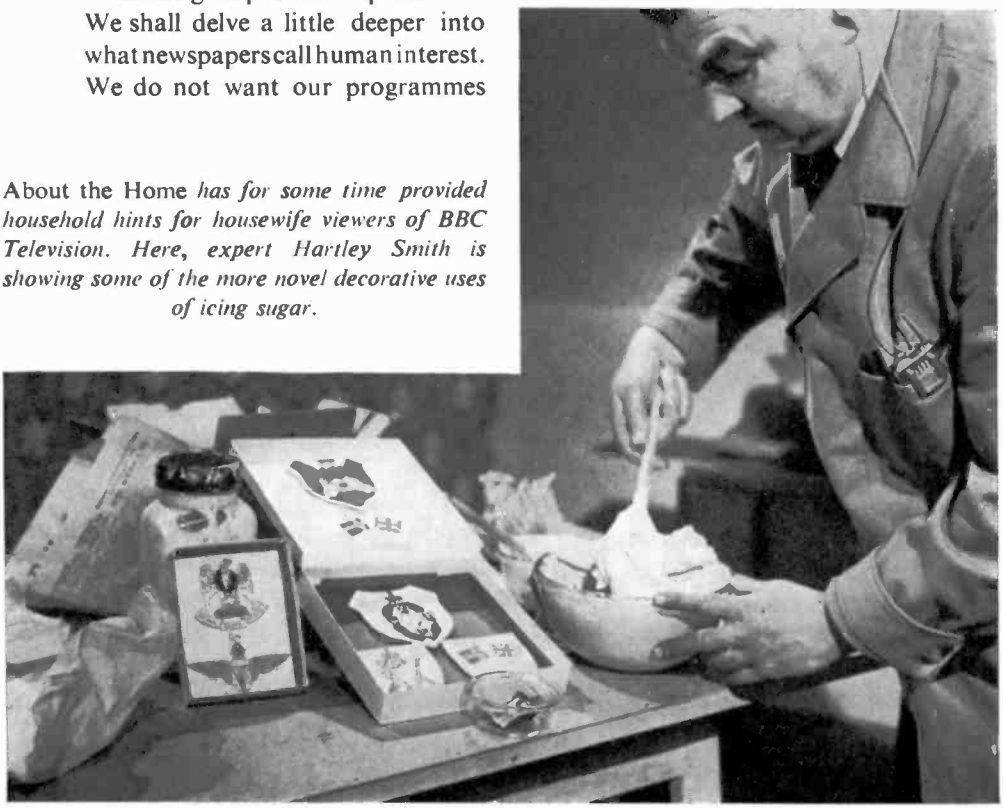
based on the assumption—advertisers would say "fact"—that housewives' "elevenses" provide a time when they will be glad to see TV for thirty minutes in mid-morning. And also on the conclusion that another half-hour programme will not come amiss around lunch time.

"Before and between these two periods," says Miss Hill, "women will have time for their work. We are not asking them to sit and view for longer than thirty minutes at a stretch; and the half hours chosen, we think, will usefully coincide with times when they want to sit down."

To make this new habit, so far as TV is concerned, alluring, commercial TV is starting off by establishing a daily serial play of human family interest. It is hoped that this morning helping of domestic situation will become every bit as much a spell-binder as "Dales" or "Archers." In tune with the times, it is to be about a newly married couple in one of the New Towns.

"We expect the newlyweds to become real TV favourites," said Miss Hill. "I say nothing against the Dales, but our family will be more akin in circumstances to the majority of working people in the country.

"The daily serial apart, our programmes will extend all over the ground which BBC women's programmes attempt to touch. But we shall be making important experiments. We shall delve a little deeper into what newspapers call human interest. We do not want our programmes



About the Home *has for some time provided household hints for housewife viewers of BBC Television. Here, expert Hartley Smith is showing some of the more novel decorative uses of icing sugar.*

A TV women's interest event was the progress of Mrs. Betty Lait (right) *in the series of programmes* Having a Baby. *After her baby, Sarah, was born—24 days after exactly—Josephine Douglas introduced mother and child to viewers in a follow-up series of programmes,* Bringing Up Baby.

to provide teaching by experts who look and sound obviously different from the mass of viewers.

"We believe there to be educated and cultured women, experts in many spheres, with whom any woman would immediately feel at ease. I personally think some of these new TV personalities will be found in Fleet Street. Women journalists, writing for the ordinary woman every day, may be smart and have nice voices; but, my word, they are practical, without side or pretence, and realistic!

"We also think that much more can be done by TV to share some of the good wholesome things achieved by women in all walks of life. This is not just a matter of making pastry or cutting dress patterns; there are women every day achieving things of the spirit, matters of courage, enterprise, initiative, triumph over trials, and so on. We are out to find such women, and have them meet viewers.

The challenge of commercial TV women's programmes will be met by Miss Doreen Stevens (left), *Editor of BBC Women's Features. In this Lime Grove studio scene are Margo Lovell, Jasmine Bligh and producer S. E. Reynolds.*

"Hints on how to bring up babies are necessary, but when baby is settled for an hour or two, mother may turn a wayward thought to where she would like to go next holiday, or even indulge in a quite impractical dream of a far-off tropical isle. All right, we are going to see that travellers from home and overseas haunts come to the screen and give women a real window on to the world.

"Similarly, we don't think that women have no interest in what is going on behind the national and world news. Current affairs can be very dull or very good; it all depends on how they are described. We want to find men and women speakers who can inject into current affairs the life they too often lose when publicly commented on.

"In these programmes, rather than dipping at random, as it were, into some vast encyclopaedia of 'the world today' and providing a talk for the sake of it, we shall aim at real topicality. We shall talk about what is news.

"The career woman has come to stay, and no TV output can ignore her. The housewife at home will understand her better if she knows more about her. So careers will be dealt with, and women with interesting jobs brought to the screen.

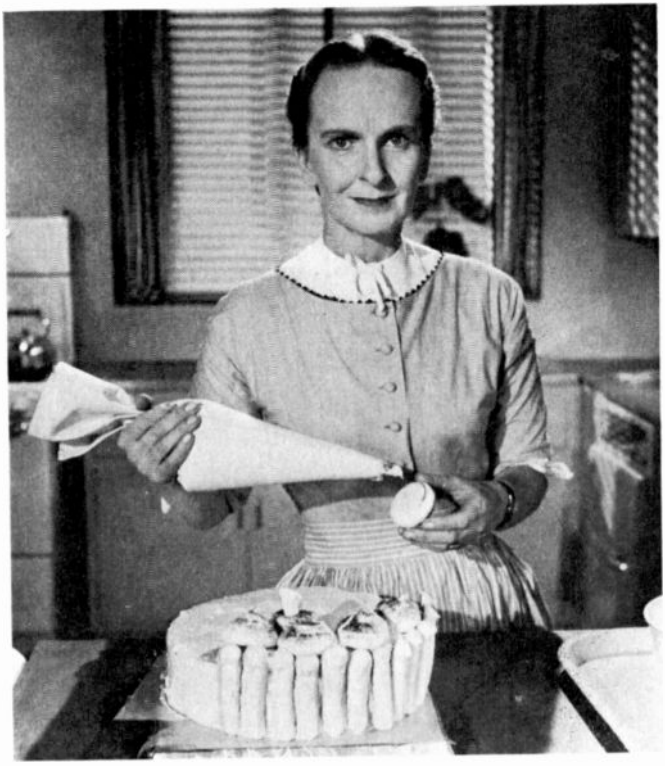
"This brings me to another important experiment in commercial TV. Career women cannot view TV in the mornings; nor for that matter can

teen-age girls, who surely need some TV fare to themselves. So we shall be putting women's programmes on in the evenings, too. It's my personal opinion that TV should be fifty-fifty between the sexes, anyway—why should all evening programmes be to the taste of men?

"With the teen-ager girls we hope to do a good job. They have been neglected by TV. Careers, and help in the choice of such, will be dealt with; also teen-age clothes; and we hope to have a problems advice service."

You will note that Miss Hill has made no great play with those hardy annuals of TV women's programmes so far—fashions and mannequin parades. Be sure that commercial TV will be every bit as fashion-conscious as the BBC. But Miss Hill sees fashion in its balanced place here; the abiding interest of the ordinary woman in ordinary clothes—how to make, buy or adapt—will be served in practical programmes.

These will be without those willowy models who invade Lime Grove from the West End salons. "Who's got a figure like theirs anyway?" asks Miss Hill. But just occasionally, for the great occasion, the models will be let in, to wear what every woman likes to see perfectly figured women wearing—the last word in luxury gowns, which more than every other woman knows she will never own.



Here is Mrs. Dione Lucas, whom commercial TV will introduce in its programmes for women. She will provide an initial series of six programmes on cooking and confectionery, with emphasis on festive occasion catering.

TV WINS OVER THE VIPs

Our Leaders make History in every home

IT STARTED with King George VI, father of the present Queen, Elizabeth II. There was a night when TV cameras went to the foyer of London's Royal Opera House, at Covent Garden. The King and the Royal Family were to attend a special performance given for the French President, then visiting London. And the people of Britain that night saw the King as they had never seen him before. The TV cameras gave intimate, close-up shots of British Royalty which were quite new in the history of communications.

The televising of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation brought this new intimate viewing of our rulers to a peak. But these developments in TV have now ushered in no less than a new dimension of national life.

National leaders, the Very Important Personages who are making current history, now come on the TV screens as a normal part of the programmes. This does not refer to newsreel or outside-broadcast glimpses of them, but to studio broadcasts. Programmes such as *Panorama*, *Press Conference*, and party political features have followed the royal-occasion broadcasts, bringing viewers encounters with the famous—encounters having a new intimacy and far-reaching significance.

It was not so for a number of years during TV's growth. Prime Ministers, statesmen and leaders from many walks of life remained chary of appearing specially on TV long after officialdom had permitted the outside broadcast and newsreel cameras to follow them about their duties.

But now Sir Winston Churchill and Sir Anthony Eden have given the TV cameras their attention. Mr. Attlee, Mr. Morrison, ministers, party leaders, and church leaders have all sat in the Lime Grove studios to seize this new opportunity of making direct contact with the people.

The coming of Sir Anthony Eden to Lime Grove for the first time was in many ways symbolic of what had happened, and of what was to happen in this sphere.

(Above) *The studio scene at the memorable* Press Conference *programme when Sir Anthony Eden made TV history by his frank answers to journalists. In the foreground Lady Eden watches on a studio monitor.* (Below) *Sir Anthony as viewers saw him.*

His first direct TV appearance, in *Press Conference*, was as Foreign Secretary. The BBC had tried for a number of years to woo Sir Anthony to the studio. He is reputed to be shy, yet, of course, public appearances are part and parcel of his work. But though he would make radio broadcasts, he did for some time appear to be shy of TV.

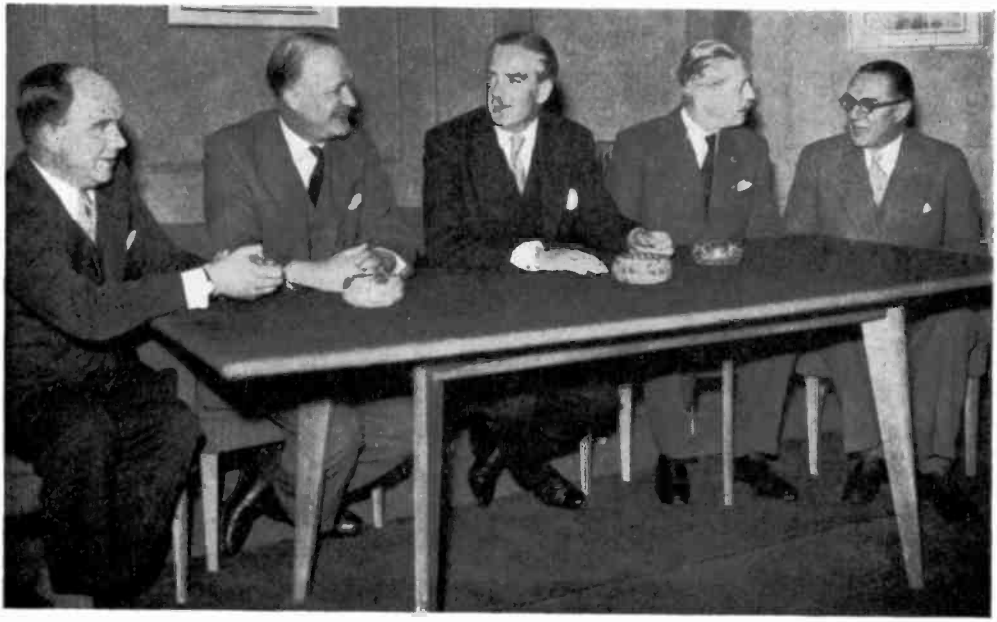
In the end he was persuaded, and his conduct in that *Press Conference* session was not at all what had been expected. Instead of the official line, the dodging answer to questions, Sir Anthony gave the impression of a man coping with a big job in the best way he knew how and the best way circumstances would allow him.

The "personal" Eden came through the official statesman. He even answered willingly about his interests and pastimes.

The caution which had kept Eden off the screen for so long had been shared in high places in general. There, TV was first a novelty with a limited public; and then, perhaps too rapidly for the cautious official mind, it became a power touching the nation as a whole.

The methods of communication used between leaders and people are old-established, trusted and well-tried: the press, the public speech, and latterly radio. Famous men who were confident in their use of these means were wary of launching themselves on the TV medium. Because it was untried it seemed hazardous. Because it was young, it seemed unimportant.

The General Election broadcasts brought statesmen to the screen. In one programme Sir Anthony Eden led a Tory team consisting of Mr. Ian Macleod, Mr. R. A. Butler, Mr. Harold Macmillan and Sir Walter Monkton.



The Labour Party sprang a surprise in its TV Election programme by having Lady Megan Lloyd-George take part with Mr. Herbert Morrison.

To this should be added the reputation of those handling TV itself. For some years after the war, the TV production staff were regarded very much as amateurs learning their job experimentally. Unjust though this might have been, in government circles it was felt if only because the men operating TV lacked the years of experience which, often rightly and sometimes wrongly, are considered as sole evidence of proficiency.

In his *Press Conference* appearance Sir Anthony Eden, for all his reputed reticence, broke down this curtain of apprehension between politicians and the TV studios. Marks must also go to Lime Grove for the highly successful way in which they handled his first TV broadcast. That Sir Anthony was pleased and felt at home after all in this strange new world was evident from his enjoyment of the occasion. For he stayed long after the programme, talking to TV officials about his abiding interest: his job.

Westminster and the "high places" are like every other community in that word gets around, a good thing is talked about and becomes desired generally. So the Eden TV broadcast was talked about in the cabinet rooms

The Royal Family's interest in TV goes back to the Alexandra Palace days. H.M. the Queen, when Princess Elizabeth, visited the studios there with the Duke of Edinburgh. Sir William Haley (then BBC Director-General) is on the left. Next to Her Majesty is Mr. Norman Collins, now a leading figure in Commercial TV.

and the lobbies. This television business seemed all right now. And the new repute of Lime Grove was not unnoticed by Sir Winston Churchill.

Churchill had, of course, been more distant from TV's approaches than Eden had been. It was still quite a long and delicate business to get this premier statesman even to the radio microphone, let alone the new-fangled TV camera.

But the arrival of Sir Winston's eightieth birthday sparked Lime Grove's courage and the BBC made the most determined efforts it had ever made to bring the great man to the TV screen. A Prime Minister, especially one of Churchill's standing, is surrounded by even more official barriers of caution and rules of conduct than a Foreign Secretary.

Lime Grove had to deal with the Premier's advisers and in the end persuasion got them within camera-shot, but not with the "right-away." It was agreed that a camera could be put in the Downing Street room where Sir Winston and Lady Churchill were to watch, on a TV set, the programme of birthday tributes the BBC was to televise on his birthday night. This was permitted in case Sir Winston suddenly felt he would like to

appear on the screen and give a personal message to viewers. Neither he, nor any official adviser, had said he would do so. And that programme actually started with this uncertain and nebulous situation still unresolved!

The BBC wanted Sir Winston's remarks—if they came—to end the programme. In the uncertainty, an alternative ending was ready in the studio. As the programme went on, it became apparent to the BBC producer with the camera in the Downing Street room that Sir Winston was deeply interested in the programme of tributes.

Still no word was said, but on the feeling that the great man could hardly fail to co-operate if offered the chance, the producer telephoned Lime Grove that there was every chance that Sir Winston would come on to the screen. The hunch was justified, for when, at the appropriate moment the producer motioned to Churchill that a camera was awaiting his attention, the statesman turned with ease towards it, and went on the TV screens of millions with a message that excited the nation by its unexpectedness and spontaneity.

The full value of TV contact between leaders and people is still to be felt. Already it has illumined the personalities of men more precisely than can a newspaper photograph, a radio broadcast or a platform appearance. But at some cross-roads in our political history, or in the time of some national emergency, who can tell what the direct and personal appeal of a leader may do to change public opinion—and perhaps the course of history?

Of course, a TV appearance does not automatically grant results. Formal political broadcasts in TV, arranged to promote the party line, have nothing like the impact on viewers that the more informal *Press Conference* interviews have. But if the politician can break through the limitations of the propaganda session and inspire viewers with his own personality as well as with his party's line the political result may be significantly influenced. This may never happen. And TV's influence on our political thinking and action may come purely from the laxer and more informal TV broadcasts of the *Press Conference* type. If so, party political broadcasts on the screen seem likely to diminish rather than grow in importance.

During his Premiership, Sir Winston Churchill never made a TV broadcast direct from the studio. Though seen in many outside broadcasts and newsreels, Sir Winston gave viewers their biggest thrill when TV cameras caught him at No. 10 Downing Street on his 80th birthday.

SPOT THE FAULT

What to do when
the picture on your TV screen
goes wrong

KEEP cool—and do not fiddle with the knobs, until you know which knob is which! This is the golden rule for all TV set owners when distortion of one kind or another spoils the picture.

But first of all, to get perfect pictures your set should be perfectly adjusted. The best guide to this is Test Card C, transmitted in the mornings by the BBC. A similar evening check can be made with the Clock Tuning Signal put out before evening programmes by the BBC.

On Test Card C look first for the black and white border. The border design should show evenly all round the screen. This shows that the picture is correctly positioned. If it is not, the circle in the centre of the card will not be a true circle. To correct the border, if necessary, use the Height and Width knobs—unless these have been pre-set on installation of the set. The knobs for Horizontal and Vertical Holds, if set in error, will dislocate the border design.

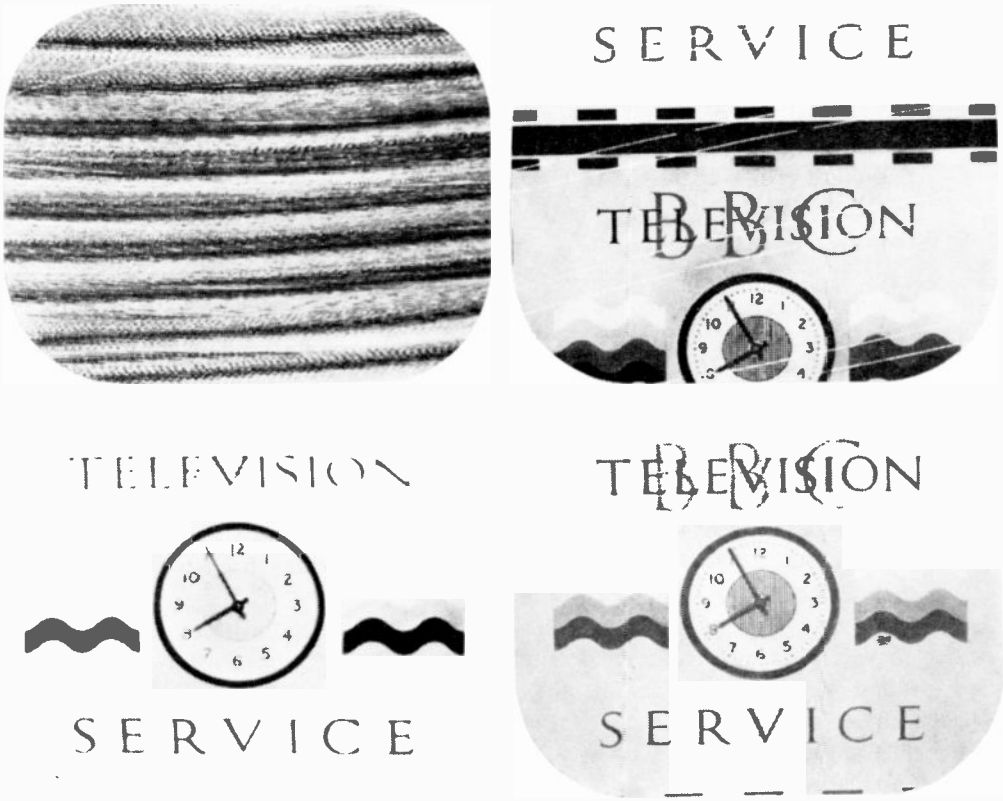
The white vertical line on the left of the circle should be clearly defined; as should the black line on the opposite side. The squares of variable shades should all be clear, if Contrast and Brightness controls are set accurately. Use the Focus control to get the gradings on each side of the variable squares as distinct as possible. See that focus is equally good at the corners, on the diagonal stripes. When the Clock Tuning Signal is shown you will see how to apply a similar check.

Now for the faults which can sometimes spoil the picture. Twisted black and white lines may appear, with distortion and wobble. In a bad case the picture may be twisted as a whole. This distortion is caused by a change in the voltage of the electricity mains. The Horizontal Hold should be changed to clear the picture, and *reset again* when the voltage is restored. Mains power changes can also make the picture move horizontally or vertically; or the picture may rotate, or shrink. It can usually be corrected by delicate use of the appropriate Hold knobs.

A spray of white spots all over the picture usually means interference from some electrical apparatus. It may be motor traffic; domestic apparatus or tools nearby; or—and check this first!—apparatus in your own house. Sets today have a picture interference reducer, or a "black spotter," or "white spot suppressor" which minimize the white spots almost to disappearance point. A bright flash across the picture with noise in the loudspeaker is also usually caused by electrical interference. Hospital apparatus, if not suppressed at source, can produce a herring-bone pattern on TV.

Radio dealers can often deal with these kinds of interference. If not, the Post Office will supply a complaint form, and action may be taken locally to advise users of apparatus to fit suppressors.

There are some faults which can point to internal wear and tear, or defect. If clear focus cannot be obtained by readjustment of the Focus control and slight change of the Hold controls, and if the scanning lines are very visible, there may be a cathode-ray tube fault, or a valve defect.



(Top, left) *Horizontal hold incorrectly adjusted.* (Top, right) *Vertical hold incorrectly adjusted.* (Bottom, left) *Too much contrast: reduce contrast, increase brightness.* (Bottom, right) *Insufficient contrast: increase contrast, reduce brightness.*

But any failure of focus is a job for dealer inspection. as the focus apparatus itself may need adjustment.

The Horizontal Hold will stop any scanning lines wobble. Any closing together of the scanning lines, or the appearance of a bright horizontal or vertical line, can mean wear and tear. The wear on a number of different internal components can cause these defects.

If "ghostly" outlines appear round objects in the picture there is probably some "reflection" of TV transmission signals from some nearby metal object. "Ghosting" can be caused by a steel-built building, a bridge, a gas-holder, or even by drain pipes near the aerial lead, and metal objects such as window frames. Dealer inspection can usually diagnose the source of trouble, and can often eliminate it by aerial or other adjustment.

Dark, broad lines appearing across or up and down the screen, if not eliminated by changing the Hold controls, can mean component failure, and should receive dealer attention.

If a change in proportion or perspective occurs, affecting objects or people as they move about the TV picture, the picture may not be properly centred. This can be checked by looking at Test Card C. If adjustment of the controls will not remedy this fault, pre-set controls or mechanism inside the set probably need dealer attention.

What is called "soot and whitewash," obscuring clarity of picture and making it look flat, usually means that Brightness and Contrast need adjustment together. Failing remedy this way, there may be an aerial fault requiring expert attention.

The appearance of what might seem to be tiny water waves flowing down the screen, if persistent over some days, may mean interference with the vision side of the set from the sound side. The vision side can also interfere with the sound reproduction, often providing a distorting whistle. In either case only dealer adjustment can remedy matters.

Many modern TV sets are treated to avoid providing interference with a sound radio set in the same house. This interference with radio listening is usually noticed as a high-pitched hum. If the set is not so treated, a dealer may be able to provide a remedy. Undue "noise" on a TV set when it is running may be due to electric mains faults, and a small addition to the internal wiring of the set will be required to obviate it.

Always remember that abnormal atmospheric conditions can disrupt TV reception, especially in the summer. Thundery conditions may cause interference with the sound side, bringing in other stations, and may reduce contrast and brightness of picture. Lightning can distort the picture. Thunderstorms with heavy lightning rarely harm a TV set, though there have been a few disasters. If the storm is near, the best way to be quite safe is to switch off and disconnect the aerial.

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Gran Grove

IN Lime Grove make-up and costume, she's a national figure, this cantankerous Gran of *The Grove Family*. Outside the studios she's actress Nancy Roberts, younger-looking, kindly of face, hair not yet all grey. In West End theatrical circles Nancy Roberts has been known and loved for years. Steeped in the theatre, she lives smack in the centre of the West End's Theatreland.

Daughter of a lawyer, she left Bedford High School at eighteen. She was stage-struck and her legal-minded father said she could "try that caper" for a year, no more. She answered an advertisement in *The Stage* and got a job with a travelling company in Ireland. For those days, and for the daughter of such a family, this was quite an adventure. She then got the part of an English girl in a French play—in Paris, where she arrived unable to speak the language, which she had skimped at school.

Slowly she broke into the English theatre, gaining a great step forward in the West End production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. There were three years with the Little Theatre Company at Bristol.

From provincial repertory work she suddenly broke into London with the famous Crazy Gang, playing the straight characters the Gang always mercilessly guyed in their sketches. There came a long spell in repertory at Hereford with her husband, producer-actor Donald Finlay. In the war she was in the W.V.S. as an ambulance driver.

Her actor son, Nigel Arkwright, had just started his career when the war took him away. He was wounded soon after D-Day. He is married to the daughter of actor Hugh Williams and actress Gwynne Whitby. After the war Nancy Roberts played a "Gran"—in the play *Cosh Boy*. She appeared as the Mother Superior in the film *Black Narcissus*. Her first TV part was in a play *A Time to Be Born*; a number of children's TV plays followed—and then, *The Grove Family*, a full-time job ever since.

BIRTH OF A PROGRAMME

What goes on before the Show goes on

by MICHAEL ACKWORTH

I HAD an idea for a TV programme, so I took it to Lime Grove. This, to start with, was wrong. Lime Grove has become nationally known as the home of BBC Television, but as a matter of fact it is only the workshop, and by no means the creative heart of the business. The one-time Gaumont-British film studio building, in that Shepherds Bush street, contains the TV studios and a great deal of film mechanism, and only the final production stage of work on a programme is done there.

So I was sent to the BBC Television Centre, half-a-mile away. This is the first part of a new building the BBC is putting up in stages. It houses the top-level chiefs of the BBC Television Service, the planners, the departmental heads, and the producers. And these are the people who decide what programmes shall reach the screen, and how they shall get there.

I discussed my programme idea with a producer, and there I had to leave it; because he had no power to say whether it would ever reach the viewers or not. He could only promise to push it up to the powers-that-be. He started the pushing process at the next departmental meeting he attended. This is a meeting of producers under their departmental head. The drama producers meet under the Head of Drama; the variety producers meet under their chief; and so on.

The head of my producer's department received the idea hopefully. It was still, however, not "in." The Head discussed it more closely with his Organizer. Each programme department has an Organizer; it's his job to work out, for the Head, the practical and material considerations involved in starting a new programme. The Organizer will know whether the department has money, manpower and time enough to carry the new programme in the current planning period; if not, the new idea must wait for a later period, probably six months ahead.

One of the planning conferences which go on at the BBC Television Centre before a programme reaches the screen. This is a meeting of programme department organizers. With three months' programmes being "pencilled in" (left), they discuss the resources of money, manpower and studio accommodation required.

In this case, however, the Organizer felt that the new programme could be produced by the department; though they might have to give it to a different producer to the one I saw, because a full plate of work was waiting for the man I had contacted.

The departmental head was now ready to give the new programme *his* push; for more pushing had yet to be done. He mentioned it at the Programme Board, a weekly meeting called by the Controller of Programmes, at which he and all the programme departmental heads discuss the shape of TV to come.

It might well have been found that the new idea clashed with a series of programmes already being prepared by one of the other departmental heads. If so, it would have to go into cold storage. Or it might turn out that the Controller of Programmes had policy reasons for not accepting, or at any rate delaying, the kind of programme being proposed. However, though the new idea was hotly criticized and commented on by the gathering of departmental heads, it passed on to the list of "planning commitments."

My new programme had now reached a tricky fork in the road, as it were, on its way to the viewers. For as a "planning commitment" it now went to the Planners; and as a programme to be prepared it went to the producer chosen for it. It was now his job to call in a scriptwriter, to plan scenery and costumes, and start thinking about a cast.

He had no idea, however, when all this organization would be needed, and until he knew he would give only first thoughts to these matters. Weeks might well pass before he knew, and meanwhile the new idea would be milling around in the producer's mind—while he put on current programmes.

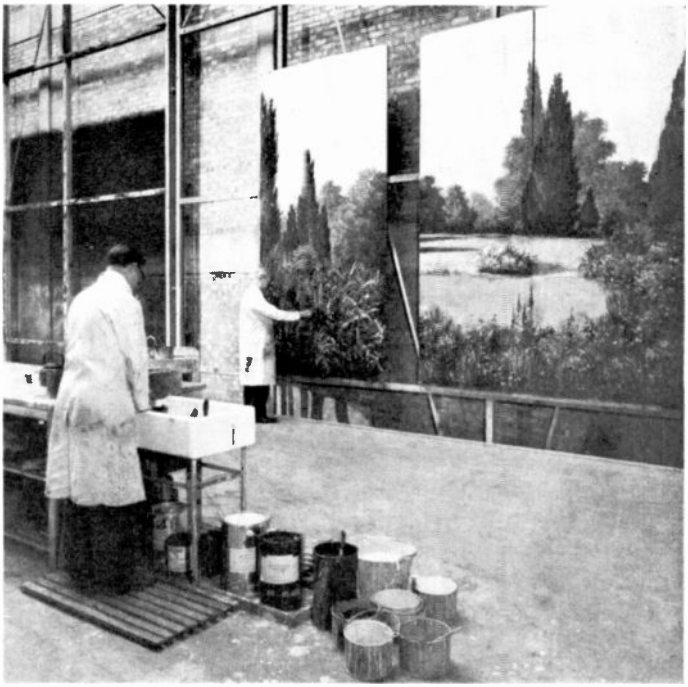
The new idea had now reached its most critical stage; for whether it

would ever be seen on the screen or not was now in the balance. For, although it had been agreed to in principle, the Planners now had the job of finding a place for it in the programme schedule.

The Planners work in conjunction with the Controller of Programmes whose prime job is to keep an attractive balance of programmes on the screen every night, within the terms of the BBC's purpose in broadcasting TV. Basically these terms are to inform, educate and entertain—in that order. The Planners are dealing chiefly with the schedule for the following quarter of the year. It might well be looking very full already. There might be reasons why the type of programme now being proposed would not balance up the evenings still left to fill, in the next quarter. If so, the new idea would be shelved.

But the Planners did select a space for the new programme, and the producer was given a date when it was wanted on the screen. He now had meetings with his scriptwriter, and the programme began to take shape on paper. After the first draft of the script, the producer decided it would be necessary to have some music specially composed, and he had to find a

Long before a TV show is seen, scenery has to be drawn in sketch form. This is done by the scenic designer, shown here instructing a woman assistant in drawing fully detailed plans. From these carpenters make up the scenery.



In a massive "paint shop" at the Television Centre artists get to work on scenic backgrounds for a new programme. An automatic lift gear, on the wall, raises and lowers the canvases for the painters, who are adept at providing life-like scenes larger than life.

composer to do this. Also, one or two short sequences would need to be filmed, and he had to arrange this and choose a date for his filming with the TV Film Department.

The producer also must ask the Design Department to provide him with a scenic designer, who could work out and design the scenic sets he would require. With the designer, a studio plan was drawn up, showing the arrangement of the scenic sets and indicating camera positions and camera moves. The designer then created drawings of the scenic effects required; these had to be translated into working drawings, and passed to the scenic workshops where the sets would be made and painted.

At the same time the producer—helped in all these matters by his secretary—had to furnish a complete list of all costume requirements, wigs, special make-ups, and "props." The large TV property store would seek out the "props," and the Wardrobe and Make-up Department would arrange the costumes and fitting and make-up times for the artists. The costumes required might all be found in the Wardrobe stock, and need only fitting alterations; or some might need to be specially hired.

Casting the programme has now begun, and the producer makes a list of the actors and actresses he would like, and an alternative list of players as "reserves" in case he cannot get those which are his first choice. Obtaining his cast is the job of the Bookings Department.

This department contacts the artists, usually through their agents, and finds out if they can be free for a week's rehearsals and the day of transmission. If the programme is a series, artists need to be found who can work for six or twelve weeks, while the series runs. This may not be easy, since many players have theatre or film engagements which clash with any continuing period of TV dates.

Fees are discussed with the artists who can be free for the work offered, and contracts issued. Not until the contracts are returned to the BBC, signed by the artists, will the producer know for certain that he has completed his casting. He may have got seventy-five per cent of the artists he originally asked for.

Rehearsals then start, in one of the rehearsal rooms leased by the BBC in various parts of London. These are a variety of premises—church halls, boys' or girls' club halls, gymnasiums. The positioning of the scenic sets as planned for the Lime Grove studio is chalked out on the rehearsal room floor. Chairs are lined up to represent the sets.

Meanwhile, in the lofty and expansive scenic workshops and paint shop at the Television Centre, men are putting the finishing touches to the

As the studios are got ready for the production of a new programme, "properties" are selected for "dressing" the scenic set. Here a scenic designer chooses "props" in the great store.

Now a TV production has reached the studio. In rehearsals scenic effects and "props" are tried out. This is how the BBC Scenic Department provided a motor-car background for John Robinson and Jill Bennett, in the play A Dream of Treason. *When viewers saw it, moving "back-projection" of roadsides flashing by added realism.*

scenery. And in the Wardrobe final adjustments have been made to the costumes, and artists have been fitted.

The film sequences are inspected by the producer, in a small projection theatre at Lime Grove. If music is being used, recordings of it are heard, timed and adjusted; or an orchestra is given the specially arranged parts, and near the end of the rehearsal period it will attend for a band-call rehearsal, where music, dialogue and action are roughly fitted together and timed.

By now the producer has informed the Publicity Department at the Television Centre of the programme; and it has handed on to newspapers all over the country details of the forthcoming attraction. Some newspapers may send photographers to take pictures of rehearsal scenes.

The day before the transmission the whole organization moves into the Lime Grove studio. Here, for the first time, producer and artists get the chance to work with the TV cameras. The scenic sets are going up; the lighting arrangements are being made. Film sequences and music are tried out again. From one o'clock on the day of the transmission the final rehearsal runs on until about seven in the evening. The artists now wear their costume and make-up, and the final "run-through" is done as for transmission, without interruptions, so that timing may be finally checked.

At last, at the time fixed so many weeks previously by the Planners, the new programme goes on the air. As soon as it is over, in an adjacent studio in the big Lime Grove building, another programme gets under way. The artists and producer make their ways home, wondering what the next morning's newspapers will say about their effort.

JEANNETTE STERKE

TV's Romantic Actress talks frankly to Kenneth Baily

SOME preface to this interview is necessary, if only to try to introduce Jeannette Sterke in her right place in the TV firmament. A strange firmament, indeed! All kinds have been hung there, by a mixture of public adulation and that BBC stubbornness which runs programmes over many weeks whether or not the public wanted them at the start. Nobody would have been sorry to see *What's My Line?* go after its first two or three uneasy showings. Had it done so, where would Mr. Harding be now?

Nobody would have raved about Sabrina had not carefully managed publicity made us look for her in her very first programme, and follow her through the rest. Few could have cared whether an archaeologist named Sir Mortimer Wheeler ever appeared on TV—until he had done so enough times to become established in the same firmament as Sabrina and Gilbert Harding.

None of these now-headlined names soared to the headlines for the same reasons; nor is this the place to discuss the reasons, except to say that the straight drama actress coming to TV can never soar so easily or so quickly. Jeannette Sterke could not explode like Harding. She had no publicity like Sabrina. Nor had she a neat and curiosity-forming programme like *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* Her TV future depended wholly on what she did with a part in a play, seen at random by viewers.

For this reason, perhaps, the outstanding drama player in TV reaches the firmament more by talent and a producer's care of it, than by anything else.

Jeannette Sterke came near to pre-eminence in a class familiar in films but slow to blossom in TV—that of the romantic star actress. She did not, however, shoot up to the firmament over-night. Few probably noticed her in her first TV play, *That Lady*, in which the momentary star limelight fell

on the more mature and more publicized Edana Romney. But that play was produced by Rudolf Cartier, and he had certainly noticed Miss Sterke. That she gradually dawned on the TV public as a star was due to his determination to make her do so.

Of course, Jeannette had to go on showing the ability to work up to the star roles her producer had in mind for her. Her position now is greatly to her credit as a serious, hard-working, straight actress. Her chance to do the hard work in parts leading step by step to bigger rewards depended on Cartier. Actress and producer worked as a team, and the event was new to BBC Television.

I first met Jeannette Sterke when she was rehearsing the puff-pastry part in the Viennese confection, *Liebelie*. In the grey church-hall rehearsal room she blossomed like a spring flower against the mellow personality of Wilfrid Lawson, playing with her. At that time Cartier spoke of her as the eternal springlike maiden. But when he put her in *Captain Banner*, with David Farrar, he chose for her a secondary role (Hilary Brook had the primary feminine role) which, whilst her dewy maidenhood was called for, also demanded an awareness of suffering. The atmosphere was grim and stormy. And Miss Sterke had to show herself in key with it.

Jeannette Sterke in The Moment of Truth, *Peter Ustinov's moving play, in which TV's very popular and accomplished actor, Peter Cushing* (right), *also took part. Before this play, Miss Sterke had been presented as an actress of romantic and sentimental appeal. Here she first showed her versatility in a role of depth and significance.*

Her work succeeded enough for Cartier to go ahead with the plan he had already made for Jeannette before *Captain Banner*. That play tested her for the title role in *Rebecca*, and this he gave her next. After *Rebecca* it would have been easy to leave Jeannette Sterke more or less established as TV's romantic actress on a purely novelettish scale. But, again, Cartier worked to develop his star. Having moulded a rather sentimental figure on his young actress, he then wanted to give depth and significance to his creation. He made her the daughter of the pathetic general in Peter Ustinov's *The Moment of Truth;* a choice of part precisely suited to Miss Sterke's stage of development as an actress.

Midsummer Fire, which followed this as Jeannette's next play, was perhaps Cartier's first mistake. The fault was in a play which went back beyond the novelettish extremes of *Rebecca*. But, quickly, Cartier and Miss Sterke regained the lost ground with *The Vale of Shadows*, in which, opposite Laurence Payne, the young actress vindicated her producer's long-drawn plan and emerged as a serious actress with the romantic appeal of youth and beauty.

To be such a worthwhile actress is also Jeannette Sterke's determined ambition. She spoke to me of it over tea in the lounge of a West End hotel. The orchestra was playing romantic, novelettish music, and seemed to strike a mischievous echo of those earlier plays in which the TV public

In a TV rehearsal room, Jeannette Sterke and Peter Ustinov prepare for a scene in The Moment of Truth. *The picture on the opposite page shows them as they appeared on the screen, with make-up having transformed Peter Ustinov. This dramatic play bore a strong resemblance to the Laval-Petain situation during the war.*

With Peter Cushing in the background, Peter Ustinov and Jeannette Sterke react to one of the tragic moments in The Moment of Truth. *Playing the daughter of a pathetic general, caught in his dream of past greatness, Miss Sterke had a part precisely suited to her carefully regulated development as an actress.*

grew to an awareness of Jeannette's qualities. But there was nothing sentimental about Jeannette's exposition of her purpose in acting.

"If you really want to know what I have always been after—and, I tell you, it will sound terribly precocious—and what's more, I'm sure many people will misunderstand it to the point of being hurt . . ." she began.

I told her not to mind; when we came to the people who might be hurt, we would see that no cause was given for hurts.

"It really comes to this, then," she went on. "I was always determined to have a try at being a worthwhile actress; by that I mean the West End and films. This is no different basically from many other young actresses; but, you see, I added a rider. I was determined not to spend years of hoping for recognition in a provincial repertory company.

"In fact, I gave myself two or three years, and vowed that if nobody had put me into London by the end of the period, I would go back to being a secretary. You see, when I left school I went to a secretarial college for a year—and had to pass by the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art every morning. That was cruel. But the acting fever grew, and in the end I went to RADA—though only for a year."

"And you left RADA," I suggested, "determined not to work in rep. for the years that the bulk of actresses do in fact stay in rep?"

"Yes," she replied, quite simply.

"It is not really so simple, though, is it?" I put in. "Had it not been for

Film actor David Farrar was Jeannette Sterke's first leading man, in the romantic phase of her TV "build-up" to stardom. Here she played the peasant girl to his Captain Banner, in the romantic drama Captain Banner, *written from a successful novel by George R. Preedy.*

TV, might you not today be working in rep. unnoticed and unknown?"

"No—I would be unknown behind a typewriter! This is what I mean by hurting people," went on Jeannette. "Of course I admire the repertory movement and those working in it. It is the backbone of this profession. I don't disparage them when I say that I happened, for my own reasons, conceited or not, to decide that for me it must be the West End or the film studios pretty soon—or nothing at all."

"The luck, the chance in a million that saved your high-flying plan, seems to me to be in a man called Cartier," I said!

"Of course I have had the luck—so much of it! Without TV, I probably *would* be in an office by now."

"All right," I said. "And now what—and where? To TV viewers you are a star. But let's face it, not one TV drama star has yet been given the chance to enlarge his or her stardom in the West End theatre or in a main feature film."

"I know," said Jeannette, shyly. Her silence covered the ambition I'm sure she now holds to be the first TV drama star to break into the West End lights.

She has, in fact, appeared in one film, *The Prisoner*. Talks were going on, when we met, about other film contracts. In the live theatre, before her TV discovery, she had played at the Old Vic in Bristol and London. She was asked to join Bromley Repertory Theatre, after her first TV play, but Cartier had already signed her up for the second play.

"Looking at the situation quite ruthlessly and commercially," said the young Miss Sterke, "don't you think that all this TV publicity should make me an asset to some West End box office, theatre or cinema?"

"Anything can happen in that world," I said, "but mostly it doesn't!"

Jeannette was pondering, then, whether to sign a BBC contract which would bind her to acting in three TV plays a year for two years. I wondered if she felt, with this burning ambition of her's, that she should avoid this contract lest it made her depend too much on the continuing publicity of TV.

"You are twenty-two," I told her, "and there's plenty of time for TV to keep you in the shop window while the theatre and film producers come round to exploiting TV drama stars—an operation they are bound to begin in the next few years, I think."

What more could one advise a promising actress of such fervent ardour? Here is a young woman of strong opinion. She tilts some kind of lance at the windmills of theatrical fame. It may be but a dream lance; I think it may equally well be a solid and effective lance.

She is every bit as dogmatic about refusing to mix her personal life with her acting life. She resolutely preserves her pre-TV personal family friends and spends her spare time right away from theatrical circles. She is dogmatic about marriage. "I do not want to marry into the business," she says. "There are so many beautiful people in this profession, I think it's dangerous to one's affections if one involves them with others in it." As with most of what she said, I'm sure Jeannette Sterke meant this. To it, too, I could only say, even if conventionally, "Ah—you never can tell . . .!"

In Midsummer Fire, *TV favourite Laurence Payne became Jeannette Sterke's leading man—a combination repeated later in* The Vale of Shadows. Midsummer Fire *is a Mexican story of young love and family feud, in which the cast included Nora Lorsen* (seated), *George Coulouris, Patrick Troughton and Noel Hood.*

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Josephine Douglas

A WOMAN of many interests is Jo Douglas. And a woman who goes into the liveliest action for any cause in which she believes. Playing a TV panel game may be a minor cause—but Jo brings to it the same verve and determination which she puts into matters social and political, both of which she includes in her interests.

It was early on remarked of Huddersfield's young Jo that to say a thing could not be done was never the end, but often the start. They told her there was no Women's Junior Air Corps in her home town, so the then fifteen-year-old Jo started a branch. While running it she developed a sideline—acting and producing pantomimes. Outside TV—where in twelve months she covered panel-gaming, outside-broadcast commentating, and introducing women's programmes—Jo is today intensely occupied with the problem of colour and race prejudice. She produced a play on this problem, *Cry The Beloved Country*, in the crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

She had produced there before, when she had heard that the famous church was in need of funds. She got first-class actors and actresses together, and put on a religious play on the altar steps. She played a part herself, changing after each performance out of Biblical costume into tights—for she was playing a late-night revue at a London intimate theatre at the same time.

In the war she was in the WAAF, and not until that service was over had she time to study the dramatic art she had loved since she was a girl in pigtails. Film-director Alfred Hitchcock gave her the first professional film part of her life.

Josephine Douglas is married to a Lime Grove studio manager, and they have a five-year-old son. Television, BBC or commercial, will find in Miss Douglas one of its most versatile contributors.

THE DAYS OF SAMENESS ARE OVER

by NORMAN COLLINS

Deputy Chairman

Associated Broadcasting Company Limited

AT LAST! After all the conflicts and the controversies, after the forays and campaigns waged between the Popular Television Association and the National Television Council, after so much trenchant writing on both sides and endless columns of newspaper correspondence, after the interminable debates both in the Commons and the Lords, Independent Television has become a reality. This issue of the Television Annual is therefore an historic one. It marks the first great departure in British broadcasting since the BBC itself was established in 1927.

That is not to say, however, that the public any longer cares for the politics and polemics of the case. Indeed, it is by no means certain how much the public ever cared. The whole issue of State Monopoly Broadcasting versus Free Enterprise Television spontaneously rocketed upwards into the sphere of major state policy, leaving the average viewer merely wondering dejectedly when there would be better programmes, more of them, and above all, a choice.

It had been obvious for years that things could not go on as they were. The fault was not the BBC's. The fault was inherent in the monopoly system that had been imposed on the BBC. Admittedly the Corporation may have made its mistakes. The importance the BBC continued to attach to its dying and dwindling sound services and the apparently trivial significance attached to the rapidly growing giant of television had produced a curiously lop-sided structure.

But no one who has ever worked within the BBC can doubt the Corporation's awareness of the tremendous burdens and responsibilities that monopoly had placed upon its shoulders. Indeed, during my BBC days I was frequently impressed by the fact that awareness of the magnitude of the job was frequently getting in the way of the job itself. In the result the BBC was always more anxious to avoid making one mistake than to do

anything that was original—and therefore potentially dangerous as all original things always are. It was this attitude of mind that led to the strangely static sameness of so much of British television.

All that was changed from the moment the Independent Television Authority announced the names of the first four Programme Contractors who, along with the BBC, would be producing British television in the future. It meant straightaway that fresh minds would be applying themselves to the job and that the days of sameness were over. What was equally important—historians may say even more important—was the fact that those same Programme Contractors promptly established an Independent Television News Company. This meant that instead of having the entire viewing audience of the country looking at a bulletin which had acquired all the flavour and characteristics of being "Official," the viewer for the first time in his life was able to compare what two entirely separate

The commercial TV programme companies have mustered behind them a number of the leading personalities in show business. Here Jack Hylton, the impresario (right), *discusses his contract as Light Entertainment Adviser to Associated Rediffusion with its General Manager, Captain T. B. Brownrigg.*

Stage star Donald Wolfit became one of the first attractions in Commercial TV drama in The Pickwick Papers. *The amusing law courts scene from the famous Dickens masterpiece was one of the highlights of the production. Commercial TV is featuring a series of dramatized classics.*

groups of radio journalists made of the same hotch-potch of the day's news. And the public has now seen how strikingly different the results can be.

By the time this edition of the Television Annual appears that public will already have seen what television can be like when the whole resources of the professional entertainment world are working in collaboration rather than in a mood of antagonism. The public moreover will have seen what television is like when the resources of the nation's industry and commerce have been directed towards television and not away from it.

To call what has happened a broadcasting revolution would be an understatement. It is a national revolution. It affects every writer, every actor, every journalist, every film maker, every designer, as well as every advertiser, every shopkeeper and, above all, every housewife and father of a family. And I have put the contributors to television first simply because the success of the revolution depends upon one thing—the programmes which the Programme Contractors plan for the television public which, for the first time, they as independent companies are allowed to serve.

(Left) *The popular children's story writer Miss Enid Blyton, with the puppet creation of "Noddy," which has become a feature of children's programmes in Commercial TV.*

(Below) *Television House, new headquarters of the Commercial TV programme companies and the news programme company; viz.: Associated Rediffusion, Associated Broadcasting Company, and Independent TV News Company.*

LOOKING AT MUSIC

by PATRICIA FOY
producer of the Music for You
series and many
of TV's celebrity recitals

THERE are many who dismiss music as not being television. The critic should first establish what TV is—or is not. If it is to be defined as visual entertainment, and music regarded as non-visual, it is remarkable that people queue for hours in order to fill a concert hall. The performance of the greatest musical artist is enhanced by the impact of his personality, which can never be captured by gramophone records and radio.

Unfortunately, only a minority of the people in this country have the opportunity to visit concert halls and opera houses; but through TV, great artists can be observed, as well as heard, from a vantage point one could never achieve elsewhere.

There are four producers on the staff of the BBC's TV Music Department, all united in a common belief in the musical potentialities of the medium. Philip Bate is the "oldest inhabitant," perhaps best known for his programme *The Conductor Speaks*; but during a long TV career he has presented nearly everything from hot jazz sessions to grand opera. George Foa is the only complete specialist, and concentrates exclusively on opera. Christian Simpson produces programmes of all types, including those of a completely experimental nature, like *Shapes and Sounds*.

Opera on TV is one of the most interesting, but also one of the most difficult subjects to interpret. Usually intended to be played on a full stage with a large cast, chorus and orchestra, it requires ingenuity to adapt it to the limits imposed by a TV studio. George Foa has frequently solved the problem by having the conductor and orchestra in a different studio to the singers. The conductor has a small TV screen on his rostrum, which enables him to see the cast, and he hears them by means of headphones. The orchestra are less fortunate as they are neither able to see nor hear what is going on, but depend entirely on the conductor. The orchestra is relayed

Operatic singer Gertrude Holt as viewers saw her in the Rossini operetta The Italian Girl in Algiers. *Patricia Foy says opera calls for ingenuity in the TV production.*

to the cast by means of a loudspeaker. It is surprising to find how quickly singers can adapt themselves to this. Artists who had thought themselves completely reliant on the conductor discover in themselves an unexpected independence.

Ballet is considered by many to be one of the most visual interpretations of music. In the early days of TV it was sometimes difficult for dancers to realize that beautiful and brilliant movement, so effective in the theatre, was often lost on the small screen. Now that TV has become accepted as another form of entertainment, distinguished dancers such as Alicia Markova and Beryl Grey have enhanced their TV appearances by either adapting or creating special short ballets for the medium.

Music for You might almost be described as a musical variety programme. It has a star singer, dancer and instrumentalist, linked by what we call "buffer" items. Finding these always causes anxiety. There have been moments when it has almost seemed necessary to advertise for musical talent "with a difference." The cartoonist, Gerard Hoffnung, was ideal in

this respect; besides being unchallenged in his own particular field, he also plays the tuba. Combined with a personality as humorous as one of his own drawings, he stole the show.

Television, still in its infancy, lends itself well to every kind of visual and aural experiment. Music in particular, still the subject of much exploration in the theatre and cinema, may yet have a great deal to offer.

If what appears on the screen at times seems a little strange, the public should close an indulgent eye, realizing that without experiment, TV will be stultified before it has even begun to show what it can do.

Editor's Note: Miss Foy is modest; her comments make no reference to one of the most important contributions to music production in TV, the celebrity recitals. She herself has presented a number of these, often on Sunday evenings. It is known that their appeal has grown, and that Miss Foy's ideas have helped in the achievement. Critics would agree, I think, that Patricia Foy was the first in this department of TV to take the obvious

Yugoslav dancers bring their native music and dance to a TV programme. Some of the most effective musical features in TV have included dancing, lending itself especially to scenic arrangements well suited to the small screen.

seriously. That a musical artist appearing on TV should look attractive or interesting, and provide appealing pictures, may have been agreed, but it seemed always to have been regarded as a rather superficial aspect of the job of presenting music.

Miss Foy gave appearance equal standing with interpretation of aural satisfaction and technical interest. She used lighting—and in the case of women instrumentalists and singers, dress and hair-styling—to harmonize the pictorial content of a recital with its musical content.

An unprepossessing and elderly gentleman, who is a most brilliant pianist, might seem to set a TV producer some problem, if interesting pictures are to be supplied to the viewer. Miss Foy has shown a sense of drama in coping with such challenges; just as in the concert hall we would become aware of the far from unprepossessing personality and authority of the elderly genius, so in the TV studio Miss Foy uses the cameras to reveal the same qualities. Other producers are developing this technique, but to Patricia Foy goes much credit for daring to explore it at all.

Golgotha, *the final scene from* The Message, *an unusual ballet programme presented with startling effects of perspective and lighting, together giving dramatic atmosphere. Edith Roger as Mary, Ivo Cramér as John and Henny Mürer as Mary Magdalen.*

COMMERCIAL TELEVISION PRESENTS...

pictures of the new programmes

Eve Boswell, a star of show business in Britain, and Roy Rogers, cowboy film actor of American TV, appropriately have their own places in the new TV programmes. For the talent resources of both sides of the Atlantic are contributing to the new programmes. Either by personal visits to televised London Palladium shows or in films made for TV, American stars are being brought into view. They include Bob Hope, Johnny Ray, Robert Mitchum, Claudette Colbert, Hopalong Cassidy, Robert Cummings and Lucille Ball.

Orson Welles (right) *is a personality of whom much is expected. Here he talks to Anton Karas, of* zither *fame, in Vienna, whilst making the programme* The Return of the Third Man. *Mr. Welles is to cover many lands in his TV programmes* (*Associated Rediffusion*).

Wendy Hiller, the accomplished stage and film actress, makes her commercial TV debut in the play The Game and the Onlooker. *A favourite BBC drama star, John Robinson, stars with Miss Hiller. Stage stars, often prevented from appearing on BBC television because of nightly theatre engagements, have filmed a number of plays for the new TV* (*Associated Broadcasting Company*).

That's Richard Hearne on the right—and he seems to be forcibly "addressing" none other than Buster Keaton, comedy star of the silent films and early talkies. Mr. Keaton is assisting "Mr. Pastry" in a series of commercial TV spots (*Associated Broadcasting Company*).

It's the human story that commercial TV is looking for in its dramatic programmes. Here Joan Miller is shown with Robert Harris at an intriguing moment in The Haven. *Miss Miller is an accomplished West End actress who started her career in the early TV days. She was TV's "Picture Page" girl (Associated Rediffusion).*

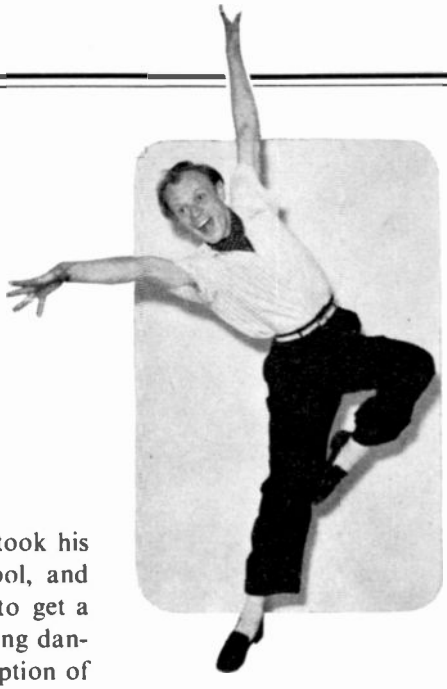
Commercial TV is making a big to equal and better the BBC's reputation for documentary programmes. Here is a scene from Inward Eye, *an Associated Rediffusion feature about guide dogs for the blind. It tells the story of a young girl, blinded, and her experience in learning how to handle a guide dog and rely on it.*

Another powerful commercial TV offering was the play The House in Athens. *Young actress Silvia Syms got a big chance as the girl in a sultry story of theft, blackmail and murder. Commercial TV drama is discovering new stars and will undoubtedly feed talent to the film studios (Associated Rediffusion).*

(Above) *A typical scene from Commercial TV's serial* The Scarlet Pimpernel *which starred Marius Goring in a wonderful series of disguises (Associated Broadcasting Company).* (Left) *Film star Richard Greene becomes Robin Hood in commercial TV. Bernadette O'Farrell is with him in this scene from the serial play telling again the adventures of the outlaw and his merry men (Associated Broadcasting Company).*

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Peter Glover



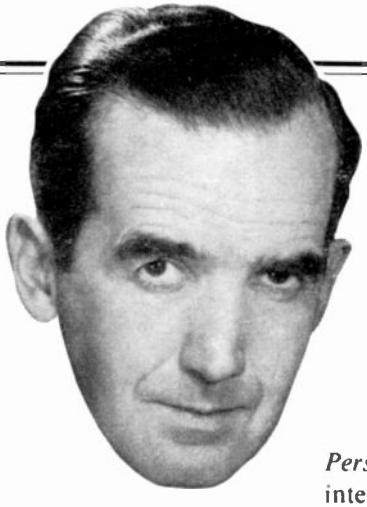
TWENTY years ago Peter Glover took his last lesson at a stage dance school, and walked out into the world to try to get a job as a dancer. He has been holding dancing jobs ever since, with the exception of a few bad patches when work did not turn up. It was during one of those worrying periods that a TV producer telephoned him and asked if he would arrange a dance routine for a Saturday night variety show.

Glover had never worked as an arranger, and had always said that he could not do the job. "But this time I really was flat broke," he says. "I hadn't a bean, and in order to eat I had to say I would arrange the dance number. I did it, in spite of thinking I couldn't." Since then, over five years ago, Peter Glover has been arranging a great deal of the variety show dancing in TV, as well as usually dancing the leading solo parts

He says that dance routine arranging for TV is unlike making arrangements for the stage, because he must plan the movements entirely for the benefit of the cameras and not in order to make a pleasing visual affect out in the middle of the studio audience. For this reason he thinks eight dancers is the maximum number for the TV screen at any one time, and normally works his routines to revolve mostly round three or four dancers.

The TV dance number must be extremely good, and tightly worked out, to give a satisfying impression for three minutes; whereas on a theatre stage one can get away with ten minutes of dancing with a great deal less need for precision timing and preparation.

For the dance routines, Peter Glover works closely with a musical arranger. "You are always getting ideas," he says, "when you hear a piece of music and think you see a dance for it; but not until it is worked out musically can you tell whether it is going to make an effective routine."



YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Ed Murrow

Person to Person put a new kind of personality interview on to British TV screens. It came from America, where Ed Murrow has been a leading broadcasting figure for nineteen years. Murrow had made one previous impact on Britain—as a radio war correspondent living with us during the darkest days of the Hitler War.

But his life began quietly enough . . . on farms and logging camps in the Western States. School and college gave him a leaning towards the law, but he went into journalism instead. He slipped from newspaper reporting to radio broadcasting in Austria during the Anschluss of 1938. He made a broadcast "in desperation" at Europe's slide towards war. It marked him straightaway as one of the most trenchant radio commentators of our time.

After seeing the war through in Britain and Europe, Murrow returned to the States and found TV wanting his trenchant attack and insight into people. Television in New York was tiring of the straight interview with popular personalities. Ed Murrow quickly sold the idea of walking TV-wise right into any celebrity's privacy and asking personal questions.

So the *Person to Person* technique was evolved—and soon became one of the most valuable assets of the aluminium firm which sponsored it. Unlike the BBC, where interview spots are the cheapest of programmes in cost, *Person to Person* costs a pretty penny—or dollar. A staff of a hundred works on it permanently. Murrow travels throughout the American continent, fixing every minute detail of each broadcast for himself. If he cannot visit a celebrity's home to make his own plan of campaign, then he sends a squad of photographers to bring back a dossier of the complete homestead. From these pictures he works out the routine for the interview.

Ed Murrow is forty-seven. His personality and unusual flair have not been lost on the British screen. One commercial TV contractor has rights to his work. He will be seen here so long as he has anything to show us.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THERE has now grown up a generation to whom a play on TV is as natural a part of Sunday evening as the sound of church bells. In fact, we rapidly draw near the day when practically the whole nation will have its regular Sunday night story—in TV play form.

Irene Worth (*top, right*) is a popular TV actress whose American birth goes unbetrayed by her impeccable English accent. George Bernard Shaw's *Candida* has always been well liked on TV; here (*centre*) Michael Hordern and Tom Criddle play with Miss Worth.

The River Line (*bottom*), a recent play by Charles Morgan, included John Westbrook, Rosalie Crutchley, James Donald, Robert Harris and John Charlesworth.

Virginia McKenna was early in her career hailed as a new British actress with a bright future. But it was TV which brought her the coveted role of Juliet. In its 1955 production of *Romeo and Juliet* (*left*) it starred her opposite Tony Britton, another stage player for whom the year brought much TV recognition. In *It Could Happen Only in Paris* (*below, left*), a very different lightsome piece, he played with the French TV actress Gaby Sylvia. Lime Grove does costume pieces proud, and memorable also is *Hunt Royal* (*below, right*), with Alan Wheatley and the TV discovery Jane Wenham.

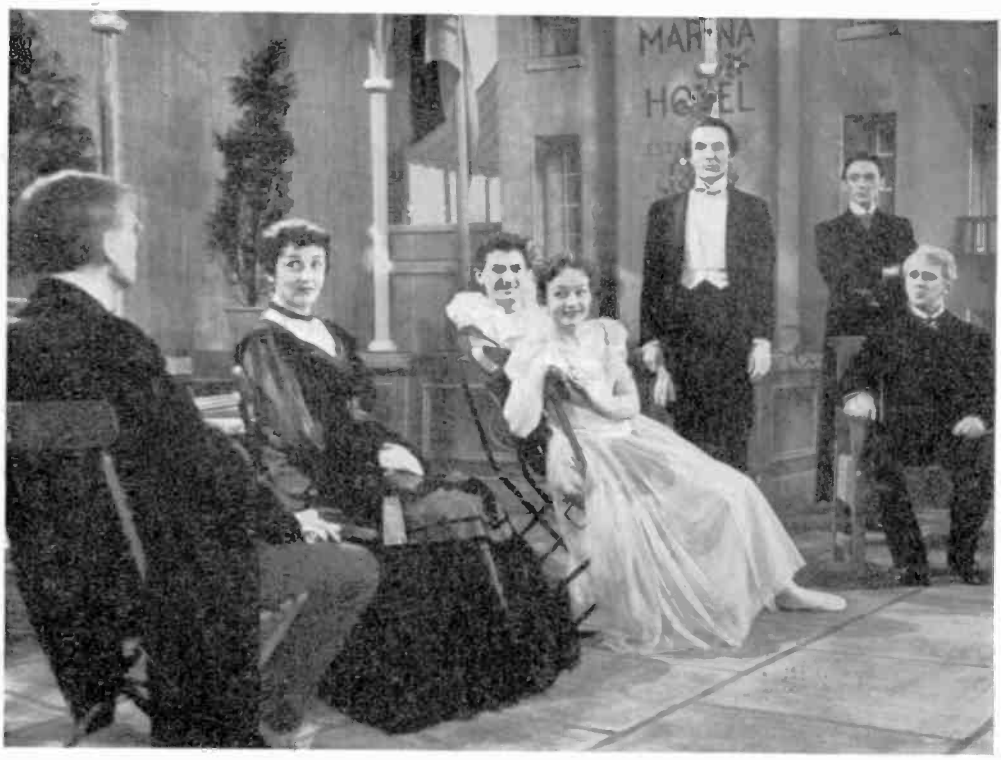
Viewers like to see a well-known TV personality in new guise occa-

sionally. Announcer Donald Gray revealed his original talents as an actor in *The Whiteoak Chronicles*. Donald Gray (*above, second from left*) had theatre, film and radio acting successes to his credit before he came to TV. Through the series of *Whiteoaks* plays, Jean Cadell provided a *tour de force* as *Adeline Whiteoak*. Here (*right*) Richard Caldicott, Elizabeth Maude and Arthur Howard are in support.

Eunice Gayson, known as a TV panel game star, also won an acting role in *Whiteoaks*, and provided a tense romantic performance, with (*below*) Joyce Heron and John Justin.

The rustic comedy is a favourite with Lime Grove, and at times has met with much viewer approval. West Country writer Jan Stewer (*left*) acted in his own play, *Barnett's Folly*, with Beatrice Varley, a TV favourite.

The lower picture represents TV's effort to portray the repertory theatre movement. Cameras were placed in one of our most famous reps., the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, for a production of George Bernard Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*. Caught in an intriguing moment are: (*left to right*) Bernard Hepton, Anne Castle, Alan Rowe, Doreen Aris, Alan Bridges, Richard Pasco and Jack May. Apart from repertory performances proper, there was a notable Shakespeare presentation with *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, from the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.



The BBC never forgets that its viewing audience is a very mixed family one. In the cinema, a torrid love story or a drama of violence draws those whose susceptibilities will not be affronted. In the viewing home, stories of passion and crime can rarely be shown if the varied ages and tastes of a family group are to be met. *Nitro* (*left*) was a torrid, elemental kind of play which the BBC felt would "get by." Here, Ingeborg Wells is in a scene with Alan Tilvern.

The "back projection" technique was used in *The Creature*, to enable actors in a Lime Grove studio to portray a story almost entirely taking place in the snow-covered Himalayas. Photographs of real mountain scenery were taken, and then "blown up" large size to make the setting in the studio. The enlargement is done by showing slides of the photographs through a projector on to a large glass screen.

The Creature was a tale based on the abominable snowman legend, and starred one of TV's best liked and most accomplished actors, Peter Cushing (*centre*, *below*). With him in this graphic scene are Simon Lack and Wolfe Morris.

By telerecording plays during daytime, commercial TV has been able to use leading theatre stars in its drama output. The BBC is generally opposed to giving anything but a live performance, but has answered in part by having impresario Henry Sherek present West End casts in the first performances of new plays.

MY LIFE FOR YOUR LAUGHS

by NORMAN WISDOM

I AM, of course, quite aware that I owe a lot of my luck to my small size. It is as the undersized little man, fighting in a world of big men, that I get my laughs. They often say that short men get on in the world because they are aggressive. A kind of compensation for their size. But I reckon I got into show-business partly because I looked so daft trying to do big men's work! In fact, before show-business, my working life was a series of battles, forced upon me simply because I was small—and, let me add, poor. I wasn't to know then that the struggles were to go on, only in imagination on the stage, and give me more money than I ever dreamed about.

This was revealed to me very clearly by the act I did in one of TV's Christmas Party shows. They got me to try and get a girl partner to dance with, from all the lovely young women gathered round the studio floor. But we played it so that it appeared that no girl would accept me, because I looked so poor and small.

I suddenly remembered that I was re-enacting what had really happened to me time and time again in dance halls when I was a teen-ager!

However, there were a few years before that. My brother Fred and I went to school in Paddington. Then we moved to Deal, on the Kent coast; and there I got my first job as an errand boy.

The shop I worked for gave me a bicycle for the work. I could hardly reach the pedals, but I became about the fastest two-wheeled errand boy in Kent. I didn't half enjoy that bike! In fact, another shop offered me more money, and I joined them. Little man was very proud of himself. But in a few months the shop bought a delivery van, and I was not needed. This is the kind of situation I can get laughs with now; but it was serious enough to me then.

I went back to London, and the employment exchange sent me to a hotel as a waiter. The pay was fifteen shillings a week; but as I lived-in with tons of grub, I thought I was a millionaire. Of course, I was about half the

size of all the other waiters. And this made me try a bit too much to copy them.

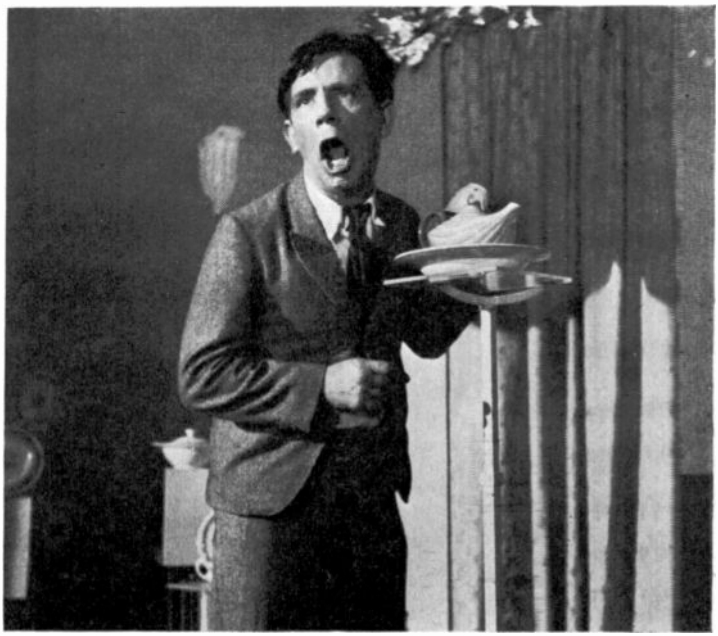
It was when I was fancying myself, balancing a tray of breakfast by the lift door, that the door opened and I let the tray slip down the lift shaft. That ended my waiting career. But the hotel were very good, and made me a page-boy, because it suited my size better.

As a matter of fact, after I'd got on a bit as a comic, I was asked to lunch at a swanky London hotel, and my old head waiter came forward across the thick carpet to give me a welcome. For a moment, the years slipped away, and I turned wanting to run out of the place. I remembered that man's clips over my ears!

But though I was enjoying being a page-boy, I suddenly got an urge to see the world. So for no reason at all I packed some food in a cardboard box, and started walking to Cardiff. I haven't the foggiest idea why I chose Cardiff, except I know I had some idea about going down the mines.

It was summer time, and I quite enjoyed sleeping on haystacks by the roadside. But once in Cardiff, things were not rosy. I walked around without getting work, and had to scrounge for food. In the end, down in the docks, some seamen took pity on me, and I signed on as cabin-boy.

Imagine me, five feet high, on the high seas with a crew of tough, husky seamen. It was there that I had to learn to use my fists. From members of the crew I picked up a bit of the boxing game. In fact, at one port, the crew put me up to fight in a fairground booth. I got two black eyes, but valued the experience!



"The employment exchange sent me to a hotel as a waiter. The pay was fifteen shillings a week; I thought I was a millionaire," writes Norman Wisdom in this story of his struggles. But this picture was taken when Norman had scored as a comedian. The china, which is of course doomed, was just one of the breakages in Norman's comedy film Trouble in Store.

Later, in the Army, I was lucky enough to become bantamweight and lightweight champion of my regiment.

But after the sea trip I came back to London. Again the search for work. For a period I managed to avoid the police ordering me to move on, and slept at nights under a statue at Victoria. I was fed each night by a kindly coffee-stall proprietor.

Then I managed to become a page-boy again, only this time at a big West End cinema. In those days organist Reginald Foort was playing there. Reggie would come in each morning and practise at the organ like mad. I used to watch, intrigued. For the first time there was something about the dark auditorium, and stage lights and curtains that appealed to me.

Once I stole up to Reggie and asked him why he played the same tunes over so many times. He told me that hard work and hard work alone was the only thing to keep an artist at the top. I've since learned how true this is.

However, at my size, the page-boy business looked like becoming a life occupation. I didn't want that, so I got into the Army as a band-boy. I then had plenty of chance in the gym to brush up my boxing. I was getting very keen about this.

In fact, I was so keen that I would shadow-box an imaginary opponent with such mock endeavour on my face that I became a sort of joke. Chaps would come into the gym to watch me, just for a laugh. This made me even wilder—and I think funnier. And the upshot was that an officer watching said, "Wisdom, you must go in the camp concert party."

Norman Wisdom did his share of carrying the baggage when he was a page-boy in a London hotel. "I enjoyed it," he writes, "but suddenly got an urge to see the world." So off he went to sea—and that was another chapter in the early career of the little comedian who is now an attraction of commercial TV.

One Good Turn *was the title of the film in which Norman Wisdom re-enacted those moments in his early struggles when he was laughed at in the boxing ring. But now he was being paid to be funny. In this article he tells how learning to box against the derision of onlookers in fact turned him into an Army champion*

That was the beginning. After the Army I went into show-business. But not just like that. My first night in a music-hall, at Burnley, was a dismal flop. The manager said he would not have me on again unless I changed my act. I said I was new to the job and had no other act.

But I went on for the second house, feeling pretty lost, and I chanced it, and sang in a down-trodden sort of way into a battered microphone. They loved it. I'd found a new act.

I'd also discovered that I could sing a bit; and more than once in the next few years, when stage jobs were not forthcoming, I nearly changed my line into a pop singer. But a comedy job always turned up just in time, to keep me at it.

In one touring show I fell in love with a dancer, and we married on fifteen pounds a week with no certainty of work all the year round. That was Freda, my wife. We started in furnished rooms, then lived in a caravan and now in a bungalow; and she carries on cooking my meals, doing the housework, and caring for the children, just like any other wife—only, in my view, as her husband, a bit better!

Before Freda got out of show-business, however, we got the chance to take a revue to Brussels—with me in charge. We started off in fine style, flying there. We came back third class by boat with about three pounds!

Well, you know the rest. I was picked, on trial, for a big West End show; others followed, including the Palladium, ice shows and TV. I'm grateful for the early struggles that now help me to get paid for the laugh I hope you get. I really do think it's the most fantastic luck!

FINDING THE TV WAY FOR NEWS

From an interview with AIDAN CRAWLEY, *chief of the new commercial TV news programmes*

THE news programmes in commercial television are going to be based on the belief that though news is always news however it is told, the way of reporting it on TV has got to be a new way.

I have felt for some long time that TV in this country has by no means fully explored methods of news reporting. It stands to reason—unless TV is to be the most illogical medium in the world—that because TV is new it demands new techniques. These apply to whatever you put on the TV screen. In short, I think television news is different from any other embodiment of news—sound radio, film reel, or newspaper.

Our business is going to be to find the difference. Of course, we start by believing we know something about it! But the exciting thing is going to be adapting our technique as experience sifts what is effective and what is not. In commercial TV our news presentation will be tailored to fit the small screen, the convenience of viewers—in the matter of time devoted to news of varying kinds—and to suit the complex mechanism which is growing up for producing information on the screen.

I do not like still pictures in TV news periods. Of course I like moving pictures, and we hope to be in the position, with our own processing laboratory, to put on moving pictures of events which have happened only a few hours before viewers see our programmes.

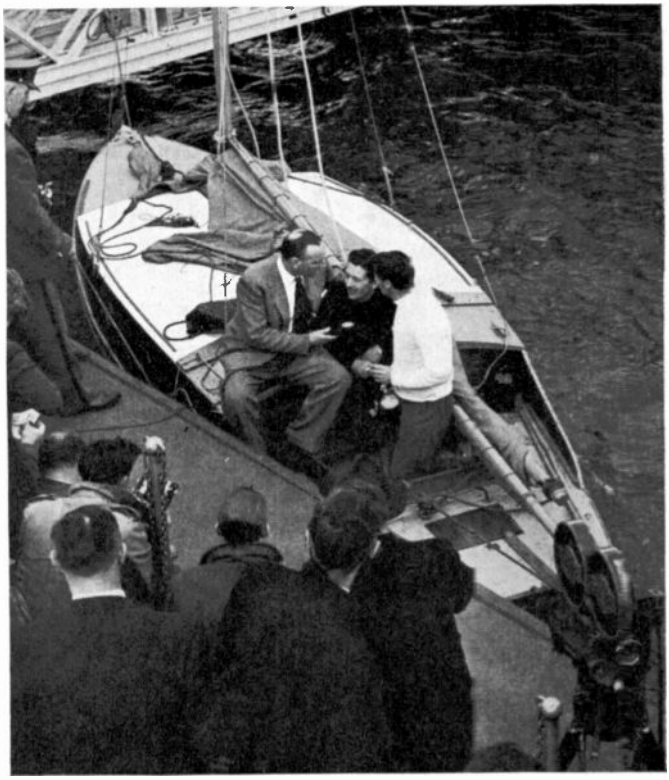
We are also aware that TV thrives on personalities. The best journalistic correspondents may not always be suitable TV personalities. We shall use professional correspondents to appear with their news reports, when those men or women have also the flair for appearing on TV. When they lack that flair, we may well use good TV personalities to handle the experienced correspondents' reports.

Today we are amply fed with news. Morning and evening newspapers, and several sound-radio news broadcasts a day can familiarize us with the main headlines of each day's news. To repeat these headlines laboriously in a TV news programme seems to me unnecessary. Commercial TV will put on two news periods every evening, and we shall try to avoid over-ponderous repetition.

Our first evening programme will be at 7.5 p.m. and will run for eight and a half minutes. The second programme, at 10 p.m., will run for thirteen and a half minutes. We will provide a mid-day news programme on Monday to Fridays in the London area.

We shall draw on moving-picture camera correspondents all over the country, and, of course, all over the world. In Britain, regional news events cannot always claim a place in a national network news programme covering the world's news. Though big regional news will be covered, we hope that the regional commercial TV stations will produce their own local news programmes.

Beyond this country our coverage of world news will be geared to the latest and speediest forms of picture transmission. We have an agreement with the Columbia Broadcasting System in the United States for the exchange of news films. Columbia will supply us with news film taken on



A newsreel camera covers an unusual occasion. Stanley Smith and Charles Violet prepare to sail from London across the Atlantic, in a 20-foot yacht. Commentator Brian Johnston went to interview them for TV.

the American continents and in the Far East; and in exchange we will supply them with film taken in the United Kingdom, and wherever else in the world that we have special coverage.

The development of news-giving by TV is tied closely to the technical development of equipment. At the start of commercial TV we shall free ourselves from what has been an inherently limiting technical factor—the need to use large vehicles to carry film sound-recording equipment into the news location. With quite new equipment, our cameramen will be able to record sound without cumbersome vehicles—in fact they will be able to interview people in a crowd, or in a room, by simply walking up to them with a sound-film camera.

Looking ahead there is, of course, the possibility of live news broadcasts from abroad. It will take time for the full use of the Britain-France TV link to materialize; but in this sphere I see an exciting long-term future for TV news. So far as live coverage of news locations in Britain is concerned, we shall be able to draw on outside broadcast units maintained by the ITA programme contractors in the regions.

Everyone has been asking how different our TV news output will be from that of the BBC. I think I have shown the basic differences; to which I can add that commercial TV's news programmes will not ignore such human interest matters as crime, films, theatres, sport, or the newspapers.

The kind of picturesque newsy event which the BBC's original TV Newsreel featured—a Coronation Day festivity in the provinces. Commercial TV news will cover the regions.

Princess Margaret's first trip in a helicopter—an event which the TV newsreel cameras caught. Appearances of Royalty gain a close-up intimacy on the TV screen, and both BBC and commercial TV are keen to follow the duties of the Royal Family.

OUR GRATITUDE, THEIR MEMORIAL

MUCH of television is ephemeral. If a deal of what we see were to vanish for good, we would not really miss it. In face of this harsh truth, the tragic passing from the screen of Annette Mills and Peter Martyn gives cause for respectful reflection. There is no doubt that these two very different contributors to British TV have indeed been missed.

Since 1947 Miss Mills had woven into British life a thread not there before. Television alone could not have done this; it was but her instrument. She created a tradition as homely as Sunday tea-time, of which it became

Miss Annette Mills with her famous puppet, Muffin the Mule. Future historians of British television will surely honour this lovable personality.

a part. With Muffin and his band of nursery characters, she gave to a generation of children an experience that will stay with them always, as warm as the memory of hearthrug firelight before bedtime.

She contributed more than we yet know to balance the output of doubtful juvenile amusement which was flooding around children during their most creative years. It is clear enough now that Annette Mills can never be replaced in TV, and that countless parents will always remember her with gratitude. It is to be hoped that millions of tomorrow's parents will remember her as well, and try to give to their children something as wholesome as she gave to them. That, indeed, would be Annette Mills' finest memorial.

Peter Martyn stands in a different light of memory. Plucked from our midst when he was but twenty-nine years of age, his death has perhaps most touched the young men and women viewers of his own generation. All of us have, since his going, realized his quality; but as he was so clearly of that generation, so did his appeal most please, attract, and reassure them. Like them he grew in a world of war; he knew Army service; in films, on the stage, and on TV, he was part of the world we call show-business, whose appeal to young men and women, whether in it or outside it, is gay, romantic and thrilling.

These are not things to scoff at. They are part of the leavening and balm of life in a mostly unfunny world. Panel games may be nonsense and of no account to history; but Peter Martyn was more than a link between the viewers and another game. He was so eloquently of his time; and that he went when his talent and hard work so fitted him to the occasion of his career, faces us with an eternal question mark.

K.B.

Mr. Peter Martyn, whose death was sincerely lamented by so many viewers. Peter Martyn became a friend of viewing families through his chairmanship of the panel game Find the Link. *He was in fact an accomplished stage actor who had scored successes in London and New York.*

THE COMMERCIAL WAY TO TV FUN

BILL WARD, *producer of TV's Arthur Askey shows, now in charge of much commercial TV variety, outlines the new plans*

"THE week-end is the peak light entertainment time, where viewers are concerned," said Bill Ward in this interview. "The new week-end programmes will be based on two London theatres, which together make something quite new in TV production.

"The Wood Green Empire music-hall has been turned into what we believe to be the best equipped TV theatre in the world. The stage has been greatly enlarged, and structural changes made to give new positions for cameras and microphones. This will enable quite new techniques to be used in staging variety for TV.

"Moreover, the theatre can be used either for big full stage shows, or for small, intimate shows.

"It is from here that the new audience participation shows will come. Note that I do not call them panel shows. We in commercial TV think that panel shows as we have known them are falling out of fashion. We shall be devising new ways of winning audience participation.

"Leslie Randall, that young comedian who has shown great promise in his few BBC appearances, will also be built up, in this TV theatre, as a regular Saturday variety attraction for viewers. A big Saturday night entertainment will also be staged.

"The other theatre contributing to commercial TV fun is the better-known and famous London Palladium. Here, again, alterations have been made to the auditorium and stage, so that a top-class Palladium bill can be televised faithfully for the viewers, yet without intruding on the live audience.

"Sunday nights will see our cameras at work in the Palladium, taking swift moving, well dressed shows centring on such international stars as Bob Hope, Gracie Fields, Johnny Ray and Norman Wisdom.

"Another new line that commercial TV will 'go for' in light entertainment will be the romantic musical field. Little has been done in TV so far to exploit this favourite fare of all ages. We are out to put it over in a new way."

Here is a new family for British viewers to add to the domestic favourites of broadcasting. After The Dales, The Archers *and* The Groves, *commercial TV brings to Britain the* I Love Lucy *TV series. In the United States this comedy domestic serial has been a top viewing attraction. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are shown with Desi Arnaz IV and Lucie Desiree at Christmas-time.*

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER

and MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

put in a word on

IS TV MAKING US WISER?

Gilbert Harding

THERE are still folk around who think, seriously enough, that TV is disastrous. They claim that it serves too much to too many on too attractive a plate. Man should seek his own recreation, and especially his own learning, they aver. A book properly read will lead man to other books, fully developing the subject. An art, a hobby, a craft exercised by man himself, with all his own trials and errors, will give his interests the depth of personal experience. All this, they say, is negatived by the man who sits back and watches it happen, or sees other people making it happen, on TV.

Minorities are sometimes far-seeing. These warning prophets may yet be proved right. We may be slipping down a slope into a life of sitting and watching, having forgotten how to do, and even how to think, for ourselves.

But there are many people who take practical evidence from the TV screen for saying that all this is gloomy nonsense.

Among them are two leading personalities of the TV programmes, each a man who can be relied upon not to be vainly prejudiced in favour of TV simply because he is part of it. For Sir Mortimer Wheeler has no real wish to be a "TV star," and never had; and Malcolm Muggeridge, as viewers of *Panorama* will readily believe, is so ruthless a sifter of ephemeral fantasy from actuality that he certainly has no vested interest in the fickle business of stardom.

To Sir Mortimer Wheeler, *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* is a logical extension of his archaeological career in a TV age. As men wrote and lectured about archaeological discovery, so today they televise about it. This is why he does not regard himself as a "TV discovery," but only as part of a particular sphere which TV has happened to take in.

He can, therefore, speak of TV pretty objectively. Of his own programme he says: "Of course, TV has introduced history to many who rarely, if ever, gave it a thought. To this extent I suppose some people are a bit wiser about the development of mankind than they could have been before.

"There are many—TV's audience being so large, it must be quite a number—who have been sent to books, museums and lecture rooms to learn more of archaeology.

"So far as my own sphere is concerned, I am also glad that TV is enabling the public which pays for scientific research—in archaeology as in most other sciences—to get some report of what is being done for its money, on a more universal scale than ever before.

"This seems to me important and democratic. It may not have dawned on many people as yet; but in time it is likely to become generally recognized that TV is passing through the community a stream of knowledge for the fuller understanding of the community by the community."

If this be the case, TV must be on the side of the gods, and a harbinger of a more universal wisdom. Malcolm Muggeridge takes a still wider view.

"The TV talks and documentary programmes, on the BBC, are mostly excellently produced and must, I think, be having enormous effect for good," he says.

"Everybody knows that whole classes of people are still at varying stages of education. To some, certain TV programmes must be too

The story of man through the eras of history has become intriguing TV fare for many viewers. Glyn Daniel (right) *introduces an expert in one of his popular* Buried Treasure *programmes.*

Sarah Lawson, a popular and accomplished actress in many TV plays, takes to palette and brushes as a recreation. Miss Lawson took up spare-time painting as a result of Mervyn Levy's TV series Why Not Paint? *In these programmes she acted as Mr. Levy's pupil. The series is known to have started thousands of viewers on painting as a hobby.*

Panorama *has become one of the BBC's main contributions to the sphere of informational programmes. Here, Max Robertson, for long chairman of* Panorama, *is with Miss Juanita Forbes. The painting of Miss Forbes is by the famous Italian artist Annigoni, whose work was discussed in* Panorama.

advanced; to others they may even be too elementary. But with all, whatever their educational standard, I think TV must leave some knowledge.

"The subjects touched upon in the informative TV programmes must have opened the eyes of a great number of people to matters which few of them even knew existed. This is not said patronizingly, as though one thought a dose of knowledge a good thing, like castor oil. It is said as fact; for fact it is that few people ever had any means at all of reaching the information TV now offers.

"The operations of the medical laboratory are now shown in everybody's home. The world's leading scientific, political and cultural personalities—of whom only a few read before—are now seen and listened to by many. The circumstances of people's work and professions—in industry, the law, or local government—are now all revealed in TV documentary features, whereas before they were a closed book to all but those engaged in them.

"In these matters I am absolutely certain that TV is providing an opportunity for increasing the wisdom, and I should therefore hope the responsibility, of millions of people. But that TV is also doing some things of disservice to the people I am also equally sure. I think its nightly news treatment, on the BBC, is absolutely deplorable, and almost calculated to put citizens off taking an interest in their affairs. I think its light entertainment is banal and could be dangerous if it made people content with the banal.

"Now if those poor things in TV have greater influence over people in the long run, then the wisdom which TV may be opening up for people may, also in the long run, be of diminishing account. Logically I suppose that could happen. Personally, I don't believe it!"

MEN AND WOMEN IN THE BBC TELEVISION SERVICE

A Guide to the Names on the Credit Titles

Executive Heads

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

ROBERT McCALL, Assistant Director of TV. He started his career in journalism in Australia, where he did music and dramatic criticism. Later he became assistant general manager of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. To take up his TV post he left the job of Controller of BBC Overseas Services.

CECIL McGIVERN, the man directly in charge of programmes as we see them: he is Controller of Programmes. He had a successful BBC career as a sound-radio documentary writer and producer, and contributed some of the outstanding radio documentaries of the war years. Earlier he was in charge of North Regional radio programmes.

SEYMOUR de LOTBINIERE, Assistant Controller, was for many years the head of sound and TV outside broadcasting. His work on TV of the Coronation in 1953 won him the O.B.E. He started in the BBC in 1932, and built up the present-day system of sports broadcasting.

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

MARY ADAMS, Assistant Controller, has been in the BBC since 1930. In TV she managed for several years the Talks Department, being responsible for informational features. After Newnham College, Cambridge, she was a research scholar, lecturer and tutor.

JOANNA SPICER is Head of Programme Planning, being responsible for making up the programme timetable, seeing that budgets are met, and that programmes are properly balanced. In 1950 became Assistant to the Director of TV, then TV Programme Organizer, before promotion to the top rank in 1955. She is forty-nine.

Programme Department Heads

MICHAEL BARRY (*Drama*) was a pioneer TV play producer at Alexandra Palace. He has also written plays for TV. He is forty-six, has been producer at a number of repertory theatres and has directed films.

JEANNE BRADNOCK (*Wardrobe*), in charge of the Wardrobe and Make-up Department, which provides all costumes worn in TV productions, and sees to all make-up requirements. She joined TV in 1937, having done similar work in films.

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

PETER DIMMOCK (*Outside Broadcasts*) is known as the *Sportsview* compère, but has the important administrative job of running the Outside Broadcasts Department. Once a flying instructor, he took to racing journalism. Joined TV in 1946 as a producer-commentator.

RICHARD LEVIN (*Scenery*) heads the Design and Supply Department, responsible for scenic sets, furnishings, dressings and properties. He has been a film art director, shop-display designer, furniture designer, and exhibition designer, working as the latter on the Festival of Britain.

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

LEONARD MIALL (*Talks*) was for seven years BBC sound-radio correspondent in Washington. He joined the BBC before the last war as a sound-radio talks assistant, and took part in pioneering the first broadcasts to Germany immediately after the Munich Crisis.

DOREEN STEPHENS (*Women's Fare*) has introduced many new ideas in women's programmes. She has been secretary of the

SEYMOUR de LOTBINIERE

Red Cross Overseas Department, welfare adviser to the L.C.C., past national President of the Women's Liberal Federation, and Chairman of the Council of Married Women.

RONALD WALDMAN (*Variety*) the popular *Puzzle Corner* personality, went to TV after a successful career in sound radio. Earlier, he was leading man of the Brighton Repertory Company (in which there was also acting McDonald Hobley). He is married to Lana Morris, the film actress.

KENNETH WRIGHT (*Music*) has had a long career in the BBC. He arranged many programmes in the early days of broadcasting, later becoming Head of the Music Department. He is an accomplished composer and conductor. Married to Dianne Dubarry, the singer.

Producers and Directors

DRAMA

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

JULIAN AMYES, 38-year-old Cambridge man who, after producing and acting in repertory companies, was producer at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, and then at the Old Vic. Has directed documentary films.

RUDOLF CARTIER

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

ALAN BROMLEY, 40-year-old producer of the Patrick Barr serial *Portrait of Alison*, and a number of TV plays, first studied architecture. Then went to drama college, and produced in the provinces. Has acted in TV plays; is married to an actress.

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

RUDOLF CARTIER was born in Vienna fifty-two years ago. He studied stage production under Max Reinhardt in Vienna. He has been a film scenarist and has directed films in Vienna, Prague and Paris. Produced the memorable "Big Brother" play, *1984*.

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

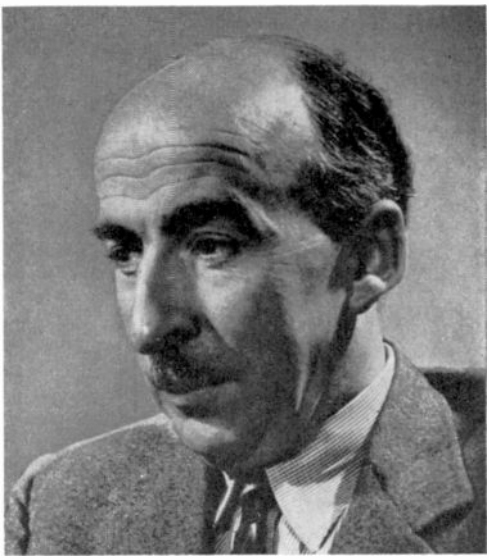
CARYL DONCASTER has produced documentary programmes about social problems. After training at Bedford College, London University, she took a social-science course at the London School of Economics. She is thirty-one and married to TV drama producer Harold Clayton.

STEPHEN HARRISON has had a long film experience, being associated with such films as *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, *Catherine the Great* and *The Private Life of Don Juan*. David Markham, TV actor, is his brother.

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

ALVIN RAKOFF, from Toronto, Canada has been a newspaper columnist and a

CAMPBELL LOGAN



writer for Canadian broadcasting systems. Came to Britain to act in TV, but started scriptwriting, and then became a producer. He is twenty-eight.

VARIETY

RICHARD AFTON has been responsible for the *Quite Contrary* series and he established the Television Toppers. He gave up a doctor's training to tour in theatricals, and produced several popular stage shows. Has introduced a number of new acts to TV, also ice and water shows.

BARNEY COLEHAN, producer of the *Top Town* series and many programmes based in the North, started in a chemist's shop and became a drug-warehouse manager. Studied theatre and radio, and produced radio's *Have a Go* with Wilfred Pickles.

LESLIE JACKSON produced *What's My Line?* and then *Guess My Story*. He studied at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and went into repertory. He has also been a flour miller, vacuum-cleaner salesman, engineer and professional boxer. Is forty-five and married to an actress.

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

GRAEME MUIR

BRYAN SEARS

ERNEST MAXIN has produced variety bills and panel games, including *Find the Link*. Had a varied show-business career in the theatre, music-halls and revue.

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

BRYAN SEARS studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, understudied in *Balalaika*, and has played in Shakespeare at Regent's Park Open-air Theatre. He became a sound-radio engineer, compèred *Worker's Playtime* and produced *Variety Bandbox*.

BRIAN TESLER, producer of the *Ask Pickles* series, ran an experimental theatre when at Oxford, and was dramatic critic of *The Isis*. Worked with the Forces radio station at Trieste, and joined TV to produce *Down You Go!*

Nicholas Crocker (centre right) *a TV producer who has specialized in music, sport and travel programmes, is here shown on the job. He is directing preparations for a programme about archery in the grounds of Blaise Castle Estate, Bristol. With him are Max Robertson* (left) *and Peter Bale, a TV stage manager.*

JOHN WARRINGTON, producer of *The Grove Family*, was once leading man in repertories at Harrogate, Buxton and Wolverhampton. Has played in concert parties, and on the halls. Worked at the Bristol Old Vic, and was a drama lecturer.

OUTSIDE BROADCASTS

JAMES BUCHAN works for TV in Scotland. Was a sales manager and journalist before becoming a radio news bulletin assistant in Scotland. He is thirty-nine.

DEREK BURRELL-DAVIES. A Yorkshireman, he went in for surveying but switched to the film industry, becoming a location manager. Joined TV in 1950 as a studio manager.

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

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

NICHOLAS CROCKER is forty-two and started work in an advertising agency. Became a West Region radio producer and looked after the *Any Questions* programme. Has produced music, sport and travel programmes for TV.

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

BARRY EDGAR, chief TV producer in the Midlands, was once stage manager at Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Has played light comedy roles. Is son of Percy Edgar, late BBC chief in the Midlands, and married a radio announcer.

HUMPHREY FISHER, a son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is thirty-two and has worked in films of interest subjects, as well as on fictional pictures, like *Lease of Life*. Composes crossword puzzles for newspapers.

H. W. GOVAN has a TV film unit in Northern Ireland, and contributes programmes from that region. Started in printing and advertising, and became an Army Film Unit combat cameraman. Worked on the old *TV Newsreel*.

DAFYDD GRUFFYDD works on O.Bs. in Wales. Was at University College, Cardiff, and worked with the Welsh National Theatre. Joined the BBC in 1938 as a radio drama producer.

DAVID MARTIN is thirty-three, works for TV in the Midlands, where he began on the radio recorded programmes side. Did topical and documentary sound-radio programmes before joining TV.

DENIS MONGER produced *Sportsview*. Started in the BBC as a filing clerk, and

Barry Edgar, Midland Region Outside Broadcasts producer, at work during a programme. He is seated in one of the Outside Broadcasts fleet of mobile control rooms. These miniature TV stations are set up wherever programmes are broadcast from outside the studios.

became a sound effects boy in radio's variety department. Became a studio manager in TV. Is thirty-six, and likes club flying.

S. T. RODERICK looks after Welsh TV programmes. After Oxford he went to New York University, and studied radio in U.S.A. Wrote a report on this for BBC and joined the recorded programme staff.

BERKELEY SMITH is Assistant Head of the Outside Broadcasts Department, and frequently appears as commentator. He has lectured in Britain and America, and has produced programmes about Britain for American listeners. Before joining TV in 1950 he was a radio reporter at the UN Assembly.

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

STEPHEN WADE produces outside broadcasts for children and has pioneered work with the Roving Eye. After R.A.F. service became a TV engineer, and outside broadcasts cameraman. Has two children, and his hobby is electronics.

NOBLE WILSON, a Scottish TV man, after the Army went to Oxford; then became a radio studio assistant in Scotland, and later a stage manager to TV in Glasgow. Looks after programmes from Glasgow.

TALKS

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH, 29-year-old brother of film-star Richard, made a success of his filmed wild-life expedition to East Africa and South America. Was a radio actor, and joined a TV-producer training course. Married, with a son and a daughter.

DONALD BAVERSTOCK, a Welshman who had done educational work and had been a lecturer, joined the TV Talks Department for discussion programmes.

Spot the TV camera—on top of the BBC van following the bus. This mobile camera is called "The Roving Eye," and it was in action on this occasion during programmes about the General Election. Talking to the bus conductor is Berkeley Smith, TV commentator and assistant head of TV Outside Broadcasts.

Producer Andrew Miller Jones (right) *has a studio rehearsal chat with Lynn Poole, American TV lecturer on popular science. Mr. Jones is one of the pioneers of the BBC's Talks Department at Lime Grove.*

GRACE WYNDHAM GOLDIE is also Assistant Head of Talks and has handled many important TV informational series. She was the first TV critic of *The Listener*, then a member of sound radio's Talks Department, presenting many eminent people.

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

ANDREW MILLER JONES worked in the early talkie-picture studios, and pioneered cartoon and animated-diagram films for instructional purposes. He became a TV producer at Alexandra Palace in 1937.

MURIEL KENNISH looks after talks of feminine interest. Has been a magazine writer and sub-editor, and a reporter on American magazines. Joined TV in 1948.

MICHAEL PEACOCK looks after current affairs talks programmes. After serving in the Army became a trainee TV producer. He is twenty-six.

S. E. REYNOLDS produces many women's interest programmes and the Philip Harben cookery features. Aged fifty-seven, has been an agricultural engineer, cinema proprietor, journalist, musicians' manager, and worked on many radio programmes. Has two children.

ALAN SLEATH specializes in topical programmes often included at the last minute. Built up the Armand and Michaela Denis film series. Has been a journalist and film-business executive.

NORMAN SWALLOW produced the series on the United Nations World Health Organization and specializes in current affairs. Joined TV in the Talks Department, after work in sound radio. Has been a journalist and literary critic.

HUW WHELDON is Senior Talks

Producer. He was responsible for *Press Conference*, and special TV broadcasts by Sir Winston Churchill and Sir Anthony Eden. Educated in Wales and Germany, has worked for the theatre and for the Arts Council. Is known as compère of the children's programme, *All Your Own*.

MUSIC

PHILIP BATE has put the *The Conductor Speaks* series on the screen; also presents Sidney Harrison and certain ballet programmes. Originally did scientific work, then joined the BBC as a studio manager at Alexandra Palace. Collects historical musical instruments.

GEORGE FOA concentrates on opera programmes and put a modernized TV version of *Carmen* on the screen. Born in Milan, he trained there as an opera producer. Was with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and worked in Hollywood.

PATRICIA FOY, known as Paddy, is twenty-eight and produces *Music for You* and many artistically presented music and dancing programmes. Studied music and opera production, and was stage manager at Sadlers Wells.

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

CHILDREN'S TV

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

PAMELA BROWN left school to study drama, then worked in repertory theatres and wrote books. Has written scripts for sound-radio children's programmes, and acted in broadcasts of her own books. Married to a theatre producer.

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

JOY HARINGTON has been in show business since 1933. Acted in Hollywood pictures and worked as dialogue director there. Toured U.S.A. in *Murder in the Cathedral* and *Ladies in Retirement*. Started her acting career at Stratford-upon-Avon. Has one daughter.

CLIFF MICHELMORE looks after the popular *All Your Own* feature and other instructional items. Trained as an

Producer Philip Bate (left) *discussing a ballet production in the studio. With him are dancers Domini Callaghan and David Paltenghi, with Miss Felicity Gray. Mr. Bate produced Miss Gray's popular series* Ballet for Beginners, *and is the senior TV producer on the musical side.*

engineer, but eventually went to British Forces Radio Network, and in a Hamburg-London record programme partnered Jean Metcalfe, whom he married.

KEVIN SHELDON has produced children's serials including *The Lost Planet* and *The Appleyards*. Is thirty-four, Irish, and has been stage hand, stage electrician, stage manager and actor. Has also run a book shop and been a rent collector.

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

SHAUN SUTTON was stage manager at the Q and Embassy Theatres, and has acted in London theatres and many repertories. Son of Graham Sutton, the broadcaster, he is thirty-six.

ROBERT TRONSON is thirty-one. Trained for a naval career. Went to sea at 16. Became a writer for the stage. Did theatre stage management, and joined TV as a studio manager.

REX TUCKER specializes in plays and dramatic serials; was a drama producer for sound radio and later on radio's *Children's Hour* staff. First entered business but became a teacher and freelance writer.

Scenic Designers

JAMES BOULD attended Birmingham School of Art and was designer for Birmingham Municipal Theatre. Worked at Dublin's Abbey Theatre, and has designed for Cochran, Charlot and Stoll.

LAURENCE BROADHOUSE is forty-three. Began as an art teacher, and became a film art-director at Ealing Studios and on Army films. Lives at Kew and has a cottage in Berkshire.

STEPHEN BUNDY trained with Aberdeen Repertory and has designed for many outstanding play productions, and also for opera in TV. Is an expert in theatrical hair styles and costumes.

JOHN COOPER joined TV as a draughtsman, having been in film production work. He was draughtsman and set dresser at Pinewood film studios.

EILEEN DISS is twenty-four. Designs settings for plays and children's programmes. After art school, went into a TV staff training course, and joined staff as a draughtsman. Married to a geologist.

RICHARD GREENOUGH often designs for variety shows. Began as an electrical engineer, migrated to the stage, working as scene-shifter in the West End and as an actor at Stratford-upon-Avon.

RICHARD HENRY joined TV as a holiday-relief scenic draughtsman, and won promotion, designing for many children's programmes.

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

BARRY LEAROYD, senior designer, has worked for TV since Alexandra Palace days. Looks after some of the most important plays and has assisted in production duties.

ROY OXLEY was an architect, and art director for films. Became assistant head of TV Design in 1949 and is a senior designer. His portrait was used as "Big Brother" in *1984*.

RICHARD WILMOT studied at Birmingham School of Architecture, and became a film art director. Joined TV in 1949, and did scenery for *The Grove Family*.

MICHAEL YATES. Educated at Yale University, U.S.A. Was stage director and designer to Carl Rosa Opera Company. Guild of TV Producers awarded him their annual scenic award in 1954.

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