

THE TELEVISION

ANNUAL FOR 1958

*Every Viewer's
Companion, with Souvenir Pictures of
BBC and ITV Programmes and Personalities*

Edited by
KENNETH BAILY

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ITV PUTS
THE ACCENT
ON GAIETY



Dick Bentley contributes to the ITV drive for laughter. In this picture, however, Dick has deserted his usual "act" and is playing a funny part in the musical play Balalaika. (Below) Sunday Night at the London Palladium has been an important ingredient in the ITV recipe for gay, bright entertainment. A galaxy of American stars brought into this show included film actress Constance Bennett. A former idol of the cinema, she tried a stage act on the modern TV audience.

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*TERRY-
THOMAS*

*EDDIE
GRAY*

*TOMMY
TRINDER*

*ALFRED
MARKS*

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Television links monarchy to people. An outstanding and unforeseen development in this link has been Prince Philip's keen and lively use of television. He introduced the International Geophysical Year in the major BBC programme The Restless Sphere. He is shown in the studio then, with producer Anthony Craxton and executive Peter Dimmock.

KENNETH BAILY'S TELEVIEW

*The Editor comments on Television and the Crown:
ITA Progress : BBC Problems*

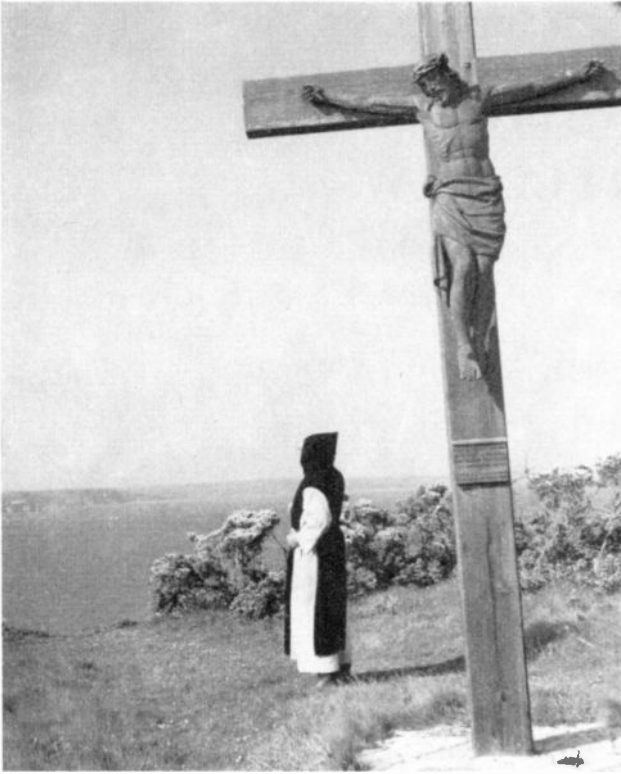
TELEVISION AND THE CROWN

BROADCASTING is a spur to our nationhood. We take it for granted these days; but there come moments, as when the Sovereign speaks on Christmas Day, in which we still feel the magic of radio. Few people are insensitive then to the sense of "family", bringing Britain and Commonwealth together around the Throne. And this is a realistic, not just a romantic feeling. The British people today regard the monarchy with due respect, but also with an affectionate loyalty which is the more sincere just because the Royal Family is known far more personally than in the days before radio.

This Christmas of 1957 will see Queen Elizabeth appear on TV screens for the first time as she makes her traditional Christmas broadcast. Television is installed in sufficient homes now to make it possible for three-quarters of the population of Great Britain to watch Her Majesty speak from Sandringham. Having heard the Queen by radio, people throughout the Commonwealth will, a few days later, be able to see a film of her TV appearance in cinemas, and on television in Canada and Australia.

Here is a development full of significance for the future relationship of monarchy and peoples in the world-wide Commonwealth family. And it offers further proof of the influence broadcasting has already exerted upon this supreme British institution. In an age of disillusionment, when thrones throughout the world have been scattered, the gift of broadcasting has been immensely valuable in assisting the stability of our own monarchy. We can discern now an historic date in the history of our Constitution—that night when radio first linked a king to his people with such intimacy: "The King's life is passing peacefully to its close . . ."

Since then, television has become an even more faithful servant at the



A visit to an active monastery, on Caldey Island, off the Pembrokeshire coast, was a new venture for BBC outside-broadcast units. Few parts of man's life today escape the TV camera.

thronese. It has not only been the Coronations, two of which have been screened, but the regular camera-watch on the working lives of our Royal Family, which has made us aware of the realities of kingship.

There was the searing insight granted by a TV close-up, as King George VI walked the windy tarmac at London Airport, to see Princess Elizabeth off to South Africa. All glimpsed the signs of suffering, bravely borne, but so soon to exact its final toll. There have been TV pictures of the growing family of our Queen, her consort and their children—the cameras following the Queen in France this past year—television tracing the public life of many members of the Royal Family.

This summer has come an even closer contact through television with the Duke of Edinburgh using the medium for his own personal operation, in the educational causes which he is keen to promote. Working in the BBC studios as unassumingly and assiduously as any TV speaker, he rehearsed and learned the technique for the programmes he conducted about his world tour and about the Geophysical Year. These programme operations and appearances by the Duke would have been unthinkable only two years ago.

They have established an additional relationship through television between Crown and people. They take more of the "stuffiness" out of the duties of Royalty, and add a touch of humanity instead. It is still too soon to judge the eventual effect broadcasting will have on the relationship



(Above) H.M. the Queen Mother visited the BBC studios to meet the famous Grove Family. (Below) Another TV "family", The Appleyards, appear in BBC children's television.





(Above) ITV has attempted to raise new comedians, as well as calling on the old. Arthur Haynes (left) was given a series, with Joan Savage and Ken Morris. (Below) In BBC's Dave King Show, the girl Mackell Twins and boy Burt Twins joined singer Leigh Madison as new talent.



Champion swimmer Judy Grinham took an interest in the mysteries of a television studio when she appeared in BBC Sportsview's third anniversary programme. Watching her is fellow-swimmer Margaret Edwards



between the Royal Family and the nation. But nobody can doubt now that radio and television are contributing to the long-term history of our monarchical constitution.

So striking has been the change, indeed, that though it is only ten years ago, it seems in another age that the late Queen Mary, graciously permitting TV cameras to watch her visit an exhibition, peremptorily commanded the accompanying Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret to stand upright "because the television is here."

THE INDEPENDENT NETWORK

INDEPENDENT television—the ITA, ITV, "commercial", call it what you will—grows like a lusty adolescent, rapidly increasing its frame. The network is now spreading to Scotland and to South Wales and the South-West. Its "flesh", the audience within reach of the network, waxes fatter each month. Where the BBC, with a complete national network of transmitters, can hold an audience of 12 million on the greatest TV occasions, the ITA can already collar seven million with only a half-completed network.

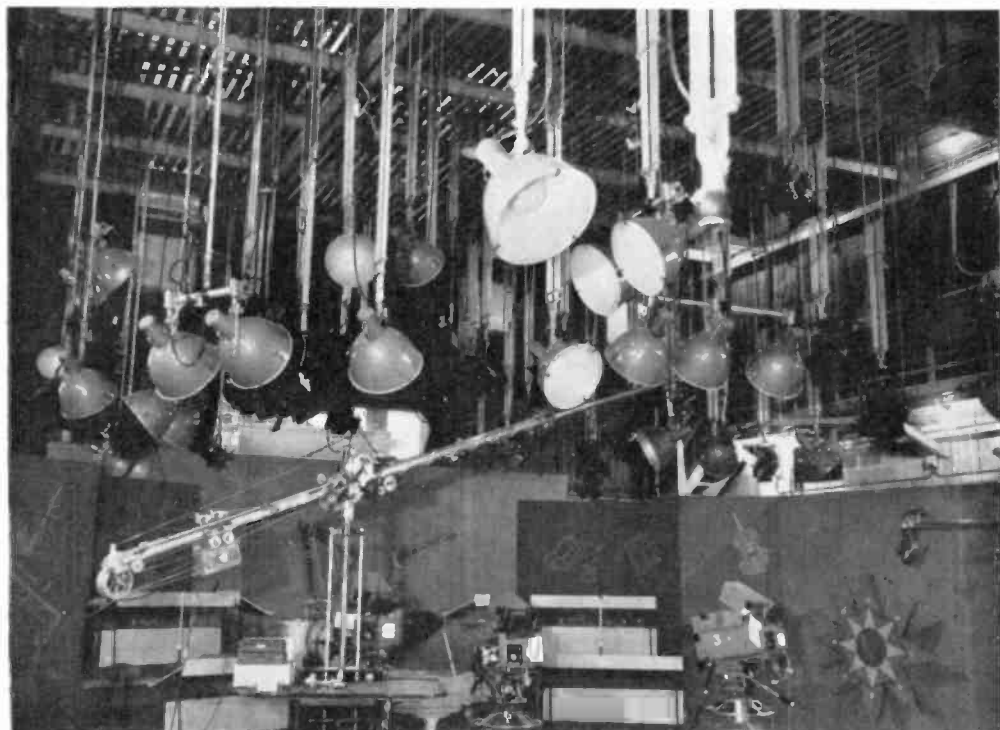
Until both organizations have equal transmission networks, all comparisons of national audience sizes for their programmes are misleading.

“Top Tens” and “Top Twentys” are mere publicity gimmicks, devoid of realism, statistically or otherwise. The topmost of ITA’s “Top Ten” comes twenty-somethingth when counted by the BBC in the context of the Corporation’s nation-wide audience—because ITA has not yet got a national audience.

Comparisons of audience sizes within audiences receiving both BBC and ITA are more to the point. It seems from these that wherever ITA opens up, it rapidly collects more than half of the viewing audience, and for some of its programmes, considerably more than that. But, it then begins to appear, as viewers get used to ITA its superiority over the BBC in audience size slips down somewhat.

During the past year the BBC has done some crowing over signs of renewed loyalty among viewers. Some of its programmes, especially outside broadcasting, have registered larger audiences in the BBC/ITA areas. Some of these same programmes had sunk pretty low when the challenger ITA came on the scene fighting fresh, and it is still too early to claim that two-channel viewers are becoming selective to the point of

The growth of ITV has seen capital sunk in new studios. The mass of intricate and expensive lighting equipment needed for modern TV production is shown here in one of the new Granada studios in Manchester.



Boyd, Q.C. was a new ITV venture produced by Associated-Rediffusion, with Michael Dennison (shown right with Julia Crawford) as *Queen's Counsel* in some realistic legal dramas. But Alfred Marks (below) soon "took the mickey" out of Boyd, Q.C. in his *Alfred Marks Time*—and got Michael Dennison's wife, Dulcie Gray, to help him!



sharing their favours with BBC and ITA. Looking at it another way, there are still ample grounds for the belief that ITA "froth" is going to win over the viewers permanently from BBC "enlightenment".

The more optimistic observers seem to be hoping against hope that

the quality of the British viewing mind is sounder than that of the American one. For in the United States, it is held, viewers had not tired over several years of cash quizzes and third-rate thrillers. These staples of commercial television are much with us through ITA. Will we tire of them soon? Will the cultured British public, which has contributed so much support to the world's drama, music and dance, yet see the light, and demand from ITA less pap and more inspiration? This is the basic 64,000 question of our immediate TV time.

There is some sense in those who hope that an awakening will come,



(Above) *Bob Monkhouse* (right) had *Christine Norden* and her husband in *ITV's Bury Your Hatchet*. (Below) *Simon Kester* became a new TV name through his cross-examining in *ITV's State Your Case*.



because they know now that commercial television in Britain can produce worthwhile ventures and that being "commercial" need not necessarily mean being cheap, vulgar or moronic. The development of television as a medium of information, conducive to good citizenship, has not been left to the BBC. It has been carried through, with value and sometimes brilliance, in such ITA series as *About Religion*, *What the Papers Say*, Robin Day's *Roving Report*, *Members' Mail*, *Youth Wants to Know*, *Contact* and *This Week*. Nor has the inspiration of good dramatic art, classic and modern, been missing on the independent network.

But, a few peak-hour plays apart, it is clear that ITA has held its audience so far mainly by an output of money-grubbing quizzing, brash variety and slick pocket thrillers, for this is the stuff of the main viewing hours. The sale of advertising spaces requires that programme-makers can assure advertisers of a big audience. Because of this, programmes which involve the viewer in a spot of thinking, even if he has been shown and told

Warhead was a programme on the ITV network calculated to rival the more serious enquiry programmes of the BBC. A thorough probe into nuclear armaments, it had (left to right) Kenneth Harris, Admiral Sir Charles Daniel, Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Morgan, Marshal of the RAF Sir John Slessor, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert.





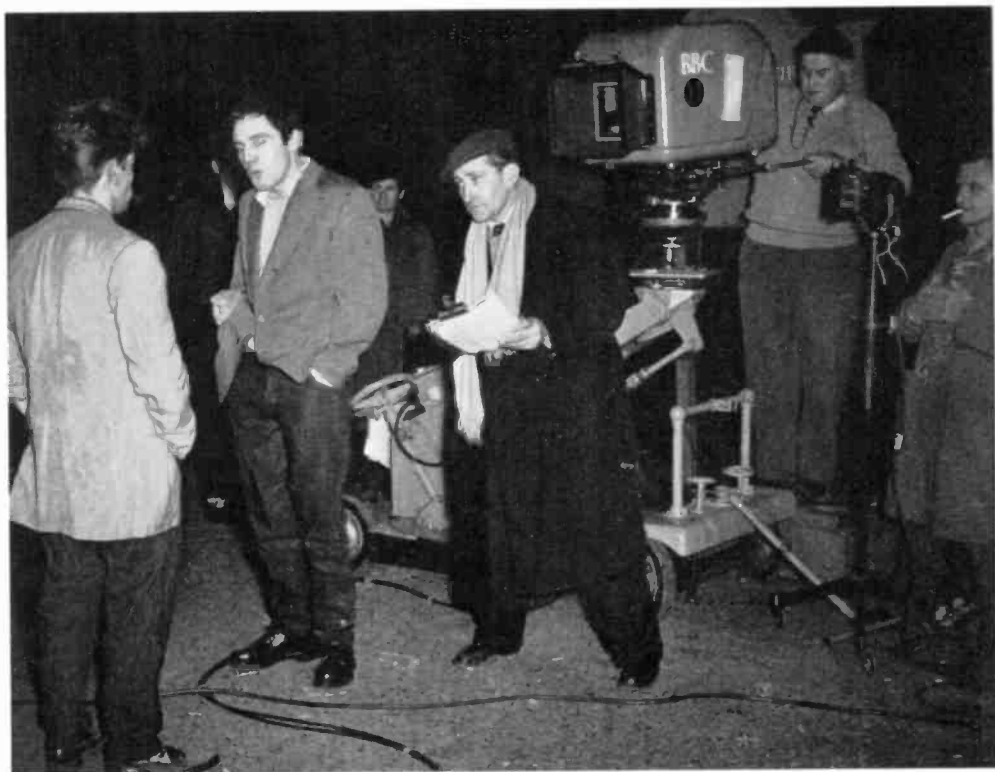
Eric Sykes chats with comedienne Hylda Baker and producer Bill Lyon-Shaw during rehearsal of one of ITV's Saturday Spectacular shows. Eric Sykes, as scriptwriter and performer, has developed an individual type of TV comedy.

what to think, are considered risks. Mostly, therefore, they are screened outside the peak viewing periods.

So long as this is a theory of the advertising profession, nobody can expect any ITA programme contractor to go against it. It is only a theory, because no advertising expert has yet proved in practice that a large TV audience can be held by a documentary or discussion—the audience has not been allowed the trial. It is a piquant theory, too, because in their advertisements on the screen advertisers do in fact show ready belief in the capacity of peak-hour masses to read, think and learn!

Financially, it has still to be shown that commercial television in Britain can pay. That is to say, can pay big enough with permanence. Of course, the advertisements have caught on. Of course, some goods advertised have sold well as a result. Of course, over certain propitious periods, some programme contractors have skimmed out of "the red" for a while. But the periods of teetering between profit and loss, and of clear loss, are too many for it to be accepted yet that TV advertising will pay. Loss was

*In the BBC documentary
The Wharf Road Mob,
Jeanette Jacobs was the
girl friend of Teddy Boy
Anthony Newley. (Below)
Producer Gilchrist Calder
directs a film scene for
the same programme,
with Anthony Newley in
action.*





Kelly's Eye was a new approach to TV programmes made by Barbara Kelly on BBC. Before discussing art in this series, Miss Kelly chatted with Royal Academy visitors. (Below) Without Love, a much-discussed BBC documentary on prostitution, had this scene.



expected at first, and has been allowed for even over a period of years, so we are told. The proof is still in the making, and very probably in the safekeeping of the ingenuity of British commerce.

CRISIS AT THE BBC

It seems likely, oddly enough, that while ITA is proving itself and probably consolidating its position quite calmly, the BBC will be working through a long-drawn-out crisis. The immediate scurrying battle between BBC and ITA, over stars, contracts and staff, has subsided. The greatly more significant and life-and-death battle, over who is to hold the national TV audience, is only now beginning to overshadow the scene.

The BBC has a military-trained Director-General, and if, like an Army commander, he surveys the battle ahead, he will wisely admit the possibility of defeat; only so can he realistically plan a campaign to avoid it. If Sir Ian Jacob is doing this, he must be foreseeing a situation in which 70 per cent of the nation's viewers have become mainly ITA addicts, leaving the BBC with 30 per cent of loyalists. He must then foresee himself having to query the validity of the BBC Charter, on which the very existence of his organization depends.

That charter was granted for the purpose of providing a "national" broadcasting service. If the BBC television service at some future date

Six-five Special was a new BBC bid to provide "teen-ager" entertainment on Saturday evenings. Filling a new period of TV transmission, it did not overlook rock 'n' roller Tommy Steele.





How it was done . . . The BBC comedy Rise Above It was based on a man's ability to rise into the air. Here you see how one of the scenes was produced, with Brian Oulton "uplifted".

serves only 30 per cent of the nation, somebody is going to ask a Parliamentary question. This is all the more likely since sound radio will continue to become the small partner in the BBC business over the next few years. It could be that just when television has become the BBC's main business, the Corporation will find itself without the national audience for which it constitutionally exacts licence fees.

This, Lime Grove hurries to assure us, is painting the picture at its blackest. But some way along this gloomy avenue of TV development, the BBC has now certainly got to go. In preparing for the battle with its competitor, it has already made some mistakes. Imitating ITA in programme output (as for instance on Saturday nights) was a poor manoeuvre so early in the tussle. For the quality of BBC television suffered, thus victimising that majority of viewers still outside ITA range.

The BBC has obviously got to strike a balance between trying to counter ITA audience-appeal later on, when we shall know more clearly what the viewing public really prefers, and spasmodically trying to beat the ITA at audience-catching with individual programmes now.

The danger is that in doing the immediate job of countering ITA American serials with BBC-imported ones, and in splashing out with loud varieties against ITA comics and girls, the BBC is not devoting sufficient of its resources to developing still further its strongest suits, which are undoubtedly outside broadcasting and informational programmes. It is surely more probable that if ITA viewers eventually grow bored and start turning back to the BBC, they would be better "hooked" by adventurous television in those supreme BBC fields, than by Lime Grove variants of the stuff that has filled the ITA channels.

When this happens, if it does, will the BBC really be adventurous? Or will it still be a divided house, trying to mimic the ITA funfair a little more respectably and glossily? Here again, the proof is still in the making. But the danger of a seriously torpedoed BBC Charter seems to loom more darkly than does the danger of commercial television failing to pay in the long run.

BBC's Panorama cracked an April Fool's Day joke about how spaghetti is "grown". It was film-cameraman Charles de Jaeger (inset) who had this idea while on a serious assignment in Switzerland.





YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Peter Cushing

WHAT influence does the early experience of an actor have on his later portrayal of character? In the case of Peter Cushing, for instance, one wonders whether it is because he was once a clerk in a surveyor's office that this cool, tight-lipped actor with the steely blue eyes interprets "the ordinary man" so superbly. If you watched him as the jaded young business man in *Home At Seven*, or the harassed laboratory hand in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, you didn't doubt that this was a chap you might have rubbed shoulders with on the 8.40. Peter Cushing doesn't act, or so it seems; he just behaves.

It is this art of under-playing, of making every part appear as if he had grown up with it, that has gained Peter Cushing an enviable reputation as one of the most natural actors on television. But such mastery cloaks years of buffeting in the rough-and-tumble of stage management and weekly "rep," after he had left the estate business. Still a clerk, he studied voice production at London's Guildhall School, and in 1935, at the age of 22, was making his stage debut at Worthing. After four years in repertory he was discovered by an RKO talent scout and given his first Hollywood film contract. This was followed by two years' stage work on New York's Broadway.

Not until 1943 did Cushing get his first West End part, at the Phoenix Theatre in *War and Peace*. From then on the door to success stood wide open. Though he was broadcasting as early as 1943, his TV debut was not until December 1951 in *Eden End*. Since then viewers have been gripped by his performances in plays as widely different as *Rookery Nook* and *Tovarich*.

In 1954 he won the *Daily Mail* Award for the year's outstanding TV actor, following this up a year later with the top award of the TV Directors' and Producers' Guild.

Peter Cushing and his actress wife Helen Beck watch TV plays whenever possible. His main hobby is collecting and making model soldiers.

I ASKED THEM THE 64,000 QUESTION

JERRY DESMONDE *Tells of the Contestants
in this Popular Quiz Programme*

THE outstanding thing about my time with *The 64,000 Question* has been the way it has added to my knowledge. The knowledge of the competitors, about almost every subject under the sun, has been amazing. As a result of meeting them I'm a wiser man. And remember—this quiz show has dealt with people who, in every other sense, must be called "ordinary." They have not been experts of the professional kind, nor highly educated specialists. But each has made some particular subject his own out of love for it, and with the enthusiasm of a hobby. That there must be thousands more such people around is one of the inspiring things about this programme.

I have often been asked if any of the competitors have in fact been professional students of their subject. I can honestly say this has not been the case. Indeed, if with all respect I may use the term "lesser-educated," some of these have been the biggest winners. On the reverse side, one or two "well-educated" entrants have not got very far in the quiz.

As quizmaster, putting the questions to the contestants, I have experienced three outstanding emotions.

First, the almost nerve-racking hope that challengers reaching the half-way mark, winners of several hundred pounds, would call it a day, take their winnings, and not risk more on reaching the £3,200 top prize. But those who do stop half-way are in a minority.

Second, there's the heart-felt relief—however many times one has been involved—when the last-lap contestant does bring off the top prize.

Third, there's something near to agony, which I at any rate most certainly feel, when the final-lap challenger fails on the last question.

I think the most poignant example of this to me was in the case of Ashley Stacey, who had reached the final round of questions on the Bible. He failed in just one part of the final question. Besides having the greatest

subject in the world, Mr. Stacey had a dramatic reason for wanting the money. He was a sufferer from heart trouble, and had in fact started his study of the Bible during his illnesses. The big prize would have assisted him in many ways to make life more comfortable in his rather hazardous physical condition.

Indeed, his doctor had been consulted before he went in for the quiz to make quite sure that the strain and excitement would not endanger his heart. And when he faced the final round, a studio emergency routine had been worked out to cope with the possibility of Mr. Stacey not feeling well. Had that happened, all of us knew exactly what to do so that the programme would continue without a hitch, and without viewers seeing anything distressing.

The top-prize winner who seemed to me the least nervous was, strangely enough, the oldest. Miss Jane Brown, who answered questions on Dickens, was 73. Right from the start there was something about Miss Brown which reminded me strongly of my grandmother, with whom I used to stay as a little boy. So I felt quite affectionately towards her, and slipped into calling her "Janie." After one or two rounds of the quiz, Miss Brown said to me, "I wish you wouldn't call me 'Janie'!" From then on "Jane" she was, and often "Miss Brown."

There are two kinds of self-confidence, the kind which is not very pleasant to meet in somebody; and the kind which you cannot help admiring. Albert Norman had the latter all right. From the start he was absolutely certain that he was going to stop half-way through the quiz, at £1,600, and that he would win that far. This he did—answering questions about roses. Then, as an amateur rose grower, he went away promising



At 73 years of age Miss Jane Brown answered all questions on Dickens in The 64,000 Question. And she returned to be challenged by new contestants, in The 64,000 Challenge, which was the summer-time version of this quiz.



(Left) Dorothy Burnell's vivacity and sportiness won viewers' hearts when she answered questions on tennis. (Right) James Preston, a winner on musical questions with quizmaster, Jerry Desmonde.

to name new roses after each of the women who work on the show, before the cameras and behind the scenes!

A 17-year-old dental student, Tony Moore, won a great following of viewers because of his uninhibited boyishness. Right at the start I felt this, and told him, "I'll just call you Son—you call me Dad!" And he did throughout the run, which led him triumphantly to £3,200 for his knowledge about birds.

Another youngster who added great freshness and all the vivacious courage of youth to the game was Dorothy Burnell, a pretty girl who went right through the game answering about tennis, until during the final question she fell down on just two details. Of course, as soon as she stepped out of the box, Dorothy remembered those two detailed answers correctly, as often happened. Miss Burnell made such an impression of being at home before the cameras that Associated-Television rewarded her with the chance of helping on TV commentary during the Wimbledon tennis championships.

One winner of the big prize was given a second chance on just one part of the final question. This was James Preston, a theological student who wants to be a Baptist minister. To allow him to complete his studies his father, at 68, was continuing to work instead of retiring. With the prize money he intended to release his father from his work. In his final question, as time was running short, many viewers felt that James was rushed and for

this reason gave one answer too impulsively. So he was asked back and given a second chance, this time winning the £3,200.

On the whole, after handling many contestants in *The 64,000 Question*, I think I can say that the men on trial hide their feelings more than the women. But I'm sure there's nothing to choose between the sexes as to the degree of nervousness felt.

For myself, the quiz opened up a new line of entertainment work. The immediate reaction to my appearance as quizmaster was pretty caustic. Some press critics named me "The Hanging Judge"; others "A character out of *Dragnet*." But when we started the programme it was determined that I should treat it seriously. It was not thought wise to have a gag-cracking, bubbling-over quizmaster. All I will say is that I could have been a great deal more serious. I can be positively funereal, if need be!

That I shall never forget the inspiration of some of the contestants, I am quite sure. Who among viewers watching can forget Ernest Murray, the strong-looking, handsome Thames ship's captain, answering about his great passion, butterflies? He won the £3,200, and determined to put £1,000 of it towards forming a sanctuary for butterflies and birds. A man who can do that loves knowledge for its own sake.

Lady Cynthia Asquith entered The 64,000 Question as an expert on the novels of Jane Austen, and won £3,200. With her in the studio, her grandchildren admire the prize cheque.



Bernard Braden



HE doesn't play Hamlet, and you won't catch him at acrobatics, but there's not much else in the TV repertoire that isn't encompassed somewhere, sometime, by Bernard Braden. An all-rounder, with the suave but likeable gloss of the true "pro", this ex-announcer-cum-engineer from an obscure radio station on the West Coast of Canada has put himself securely inside the star class of Britain's TV entertainment.

And he has done it with a complete absence of fuss. Not that "Bernie" (Barbara Kelly's pet name for her husband) is as casual as he makes out to be. Behind the sometimes lackadaisical manner, so superbly studied in shows like *Bath Night with Braden*, are concealed years of acting experience dating back to his 'varsity days in British Columbia, when he was already singing at concerts and soon writing and reading "commercials" for station CJOR.

From then on, Bernard Braden never lost sight of the stars, though it meant quitting Canada. In his native land, as he frankly admits, opportunities for artistic advancement were fewer than in Britain. Today he appears not only as compere and interviewer, as actor and commentator, but will on occasion produce a TV play and act in it, too.

He married Barbara Kelly in Vancouver in 1942. After acting together for a time they went to Toronto, scoring a triumph on the CBC radio network in their serial *John and Judy*, about a Canadian brother and sister. It was for CBC that Bernard Braden crossed the Atlantic in 1947 to interview people in different walks of life about Britain's recovery plans. Two years later Bernard and Barbara came over together to study British film and radio methods. They decided to stay.

After a couple of radio broadcasts, they made their TV debut together in 1950 in *First Date*. Viewers saw them many times in double harness in BBC Television until, with the opening of ITV, "Bernie" tended to go "independent," though he still occasionally flits over to the BBC channels.

Whether acting straight, chairing a panel game, or "making contact" with distinguished folk in camera interviews, Bernard Braden brings to television a quiet, easy assurance as refreshing as it is rare.



COMICS!

Comedians have the hardest TV job of all, for they must continually be finding something new. Seen here are Harry Secombe (with Alma Cogan); Ken Dodd; and Frankie Howerd (with ITV's Saturday Show Girls)—three representatives of the crazy-zany approach to television.



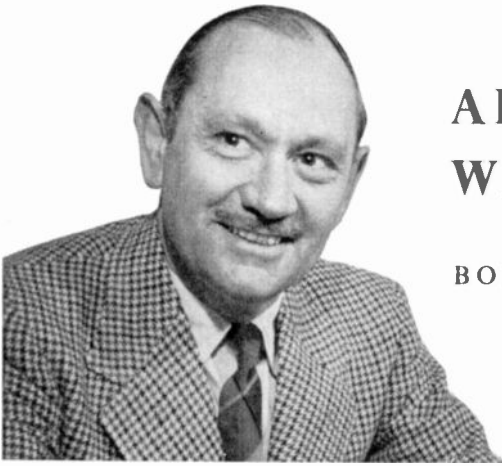
Tommy Cooper (right) was an artist dependent on the single idea of a conjuror's tricks going wrong. In his ITV series he developed his range, becoming a comedy actor capable of more effects. His future is one to watch.



Kenneth Connor (left) is not a top-of-the-bill comic, yet is held in as much affection as any big star. He has won this acclaim by playing supporting comedy roles with an extraordinary rubber face and a golden gift of humorous characterisation.

Arthur Askey (with Richard Murdoch, right) was one of the first comics to use the intimate fireside medium in his own way. His asides, by word and look, to the camera fitted exactly the close-up contact between viewer and TV performer.





APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER

BOB DANVERS-WALKER

*Writes on the Hazards of
an O.B. Commentator's
Career*

THE outside broadcast provides the finest material for television. It is authentic and spontaneous. It contains a high measure of adventure and travel and also has the virtue of genuineness which is to be found more in fact than in fiction. The cameras and microphones of an outside broadcasting unit meet life as it really is and present people as they really are. Television virtually cut its teeth on the "live" O.Bs. from Wimbledon and the Oval. With the prospect of even more television services it will be a sorry mistake if the BBC fails to expand its O.B. department in size and opportunity. The technicians hold out exciting new inducements to enterprise, and scope has been vastly extended by the Roving Eye, the radio mike, "creepie-peepies" (portable TV gear comparable to radio "walkie-talkie" sets), and underwater cameras.

I can look back on some thirty years of sound radio "actualities." Thankfully I reflect that the vast majority of my assignments favoured venturesome reporting rather than the more static interview. Since I have worked with that dynamic producer Peter Webber, first in the *Saturday Night Out* programmes, then in the even more ambitious and exciting series *Now*, I have come to realize that the job of the TV commentator is undergoing dramatic changes.

New techniques are involved and the somewhat stilted styles of interviewing must be revised. What's more, the commentator is likely to acquire extra responsibilities. He must not just sit on the fringe of things and support the televised picture with his reportage. He should now be prepared to blend himself physically into the production and try his hand at the jobs of the people he is meeting. Brian Johnson, that most amiable of all commentators, was a pioneer in this respect in many a BBC *In Town Tonight* programme, and his example holds good in television today. He and I share a willingness to turn "guinea pig" to achieve the unusual.

In the good old days of "steam" radio I have interviewed a diver under

water, commentated from the front of an engine travelling at speed, broken the early morning ice with the "all-the-year-round" swimmers and been assigned to a seven-day air search for a missing airliner in the Australian bush. A reporter, whether journalist, photographer, cameraman or commentator, must be prepared, for the sake of his readers or viewers, to sample the other man's job and occasionally live dangerously.

My first television O.B.? I applied for it. In the national press in July 1955, there appeared a report that Camelo Meyer offered to take anyone across the road on to the roof of the Earls Court Exhibition Building, *on a tightrope*. It was to launch the BBC's TV programme designed for the opening of the National Radio Show. To my letter came a reply from Peter Webber that "if no 'glamour' came forward he would hold me in second reserve." None came forward. So stalwart and reliable Raymond Baxter, although heavily committed to a ringside commentating job in the Circus arena, volunteered. A floor-level test wire was rigged to give him a try-out. Meantime, Authority decreed that Raymond should not undertake the job, and that someone not on the BBC staff should be found. Sportsman that he is, Raymond lent me his plimsolls without a word of complaint.

Half an hour later I was making a rehearsal walk 70 feet above the road-

How Bob Danvers-Walker began his TV adventures. He walked behind a circus high-wire performer, over a road outside the Earls Court exhibition buildings, during the 1955 Radio Show.

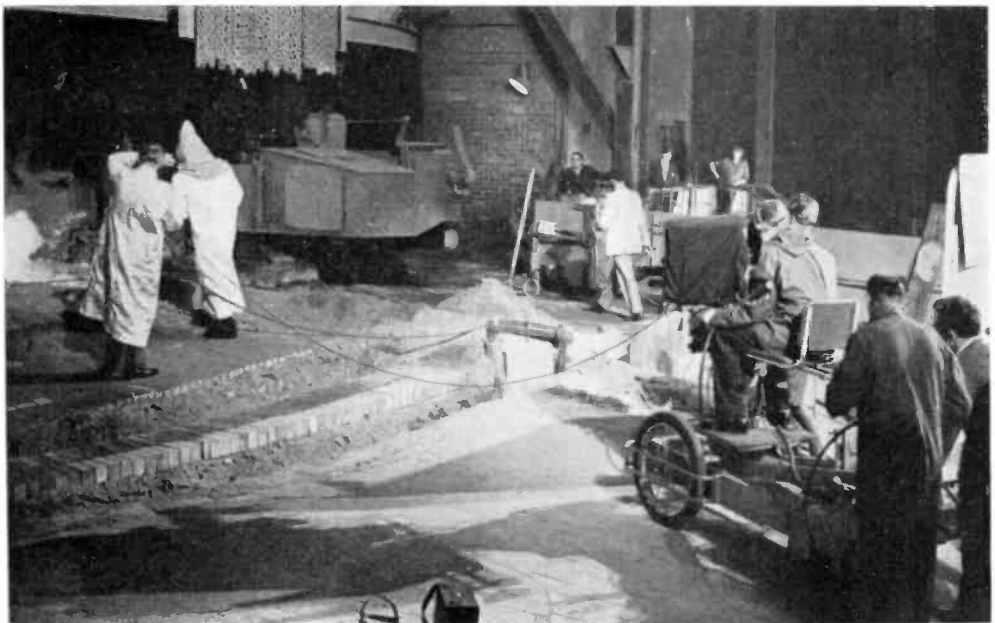


way. Then came one more, for the benefit of Peter Webber's camera crew and also to test the radio mike. Unbeknown to my wife, and most horribly nervous, that evening I made this hazardous entry into my first O.B. for television. From then on the *Saturday Night Out* producers earmarked me for "special duties." When they started planning the train wrecking show at Longmore, it was intended to have me jump into a stack of hay just before the engine went over the embankment. However, restraining counsels prevailed. A pity—I think it would have worked!

That was midwinter 1955, and I had just got back from three days and two nights aboard a trawler in the North Sea. I can take a lot, but mountainous seas, Arctic-like cold, the smell of hot engine oil and cold fish had a bad effect on me. Here was an early lesson in mental discipline which I have found to be essential in meeting situations of some delicacy. For me to fight seasickness is just about impossible. I had to get my sea legs the hard way, to sweat it out and let Mother Nature accustom my stomach to the unfamiliar motion in time for transmission. Life was infinitely harder anyway for the cameraman, engineers and lighting crews huddled below. I admire the way they got on with the job, even when the ship's cook had been sick.

The more assignments (I dislike the word stunts) I engage in, the more I find that one's natural impulses should not be relied on when subjected

In the Now series of programmes, Danvers-Walker assisted in a broadcast showing the awesome heart of the steel industry. Dressed in hooded asbestos protective clothing, he led the camera to the fierce mouth of a blast furnace.





Cameramen take risks when Danvers-Walker goes out on a story. Perched on a Devon cliff top, this camera crew brought pictures of Bob going down the cliff-face in a commando landing exercise.

to unnatural situations. When a knife-thrower hurls twelve Indian bowie knives at your head and then fills in the gaps between the blades and your head and body with battle axes, that is the time when instinctively to flinch is to move into real trouble!

I learnt a lesson in this respect when I stupidly reacted contrary to instructions given me by a sergeant of the Royal Marines, on the occasion I engaged in a TV commando assault course. Perched on the lip of a 300-foot cliff, I launched myself out into space to slide down a scaling rope in a series of leaps to the beach below. Indelibly now I remember the drill: pass the rope between the legs and into the crook of the right arm. The left hand (with two woollen gloves on) is used only for keeping the rope in position and as a guide; the right hand wears no glove. To descend quickly, face inwards. To arrest speed of descent, face outwards and grip the fast-running rope in the crook of your arm over which two pairs of old army socks with the feet cut off are worn to absorb the frictional heat. Never under any circumstances snatch at the rope with both hands if the speed of fall is too great, otherwise your right hand will sustain severe burns.

But on my first plunge over the cliff my instinctive reaction played me false. I felt myself falling headlong down on to those little specks of people



To add thrilling pictures to Now, the BBC hired a helicopter carrying a camera. The craft flew with its side open, to give the camera coverage. Weight and bulk of equipment allowed only one cameraman with the pilot.

looking up at me from the beach below, and I did what I had been told not to do. Like a drowning man snatching at a piece of driftwood, I instinctively swung my body inwards and made a wild grab at the rope. There was a sizzling noise as the rope burnt a blister like a pigeon's egg between my thumb and forefinger.

It was a lesson I will never forget. Discipline your mind against doing anything contrary to instruction; have confidence in accepted drill and your instructor and keep cool, calm and collected.

One thing that evades control, however, is a pounding heart. This was very evident to me in the most severe test of all, my submarine escape from the 100-foot tank at the Submariners' Training School at H.M.S. *Dolphin*, Gosport. Following three days' basic training and searching medical examinations and tests (three overhauls and one X-ray which rated me 100 per cent fit and with a "vital capacity" on a par with 50 per cent of their instructors), I underwent compression tests (submitting the body to pressure equivalent to four atmospheres) and making "free ascents" using no breathing apparatus from 15, 30 and 60 feet levels. The imperative lesson here is—breathe out, the whole time. From the moment of release you must breathe out.

Now, when you and I go swimming under water at normal depths we hold our breath. To do that when ascending from abnormal depths would be fatal. The air in your lungs expanding as atmospheric pressure decreases during ascent would damage your lungs and in all probability you would be dead in a matter of seconds upon surfacing. Under training, of course, this is virtually out of the question, as instructors are observing you all the way up and you would be snatched into a "compression lock" before you had

gone very far if you failed to breathe out the lungful of air you had inhaled before the moment of release. The dominating thought in your mind, which must override all doubt as to your capacity to last out the 15 to 20 seconds before you break surface, is *breathe out*; in fact, blow out strongly: "you'll have enough air to last you."

As you read this, try blowing constantly as if you were extinguishing a candle flame from about 18 inches away. You'll find that in five seconds you're puffed. Imagine yourself then beneath 800 tons of water and, in order to equalize pressure, they have compressed the air in the escape chamber until the temperature has risen to 135 deg. F. As the compartment is flooded the density of the air is so intense that by waving your hand to and fro you can get the sense of pushing it aside like water. The bass resonance in your voice disappears and all response to lower frequencies in your ears is lost. All speech sounds like the high-pitched jabbering of a cage of monkeys.

Then as your moment of ascent comes you inhale a lungful of this hot "compressed" air and mentally assure yourself that it will get you to the top safely providing you get rid of it on the way up. Doesn't seem to make sense, does it? But that densely compacted air you have taken in will expand and replenish your lungs so that, although you are ascending at about five feet a second and it seems a lifetime getting to the surface, there is no inclination to take a gulp as you travel into the unknown.

Bob Danvers-Walker spent some days learning how to escape from a submerged submarine. Filling the lungs with the correct pressure of air before escape, and breathing out during ascent to the surface, prevents fatal injury.



MATT DILLON CAME ON MY PHONE!

*The Editor Talks to James Arness,
Marshal of GUN LAW'S Dodge City*

GUN LAW is an American-made Western series on ITV. On one occasion Charles Chaplin told me that he considered it about the only thing approaching television art in all British TV broadcasting, for all that it is American! In fact, *Gun Law* is an adult Western, superbly directed on film for the small screen and the family audience; and astonishingly well acted by four main players who maintain a steady hold on viewers' affections.

One of the export packages of TV programmes now flowing across the Atlantic, *Gun Law* suffered as against many well-publicised British TV shows by the fact that few people in Britain knew anything of the story behind it. So I decided to find out about it on the trans-Atlantic telephone. I put in a call to James Arness, who plays Marshal Matt Dillon, the gentleman hero of *Gun Law*.

When the call came through, Arness told me he was speaking from his home at Ocean Palisades: "I reckon you can call it a suburb of Hollywood, down near the Pacific coast."

He went on: "It's nine o'clock in the morning here, and we've just gotten our children off to school. We have three kids, Craig, Jenny Lee and Rolf. My wife, Virginia, finds her hands full, I guess. I met her in the acting business; Virginia Chapman she was then, an actress. We played opposite each other in a repertory theatre production. You wouldn't guess what the show was—Bernard Shaw's *Candida*!"

In the course of the conversation which followed, James Arness gave me the following facts about *Gun Law*:

The setting of the stories is Dodge City, once an infamous frontier outpost in the then barren Kansas Territory. Now a town of 12,000 population, the place was investigated for historical details to be used in recreating it exactly as it existed in the 1870's.

James Arness, popular actor in the Matt Dillon role in Gun Law, takes a trans-Atlantic telephone call from Kenneth Bailey. Calling at five p.m. in London, our Editor caught Mr. Arness at nine a.m. Californian time. The actor had just dressed to leave his home for work on the set.

The Dodge City scenic set is built on Gene Autry's ranch, where most of the filming is done.

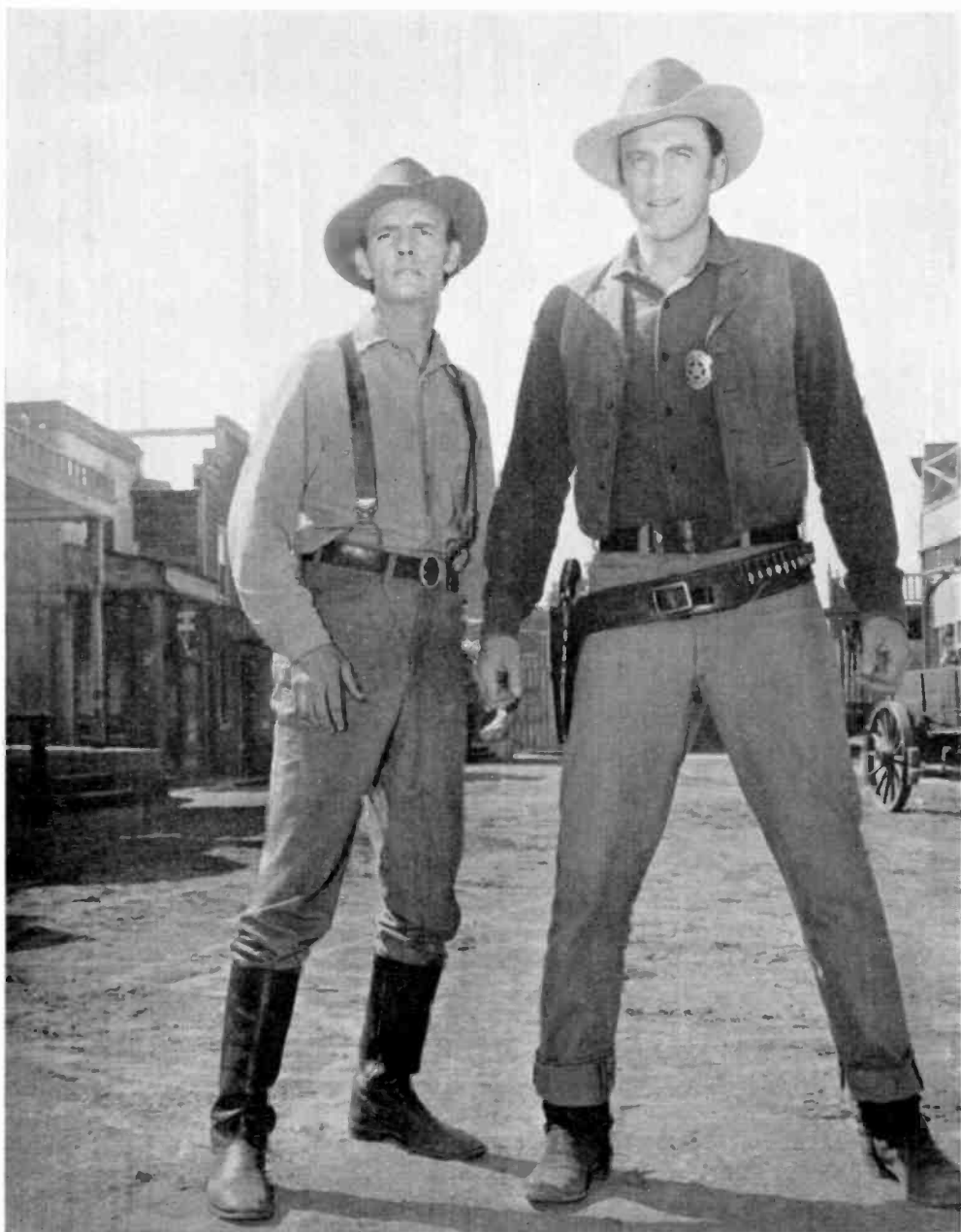
Dillon's horse is called "Buck." It is definite policy of the producers not to show the horse too often. They consider that too much association between Dillon and the horse would turn this

adult Western series towards the "kids' stuff" of Hopalong Cassidy.

Dennis Weaver, who plays "Chester," was a top-flight athlete (the stiff leg is part of the character). He held running and American football records. After serving in the American Air Arm, he entered college dramatics. He has acted on Broadway, in many films, and in other TV productions including *Dragnet*. He has two young sons.

Milburn Stone, who plays "Doc," has had a long theatrical career. He refused a Navy scholarship to enter a theatrical stock company, and was on Broadway in 1932. More than 150 film parts followed. Recently he has developed his hobby of furniture designing into a business.





Dennis Weaver, playing Chester, is perhaps the favourite among the three supporting players in the Gun Law series. Dennis was a record-breaking athlete, and his peg-leg is all part of the Gun Law characterisation.

Amanda Blake, who plays "Kitty," is of English and Scottish descent. She left college to go into repertory theatre, where she painted the scenery before acting. She has played in half a dozen films, and in many television shows.

James Arness comes from Minneapolis. Enjoying singing, he played in school and college operettas. But he preferred months of fishing, hunting and sailing in the Minnesota woods, gained by earning money at various jobs in a nearby resort. In the war he went through bitter fighting in Italy, and was wounded, spending a year in hospital. Trying radio announcing and acting, he failed, and took jobs as labourer, carpenter and salesman. He got back into the repertory theatre and played small parts in films, but was always told his height, 6 feet 6 inches, was against him. At last he was chosen to play Matt Dillon in the *Gun Law* TV series, and this brought him fame at the age of 32.

*And here AMANDA BLAKE, feminine star
of Gun Law, contributes her own outspoken
views on*

SALOON GIRL KITTY

EVIDENTLY all the "Kittys" of the old West gained themselves quite a reputation over the years—a bad one; and I'm here to say it's a shame! If people of the stuffed shirt variety who cast such a jaundiced eye towards the likes of this type of girl knew more of the circumstances of the times when the "Kittys" and the "Diamond Lils" lived, they might change their tune.

Actually, the main reason for Kitty's not-so-nice reputation had nothing to do with her type of work; it was rather that she was working at all! In those days, the 1870's, it was more or less a foregone conclusion that soon after reaching her early teens a girl would get married, help with the ploughing, and have children. In fact, early marriage was not only the accepted thing, but a girl who had reached her twenties still unmarried was considered "over the hill" and held in rather questionable repute just for being single!

A girl like Kitty, who had a mind of her own and didn't want to tie

the knot with just any cowhand simply because she was at the age when it was the thing to do, found herself looked upon as being on the road to ruin.

It is true there was one alternative in that day and age for a young lady who had aspirations towards a "career": she could become a school teacher. This was really the only profession with which a female could be associated and still retain her self-respect. But, of course, this "proper" career wasn't open to any and every young woman. There was a certain amount of costly formal education involved to start with. And it helped a lot to belong to a family of some social standing. In fact, a girl like Kitty, whose father had deserted his family for the river-boat gambling tables, just didn't measure up as the type of young lady suitable to be shaping the minds of impressionable youngsters in the little red schoolhouse.

So Kitty, a girl with responsibilities beyond her years, became a saloon hostess, a term which over the years has become synonymous with some-

"Kitty" is Gun Law's saloon gal. This is how Amanda Blake is seen by her viewing admirers. (Always supposing that "Kitty" is a character to be admired! This is a clever controversial point in the series.)



Amanda Blake as she is off stage. For her "Kitty" role, sweetness and toughness must be mixed, says this ex-repertory theatre actress of English and Scottish descent. She has played small parts in a number of films.

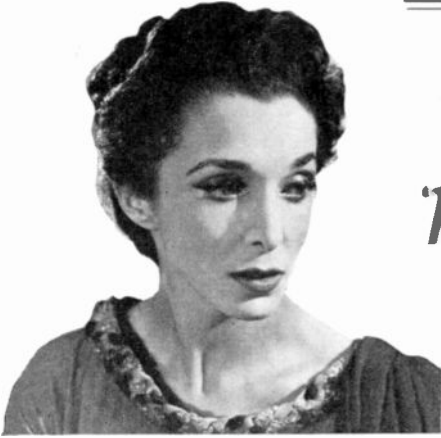


thing quite apart from propriety. But this connotation is, in my opinion, unfair and unjustified. Working girls are an integral part of our society's scheme of things today and it's quite evident that career women

have been accepted. Kitty is only guilty of being ahead of her times.

Far be it from me to imply that the girl who rules the roost at Dodge City's Long Branch saloon is just a sweet young thing—she isn't and never could be. On the contrary, Kitty is of necessity a little on the "hard" side. But she's not a girl without feelings, and because of this she's often hurt emotionally, although, of course, being the type she is, she never shows it. She kind of likes to think that Matt Dillon, the handsome marshal of Dodge City, just might be the one to whom she could pour out her heart. But Kitty's a proud one, and would be the last to admit that she needs counselling.

Kitty is all woman; I like her breed and respect her for having the courage of her convictions. I consider her role one of the finest breaks of my career. We had trouble early in the series deciding just how I should play the part of Kitty. At first I was a bit on the sweet side. So I gradually grew tougher and finally reached the happy medium of sweetness and toughness which we feel best enables me to come up with a portrayal due to the character.



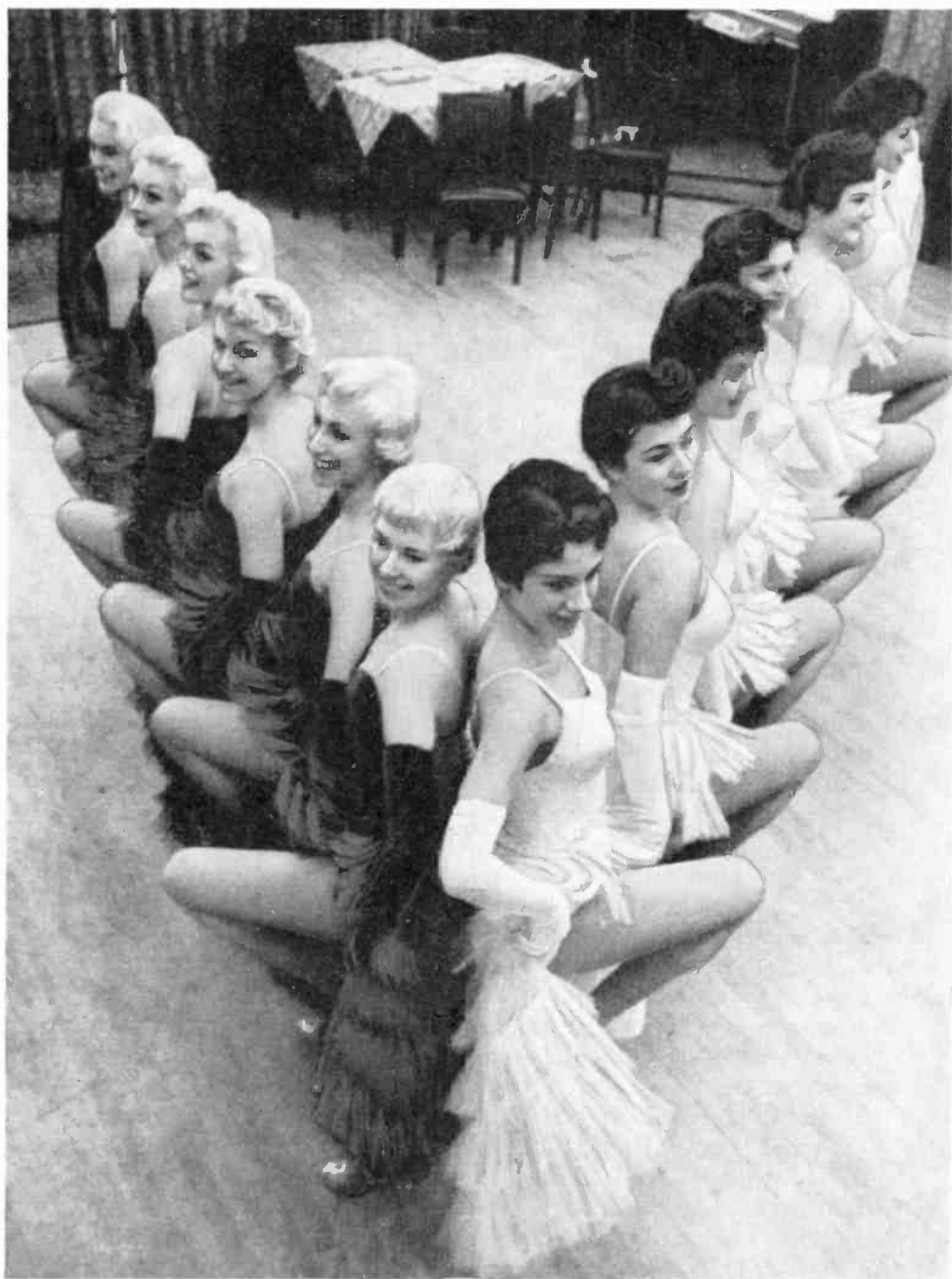
Maxine Audley

MAXINE Audley, London-born and proud of it, is equally proud to claim that her first job was walking on in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Robert Atkins' Open-Air Theatre in Regent's Park. The sweet teenager who then (1940) flitted among the fairies in the shrubberies, was starting a career that has since been garlanded with success in radio, on the stage, in films and, perhaps most notably, in television.

No viewer who saw Maxine Audley as Queen Elizabeth in the BBC serial *Kenilworth*—imperious yet meltingly tender, arrogant one moment, passionately feminine the next—could have linked such a figure with the poor club-footed Cattrin in *The Light of Heart*. Maxine Audley was seen in both parts within a matter of weeks, and it is a measure of her versatility that both times she stole the picture.

Stage presence, that indefinable quality which proclaims itself on television as in the theatre, is an asset which Maxine Audley owes as much to her skill as to her appealing beauty. She was trained first in New York, then at the Mask Theatre School in London. Always a dramatic actress, she won experience the hard way in repertory at Birmingham and Nottingham before launching into her first Shakespeare season at Stratford-on-Avon in 1950 with John Gielgud in *King Lear*. Soon the West End claimed her in Orson Welles' *Othello* at the St. James's Theatre. By 1953 she was filming with Dirk Bogarde in *The Sleeping Tiger*. *Angels in Love*, with Barbara Kelly, at the Savoy followed, then another spell of Shakespeare at Stratford. Her recent film record is equally impressive.

Maxine Audley, who in private life is Mrs. Frederick Granville, says her main interest apart from acting is her three-year-old daughter Deborah. She is passionately devoted to music. Her next favourite indoor occupation is sitting by a log fire with a good book. She likes cooking and loves entertaining friends, but abhors washing up. If she has a weakness it is for horoscopes, hand-reading and any kind of fortune-telling. She is a granddaughter of Max Hecht, one of the directors with Irving at the Lyceum Theatre.



The BBC's Toppers, six blondes and six brunettes. From centre going left: Gillian Mitchell, Virginia Buckland, Angela Bradshaw, Daphne Ford, Gillian Blair, Janet Moss. Centre to right: Jackie Joyner, Jo Dobson, Lyn Dailey, Marcia Bard, Mary Clarke, Ann Talbot.



PROBLEMS OF A FUNNY MAN

TONY HANCOCK, *in*
Serious Mood, Discusses
the TV Comedy Show

WHEN a comedian takes on a TV series booked for a 13-week run, he comes right up against the real problem of TV comedy work—to keep the fun moving. I don't mean by this that the screen has got to be kept as full of action as a race track. I mean keeping things moving over a number of fields of comedy invention.

Television drives us comics to seek pastures new. We each have our special style of comedy. On the variety stage it can be put over successfully with a few gags, one or two sketches and routines, and these can remain almost the same from performance to performance. On a weekly show inside viewers' homes it is a very different matter. Repeat anything, and they will tell you that you are slipping—and rightly so. Yet your particular style must remain the same, or they won't know you as they have come to like knowing you.

So your style must be exploited in as many different forms of comedy situation as you can find in the 13 weeks.

If you have some success one week, the fun you caused will be remembered and talked about. They will look forward to your next show, and expect you to amuse them as much. But if you play it more or less the same way, the fact is they won't think you as funny as last time! To some degree you have got to develop the fun. This can be done by concocting situations set in widely different places, and even different ages historically. But I think there's a sharp limit to what can be done in this way. I believe that somewhere along the line of 13 weeks, I have to make a quite considerable change.

When I do this, I risk putting some viewers off, simply because the new set-up is so different. But because it is fresh, I think it will register some degree of original fun. That will count in the end; for the next week I can extend that new approach in a different situation. All the time, one is

really winning the viewing audience over and over again in order to hold them. I think the viewer, whether he knows it or not, wants to be kept guessing all the time, so that he is always discovering new facets of the comic's style.

This calls for team work in the preparation of TV programmes. It is little use the comedian thinking he is developing the exploitation of his style, if his scriptwriters, supporting cast and producer cannot see what he is after: the way forward must be found together. In this situation frankness is essential.

My scriptwriters tell me if I am not playing their stuff as they intended it to be played; and I tell them if I think their stuff cannot be played the way I want to take the programme. And the producer makes no bones about telling both sides what *he* wants. Out of this grinding democratic mill there issues in the end something which is, I hope, better than "corn".

This pressing need for development during a series means that one is always anxious about rehearsing adequately to achieve the right effects. We normally rehearse first for nearly a week, then take a week-end right away from the job to forget it, and hope to come back to final rehearsals fresh. Even so, performing a live TV show, just once, puts all the preparation to risk. If the programme does not click on the night, though it may

Tony Hancock has taken the precarious road into comedy making on television. Already a firmly established sound - radio favourite, he pioneered his TV comedy on ITV, then moved over to a BBC series. A second Lime Grove run of 13 weeks followed.





Tony Hancock's scriptwriters, Alan Simpson (left) and Ray Galton, work closely with the comedian, with frank mutual criticism a normal essential of the job.

have been effective at rehearsal, well—the opportunity to go back and make it click has gone for ever.

For this reason I favour the pre-filming of comedy shows. Immediately one says this one raises that criticism of television using “canned” shows, as though these were somehow second-hand. Given that filmed vision and film-recorded sound are technically as good as live vision and sound, I think only one element is lost in a pre-filmed show. This is the sense the viewer feels that the thing is actually happening, there and then at that moment.

I don't think we have really found out if this is so valuable an element as to outweigh the advantages of pre-filming. The main advantage to the comedy show is that the players are not dependent on the single moment of performance on the night. If a strived-for effect does not come off properly in filming, you can re-shoot. You can also revise by editing—taking bits out or putting second-thoughts in.

So, take me “canned”. I think you will get a better return for your viewing time and licence money!



Marion Ryan, petite vocalist who has made her winning way on both BBC and ITV networks. For part of the year she was on the screen weekly, and has netted over 100 TV appearances in twelve months.



TELEVISION AND HUMAN UNDERSTANDING

by A DOCTOR*

THE magnetism of the television screen receives a good deal of derisive attention from professional critics as well as from some less committed observers of the social scene. Such terms as "idiot's lantern" and "wall-eyed monster" have been used freely, but the compulsive power of this remarkable means of communication between human beings can be of tremendous importance in widening the mental and emotional horizons, as well as the eyes, of those who watch it. For this reason no problems which are important to human understanding are necessarily beyond the scope of this medium, provided that their presentation is worthily handled.

One implication of this in the field of social education is that people can learn not simply how, where, and by whom personal problems may reasonably be examined and help given; but beyond this, may be given an opportunity to think again about their own attitude to such problems in themselves and others, and above all to cultivate a greater capacity for compassion and imaginative understanding of the complexities of human life than they have had before.

I believe that doctors have an important part to play in this aspect of television. They are used to meeting human suffering and human courage in the raw, and the general impact of this experience has often equipped them with a personal insight into the confusion and bewilderment which attends so much individual disaster, and which may add to the problems of illness itself, overtones of ignorance, prejudice and fear.

These are sources of unhappiness which can only be tackled success-

* The author of this article is "The Doctor", who has appeared on television on a number of occasions, and is probably best known to BBC viewers through his participation in the series *Is This Your Problem?* For professional reasons he is bound to preserve his anonymity, but in this article he gives his personal opinion on one important aspect of television.

fully if the public know enough and care enough about them. Doctors, in fact, are in a position to talk personally and directly about human minds and bodies, about health and sickness, and even about life and death in ways which may refresh the imagination of families sitting round their screens, so that they themselves become better able to understand their own fears and troubles, and to accept the fears and help the troubles of other people.

There is no reason why doctors should not do this; indeed, there is every reason why they should. Professional ethics normally require that such contributions should be anonymous; for the doctor to permit his name to be revealed might be construed as advertising. His aim must be to make his contribution in the name of whatever branch of medicine he represents, based on his own judgment, but not as a gesture of personal prowess.

Another reason for anonymity, not always fully understood by the public, is that if practising doctors did not remain anonymous they would risk being swamped by an avalanche of direct applications for their advice, based on the perfectly understandable assumption that someone who has been heard to talk sense on television has established a basis for confidence which viewers with personal problems would like to follow up.

The actual task of the expert in any field who appears on television must always be to point a way to those who need one, rather than to claim or imply that he alone possesses the key to that way. But the necessity for pointing such a way and indeed for directing the attention of the public to the problems which doctors know are important, remains and must remain a medical responsibility.

Examples of some of the programmes with which I have been personally associated may help to bring out what I mean. One was a discussion which took the form of a debate between a spirit healer, a journalist, and two doctors of whom I was one. Whatever impact that programme actually achieved, its aim from a medical point of view was to show why doctors, as part of their responsibility to the public, are bound to examine very critically indeed claims for the cure of serious illnesses, *no matter whether those claims come from within their own profession or from outside it.*

Another programme, of an entirely different kind, was really a straight-forward experiment in adult education. It took place soon after the opening of the ITA service, and consisted of a series of episodes in which an intelligent and personable young mother, who was in fact a professional actress, discussed with various doctors some aspects of the development of the normal child based on the sort of information she wanted to know. How fast does a baby's brain grow? How much sleep should a child of nine months have? What kind of toys are most helpful in developing the mind

of a child? And what sort of variations in rate of progress at home or school are normal? The scenes were enacted against a background of home, school or nursery, and although no children actually appeared, toys, blackboards, nursery furniture, and occasionally another actor in the role of neighbour or husband, were used to bring out points of interest. I think everyone, including those who took part, learned a good deal that was valuable from this series.

Is This Your Problem? the BBC series, has been for me an extremely interesting and worth-while experiment. From the time that it began, requests for advice and help came in steadily and in considerable volume to the BBC; about 2,000 letters followed the first invitation to viewers to write in, and while the programme was running the weekly average was 100. Many of them were pathetically and hopelessly unsuitable for the programme itself, but an attempt was made to give appropriate anonymous postal advice in selected cases, for example reference to clinics and social agencies near the writers' homes.

A follow-up enquiry undertaken after the series revealed that over two-thirds of all the people whose problems had been dealt with on the programme felt that it had been of profound and constructive help to them; but its main object, of course, was to go beyond this and to open up a channel of communication, and renew a faith in the possibility of help, for all people with similar problems who might be watching.

Whatever their imperfections, programmes of this kind have at least two things in common: they stimulate and sustain interest in basic human difficulties, and they give the public the opportunity of seeing professionally-skilled people grappling with some aspects of their work, on the spot, in plain and lucid language, and in a way which enables them to begin to understand the sense, as well as the nature, of the doctor's approach to human sickness and suffering. Provided that future programmes dealing with this kind of thing aim always at handling such problems with dignity, taste, and integrity, they ought to succeed in teaching the public how best to seek and make use of the help which can already be provided, and to understand the directions in which such provision needs to be extended.

Finally, of course, programmes of this kind can be, and should be, interesting to watch. This must ultimately depend upon that indispensable blend of authority, integrity and skill which are vital to success in serious television. The interest lies not only in the problems themselves, whether they are general or personal, of medical research or of some particular personal predicament, but also in the way in which they are tackled. Provided that they see someone doing something well, and doing it with honesty, sincerity and dedication, people will always be interested.

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Patricia Driscoll



Was there ever such an open-air miss as Maid Marian, girl-friend of Robin Hood? It is because Patricia Driscoll spends most of her life outdoors and bears a marked resemblance to Bernadette O'Farrell that she was finally chosen to take over the part when Bernadette decided to make a break and go back to the stage.

Born in Ireland, Patricia is an expert horsewoman and has taken part in many shows and gymkhanas. She is no novice with the bow and arrow, either, and often practises with a neighbour who is an expert archer in the little mews where she lives close to Regent's Park, London. In private life she is married to actor Duncan Lamont. He has already been in two or three of the Robin Hood films and knows his way around Sherwood Forest (in Nettlefold Studios) very well indeed.

The open-air life is what they like most. Their favourite hobby is camping and their ideal holiday driving on the Continent with a tent strapped to the back of their small car. Every possible moment will find Patricia outdoors—riding, sailing, walking or salmon fishing.

Before she started filming in Robin Hood she had never met "outlaw" Richard Greene, but he and the wicked Sheriff of Nottingham (Alan Wheatley) made her feel at home within minutes of first stepping into the glades of Sherwood.

Patricia loves dressing up in period costume, whether in her boy's disguise or in the long medieval robes she is usually wearing when trying her wiles on the Sheriff. Her delight in things ancient finds expression in her passion for auction sales; often she and her husband will drive a hundred miles or more if they think there is a bargain to be picked up in some old mansion.

Cats play an important part in Patricia's home life. Once she had five, but now there are only three. One is a beautiful part-Persian. According to Patricia, he more or less owns the flat.



YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Dennis Lotis

FEW success stories in real life begin with running away from school, however popular such a theme may be in fiction. But in the case of Dennis Lotis, that handsome, brown-eyed singing favourite from

Johannesburg, it is literally true. The 31-year-old star who, with his wife Rena and the two boys, can spend his leisure in a beautiful new home at Mill Hill, London, smoking a meerschaum pipe and painting surrealist pictures, did a bolt from college in Johannesburg at 15 to become a £4-a-week bus conductor. Though it spoils the story, his father recaptured him after three weeks, setting him up as an electrical apprentice with a pay packet down to 15/- a week.

But young Dennis, who had won a radio vocal contest at seven, couldn't be stopped singing. Before the four years' apprenticeship was up he abandoned it for a £10-a-week job singing with a cinema organist. Soon he was a band singer and in quick jumps graduated to some of South Africa's leading bands. On the way to the top Lotis lost a beard and gained a wife. The beard went when he sang in a radio show sponsored by a manufacturer of shaving cream. He first met his wife when he was working with a band in a fashion show. Soon afterwards they eloped.

By 1950 England was beckoning to the ambitious Dennis. To raise travelling money he put all his savings on the races—and lost them. Then, taking a chance, he sold the Lotis home, leaving his wife and year-old son secure, and came to England with £25 and an introduction to Ted Heath.

In London bandleader Heath was elusive, but the young singer met Henry Hall and won two spots in *Guest Night*. Then Heath heard him and signed him on. The gamble had paid off. Dennis stayed with Ted Heath as star vocalist for four years, then became a solo artist.

All this time he was winning fame with records, too, and fan letters were mounting to 500 a week. A viewers' favourite on all channels, he made his TV debut in the BBC's *Off the Record* in 1955.

His favourite sports are swimming, tennis, golf and horse-riding. Apart from painting ("canvasses, not walls!") he loves good music, especially classics, and is also keen on modern ballet and Spanish dancing.

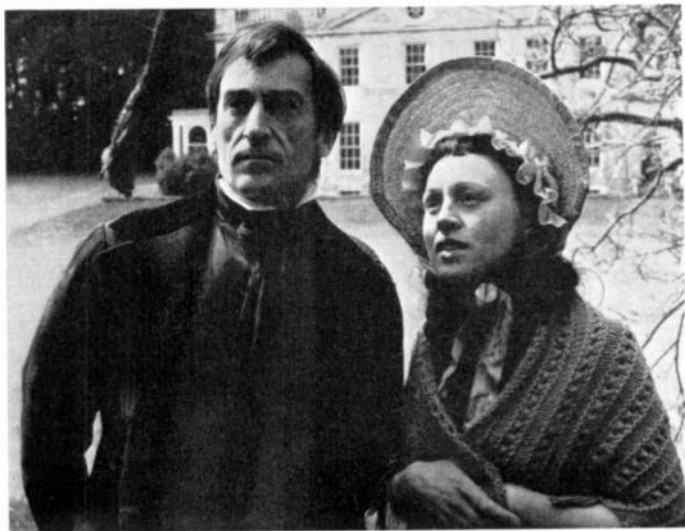


TALES—LONG AND SHORT

Six-week Serials and Half-hour Films

WHEN it comes to story-telling on TV, each network has its own mode. The BBC has won popularity for serial plays each in six weekly instalments. These are produced live, each half-hour episode calling for six days' rehearsal. On ITV the half-hour yarn is most often on film. Mostly in series, with the same leading characters, these films are made in studios large and small, often in batches of 26 or 39. The most popular of them have been known to keep their casts at work for a year or more.

Popular BBC serials:
(Above) *Jill Adams and Terence Alexander made an attractive pair in the thriller Wideawake.*
(Right) *Patrick Troughton and Daphne Slater played brother and sister in Precious Bane, the Mary Webb story.*





The BBC's serialisation of David Copperfield sent up library demand for Dickens' book. Above is the scene when David's wedding was filmed on location at Northaw, Herts. (Below) A very different, tough kind of world provides the American Frontier Doctor series on ITV, starring Rex Allen.





More dashing heroics on ITV: Greta Gynt seeks the welcome protection of Christian Marquand, who played Captain Duval, Cavalier hero of The Gay Cavalier series.

After the success of Robin Hood, ITV had the bright idea of creating a saga of roystering adventure afloat. The Buccaneers backed heroics with sail and spray. In this scene are Wilfred Downing and Edwin Richfield.



But not far behind the start of the vogue for heroics was Errol Flynn. With his own TV film company he produced, in Britain, a series of swashbuckling half-hour tales, frequently starring himself. Flynn's version of the duel was much in evidence.





A craftsman-like approach to commercial TV's appetite for adventure half-hours came from Alfred Hitchcock. This master of film direction produced a series of stories carrying his touches of suspense and characterisation. Robert Newton (above) added rich character to The Derelicts; in Breakdown the plot thickened as Joseph Cotten was trapped in his wrecked car (below).



Premonition had the typical Hitchcock plot of a man absent for some years, returning to find his girl married to his brother. (Right) John Forsythe and Cloris Leachman play a scene in this story.



Revenge was the title, but in this filmed playlet Hitchcock sweetened the thrills with glamour and romance. To do it, he directed Ralph Decker and Vera Miles in this scene.



The itchy trigger finger is a mark of the Hitchcock flair for suspense. In the ITV half-hour thriller, Gentleman from America, Biff McGuire suitably reacted in a haunted room.

AUSTRALIA TAKES TO TELEVISION

ALAN SLEATH, *BBC Picture Parade*
Producer, Tells What He Found
"Down Under"

AUSTRALIAN television companies are already presenting more programmes than the TV organizations in the United Kingdom. Thanks to sheer hard work, six stations are now giving Sydney and Melbourne daily programmes which can be received between four and ten p.m., an average of six hours per day from each station. By comparison, the population of the two Australian cities is $3\frac{1}{2}$ million with six TV stations, whereas London has a population of $8\frac{1}{2}$ million with two stations.

Although many people think of Australia as a vast area sparsely populated, out of a total population of 9,000,000 about 7,000,000 live in the larger towns, which makes quite a sizeable TV audience. They are, of course, still only a potential viewing public, but the TV fever is catching on fast. There were many more sets in Australia after twelve months of television than there were in England after the first three years.

Australia has about 50,000 licensed sets, but every week the figure soars, and by the time you read this it may well have tripled. To begin with there were many unlicensed sets as well! However, fines of £10 for not having a licence have recently been introduced. Television licences cost £A5 (£4 sterling).

The Australian TV pattern is made up of four commercial stations and two Government (comparable to BBC) stations. The commercial stations are owned by newspaper groups. There is no direct cable or radio link for TV programmes across the 600 miles between Sydney and Melbourne, and therefore all six stations run their programmes independently. Most of the programmes on film are shown in both cities within a day or so, and the railway between Sydney and Melbourne must continually be ferrying programmes backwards and forwards.

Many viewers have aerials strapped to the chimneys of their houses, similar in design to the ITV aerials in Britain. Others who live close to the



One of the early Australian TV programmes was a series introducing ballet—much as Ballet for Beginners did in BBC Television. In the Melbourne studio a ballet master explains movements.

transmitting stations have adopted the American method of using a small aerial, or antenna, which stands on the TV set. The viewer can turn the antenna round to receive the best possible signal from each station, rather as we used to turn round our portable battery radio sets. In New York they use antennae because they have a selection of nine TV stations to beam to, spread around the city. In Sydney, however, the three stations are close together and the pictures from all of them are very good. The three transmitting masts rise from the highest point in Sydney and have a range of at least 50 miles.

The stations operate on three channels which are numbered 9, 7 and 2. Channel 2 is the Australian Broadcasting Commission (ABC), whose style of presentation is similar to that of the BBC. Channels 7 and 9, the commercial stations, are respectively ATN (Amalgamated Television Network) and TCN (Television Corporation Network).

It is fair to say that television in Australia began with the Olympic Games held at Melbourne in 1956. The Games provided a stimulus,

encouraging all the operating companies to work to a deadline in order to be ready at the same time. Many of the local public found it convenient to watch the Games through the "magic box" and since the Melbourne viewers were, so to speak, on home ground they have held the lead over the number of Sydney viewers right up to date. Brisbane and Adelaide will shortly follow the TV lead given by Melbourne and Sydney, but at present it is a battle between these two big cities, and the different programme companies, to secure the most viewers.

In Australia they can almost guarantee a regular viewing audience, because they do not have the problem of long light evenings—twilight is between six and seven p.m. all the year round. Television sets are still rather expensive, at around £250; hire-purchase firms are doing steady business, but they cannot afford very-long-term agreements with their clients. The problem rests in the hands of the manufacturers; and as there are almost 30 firms making TV sets it is difficult for the viewer to know how to choose the right set.

This state of affairs is encouraging a certain amount of communal viewing, and it is not unusual to find a party at home organized to watch an hour or so of some particular programme. If you fall into the trap of

Demonstrations of sports and recreational activities play a part in the beginnings of Australian television. In this Sydney studio of the Australian Broadcasting Commission a fencing lesson is in progress.





Keen to build up outside-broadcasting, Australian TV technicians in training from one of the commercial stations used their mobile equipment to televise a fly-past of the RAAF at Point Cook, Victoria.

inviting the child next door to see *Disneyland* you will find that in a week or two his family are joining in, and quite probably about a dozen other children from across the road. Soon you dare not shut up the house when *Disneyland* is on!

The commercial companies are presenting television on the American formula: that is to say, an organization can sponsor and control a certain period of time on the air and is responsible for the programme put out within that period. To take the case of *Disneyland*, this series (seen in Britain on BBC Television) was bought from Walt Disney by Holden's, the Australian subsidiary of General Motors of America. Each filmed programme ran for 52 minutes, and Holden's produced their own eight-minute commercial spots to advertise Holden cars. This made up the hour's TV time which they had bought.

Some firms are now producing their own live programmes within the

studio space available. Lack of studio space held up the progress of all the TV companies; television came so quickly that at first there was hardly any room to put in the equipment, let alone the artists. In the first 12 months, however, the building contractors have gone all out to build studios which can cater for good drama productions and programmes of a similar nature. Wisely, the companies have bought outside-broadcast equipments (which they call "remotes"), realizing that with this equipment they could cover, for instance, a sports meeting in the afternoon and a music hall in the evening.

Programme material has been a difficult problem and it has been necessary to turn to England and America for filmed programmes. The BBC has been able to recommend to the ABC many of its more successful programmes, but in the main ABC, like Channels 7 and 9, has gone to commercial programme manufacturers for material. One feels quite at home with *Fabian*, *Amos 'n' Andy*, *Movie Museum*, *Armand and Michaela Denis in Africa* and *Liberace!* Within its limited studio space ABC is producing other old favourites: the news, sporting results and the magazine programme *Picture Page*, which ran so successfully for many years from Alexandra Palace. They are also producing *Australia Unlimited*, which is a type of *Panorama* programme, and *People*, which introduces people in and behind the news, as well as light-entertainment shows.

As more studio accommodation becomes available so there is more scope for live programmes. The commercial station ATN, who have some excellent studios, have used many of their sound-radio personalities in the new medium. Some have made the grade, some have not. Eric Baume, who was a war correspondent in London, appears every night and courageously attacks people and ideas in *This I Believe*. Bob Dyer, radio comic, appears in *It Pays To Be Funny* and *Pick a Box*, both give-away shows. John Dease, with his *Quiz Kids*, has a panel of children who answer questions. The commercial spots, which always intrude, are often quite amusing and very localised. As a sample: "Tomorrow morning in Pitt Street you can buy black rugs at a little below cost!"

As to the future, the stations will grow up rapidly; they already have first-class equipment from England, America and Germany. When they can expand to other towns, and join up to form a network, the cost of programmes will be reduced; there will be more studios available and more money can be spent on actual productions. In time, television will reach the vast outback of Australia to places where, even now, some inhabitants operate a pedal radio set. Then, no doubt, the commercial boys will be delighted to discover they have roped in another 2,000,000 viewers; and here in Britain we may well, in our lifetime, be taking outside broadcasts from the other side of the world—on BBC Television, of course!



Lorraine Desmond, popular young radio and TV vocalist, is one of many Australians who have won show-business careers for themselves in Britain. Now, television "down-under" can offer them opportunities nearer home.



Joan Savage

ONE of the things that need to be said is that, while many “pop” singers possess a genuine sense of humour, it does not often sparkle on the surface. How refreshing, then, to meet a British girl who is not only a songstress who has been compared vocally with Doris Day, but also—like the wonderful Doris herself—radiates ripples of fun that fully justify her title to “comedienne”. Such is 23-year-old Joan Savage, whose comedy spots with Jack Jackson late o’ nights on ITV have won her as big a following as in the Arthur Haynes Show, in which she usually appears along with her husband Ken Morris.

It has been said of Miss Savage that she is one of the few screen beauties never to cause rifts between viewing husbands and wives. She is a song-bird who glues the attention of the men, but is liked just as much by their wives. The secret of this mysterious recipe for pleasing both sexes alike is as elusive as the smiles that chase each other across Joan’s face. The main point is that she can be pretty and funny at the same time, and no one can rival her portrayal of the sort of sheer zany bewilderment that has everyone on her side.

Being born in Blackpool, the nursery of Northern show business, must have been a help. Joan comes from a theatrical family, her mother being a pianist and her father a comedian. She first appeared in public at 12 as a dancer with the Tower Ballet Company and stayed there for three years. Then, at 17, she took part in Ken Platt’s first radio series and a year later joined the George and Alfred Black *Music and Madness* show. There she met Ken Morris, who was doing a solo act. They soon made it a double act in real life, marrying in 1954 and appearing together in variety, cabaret and many BBC shows, including a Frankie Howerd series.

Odd though it seems, Joan Savage spent several months in ITV’s Jack Jackson Record Show before making a record herself. She scored a big hit with her very first disc, “Five Oranges, Four Apples.”

HUGHIE GREEN

*Talks About His Adventurous
Life On the Air and
In the Sky*



WHEN I was thirteen years old, and staying in London with my grandmother, I got together a gang of children and put on a charity show for the Royal Northern Hospital. It happened that a newspaper took note of our juvenile enterprise, and Brian Michie, then BBC producer, came out to see us perform. This was before the days of television. But Michie introduced us to Eric Maschwitz, who was then running radio light entertainment at the BBC. We went in and another boy—Laurie Lupino Lane, in fact—and I were picked to play leads in the radio serial *Emil and the Detectives*.

Spurred on in my adolescent impetuosity, I then called together my gang of youthful entertainers, took them to Eric Maschwitz, and told him we had three fifteen-minute shows all ready to perform for him. Rather taken aback, he hurriedly found a studio for us to show what we had. I remember Harry S. Pepper, Doris Arnold and John Watt were there watching us. As a result of this enforced BBC audition the “Hughie Green Gang” became a radio programme.

Our show was taken up by the variety halls and we toured the country. Following this, I was spotted as a boy actor by Basil Dean, who gave me the youthful leading role in his film of *Midshipman Easy*. The star with me in that picture was Margaret Lockwood, and the film was directed by Carol Reed.

When war broke out in 1939 I wanted to go straight into the Air Force. I already held a pilot’s licence, which I had taken at Doncaster while touring with the Gang Show. But I was under age for the R.A.F. and

went to America to do a film and radio work. As soon as I became old enough for war service, I moved up to Canada and joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. Thanks to my pilot's licence I quickly got an instructor's job.

After nine months I was granted leave to go into a war play about the Air Force, *Golden Wings*, with the beautiful star Signe Hasso. We took it to Broadway, but on its opening night the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbour and America's immediate entry into the war put an end to the play. Six days later I was back in the Air Force, where I was later to serve with a flying-boat squadron in Newfoundland. I moved on into Ferry Command, and made 103 crossings of the Atlantic as a captain.

At the end of the war I toured Canada in an ex-Services show, and then put my own *Hughie Green Show* on Canadian radio. I remember Barbara Kelly, then unknown in Britain, taking part in this programme. But show business was not all that easy in those days, and I found myself going back to the air.

I went into the ferrying business again, and I believe I was the first person to fly the Atlantic in a civilian suit after the war! I flew planes

Lynda Simpson, a schoolgirl, went home better off by £1,000 after facing Hughie Green's questions on spelling, in Double Your Money. Weekly ordeals in the quiz appeared to put no strain on her schoolwork.



Attractive Patricia (Robin) Burke won £1,024 by beating Hughie Green's teasers on literature. Daughter of Pakistan's Minister to Sweden, Miss Burke was in Britain studying English literature at Oxford.



between North and South America, often being based on Los Angeles. When there I used to stay with Ben Lyon, and on one of these occasions he asked me to take a film test.

I was about to ferry a plane from Los Angeles to Brussels, but I took the test, and as a result was offered a part with Deborah Kerr and Walter Pidgeon in *If Winter Comes*. However, it was necessary to begin filming almost immediately. I took that plane from California to Brussels in record time, and the film company flew me back to Hollywood to start work on the picture.

Soon afterwards I returned to London, and met Harry Pepper, who told me that BBC radio were wanting somebody to run an amateur show for them. I said I was willing to have a go, and we started radio's *Opportunity Knocks*, running for 39 programmes.

Following this, about 1951, I did some television in New York, and again went back to the flying business. As an aircraft agent I did a deal with the French Air Force to provide them with planes built in California and flown across to France.

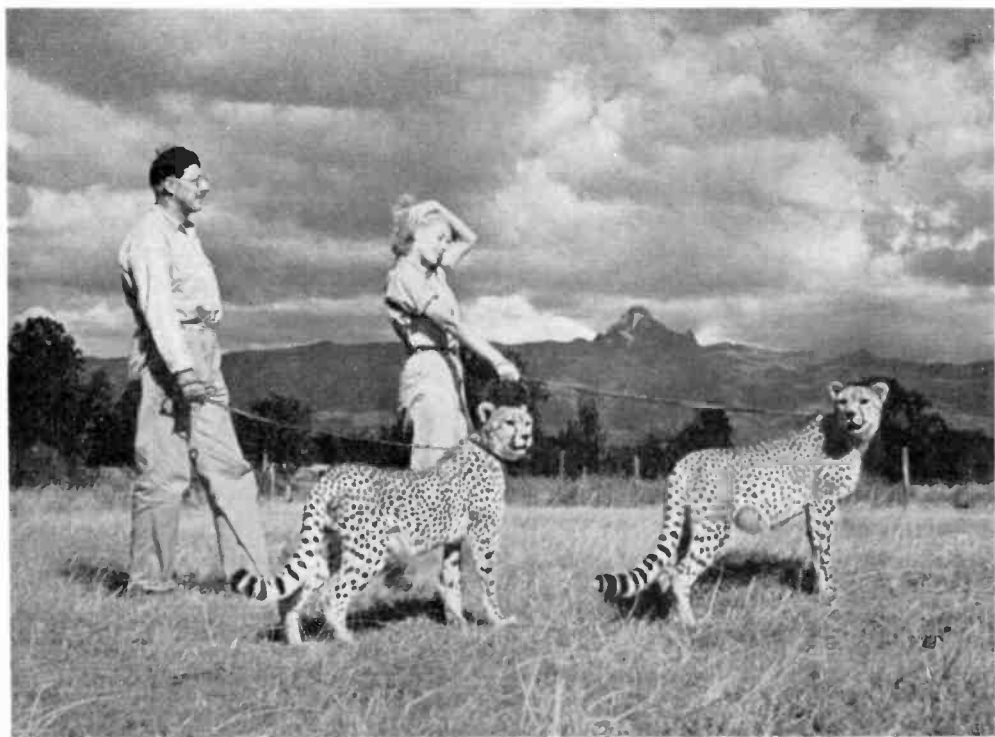
Later I returned to Britain, where the ITA service was being planned, and had the great good fortune to be asked to start right from the beginning of the new venture, in the quiz show *Double Your Money*. This show has been a grand experience for me, full of inspiration and fun. But so, I reckon, have most of the 37 years which I now, regretfully, have to mark down behind me.



ARMAND DENIS *Gives*
You Some Glimpses of

MICHAELA ON SAFARI

IT is true to say that Michaela was on safari, of a kind, the first time we met. She was always adventurous, and when she was doing fashion-design work in New York she used to save her money for vacations. On these she would trek into the wild places of South America. She was on one such journey when her expedition encountered mine,





and that led eventually to our marriage.

In these pictures you see some of the situations she has been in during our travels together.

The picture on the opposite page was taken near Mount Kenya, and the graceful cheetahs were our pets. Cheetahs are the fastest animals in the world, and the two shown have been clocked at 60 m.p.h.

In the picture above Michaela is getting first-hand experience of the cosmetics used by Colorado Indians in South America. The stripes are navy-blue, and no amount of washing will remove them





for at least three weeks! The "hats" of the natives, incidentally, actually consist of red pigment matted into their hair, which is then trimmed to fit.

Our next picture was taken in the Australian outback, and Michaela is washing the hair of a small aboriginal girl, by a "billabong" or water-hole.

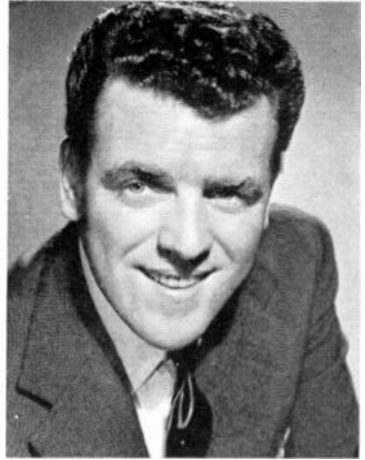
We are back in Africa for the picture above, for it was taken in Uganda. Michaela is inviting a beautiful crested crane to take a piece of fish.

The last picture shows our old friend the ardvark, whom we were always meeting in Kenya. He is a nocturnal animal, and uses those powerful claws to dig really large holes in the ground. Our safari cars have more than once fallen into ardvarks' holes!



EAMONN ANDREWS

*Answers the Question that
Everyone Asks Him!*



WHY do I appear so often on your screen? There's nothing complicated about the answer. It's even simpler than working out why a woman buys a new hat when she has six already or a man a new pipe when the rack is full. It's for the same reason you don't say goodbye to an old friend when you make a new one.

I stay in *What's My Line?* because it is my good-luck talisman. When this programme began in 1951, I was as good as unknown on television. Everybody knows that nowadays this show is practically part of the national background, and will always be associated with the pioneer days of post-war television. But we were not to know then, and I was venturing into the unknown.

Only eight weeks after its beginning I was on honeymoon among the mountains of Kerry in Ireland. One day I gave a walker a lift in the car on the way to Killarney, and you could have knocked me over with a very small leprechaun when he recognised me from *What's My Line?* It seemed like magic!

That was the first of many different impacts this programme was to have on my personal life. Is it any wonder I became attached to it? Yes, I do have a real affection for *What's My Line?* for it brought me luck. I could never of my own volition want to give it up.

Oddly enough, appearing in *This Is Your Life* is a direct consequence of the long life of *What's My Line?* Nobody, including the BBC itself, can be sure how long *What's My Line?* will run. Year after year it has been taken off, only to return in the autumn because of its steady popularity. But, of course, we have never been certain that it *would* return.

It was therefore advisable to be on the lookout for another and newer TV show. And it was because of this I said I would like to do *This Is Your*

Life. In fact, the BBC wanted this series to run weekly, not fortnightly as it does. I was very lucky when they met my wishes and ran it every two weeks, because I would have been unable to fit it in weekly.

The BBC, like myself, saw *This Is Your Life* as a good possible replacement for *What's My Line?* and, in effect, it is only because the public has continued to want *What's My Line?* that I have been appearing in both shows concurrently. But I must say, too, that *This Is Your Life* appealed to me and still does as the best television idea I have yet seen, as distinct from radio, stage or film ideas adapted for television.

Perhaps I should make clear here why I should be anxious to keep in tow with continuing TV programmes, ever riding the wave of TV fashion, as it were. Many people think that we who appear in television are on the BBC staff, with a regular pay packet whatever we do, much or little. Actually, few of us are, and I, like others, am a freelance, engaged as and when the BBC wishes for one programme or another.

We are self-employed tradesmen as much as the grocer who keeps the corner shop. If you, the public, tire of our goods, we must have new lines

Eamonn Andrews says he welcomed an invitation to play a leading role in children's television, seeing this as a challenge. In his Playbox programme trophies were awarded for young quiz victors.



This Is Your Life has given Eamonn Andrews unexpected reactions from people faced with evidence of their past. In the outstanding Diana Dors programme, the star's father, Mr. Peter Fluck, showed Eamonn a snap of Diana as a child.



to sell, if we are to live. Show business is fickle, and television no exception: programmes which may be good business this month may lose favour and be thrown out within a few months. And this is the position all the time.

Here, then, is the basic, bread-and-butter reason why I have to try out working in the newer TV shows. At any time, the old ones may dry up and put me out of business.

But there is another, and I think more important—even more worthy—a reason. Television is developing rapidly, and it wears thin rapidly. What you were doing on that screen, so freshly and with such apparent success, six months ago, may start to look dull and worn today. It therefore seems essential to me that any person working in television must always be willing to try new programmes, keeping in the forefront of the continual search for new ideas.

This, I must say, partly decided me to take the leap into my Saturday variety series, *The Eamonn Andrews Show*. But I was a long time deciding;



Partnered in this caper by Petula Clark, Eamonn whips up the fun in his children's show, Crackerjack. With him as well are Eddie Mendoza, Bert Hayes, Vikki Hammond, Jack Douglas, Joe Baker and "Mr. Grumble".

in fact, the producer of the series, Ernest Maxin, told me he wanted me in a variety series quite a year before you saw me in the first Saturday show.

It was Maxin's enthusiasm for the idea which finally pushed me into thinking that I should try to develop my work in this new field. I was helped a little by the fact that I was not as new to variety work as most people thought. Years before I ever saw a TV camera, I was working in variety. Indeed, my first engagement in British show business was on a tour of variety theatres with the famous band leader, Joe Loss.

The remaining part of my TV work is in children's programmes. This came about before *This Is Your Life* had arrived. At the time I was doing *What's My Line?* only, and the then head of BBC Children's Television suggested that I might like to appear in a series for the junior audience.

In this way *Crackerjack* and *Playbox* began their runs, as experiments and by no means intended for long runs. That they have enjoyed long runs is my good luck.

Again I was challenged to develop my craft as a broadcaster in a new

field, meeting the requirements of a different kind of audience. I felt that this was the kind of exercise I ought to attempt. In fact, children's television turned out to be one of the most exciting and stimulating fields I had worked in. We created a Children's Television Theatre for lighthearted entertainment, and we balanced it by producing slightly more serious material from the Playbox.

We paid our young viewers the compliment of presenting the shows on an adult level, and they were quick to respond. Children are as quick as adults to spot a mistake or point out what is shoddy, but quicker still to display warmth and generosity when you give them something they like. I won't pretend I wasn't tickled pink when toddlers who found my name unpronounceable addressed laborious but warming messages to Mister Crackerjack.

That's the way it turned out. But it began as an extension of my work, as a new line to stock on the shelves.

So perhaps you see now how TV broadcasters (or most of us) are in exactly the same precarious position as the shopkeeper or the ice-cream man or the circus barker, all of whom depend on the public for their living. We—perhaps I should say “I”—do not grouse about it. Maybe the

There was much comment when Eamonn Andrews went into spectacular variety on television. In the first of his big Saturday shows, he had an amusing and charming song scene with Jill Day and Yana.





It was as chairman of What's My Line? that Eamonn Andrews became famous. This back-stage view shows the panel most viewers remember best: David Nixon, Isobel Barnett, Barbara Kelly and Gilbert Harding.

insecurity in itself provides some of the joy of the game. We love the business, but we try to be wise in selling our wares so that the business will not drop us.

The fact that while one is able to attract trade, the money may appear "big" (when it is correctly publicised, which it rarely is!), has nothing to do with the principle of the thing—the freelance, one-man business risking all on keeping himself before the public as a saleable commodity.

It has been said to me, "Why worry? A TV personality's fee can buy him a nice fat insurance policy on which he can live in wealth later on." This happy notion overlooks the pertinent truth that a TV personality may fall out of programmes and become unemployed within six months from the date of taking out his insurance policy. How then will he keep up the heavy premiums?

Television is developing and changing with the same sort of speed we have seen in aeronautics and atomic science. All I hope is that what I am learning about it through working in these various programmes is fitting me all the time for some programme of the future, when *What's My Line?*, *This Is Your Life*, *Crackerjack* and *Playbox* have all passed away.

It may well have to be the sort of programme I could do from a bathchair!

HOW TO STAY IN TELEVISION

by

JACQUELINE MACKENZIE



FOR the *uninitiated*, the entrée into television is to write a letter requesting an interview. Duly you receive an answer stating a date and a place, and you go. You are interviewed in an office inhabited by filing cabinets, harrowed secretaries and inexhaustible telephones. You are told that an audition will be held sometime in the future—you will hear when.

During the intervening weeks, you rush round to your friends for advice. They tell you that you must be natural on the screen, stay relaxed and never make faces. If you intend to act, a variety of short sketches are recommended—dramatic, comedy, dialect. If you are an act, a variety of gimmicks are recommended. If you are a personality no audition is recommended.

Eventually the audition arrives. In my day I did it in a sound studio with no cameras. Mysterious disembodied voices told me to start, listened, told me to stop, and said “Thank you.” I eventually located a lot of women behind glass, sitting with their hands over their eyes. (I must warn you that my day was some time ago.) As a result of my histrionic solo (I intended to act), I was offered the part, in a play, of a silent dancer at a ball. Then a spate of stage-management jobs, which kept me firmly away from the cameras.

For the *initiated*, the entrée into television is to have a huge capacity for beer and to linger in the TV pubs. If the money lasts out, you might be offered a half-minute in a women’s afternoon programme, or contribute a noise in a commercial.

Having achieved a brief moment on the screen your ego is so inflated that you assume that you have “arrived.” At this stage it is advisable to buy the *Radio Times* and the *TV Times*. From these you note producers’ names and write to them, telling them the date and hour of the programme in which you took part. If they reply, they will tell you they didn’t see you:



"you apply humbly"

and you appear on a quiz programme. You are a riot because you are rude to a television personality "in vision," i.e. in front of the cameras.

The Talks Department are watching, and offer you an interview series at an astronomical figure. You accept and become a national figure. Newspapers beg for articles, and people who spend a great deal of time at dinners ask you to make speeches. By now you are too busy to appear regularly on television. The one thing left to do is an occasional play, but the Drama Department cannot afford you.

At this point you are at a crossroads. If you insist on remaining in the

"you are rude"



"you are decisive"





"your money pours out"



"you are precarious"

public eye, you will receive adulation and notoriety wherever you go: *but* your money will pour out on travel fares, tips and hotel bills. Not to mention paying for secretaries, press agents, managers, business agents, chauffeurs, servants, fan mail, photographs, clothes and laundry bills. Now, the only regular salaries at your precarious level are paid on the administrative side of the TV organizations. So you accept an administrative job.

You are mollified, at first, because your fares are paid by the company, so is your secretary, mail and hotel bills. Very little of your clothes show behind a desk, so it is merely a question of changing tops. Most of your salary goes on cigarettes; but that's fine, as all meals are covered by the expense account.

Your ego's appetite is satiated by issuing derogatory memos about your rival's performance on the screen. If you manage to triplicate your memos enough, you may sell a programme idea to an unseen body called "Programme Planners." They collapse under the storm of paper and give you some screen time.

At last you've come into your own. You decide you are going to conceive, direct and appear in your programme, all on your own. However, your secretary, in the last stages of exhaustion, suggests you request a staff to deal with the memo filing cabinets and the mass of programme

"you are speechless"





"your perspective goes"

own daughters. The technicians become a nightmare of frustration against your ideas.

You lose weight running from the control room, where you direct the programme, to your position in front of the cameras. You are so out of breath you are hardly audible. Sometimes you are speechless, because the camera breaks down and you have to run to another one, which is working, but out of focus. Visually this is not very complimentary. As you are not making any sound either, viewers switch to another channel. As a result, audience reactions are very low indeed and the programme ratings positively macabre. The programme planners, who have come up for air by now, take your series off the screen.

However, you have come a long way. You have had plenty of experience. You are at your peak. Astral powers in television decide you are fully equipped to interview more television addicts. You are transferred to another office, where you live with filing cabinets, harrowed secretaries, and inexhaustible telephones . . .

aftermath. She hits on the idea of a programme spot dedicated to the discovery of new talent. You agree and the programme is launched as *A. N. Other's Show*.

At this stage your perspective goes. Your small office becomes a suite in order to absorb the new staff, the filing cabinets and the talent spotters. You find your work is (literally) cut out, to keep all these people employed. Your new talent floods the already bulging market of mediocrity. You are obsessed by the floods of revengeful memos criticising your programme. You are persecuted by viewers in full cry, because Priscilla Bushwack is not as good as their

"you are transferred"



YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Joan and Leslie Randall



THEY are Mr. and Mrs. Randall on party invitations, but "Joan and Leslie" to viewers. And this, not because either claims more importance than the other in their happy TV partnership, but because the names trip more easily off the tongue that way.

It would be difficult, in fact, to find a TV couple better matched. Joan and Leslie, married in real life, spend their screen time facing up to domestic crises which would drive any ordinary couple crazy. Yet they take it all in their stride, or seem to, and the secret lies in their skill as true "pros" and a strong mutual sympathy. At their first meeting, however, playing in Darlington "Rep", Joan admits they came to hate each other. "I couldn't bear him!" she says.

How did their paths cross? Leslie Randall is 33. At 17 he was a teleprinter operator in Fleet Street. Not getting anywhere quickly, he joined the RAF and became a flight lieutenant. Out in Ceylon, he accepted the lead in *The Ghost Train* in airfield theatricals for a joke. Stage-struck from that moment, he took up acting seriously and after four years in repertory, found himself playing at Redcar. His wife-to-be was in "rep" also, at nearby Darlington. Falling in love with her from the stalls, Leslie got a job in the same company. But Miss Reynolds was cold, so Leslie left, not caring whether he ever saw her again.

Or so he thought, until some time later, her picture caught his eye in a show-business directory. He phoned her, they met, fell in love and married. With scarcely a penny between them they lived in a garret in Tottenham Court Road, London, until daughter Susan was born in 1952. Susan, they both agree, changed their luck. They got their ITV contract, worth over £7,000, a house, a car, and lots of work.

Joan, 27, is a twin, but her sister is as unlike her as twins could be. Yet they usually think alike. Often when they go out on separate shopping sprees they come back with the same things.

HEY, JEANNIE!—& CO.

Meet the Stars of JEANNIE CARSON'S Comedy Film Series

VIVACIOUS, red-haired Jeannie Carson, star of the BBC-imported musical "situation comedy" series, *Hey, Jeannie!* was to the theatre born and bred, but arriving at stardom was an uphill struggle. The daughter of theatrical parents, Jean Hardy was born in Pudsey, Yorkshire. Her father, Peter Hardy, was a widely-known comedian and writer, and her mother, Netta, an accomplished singer. She used to watch them perform, but her father was opposed to her seeking a similar career and refused to teach her.

World War II came along, and Jeannie found herself in Brighton at the age of 14, still aiming at a career in the theatre—"the only business I know." She tried such jobs as hotel maid, usherette and children's nurse, but the drab regularity of the jobs palled on her. Jeannie fibbed about her age and managed to get a place in a local chorus where she remained for several months until she joined ENSA. It was stringent training for a young girl, making one-night stands all over the British Isles, often flying under risky and uncomfortable conditions, to land on war-time airfields and give shows to the troops in makeshift buildings.

At the end of the war she was still Jean Hardy, and was working with a variety act she herself had written. It was then she changed her name. The change to "Jean Carson" seemed to change her fortunes, for shortly afterwards she made her West End début in London in two theatres almost simultaneously, having to dash by taxi to make her appearances in each show.

She played in pantomime at Sheffield as a principal boy—"I'm really not sweet enough to be a principal girl," she declares—then took up almost permanent residence at the London Casino. In September, 1952, she opened at the Saville Theatre in *Love From Judy*, and felt it was a flop for the first half. But a congratulatory note came from Noël Coward during the interval, and she went on to dazzle the audience, taking 14

curtain calls; the play ran 17 months. That role led to a film contract and to TV appearances in the United States. Those appearances won her the *Hey, Jeannie!* role with CBS Television.

With her husband, Bill Redmond, who is also her manager, Jeannie has rented a Beverly Hills home for her stay in California.

Al Harvey, the taxi-driver in *Hey, Jeannie!* is played by Allen Jenkins. In more than 230 films and almost 100 TV shows he has played virtually the same part, that of the "mug". Not that Allen has any complaints to make.

"Type casting," he says, "has been my bread and butter for most of my life. With one horrible exception, I've played nothing but mugs; some heavies, mostly sympathetic, but always mugs. I've been enough different taxi-drivers to man the whole fleet in New York. I've played dumb cops, petty crooks, sharpies, and gamblers. But always the same kind—mugs!"

After graduation from high school and a brief passage at night school, where he was studying marine engineering, Jenkins went into show business as a chorus boy.

This embarrassed his parents, who thought this was betraying his heritage; they were top-liners in musical comedy, and the chorus was pretty much the bottom as far as they were concerned. His mother had some pull with the American Academy of Dramatic Arts — his



Jeannie Carson, the red-head from Britain who became a leading American TV star. Born in Pudsey, Yorkshire, Miss Carson is now married and resident in the United States. Her parents live in Brighton.



Hey, Jeannie! was a successful TV series in America before the BBC brought it to British screens. In this scene with Jeannie Carson are Allen Jenkins and Jane Dulo, popular members of the regular supporting cast.

father had been an official of the Academy at one time—and she was able to get him a scholarship, which took him away from the chorus and into acting, where he has been ever since.

Jane Dulo plays the taxi-driver's sister. Few entertainers can have crammed as much variety of work into their lives as she has. Jane has been dancer, singer, musical-comedy actress and all-round comedienne. At 13, she wangled a job entertaining in a Baltimore night club by exaggerating her age. Throughout her early teens she appeared in clubs. Later, she got a job with a touring vaudeville unit. After that she met songwriter Benny Davis, and together they worked up an act for Jane which was well received in New York. Television followed, with parts in a score of important shows.

A confirmed skyscraper dweller, Jane has taken an apartment in Hollywood, while retaining the apartment in New York which she shares with a girl friend.



Jeanne Heal has frequently contributed to the field of social and human problems on television. Although she is a versatile interviewer, Miss Heal has become particularly well-known for her work with "difficult" and tragic programme subjects

Alfred Marks



ALFRED Marks first tried being funny in a professional way with sales patter at the Sunday-morning market in London's Petticoat Lane. "I didn't sell much," he says, "but I got the laughs." This slick but endearing comedian of radio and television was then only 14, yet for years he had been earning extra shillings at local concerts and dance halls, mainly as a boy soprano with the Boys' Brigade.

It is still his fine voice, both speaking and singing, that gives a gilt edge to everything he says or sings. The gags in ITV's *My Wildest Dream* are delivered as melodiously in their way as a comedy song, and his panto dames have as rich a rasp as his wisecracking guys in American musicals.

What is the secret of the boy from the East End who, as he says, left school with "negligible" education? Partly, at least, that he had the wit to get his voice trained at the Milan Conservatoire. That was in 1945. Alfred had spent four years in the RAF, finishing up as a flight sergeant in Italy. Servicemen were being invited to fit themselves for civilian life by learning a trade or profession. Young Marks, ever original, put in for singing lessons and, to his delight, was posted to Italy's great "nursery" of opera stars. Back in civvies, with only a trained voice and his £75 gratuity as assets, he started the round of calls on variety agents. Down to his last few pounds, and still without work, he applied to the Windmill Theatre. He got the job and stayed as resident comedian for nearly two years.

With six shows a day, it was the finest training imaginable. Soon he was winning BBC dates, first *Beginners Please*, then Henry Hall's Guest Night, and at length, in 1949, his own series, *Starlight*. By now, when Alfred Marks was thought to have "arrived", he astonished his friends by turning down West End engagements to go into *Montmartre*, a Brighton summer show. The decision proved a wise one, and fateful, too. The five-months' run established him as a new force in show business and also found him a bride: Paddie O'Neil, a member of the company. They were married in 1952, and now have a two-year-old daughter, Danielle Elizabeth.

YOUR FILL OF PLAYS

MICHAEL ACKWORTH *Surveys the Year's
Progress in the TV Theatre*

THE BBC and ITV between them screen about 12 hours of drama a week. This takes no account of the domestic comedy, detection and cowboy series, but is a tally of the periods devoted to complete plays, long or short. Before the advent of television nothing like this demand was made on the dramatist. No theatrical organization has ever had to carry so great and continuous a load of production work, with all its problems. Not even the greatest film colossus of Hollywood ever had to keep up such an output of dramatized fiction. Television at its present pitch requires over 600 plays a year, which means that somebody, somewhere, must produce getting on for two play scripts every day.

Everybody likes a story, and this is a basic human reason why plays are popular on the small screen. Even so, the output is now so great that the play which, for many a family, was once a rare treat, has now become nearly a commonplace. The viewing public is becoming more critical. The BBC's Sunday-night play, once a regular top-of-the-poll favourite, now oscillates between first and sixth place in the BBC's "top ten" of weekly programmes.

One of ITV's main contributions to TV drama has been the provision of filmed playlets, timed to 25 minutes, and often presented by or starring one or other of the growing number of Hollywood stars who are finding the mass-production of play-films for television a lucrative insurance against their perilous future in the cinemas.

The poor story quality of many of these playlets betrays the inevitable sacrifice of integrity on the mass-production line. This can hardly be wondered at when in one year a star producer engaged in this work frequently films 26 separate playlets.

For its other contribution, ITV has gone almost to the opposite extreme, making a striking exercise of its production of serious, full-

length plays, often of outstanding value. In fact, ITV has scaled the peaks of contemporary drama more regularly than the BBC. It has also produced some of the theatre's classics worthily, though on a lesser scale than the BBC.

There are some differences in technique between the BBC and ITV, when it comes to keeping the drama machine going. The BBC, though not as adamant about it as it was, still generally prefers to avoid the filmed play. It seems improbable that Lime Grove will ever film its main drama offerings of the week—the tradition of the live studio performance is by now almost sacred. For its longer and major plays, ITV also keeps faith with the live performance ideal when it can. But it does not hesitate to pre-film a major play if this is the only way of obtaining the stars it is determined to use in the piece.

On the whole, ITV is more determined to cast plays with leading theatre and film "names" than Lime Grove. Not only will ITV pre-film so that a star may work when he is free for the job; but the programme companies will also pay exceptional fees to gain a star's performance. The

Talking to Derek Bond is Arthur Hailey, a Canadian who wrote a TV play, Flight into Danger, in his spare time. An instant success, and shown by BBC, it took Hailey to Hollywood and into play-writing as a career.





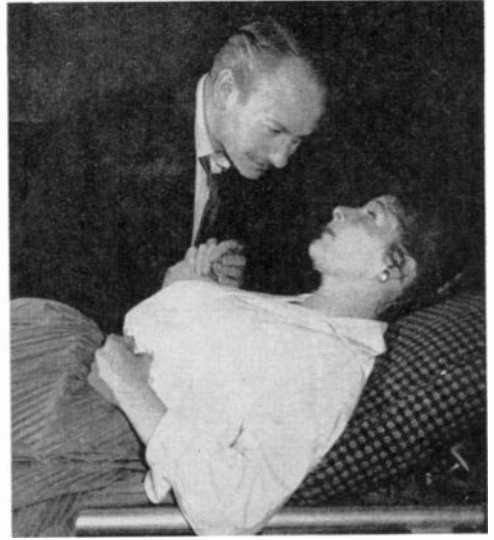
(Above) Shirley Eaton (left) took to BBC drama in His Excellency, playing with Glen Alyn and Donald Pickering. (Below) Two top TV favourites, Billie Whitelaw and Peter Cushing, made the thriller Gaslight grip.





*Renee Houston has moved into both BBC and ITV drama. (Above) Miss Houston with Meredith Edwards and Jill Williams in *The Day's Mischief*. (Below) ITV's *Dunce* had Heliane Bei and Till Kiwe in strong romance.*





On ITV Greta Gynt and David Langton appeared (left) in Electrode 93. (Right) David Kossoff with Adrienne Corri in the controversial thriller about a doctor, The Outsider.

BBC prefers to keep fees, even for stars, to a rational level, and avoids paying exceptionally high for the special case.

Using its longer-established and bigger resources, the BBC generally gives more rehearsal to its plays. Whilst building up its studio space and equipment, and working to necessary economies in its formative years, ITV just cannot afford time or money for rehearsal on the scale of the BBC.

All live TV plays are rehearsed first away from the studios, in rehearsal rooms. This preparation lasts from a week to a fortnight, and in the case of major BBC productions can occupy three weeks. Most BBC plays have two days' rehearsal in the studios with the cameras and scenery. But in ITV productions the general rule is one day only in which to achieve the all-important marriage of production with studio machinery.

No small part of TV drama work is the provision of scenery. Large premises are entirely devoted to this work, for both networks. The BBC's scenic department is the more ambitious, and has a large and growing permanent staff. Scenery is often made by contractors for the ITV programme companies, though each company is gradually recruiting more and more of its own scenic staff. Scenery-making for television is almost a subsidiary industry within the sprawling TV business.

The cost of live TV play production varies greatly in accordance with the differing circumstances of BBC and ITV organizations. But it is a



Farces direct from the stage of the Whitehall Theatre have been featured by BBC. Jane Steps Out introduced Ann Firbank (left), with Elspet Gray and Brian Rix.

reasonably safe estimate that the cost to both networks together is around £1,500,000 a year.

The captious viewer may be excused if he sometimes asks whether the results are worth the money. But he is part of the public which has shown itself wanting plays on television. The fewer in number, the better the quality, is a golden rule which would certainly apply here, if in fact it could be applied. But could it? Since TV broadcasting has been allowed to occupy so many hours of the week, material must be found to fill the screen. If we question whether drama should be so greatly relied on, we seem to come up against the basic question of what television ought to be used for.

There is little doubt that a greater proportion of information and actuality programmes would give a more consistent level of quality than the stream of variable plays, because such material always makes the most absorbing television. But it may now be too late to pursue this argument with any realism. In building up its TV policy the BBC gave drama a major place, partly because constitutionally and administratively the



BBC productions: (Above) Our Town, Thornton Wilder's famous play "without scenery", gave Heather Sears (centre) a triumph. (Below) A Woman of Property, based on a Victorian murder case, had this dramatic in-the-dock scene.





(Above) *The Survivors* was a BBC play set in the American Wild West. In the roles of brothers, Anthony Jacobs (left) faces James Maxwell, with George A. Cooper as barman. (Below) Donald Houston and Catherine Dolan in the BBC's *Under Milk Wood*, much-discussed play by the provocative Dylan Thomas.

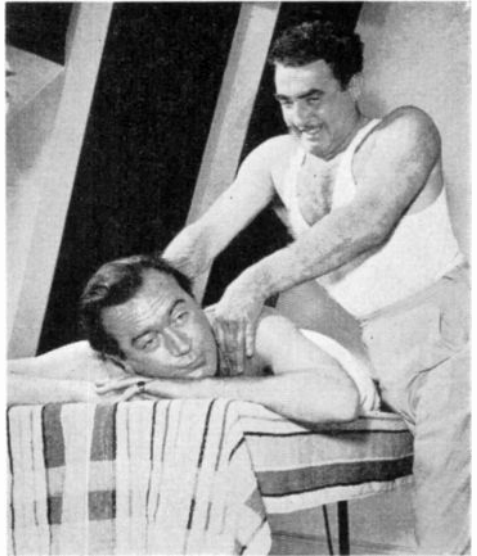
Corporation was patterning the new service on its sound radio service. The mistake, if any, was made then.

It is not generally remembered that in its earlier years BBC Television produced more drama at peak programme times than it does today, partly because the total output of drama was smaller. But looking back at some of those peak programmes, one wonders whether Lime Grove has lost the zest for experiment which then enlivened Alexandra Palace. Television was then quite uncharted, and obviously almost every production was experimental to some degree. But the medium is not static, and today's studio efficiency still leaves room for experiment. The trouble is that by now more facile ways have been found of filling screen time with dramatic pot-boilers, and there is a danger that this induces a false complacency among producers.

Certain it is that the first million viewers, in the immediate post-war years of television, had some memorable drama nights. Plays written directly for the medium brought a new experience in entertainment, exemplified by *Shout Aloud Salvation* and *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Adventurous production techniques were frequently wedded to outstanding star performances of a calibre very rare today.

One recalls Abraham Sofaer and Patricia Jessel in *Counsellor at Law*, Mr. Sofaer again in *The Gentle People*, and Irene Worth in *The Duchess of Malfi* and *Antigone*. Claire Bloom and Denholm Elliott gave memorable

(Left) On ITV, *The Silver Cord* had Denholm Elliot and Catherine Lacey in tense situations. (Right) On the same network, Dennis Price played a middle-aged film star seeking fitness in *The Age of Abandon*. George Mercado is the masseuse.



performances in *Martine*, supported by Maxine Audley who has been so busy in BBC Television this past year. *The Lady's Not for Burning*, with Alec Clunes and Pamela Brown, was another milestone.

Indeed, what dramatic verve and invention was shown even before the war, in those first three years of British television between 1936 and 1939! Viewers, then being counted in rapidly increasing thousands, had a young William Devlin giving a searing performance in *The Tiger*, a play about Clemenceau. For Edgar Wallace's *On the Spot* a bandit car was driven along the Alexandra Palace terrace, and real gun-battle enjoined!

Not for some time was there Sunday television, not for a while were full-length plays spanning 90 minutes risked. But the Sunday play and the longer time came together, marked by an epoch-making headline in the *Radio Times*: "Play That Lasts Ninety Minutes!" This was *Once in a Lifetime*, and it starred Joan Miller, pre-eminent as ever today.

The all but nightly presentation of TV plays today appears to be



Sarah Churchill, daughter of Sir Winston Churchill, went into ITV to star in the play, The Heiress. Here Miss Churchill rehearses a scene with Paul Daneman who played opposite her.

An old theatre and film favourite, The Trial of Mary Dugan was revived by BBC, with Constance Cummings in the lead (not shown in this scene). (Below) In the BBC comedy The Second Man, smart fun came from Judith Wyler, Errol MacKinnon, Jeremy Hawk and Helen Horton.



reducing the individual appeal of actors and actresses. The day of the TV drama star, whose appearance would mean a priority viewing date for practically the whole viewing nation, seems to be passing.

Among those who for some time held sway as *the* TV play stars were Peter Cushing, Jane Barrett, Patrick Barr, Irene Worth, Robert Brown, Arthur Young, Robert Eddison, Ursula Howells, Frances Rowe and David Markham. With the possible exception of Mr. Cushing, it is doubtful whether any actor or actress today has a magnetic hold on the viewers.

Whether this is a good thing can be argued many ways, according to viewpoint. In any one week, between 150 and 200 actors and actresses are working before the studio cameras or the film cameras for television. While it is said the public craves its idols, this constant procession of players of varying stature through the TV theatre is certainly a boon to the over-crowded but ever hopeful "profession".



TELEVISION LOOKS INTO A PRISON

In Prison was an outstanding and sensitive documentary programme, specially filmed for television inside Strangeways Gaol, Manchester. It opened up, more than anything before, the technique of using people's own words as commentary. Dennis Mitchell, the producer, interviewed scores of men and women serving sentences at Strangeways, and built up the commentary by using selected speech to fit the picture sequences.



(Top to bottom) *The exercise yard;*
locking up for the night;
at work in
the tailor's shop.





More shots from the film. (Above) Women prisoners going in from exercise. (Right) At work in the prison laundry. (Below) Sunday service in the chapel at Strangeways Gaol.



YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Billie Whitelaw



BILLIE Whitelaw, fair-haired and 5 ft. 2½ in. tall, has hazel eyes that change colour according to the dress she wears. By the same token we could say that Billie herself changes with the parts she plays. She is one of the most “natural” of all the younger TV stars today. Her secret, though she hides it from no one, is that she never learns her lines.

“I just go on reading the play until I’m absorbed in it,” she explains. “You’ll see me at rehearsal with the book in my hand long after the others are word-perfect. I never learn my part; it simply comes. Yet—touch wood!—I’ve never needed a prompt, never dried up!”

Equally at home on all TV channels, Billie Whitelaw first won her way to TV stardom in the difficult and delicate role of bride in the BBC’s *Pattern of Marriage* series back in 1953. At that time only recently married herself, to actor Peter Vaughan, she emerged brilliantly in a part calling for intelligence, sympathy, and the sort of intuitive sensibility above anything to be learnt at a stage school.

The truth, of course, is that Miss Whitelaw is an actress born. In 1944, at the age of 12, she was already broadcasting for the BBC North Region. She had, in fact, to leave two schools because the educational authorities objected to her radio work, and she finished up at a private “co-ed” school in Bradford. At 17, she played her first theatre part at Leeds Theatre Royal, then followed with a long round of “rep” seasons.

Billie’s meeting with her husband-to-be was when she and Peter Vaughan were playing in *Pattern of Life* at a small London theatre; their whirlwind engagement led to marriage only three weeks later, and life in a one-roomed flat with a table but no chairs. Even today, in a brand new flat near Euston Station, their furniture is sparse.

“We are both too busy for furniture-buying,” says Miss Whitelaw. “That’s also why my wardrobe is full of dresses I’ve started making and only half-finished.”

Besides television, Billie Whitelaw now does a lot of filming, which makes it increasingly difficult to do any cooking. Luckily her husband is not only an amateur cook, but a good one.

BERNARD BRADEN *Puts His Viewpoint on*

THE AGE OF THE VISUAL

or WILL TV EVER REPLACE THE HORSE?

THE alternative title isn't meant to be funny. Did you ever stop to wonder what television would do if they ruled out horses? Children would have to look at people in *Children's Hour* instead of *Champion*. Robin Hood, Hopalong Cassidy, Roy Rogers, Wyatt Earp, Marshal Dillon—all these fellows and a lot more would be out of work without horses. I didn't really intend to write an article about horses, but it amuses me when people in television refer so glibly to sound as "steam radio". They act as if they're so far ahead of radio, but when you really size up the situation, here's television just discovering horses years after radio gave them up.

As a matter of fact, I remember once taking part in a radio script where we needed the sound of two coconut shells being banged together. Our producer couldn't figure out how to do it, until two members of the orchestra brought a horse into the studio. It sounds just like coconut shells being banged together. The producer was amazed. He'd never seen a horse before: he only knew about coconut shells.

The trouble with television is that if you want the effect of a horse, you can't use coconut shells. You've got to use a horse. And it's got to be the *right* horse. I mean, in radio you could talk about a white horse, bang a couple of coconut shells together, and all the listeners would *see* a white horse. In television not only do you have to use a horse, it's got to be the right colour. The script says the hero has a white nag, for instance. If somebody makes a mistake and sends a brown one it has to be white-washed on the spot. That means you have to cancel the next Saturday-night Slapstickular, because there isn't time to get more whitewash. Even if you *do* get the whitewash, I'll lay ten to one it doesn't look as good as the white horse you imagined for yourself on radio.

It's the same with people. Do you remember that tall, thin character with the piercing voice on radio's *Goon Show*? You could listen to his



In The Biggest Thief in Town, Bernard Braden went on ITV as straight actor in a play he produced himself. This rehearsal-room picture shows him with Carl Bernard and Fred Johnson.

voice and know exactly what he looked like. Ever seen him on television? It's fat old Harry Secombe. Of course, they disguise his age with make-up. They're pretty clever with make-up. I'd say, give or take a year, Secombe doesn't look a day over sixty on television; but on radio you could listen to that voice and believe the man was in his early fifties. Bob Monkhouse, on the other hand, sounds about eighty on radio, whereas on television you take one look at Monkhouse and . . . well, maybe that's not a very good example.

I was talking about this only the other day to Spike Milligan, and he said something that impressed me tremendously. I asked him, in that forthright way I have, "Do you see any future in television?" He thought it over for—oh, it must have been a tenth of a second. Then he said, "Not for you."

However, to get back to the subject, or the horse-rat race . . . The only person I know who uses a horse on television without it being seen is Arthur Askey. Well, it's not really a horse, but more of a Shetland pony, and Arthur stands on it all through his shows. It's the only way he can get on speaking terms with Sabrina. Arthur calls the pony "Camouflage," but the studio attendant has another name for it.

Another thing about horses in television, they have to have stand-ins.

Back in radio, if a horse died you just got a new pair of coconut shells and nobody knew the difference, but for a TV programme you audition all these horses and you finally pick out a nice little dapple grey, just under fourteen hands, with a diamond-shape blaze on the forehead and a map of Czechoslovakia on the left hind fetlock, and you *cast* this horse. You give it the *lead* in a Series. Ten weeks later the horse gets a swelled head because the show's been pretty successful, starts throwing these temperamental tantrums, and dies in a fit of pique. *Where* are you going to find another horse—a nice little dapple grey, just under fourteen hands, with a diamond-shape blaze on the forehead and a map of Czechoslovakia on the left hind fetlock?

I was talking to a horse about television only the other day. He's not all that impressed with it. He said lots of times he'd rather read a book. I told him that was nonsense, because anybody who'd ever talked to anybody on television or films knew that about the only thing they ever said was, "One picture is worth a thousand words."

"I went into that," said the horse. "When you watch a film, you're seeing twenty-four pictures every second. Theoretically, then, every second of a motion picture is worth twenty-four thousand words. I've seen whole films that took all their length to say one word."

"Very clever," I told the horse, "but we weren't talking about films, we were talking about television."

"That," he said, "is a horse of a different colour."

A successful pair of Canadians, with Devonshire and Irish family backgrounds, the Bradens contribute a variety of talents to British television. Both Barbara Kelly and Bernard Braden have run new series during 1957.



INDEPENDENT TELEVISION NEWS

by ROBIN DAY



If you were asked what you think has been the most important result of two years' commercial television, what would you say? I would say it is that for the first time in many years a new national daily service of news has been brought into the homes of the British people.

Until September 22nd, 1955, the nation was served by the newspapers each with its own angle on the news, and by the BBC with its stern, unbending interpretation of truth and impartiality. Then came ITN—Independent Television News Ltd., which was set up jointly by the commercial programme contractors in 1955. The Act of Parliament which established the ITA laid down that its news service must be presented with due accuracy and impartiality. The BBC was under a similar duty. But for ITN this was not enough. We had to start from the point where the BBC news had stood still.

ITN was determined to present the events of our time, not merely as bare facts but with humanity and humour and a spirit of enquiry. Newspapermen may say that they were doing this long before ITN was ever heard of. But Fleet Street has always been free to brighten its pages in ways denied to ITN. The Press can speculate and attack; ITN cannot, because the Television Act says so. ITN has therefore attempted something entirely new in British journalism and broadcasting: to combine the vigour and brightness of Fleet Street, while at the same time adhering strictly to a duty of accuracy and impartiality imposed by Parliament.

Aidan Crawley, who was Editor for our first few months, laid down the broad lines of the revolutionary ITN method. His successor, Geoffrey Cox, appointed in May, 1956, has developed and tested these ideas during a time when the news has been bigger and more dramatic than at any time since World War II. There was Hungary, Suez, the testing of H-bombs, the debunking of Stalin and the resignation of Sir Anthony Eden.

It was during the Suez crisis that ITN met its severest challenge. British



Essential to the newscaster's work is a complete understanding of the news to be put over, says Robin Day. In an ITN newsroom, he studies the background to the news of the day.

troops were in action. Political opinion was passionately divided, and the clash went deep across party lines. In a crisis like that the man in the street might have turned to the BBC, on which he had learned to rely so much in wartime. There was no evidence that he did so. ITN covered the Suez controversy and the Port Said occupation in its own vigorous style that yielded nothing to the BBC in fairness and responsibility. The Port Said coverage led to *Roving Report*, in which ITN branched out for the first time into the news-magazine field.

The distinctive characteristics of ITN will be well-known to regular viewers. The most immediately obvious, though no more important than the others, is the "newscaster". This is the word, imported from America, to describe the man who looks at you and tells you what the news is. The newscaster's job is first to understand what he is talking about—to be interested in it and to get that interest across to people sitting in their homes. To put it across clearly and convincingly, he must be himself. He must talk in his own style, his own words, and when there is any fun to be had, with his own sense of humour. That is all that is meant by being a personality.

The newscaster must come across as a personality, but this does not mean that he should have an ingratiating smile, an elaborate wardrobe, odd looks, eccentric habits, or that he should throw his weight about. If a newscaster becomes a "personality", in that debased sense of the word, he would cease to be any use because people might turn on the news simply for him and not for the news itself. Or they might turn off. But he should be a personality in the sense of appearing as a real person genuinely alive to the significance, tragedy, or humour of the news, not simply a news-reader with orders to be as impersonal as possible. As I have used the word, personality should not distract from the news. On the contrary, it can give it added meaning, clarity and conviction.

Under the editorship of Geoffrey Cox, the newscaster system has been taken an important stage further. The man telling you what the news is has also been sent out with the cameras to gather the news, to get interviews on the spot, as well as in the studio. This adds to his authority when presenting the news, quite apart from giving him a refreshing change from sitting behind a desk night after night under the studio lights.

New methods of presentation, however refreshing, would have been useless without a new approach to the news itself. From the start, ITN has worked on the principle that it is not only the powerful and the famous who rate a place in the programme but also the unknown people who get *Sometimes the mere fact that a particular person is interviewed on television makes front-page news. An example was Robin Day's Cairo interview with President Nasser of Egypt.*





Big and dramatic news in 1957 tested the direction of ITN by Editor Geoffrey Cox, seen discussing a Roving Report plan with Robin Day.

into the headlines only once in their lives. That's nothing new to Fleet Street, but it was unheard-of in British news broadcasting. ITN's brilliant news editor, Arthur Clifford, whose job is to plan each day's news coverage, has nosed out hundreds of human, provocative, out-of-the-way stories for the cameras to cover. Clifford's motto: "Do old things in new ways".

Do you remember when Norman Dodds, M.P., accused some workmen of laziness? In an early experiment which helped to get going the ITN method of realistic reporting, Mr. Dodds and the men thrashed it out together with no holds barred. The *Observer* TV critic, Mr. Maurice Richardson, commented: "Five minutes which made any of the organized free speech programmes seem like kissing-in-the-ring. . . . Viewers got a slice of life." And even Mr. Bernard Levin of the *Manchester Guardian* emptied the vitriol out of his ink-pot and filled it with honey: "Here at last was pure television, television as it ought to be. . . . For five minutes the screen looked in on life and came alive."

When Mr. Duncan Sandys, then Housing Minister, went down to the East End of London in 1956 to start a slum-clearance drive, ITN strolled with him through the streets and had mikes and cameras on as he knocked at doors and said, "I'm your Housing Minister. I've come here to tell you about. . ." Reactions of the East-Enders ranged from polite shyness to



Thirty-eight seconds to go before Robin Day starts reading the news. And a last-minute report is coming to him on the telephone, as an assistant waits to receive studio instructions.

plain hostility. And millions saw a Cabinet Minister as more than just a name and a face.

Death on the roads was a problem hard to handle in a new way. Handouts, posters, statistics, Commons statements—we'd had them all for so long. So before Whitsun ITN got the Minister of Transport out on a main road to the sea and the traffic flashed by. The Minister talked and pointed and shook his head. We confronted him with drivers and cyclists. He appealed to them to take it steady, to come home alive. They squared up to him and asked for something to be done about better roads.

Stories like these have brought drama, sadness, happiness and laughter to the ITN programmes, but never at the expense of the tremendous international and political issues which statesmen have had to tackle in the last two years. On the contrary, ITN's treatment of these issues has earned a reputation for boldness and imagination. A direct and incisive style of interviewing has been introduced into television. Politicians and public men have been asked the questions which need answering, not soft-soap

questions which do nothing but encourage soft-soap answers. In our interviewing we have set out to be pointed and searching, but not rude. A rude interview is a bad interview, if only because it obscures the issue.

This style of interviewing is not a gimmick. It is television's way of getting at the truth. It serves another purpose, too. It is the most effective way to bring out both sides of the question when a person holding controversial views is included in the programme. It combines good television with fair play. This does not mean an interview should become an argument, any more than counsel in court should argue with a witness.

Preserving a fair balance is only one part of the TV interviewer's responsibility. Sometimes the policy of the man he is interviewing is extremely well-known, although he is not familiar to viewers as an individual. Archbishop Makarios is an example. It is especially important in these cases that the interviewer should design his questions so as to bring out the character and personality of the man he is dealing with. In our interview with Archbishop Makarios after his release, the question was twice put to him: "Would you approve of renewed violence in Cyprus if negotiations come to nothing?" No new statement of policy emerged from the Archbishop's answers. But as Mr. Percy Cudlipp put it next day in the *Evening Standard*: "Makarios answered evasively, but revealingly."

Some people think that not much can ever be expected from a tele-

"And that was the news at eleven o'clock . . ." The newscasting job is over, Robin Day scans his watch to check that he has run to time, and takes a well-earned drink.



vision interview except a glimpse of someone's personality. The American columnist, Mr. Walter Lippmann, commenting on the famous CBS interview with Mr. Krushchev, wrote: "The real reason for interviewing public men on television is not to communicate news, but to reveal what they are like." I don't entirely agree with Mr. Lippmann. What he says is sometimes true when political leaders come before the cameras armed with cautious or evasive replies. But TV interviews do make news. My own interview with President Nasser in Cairo, during which he asked for friendlier relations with Britain, made front-page news and pictures all over the world.

I always think of news interviewers on television as having three different things to do. Two of these I have mentioned: to bring out the issues in a controversial situation, and to reveal the personality of the person being questioned. The third is in fact his basic task, to get information, to get *news*. The television interviewer must be ready to vary his approach. He will not always be dealing with a burning issue or a world-famous personality. He may be simply asking some unknown, inarticulate person what happened when the trains crashed, or the floods came. He may be asking unemployed men how long they have been out of work. In this sort of interview a gentler touch is needed. Questions should be spontaneous and sympathetic. If the story can be told without the interviewer butting in, better still.

ITN reporters have gone far beyond the formal question-and-answer-type interview. Reporters and camera crews have thrust right into the middle of events as they were happening. Strikers have been interviewed at mass meetings and in the crowds outside factory gates. When there has been big news we have gone out to sample the views of the man in the street, in the Mile End Road or Downing Street. This isn't meant to prove anything, but it catches the mood of ordinary people, their anxiety and their gaiety, their bewilderment and their excitement.

ITN even allowed humour to creep into a news programme during a national crisis. In certain quarters this would be regarded as bordering on the profane. On the night Mr. Macmillan became Prime Minister a young man in a deerstalker hat spoke to ITN reporter John Hartley among the crowds outside Number 10. Hartley told the young man that Mr. Butler had not been appointed. "Oh dear," he replied, "they won't like that at Bristol University."

No matter how well the newscasters and interviewers do their job, in the end it is the pictures taken by the cameramen that matter most. The more film you get in a TV news programme the nearer it is to perfection. TV news is seeing it happen, not just hearing how it happened. It is the anxious look on a Cabinet Minister's face, a policeman at the ready in



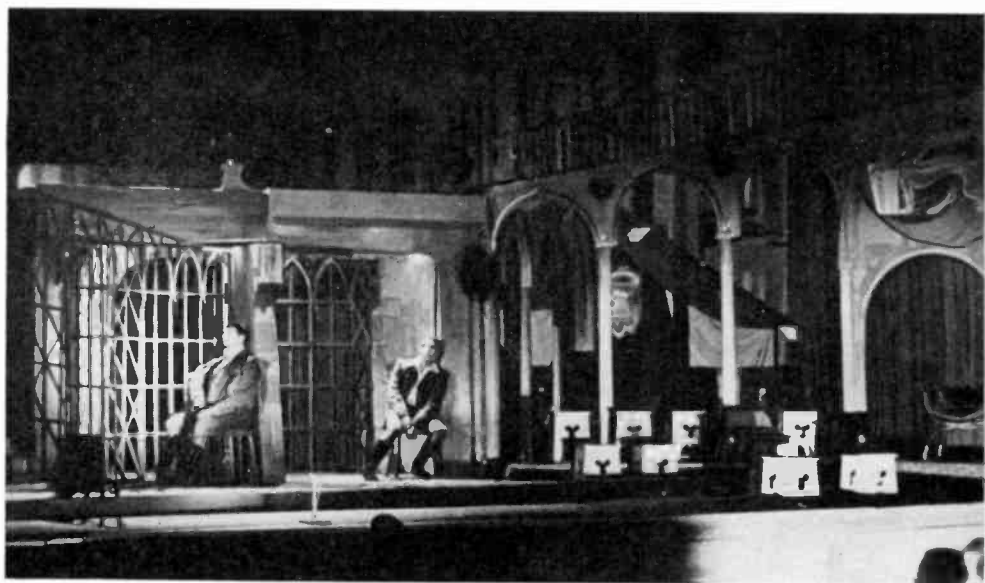
Out and about on reporting jobs, Robin Day works in close co-operation with ITN cameramen. Here cameraman Cyril Page, one of the pioneers of the BBC's old TV Newsreel, is with him on an ITN assignment.

“Murder Mile” in Cyprus, a refugee child on the Hungarian border, a shattered building in Port Said.

But not all news can be covered by the cameras. Cabinet decisions, late news from abroad, court cases—these things can be reported only by word of mouth, though they can be illustrated in various ways. Cameras are not yet admitted to Parliamentary debates, but I hope the House of Commons will not resist this chance of raising popular interest in its proceedings in the same obstinate way that it resisted the reporting of debates by newspapers in the eighteenth century.

However small the newscaster's contribution may eventually become as film coverage grows, a lot will always depend on him. If big news breaks two minutes before transmission, it can come only from the newscaster. Within a few seconds he must be ready to give it the right emphasis and meaning, and to tie it in with the news he already has. If he fumbles or lacks a grasp of his material, or doesn't sound very interested, he spoils the combined effort of the team who get the whole programme on the air, the technical staff, the cameramen, the film editors, the producers, the sub-editors. He is the man viewers get to know. If they get to like him, so much the better, but it is more important that they should have confidence in him.

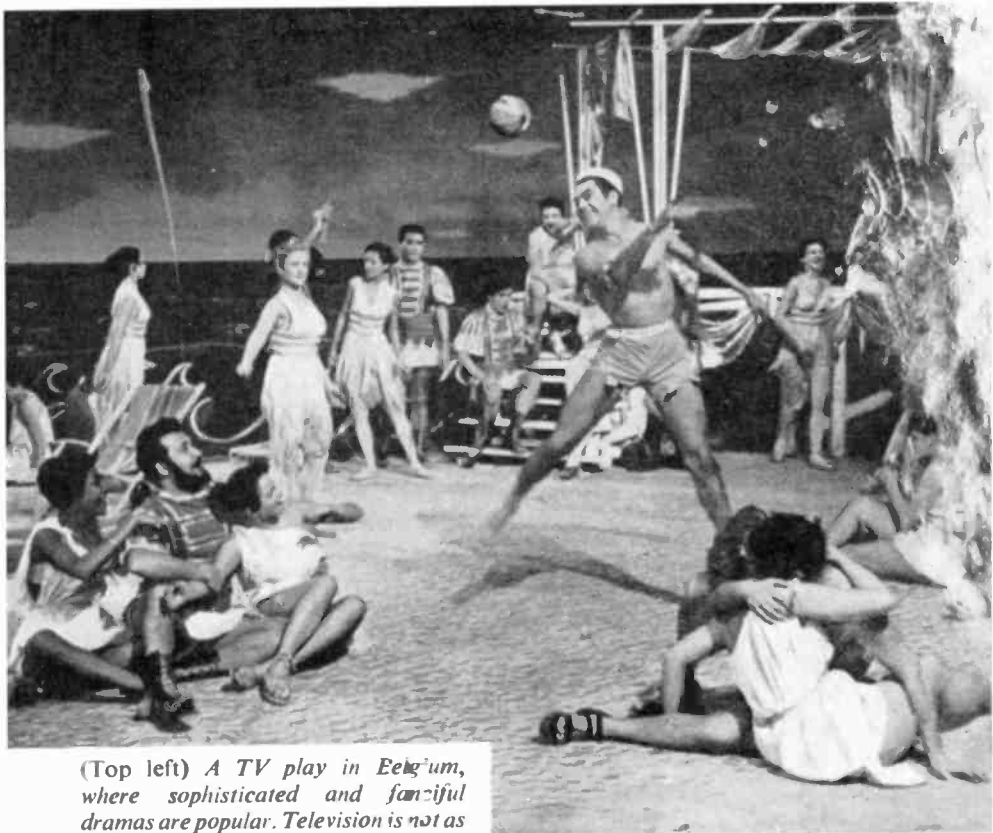
One can only do one's best. I remember the charming lady who came up to me on the Underground one morning to say: “I *do* like the way you do your news. You don't look as though you believe a word of it.”



GUESS WHERE?

THESE are scenes from TV productions in various parts of Europe. In many countries there is striking development of the national expression in the artistic production of television. See key to pictures on opposite page.





(Top left) A TV play in Belgium, where sophisticated and fanciful dramas are popular. Television is not as varied as here, and still has to expand its hours of transmission. (Bottom left) The Germanic style of drama and scene design. In the Baden-Baden studios, the war experience of this part of Europe finds expression in TV drama. (Above) Though looking like a Roman holiday, here is the free Gallic spirit of French television. (The scene is from a Paris studio production of *La Belle Helene*. (Right) A Bavarian studio's treatment of a scene in a very English story: *David Copperfield*.





YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Max Jaffa

“RELAX with Max” would be an apt slogan for the type of musical programme, easy on ear and eye, which Max Jaffa has made peculiarly his own. No wonder BBC Television, wishing to soothe viewers’ nerves after the rigours of the Sunday-night play, chooses Max and his Trio (Reginald Kilbey, cello; Jack Byfield, piano) for *Music at Ten*. By the same token, Max was a “natural” as Carole Carr’s first guest in her *Country Club* series. Max can relax, too, to the point of absurdity with Jimmy Wheeler in Eric Sykes’ *Pantomania* and is not above a musical sparring match with Fred Emney.

Only those who have knocked around a bit know the true meaning of relaxation. Max Jaffa is living proof of this. In the war-time RAF he was a bomber pilot, a perilous occupation which broke into a musical career starting at 13 in the orchestra pit of a London silent cinema. At 17 he became leader of the Scottish Symphony Orchestra, then made his name in the “café society” playing which was interrupted by the war. After demobilisation he studied for a year under an eminent violinist to recapture his sense of touch.

Max uses a Guarnerius violin valued at £2,000. The date 1704 is still plainly readable on the original label.

Married, with a daughter also married, Max Jaffa was born and bred in London and now lives in a flat near Broadcasting House. Music is his main hobby, and the caller lucky enough to catch him at home between rehearsals and broadcasts and TV shows is more than likely to find him in his own gramophone library listening to recordings of the great violinists.

He also has a passion for pedigree motor cars, preferably those of between-the-wars vintage. He argues that as they never go wrong they work out cheaper in the long run. At present he owns what he calls a “modern” Rolls-Royce, dated 1939. To Max it is a treasure comparable with the Guarnerius violin.

Compere of the BBC's Tonight,

CLIFF
MICHELMORE



Assesses the Needs of his Job

"Dear Sir, I am fourteen. I have been in two school plays. I would like to be a television interviewer. How do I start?" That letter arrives in my office a dozen times a week and is one of the most difficult to answer!

The broadcasting profession, both TV and radio, must be the only one with no fixed channel of entry, no recognized field of training. We come from universities, from Fleet Street, the Services, the sports field. My wife, Jean Metcalfe, always says she is only professionally qualified as a secretary. I possess papers only to prove that I am a trained aeronautical engineer. Yet by different routes we have all come together in the exciting, exacting, often exasperating, never tedious world of television.

Then how can one advise these young hopefuls on beginning such a career? Well, a degree of literacy makes a good start. You would hardly believe how misspelt, halting and illegible many of these letters are. It's odd how many people, who wouldn't dream of attempting a plumber's job or a doctor's, think that *anyone* can conduct a TV interview. An eminent trade union official put his finger on it when he said to me, "We have one thing in common, you and I. They all think they could do our jobs better than we do."

Qualifications, then, are hard to define. But it is easy to list qualities which are *not* essential. It is not necessary to have looks, hair, a polished voice or manner. Even a good memory is not indispensable. You've heard of actors writing their lines on their cuffs? In television we have our wheezes too, such as small pink or blue cards—white shows up too clearly on the screen—palmed in the hand, and names inked on our fingernails, which must leave the viewer with the impression that interviewers are constantly admiring their manicures. Martine Carole once told me, "Sex is not essential to a film star. *But it helps.*" You might say the same of a TV memory.

On *Tonight* you may have noticed that I often refer quite unashamedly

to notes. The producer does not mind and neither, it seems, do you. To me this is a sign that television is coming to terms with its audience. No one is bluffing anyone any more.

Your memory, then, is something which can be assisted. For the rest, everyone would give you a different list of the qualities which television demands. I offer these.

The ability, and willingness, to learn comes first—and last. This is a medium which is constantly changing and developing. To survive, a performer must be prepared to change and develop with it. The more you know about the art of interviewing, the more you realise there is still much to learn: when to pursue a point and when it is best left alone; when to ramble and when to hustle; when to sympathise or probe or argue. Most difficult of all, when to *wait*, to sustain a pause longer than you thought you dared. These are the times when silence becomes tangible and the camera is a monster which will spring unless you feed it. These are the times more often than not when the unsuspected side of a personality suddenly flares. Once, during an interview with Derek Ibbotson, the four-minute miler, I was about to break a long pause when he unexpectedly blurted out, “Of course. I only went in for the race to get a ticket for the athletes’ dinner in the evening.”

All these things come with experience alone and you can buy experience only by paying the price of criticism. From the beginning I have been fortunate enough to work with producers who were willing to pay their share of that bill by giving me my inexperienced head.

I worked for a long time on a magazine programme called *Westward*



Tonight, the BBC programme which gives Cliff Michelmore a nightly stand, brought the veteran Sophie Tucker to the studio. She gave a warm and lively interview to Derek Hart.

Cliff Michelmore at home with his radio-famous wife, Jean Metcalfe. The two knew each other first only as voices, linking Britain and Germany in a Forces request record programme. Miss Metcalfe is the popular Woman's Hour commere.



Ho! That series was as valuable to me as a year at a technical college is to a craftsman. There I learned what every old hand will tell you: that the screen must be dominated by the interviewee, not by the interviewer, and that a TV screen cannot stretch to contain a swollen head. There too the mysteries of filming began to unfold. Did you know, for instance, that a whole day's filming can result, after cutting, in only three minutes of material on the screen, and that this is much, much more than the cinema people expect to achieve?

No one has taught me more about interviewing than my present producer on *Tonight*, Donald Baverstock. He hands out praise and blame with equal liberality. I am grateful for both.

The second essential quality is something you cannot learn, and that is liking people. By that I mean liking people in general, not particular people you would choose in any case. It's hard to tell if you have this quirk until you have your first hundred interviews under your belt. There are some you will discover who simply do not want you to like them. I shall always carry the scar of a five-minute interview with a certain visiting statesman who four times made the same enigmatic reply, "That question is not framed in the mould of my thinking." Perhaps you saw that interview and suffered with me; it was the longest five minutes of my life.

All interviewers agree that it is the truly great who make our job the easiest because they have kept their humility. The two Messrs. Matthews,



Behind the TV screens, Cliff Michelmore has worked as scriptwriter and producer. He produced the children's game programme, Question Marks, pictured here, with Peter West officiating.

for instance: Stanley, who is the most modest man I know, and the incomparable A.E. We greeted "Matty" on his 84th—or was it really his 87th?—birthday and he disarmed us all by casually dismissing questions he didn't fancy with, "I don't think much of that one. What's next?"

Film stars are difficult material if you want to scratch beneath the surface of publicity hand-outs and reach the personality beneath. Julie Harris, however, was one shining example and articulate exception. She, bless her, had to ask the accompanying film executive the name of her latest picture. Then there was the indomitable "Satchmo". I anticipated this session with the great Louis Armstrong with some trepidation, but he put me completely at my ease by talking non-stop in the car all the way to the studio and throughout the ten-minute unrehearsed performance. His is one autograph I am not ashamed to have collected.

In choosing television for a career you must realise that you are shouldering an "old man of the sea" whom you can never shed. You will be at the frequent disadvantage of strangers who hail you when you are clipping the front hedge or hiding in a bistro in Paris. That "old man of the

sea" demands a fresh shirt and tie every day of the week. He gives people you have never seen before the feeling that they are entitled to walk up to you in a pub and tell you your ears are too big. He requires you to give up much of the free time you rarely get to opening fetes and presenting cups; and let me say here, the majority of us do not do this for money.

There is just one more quality which seems to me essential if you are to get by. On television it is often the quickness of the mind which deceives the eye. Whether your intellect is large or small, your brain must be a fast worker if you are to turn a mistake into an advantage. You can never be sure, you see, that you may not introduce a film of a political party congress and have the chimpanzees' tea party turn up instead; that Donald Campbell will not turn up in a suit identical to yours because you go to the same tailor; that the poltergeist in whom you've been showing an obvious disbelief will not manifest itself loudly in protest by rapping on the studio floor. These things have happened. They could happen again.

If none of this has deterred you from wanting to become a TV interviewer, then have a go. Wilfred Pickles did—and look where he is now!

Some of the Tonight team in the studio. (Left to right) Producer Donald Baverstock; West Indian singer Cy Grant; Janette Fairer, secretary; Cliff Michelmore; and actor Jonathan Miller.



A FABULOUS EFFORT

KENNETH BAILY *Describes the*
Massive Organisation Behind Today's
TV Programmes

TELEVISION in 1957 is a major operation, the cause of ceaseless activity every day among thousands of people in premises throughout London. The viewer who ever gives a thought to the machinery that produces his programmes probably thinks only of a studio with a few technicians performing the necessary operations to make artists visible. But to visualize properly the sources of television at any moment of the day one has to think of no fewer than 30 studios. In these, for most of the time, there are always people at work. In some, the immediate programmes are being rehearsed. Scenic settings and lighting arrangement are being made ready in others. Other studios are in the hands of maintenance engineers, and some, of course, are occupied by the programme actually being transmitted.

In fact, there are now not enough studios to house all the artists engaged on TV work on any one day. Casts rehearsing for future programmes have to work in rehearsal rooms scattered all over London. There are now more than a score of these, hired out to the TV producing organizations in all kinds of premises: church halls, youth clubs, ballrooms, gymnasiums, schools, and rooms over public-house bars. Apart from this work on "immediate" productions, there is the rapidly growing film world of television. To make filmed serials and documentaries, an increasing number of film studios, large and small, are being used in London or just outside. In all these various premises, on any one day, anything from 150 to 300 artists will be at work preparing TV productions.

The cost of all this, for the BBC and ITV together, is now amounting to £20,000,000 a year. Yet the artists account for but a small fraction of this sum. In fact, the actual programme material (performers, scripts, etc.) in BBC programmes account for only £44 out of every £100 spent.

Behind the artists who appear on the screen is a complex network of



(Above) Using a rehearsal-room chair, Eileen Way and Philip Ray work out a dramatic incident in the ITV play, Affair at Assino. Rehearsal-room dramatics are shown also (right) with Adrienne Corri struggling from a sinister Raymond Huxley. This was for ITV's The Cask of Amontillado



administrative and service departments, both in the BBC and for ITV. One heavy and unremitting demand of television is for scenery, and scenery-making has become a round-the-clock industry within the TV industry, run on a production-line system. With film being used more and more, the film departments are expanding rapidly, as witness the occupation by the BBC of the whole of the famous Ealing Film Studios, solely to house the filming work now required by the Corporation. Engineering and other technical departments, transport departments, and even catering sections, are also continually expanding.

Linking all spheres of activity are the administrative sections that watch, organize and check this unwieldy, expensive and sometimes temperamental octopus which is being bred by the need to fill 50 hours of screen time a week on both channels. The programme-makers themselves are critical of this ever-increasing administrative machine, and it is a fact that in the BBC and ITV centres in London about 1,000 offices are now filled with executives, of varying grades and power, and their secretaries and assistants.

The chief danger of administrative over-staffing must be to clog efficient creative work in the studios, but whether it exists or not, arranging and producing all kinds of TV programmes must inevitably be a complex business. The plays you watch cannot even be scheduled for screening until all manner of copyright problems have been solved. Who has to be paid for the script, and who has a financial or permissive interest in it? There is the author, of course; but his copyright may involve film and theatre entanglements as well. The play cannot be cast until three or four busy, and possibly cautious, stars have been found not only willing to play the roles offered, but also agreeable to the fees, and free of theatre and film work over the fortnight necessary for rehearsal. Even casting supporting players is now a longer job than it once was, because the duplication of activity provided since the coming of ITV absorbs more and more actors and actresses in work.

On the light entertainment side television touches off bewildering and sometimes bizarre operations that involve comedy scriptwriters, variety entertainers' agents, dancing girls and their trainers, bands, vocal groups, choirs, songwriters and orchestrators. The scriptwriters, these days often working in temperamentally-tested pairs or groups, may be said to burn their collective candles at both ends, attending rehearsal by day and writing up new ideas or revising old ones half the night. (There are nothing like enough comedy scriptwriters, and neither side of the TV producing world has really found the men, the time or the system capable of spotting and grooming new writing talent.)

The more energetic of the variety artists' agents keep producers'



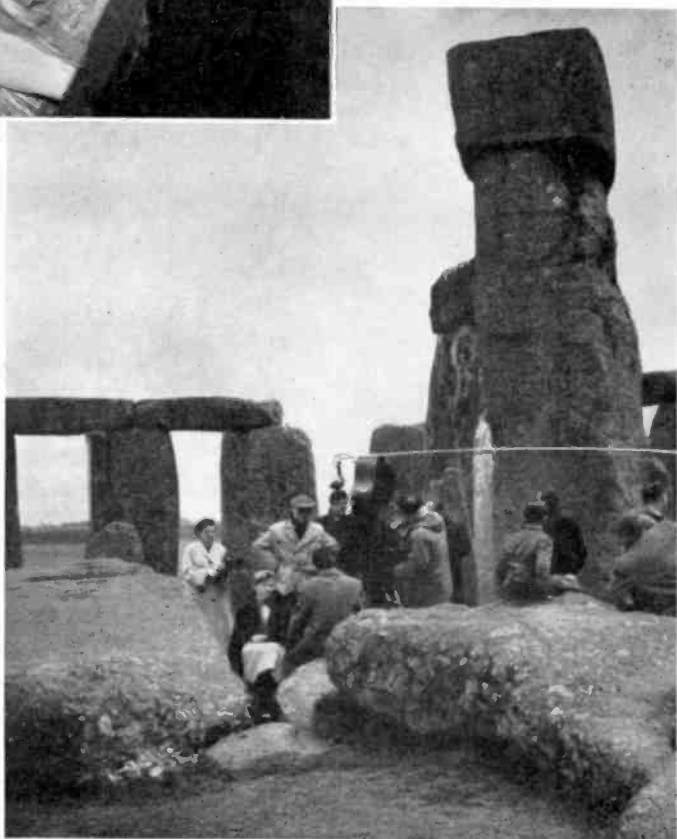
(Above) Viewers of the ITV domestic-comedy series *Joan and Leslie* would hardly recognize Joan Reynolds (second left) and Leslie Randall (right) in this rehearsal. (Below) Rehearsal model is studied by Eric Porter, Edward Chapman and Daphne Anderson, for BBC's *Jonathan North*.





Actress June Thorburn receives coiffure attention from an ITV make-up expert during the dress rehearsal of Gertie Maude. All plays have two weeks' rehearsal in premises outside the studios. Dress and camera rehearsals in the studio precede transmission.

For the BBC comedy Do It Yourself, film exterior scenes were shot at Stonehenge. With microphone boom and camera amid the ancient relics, star Jill Bennett (sitting) receives instructions from director Alan Bromly.





Outside the BBC rehearsal rooms at Television Centre, Pat Kirkwood and her husband Hubert Gregg chat with Kenneth Baily, Television Annual's Editor (right).

telephone bells ringing, trying to sell new performers, new voices, different-looking girls, acrobats and jugglers with new gimmicks, and the rest. The agents of the established stars keep producers waiting while skilfully juggling the probable advantage and disadvantages (mostly financial) of permitting or not permitting their clients to appear in TV series. The various lines of dancing girls are always tripping in and out of rehearsal rooms, changing their jobs or their collective names, while their trainers work themselves out in trying to devise routines never before seen on the small screen.

The band-leaders argue at long meetings with producers about money, orchestrations and rehearsal hours. The band players keep up an ever-changing pattern of working shifts between various bands under various "personality" leaders. The vocal groups make hay while the TV sun ripens their recording contracts; and the choirs appear to spawn at about the rate of a generation a week.

On the outside-broadcasting side a very different kind of operation is always being pressed forward against time. Advance planning is vital here. Events to be covered, places to be seen, celebrities' homes to be toured,

ceremonies and religious services to be followed—all must be fixed as far ahead as possible. Yet sameness must be avoided; outside broadcasting events should be varied in any one week. The selection of coming occasions and ideas works hand in hand, in planning, with exact deployment of resources available. Six weeks in the future, where will mobile cameras and their crews be placed? Can a unit move from here to there in time? And will the right commentators be available?

As tentative O.B. arrangements harden to certainty, negotiations begin with authorities or individuals who have the say in facilitating TV-camera operations. In the case of sporting events, agreements must be made about the time of coverage, the number of hours of coverage, and the number of times the sport may be covered in a year.

Invariably, surveying teams go out in advance to ensure that the often considerable “circus” of O.B. vehicles can gain proper access to the site. Permits have to be obtained to move over land, to erect aerials, to tap electric power. Arrangements must be made on occasion with the Post Office to provide landlines. Often accommodation must be found and booked for the O.B. team.

Tests must sometimes be made with equipment to make certain that pictures can be sent over terrain which for some reason is hazardous to the passage of TV signals. Sometime during the 48 hours before the broadcast, rehearsals on the site will begin, with experiments in the deployment of cameras, the positioning of microphones and the selection of what to show and of what to disregard.

At first sight it may appear that the informational features in television, including talks, discussions, news and documentaries, should be simpler to produce. Expert speakers and reporters are available, and it would seem only a matter of getting them to a studio or filming them. But the right experts may not be available at the right time. Opinions may also differ as to which expert is best, in any case. The subject matter of the informational programme may be dynamite to the political world, the medical world, the educational or indeed to any other world.

What to say, what to show; what to avoid, and where to lay emphasis—all these questions pose themselves. They lead to conferences. Experts, authorities, interested parties, have all to be met, and their opinions and reactions gauged. Film units may have to be sent anywhere in the world to take pictures that will illustrate the information or discussion to be projected.

In the case of news programmes, whether BBC or ITV, world coverage must be maintained, through staff cameramen and reporters, through TV and radio organizations abroad, and through numerous other contacts. Planes have to be chartered to get film back; fast cars and motor-cycle



Early rehearsals include script discussions around a table. Preparing for ITV's Alfred Marks Time above are Kenneth Connor facing Alfred Marks, with Paddy O'Neil between, and Simon Kester on Mr. Marks' left. (Below) A film unit makes preparations for shooting another episode in ITV's popular Emergency Ward 10, with Jill Browne and Rosemary Miller.



despatch riders kept at the ready. Late shifts and overtime must be worked in film-processing laboratories.

When a documentary programme is being mounted, whether it is a film of real people, or a dramatization using actors, weeks of research into the subject matter have to be undertaken. People in, around and on all sides of the subject must be interviewed; documents, reports, back files of newspapers scanned. And again, interested parties have to be met; prejudices, axe-grinding, special-case pleading, caution, officialdom, all have to be dealt with cannily.

These, then, are the sheer day-to-day operations necessary to keep TV programmes on the screen from one hour to the next. And behind them unremitting thought, negotiation and executive action go on all the time in a larger sphere of television; for this new medium has to develop its living space, its working procedures, its manners, in the complex organization which is modern civilization itself. The "statesmen" of television sit in council, go to meetings, and study reports; they are the men at the top, in BBC and ITV. They are, for instance, perpetually dealing with the conflicting demands television arouses in the many trade unions representing



Dancers are a feature of TV light shows, and they keep the rehearsal rooms buzzing as new routines are worked out suited to the small screen. Here Mavis Ascot and Janet Ball of the Tommy Linden dance team take a rest.

Popular singer Lita Roza is seen here in a rehearsal interlude with Digby Wolfe during preparations for Sheep's Clothing, a BBC series devised to present the young comedian discovered by television.



its variegated workers, including even Continental unions when Eurovision is concerned.

They are constantly needing contact with Government officials, Ministers, and occasionally with the Cabinet itself. The status of television as a medium of communication in democratic government is always under review, if not on the TV side, certainly by the political parties. The top men are also faced from time to time with the moral questions of television: the problems of religion on the screen; censorship, prudery and "advanced" thinking; whether children's television is all it should be; the arguments about "too much" television or too little . . .

Every kind of national organization and every kind of special pressure group is continually at the heels of the TV chiefs, jealous of the powerful searchlight of television over their preserves.

All the time, these top men must plan for the years ahead. The money television needs—ever more of it—must be found. For the BBC chiefs, the Government must be persuaded to permit a second BBC television programme. For the ITV chiefs, advertising on the screen must be made to pay, not once, but for ever, and if possible to ever-increasing profit.

Television is practically a microcosm or miniature reflection of our civilization. A first-class TV boss today should have the qualities of a good Prime Minister. He rules a kingdom embracing most of our current problems and most kinds of people; he holds in his hands a power hardly comprehended, even yet, by any of us.



YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Eric Sykes

ERIC Sykes is funny on the screen, but even funnier off. That has always been his own peculiar and poignant variation on the "comic-wants-to-play-Hamlet" theme. "I make more money writing scripts," he says, "but I'd rather be a performer."

We all have our sorrows, but this one wouldn't worry many people if, like Mr. Sykes, they could net a Val Parnell contract for £13,000 to write 26 Saturday Variety scripts for ATV. Yet Eric's friends confirm that he gets a warmer feeling appearing as panellist in a modest TV quiz game than ever he did turning out those fabulous scripts for *Educating Archie* or alternating weekly with Spike Milligan in writing the *Goon Show*.

Goonish he undoubtedly is, tarred with the same twisted brush as Milligan, Secombe, Sellars and Bentine. The hand that drops off when you shake it, the ring of a phone that's not there—such round-the-bend tricks (with no bend in sight) are the very stuff of goonery on which Sykes thrives; but with it all, he has a touch of warmth and humanity that helps to make him among scriptwriters one of the best-liked as well as best-paid.

Born in Oldham in 1923, Sykes was working in a joiner's shop at 14, then as a painter, greengrocer's assistant, office boy, and storekeeper in a cotton mill. In 1941 he joined the RAF as wireless operator, then got his first taste of show business in a camp revue managed by Flt. Lieut. Bill Fraser. On demobilisation he got a job with Oldham "Rep" for a time, but was hard-up and hungry when, in 1948, he offered Frankie Howerd a script for *Variety Bandbox*. It did the trick. No more ignominious retreats to Oldham. Eric could now call himself a professional scriptwriter.

About six years ago he was sent to hospital with a mastoid. During his six weeks there, still writing scripts for *Educating Archie*, he fell in love with his Canadian nurse, Edith Milbradt. Married, with two daughters, they now live at Weybridge, Surrey, in a large house with an acre of land and a swimming pool.

Eric Sykes once wrote his scripts at any odd time on any old paper with any old pencil that lay around. Now he works regular hours and uses a typewriter.

THE BATTLE FOR YOUR FAVOUR

by HOWARD THOMAS,
Managing Director of ABC Television

PLACE: Britain's wavebands.
TIME: 7 hours a day, 7 days a week.
OPPONENTS: ITA v. BBC.
STAKES: Millions of pounds.
PRIZE: Admittance to your home.

It is the most expensive game of chess ever played, a matching of wits between a handful of men with millions to spend. And the prize? You—and your viewing habits and buying habits. For this is the Battle of British Television, the tussle for supremacy, the struggle for the flick of your channel switch.

Up to September 1955 the BBC had a clear run. Unopposed, they put on what they liked; in fact, sometimes it was said that BBC Television was more concerned with pleasing itself than pleasing its audience. But the opposition opened up two years ago, with the first rounds fired by Associated-Rediffusion and Associated TeleVision (ATV) from London. Five months later the Midlands came on the air and ATV spread northward and were reinforced by ABC Television. Three more months went by and Lancashire went on the air, ABC spreading to the North and being joined by Granada Television, both companies expanding into Yorkshire in November. From 250,000 London homes capable of receiving the ITA service in September 1955 to 5,000,000 homes in Britain by Christmas 1957!

The key question was whether Britain would accept the "commercials." They were not only accepted but enjoyed, and the jingles and cartoons especially are as entertaining as many of the programmes.

ITA went all out to be a light alternative to the BBC, but at the beginning the BBC did little to change its course, and made few concessions. The result—a predominance of 3 to 1 for ITA over BBC in every

home where receivers permitted a choice—was revealed by the research figures of both parties. The ITA's TAM figures and the BBC's Audience Research figures, checked by door-to-door sample calls, were closely comparable.

Late in the day, perhaps after too long a delay, the BBC began to fight back. They brought in new blood, lured back some of the bright boys who had left them for richer pastures, and sent programme scouts with dollar cheques to the United States. American filmed series had helped the ITA, so the BBC bought American series, and at the time this article was being written the BBC was offering up to three hours of American film on Saturday nights. The battle has been joined. Strength for strength, money and resources, skill, showmanship and experience; everything is now thrown into the struggle.

The BBC had the initial advantages of television experience, trained staff, studios and equipment, and a huge revenue, with a gross income of £20,000,000 from licences only, as well as useful extras like the £1,000,000 profit from the *Radio Times*.

The commercial contractors lacked television experience, but during those first two gruelling years they learned, painfully and expensively. Yet all the contractors had rich experience of showmanship and public tastes in

Ambition, an advice-on-careers series by ABC Television, had journalists Percy Cudlipp, Ursula Bloom and Noel Whitcomb, as well as a number of provincial newspaper editors.



The Granada ITV company imported comedian Alan Young from America for their series Personal Appearance. Scoring high with British viewers, this comedian had won Oscars for his American TV shows. Born in England, he was reared in Canada.



other fields. Associated-Rediffusion coupled overseas commercial-radio knowledge with the might of the *Daily Mail*. Associated TeleVision had Val Parnell and Prince Littler, with their life-long experience of the theatre, and in time added the *Daily Mirror's* power to their Board. Granada brought the showmanship gained in operating some of the best-run cinemas in Britain. ABC had this, too, plus all the skill of making films like *The Dam Busters* at Elstree, and news and documentary films at Pathé.

Yet all the contractors had to build or acquire studios, persuade manufacturers to allocate equipment earmarked for export. Then they had to recruit staff, some from the BBC, some from films, some from Fleet Street, and electronic engineers from industry. And there was no income, apart from the capital the contractors raised to go into business. Facing the contractors was an essential order of events. First they had to spend at least as much as the BBC to provide programmes more attractive than the BBC; then they had to encourage viewers by the million either to convert their receivers and aerials to receive the ITA or buy new receivers; and



Highly successful innovation in TV quizzes, the Criss Cross Quiz won viewers to ITV. It had Jeremy Hawk, seen above with two contestants, as its master of ceremonies.

finally, having won this audience, they had to “sell” the audience to advertisers in sufficient numbers to justify manufacturers spending money to reach this public.

All this was done. As soon as a large enough audience was “exposed” to TV advertising there was a resulting impact on sales, and commercial television was established as a worthwhile advertising medium.

So the revenue began to flow into the ITA companies, until today they have as much to spend on programmes as the BBC. The disparity remains in resources; for the BBC, with its dozens of studios and outside-broadcast units, its regional offices and its 13,000 staff*, is still better equipped than the ITA contractors with their two sets of studios in London, one in Birmingham, and two in Manchester, and a combined staff strength of 3,000. But by economical use of all their resources the ITA companies’ comparative smallness in relation to the BBC is not noticeable on the viewer’s screen.

By mighty effort the BBC has managed to make a tiny reduction in the ITA’s 3:1 domination of the wavebands; but every month, as the ITA’s 5,000,000 viewing homes creeps towards the BBC’s 7,000,000 (including

* This total includes 8,000 working in sound radio. The radio staff can be regarded as a resource for BBC Television, since it will in time be absorbed by the TV service to a large extent.—EDITOR.

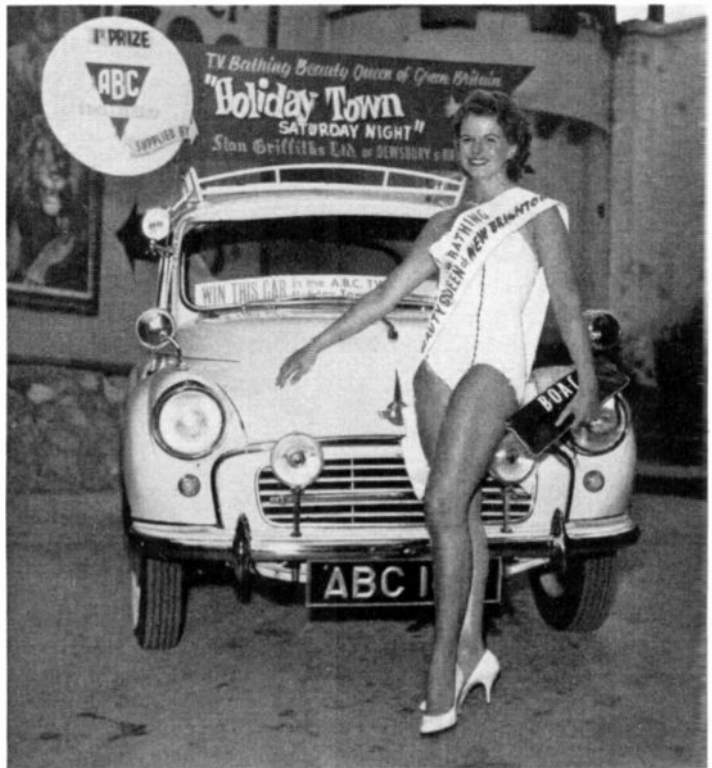
areas beyond reach of ITA transmitters), the BBC's nightly audience grows less.

The importance to the ITA contractors of an increasing audience must be obvious. The more people reached, the more attractive television becomes to advertisers. But why should the BBC worry? They get the licence revenue, and the ITA gets none. It does not affect BBC revenue if the ITA audience is ten times as great, or if the BBC audience dwindles to nothing. The ITA charges to advertisers are based on a scientific calculation as to the actual audience reached at any given hour. Such considerations do not affect the BBC. Why then the consternation at Broadcasting House and Lime Grove?

Every ten years the BBC's charter comes up in Parliament for renewal. Suppose there is a proved public preference for ITA, then why should all viewers' licence money be paid over to the BBC? Or, more practically, why not reduce the licence fee? This is the real threat to the BBC—that ITA may reduce them to a minor position in television, and the Government might decide the BBC should have a lesser income, to match.

So the battle goes on. With their sheets of daily programmes marked out hour by hour, BBC programme planners try to fight the ATV/ABC

Holiday Town Saturday Night was a summer series ABC Television attraction, featuring a bathing-beauty contest. Here, Marilyn Davies, New Brighton winning beauty, appears with the motor car which was won by the grand final winner.



Sunday-night combination of London Palladium and *Armchair Theatre*, by lightening the BBC play and placing it earlier. ABC and ATV throw in *The 64,000 Question* and *Hour of Mystery* against the BBC's Saturday-night comedy hour. BBC buys America's *Wells Fargo* to pit against an ITA Western.

The men in Broadcasting House and Lime Grove, headed by Gerald Beadle, Cecil McGivern and Kenneth Adam, match wits in this expensive game against Associated-Rediffusion's Paul Adorian and John McMillan, ATV's Val Parnell and Lew Grade, Granada's Sidney and Cecil Bernstein, and my own ABC executives. This is no battle of pounds and shillings. Between them, BBC and ITA companies are spending £80,000 to £100,000 a *day* on programmes. Perhaps £2,000 to £4,000 per *hour* is spent on artists, writers and musicians. Who can spend most effectively, which are the real stars, the best combinations, the presentation methods that *you* will prefer?

All this is for you, bringing you a choice, and offering more carefully planned programmes than when television was a monopoly. And your tastes are ever changing. Today's favourite is tomorrow's bore. Where is

Poking fun at Army life provided the comedy material for ITV's The Army Game series. Viewers followed the antics of (left to right) Geoffrey Sumner, Michael Medwin, Alfie Bass and Charles Hawtrey.





In the Manchester studios of ABC Television The Joe Loss Show was mounted, with its Howard Keel Singing Contest. (Left to right) Dennis Lotis, Joan Edwards, Howard Keel and Joe Loss.

the exact point at which a popular programme begins to pall? The programme planners' job is to anticipate your change of taste months before you do, and then take the programme off the air before you will *not* want it.

Trends have to be watched. The sharp and sudden fluctuations of star values are reflected in sales of records, theatre appearances, mail requests. Cinema receipts show variations in audience preference, especially the rapid decline and fall of fads like "rock 'n' roll." The American market is often a useful indication of what Britain will like, and song sales, box-office figures, etc. are carefully studied here. Even so, American crazes, like calypso singing, sometimes fall flat in Britain, and success in the United States is no guarantee of a hit over here.

In some ways it is a gamble, but a calculated gamble, to assess public taste. I do not think any of us deliberately try to play down to the lowest common denominator. The fascination of the "game" is in the prospect of being able to guide public taste and to try to give people something better than they think they want. The trouble for all of us in this intricate business of catering for your whims is that the public never knows what it wants—until it gets it.

David Jacobs



DAVID Jacobs, with more than ten years' sound-radio experience behind him, is one of those TV artists who take the lead rather like a Grand National winner on the second circuit of the course. In the last year or two

his stature as a screen personality on both BBC and Independent channels has increased enormously. He has scored as compère in BBC shows like the Festival of British Popular Songs and in ITV's *Make Up Your Mind!*

To everything he touches he brings an enthusiasm which is decidedly catching, plus a coaxing manner and a sense of fun which might have been his downfall but proved a blessing instead. That was in the days when, at the age of 21, he was the BBC's youngest overseas newsreader. Twice, he recalls, he was so amused by the items he was reading that he burst out laughing. Taking the lenient view, the Corporation decided he would be better placed in some less serious department of broadcasting. Soon he was compèring *Housewives' Choice*.

By then, however, David was already an old hand at the microphone. During wartime service in the Navy he became senior announcer at Radio SEAC (South-East Asia Command) at 17, later succeeding McDonald Hobley as chief announcer. While at SEAC he met Charles Chilton, whose famous *Journey Into Space* radio series years later gave Jacobs scope for 20 different speaking parts, including that of a Martian.

For his compèring job on *Make Up Your Mind!* David Jacobs might have been hand-picked by a connoisseur. No auctioneer at an antiques sale could be so friendly and debonair, yet so non-committal, as David when asking the contestants whether the object on view is worth more or less than the sum fixed by valuer Arthur Maddocks. For David is himself a connoisseur. His home in Roehampton is stuffed with antiques, he and his wife both being ardent collectors.

But there are young things in the Roehampton home, too—their three children: Carol (aged six); Jeremy (three) and Joanna (one). Only one of their rooms is “contemporary”, and it is known as the TV den.

Broadcaster, TV personality, art collector and family man, David Jacobs still finds time for ice-skating and yachting.



Two young people, up and coming in the TV firmament. Michael Holliday, who has been butcher's boy and ship's steward, and Edna Savage, a former telephone operator, have both won fame with "pop" songs.

THE BIRTH OF A BABY

BERYL RADLEY *Recalls Some Highlights of
her BBC Series, Having Your Baby*

IT was the first morning's filming at the hospital that really brought home to me the difficulties of the job I had undertaken. It was 9.15 a.m. Our lamps were in position, ready at the touch of a switch to flood the large hall with electric light. Cameraman Ken Higgins and his assistant, Tony Leggo, had their cameras loaded and the tripod placed so they could film expectant mothers as they came through the door for their appointment with the hospital. Philippa, my secretary and continuity girl, was "at the ready", list in hand, to explain to mothers what we were doing. It was strictly agreed between ourselves and the hospital that no one should be photographed without their written consent.

Then it happened. The doors opened, and the mothers surged in. And all our carefully pre-arranged camera shots went by the board. There was nothing for it but to get our pictures as and when we could. And that is how it went on for the whole fortnight that we were in the hospital.

Two weeks isn't long in which to shoot film for 12 programmes, and in that time we hoped to cover the whole story of pregnancy and birth as seen through the eyes of the mothers-to-be attending the hospital's maternity department. Looked at from the hospital point of view, however, a fortnight is quite long enough to have a producer, her secretary, two cameramen, two lighting men, and innumerable cables and lamps, meeting them at every turn, in the wards, in the classes, on the stairs and along the corridors. I shall always be grateful to the hospital staff for the kindly tolerance with which they greeted our more extreme requests, and the active help they gave whenever it was in their power.

This deadline of two weeks for the filming dictated the nature of the programmes in several ways. Obviously we couldn't follow the story of one mother; that would spread the filming over nine months! We had to tell the story of all the mothers who happened to be there when we were



Mother-to-be packs to go to hospital. This BBC series for women was devoted to the modern care of pregnancy and birth.

filming. But to provide human interest, we would feature one particular woman within each programme. We could not have sound film, either, as the technical complications would be far greater than we could manage in the time. The film had to be silent and a commentary to explain things had to be dubbed on afterwards.

But what looked at first like hampering restrictions turned out to be blessings in disguise. The knowledge that they could talk freely and naturally, without having to weigh their words for a huge unseen audience, made doctors, physiotherapists, sisters, midwives and mothers-to-be behave exactly as if we weren't there. They went their own way. We caught what we could in the camera's eye,

The result was a degree of naturalness and realism very hard to obtain in a more elaborate production. And the fact that there was no one carefully selected mother and her baby to be the stars of the series was not all loss. Perfectly ordinary mothers, not specially chosen ones, were the stars of these programmes—and every baby is a star anyway. Together they were people with whom our afternoon audiences could identify themselves. “That’s just what happened to me!”—“I know exactly how she’s feeling!”—“What a dear little mite! Isn’t he wonderful? Reminds me of our Tony when he was a week old.”

As producer I had qualms that some mother might resent the TV

cameras filming some of the more intimate moments in the hospital's work. There was the afternoon, for example, when we were in the post-natal clinic. The hospital with its usual care and consideration provides a room where mothers may breast-feed their babies while waiting for the doctor's examination. I walked in wondering what sort of reception I should get if I asked to bring in the cameras and film them on the job. They were sitting spread out in a circle and all, without hesitation, willingly agreed to being filmed.

The cameras were brought in, the lights set up and I decided we should get the best picture by taking a little group of three, on one side of the circle. To my dismay the four other mothers, as soon as they realised they would not be in the picture, got up and walked over to the empty chairs near the other three. It completely spoilt my grouping, but I couldn't disappoint them. The result was a rather ugly semicircle of seven women, all of them feeding their babies.

The mothers took everything in such good part. I remember the day we were in the lying-in ward, for example, filming them at their midday meal. We had a splendid long shot of the trolley arriving, the mothers sitting at table beginning to eat as the plates of stew were served. But to get a good

The father-to-be, his wife and the midwives in the labour ward. The programme, in 12 instalments, was filmed at University College Hospital, London.





The mother with her new-born baby. TV film cameras had watched the birth, and viewers saw all but a few moments.

close-up of individuals we had to remove their dinners once again and ask them to start eating a second time as the plates were served. Somehow the plates got mixed up, so that as we took our close-ups they were confronted with their neighbour's half-eaten stew instead of their own. Those close-ups turned out to be among the gayest we had in the whole series.

The most difficult problem of all was, of course, the filming of the arrival of the baby. The first step was to find a patient who considered the work of the hospital, and the purpose of the series, more important than her own natural reticence; and not her's only, but her husband's as well, because we wanted to illustrate the hospital's practice of allowing husbands, where it seems helpful, to remain with their wives throughout labour.

In this, as in everything else, we were advised by hospital officials and eventually a couple was approached. After careful thought they agreed, on condition that they, like everyone else in the series, remained anonymous, and on a promise from me that we would not show the actual moment of birth on the screen, though we would be filming the last stages of labour in the delivery room, and the moments immediately after the baby's birth.

So, with a couple chosen, a delivery date known, we stood by for a phone call to summon us to hospital. But plan as you will, no baby will work to a schedule, and for 13 days we remained on call. I now know what it feels like to be "an expectant father". My husband always said it was worse than being an expectant mother! I had plenty of time to imagine things. Supposing the baby came so quickly that we could not get the team there and the lights installed in time? Supposing the mother decided after all she couldn't bear to have us in the room? Supposing there were complications and we had to be turned out . . .

At last the call came, and the whole network of carefully-laid schemes went into operation. As one might have predicted, the baby was born in the middle of the night. But he was a fine healthy baby and I do really believe that father and mother were so caught up in their own happiness that they quite forgot we were there. All I can tell you is that when I showed them the film many weeks later, they looked at it with all the eagerness of seeing something for the first time. When it was over they turned to me and said, "It's like seeing him for the first time. Like that first happiness. Could we see it again?"

Proud father kisses his wife as she cradles the new addition to their family. The father was shown together with the mother throughout the birth scenes.



HE LOVES LUCY!

All About That Husband-and-Wife Team,

DESI ARNAZ *and* LUCILLE BALL

EYES flashing with pride, and with elaborate arm gestures, Desi Arnaz each week gives a pat introductory speech, accompanied by orchestral fanfare, to the studio audience of the *I Love Lucy* show. "And now," shouts Desi, "I want you to meet the star of the show, the mother of my children, my favourite wife, my favourite red-head—Lucille Ball!" Lucille runs to the front of the stage, takes a couple of quick bows and then goes back to await her first entrance, leaving the limelight on Desi.

Lucille Ball has taken great pride in seeing her husband blossom out as an executive TV producer. She has seen him develop from a fair actor into a star performer, and watched him become the guiding hand of various business enterprises known under the name "Desilu".

It took a revolution in Cuba and the Second World War to lead Arnaz to the position he holds today as Ricky Ricardo in the comedy series, *I Love Lucy*, and Desilu's boss. The Cuban Revolution of 1933 destroyed his family's wealth and position in that country and drove them to the United States. The World War produced a broken kneecap for Arnaz during basic training and placed him in limited service to provide entertainment for the troops after his recovery. The experience convinced him that his path to fame was to lead his own orchestra.

Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y de Acha, the Third, was born in Santiago, Cuba, in 1917, son of the town's mayor and grandson of one of Cuba's heroes who rode with Teddy Roosevelt. Desi's mother, Dolores de Acha, was considered to be among the ten most beautiful women of her time in Latin America. Three ranches totalling 100,000 acres, a palatial home in the city, a private island in Santiago Bay, speedboats, a fleet of cars, a yacht and a racing stable were all at the command of the youthful Desi during the pre-Revolutionary days. His father, after eight years as Santiago's mayor, was made a member of the Cuban Congress in 1932.

Arnaz's personality is as vibrant as the music he has made famous. Friendly and direct in manner, with dark brown eyes and black hair, this ambassador of good will from Latin America is a man of accomplishment in other fields. He is an avid fisherman, he rides and swims expertly, and his tennis game is the envy of his San Fernando Valley neighbours, who include Alan Ladd, Francis Lederer, Jack Oakie and the Andrews Sisters. A good cook, he specializes in such tempting dishes as ginger beef and bouillabaisse. One of his great delights is his 33-foot cabin-cruiser; Arnaz studied navigation and received his skipper's licence several years ago.

Hollywood put Desi in his first film in 1939, and he married his leading lady in that picture—Lucille Ball.

Those who know Lucille personally are in agreement on one thing: she should have been an army general. She manages to manage everybody and everything and cleverly directs the smallest to the biggest decision affecting her work and her career. She has been described as a "paradoxical mixture of impulsive anger, emotional generosity, extreme sensitivity and amazing brashness. And her mind is a filing cabinet for all the things she has experienced."

On the set of *I Love Lucy*, she keeps mental tabs on everything that is transpiring; she knows just where every prop is placed and what all the supporting players are wearing—because she helped choose their costumes. Then, in the midst of all this supervising, she'll suddenly turn extremely feminine and give effusive and well-meant thanks to any gentleman within earshot who has done some courteous or thoughtful thing for her. Or, even more woman-like, she'll faint dead away when the going is beyond her physical resources.

Being "on the ball" is no novelty to Lucille. At the beginning of her career she almost lost her life in a road accident, and was told that she would never walk again. It took her eight months in bed and three years of persistent effort to reverse the doctor's gloomy prediction. From then on, her luck changed and she sky-rocketed to the show-business goal on which she had set her eyes since childhood.

Lucille and Desi Arnaz were married in 1940. Daughter Lucie Desiree Arnaz was born in 1951, and their son, Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV, in 1953.

Lucille was born in New York, the daughter of Fred and Desiree Ball, mining engineer and concert pianist respectively. At 15 she entered a dramatic school in New York, but was told at the end of the first year of study that she would be better off applying her energies in some other field! Determined to show her teacher that she could make good in show business, Lucille landed a chorus job in the third road company of Ziegfeld's *Rio Rita*, only to lose the job after five weeks of rehearsal. Three



Here is Desi Arnaz with his wife, Lucille Ball. These popular TV stars first met in a film they made in 1939. They now have a daughter of seven and a son aged four.

other chorus jobs followed, none of which lasted beyond the rehearsal period. She says her "first real job on Broadway" was as a drug-store assistant.

A spell as model for a wholesale dress company led to a modelling job with the famous dress designer Hattie Carnegie. Then came that tragic accident in Central Park, and the years of learning to walk again. Back to work once more as a model, Lucille was featured in magazine and poster cigarette advertisements, until film scouts brought her to Hollywood for a showgirl role in Eddie Cantor's *Roman Scandals*.

Columbia Pictures gave her a contract as a stock player, and Lucille, convinced that her luck had finally turned, sent for her mother, grandfather and sister to join her in California. But it turned out to be just another stumbling block. The morning after she had sent for her family, the studio decided to dissolve its stock company!

When the family arrived, Lucille was working as an extra at Paramount. Bit parts and extra roles in a number of pictures kept her busy but not prosperous, until she was cast in *Roberta*. Then RKO officials, impressed by her work in that film, gave her a contract.

She played in a musical on Broadway, and returned to Hollywood for *Too Many Girls*, the film in which she co-starred with Desi Arnaz and which led to their marriage.

Back from her honeymoon, Lucille won her first really big break, a role in *The Big Street*, based on a story by Damon Runyon. In it, she played a showgirl who was paralysed from the hips down. Her own three years in a similar predicament enabled her to play the role so convincingly that she had every studio bidding for her services. Overnight, she had become a star.

Nowadays, between pictures and stage appearances, Lucille and her husband live at their five-acre ranch at Northridge, some 30 miles from Hollywood. There, in contrast to the TV housewife millions know as "Lucy," she runs her home with neatness and efficiency. Although there is a couple employed to manage the ranch, when Lucille is there she will often give them the week-end off and take over all the household chores herself.

The heroine of *I Love Lucy* can sew and knit, writes long letters to her friends and relatives, and is handy with a paint brush. She confines her painting, however, to pottery or knick-knacks, leaving the big jobs to Desi.

In the past, Lucille and Desi have thought of selling the ranch, but the idea has always been short-lived. It has been their home since they were married, and both are sentimentally attached to it.

"Desilu", their TV-film business which has Desi as president, produces not only *I Love Lucy* but also the American TV shows of Ray Bolger and Danny Thomas, the "*Liven-up*" Show, *Willy* and *Those Whiting Girls*.



Bob Monkhouse would never relegate Denis Goodwin to the wastepaper basket, for it is the team work of these two which has scored in TV comedy. They work together both as script-writers and performers.

TELEVISION FOR SCHOOLS

by ENID LOVE, *Head of the BBC's
New Venture*

DURING the past twelve months, "Television for Schools" has featured frequently in the national and local press as a new, challenging and somewhat controversial idea. Visual presentation in education is, however, nothing new. Three hundred years ago, the great Czech educational reformer, Comenius, drew attention to its value. "He who has once *seen* a rhinoceros, even in a picture," he wrote, "will remember it more easily than if it has been described to him six hundred times."

As soon as the television service was resumed after World War II, the BBC began to give serious thought to the idea of using this newest form of visual presentation as a contribution to formal education. This thinking crystallized, in 1947, in a decision to develop school television as part of the work of the School Broadcasting Council, a body representative of all major educational associations in this country. The Council had been for many years, and still is, responsible for the educational policy behind the BBC's successful sound broadcasts to schools.

The time was not yet ripe, however, for any practical implementation of these intentions. TV screens were not large enough for classroom viewing and television itself had not achieved anything like national coverage. Furthermore, misgivings about television for schools, which are still not infrequently expressed by educationists and laymen alike, were rather more generally felt then than now. The Beveridge Committee, reporting on the BBC in 1949, took note of all this:

"We understand that the BBC and the School Broadcasting Council favour an experiment with the use of television in schools and that the BBC intend to go ahead in this regard when their studio capacity difficulties have been resolved. It is right and proper that the possibility of using this comparatively new medium with advantage for instructional purposes should be fully explored . . . But it will be necessary to proceed in this field with caution. Television is an expensive medium and reception of pro-



Four youngsters, due to leave school, took part in one of the first schools TV programmes started by ITV. They are receiving expert advice on careers. This is one of the subjects the BBC programmes will cover.

grammes in schools on a scale which would justify widespread development may have to await further progress in television technique and in receiver design and production.”

In the interval between 1949 and the start of the new service this autumn, BBC School Television was not in “cold storage”. Progress was steady if, as advised, somewhat cautious. Important developments took place at both the production and the viewing ends, such as the transmission of experimental programmes to schools in Middlesex, and the securing of increased support for the new project from the Ministry of Education and the local education authorities. This found practical expression in the Ministry’s decision to allow Government grant on the purchase of a limited number of TV receivers for schools. Radio manufacturers produced sets suitable for classroom viewing, many of which were submitted for testing in a Hertfordshire school. As a result of these tests, in which the School Broadcasting Council played a part, a list of “approved” sets was published, together with advice on their installation and the best seating arrangements for classroom viewing. The process of recruiting and training production staff for the new venture began as early as Autumn 1955. Each producer in the BBC’s Schools Television Unit was

thus, before the new programmes started, experienced in both TV production and some form of educational work—a combination of qualities not easily found ready-made!

Such was the background of preparation for the first nation-wide TV programmes to schools. What of their nature? For the first two or three years they will be “experimental”, in the sense that no one as yet knows the value of television to education. We can learn only by boldly trying out as many promising ideas as possible and assessing their value over two or three years of co-operation with the schools. Another “experimental” characteristic is that the initial output is entirely directed at the secondary stage of education. This is the one at which television’s contribution is likely to prove most valuable and the educational problems raised most challenging. As far as the BBC is concerned, however, this is an experiment which is expected to develop into a continuing and balanced contribution to education. In the new Television Centre, now being built at White City, a special studio has been earmarked for “Schools” and is being equipped for that purpose.

In planning the programmes, the production staff has had two principles in mind. We are trying to do those things which television does best. At the same time, we are exploring those branches of education most effectively treated by visual methods. Science, a subject in which demonstration is of particular importance, is generously provided for with a regular series continuing over the first two years. It is intended to develop the interest of boys and girls in the scientific principles behind natural events and the many applications of science in our day-to-day lives. Two units, *Science Helps the Doctor* and *Science and the Weather*, will illustrate the use of accurate instruments of measurement in specialized jobs. *The Soil and its Inhabitants*, a summer term series, may lead children on to simple outdoor observations of their own.

The immediacy and topicality of television are being exploited in several series. *Spotlight*, which deals with current news and the background to contemporary life, hopes to include occasional outside broadcasts, as well as programmes using recently-shot news film and studio discussions. The emphasis in *Living in the Commonwealth* is upon recent developments and achievements in Commonwealth countries, such as uranium mining in Canada. *Young People at Work* is introducing those about to leave school to the contemporary world of work which they will soon be entering. At the same time, it may encourage them to think more carefully about their own futures through its treatment of a wide range of jobs, from market-gardening to mechanical engineering, from building to bakery work.

Experts and stimulating personalities of all kinds will be brought into the classroom through all the series. One in particular, planned for the



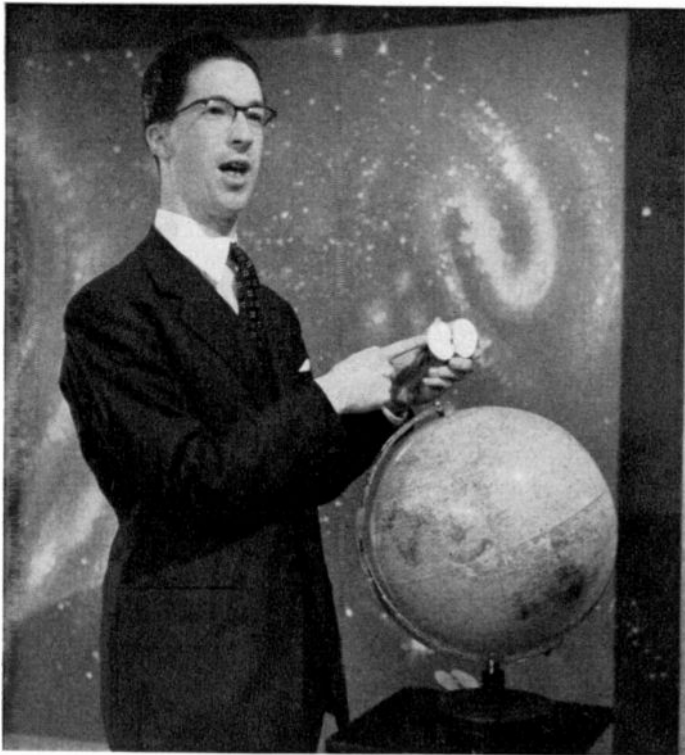
In the preliminary ITV schools programmes experiment, actors were brought in to add life to geography and history subjects. Scandinavia and the time of the Vikings were dealt with.

Spring, sets out to turn television's "cult of personality" to good account. Characters from great literature—Malvolio or Macbeth, Pickwick or Nickleby—will be presented and interpreted by leading actors in the hope of stimulating viewers to increased interest in the books from which the characters are drawn. Longer-term planning takes special account of the value of training boys and girls to look at things around them with critical and appreciative eyes. Television for schools may provide a counterpart, in the field of visual arts, to the contribution which sound broadcasting has made to musical appreciation.

The emphasis in all the BBC's television programmes for schools will be upon valuable experiences and exciting visual images. These, arranged in ordered and carefully-planned series, are offered to the schools as useful and unique additions to the normal work of the teacher. Background notes are sent to the schools well in advance of the programmes, so that teachers may relate television to their classroom lessons in the most effective ways. Similarly, after each programme, reports from the teachers help the tele-

vision producers to keep the level, pace and content of their programmes on the right lines for the schools. It is not our aim, as in some countries, to provide "television lessons" by "master" television teachers. Certainly to use a television programme well is not a soft option for a teacher. The success of this experiment will depend as much on the versatility of the teachers in using the programmes imaginatively as upon the skill of the BBC producers in adapting television to the needs of the schools.

Programmes for schools are an attempt to exploit for serious educational purposes the almost hypnotic power which television exerts upon children. The programmes are primarily intended to widen horizons and to stimulate viewers to new interests and activities, but they may, incidentally, serve another purpose. They can provide opportunities for the development of more critical viewing habits in children of the "Television Age". This may be of some reassurance to parents who are concerned at the extent and nature of their children's home viewing. The school programmes go out on all BBC television transmitters on Mondays to Fridays from 2.05 to 2.30 p.m. Mothers thus have an opportunity to "eavesdrop" at home. Those who take this opportunity will be sharing, not only, perhaps, in part of the school life of their own children, but also in an important educational experiment conducted on a nation-wide basis.



The forces of nature, geophysics and astronomy, were considered in one ITV schools programme. The BBC programmes for schools follow two years of preparation.

ERIC ROBINSON

*Writes about the Problem of
Music in Television*



AFTER ten years of almost day-to-day direction of music in television one can pause to look back, and perhaps also hope to look forward a little. The use of music as programme material in television is often disputed. There are critics who complain that a camera sweeping across the various sections of an orchestra is distracting to concentration on what is being played. There are those who say that, whatever is done about it, opera can never be made attractive on the small screen. And some people can be heard to write-off the small screen as a despoiler of the true effects of ballet.

I can respect all these opinions, but I doubt that they are in a majority among viewers. I agree that sound radio may always be a better medium for some kinds of music, especially long works, than television; solely because hearing is not influenced by seeing.

But I don't only think, I *know* from viewing figures, that a great mass of people enjoy a fairly wide range of musical performances on television, from orchestral works with soloists and possibly choirs, through mixed programmes like *Music For You*, to intimate performances of the kind Max Jaffa and his trio have made so popular.

In most TV musical programmes the attractiveness of the picture on the screen does count, I feel sure. A carefully-composed and lit picture, far from distracting from the musical qualities of what is being played, assists the mind to appreciate the music. Of course, this depends entirely on the producer and scenic designer providing a truly appropriate setting; it is no good having Tito Gobbi singing an aria in a jazzy set-up suited to *Six-five Special*!

In many programmes, the producer works with a music score before him in the control panel where pictures are selected. On many occasions, too, the orchestral conductor works with a monitor screen in his music

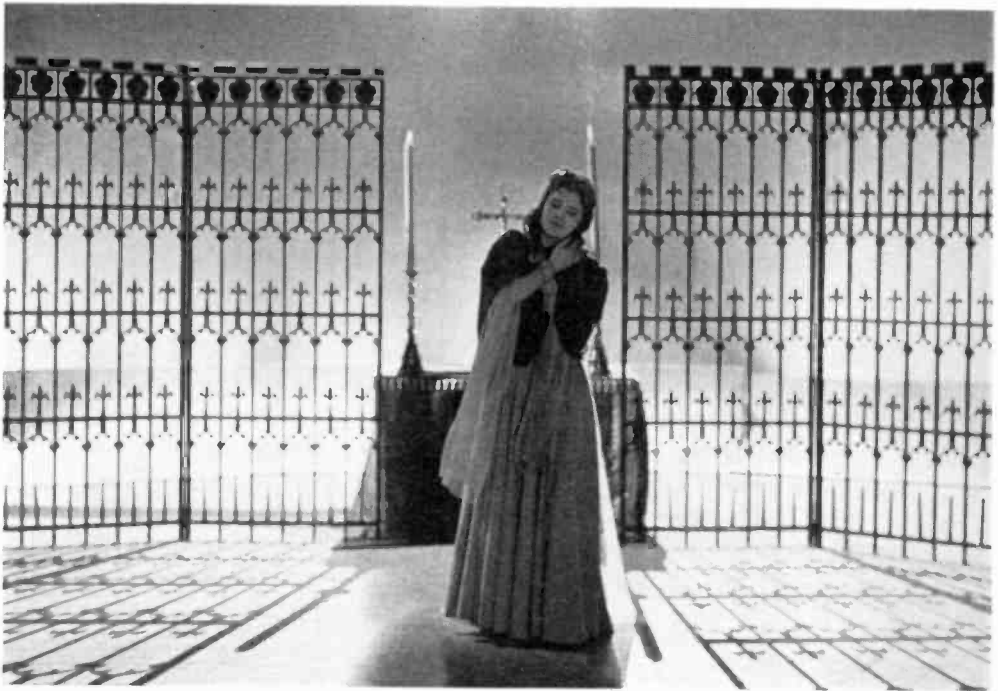
stand, so that he is able to keep in touch throughout with the pictures on the screen.

For some opera productions and other large-scale musical programmes, we have had the orchestra in one studio while singers and action were in another; the conductor relying entirely on his monitor screen to accompany the action, and the cast also having monitors on which to see the conductor, at the same time hearing the music on loudspeakers.

Opera has been tried in many forms. *Faust* was, I think, a very successful production on more or less orthodox lines, helped tremendously by having an attractive woman in the feminine star role. *Madam Butterfly* was a deliberate experiment with a special TV technique, using an "acting cast" chosen for appearance, the members of which mimed to singers off-screen. The advantages here are two: to the viewer a suitably romantic-looking cast; and to the music-lover the possibility of hearing the very best singers. (For the best voices rarely reside in the best-looking figures!)

Experiment with opera will no doubt continue. But I feel the real field for development is in pioneering the musical play, or story with music, especially for television. I believe the mistake in the past has been to

The attractive Canadian soprano Irene Salemka scored a success in the leading role of Margarita in the BBC production of Gounod's opera Faust. Imaginative scenic designs contributed to the effect of the music and drama.





Eric Robinson's personality has been clearly impressed on the Music for You series, which appealed to a wide range of tastes. Viewers will remember the programme in which the well-known ballet-dancers Belinda Wright and John Gilpin appeared.

imagine that a "TV musical" must be big, lush and long. I doubt this. I believe there to be talent in this country among young composers and writers, perfectly able to provide, say, an hour-long TV musical. Written for the small screen, it would exploit the intimacy of action which can be obtained in television between two or three leading characters. For this reason the TV musical which aims to be big and spectacular runs more and more risk of not suiting the medium.

But what has become known as "spectacle" in television has its place. "Spectacle" is a misnomer for many BBC programmes which use dancers and fairly elaborate sets. In the light-entertainment field music plays a part of growing importance in these shows. But if you notice them—say on Saturday nights—you will see that the twelve Toppers, or any other line of dancers, are not used to make mass effects. On the contrary, our dance routines are worked out to fit the small screen; and orchestration for this—I think attractive and appreciated—corner of television is a very special technique which is always developing. Conductor, orchestrator, sometimes composer, and dance director work together in this.

This eye-catching element in the comedy shows, for instance, is known to be highly popular. Without mentioning any names, I can assure you

that viewing figures have shown that the dance routines in some shows have won more viewer appreciation than the comedian whose name heads the show!

On this lighter side of music in television I believe we are ripe for considerable development. It is not only a matter of viewers' taste, important though that must remain; but there are technical and financial reasons for expecting such development.

The kind of team-work this type of show calls for can provide production units built around TV-experienced conductors. These units could, with the help of TV director and scriptwriters, devise and provide series of shows on the "package" formula. Television is a costly business; and already, at the BBC, any one week sees perhaps half a dozen different orchestral directors at work in the studios. Each is making a mark with his own particular type of show.

It will, I think, be more economical to the TV producing organizations to ask such orchestral directors and their teams to provide so many shows a year, on a contract basis. We are then likely to have, in effect, perhaps half a dozen intensive "workshops" concentrating on the development of light-music TV production; and no doubt many such units would work for both BBC and ITV, thus spreading their concentrated "know-how" and talent.

Neither the BBC nor the ITV programme contractors can really afford to keep staff orchestras, or for ever go on recruiting a whole line of orchestrators, dance directors and conductors. Moreover, with television

becoming a Commonwealth market, it seems likely that series musical shows, produced on the "package" formula, and telerecorded or filmed, will be highly saleable material in Canada, Australia and elsewhere.



Eric Robinson's informal interviews add to programme appeal. Here he is with violinist Raymond Cohen in a Music for You show.

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