THE TELEVISION ANNUAL

FOR 1960

The most eminent actors and actresses on the British stage nowadays appear in television. Vivien Leigh chose the unusual play The Skin of Our Teeth, *when she appeared for Granada. According to the "audience ratings", however, the play was not popular with viewers.*

THE TV REVOLUTION

KENNETH BAILY *Surveys the Non-Stop Development of British Television*

THE expansion of television, in numbers of viewers and in organization behind the programmes, has made a rapid spurt. In size and complexity, what is involved in television today was undreamed of only five years ago. Gone for ever are the days when every viewer knew where each programme was coming from, and knew that the BBC was responsible for all that he saw. Today many a viewer finds himself lost in a tangle of symbols like ATV, AR, ABC, TTT, TWW, and more; understanding of what goes on is fogged by varied "channel" numbers; by such slogans as "Granada from the North" when the programme comes from Chelsea; and by a mixture of ITV "boss" names always popping up in the press, like Parnell, Bernstein, Grade, Brownrigg and Adorian.

Those old familiar names, Alexandra Palace and Lime Grove, which once meant the absolute source of all British television, are now lost among the mostly unnamed and little publicised studios of ITV in London and the provinces. And much that is seen comes out of film cans from Hollywood, New York, Elstree and Teddington, produced out of a vortex of film-cum-TV financiers, producers, distributors and others.

The maze of operations which is television today contrasts sharply with the tiny beginning, and the slow start. The present writer is no greybeard, but he saw the first TV programmes ever put out on BBC transmitters, being acted in a studio the size of the smallest dressing room in today's studios. From a basement in Portland Place, single acts performed for half an hour, three nights a week, around midnight, and a few hundred set owners sat up to join in the new excitement.

This was in 1932. From then until the outbreak of the Hitler War in 1939, it was a very slow struggle indeed. The BBC, solidly entrenched and grown comfortably fat and proud on sound broadcasting, was cautious and at times downright scared about vision broadcasting. Four years were spent in dithering with enquiries into the new medium, including a

Government inquisition. In 1936 the BBC permitted two studios at Alexandra Palace to put out daily programmes, and these developed a little up to September 1939, by which time they were occupying an hour in the afternoon and two in the evenings. It was not until halfway through that period that it was thought wise to have any television at all on Sundays! When the war started, the pioneer programmes had gathered a London-only viewing audience numbering about 20,000.

After the war the service was resumed more or less where it left off, with no more studio space, confined to a tiny budget and to restricted viewing hours. Again there was a struggle, caused by the difficulty of getting equipment and studio space, as well as by caution over BBC policy. What was the future place of television in the British broadcasting system? Moreover, how would it change the development of sound broadcasting? Such questions, and all the interests and conflicts they touched off in the cosy monopoly British Broadcasting Corporation, delayed the build-up of television. And by this time some build-up was appropriate to its programme skill and its growing audience.

Not until 1950 did the Lime Grove studios give BBC television the space it had needed in 1946. The spread of the service over the nation followed, as more BBC transmitters were put up. The audience leapt up and by 1955 there were 4,500,000 viewers. The programmes had expanded

The entertainment machine which is television attracts young and veteran alike. (Left) *Julia Lockwood, growing up to full actress stature, had her own series.* (Right) *Sophie Tucker could not resist appearing in the Palladium show.*

No public figure can dodge the gaze of the viewer today. Home Secretary R. A. Butler was interviewed by Ludovic Kennedy—and while filming a fly had to be got rid of! (Below) *Richard Dimbleby talked to Lord Mountbatten on his last day in the Navy after* 46 *years' service.*

A very necessary way to keep the screens full is to produce weekly serials, made if possible to run for six months at a time. The BBC has introduced The Third Man *in serial form. Michael Rennie, seen here with Joanne Linville, stars.* (Below) *A classic BBC-style serial was* Hilda Lessways, *by Arnold Bennett. Philip Garston-Jones, William Squire and Judi Dench were in its cast.*

Year by year Dixon of Dock Green *keeps its place. But viewers never see the cast of this serial in "mufti" and hard at study, as in this rehearsal peep.*

in hours, and improved in quality, ingenuity and variety. But it was still a delightfully simple and rather "homely" situation, the set-up between viewer and BBC; there was Lime Grove with its set run of familiar "TV stars", and there were the devoted viewers at the other end. Many regular programmes had become fixtures in the living habits of millions. *What's My Line?* was almost a national festival. Many viewers knew the names of the producers of their favourite programmes, and had learned who was who in the industry.

It was then, in 1955, that ITV came on the scene. Suddenly there were not only two programme channels to select from, but there were different programme companies producing them, all under the ill-defined and vaguely felt Independent Television Authority. There was also, of course, the clashing, intriguing, irritating explosion of the "commercials". Soon, as well, there were series with American stars, quiz games for cash prizes, and the evidence of big business behind the small screen. Very quickly the chiefs of the founder ITV companies were being headlined as "millionaires". Advertising by television was reaping £50,000,000 a year, said the newspapers.

Rapidly viewers became aware that they were being counted, by intricate viewer research systems. "TAM ratings" and "Top Tens"

appeared. And, with little variation in the first three years of ITV, these audience counts showed that two-thirds of the people were now watching ITV most of the time. Left with its one-third, the BBC had suddenly become the lesser force in television, at any rate in the mind of the general public.

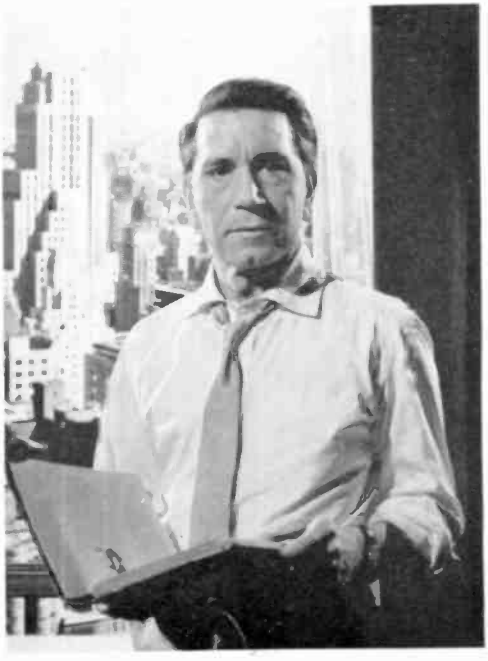
This would have been a remarkable change were it simply based on the coming into being of a rival studio to Lime Grove, worked by one rival authority. In fact, it has been a revolution, causing the growth of a new industry in Britain—commercial television—containing more commercial companies than can be remembered without constant checking in the company directories. A whole network of financial speculation has grown around the ever-open market for programmes to give the viewers. Here let us try to unravel some of the main strands in the net.

There is the Independent Television Authority, set up by the Government to build ITV transmitters and then lease them to programme producing companies. The ITA must also keep a check on the programme companies in matters of general public concern, such as the quality and intent of programmes and of advertisements, as well as the handling of politics and religion.

But the ideas out of which programmes are made; the artists used; the amounts of American filmed material; the coverage given to "cultural"

The play All God's Chillun Got Wings *gave ITV cameramen attractive characters to make a neat picture of. In any one week five TV plays are in production these days. About* 40 *rehearsal rooms are used for programmes each day in London; and up to* 300 *performers work in them altogether, day by day.*

The Four Just Men *is a new serial, planned to run for* 39 *weeks. Based on the characters in one of Edgar Wallace's famous thriller novels, it brings together men from four capital cities in a variety of gallant scrapes. In Paris is Dan Dailey, as a journalist; Jack Hawkins is an M.P. in London; Vittorio de Sica is a Rome hotelier; and Richard Conte plays a lawyer in New York.*



The importation of American TV shows has to go on to keep the viewing timetable full. It can, of course, be delightful, as when Bob Hope brought in Gina Lollobrigida. Chelsea at Nine *imports stars, too, such as the coloured dancer Katherine Dunham. But quieter programmes hold their own, like* Animal, Vegetable, Mineral (below) *—this time the panel were studying old-time fashions.*

The difference between these two pictures is that between rehearsal and performance. (Left) *Ballet dancer Claude Bessy makes notes with orchestra leader Peter Knight, in the* Chelsea at Nine *studio. And later* (right) *she gives the viewers a treat.*

topics, sports, religion, and so on, are all decided by the individual programme companies. The basis of the present ITV network of programmes seen throughout the country rests in the Big Four of the programme companies. These are Associated Television, Associated Rediffusion, ABC-Television, and Granada Television. Between them these four monopolise the viewing hours on ITV all over the country. Smaller regional companies lease the ITA transmitters in the provinces, and in addition to making some local programmes, take from the Big Four the major part of their output. ABC-Television is exceptional in being one of the Big Four contributing to the national network at weekends, but also producing a good deal of its own material locally in the Midlands and North, at weekends.

Associated Television, whose chiefs (Val Parnell and Lew Grade) are the most publicised, is made up of financial interests held by theatrical and variety stage businesses, and by the "Daily Mirror." Associated Rediffusion has been developed out of the Rediffusion "wired wireless" business, and a City financial house; and at its start it was supported by the "Daily Mail." ABC-Television is in the main a development of the Associated British Picture Corporation and ABC Cinemas. Granada Television is a development of Granada Cinemas and the family business of the Bernsteins, who built up that cinema business.

Leasing provincial ITA transmitters are more separate programme companies. These are: Southern Television, Television West-Wales,

Tyne-Tees Television, Scottish Television, and Anglia Television. These companies are built out of varied financial interests covering national and local newspapers, the entertainment business, and even Cambridge University. Each of these programme companies has its own studios, selects its own artists, and makes programmes to be fitted in, by mutual arrangement, to the national ITV network. Each of the major companies also buys filmed programmes from America and from companies formed in this country specially for the production of TV film serials.

In America film producers have turned more and more to making TV serials. Hollywood has rapidly become the centre of this business, though much is also done in New York. The profit in making such serials, whether Westerns or thrillers, or even adaptations of Charles Dickens, comes from selling them round the English-speaking world. A film serial shown on American screens, and then sold to Canada, Britain and Australia for television in these countries, can show a handsome financial return. Similarly, a serial made in Britain and after showing here being sold to the United States, Canada and Australia, can give a good profit. Numerous production companies have therefore sprung up in America and Britain to service this world market, which is of course an expanding one as television spreads to other countries. The BBC enters this commercial

Independent television has produced some stirring serious programmes, between the fun and games and commercials. A film feature about life in Israel caught this member of a Jerusalem sect hiding from the camera.

(Above) *Harry S. Truman, past President of the United States, and Earl Attlee, elder statesman, sat informally in their homes for memorable interviews.* (Right) *Between the serious programmes, the younger viewer has his fling—as with Sylvia Sands, singer in* Drumbeat. (Below) *The weekly need for religious programmes has caused ABC Television to run a TV training course for parsons. Here a producer hears a canon speak an epilogue as a test piece.*

(Above) *The BBC play* The Offshore Island *was the first excursion into drama writing by Marghanita Laski, known as one of television's intellectual talkers. About the atomic weapon problem, it starred Ann Todd, with Robert Browne, Tim Seely and Diane Clare.* (Below) *Associated-Rediffusion's* The Mark of the Warrior *was a play peak, with Robert Harris and Paul Massie.*

On 52 Saturday nights both ITV and BBC must stir up all the scintillating glamour and comedy they can. "Spectaculars" and comedy hours drain talent from both sides of the Atlantic. But few ITV viewers complained when ATV put our own fabulous Diana Dors in a Saturday-night picnic with Shirley Jones from the U.S.A.

free-for-all since it is buying American serials, and also has interests in producing serials for world sale.

Between the film producing companies and the programme companies there is also growing up a business in the distribution of the serials. Sometimes the serials are bought from a distribution company; sometimes through a large international company whose main business is acting as agents for performers.

But it is not only the programmes which have caused this revolution of commercial activity. The advertisements on ITV in themselves make an industry! The advertiser who wishes to put an advertisement on the screen will go to an advertising agent. This agent is probably handling the press advertising for the advertiser. All advertising agents thus have had to establish television departments to work out how best to advertise their clients' wares on the small screen. Around the agents there have grown up firms equipped to make the "commercials". These range from "orthodox" film studios to specialist firms making nothing but cartoons and others making nothing but musical "jingles". Model agencies, providing the people you see in the "commercials", are also tapped; there are even "voice agencies", from which actors and actresses with voices suited to different advertised products can be hired.

Alongside all this, the growth of ITV has spurred on the electronics and studio equipment industry. Firms have sprung up which are expert in making studio gadgets, prompting machines, studio models, and all manner of recording gear for both vision and sound.

Into this great machine, in which each part fits like a cog into another, the BBC also fits, though without the complexity of financial tie-ups often accompanying the working of the ITV programme companies. The BBC is not involved, of course, with the whole of the advertising business now geared to ITV; it has no newspaper or other commercial shareholders to worry about; it is less interested in American TV output, though buying some of it. Lime Grove is only on the edge of the maelstrom of financial speculation and development which surrounds ITV, and it fills its channel with programmes out of a revenue about one-third of ITV's revenue.

Although BBC Television has started moving into a mammoth Television Centre, which it has been planning and building over some years, it is playing something of a waiting game at present. It continues to expand in programme forms and there is still the continual search for ideas and performers, but at heart it waits to know whether the Government will grant it a second channel. This channel could go to ITV, or it could go to ITV and BBC together, or it might go to a new body altogether. But this uncertainty about the future does put the BBC into something of a

Constant striving goes on to find new and better quiz games. Granada contributed something of a winner with Concentration.

Diane Cilento lent her considerable talent and charm to an adaptation of the famous Joseph Schull play, The Concert. *Playing a blind woman, she fell in love with a negro (Earl Cameron).*

Amid all the flurry of putting on nightly TV shows, actors and actresses (and cameramen as well) get used to the studio set-up. Ever imagined yourself acting this kind of scene for TV? Here it is Duncan Macrae and Claire Isbister in The Devil's Instrument.

The famous Greek actress Katina Paxinou appeared in Blood Wedding, *by the Spanish dramatist Lorca. She is seen here with rising young TV actress Catherine Feller and the Hungarian Sandor Eles.*

Giles Pelletier, a French-Canadian actor, is the hero in a new serial based on the adventures of the Canadian Mounties. The BBC has made this weekly serial in Canada in co-operation with Canadian Television and an American film company.

Television programmes for children continue to demand as much expense, work and care as those for adults. Great Expectations *was a BBC children's production which enchanted grown-ups as well. Here a film shot is prepared.*

Face to Face *was an outstanding series by the BBC in which John Freeman spoke for thirty minutes to great men and women. Philosopher Bertrand Russell discussed his life frankly.*

The things we see in the older films on our screens! Storm in a Teacup *had Vivien Leigh, Cecil Parker and Rex Harrison—but quite a few years back*!

jog-trot against the swift and booming growth of ITV and all its ancillaries.

The future position of sound broadcasting is also a factor having some bearing on the development of BBC Television, since revenue for both must come out of the single BBC exchequer.

At the time of writing there are many new pointers to possible future developments in the British television business. Research is going on into every kind of development of production and distribution. "Pay-as-you-view" systems are being studied in the back rooms of the technicians. A channel for "educational" programmes is another idea being probed. Colour television is always being reassessed. Recorded television on tape is suggesting almost wild ideas about the distribution of pictures in the home. Commercial radio, even on the BBC, is being talked about.

Add to these possibilities the almost certain extension of a TV link-up with Europe and, not too distant, with Russia and across the Atlantic, and we gain some impression of yet a new revolution dawning behind the homely screen. It might appear after all that has happened in television in the past three years that the thing must now steady down and tick over in its present form for a decade. But such will not be the case. Instead, in another five years we may look back and see that in 1960 we stood on the brink of a TV revolution even greater than that of the fifties.

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Anne Shelton

"WITH me, things have to come from the heart, not from the printed word," says Anne Shelton. She means this. The sincerity and devotion of the golden-hearted girl of the golden voice have made her one of television's best-beloved stars. But for many years Anne was unable to read a note of music. And in TV series such as *The Anne Shelton Show* she still dislikes having to read her lines from a script. She prefers it to come from the heart. . . .

The Anne Shelton Show introduced that other singing Shelton, younger sister Jo, eight years Anne's junior. She was a schoolgirl in a Forest Hill convent when Anne, aged 14, and wearing the same school uniform, gave her first broadcast.

"Even as a little child I never wanted to be anything other than a singer," says Anne. "Ronnie Waldman was running a programme in 1940 called *May We Introduce*? giving youngsters a chance on the air. Mother took me up in my school uniform, and I broadcast a song."

Title of that song was *Let the Curtain Come Down*. But for Anne the curtain was only just rising. Ambrose heard her broadcast, invited her to an audition to the May Fair, and asked what key she wanted to sing in.

"What key?" echoed Anne. She knew nothing of written music. The pianist tried different transpositions until at last one sounded right for her. "But that's a *man's* arrangement," said Bert Ambrose, startled. Anne's singing secret is her great range. She can hit a soprano high C, but she also loves the lower registers with their warmth and depth of tone.

Four months later that deep contralto had secured for Anne her first programme, *Calling Malta*, the only link with the island during the siege. Then in war-time shows such as *Introducing Anne*, the BBC gave her the task of breaking the Nazi propaganda programme broadcast to the Eighth Army in North Africa. Through this Anne first became known as the "English Lilli Marlene."

With her fiancé David Reid, Anne has toured Forces camps almost everywhere. She has filmed in *King Arthur was a Gentleman*, *Bus to Paradise* and *Come Dance with Me*, and after many big BBC television shows Jack Hylton decided to give Anne her own series on Associated-Rediffusion's programme.

THE ART OF THE INTERVIEW (1)

DAN FARSON *Considers the Question:*

"What Makes a Good Interviewer?"

I DOUBT if anyone would have predicted the surprising success of the television interview. This is something unique to television and has produced a new type of personality with no apparent qualifications or talent, but having an indefinable something that holds the attention of the viewer.

I suppose the great advantage of the TV interview over the written and radio interview is that one can see people thinking. If an official answers "yes" to some question, this might sound harmless on radio, or look harmless in print, but on television a nervous twitch of the mouth or blink of the eyes signal nervous disclaimers and excuses. In general, people are not good enough liars. I remember we had particular difficulty with members of the Stock Exchange, who found it hard to believe that I wasn't out to make a scandalous exposure. When, in a shot in a restaurant, I asked a stockbroker if he would like a drink, he shied nervously. "Oh, *no* thank you!" he replied in a porty voice, "I *never* drink at lunchtime." He deserved the merciless ragging he later received from his lunchtime drinking friends.

When someone does tell the truth—like Shelagh Delaney, who referred to Osborne's play *Look Back in Anger* as "bloody awful"—the effect is disarmingly refreshing.

The job of the television interviewer, to my mind, is to get as close to the truth of the other man as possible, not to control the conversation along preconceived lines. If the man being interviewed is evasive, let it show; if he's a liar, let this be obvious; if he's conceited, let his conceit come across.

To make the other person as natural as possible, one has to resort to every type of attack and feint. A television interview, in fact, is astonishingly like a boxing match, except that one has to make sure that the other

Among the denizens of London night-life, Dan Farson found masked Hank Janson, whose Success Story *has been with big-sale paper-backed novels.*

person wins. I interviewed a Quaker who tried to sail into an H-bomb test area in the Pacific, with the intention of losing his life as a gesture of protest. His scheme proved a complete failure, as he readily admitted, but as he talked, the man's sincerity was so striking that I was afraid that he was sounding almost too good to be true. "You know," I asked him nastily, "one can't help feeling that when someone makes a gesture like this, with all the inevitable publicity involved, that it does smack of personal *vanity*."

There was a long, long pause. You could see that this had never occurred to him, and disturbed him. Eventually he replied gently, "No, no, dear friend, I think I can be absolved of that. *Not* personal vanity." And no-one could have doubted he told the truth. It is often necessary in the TV interview to hit hard, in order to do justice to the other person.

Though most politicians, and nearly all minor officials, are unable to give a straight answer, the average man or woman feels honour-bound

to tell the truth on television. It is in fact astonishing what people are prepared to say. I realised this in my series called *People in Trouble*. The frankness was far more than the usual eagerness with which people like to discuss their illnesses; people said things they would never have dreamed of telling their neighbours, yet for some reason they didn't mind millions of people listening-in. This wasn't a case of exhibitionism, but more of the release of a public confession. People who would shut the door, suspiciously, in a newspaper reporter's face, seize the chance to appear on the "telly" in almost any capacity. An American show, testing how far people were prepared to go, asked for volunteers for a particularly mortifying and inane demonstration—I think they had to impersonate a pig. Though there was no money involved, they had thousands of replies.

This also applies to the "top people," who obviously disagree with Noel Coward's remark that "Television is for watching, not for appearing on." They take an almost childish delight in the general paraphernalia, the rehearsals, and make-up, even though they may appear for only two minutes. Mayors and councillors are particularly vain. I was chairman

In a studious library, Dan Farson talked with Father Joseph Christie, a brilliant Jesuit preacher; also in Success Story.

of one programme in which the town council emerged so badly that I was afraid to meet them all afterwards. On the contrary, they were delighted. The Mayor, apparently unaware of the harm he had just done himself, proudly handed me an autographed photo. To appear on the "telly" is completely acceptable socially. Only two people have refused to be interviewed by me—Terry Dene and Hugh Gaitskell.

It is hard to say what makes a good interviewer (apart from Ed Murrow's excellent remark, "One must *listen* twice as hard"), far easier to say what doesn't. Among my pet hates is the "My goodness, fancy meeting you!" approach, pretending that one has never seen the other person before. One should try to forget the amount of preparation and camera-rehearsal that goes into a programme, but not by this fake spontaneity. I am also irritated by the "I believe you're Colonel Clangworth and that you're an authority on nuclear fission" approach, the only reasonable answer being "Of course I am. Don't you remember? That's why you asked me here."

Worst of all is the "summing-up." The interviewer swivels round to face the camera, smiles painfully and says, "I'm sure we've all learnt a great deal from these interesting points of view." (My immediate reaction is usually, "Speak for yourself—*I* haven't"). And he goes on, "We've all agreed on one conclusion which has been arrived at—suicide is an unfortunate thing. Goodnight!" This is accompanied by another sickly smile.

I find the most difficult thing about interviewing are the "reverses." During the interview, the camera is on the other person and you only hear my voice. Afterwards it is necessary for me to ask the filmed questions again, which have been taken down, word-for-word, during the interview. This is for reasons of neatness and so that one can edit the interview to length. Christopher Mayhew has attacked this system, suggesting that interviews can be faked by changing the question when they are done in reverses. Geoffrey Cox, Editor of I.T.N., replied: "The only reason why questions are re-shot is to meet technical film requirements," and indeed any interviewer who was guilty of deliberate distortion would be highly unethical.

However, if I have a coughing fit during the interview, I would not re-stage the coughing fit when I did the reverses. But the difficulty of matching the mood is extremely hard and is one reason why the interviewer often appears to break-in in a very abrupt and wooden way. When I was a beginner at television, I fell into one of the worst pitfalls when I interviewed Mr. Macmillan. During our interview, he cracked a joke and we both laughed, but I forgot this when I did the reverses later. The result was that when he made his joke and the camera then cut

The quick news interview: Reginald Bosanquet of Independent TV News talks to Paris workers during a French political crisis.

is hesitant, abrupt or ill-at-ease, then it is my fault and mine alone. You don't agree? Then think back, sir, to that time when your wife blew half the housekeeping on a new hat and you held forth on the iniquities of extravagance for a solid ten minutes; or when young Johnny borrowed your brand-new tie and returned it smothered in ice-cream. Any trouble in finding words then? And when you, madam, have friends in to tea or chat to the neighbour over the fence, who can get a word in edgeways?

"True enough," you may say, "but that is in private. If I had to stand and speak in front of a camera I should be riddled with nerves." *Of course you would be.* But perhaps you forget that all professional performers suffer from nerves at one time or another. Many of our greatest actors never set foot on the stage or face the camera without having a fit of nerves. I remember, when I was playing with the Old Vic company, a superb actress who on first nights used to have a bucket planted in the wings on both sides of the stage—and often she had to use them! But on stage she appeared relaxed and scintillating. Many an actor will tell you that he knows his performance will not be up to scratch if he has no attack of nerves before making his first entrance.

The truth is that nerves are enormously useful. I have written above of "suffering" from nerves, a "fit" and an "attack" of nerves, but really I should have said a "blessing" of nerves. What is actually happening when the heart starts to pump, the mouth dries up, the knees begin to knock? The answer is that extra energy in the form of adrenalin is being pumped through the bloodstream. This booster process starts when the brain is faced with an unexpected situation, a threat or a challenge that may require tapping the hidden sources of power and strength in the body and mind. In other words, "nerves" are an aid towards doing one's best.

Of course, if the brain overestimates the situation too much adrenalin is released and the mechanism seizes up. That's why paralysing stage fright can overpower the imaginative person making his or her public debut. The brain has been allowed to over-estimate the importance of the occasion to the extent that it releases enough adrenalin to cope with the end of the world when all that is needed is sufficient to cope with wishing the bride and groom the best of luck.

So, with just enough adrenalin coursing through you, knowledgeable and fluent, you face the interviewer confidently. But what of the interviewer? Most times you'll get a friendly chap whose only interest is to bring out the best in you, for he knows that that's his job. But just occasionally you may be unlucky. We've all seen the interview where the questioner is so full of himself that he never allows his victim to get a word in sideways, or if he does pause long enough for a reply obviously doesn't listen to it, is thinking only of his next spiel. The whole art of interviewing is knowing how to listen. It's something that has to be learnt—there are plenty of born talkers, but your born listener is a rare bird indeed.

What to do if faced with a boorish questioner? (And I repeat it's a rare event—men like Dan Farson, Cliff Michelmore, Derek Hart and Nick Barker have set the highest standards in friendly incisiveness and courtesy.) I say: Strike back. There'll be several million homes whooping with joy if you do. The method must be your own but one certain way is to turn the tables on an impertinent question by asking it right back at the interviewer.

"How much did you earn last year?"

"How much did you?"

Remember, you are the boss, it's *you* the people have switched on to see. Run your own show if you feel like it.

Quizzing yachtswomen for ITN's Roving Report, *Tom Barry holds the microphone where it will not be seen on the film.*

"I'M NOT QUITTING YOUR SCREENS!"

Explains BENNY HILL

MY LAST TV series ended in January; I haven't been on since. Does that mean I've had it? My answer is, "No, I don't think so." I'll tell you why.

In the first place, it's very difficult to get hold of enough material—good material. Finding it is a tough job, but anything worth doing is not easy. For a comedian doing hour-long shows like I do, I would say six or eight a year are enough. My last ITV series contained only three shows and after that Dave Freeman and I got down to writing the Bernard Delfont show I'm now in at London's Palace Theatre. By the time that run finishes I'll have some new ideas ready for television. During the spring and summer, when I was preparing for the Palace, I not only gave up television, but a summer season and variety bills too—I just kept one or two charity dates to ease my conscience!

It is argued that an artist can be off the screen too long. Frankly, I don't think it makes a great deal of difference; it all depends on his performance. He could be off television ten years, but if he comes back and does three fabulous shows he'd be right back at the top! I think it's the stamp of the performance, once he's on, that counts with viewers.

TV work falls into two categories. Either you try to do some very good shows not very often, or else you're on week after week compering and cracking gags. I prefer the former. I don't do guest spots if I can avoid them because I like to know what's going on, and in a guest spot I don't think the artist always knows. You don't know who's writing it or how good it's going to be, and you can let yourself in for something. Of course, it often works out all right for some, but it hasn't done for me. With a series of hour-long shows I can do five sketches per show. If, say, two unluckily don't come off, then I've got maybe three that have been O.K. One stands more chance with a show that's got a lot in it. If you are a guest on someone else's show and you do one spot and it's not good, then you *have* had it.

How many Benny Hills do you remember? No other comedian has used the medium of television to such advantage for the art of comic impersonation. On these two pages are eleven of Benny's portraits, each hilariously—if wickedly—observant of human foibles. They are memorable because, as Benny writes here, he does not appear on the screen too often.

There's another thing that keeps some off the screen: Finance. In my case I don't think television alone is yet a paying proposition. There is more money to be made elsewhere at the moment. But after I've finished at the Palace I hope to return to television not only as a performer but, up to a point, as *impresario* as well. Once my mind's free of thinking about material for immediate use my agent, Richard Stone, and I plan to start a company to promote TV shows. It will mean finding our own artists, signing them up, helping to write material for them and guiding them. I think a lot of people have fallen by the way on television because they haven't been guided.

This is a business proposition. I'm not money-mad by any means, but you can't run a business on nothing. There are plenty of people who write to me as if I were an advice bureau: "Would you give me a full, frank and honest criticism of this script?"—and there are 80 pages of it. That takes a couple of hours. But the trouble is that 20 other people are doing it at the same time—and that's 40 hours! Of course, this new venture will take some organising. We can't just call in a solicitor and say we're a company. But what I hope will happen is that after the Palace show I go to the BBC or ITV and say "Can you do with (perhaps) twelve Saturday-night shows? They're already written basically, while I've been at the Palace, and I could put them on in eight weeks' time."

Assuming they accept the idea, I would try and arrange a package deal, with me providing the whole show, and building up new artists as we go. Something like this: I see a youngster—call him Charlie Hearthrug—who's a useful compere, perhaps using the wrong material, but who has possibilities. I think I can direct him. I may be wrong, but I'll try. So I sign him up, and on the first Saturday-night show give him a little spot, which I help him write. It only runs three or four minutes. Perhaps he

does it well—we hope so!—and next time, I maybe do an act with him.

I let him do more on the next show and so on, and by the end of the series it's become *The Benny Hill Show . . . with Charlie Hearthrug.* If all goes well we go back the following year and try and get him a series to alternate with mine. In the meantime I've done the same for a singer and maybe a fellow who can yodel in Chinese. I feel I've worked in the medium long enough to know what makes it tick.

Suppose I had an idea for a TV show like *The Army Game.* I couldn't do anything with it because it's not my kind of comedy. TV companies don't buy ideas alone: they've got to be lined-up and presented. That's where our company would come in handy. Again, imagine (for the sake of argument) I discover "Britain's Perry Como"—but he's not known because his name for example is Bert Williams. It's then for me to build him on my own TV bill. Then, after a period, we put on *The Bert Williams Show,* and if I'm still strong enough as an artist I appear as a guest, along with someone like Alma Cogan and Michael Holliday.

Wouldn't a long absence from television leave me dry of ideas? Finding ideas is like rolling a snowball. Once your mind has become attuned, over the years, to looking for them and writing them down, you can't stop that process. It just ticks over that way. I've just thought: How about a layabout . . . who's got married . . . and got a kid and he's pushing it in a pram, and all his layabout friends come up and start taking the mike? So he pretends the kid's not his and doesn't quite know what to do with it . . .

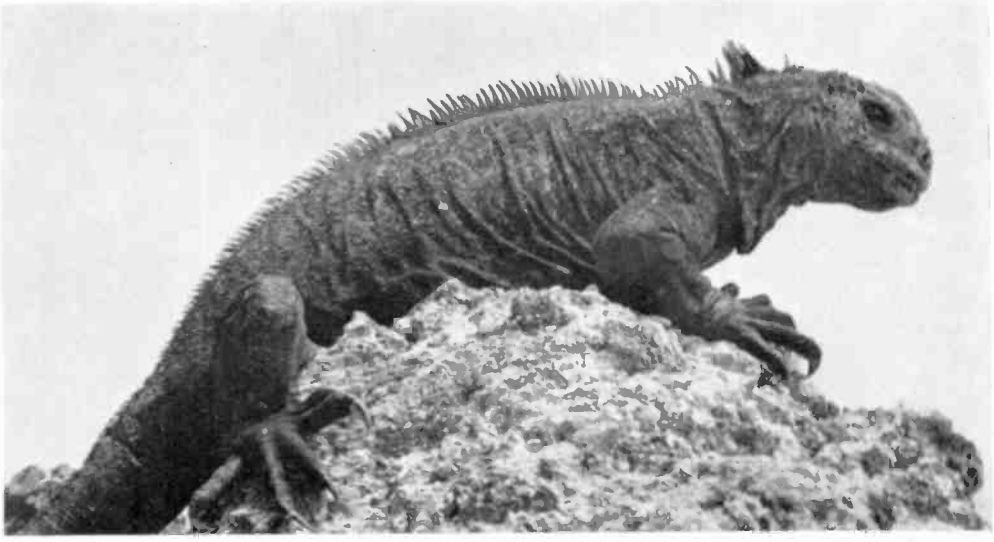
I must try writing that!

Benny Hill off duty; we must not say "as he really is"—but at any rate as he really looks when he is Benny Hill! These showgirls joined him on a spree at the Variety Club's annual garden party in Battersea Pleasure Gardens.

A FARAWAY "LOOK"

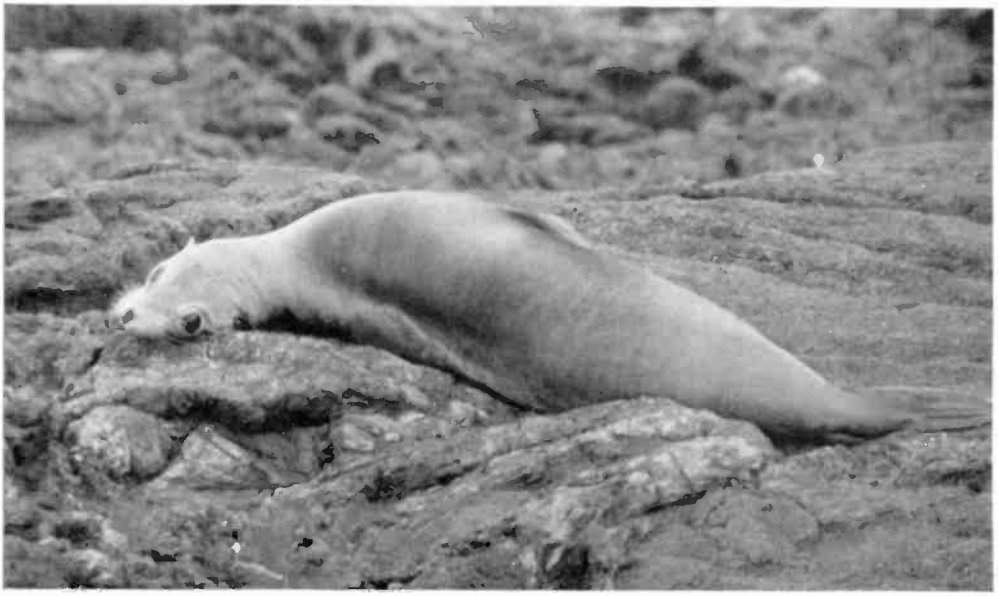
Story by PETER SCOTT: *Pictures by His Wife*

WE took the TV *Look* film unit far away to the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific, off Ecuador, and there found many strange creatures. My wife Philippa took the still photographs, while I did the filming. Above you see her getting into an air-thrust boat, which is propelled by the giant "fan" in the stern. Below is a marine iguana, a very tame animal common to the



Islands, which sits impassively on the rocks at high tide and at low tide swims out through the breakers to feed on seaweed below the surface.

On this page you see (*top left*) a Galapagos tortoise, whose shell measured 4 ft. 6 in. from front to back; he may well have been 100 years old. This species is in danger of extinction, and we saw only seven of them. The penguins (*top right*) are a species unique to the Galapagos. They seem to have found their way originally from the Antarctic to their present home on the Equator. Another common inhabitant of these islands is the sea lion (*below*). We managed to film some of



the cows and calves under water. This was not too easy, although they were extraordinarily tame, and very numerous, coming close up under water to inspect us, and seeming to enjoy our company just as much as we enjoyed theirs. However, if an old bull was present he invariably rushed to attack us!

We also visited Trinidad, where we filmed a delightful little mouse opossum on a frangipani tree (*left*), as it jumped from branch to branch. This appealing little creature has very soft fur and huge eyes.

Our last picture shows me holding a baby kinkajou on the island of Barra Colorado, which is in the lake that forms part of the Panama Canal. Friendly kinkajous make enchanting pets, but some of them bite. Then, being tropical animals they are rather delicate and must always be kept in very warm conditions. Also, kinkajous are nocturnal by habit. But to my mind they are the most cuddly of all animals — miniature teddy bears with prehensile tails.

All in all, this turned out to be one of the most enjoyable expeditions we have yet made on behalf of the *Look* film series.

Tommy Steele dances impromptu, with actress Janet Munro, in sunny Seville. They were there working on the film, Tommy the Toreador.

TOMMY STEELE CONFESSES

This is What He Told

KENNETH BAILY

THERE are too many people going on television just to sell their records. They get up in front of the cameras, sing and play a bit, and then say, "That's my latest record." That phrase should be banned by Parliament. The BBC is not supposed to "plug", and on ITV you are supposed to pay for advertising time. But it's not the free plugs as such that I'm beefing about—it's because this makes for poor entertainment.

If you are using television only to make money at the disc shops, you won't care much about your performance. You don't mind having a scratch rehearsal of a few hours, and being bunged on in front of tatty scenery with a tatty dancing line. You make your sale with the number, and that's all you've really gone there for: the viewers' entertainment is incidental. And doing it this way, you play in with the BBC or any TV company which wants to save money on long rehearsals for intricate shows. So everybody's happy—in the studio. But not necessarily the viewers.

I want to be an entertainer; not a record barker. People always look surprised when I tell them that's what I want to be. As if it wasn't much! There are so many gimmicks about today, they don't know the meaning of the word "entertainer". The public pays for entertainment. We are there to give it them. Being an entertainer means doing it best, whatever it is—singing, playing, acting, dancing, gagging. It is hard work. Hard work takes time; and in show business, it needs a lot of people working together. Time and people are expensive. And there's not enough good TV entertainment because enough money is not being laid out for it.

I'm patriotic, and I don't care who knows. There's too much writing

A characteristic Steele attitude — with the Dallas Boys in an Oh Boy! *show. Yet for Tommy the day of "rock 'n' roll" is already but a phase. "I want to be an entertainer," he says; and means this to embrace everything he can learn to do on screen and stage.*

down British show business. I'm sick to the teeth with people saying we have no talent. We have the talent; but it costs money to use it properly, especially in television. It may be a small screen, but making real entertainment for it is a big job, I tell you. Frankly, I'm not going on television any more unless I can have a lot of people working a lot of time with me on each show.

There are TV variety shows which are rehearsed like the old touring variety hall dates. Artists roll up a few hours before, rush through the routines, and then go on. It means you can only do an act; and even then the band cues will probably be ragged. I'm not having it.

I've stipulated a month of preparation for every TV show I now do. And on ATV it's happening this way now, for me. I made a film once, and the song numbers and dance routines were not as good as they should have been. So before my last film started shooting, I recorded all the numbers five weeks in advance. The choreographer then sat in with the recordings, devising his dances to the tapes. Even the scenery was devised around the recordings. Then when we went on the studio floor, it all fitted in efficiently.

Television needs every bit as much preparation. In my TV shows I have the best dance arrangers available; the best writers; the best everything. If not, I'm not there.

The public should wake up to what's wrong with the TV shows. They

should realise that all they often see is a star name surrounded by a hotch-potch of acts. Of course they are disappointed. And who do they criticise? The star! They go around saying, "I didn't think much of his show." Well, it's not his show; it's the TV company's bargain-price show!

We must get rid of the idea that the star is all that matters. The star of the show does not make the show unless it's *all* good. The star does not stand alone. In television everybody in that studio is part of the star-appeal. If somebody forgets something, or isn't up to scratch, there will be a flaw in the show; and that flaw blemishes the star's impact. Working in television, I have to carry the lot—cameramen, mike-shifters, prop boys, everybody. It's not me alone, but the lot.

Once in a TV show a chap forgot to put a table on the set. It wasn't my fault, but as I had to sit down at it, it threw us off; timing went wrong. We may have covered it up, but for those few moments, that show sagged. I want no sags, ever, not even for a second. In another show, the opening was to have a comedian run across the screen while a man off-screen shouted "Here he comes!" The man forgot to shout, so I did it for him. Remember this next time you think all the talk about "team-work" on a show is insincere. If it's not there, it's a bad show. There cannot be a good show without it.

I want bigger and better TV shows, for myself and for everybody else.

An obvious way of giving a London pantomime box-office appeal was to cast Tommy Steele as "Buttons" in Cinderella. *Here he partners popular TV singer Yana in a song. Of television Tommy says, "The star is not all that matters."*

But by bigger and better I don't mean having a couple of orchestras, five fanfares, a loud shouting compere, and fifty high-steppers. You can get even all that cheap, if you don't pay for enough rehearsal time! No; bigger and better means more hard work, for a longer time. That means money—they have got to pay for it. That is what's wrong with British TV entertainment.

People seem to think that as I started as what is called a "rock-and-roller" (I don't know what it means) my great ambition must be to become another Laurence Olivier, or something. As if I had to get respectable. I'm not interested. "Look," they say, seeing me in pictures, "the boy can act!" It doesn't mean I want to play Hamlet. Perhaps I can dance, tell a joke; tumble; ride a horse; clown; juggle; I don't know, and I don't care. It's all entertainment, and if any of it is asked of me I'll try it; and I'll do it out there in front of people when I've convinced myself that I am doing it well. That's being an entertainer. I don't want to be "an actor." I want to be an entertainer. I have to repeat it, because so many people don't know any more what it means.

Dave King and Benny Hill are the great British TV comics. And they have done it by hard work, seeing that everybody on the job with them is working hard, too; and liking it. It's an old truth; but it's still true. For some things there are no new ideas, no new techniques or fresh approaches; hard work is one of the unchanging things. And it's not big-headed to say so either; it's just what they call logic, because it's what I have found out.

Wherever he goes, there go the autograph hunters. Tommy Steele is besieged by clamorous teenagers while waiting for a train on a London railway station. It's part of the hard work fame demands.

BEN LYON AND BEBE DANIELS

Talk to BILL EVANS *About*

THIS COMEDY BUSINESS

NOBODY in the TV comedy business knows more about the art of making people laugh than the senior members of the Lyon family (although the junior Lyons, too, have claims to distinction in this particular line). When I talked to Ben and Bebe about their career as laughter-makers they were able to look back on an impressive number of years at the top of the tree on the stage, in films, radio and television.

"I started making pictures with Harold Lloyd back in 1917," smiled Bebe. "Later I worked for Cecil B. de Mille, and after a while they gave me my own comedy unit. You see, although de Mille is best remembered for spectacular epics, he was an expert on comedy, too. He made several rules which are just as true today. 'Never try to be funny in a funny situation—play it straight. If you're funny in a situation that's funny in itself it will turn out very unfunny!' Another one was: 'Always see that it's possible; it doesn't have to be probable but it must be *possible!*'"

"In other words," said Ben, "if you've got a funny situation, trying to make it funnier is what we call 'painting the lily'—just about the worst possible thing you can do."

"What about Charlie Chaplin? Did he revolutionise comedy?" I asked.

"In his own particular line, I would say he did," Bebe replied. "He brought a touch of pathos to comedy that none of the others did."

"Is pathos a good thing in comedy?"

"It depends on the story," Ben thought. "You have to have a likeable character. Jack Benny plays a great deal on pathos, for instance. He makes you feel very sorry for him. Jack is actually a serious man, but he gets laughs because someone always makes him the mug."

"Of course, if you analyse comedy, you find a lot of it is based on cruelty," Bebe pointed out. "A man falls down, slips on a banana skin, or gets a bucket of water over his head. . . ."

"When did comedy move on from the visual to the wisecracking stage?" I wanted to know.

"In the early thirties," Ben answered. "Bebe and I started on radio then with Ben Bernie in the States. About that time Walter Winchell, the newspaper columnist, wrote some terrible cracks about Bernie, who in turn made rude remarks about Winchell on the air. So a feud began—genuine at first, but it ended friendly. It was the original of many feuds that have come along since, like Jack Benny and the late Fred Allen, and Bob Monkhouse and Benny Hill."

"With Ben Bernie we did the sort of domestic and insult type of comedy we so often do now," Bebe remarked. "Those and the comedy sketch were coming to the fore then. I was the vague wife and Ben was the hen-pecked husband. A little later, however, the Bob Hope type of humour came in and two-way comedy went out."

"But when we were with Ben Bernie we actually played three-way comedy. Remember?" laughed Ben. "When we first came to England in 1936 we were invited to appear in radio's *Music Hall*, which was produced by John Sharman and very popular. We had to explain to John that we always worked with a third person—this was three-way comedy and not a double act. So he arranged for compere Bryan Michie to work with us. We had to close the bill after five or six very good acts had been on—some in costume and some even with red noses and funny hats. None of them used any scripts. Then on came Bebe and I reading scripts, talking to Bryan. Next day we were criticised for using scripts and for depending on a third person, but that was the type of comedy then very popular in the States. Later we switched to Charlie Shadwell, the band-leader, as our third person, and began making cracks about his bald head."

That memory made Bebe chuckle.

"When we went into *Hi Gang!* with Vic Oliver we used sketches, too," she said. "Though it wasn't based on any particular American show I think it was the first American-type show to appear regularly in England. You see, we felt three-way comedy was more interesting than two people talking, or one doing a single act. In *Hi Gang!* we also burlesqued well-known films and plays."

Ben took up the story there.

"One day the BBC said they would like us to do another series, but different from *Hi Gang!* They were quite right, and when Bebe and I put our heads together it dawned on us. Why not a family show? Here we were, a real family with Barbara and Richard, and this whole country was based on family life, headed by the Royal Family! We thought the idea a natural, and when *Life with the Lyons* was accepted by the BBC we wondered why it hadn't been done long before."

Rehearsal discussion, between the four Lyons and their television director, John Phillips; with Mollie Weir ("Aggie") and Florence Rogers ("Florrie") also present.

"Between you, you've met most of the great comedians of our time," I pointed out. "Are they all serious men in real life?"

Ben nodded. "The greatest comics are the most serious people off-stage you've ever met. Chaplin, for instance, was a most unfunny man in a living-room: when we met him he always talked about politics—he would never talk comedy or tell a funny story. And if Jack Benny was sitting here in this room he would probably be the most serious one of the four of us. He's very creative, and knows just what is funny and what isn't. But off-stage, socially, he's a serious-minded man."

"Has television made us return to slapstick?" I wondered.

Bebe thought it had.

"To some extent, because it's visual," she explained. "It's difficult, after writing for radio, to turn to television. One is dialogue only and the other is a combination of vision and dialogue. I find radio easier to write. On television we use about a third less dialogue than we do on radio—but a lot of thought goes into what, in vision, fills that third."

"Despite changes in comedy over the years, there must be a lot that remains the same," I suggested.

"Yes, but it's more subtle now," replied Ben. "Though sometimes it gets so smart that it goes above the heads of many of the people you're playing to. On television you can play to an audience of 10 to 20 million a night—and I wouldn't call that a sophisticated audience."

"That's true," agreed Bebe. "When we go to people's houses for dinner they are very polite about our show, but we feel they haven't seen or heard it very often. It's always the people in the kitchen, or the gardener or chauffeur who want to talk about it, not the hostess. She probably likes more sophisticated comedy."

"There's one more point," I said. "This country offers plenty of scope to artists from other lands, like yourselves, the Bradens and Dick Bentley. Do you feel humour is international?"

"Oh yes, competition is always to the good," Bebe exclaimed. "In America we have a mixture of everything. There are no real Americans except the Indians!"

"We all think we are very smart and modern," Ben summed up. "But what is happening, in fact? In America there are forty different Western TV shows every week. Yet when I was a child all I ever saw at the cinema was cowboys riding over the hills and chasing Indians. There were Marshal Dillons and Wyatt Earps then—so how far are we really advancing?"

"And anyway," laughed Bebe, "I was in Westerns when I was eight years old!"

Years of show-business experience, since the silent cinema, have given polish to every comedy scene played by Bebe and Ben. As Bebe says, they were playing the vague wife and the henpecked husband as far back as the thirties.

It's Between Elections When Television Matters, says

MICHAEL FOOT

(In an interview with BILL EVANS*)*

"I WANT the maximum freedom of discussion on television, with groups and people representing minorities getting a chance to speak. All the rationalists and humanists and people like that. One of television's great problems is the natural tendency for official spokesmen and those in established positions being able to put their cases all the time, whereas the minority tend to be squeezed out. I think that's deplorable."

Despite his blue shirt and jersey, the political colour of Michael Foot is well-known. He plays outside-left in ITV's *Free Speech* team, edits a political weekly, is Labour candidate for Devonport, Plymouth.

"All ideas started with one person and I think the heretics ought to have a much better show. Lately television has been loosening-up and programmes like *Tonight* and *This Week* attempt to bring in many more people. But this could go very much further. Let's have people whose names are unknown but who have different ideas to put across."

Like the soap-boxers of Hyde Park?

"Yes. A person who's good enough to speak in Hyde Park has a good chance of getting across on television. My favourite Hyde Park orator was Bonar Thompson, who was a very fine speaker. He was an anarchist, in a highly respectable sense, and I went to hear him frequently on Sundays. He would comment on political and other events and had a strongly individual point of view. He's the kind of person who, if fit and able now, should have access to television.

"The danger to be guarded against, because the apparatus is so expensive and all the rest, is the tendency to get conformist opinions overweighting every heretical opinion. There ought therefore to be a tremendous effort to let the heretics have their say, because it's only by making a big effort that you get the others in. If a conscious, deliberate effort was made to include them in programmes it might counter-balance this danger of having orthodox opinions drilled into people's minds all the time."

He was not expecting the main political parties to be a party to this.

"The development of other forms of political discussion on TV is going to be much more important than the party political broadcasts. I don't think they are going to be decisive in future elections—because by the time an election comes most people have made up their minds. What they've been watching on television for the previous two or three years will have a more powerful effect on how they vote. The party broadcast is a secondary matter compared with the daily dose."

Rising to full *Free Speech* candour, he went on: "In my opinion most of the official political broadcasts are not much good yet. They are nothing like as professional or competent as most of those produced by the BBC or the ITV companies. Some of the official ones tend to cram in too much and don't appear to me to come up to the standard of the normal broadcasts, which is a natural thing."

What—apart from *Free Speech*—is his idea of a good political programme?

"The Ed Murrow discussions are among the best. It's true they cost a lot of money, being on film first and then edited, but undoubtedly the result is the best. I think Mr. Macmillan's programme with Murrow was one of the best the Prime Minister has done."

What about Mr. Foot's colleague Aneurin Bevan? "He's extremely

Voters from two Birmingham constituencies in the BBC studio, asking questions of M.P.'s in Who Goes Home.

Right to Reply *was an ITV series bringing politicians to book. Here Aneurin Bevan relaxes a moment with interviewer William Clark, before the questioning begins.*

good at it. When he was on the radio he wasn't so good. His slight stutter affected him, but *seeing* him you don't notice that. Television, radio and the political platform are all quite different. In the days of pre-war radio Baldwin was the most effective political broadcaster, whereas Lloyd George was a failure. It might have been the other way round with television.

"I don't think British politicians on the whole have mastered the medium to the same degree as Americans. Nor would it be desirable to have such professionalism as American politicians have, but they've obviously spent much more time at it. Mr. Nixon proved he was a skilful TV performer. He's evidently applied his mind to it considerably."

Personality is a quality that's been notably helpful to some TV artists. What does it do for the back-benchers?

"There's something in it, but I don't agree with the proposition that personality and sincerity necessarily come over on television. The tricks, or the techniques, are so important that in fact the same person could be put across quite differently by different producers. There's another of television's dangers."

Michael Foot's TV asperity first became known in the BBC's In the News. *This idea was taken over by ITV and sharpened into the now battling* Free Speech.

Dangerous as the small screen might be, Michael Foot's eight years' camera experience make him the first to see its advantages. "It's a great deal freer than it was. For three or four years we had a battle over the 14-day rule, under which we were not allowed to discuss anything that might arise in Parliament in the coming two weeks. A large number of MP's said it would be disastrous if this rule was abolished. Many of us said the exact opposite—and now it's been abolished nobody notices any disaster.

"In one respect television has been a good influence. The newspapers are checked by some of the things that appear on it: not only by deliberate programmes like *What the Papers Say*, but by viewers seeing for themselves things they ought to. There's a lot more freedom of discussion on all channels, though there's still too much pressure for having all programmes balanced, making sure each has so many people on one side and an equal number on the other. Although there are good programmes (I think *Free Speech* is one) in which you can have two sides arguing at the same time, there ought to be many more where only one side is put. It may be that the other side answers a week later—just as in a newspaper someone writes an article putting forward one point of view which you can consider and don't have to reply to immediately.

"There is still a tremendous effort to guard against any one view being too much over-weighted. In a whole year all sides should be heard, but it's too great a hardship on producers that they should always have to be

looking over their shoulders. It seems quite proper to me to have a programme weighted one side so long as the others have their chance later on. Forcing the balance in one programme makes things too stereotyped."

Whether they like it or not, many politicans are prepared to take a realistic view of television. "If you ask me whether I'm glad it was ever invented I am not sure. But it couldn't be stopped. Television involves dangers for politics because it destroys the platform. That's a tragedy, for the platform was freer than television can ever be. You don't have to have money in order to get to a meeting, nor do you need apparatus. Therefore the individual, or the minority—the crank if you like, I'm in favour of cranks!—has access to the platform. It only costs them a pound or so to hire the hall. They don't have the same access to television.

"Undoubtedly television has meant a big decline in the political platform as the place where politics are chiefly discussed. There are very few people who can fill a far-sized hall, except possibly at election times. That's a great pity but it's unavoidable."

Yet he agreed that television probably makes a large potential audience. And that many who watch a political discussion wouldn't bother to attend a meeting. "True, but they are not participating in quite

A somewhat unexpected political furore followed Irish actress Siobhan McKenna's remarks on Anglo-Irish relations when she was on BBC in the famous Ed Murrow Small World *series.*

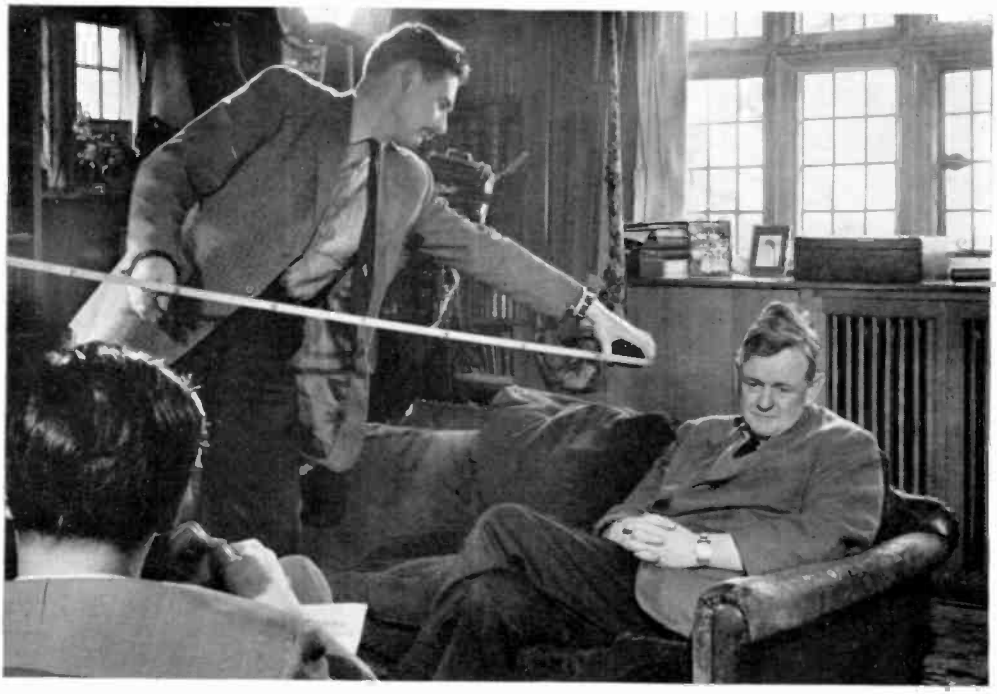
the same way. They can't answer back, they can't interrupt. I don't think you can ever get on television the kind of things we have at political meetings. At an election you might address two or three meetings a night and answer fifty questions. Anyone can go along and put their question."

He cited the Rochdale by-election as an example of good TV coverage. "I don't say it was the only reason, but it was a factor ensuring the high vote. I would like to see general elections with not only official party broadcasts but also regional broadcasts enabling voters to fire questions at local candidates. It won't be possible to cover every seat and no doubt areas where the contests are close will be chosen. This will have the effect of concentrating the election, even more than previously, on the small number of marginal seats which really decide the result.

"I hope the parties will agree between themselves that a great deal can be done on television. The more you remove the restrictions the better."

To some extent, perhaps, the BBC's regular *Who Goes Home* programmes are already letting in the voices of various small minorities when the studio audience questions M.P's. But it is plain that to Michael Foot this is hardly more than a gesture; he wants television to be open to *all* political opinions, all the time!

Even the biggest politicians have to be "taped" before TV can transmit their wisdom. Camera distance is measured while Lord Hailsham awaits Ludovic Kennedy's questions.



"HULLO, MY DARLINGS —THIS IS ME!"

Or CHARLIE DRAKE *Tells All*

TELEVISION doesn't seem to produce as many catch-phrases as radio did in its heyday. You've only got to think of *Itma* and *Band Wagon:* they seemed to coin new ones every week. That's why I'm overjoyed every time I hear someone say, "Hullo, my darlings!" It gives me a thrill. The summer before last, while appearing in a show at Weymouth, I went to a local cinema one wet Sunday to see *Dracula.* The whole film was spoiled because every time the heroine was confronted by the monster some wag in the front stalls called out, "Hh-ullo, my darling!"

Like a lot of catch-phrases, mine came about by accident. I was doing a sketch in a Jimmy Wheeler Show with dancer Janet Ball, who at 5ft. 10in. is reputed to have the longest legs in show business. At 5ft. 1in. I'm reputed to have the shortest! I had to walk past, look up at Janet and just say, "Hello". On transmission something made me add the two extra words "my darling". It got a big laugh, but I didn't think anything more about it till later. Then, as I passed the Television Toppers' dressing-rooms, they were coming out mimicking it as they went home, and getting plenty of laughs among themselves. I reckoned it was worth using in my act, so it's the Toppers I've got to thank for spotting it.

Getting my own TV series was a far cry from the days, 25 years earlier, when I first appeared as a boy on the stage of the old South London Palace, near my home at Elephant and Castle. As I went round the halls in my twenties I watched television whenever I could, trying to learn from it, and hoping for a chance to appear in what was then a new and wonderful medium. My first television spot was in one of the shows from London's Nuffield Centre, in which Benny Hill first became known to viewers. Children's television followed, and then I played small character parts in almost every TV comedian's show, including Arthur Askey, Vic Oliver, Max Wall and Ted Ray. But having a series of my own seemed a far-off dream.

By this time ITV had started, and after I had been appearing for several months in their children's programmes Ronnie Waldman, then BBC

Head of Light Entertainment, invited me to write a half-hour show for myself. This was called *Laughter in Store* and led to my first series at the end of 1957. That series only just got by; I didn't emerge as a great new discovery. But after a panto at Southsea I had another chance. It was the third show in the new series that turned the tide. I wrote my own script entirely and made myself a policeman. The viewing figures went up; I had broken through. But I was still learning.

The first thing I learned from television is, "Never make the same mistake twice". So I watch the BBC's private viewing figures very closely. And I read the Press, too. The critics are never very far wrong about my shows. If they give me a hiding their judgment is usually confirmed by the viewing figures. I never forget that the public are my governors. For instance, whilst at Weymouth last year I made my record *Splish Splash*. That's MY darling! The teenagers had been very good to me and I wanted to aim something in their direction. The disc was such a success that though I hadn't intended to include it in the summer show, I had to put it in. The public wanted it that way. I'm strictly commercial, which means trying to give the public what it wants.

My next TV series started well. We opened with a programme called *The Patriotic Singer* which got the BBC's highest-ever figure for a half-hour comedy show. I was told the audience was only one point below that for the Coronation. During that series I had the great experience of appearing in the Royal Command Performance. What a memorable night that was!

Charlie Drake found fame after long struggle and hard work. Here he is as a bird-watcher, in his first BBC series.

As Charlie appeared in The Return of Uncle Henry. "*I've got a name for throwing out scripts,*" *says Charlie, whose shows are usually the result of weeks of thought given to suggested scripts.*

There is no doubt television is great for keeping an artist "alive". Though at first it seemed like grappling with a monster, nowadays I find the monster friendly. Television makes you inventive, makes you feel you're in touch with the audience, whereas in the halls your brain's apt to stop working.

But I've always held that the subject-matter of a TV show must be good. I've got a name for throwing out scripts, because I cannot make bad material look good. Dave Freeman and I (we work on my scripts together) are forever looking for fresh ideas. We take something topical and twist it—like *Charlie and the King of Siam*—and we've torn up whole half-hour scripts because, after maybe two or three weeks of thought, we've realised they are not right for me.

That's another thing I've learned from television. The important thing is to be strong enough to throw out bad ideas. In the last five years I've at least learned to discard what is bad for me, which often counts more than knowing what is really good.

Before going to Blackpool for a 22-week season this year, there was the wonderful moment when I signed a £200,000 film contract. I start work on the first of six films in January, but that won't mean I'm disappearing from television. I'm under contract to the BBC for 12 shows a

Unseen producer of a Charlie Drake television series, Ernest Maxin, takes a little by-play from Charlie Drake during rehearsals. In the programme, "Baby Face" Charlie was supposed to be a gangster.

year till the end of 1962. It's always been my ambition to get into films, and we have tried to use film techniques for my TV shows. Each one had a separate title and we attempt to accentuate my smallness by putting me out of my depth. I think the more a comic is out of his depth the funnier he is. I'm best if I'm fitted into a big background, like a little man trying to run a stately home.

We've built up this "canvas" by getting straight actors and actresses to play supporting roles. Names like Richard Waring, Diane Clare, Mary Hinton and Sam Kidd have been brought in to make the themes more believable.

Television makes you very conscious that your audience is composed of people of all ages and wage-groups. I've had fan letters from Cockney ladies in the East End and from millionaires' wives. There has been fan mail from both elderly viewers and teenagers. The children, too, are very loyal. I've just seen a newspaper story about a Worcester schoolboy who, asked by his teacher what Drake said when he saw the Spanish Armada, replied (you've guessed it)—"Hullo, my darlings!"

Bruce Forsyth

AT long last, Bruce has been able to beat the clock. For fourteen tough years in show business he has been feeling the clock was beating him . . . At 30, this long-chinned man from the seaside shows feels strange at being hailed as "a new TV discovery." You see, he's been waiting nearly half his lifetime to be discovered.

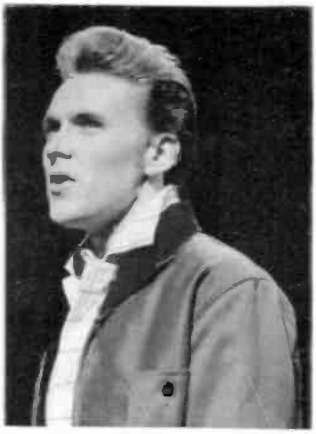
Because he took dancing lessons, the boys at school called him a sissy, and Bruce had to learn how to use that long left hook in reply! Then he ran away from school and joined a touring tap-dance troupe. Ten years ago he became a Windmill Theatre discovery, like Jimmy Edwards, Harry Secombe and Tony Hancock. Bruce did a solo act at the Windmill in 1953, and went back in 1956 for a season. But, more important, he met and married Penny Calvert while he was there. Now they have two daughters, Deborah, aged four, and baby Julie.

It gives Bruce and Penny a genuine thrill to see *Beat the Clock* contestants go home from the Palladium laden with valuable prizes, because it is all a symbol of the new golden age that has now dawned for them. And it is a reminder of harder times in the past. For instance, when, soon after Julie's arrival, Bruce made a bid for security and made the down payment on a new house at St. Albans. At that very moment, a show closed, and he was six weeks out of work. "I hadn't got a stick of furniture or anything," he says. "I felt terrible!"

Then along came *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*, and Bruce's roving days were over. No more nights such as that in a show at Brixton, four years ago, when he flopped so miserably that he almost decided to quit. How glad he is today that he stuck it out!


"Oh Boy!"

Inevitably, rock and roll got a hold of television; and TV's rock shows got a hold of younger viewers. The BBC's loud and fast Six-Five Special *was followed by a louder and faster ITV show,* Oh Boy! *This became the talk of the town—or at least of the teenagers of every town. It gave Cliff Richard* (opposite page) *a quick rise to the top of this vicarious "market." It has starred every rock-and-roller, jiver, jazz-ist—or whatever you want to call them—who matters. Here, from the* Oh Boy! *show, are a few screen expressions doted upon by their admirers, including their gramophone record managers: Cuddly Duddley; Mona Baptiste; Terry Dene; organist Cherry Wainer; and those Five Dallas Boys (who in fact come from Leicester).*



(Above) *Marty Wilde doffs those sunglasses when the cameras turn towards him; other-times they keep out bright studio lights. Sweet Laurie Mann comes next; and that's the well-named Billy Fury on the right.* (Right) *John Barry took his trumpet to this* Oh Boy! *session.* (Below) *Roy Young, Bill Forbes and Dickie Pride, all in fighting TV roller form.*

Lord Rockingham's XI, the so-British band in the show, have Harry Robinson (above) *as their leader.* (Right) *Red Price "saxes" it up for his pretty admirers—members of the Vernon Girls dance team, an essential garnishing on* Oh Boy! (Below) *In the studio, the band, singers and dancers get down to some surprisingly well-ordered rehearsal. But then, none of this stuff is as simple as it looks on the screen—so they say!*

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Eleanor Summerfield

ELEANOR first became "Mrs. Charlie Chester" in the TV version of Noel Coward's *Red Peppers*, a comedy of back-stage life which not only amused millions of viewers, but showed programme executives that Eleanor is the perfect foil for cheerful, indefatigable Chester. She has never minded making a Proper Charlie of herself in the interests of TV entertainment, but it was a courageous experiment to sign with Charlie for the Wednesday-night series *The Two Charleys*. In this, Charlie and Eleanor had the roles of a husband-and-wife comedy team in a touring revue.

In private life, too, Eleanor is a show-business wife, being married to Transvaal-born actor Leonard Sachs. They try to keep their TV work separate so that at least one is chiefly at home during the week. "Robin is now 8, Toby 5," says Eleanor, "so this is a critical time in their young lives when they need their parents." Not that Eleanor ever boasts she is a model housewife, for all her life she has been working on the stage or in films and television.

Nobody in the Summerfield family liked the idea of a daughter on the stage, but Eleanor convinced her sceptical father by winning a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She managed to get a suitable job at the end of the course, with a short season (ended by the war) at the Westminster Theatre. Then she toured with E.N.S.A. for a while until eventually taking a civilian job at the War Office.

For a time Eleanor flirted with Third Programme ideas. She broadcast and televised in Christopher Fry's *A Phoenix Too Frequent*, and some Third Programme plays. But to show her versatility she also starred in a West End musical, *Golden City*, then signed with the BBC for a long series of light plays. She was also given panel-game appearances with Kenneth Horne and other stars, then along came Charlie Chester.

Eleanor and Leonard run their Georgian home in Bayswater with the aid of a mother's help, and Robin and Toby go to a kindergarten around the corner. Neither yet shows any aptitude for television. Robin, however, loves arithmetic. "Perhaps he'll grow up to be an agent!" laughs Eleanor.

HOW TELEVISION HAS CHANGED MY LIFE

By GWEN WATFORD, *Star of Many Notable TV Plays*

BEFORE I started acting regularly in television most of my career was in repertory. I began as assistant stage manager at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, in 1945. The next year, under the same management, I went into the West End to play a small part in *No Room at the Inn*. In 1947, the late Anthony Hawtrey, who ran the Embassy, opened a repertory company at Buxton and offered me a season there. It wasn't long before I met my husband, Richard Bebb, who joined the company as leading juvenile. We will always be grateful to Tony Hawtrey, not only because we met while working for him, but because he's the man to whom basically we owe everything in our careers.

After five years I left the Embassy, but though I had by then been in three West End plays I found the going very difficult. I was out of work for the first six months. Then later I went to New York to play in *Women of Twilight*. Unlike the London production, which was successfully running while we were away, we flopped and returned home in five or six weeks!

Since our marriage in 1952 Richard has been as anxious for my career to continue as I have been. We are both devoted to our work, and like bringing it home with us. He's always said he could not have married outside the profession, that a wife who could not discuss the daily crises and problems of drama would be no use! So apart from the eight months or so I took off to have my son, Mark, who's four, I've kept working as much as I could. Mainly in the theatre, with some radio parts. (I was once in *Mrs. Dale's Diary* as a night sister when Mrs. Freeman was very ill.) Finally TV offers came from both BBC and ITV producers. What suddenly clicked?

After Mark was born I played the real queen in *Queen and the Rebels* at the Haymarket Theatre. A number of people saw it but nothing really came of it for me. Shortly afterwards I played Mary, the mother of Jesus, in *Jesus of Nazareth* for BBC Children's television. Then I went back into repertory at Hornchurch, Essex. After about six months we entered a

repertory festival. Four companies interchanged, and apart from our own theatre we played fortnights at Guildford, Canterbury and Salisbury. The festival was an incentive to find a new play and we did one called *Time to Speak*, in which I played the lead for the first time.

Campbell Williams, who runs the Arts Theatre, went to Guildford to see it, with the result that after the festival we took it to the Arts. It wasn't a financial success, but I had some wonderful notices from it. In some extraordinary way those notices made people remember *Queen and the Rebels*. I shall never understand why—there was a gap of 18 months between that and *Time to Speak*. But TV producers began contacting me. I was Olivia in *Night Must Fall*, opposite Ronnie Lewis, for the BBC in September 1957, and after that offers just came tumbling in. I did six TV plays in the last half of 1957, nine in 1958.

When I was in repertory it meant spending all day rehearsing and all the evening playing. I left home at half-past nine in the morning and got back at eleven-thirty at night. It was a long day and I saw little of my family. Our North London flat was literally a place to sleep in. Thanks to television, all that's been altered. I don't have to leave so early for TV rehearsals, and I'm able to spend evenings at home after them. In between TV appearances there are three or four weeks when I can stay at home and enjoy family life. There's time now to do the housework, to organise the meals. I have a nanny to look after Mark when I'm not there, but as she's only 21 and getting married soon I do most of the cooking, showing her "how" as we go along.

In a TV rehearsal room Gwen Watford discusses yet another role, this time with Frederick Jaeger who played an ambitious clerk employed by her "father," in This Desirable Residence. *At this stage the Victorian atmosphere of the play is only imagined in the players' minds.*

This Desirable Residence *comes to life on the screen amid all the clutter and emotion of a Victorian household.*

After lunch I try to spend an hour answering letters, and then either play with Mark or take him for a walk or shopping. We shop locally, mainly in Stoke Newington High Street. Here I've noticed people recognise me more than they used to, because of television. It's quite fun, after doing a play, to have strangers and shopkeepers tell you their opinions. They're pretty frank about it, too. They're willing to tell you whether they liked it or not, which is a very good thing. Once or twice, when I've played the same kind of part in two or three plays running, someone will say, "Yes, it was very good, Mrs. Bebb—but when are we going to see you in something gay?" A useful barometer showing when viewers tire of certain types.

Some ask me if I'm a Londoner. Well, I was born in London. But when I was only three weeks old my parents took me to St. Leonard's in Sussex, and I spent all my childhood there. They wanted me to be a concert pianist, and from the age of eight I studied to that end. But when I was about 16 I realised I wasn't good enough to do anything really great with the piano. Until a year earlier I had no idea I wanted to be an actress, but fortunately my headmistress, who was very interested in drama of all kinds, encouraged and trained me. She even went to the interview with me when I joined the Embassy.

I still play the piano as a hobby—mainly studies, especially Bach and Scarlatti. Richard, who's a great music-lover, would like me to play all

"Of all my parts the most exciting and the one I liked best," says Gwen Watford of her Elizabeth I in Till Time Shall End. *In this highlight of her career, Tony Britton played Leicester.*

the Bach preludes and fugues, but I haven't managed them yet. I like playing modern music, too, including the latest "pop" songs. Richard's huge collection of records includes some fascinating old discs with the voices of Ellen Terry, John Forbes-Robertson and John Barrymore. We often pass an evening listening to his records or his up-to-the-minute tape recordings. I didn't know it at the time, but he made a recording of me playing the young Queen Elizabeth I in *Till Time Shall End.* That was the most tremendous chance I've ever had, and of all my parts it was the most exciting and the one I liked best. There was a terrific amount of nervous tension in the BBC's Studio D (for Drama!) that Sunday night, for it was a great undertaking. But I learned more about what I could do in television from that play than from any other.

The role of young Queen Bess did not count for the 1957-58 Producers' and Directors' Guild award I received only two days later. But imagine how thrilled I was when, immediately after that performance, I got a phone call from someone at the Guild who said, "I'm ringing to ask if you're going to be at the ball on Tuesday." I said I was. "Well, you know it's going to start at half-past seven? Could you be there at half-past six?" Then, just a hint there might be an award. I was in such a haze after *Till Time Shall End* that I dithered round for 48 hours wondering if I had got an award or not! That wonderful December night when it was handed to me at the ball I felt like Cinderella—except, of course, that my husband was with me!

BERNARD BRESSLAW

Confesses: "I Want to Play Shakespeare!"

I'VE never forgotten it was the character of Private "Popeye" Popplewell in *The Army Game* that rocketed me to success. I'll tell you how that came about. Acting is, and always has been, my first love. I won a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where I won the Emile Littler Award for the actor most likely to succeed; but that didn't mean big parts right away. I took voice-production training at RADA. They described me as bi-lingual, which may have been useful for different accents, but didn't help much with my record of *Feet*! They also taught me ballet; that came in useful later for fooling on TV.

My first stage job was as a man of seventy, with a walrus moustache. This was great till the night the moustache fell into the leading lady's soup. Unfortunately she spooned it up and chewed it. After that I was in four West End plays, playing serious parts in three of them, including the good-hearted but bullying seaman in *The Good Sailor*. Different roles called for different accents. On television I was a Belgian in a story about the life of Conrad, later a Spanish detective-sergeant in a 17th-century Restoration comedy.

There were several TV documentaries, an Army play called *Who Goes There*? and comedies like *Joan and Leslie* and the Max Bygraves Shows. Then I got a small part in a Norman Wisdom film called *Up in the World*. The scriptwriter was Sid Colin, and when he saw me in it he thought I might do for a character he was creating for a new TV show called *The Army Game*.

But the same time as I was offered the part I had an offer to play in another TV series called *Three Tough Guys*, in which I would have been a sort of Damon Runyon character, always getting into trouble. The reason I chose *The Army Game* was security. It had an option of running for 39 shows if the early ones were successful. I'm glad I chose it—the other series lasted only six shows!

When I took on "Popeye" I did not foresee it becoming what it did, the making of me as a star. Perhaps part of that success is that we all know somebody a bit like "Popeye". The "I Only Arsked" voice and all the other mannerisms were in the way I approached what I considered an acting part. I did not think of the voice as just a gimmick. That's a word that's been coined since by other people!

In fact, I did not want to go on too long in the same show. That's why I left; I was beginning to wonder where "Popeye" left off and I began. Yet when asked recently if the voice was going to be my stock-in-trade for the future I had to answer Yes and No. Maybe it will always be somewhere near. On the other hand, in my recent film *The Ugly Duckling* I had to speak faster than usual. For Teddy Hyde I used a sharper, crisper voice. But Henry Jekyll was a bit of me and a bit of "Popeye".

That film gave me a much greater acting chance than I had had before. First the idea was submitted to me, then a synopsis, then a draft script, then a revised one . . . I wanted it that way to make sure I had scope for some real acting. The film was made at Bray, near Windsor. I had cause to remember the studio, for some years earlier I had my first film part there—a sheriff's man in *Men of Sherwood Forest*. Every time Robin Hood saw me I got a clonk on the head!

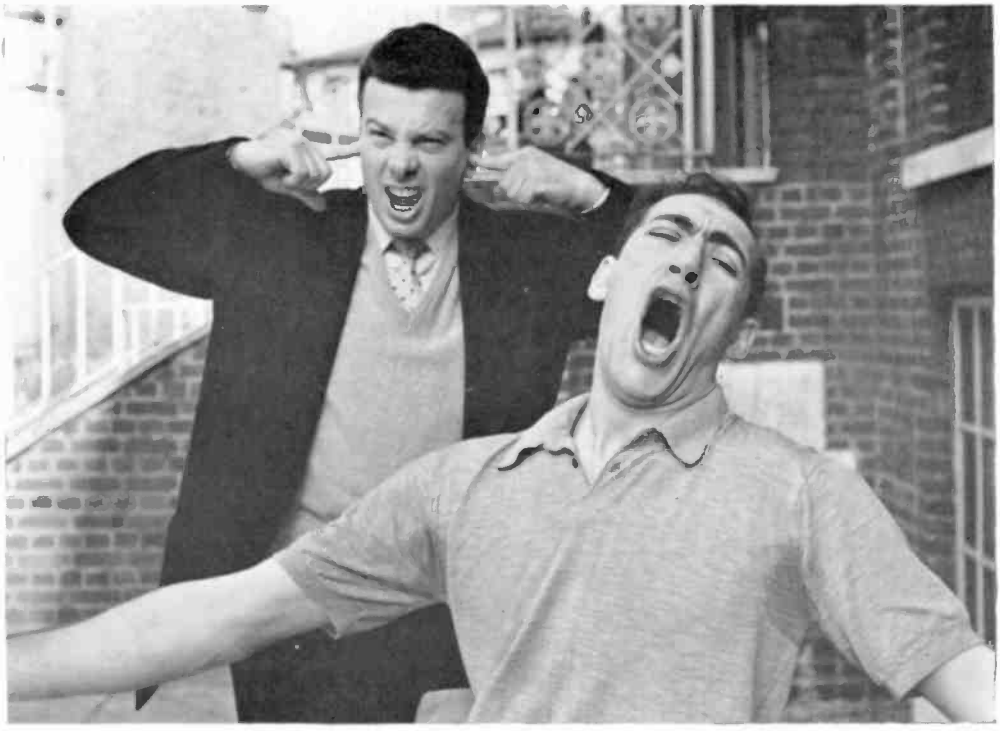
Much as I enjoy playing comedy in films, I enjoy it equally in television, radio and on the stage. To television, of course, I owe everything. But last year's pantomime at the London Palladium was very enjoyable, and working with Bruce Forsyth and Charlie Drake wonderful.

Radio, too, is a lot of fun. It's amazing, but I got almost as big a fan mail from *Educating Archie* as I did from *The Army Game*. Which shows sound radio is not such a backwater as a lot of people think. After mentioning golliwogs in one programme I was sent a couple by young admirers of "Twinkletoes". In another I said I had eaten my conker; the next post brought dozens, with little cards on which the children had written, "Don't you eat *this* one!"

Apart from small studio audiences, those for television and radio are of the unseen type. This calls for some getting used to after the stage, because you're forever fighting a natural inclination to play to the audience in front. When viewing at home I get a bit irritated when I see someone playing to a studio audience instead of the far bigger one watching the screen. One place there's some excuse is the Palladium. The audience there is so vast it demands attention, but all the time you have to think about the bigger one you can't see.

Would shows be better if they had no studio audience? I don't think so. For the very first *Army Game* the audience sat in a canteen while we played in a small studio adjoining. We couldn't see them but heard their laughter

Popular singer Jill Day gets round Bernard in a Saturday Spectacular. *Is she "only arsking"?*



If famous tenor Oreste Kirkop can sing, why not Bernard Bresslaw for a slice of opera? But Oreste seems to think the experiment not a success. The two met rehearsing for an ITV show.

coming back—seconds later, it seemed—on a monitor speaker. This was unsettling, we felt, so we did the second show without an audience. But that wasn't nearly so good. We missed the spontaneous laughter to help us along and provide the right atmosphere. After that we always had a studio audience.

I enjoy half-hour TV comedies. I think they are the most successful type because they are no use for anything else—only television, having been tailored for the small screen.

If I must state my ambition, maybe it's to play some of Shakespeare's villains and black sheep. I did that at RADA, and found I liked these characters best. After all, at 6ft. 5in., in size 12 shoes, I would look a bit unromantic as Romeo. I could look right over the top of the balcony! But my real ambition is to go on playing comedy. Not necessarily in the "Popeye" mould: I like sophisticated comedy too. That, and the fact that I enjoy all entertainment forms, might in the end get me a long way from the character that will always be my favourite—that half-witted Private Popplewell. Through him this Cockney is now able to run a flat in Mayfair.

Derek Hart

AT dawn a young TV star, driving home after an outside broadcast, accidentally piles his car into a tree, and is taken to hospital suffering from concussion and broken bones. Fortunately he makes a miraculous recovery and is back on the show within a few weeks. But, during those anxious weeks, the BBC and the *Tonight* office were bombarded with letters, phone calls and telegrams. Thousands of wellwishers sent flowers or grapes. Prayers were said.

And why not? After all, a star of *Tonight* is one of the heroes of today. But Derek Hart accepts the limelight with an easy smile, never showing how much at heart he dislikes the ballyhoo. For Derek is a very serious and realistic young actor. He had a studious upbringing, at Christ College, Bath, and Lincoln College, Oxford. He joined the famous O.U.D.S., making his first stage appearance as Sebastian in *Twelfth Night*.

The war prevented him from going ahead with dramatic studies, and in 1943 he joined the Fleet Air Arm, and later flew as a pilot. Immediately on demob., he went back to Oxford, and read English. A year later he took his first West-end job, in Ivor Novello's *We Proudly Present*.

Many fans of Derek will probably not think of him as an actor so much as a TV personality who just somehow "happened." But his ease in front of the cameras comes from a very mixed range of hard work on the stage. He appeared in repertory, in two religious plays in St. Thomas's, Regent-street, and did some TV work at Alexandra Palace, making his debut before the cameras in 1948. His early TV experience included Good Friday plays such as *The First Citizen*, then a band show, *Friends and Neighbours*, and *Fool's Paradise*. But a BBC talent-scout signed him for *Tonight*, and since that newspaper-like show was first screened in February, 1957, Derek Hart has not had an idle moment—except, of course, in hospital.

Among the thousands of get-well-soon letters were some from love-crazed girls. Mrs. Hart dealt with those. She is better known as Siriol Hugh Jones, the writer, and mother of two children. Derek and Siriol were married in 1951, long before his present success was by any means certain.

THE QUIZ FEVER

Quizzes come and go; but quizzes never die, it seems. Astonishing scenes take place in the quiz studios to keep the guessing up. (Above) *Backstage on* Dotto, *artists work masked so that they are not visible through the screens.* (Below) Dotto's *producer examines a few of the letters from would-be contestants, while Jimmy Hanley chats to two who were selected.*

(Right Criss Cross Quiz had Jeremy Hawk as question master. Here he is with part of the card system containing the questions. (Below) How the Criss Cross subject indicator was changed by programme assistants behind the scenes. Any subject could be put on each roll in any order.

SIR KENNETH CLARK

Discusses the Problems and Opportunities of Putting

ART ON TELEVISION

CAN television be used to increase the enjoyment and understanding of art? Can it do for painting and sculpture what sound radio has done for music? In answering that question, one thinks at once of three peculiarities of the medium. First, it is a medium of popular entertainment. The popularity of television is largely due to the ease with which it may be switched on and off. If I am bored by a lecture, I don't like to walk out for fear of hurting the lecturer's feelings or treading on the toes of the audience. If I am bored by a book, I can skip a few pages and come to the point that interests me. If I am bored by television—click, and it is all over. As far as I know, no one has ever switched on again to see the same programme.

The second limitation of television is that we expect its images to move. Pictures and sculpture do not usually move, and in a lecture illustrated by lantern slides we accept this stationary condition without question. But on the television screen it has a death-like fixity. This does not matter when it is the photograph of a politician, or a forthcoming star. But no one who is trying to persuade people to look with interest at a work of art would wish it to appear in this discouraging manner.

Thirdly, the curved window of television distorts far more than we imagine. When it shows us imperfect humanity we make allowances for it. But when it distorts a perfect construction of art, we are shocked. A Raphael is made to look like a Modigliani.

It was with these limitations in mind that about eighteen months ago I planned a series of television programmes on the arts. I thought that they must be made entertaining by introducing a variety of persons. I thought they must be kept moving by using a lot of film or by showing artists and craftsmen at work. I thought they should deal less with the established forms of art, the art that one finds in museums, and more

with the arts which enter everyone's lives: dress design, motor-car design, and so forth.

This was quite a reasonable plan, but it didn't work. It left out of account one all-important factor: the concentrated character of television. To take a large subject with many performers involves trouble and expense out of all proportion to the results. The kind of programmes I had in mind would have taken months to prepare, and then would have been no more effective than a simple personal approach. They would also have involved a number of unscripted performances which are very rarely successful, and there would have been plenty of slack moments when the viewer not interested in the subject for its own sake would have felt justified in switching off.

I therefore found myself giving solo performances, each one dealing with a single question in the arts—"What is good taste?", "Can art be democratic?" and so forth. For about two-thirds of the time the viewer looks at visual data and the other third he looks at me; and I look at him. Would that I could look at a script, but if I did so, he would leave me, even although what I said would be better phrased.

In my last two programmes I discussed portrait painting and sculpture, and I then had the opportunity of finding out how great works of art can be presented on television. It is a sad reflection on the medium that large photographs of pictures come over better than the original paintings, and the same is true of casts of sculpture. This shows how much of the real quality of a work of art cannot be conveyed by the television lecturer.

As first chairman of the Independent Television Authority, Sir Kenneth was in at the birth of commercial television in Britain. With Lady Clark, he attended the inaugural celebration of ITV at London's Guildhall.

As pictures cannot move, I found it necessary to move the camera almost all the time. In portraiture this was quite easy, as the lens simply advanced towards the head, which is what we do ourselves when we look at a portrait, and which requires no explanation. But in subject pictures, such movements of the lens would have to be followed by explanation, and the lecture might easily degenerate into a running commentary on the subject. In a landscape the movement of the lens would be quite arbitrary, and it would be very difficult to convey the total impression which was the artist's original aim. The television lecturer is therefore bound to give preference to pictures which have a quantity of clearly defined details on which the camera can be focussed, and in so doing he is bound to give an entirely unbalanced view of the aims and character of painting.

With sculpture the position is easier in one respect, because the camera can properly move round a solid object, or the piece of sculpture itself can be revolved. But here I found that it was almost impossible to light bronzes in such a way as to make them comprehensible on the screen. Moreover, it is difficult to obtain for television use objects of the first

In his series of programmes on taste in art, Sir Kenneth Clark considered several rooms furnished to illustrate different standards of popular taste.

Sculpture shows to advantage on the screen because the camera can move around it, says Sir Kenneth. This was a moment in his programme What Is Sculpture?

quality, and even plaster casts are easily broken and difficult or inconvenient to replace. And, once again, it is depressing to find how effectively one may use photographs of sculpture as opposed to the real thing.

I am often asked if I consciously talk down to the audience. The answer is that I never do so, and never say anything which I would not say to a fellow lover of painting. I try to use simple language, because I find that nearly all pretentious-looking phrases in art criticism can be rendered quite simply; but I do that also in my writings. But I am bound to say that I make a conscious effort not to be dull, and although there is much to be said for this, there is the danger that one excludes certain difficulties and qualifications for fear of boring people. Nothing worth understanding can be understood without a certain amount of effort, and if people switch off the moment they have to make an effort they will never enlarge their range of appreciation. In a series of talks which I am going to give in the autumn on individual painters, I will have to include a little more information, and it will be interesting to see how many viewers will switch off.

On the whole, I should say that television is far from being able to do for visual art what sound radio has done for music. The distortion is far greater. In painting the absence of colour is extremely serious; there are many artists like Turner, or Monet, whose work would not come through at all. Finally, people listening to sound radio are in a more serious or docile frame of mind, and are more prepared to make an effort in order to understand what is unfamiliar.

Sian Phillips

A GREAT deal was heard about "that talented new Irish actress" Sian Phillips when she appeared in ITV's drama, *The Breaking Point*, with Joyce Heron and Griffith Jones. This annoyed serious-minded Sian, because she comes from West Wales, and her name is pronounced "Sharn" in the way of the Welsh, and not "Shaun" or "Shevaun" as with the Oirish.

Nor, for that matter, is Sian a 1959 discovery, except to those who didn't notice her name before. In fact, she first went on BBC sound radio from Cardiff when she was a schoolgirl of 11. Nan Davies (now sometimes seen with women's TV features) discovered Sian as a schoolgirl starlet. After Sian had completed her studies at the University of Wales, she was given a double contract by the BBC at Cardiff, as announcer-actress. As Sian is completely bilingual, and announces with equal fluency in the Welsh, she was a great asset to the studios.

But, an actress at heart, an unseen microphone job was not satisfying enough. She went on the stage with plays like *Uncle Vanya*, toured in drama for the Arts Council, and on being granted a bursary by the Arts Council won a scholarship to R.A.D.A. She first went on television during her two-year term at the Royal Academy. "Nobody will remember that performance," says Sian flatly. "It was a documentary programme for the BBC, something about the depression in South Wales. I was wearing a cloche hat and had my collar upturned . . ."

Although only 17 when she made her TV debut, Sian made a debut of a much bigger sort when commercial television first came to Wales, for it was bilingual Sian who really opened the TWW channel with a charming "*Bore da i chwi*" (Good morning to you all). Then, as now, Sian was hovering from channel to channel. She made periodic appearances on TWW, mostly in Welsh, and for BBC Cardiff made a name as a TV story-teller. Winter rep. in Coventry saw her in *Saint Joan*, then following a repertory season in Nottingham she did her first BBC TV play. Since then she has starred in major plays on all channels.

SINGING STARS FROM THE STATES (1)

PERRY COMO

He Was Going To Be A Barber!

"IN my family, we all had to get out to work as soon as we were old enough to cross a street safely." This is one of the few reported sayings of the fabulous Perry Como, who caused a 1959 sensation by negotiating an American television contract valued at £9,000,000 (not all of which goes to him). For the relaxed and easy-going Como seen by BBC viewers in his filmed American shows is cautious, reserved and quiet offstage. He rarely gives interviews to the host of show-business reporters who cluster round American stars in Hollywood and New York.

In a few expressive sentences, however, he has all but summarized his startling career to the top. His allusion to getting out and earning early in life goes back to boyhood days in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, where Perry's father was a £7-a-week tinplate-factory worker. Commenting on his progress from those days to the present, Como has said:

"All I wanted to be was a barber. The great ideal for me was to own a huge barber shop. Well, I did get into a barber shop. They tell me today that I sang to the customers. Maybe—what boy doesn't sometimes sing at his job?

"I picked up piano playing, certainly. But it was a girl who reckoned I should sing more. I met her when I was sixteen, and she said I should audition for a dance band. I got a few dates, and the thing kind of built up and kept me touring for thirteen years. I then married the girl who'd suggested it. After our son Ronnie had come, I bought a car, and with Ronnie in a bed in the back, we started touring the band dates again: not that I'd ever stopped, but now my wife Roselle and the boy were with me on the road."

Perry modestly appears to think that everybody knows the rest of the story. All he adds now are a few references to his present situation. "Roselle likes to do the cooking, and I like pottering about the house . . . All this stuff about my always being relaxed, well, I get annoyed sometimes; only on second thoughts perhaps it's only at golf . . . I'd like to

think my popularity will last, but I'm not counting on it . . . Anyway, I know how to cut hair!"

This is just about all Como ever says about himself, and it reveals nothing of the key phase in his career when he sprang to the forefront of popular singers in America. In fact, there was a period, around 1942, when Perry Como started thinking of barber shops again. He had done eleven years of dance-band singing, and he was even looking for shop premises. But it was a New York agent who advised him that though the day of fame by way of dance-band vocalising seemed to be over, the day of fame through singing in a regular radio programme seemed to be dawning. Como was offered £40 a week to sing on a radio programme every night.

This went on for two years, with Como singing nightly, but nobody raving about him. He was just one of many radio singers. In the end it was a record of a song which pushed him to the edge of that limelit circle where the big money is made. The song was "Till the End of Time"; it sold more than a million copies. Other records followed suit, and Como found himself in great demand by American show producers. Once he was seen on television, his friendly ease—something very fresh to American viewers used to pepped-up singers—clinched his fame.

The casualness of his shows is of course planned to the last detail, through five days of rehearsal. But the general unpretentiousness of the man on the screen does reflect a real quality of his personality. He is not ostentatious over his success and wealth. He drives his own car. At home there is only one servant. In a world where every star's marital affairs provide endless speculation for the gossip columns, Como's is known with absolute finality to be a happy and solid marriage.

He bars reporters and photographers from his home, keeps his private life out of the Press. His home is his refuge, where he restocks that quiet nervous strength that gets him through his shows, and which in part has made them "different." To his first child, Ronnie (now 18) has been added David (13) and Terri (12)—both adopted. Como is a devout Catholic, and some say his only close friend is a priest he has known for 15 years.

That much-publicised £9,000,000 contract for his TV shows was perhaps inadequately explained in the flush of sensation with which the world Press reported it. In fact, only part of this amount goes to Como's personal account. The full figures have not been revealed, but New York accountants have made it known that Como will get about four of the nine million. And the contract is for two years.

The reduction from the total contract figure comes of the American TV sponsor's method of budgeting his star with sufficient to produce his shows and to buy the air-time for them on the network. Out of the nine

million, for instance, Como must pay £1,500,000 for air-time and about £2,000,000 for the performers and material in the shows. He also has to pay for the performers who appear in the commercials which interrupt his programmes; and when his series goes off the air in the summer months, he must pay for the replacement series.

SINGING STARS FROM THE STATES (2)

HARRY BELAFONTE

The Power-packed Missioner

ALTHOUGH Harry Belafonte appears to dislike the comparison, there is some truth in the assertion that he possesses the same innate urge to fight which took Paul Robeson to fame years ago. The coloured singer denies that he is making his career a compaign against colour prejudice; but those who know the close-kept facts about his life see in it a determination to score for his race, in a world where the road to success is still harder for a coloured man than for a white man.

Belafonte's critics accuse him of having a chip on his shoulder; they say he can be "tetchy". He certainly holds himself aloof, is hard to get at by reporters, and treats his TV performances and public concerts with the study and reverence which some people would think more apposite to a religious ritual. On the other hand, the dedicated approach to his work may be simply the hallmark of a true artist, rather than the result of some high social purpose.

Whichever it is, 33 is a good age to be so uniquely popular and well-paid. He can earn £1,000 a night in a night club; gets £200,000 from just one five-year hotel contract; reaps £50,000 a time for film roles; and each of the seven record albums he has recorded has sold 200,000 copies.

He shares with Victor Borge the determination not to "over-expose" himself on television, and this is why, under a contract with the BBC, he is seen in only three or four programmes a year. Belafonte thus becomes an event on television; though in Britain less so than in the States, where most viewers know all about the strange story behind him—the experiences which pack inside him a power either to go on being an artist, or perhaps to burst out in rebellion. Perhaps it is the conflict between these two pulls that gives Belafonte his tense preoccupation, so obvious on the screen.

What is there in his background causing such tension? A Jamaican, who happened to be a British merchant navy seaman, was Harry's father.

Records and films have spread the fame of Belafonte round the world. On holiday in Florence, Italy, Harry and his wife still cannot elude the autograph hunters.

His mother, also from Jamaica, was the daughter of a black-white marriage, as was the father. But Harry was born in Harlem, where his mother was scraping a living by cleaning houses.

Harry was two years old when the father deserted them—though he had a seaman-like habit of turning up at long intervals. Living in a Harlem tenement, the boy Harry mixed with street gangs, and learned to fight to good account before he was seven. For a few years, his mother went back to Jamaica, taking the boy; but casual work there was even more hazardous, and they returned to New York, where she chose a white quarter to live in, in order to obtain better-paid work. The result was

street fighting for the rapidly toughening Harry, against gangs of white boys.

In the war Belafonte joined the United States Navy and became a storekeeper; a humdrum job, which, say some, added to his forming philosophy about colour prejudice. However, in his Negro Navy unit there were college students, who for the first time gave him his interest in Negro history. Fired by this, he fell in love with a coloured college girl, Frances Byrd, saying he immediately recognized her as "everything I ever wanted." He drove his proposal home to her by holding her in his arms above a river, until she said yes!

They had two children, Adrienne and Shari; but this marriage did not last. His second wife is Julie Robinson, 31-year-old daughter of Russian-Jewish parents, who was at one time the only white dancer in the famous Katherine Dunham company of coloured dancers. At the time of his divorce Belafonte had reached the big-money stage, and in fact gave the parting wife a £2,000 bracelet as a "divorce present."

By now he was performing in clubs where only a few years ago he had been refused admittance, in his trips around to listen to other singers. Always he has searched for music derived from the folk music of his race, and merely in order to have time to study this, he once ran a café with two other artistic but unemployed men.

Being in the limelight, he says, has given him a "nerve-racking sense of duty. All of a sudden people begin to ask me questions about everything, and I think I have to have the right answers." This is the seriousness which sets him aside from the normal run of popular singers or TV stars. For him, the world is a difficult place which must be understood.

British television has not really shown the mesmerising power he has on audiences in America. "To begin with," he has said of himself, "there are certain things there physically that I cannot help; height, looks, youth." A woman singer in America said, "From the top of his head right down that white shirt, he's the most beautiful man I ever set eyes on." But in his performances there is consummate technique and artistry as well; and he tries to explain it in words which echo the "fight" which often seems to be still there inside him. "I come out to sing looking dignified and unsmiling. I imply to the audience 'I'm here to entertain you; I'll take no liberties with you—you take none with me.' And then after a while we all relax and become friends and sing together."

READING THE NEWS

BBC Newsreader

ROBERT DOUGALL

Writes About His Job

WHAT goes to make a TV newsreader? I often get asked this question; not an easy one to answer. But I know two qualities he must have: an abiding interest in and, as far as possible, understanding of what's going on in the world; and second (most important this) a liking for people. Without the first, he could not hope to hold the viewers' interest; without the second, he would never be able to relax as though talking to friends. Because, for one reason or another, that is how he has come to be looked on in millions of British homes—as a family friend.

Apart from these two musts, he needs to be something of a mixture: experience of newsreading in sound radio is a good grounding, as fluency and rapid assimilation of the written word are essential. Then, like the TV announcer, he must come to terms with the cameras. Also in his make-up he needs something of a journalist's nose for news, a commentator's speed of reaction in emergency, an interviewer's ability to probe, and a dash of the actor's memory and poise thrown in. Oh! and I nearly forgot—the temperament of a police horse.

A few weeks after I had started full-time TV newsreading, and was still very nervous, I asked Pat Smithers, Manager of BBC Television News, how he thought I was doing.

"The top half of you looks all right," he said, "but I'm still wondering what's happening to your legs under the desk."

He was right; at that time they were still tying themselves in knots and I had to put in some more hard work learning to unwind. You see, however much dashing about goes on in the studio—and incidentally, this can be considerable when a big story breaks just before we're on the air—the newsreader, as anchor-man, must always stay unfussed and appear, at least, to be in complete control.

Recently, at the end of the ten o'clock News, I was interviewing a retired colonel when I noticed his eyes becoming fixed in a glassy kind of

stare. I followed his gaze down to where the floor manager, in this case a woman, was crawling on all fours towards us. As she crawled, she made faces and slowly drew her forefinger across her throat. Beads of cold sweat stood out on the colonel's forehead, but to his credit he soldiered on. I fully understood his concern. But, to me, the cut-throat sign meant one thing: wind up the interview—the News is overrunning.

As far as I'm concerned, apprenticeship to my present job really started 25 years ago, in November 1934. On my 21st birthday, as it happened, I was appointed a BBC Empire Announcer. I never did get used to wishing Australian listeners a cheery "Good evening" at 6 o'clock in the morning in an all but deserted Broadcasting House. Then, the war. After two years as a BBC reporter during the blitz, I joined the Navy and saw 18 months of my service time up in the Arctic in Murmansk and district. The war over, it was back to the BBC to do some television commentating; a spell in the European Service; and then came a secondment to the Foreign Office and a six-months' stay in Singapore. From there, I returned to the BBC Domestic Services—Home and Light. Pretty well all the programmes have come my way, from Family Favourites to the News. I find those 25 years have given me an experience of life, travel and broadcasting that comes in useful now.

My day usually starts with a switch-on of one of the early BBC News bulletins, and then a quick read through the papers. This keeping up to the minute with all news is most important. Without it, the news-reader would never be able to speak in front of the cameras with authority and

News on film, flown to London Airport and there picked up by motor-cycle despatch rider, arrives at the BBC News Studios at Alexandra Palace. News readers will see it so that they can comment on it in the News.

While the news script is being prepared, the News Editor briefs TV newsreader Kenneth Kendall on what to expect when he gets the full bulletin.

understanding. From the time of arrival at Alexandra Palace, much of the day is taken up in discussion. At editorial conferences, the BBC Television News team decides how it can most effectively present the big stories of the day. In the viewing theatre there is an almost nonstop showing of the film rushes.

Whenever I have time, I like to join the news and film editors at the job of selecting and building-up the vivid visual sequences from the thousands of feet of film reaching us every day from all over the world. The average run-through for the week is 45,000 feet.

This viewing theatre has a language of its own. If you could spend a few minutes down there, this is the kind of thing you'd probably hear: "The commag is a few frames out of sync. so we put it on sepmag and buttjoined it." This tells the initiated that for a piece of film carrying both picture and magnetic sound track, the picture and sound have failed to coincide. So the sound has been re-recorded on to a separate tape and adjusted, and then joined to the next piece of film in the reel. Jargon has its uses!

My spare time is given up to answering personal mail. This is a link with the viewer which I find most helpful. The letters, for the most part,

In the News control room it takes more hands than you would imagine to bring the News to your screens.

are intelligent, warm and friendly. The only difficulty is to find time to answer them all personally, as Kenneth Kendall, Richard Baker and I get anything up to fifty to sixty letters each week. Incidentally, before taking on these television duties, I had always thought my name, Dougall, without the usual Mac in front of it, was quite uncommon. Now I know better—Dougalls have written to me from Stirling to Cheam.

As you know, the main news on weekdays is at 10 o'clock. The editorial, film and production team have been preparing it all day. At 8.45 p.m., the studio staff, including cameramen, lighting supervisor, floor manager, sound and vision mixers, telecine and scanner operators, all meet in the studio for a script conference with the producer and newsreader. At that time, there may not be much script to confer about. But there is at least a running order and the producer is able to put us all in the picture as to how the bulletin will gradually take shape.

From 9 o'clock onwards the scripts are leaving the Newsroom, and messengers scurry along the corridors of Alexandra Palace with copies for all concerned. For the newsreader, the pressure is now on and works up to a peak as 10 o'clock approaches. From 9.0 to 9.25 he is reading and assimilating the stories as they reach him. Passages when he will be in vision himself are marked, and others when he will be narrating to film.

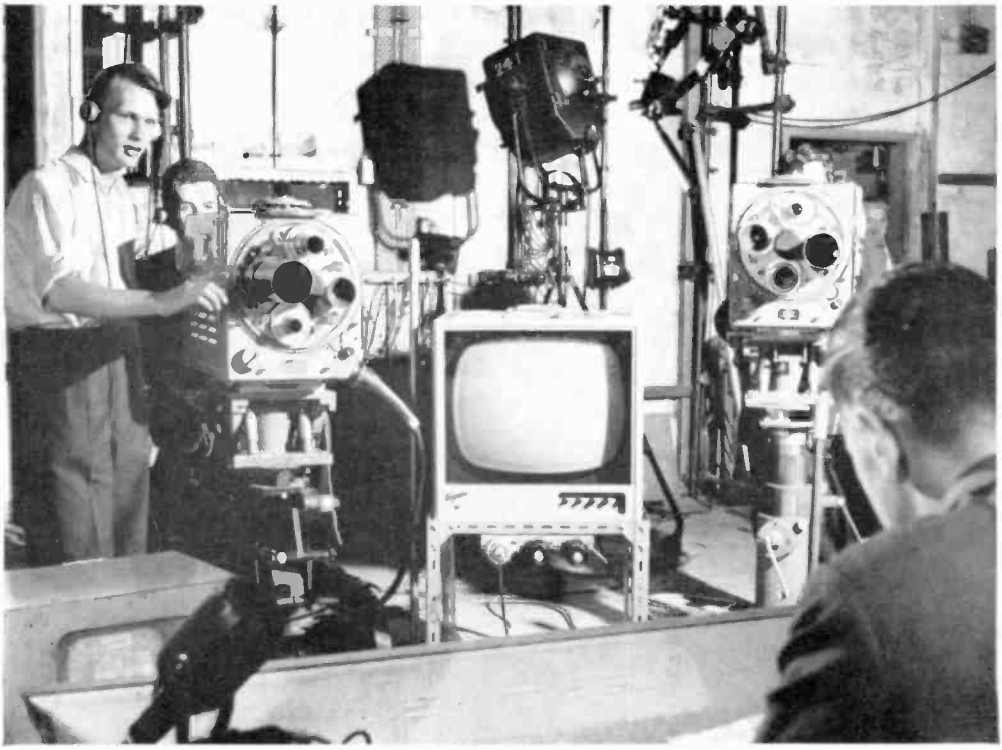
Camera changes may have to be noted and any other moves or actions. Perhaps an awkward phrase needs changing or a sentence shortening—the duty Editor is at hand to consult. For the newsreaders, no mechanical memory aid is used such as a teleprompter.

There is obviously no time to memorise complete scripts so I try to commit at least some phrases to mind. If one were to be completely script-bound most viewers would soon lose interest. In fact, the intimacy of the medium demands that the news should appear to be told, rather than slavishly read.

Facial expression needs a little thinking about, too. A raised eyebrow might change the whole impact of a story. One's face and, what's more, even the thoughts behind it, must be able to pass the closest scrutiny; the cameras can't be fooled. All this needs thought and preparation. Then, if there's a moment or two left, the pronounciation of one or two words may need a check.

By now it's 9.25. There's a knock on my dressing-room door. "You're wanted in the studio, Mr. Dougall." There, all is ready for the rehearsal.

This is what Robert Dougall, Kenneth Kendall and Richard Baker see when they read the BBC News to you. Film insertions appear on the screen at bottom left.

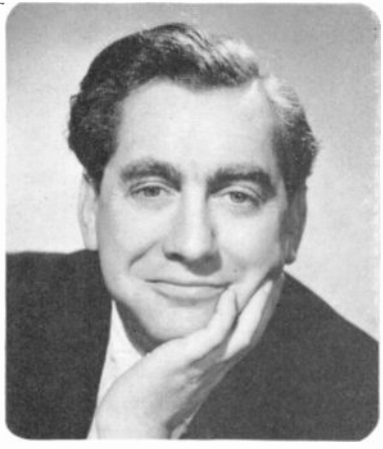


I settle into the newsreader's chair. The lights are a hot glare. After a blink or two, I get things into focus. First the cameras: at least two of them. If there should be a "live" interview in the body of the News, we may use as many as four. Close to the main camera is the monitor screen, which shows the whole studio output exactly as received in your home. Attached to the monitor are two small yellow lights. These flash on to give cues for film commentaries. Hand cues come from the floor manager. He or she stands close by the camera. All studio staff wear headphones, through which the producer at the control panel sends his instructions. As a last resort, in the event of a serious breakdown, the producer can call up the newsreader on the telephone and explain what the trouble is.

A last check that all is in order and the rehearsal begins. The run-through over, ten fleeting minutes are left for the addition of late stories, alterations and cuts. This can be a distinctly feverish time. Then, with three minutes to go, there's a final script check with the producer and we're all set. Some film scripts and items of late news are still to come. These I shall have to read at sight, when they reach me after we're on the air. Whatever uncertainties there may be—the great thing is not to fuss. "30 seconds to go," says the floor manager. I am still marking up a late story. "15 secs." says the voice. A glance at the monitor. Ten o'clock. Once again, for 9,000,000 people in homes all over Britain it's BBC news time.

Robert Dougall admits to fidgeting with his legs when he first began newsreading! "I had to learn to unwind, be relaxed." After all, millions of pairs of eyes are on him!

Tony Hancock



OSCAR-WINNING 'Ancock, The Lad 'Imself, believed by many to be Britain's greatest TV comedian, has found the golden key to success despite nervous tension which almost ruined his career before it began. He was picked for an end-of-term production of *The Gondoliers* at Bradfield College. He had to lead a band of nobles on stage with a dramatic introduction: "*My Lords—the Duke!*" On the opening night, the school hall was packed, and the noblemen marshalled to enter. The big Hancockian moment had arrived. His mouth opened, but no words came—only a gurgle.

"A life on the stage was obviously not for me," laughs 'Ancock today. Fortunately the Hancock family ran hotels in Birmingham and Bournemouth, many theatricals patronised them, and young Anthony John Hancock soon gained new confidence. He started work in a tailor's shop, but began to appear at smoking concerts, where he was billed as "Anthony Hancock, The Man who put the Blue in Blue Pencil."

"I went on stage wearing deck shoes like Max Miller, and a hat at the same jaunty angle as Tommy Trinder, so I knew I was going to be all right. But I was only 17, and didn't know what most of the jokes meant."

When war broke out, The Lad became secretary to the Bournemouth War Services organisation, and was busy entertaining troops. Sadly he reflects that he got only one belly-laugh, when the planking collapsed, and threw him into the C.O.'s lap. Tough times followed, after the war. Ralph Reader put him in *The Gang Show*, there were casual jobs such as the Ugly Sister in panto, and much of Hancock's comic pathos nowadays comes from past experiences, when he was living on a diet of baked beans, and rented a gipsy caravan for £1 a week.

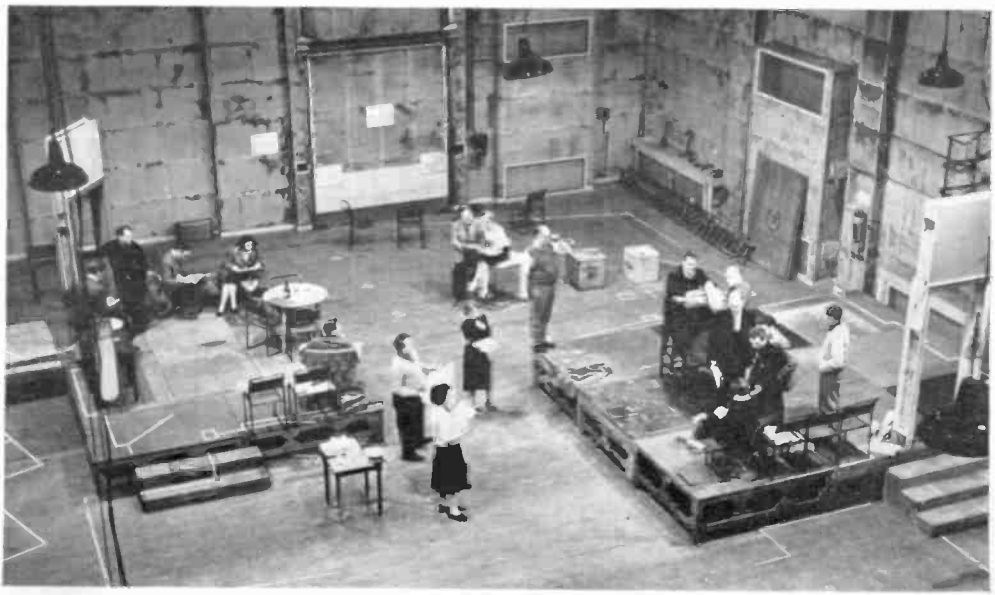
The tide turned when Vivian Van Damm discovered him and gave him a Windmill Theatre contract, which led to radio work. Today The Lad, one of the highest-paid TV comedians, still has a hankering for the gipsy life. He likes living on a houseboat (but eschews baked beans), scribbles ideas for comedy situations, but has little use for jokes in TV scripts. Instead of telling jokes, he prefers comic and pathetic human situations of the sort real life has brought him in the past.

ARMCHAIR THEATRE

For many viewers Sunday night has its special assignment—"Armchair Theatre" on ITV. These plays are usually strong stuff, though summer-time sees lighter fare introduced. Authentic action asks for ingenuity in the studio, as above, where an oilskin-clad cameraman attends a protected camera during a storm scene in Soundings. *Below, Alan Bates is shown in* The Thug; *and Yolande Turner poses for a publicity still during rehearsals of* The Fabulous Moneymaker.

(Right) *Play-wri.er Ted Willis (a.thor of tl e BBC's* Dixon of Dock Green) *has written for "Armchair Theatre" and talks here to ABC director John Moxey.* (Below) *Conflict of love and ambition between Anthony Quayle and Delphi Lawrence in* The Shadow of the Ruthless.

"Armchair Theatre" plays are rehearsed in an old film studio at Teddington. Below *is a typical rehearsal scene. For days, without scenery and wearing casual clothes, actors and actresses learn the routine of the play with a few chairs, boxes and rostrums.*



Pearl Carr & Teddy Johnson

THIS favourite singing husband-and-wife team, who put Britain's "Sing Little Birdie" on the second branch of Eurovision Song Contest fame, used to sing together with dance bands. Tolworth-born Teddy never had any other job than music-making. He began with an amateur band as drummer and vocalist when he was still at school. Later he worked with a ship's orchestra. But he became famous as a disc-jockey for Radio Luxembourg before he was established as a singer.

Pearl, on the other hand, is the daughter of a Putney fishmonger. For three generations there have been Carrs in the fish trade, and when Pearl left school she used to deliver fish on her bicycle! But as her mother used to be Lily Palmer, singer and comedienne, Pearl was allowed to join Terry's Juveniles, and she appeared in cine-variety for 12s. a week. "I didn't sing in those days," says Pearl. "I was much too shy."

The war checked her career. She went into hairdressing, and many famous stars had their hair permed by Miss Carr at Le Jean's, in London's West End. But of course she longed to get back, and eventually she was auditioned for Garrison Theatre, in 1942. At 18, she became one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies. Terry-Thomas gave Pearl her first chance to appear on television. He suggested she should have a pigeon on her shoulder, as a stunt. It had to be tied there with string. Her second TV appearance was also notable and never-to-be-forgotten for it was on the same day as one of her sound-radio Braden programmes, and was a 20-minute TV spot with Teddy Johnson.

Pearl's work with the Keynotes made her famous, and in 1951 she found herself at the top of a popularity poll for girl vocalists. She was on *Take It From Here*, did *Gently, Bentley*, and was helped all along the line by Barbara Kelly and Bernard Braden to be more than just a vocalist. Before her marriage, Pearl was certainly developing as a leading TV comedienne, but since she became Mrs. Johnson in June, 1955, Pearl and Teddy have cut right away from Braden Bedtime - gagging, and are now among the most popular singing couples on the screen.

DAVID KOSSOFF

Claims

"Alf Larkins Could Ruin Me!"

BEFORE *The Larkins* viewers did not associate me with comedy. I had generally played straight, serious parts, often elderly men in reduced circumstances. Certainly my work was not usually calculated to make people laugh. Yet I've always been interested in comedy, in what's called "the comedic sense." Bob Hope once said to me, "You've either got it—or you ain't got it." If you are born with this sense of comedy it means you develop comic timing.

I often used to take friends to see Max Miller; not because I particularly liked his sense of humour, but there's a man with impeccable timing. If an actor's got that sense of timing it's worthwhile developing it to put in the "box of tricks." Acting on television means using, out of the same box, a slightly different set of tricks from other mediums. I have acted in films, stage, radio and television and got on fairly well by keeping the box well-equipped.

Many actors are frightened by the prospect of working for television. They dislike the terrific strain and work necessary for just one performance, the technical gadgetry that makes studios resemble experimental stations, the great big camera breathing in your face. I had similar reactions when I went from stage to radio acting. There was the unemotional microphone staring at me. It was James McKechnie, that great radio actor, who put me right. "Keep your mind in clear compartments," he advised, "always ready for the different demands of different media."

To an actor, portraying comedy is the same as acting tragedy. I am not a comedian in the sense that I tell jokes. I can play comedy because I like it and realise there is a way to do it. It's part of the business.

What tempted me into TV comedy, by way of *The Larkins*, were the first-rate scripts. I met Peggy Mount in the television version of *Arsenic and Old Lace* and she showed me these amusing scripts. They had already impressed her. We talked about the suggested series and decided to do

them in six-week parcels. Peggy and I, with backgrounds of solid acting, both had to be very careful about this project. But those scripts contained some marvellous situations, the kind that encourage an actor towards comedy. We hadn't got to go away and make bricks without straw. Taking advantage of cleverly-written material is just as important in comedy as in drama, where it is an axiom that a well-written play is easier to perform than a badly-written one.

Now, I've seen many good scripts in my time and played quite a few. And I've played comedy parts on television. But never before had I starred in a TV *series*. I had played in a *serial*, but the responsibilty of a series is greater. If you have your name above the title of a TV series—well, you're in quite a dangerous position. Because a series, with millions of viewers, can be a terrible two-edged weapon. It can blow up in your face. An actor can make a very good living for a time, getting himself completely identified with the character he plays in the series, finish by becoming the best-known face in England—and never work again.

This is not a baseless fear. It's happened to many of my friends who have had good runs in TV series and serials. It's quite terrifying. I meet them some little time after they've finished, ask them how they are doing—and they say they've had no work since the series ended. "I can't get in. They still think I'm so-and-so in the series," they say.

The Age of Juliet *was a play based on the tendernesses and misunderstandings of a young couple. The Kossoff part of a waiter was only incidental; but the Kossoff touch reflected the pathos and beauty of the story like a mirror.*

It took David Kossoff months of thought before he consented to become Alf Larkins in the comedy series, The Larkins. *However, with Peggy Mount as co-star, the show became an outstanding success.*

I would feel dreadful if, in various casting directors' offices, not only in this country but perhaps abroad, David Kossoff became Alf Larkins. *The Larkins* is a profitable job. It's brought all kinds of new friends, letters from all over Britain. That's fine; but letters don't pay the rent. I want to go on, as in the past, trying everything that comes if it interests me enough. That's why I am so interested in the "musical"; it offers a mixture of things I've done before. The idea of singing doesn't frighten me because in the process of becoming an actor I learned how to work accurately with my voice, making it do what I wanted. Therefore I reasoned that I have it within my command to make the voice *sing*. In the acting business one has to be ready to fit the occasion. The box of tricks, remember?

Come to think of it, I've always had to *act* my parts. I have never played *me*—no one's ever asked me. That's because my appearance is

deceptive. I am 39, but I had grey hair by the time I was 21. That's always been of enormous help to me in playing parts of older men. I've met people, especially young women, who are astonished in the most gratifying way that I'm younger than they imagined.Only this year a friend's Scandinavian maid, taken back-stage to meet me after one of *The Larkins* transmissions, went home and said, "I thought Mr. Kossoff was old, but he's not really. In fact, he's quite pretty!"

Pretty or not, I honestly like television for it offers greater scope for the kind of magnifying-glass acting I enjoy most. For an actor it is the best of all worlds because one has the continuity of the theatre with the close-up of the film, which means very little of the performance is lost if a producer gets his cameras in close. Yes, I find television's meticulous, disciplined school of acting is fascinating. It offers many rewards, even if with them it hands out toil, tears, tension and ulcers!

It is also a development in my career which was quite unforeseen and therefore unprepared for. In fact, the meticulousness it demands takes me back to my youthful days when I was an interior designer and aircraft draughtsman. Television distills, as it were, the experience I gained in my five years with the BBC radio repertory company, and in subsequent years of club theatre and West End theatre work.

"Toil, tears, tension and ulcers" is what television acting hands out, says Kossoff; but from scenes like this authentic "Larkins" one the viewer gets no idea!

LIFE'S NOT GRIM ENOUGH TODAY!

Here's a Startling Theory on the Lack of Television Talent

THE public is always being told that television needs new writers. The lack of original scripts is often blamed as the reason for poor programmes, especially in comedy and light entertainment programmes. No producing organization, BBC or ITV, is complacent about the writers it has got. There are simply not enough to go round; and those available do not always maintain a high enough standard.

Yet many writers are making comfortable incomes from television, either by writing for it full-time or writing for it as a sideline. The most profitable writing work is probably for filmed serials, whether Westerns, detective "cliff-hangers", or costume dramas. Most of these are made in 39 half-hour instalments, and as many as a dozen writers may share the scripting work. For 12 half-hour instalments a facile writer can earn up to £3,000.

When a film production company was starting work on a batch of new serials, it asked writers who thought they could assist to a conference. More than 80 willing writers turned up! The truth is that money can be speedily picked up in this field for writing which, though it requires a knack, is not highly original. Producers of live (as opposed to filmed) programmes, of variety and drama, claim that too many able writers spend their time in this quick-money field, when they could be helping the bigger programmes.

So far as drama and documentary are concerned, both BBC and ITV have gone to some pains to nurture suitable writers by paying them retainer fees of around £2,000 a year, or taking them on their staffs for two or three-year periods. Even so, there are still few full-time TV playwrights, and documentaries are written by a small nucleus of experienced writers to which a new recruit is admitted only rarely.

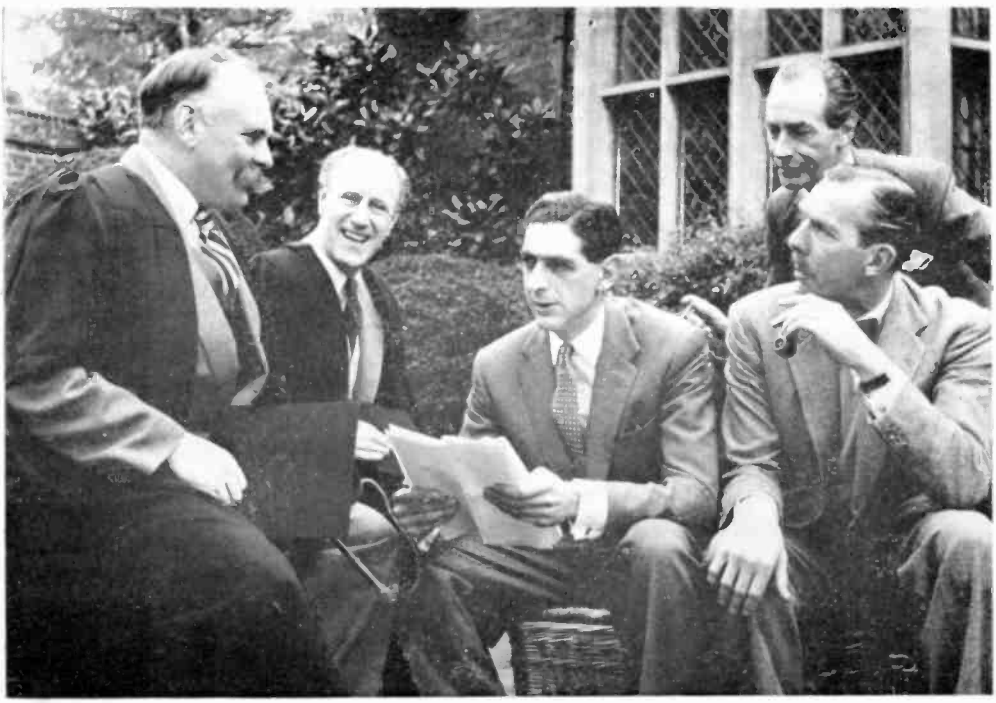
There are also around the fringes of television many comic gag and comedy sketch writers, hawking their wares to this show or that erratically.

Erratically because few of them have shown that they can write an original framework for a full-scale comedy hour, with words to fit the star. Most of the comedy-hour stars now have their own writers, who made the grade early on, and stay in the star's private TV circus.

In light entertainment the writer must follow the character and style of the star; a "Benny Hill Show", for instance, is tailor-made for Benny Hill. No writer can produce a comedy-hour script and leave it to the casting office to fit a comic to it. It is obvious, therefore, that new comedy ideas will come from new comics, and there is also a dearth in these. Bruce Forsyth, Roy Castle, and the youngsters of ITV's '*New Look*' team have come up promisingly, but do any of them show that precious germ of original personality which took the great comedians of the past to the top? Do they inspire writing that will suit their particular characters in a unique way? It must be accepted that they remain hopefuls only, on the edge of the established comedy field still so solidly occupied by Benny Hill, Dave King, Ted Ray, Harry Secombe, Jimmy Edwards and Charlie Drake.

One startling opinion on why we seem to lack new comedy performers of original character, and sufficient television writers generally, has been

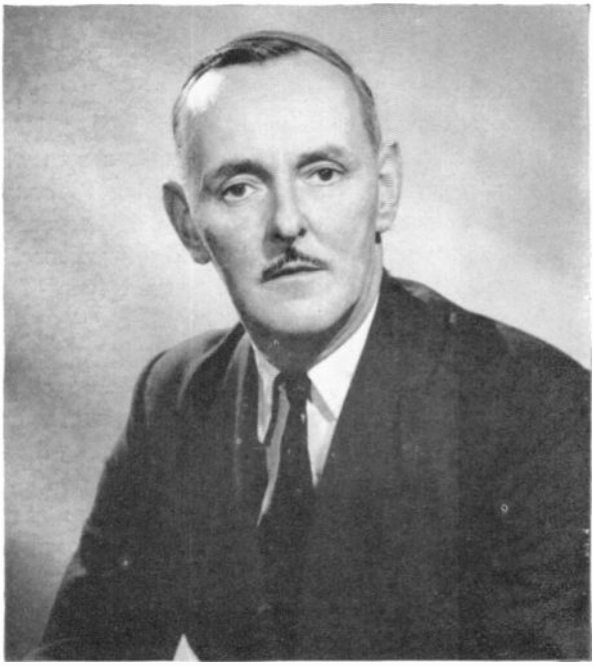
The Whack-O! *team work out a comedy script. Jimmy Edwards and Arthur* ("*Mr. Pettigrew*") *Howard with scriptwriters Denis Norden and Frank Muir, producer Douglas Moodie looking on.*



Actress Helen Jessop joined Frankie Howerd in a TV series. (Right) *The grin of Tommy Trinder again became a familiar feature of BBC Saturday shows.*

Light your "fag" with a leek —a typical goon experiment by Peter Sellers and Harry Secombe.

(Above) *Eric Sykes is a gifted comedy scriptwriter who has also become a performer, while Roger Moffat, discovered as a crazy compère, may turn out to be a new comic.* (Below) *New talent was glimpsed in ITV's* New Look *series; producer Brian Tesler capers here with Gillian Moran, Joyce Blair and Stephanie Voss.*



Eric Maschwitz, who put forward the startling "lack of talent" theory reported here, is Head of Light Entertainment in BBC Television. Writer of many popular songs and musicals, he built up radio variety before the War.

uttered forcefully by Eric Maschwitz. Head of BBC Light Entertainment. Put at its most brutal it is that the welfare state has made life too easy for writers and performers! The exclamation mark is necessary—for who until now has considered the welfare state as an influence on show business?

"Compare the pre-war days with now, in this field," says Maschwitz. "Before the war London was crammed with rather Bohemian types, moving around the clubs and pubs, the variety-theatre stage doors and the Charing Cross Road agents: all driven to sell new ideas simply because their next week's lodging really depended on it. Many of them went to the wall quickly, it's true. They became pathetic creatures, and there were tragedies we would not permit today. But the harsh fact remains that the town was alive with ideas, ambition, and the flashes of genius which hard-driven ideas always produce."

Now, Maschwitz claims, the writing game is too easy, too secure once you are in it. The TV film serials keep many young writers very lucratively employed. In other television fields the agent who handles writers has come to the fore. He hardly existed before the war. In those days a writer would sell a new idea, and possibly several pages of "work-out" direct to a producer over supper for £20 cash down. It could become a success, making considerable sums for the producer and his performers. But the original writer had won his week's keep, and that was all he wanted.

Today most TV writers are guided by the middleman agent. He wants his ten per cent of any cash coming to the writer, so he directs the writer into certain if not easy markets, well prescribed beforehand and known to be the best-paying markets. In this way writing talent is guided into a rut. Certainly the agent gets more money for his writer than the man could get on his own; the agent fixes all manner of subsidiary rights, and

the world TV market is his oyster. But it all has the stamp of safe mass-production.

Eric Maschwitz believes that a somewhat similar situation stultifies new performers. "Look at our big TV comedy stars," he says. "Each of them has lived in the hard sense of the word. They not only had to struggle to prove that they could hold an audience, but it happened that the war gave most of them that unkind type of experience which brings out character.

"The young performers coming up today may have learned all the technique in drama school or dancing schools, supported by parents and local educational authority grants; but their only experience is gained from one-night stands in clubs and watching the telly! It's not their fault, poor dears!"

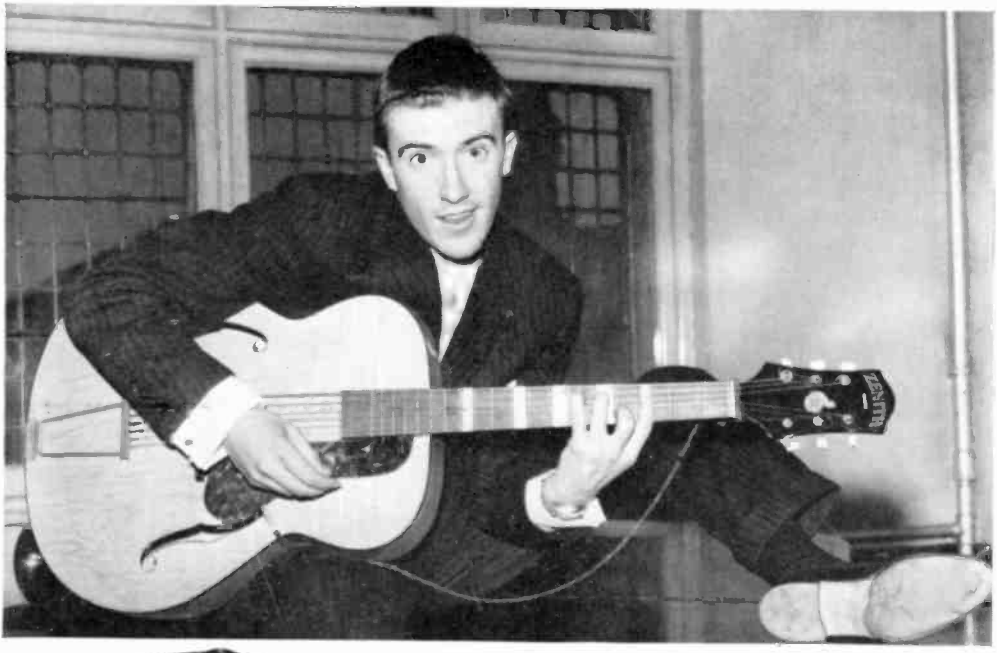
Certainly Benny Hill laboured as a milk roundsman and all but starved when he tried to get on the stage, Harry Secombe went through the toughest war fighting, Jimmy Edwards won the D.F.C., Charlie

Hancock's Half Hour *has become established as a peak of BBC comedy. Attractive Marla Landi joined Tony and Sidney James in one of these romps.*

Don't tell Monty—nor even General Horrocks—but—Digby Wolfe is up to his TV comedy tricks. Digby is one of the newer comics, trying to come up.

It's Ken Dodd, of course! This North Country discovery has won a star-time contract from BBC Television, and will be in the limelight.

Two of the older funster hands, Jimmy Jewell and Ben Warris, with much TV experience behind them, have now become stars of ITV's For Love or Money *quiz.*



Roy Castle is an ITV discovery whose work has opened a future for him. (Left) ***Ted Ray****, veteran of music hall and radio, ranks high today among TV comics.* (Below) *Charlie Chester joined Eleanor Summerfield in a BBC comedy series about a touring variety act.*

Bernard Braden, Barbara Kelly and Dave King get down to the script at rehearsal. Dave King has won laurels as the only British comic to win a series on American television.

Drake has been literally knocked-about and thrown around as a freak on the halls and had to live on "bits" for years. Ted Ray came up the hard way in music halls before the war. These cases all seem to suggest that there is something in the Maschwitz theory.

It might appear that the theory could be torpedoed by reference to America. Nobody will deny that New York and Hollywood are full of original, creative people feeding the great maws of films and television, yet life in those cities is comfortable, indeed luxurious, and the social welfare of an enlightened state garnishes life there as well. Maschwitz, however, points out that despite state social benefits, careerism in the United States is still a cut-throat business. Show business is so big, and moves with such speed, that only the fastest-thinking geniuses can keep on the bandwagon at the price—which is to provide material which hard-headed commercial sponsors will buy. Moreover, there is a mixed population in which the different temperaments of many nationalities spark off one against the other and produce a lively culture out of which new ideas grow.

Eric Maschwitz has not claimed this himself, but one begins to wonder if the present situation does not in fact reduce itself to the following dire alternatives: *Either* mass-produced entertainment, safe, easy and quick to produce, will gain a stranglehold over the home screen, which devours so much material each night. *Or* our young talent, willing to work hard as much of it is, will yet turn the tables on the old hard school of "make it or starve" and show in their own way that original writing and performers of genuine character can overcome the stifling influence of the welfare state!

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Ludovic Kennedy

To the outside world, Ludovic Henry Coverley Kennedy likes to appear alternately brusque and sardonic. He snubs reporters and shuns personal publicity. But in private life, Ludo is warm-hearted, jealous of domestic privacy, hates being called "Mr. Moira Shearer," and is the proud father of two lovely daughters.

The reason for all this publicity-dodging is twofold. For one thing, it is frequently Kennedy's job in *This Week* to unmask others. For another, it is a natural part of his canny Scot's background. Forty-year-old Ludovic is Edinburgh-born. His early years were marred by the death in a famous naval action of his distinguished father, Captain Kennedy, R.N. Ludovic (Eton and Christ Church, Oxford) eventually went into the Royal Navy himself as a midshipman, and was subsequently commissioned in the R.N.V.R. As a lieutenant he served in destroyers.

After the War, the literary urge took command, and when the BBC started the Third Programme one of its first poetry and educational readers was Kennedy. Previously he had won the Rockefeller Foundation Atlantic Award in Literature. It was ATV which gave him his first screen appearance, with a rather notable Profile programme which started on Sunday afternoons during 1955. At this time, too, he shared an office with Robin Day and became famous as one of ITN's two star newscasters. Two years ago he began the ITV series *On Stage*, and now is chiefly seen as the introducer of personalities in *This Week*. This hardly gives scope for Ludovic's undoubted talents, for he is not much more concerned about what goes into *This Week* than Dimbleby is concerned with the make-up of the rival *Panorama*. In the jargon of television, he is a "linkman." Behind the scenes, however, he is a powerful executive of this top-favourite topical programme.

Miss Moira Shearer King became Mrs. Ludovic Kennedy nine years ago, just after she had toured the United States with the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Moira had the limelight of publicity last year when she helped Ludovic contest the Rochdale by-election, but otherwise their careers are quite separate.

LET'S HAVE NEW ROMANCE IN MUSIC

Says That Favourite Star of the Musicals, VANESSA LEE

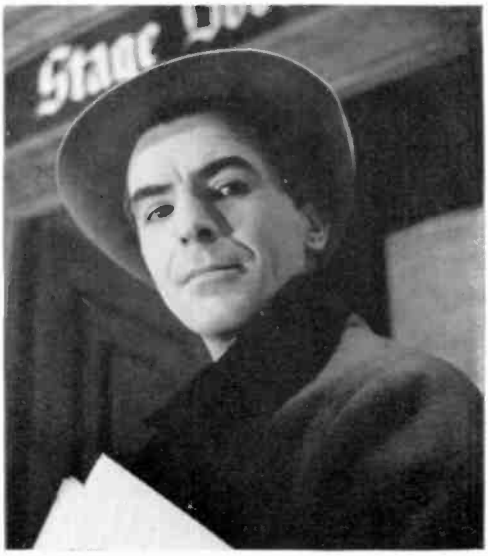
IN the television business these days it seems fashionable to put labels on audiences. There is the "teenage" audience, believed to be catered for only by rock 'n' roll. There is the "peak-hour" audience, supposed—because it views at the most popular time—to like only the most popular programmes. There is even reputed to be a contrast between the "ITV audience" and the "BBC audience". And so on.

Now perhaps it is not for me, a mere artist who has worked in musical entertainment in theatres, concert halls, radio and television studios, to question all this audience-typing. For one thing, the programme planners tell me that my own future rests with what they call the "romantic music audience." But I do sometimes wonder whether we are not carrying this rigid classification of viewers too far. It always seems to me that the real audience is simply a small unit in a single household. And I should have thought that in most households you would find quite a good mixture of the various audience "types" which are supposed to exist—certainly many homes include both teenagers and middle-agers, not to say old-agers, all watching together round the TV set.

It is true that one or two of the teenagers in a family may jeer at romantic music programmes on the small screen; but even in these cases, though the teenager may never admit it, he (or more often she) is likely to be quite romantic at heart. She would rather be seen viewing "rock"; but when her friends are not there to observe her, she often enjoys romantic music, along with her parents!

I have heard it said that the kind of music played by Mantovani, and introduced by Eric Robinson in *Music For You*, interests only the older members of the viewing audience. Even if this assertion could be proved (which seems to me impossible), the 45-and-over brigade nevertheless forms an important part of the viewing audience. On the other hand, if

(Left) King's Rhapsody, *the Novello musical, came to television with Vanessa Lee and Griffith Jones. In* The Dancing Years, *the BBC cast the popular "straight" actor Laurence Payne* (below) *as leading man.*



I may cite my own modest "fan mail", I find that there are as many young people writing to me in appreciation of "my kind of music" as there are older ones. In short, I think that TV programmes based on romantic music appeal to many different kinds of people—young, middle-aged and elderly—and not just to one type of audience that can be put under a convenient label.

You may retort that I am naturally prejudiced in thinking that all sorts of people enjoy this music, because my living is made in the world of romantic music. But even if that is so, don't you think that this labelling of audiences, so that romantic music programmes are supposed to be enjoyed only by a minority of elderly people, has gone too far? The fact that teenagers do obviously enjoy "rock" certainly does not exclude them from enjoying other types of music. The madly enthusiastic audiences of young people at the "Proms" each year are the same kind of youngsters who rock and roll, at those times when they want to do it.

Another thing I have noticed is that "romantic music" has come to mean to the TV planners mainly those programmes in which the scenic splendours and costume extravagances of the old musical stage are more or less successfully recreated. There is a place for this kind of show, of

course; but cannot anybody think of a modern formula for a programme of romantic music? Why not some contemporary TV operettas, in modern dress, against a background of council estates, tube stations and airports? I just do not believe that this country lacks the composer or story-writing talent to create musical programmes especially for the television screen which are melodious and romantic, yet right up-to-date in spirit, and—very important—in humour.

I think nobody has so far successfully bridged the gap between what might be called the Ivor Novello type of romantic musical stage show, and this modern need of the TV viewer. No doubt the pre-war "Ruritania" type of romance is now dead; but its end does not mean that everybody has stopped liking graceful melodies and sentimental lyrics. It is a tragedy that Ivor Novello did not live to put his stamp on the television age, as I'm sure he would have done.

It is often alleged that Ivor was cynical, and that he merely turned out his Ruritanian "sugar" because it paid at the box office. Nothing is further from the truth. At the time of his death he was working on a new-type musical which, I think, would have been a British forerunner of the exciting contemporary American shows like *West Side Story*. He believed

Three scenes typical of the ingenuity employed in giving action to songs sung by the Granadiers. A musical director and a choreographer work out the routines which the team perform. Two days of rehearsal are spent getting the movements right.

Ginger Rogers appeared on British screens in the musical Carissima. *David Hughes, shown with her at rehearsal, co-starred.*

DR. BRONOWSKI

Debates an Intriguing Question:

CAN TELEVISION MAKE US WISER?

"DID you see Bronowski last night?" is the start of many a conversation between viewers. "Last night" may have been a session of the Brains Trust, or a science programme, but the effect is usually the same: to leave in the memory of innumerable viewers some startling or controversial fact which is always good for discussion afterwards. He is one of the few personalities bound to make one feel wiser—for at least a few minutes after he has spoken, and sometimes for ever. But the question remains: is television making us wiser? Can this elusive, flickering phenomenon, which comes and goes so fleetingly night by night, really increase the people's wisdom?

It seemed a good idea to go and ask Dr. Jakob Bronowski himself. First, it would be as well to know what lies behind the creased, squat-headed figure so familiar on the screen. He is a doctor of philosophy. He is known as a mathematician. He is known as a scholar in the world of research, especially as it is applied to statistics. To his friends he is known affectionately as "Bruno". This pet-name hides a distinguished career putting behind him, at fifty, such offices as a senior university lecturer; Government service in Washington; service with a Chiefs of Staff Mission in Japan; research at the Ministry of Works; duties with UNESCO; and director of research at the Coal Board. He has also written books about poetry, science and mathematics.

If you added broadcaster to this list of accomplishments, Bronowski would demur. Broadcasting is not to him a special or separate accomplishment. It is just something one does when one feels it worth doing in itself, not for any patronising motive of doing good. It is a challenge which he accepts with relish in the pursuit he can never give up, that of gaining and increasing knowledge by exposition and discussion. He is against any "star" system in this field of broadcasting, against the big build-up for a TV talker or lecturer. He turns down offers to go on television; he chooses what he will do in television, and when.

This outlook is reflected in his view of television itself. "Television must be a balanced service," he says. "We are all kinds of people, and every person has many sides. Television must meet all these demands. People seem to think that if one appears in a 'Brains Trust' one never does anything but debate and read Third Programme tracts. The word 'intellectual' is debased; because most so-called 'intellectuals' I know have fun, play games, go to the pictures, read 'funnies' sometimes, and feel as worried and frustrated as anybody else at times.

"This is the mistake some controllers of television have sometimes made —of being so obviously serious, so patently educational, as to make us all feel that we have got to be taught. Nobody wants to be deliberately taught anything about life. But most people have an insatiable curiosity about life, as it happens, as it comes. If television reflects life in a balanced manner, it cannot help feeding our curiosity."

Bronowski sees the TV screen as exposing highly contagious facts and ideas to people who are acutely susceptible to catching them. "Television exposes people to intelligent conversation. Television is also a habit. The two things together make one good thing, for by habit tolerance for other people's opinions grows. Television leads people to get inside the opinions it throws up. They become tolerant about more sides to a question than they knew existed before."

The fluency and chuckle of Bronowski is well-known on the BBC Brains Trust, *shared here with Marghanita Laski, Norman Fisher, Yehudi Menuhin, Martin Cooper, and producer John Furness (on chair arm).*

Facts on television nearly always "do good by accident," says Dr. Bronowski. In the science programme Breakthrough *the BBC showed Raymond Baxter with an array of American and Soviet "satellites" and "sputniks."*

We reminded ourselves that only a few years ago, when television was spreading rapidly, it was opposed by some people because it showed women in daring dresses. At least, they were daring to some people at that time. Today all this is tolerated: the kind of people who wear those dresses are regarded as simply the kind of people to whom that is normal.

But the habits of a small village—where the cuts of gowns on *What's My Line*? once caused gasps—are not the only habits, Bronowksi points out. "It is just as wrong for television to do only the bright, smart and sophisticated, as it is for it never to do it. On 'The Brains Trust' ", he goes on, "it is not so much what we say, as the fact that we are seen and heard to be saying it. We show ourselves as the kind of people we are, and this must broaden people's minds in itself."

For these reasons Bronowski distrusts the concocted TV programmes of bits of knowledge strung together. The informational magazine features he sees as the "bargain basement" of intellectual television.

"The informational programme which does good nearly always does its good by accident," he says. "In one of my science programmes I demonstrated the statistical truth about the Eleven-Plus Examination. Now it happened that this statistical truth invalidated not just the effectiveness of this test, but also many of the emotional arguments raging about it.

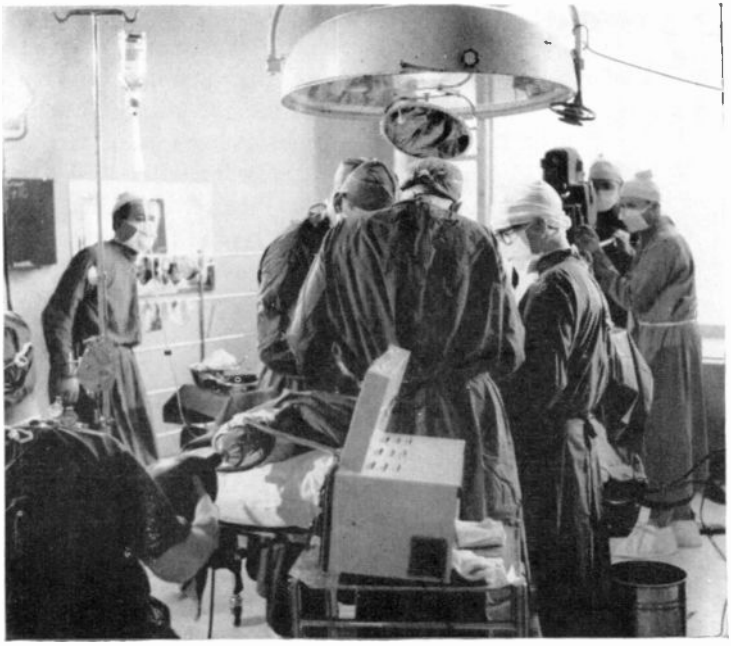
From that day on arguments about the Eleven-Plus kept turning back to the fundamental statistical root of the matter, which my programme had exposed. This was making some people wiser about the Eleven-Plus: but we had not set out to preach, to debunk or to convert. Only to state the facts, as of interest in themselves."

Bronowski reminded me that it has always been said that a new medium will tell the people only half-truths, and will be bad for the people. "Not so," he claims; "when the invention of printing permitted 'The Iliad' to be circulated, only 500 people read the first publication of it. Today it is sold in thousands in paperback books. People improve all the time. There are many ways of trying to explain this; but it is just a fact of evolution.

"Everybody is highly unreliable, and can backslide with the greatest of ease; but evolution presses against this tendency all the time. No man can stop it. No medium can; but all mediums help it, whether they set out to or not.

"It is for this reason that I regret any plan there may be to give television a kind of 'Third Programme'. This can only become a closed sect of people, viewers and broadcasters, ever feeding off themselves. This kind of approach to broadcasting forgets a fundamental fact about humanity: this is that everybody can run, but not everybody is capable of running a four-minute mile. Not everybody is capable of absorbing the highest realms of knowledge; but everybody is capable of absorbing knowledge."

Looking at the world of television as it now appears in Britain,



"It must reflect life as it is," Bronowski claims for television. There was controversy when the TV men first entered the hospitals, as in this operating scene from Surgeon, *which was reflected to the camera by the mirror overhead.*

In Science is News, *a BBC magazine programme, a scientist shows David Attenborough the quantity of a deadly chemical required to kill the entire human race.*

Bronowski is afraid that the never-ending search to provide mass-entertainment programmes, to hold the major part of the audience, will lead to a disillusioned audience. "Bad programmes sell-out tomorrow's audience," he says. "It is not that people tire, but that they cannot help going on wanting better. In the end the trend of public opinion will kick out the controller of a mass-entertaining service, because it has got ahead of him in its desires. This is the terrible thing about American television. Its controllers have not educated themselves as much as the informational germs in their own programmes have in fact educated their viewers.

"A few years ago, American television put on documentaries in peak evening hours. Rarely so today; most peak hours are filled with variety or cowboys. Yet the documentaries sowed the seed which now puts many of the people out ahead of the variety and cowboys. I come back to the importance of having a balanced service. You cannot do any of these things deliberately. You will not make people wiser by having an educational channel, or a learn-as-you-look hour once a day. You must reflect life as it is, and all the kinds of people who make it as it is. The insatiable curiosity of man, by which he becomes wiser, will then get through and help wisdom."

Noelle Middleton

"I AM often asked by women viewers," said Noelle Middleton in 1953, when she was a BBC TV announcer, "why we are seen so rarely on the screen full-length, so that our dresses can be seen. Well, the main reason is the nature of the job. An announcer is there to link the programmes together as smoothly as possible. I'm afraid she is not there to display herself or her dress . . ."

At length, dissatisfied as any lovely and experienced young actress would be with being merely a disembodied head on a screen, Noelle quit the BBC. She became a star of the cinema in such films as *The Iron Petticoat*, *John and Julie*, *Carrington V.C.*, *Happy Ever After*, and *A Yank in Ermine*. She has toured America, and starred this year in the ITV serial, *Curtains for Eight*.

Noelle was born in County Sligo, where her family still live; she has one brother. The Middletons have no links with television, and indeed can see their honey-voiced daughter on the screen only when she is on the BBC channel; ITV does not yet reach County Sligo. Fortunately, they have been able to follow Noelle in most of the rest of her career, right from the start when—at 17—she had a maid part in the Gate Theatre (Dublin).

Her parents would have preferred her to be a blue-stocking. She was at Trinity College, Dublin, for two years, reading French and English, but left there at 21 without a degree. She had more stage experience at the Group Theatre, Belfast, mostly in Irish comedies. Joe Tomelty was director of the Group at that time. And of course Noelle broadcast from Belfast, as well as doing a year on radio repertory in Dublin. Then she came to London, and Richard Afton discovered her. Noelle joined the Mac Hobley and Sylvia Peters team, until she began to get film offers.

As she was in *Curtains for Eight*, playing the girl C.I.D. chief, Det.-Inspector Scott, Noelle was really much her real self, brisk and business-like. No time for romance. No pets ("You can't keep animals in a flat") Noelle's hates are few. She dislikes superstitions, and detests champagne. She loves buying small antique pieces, mostly walnut, or early Georgian. And when she is not studying a film or TV script, she reads for pleasure.

I'M HAPPY

—And That's What Matters, Writes Comedian

KENNETH CONNOR

UNLIKE many of the challengers in *What's My Line*? I can't say I've got an end-product. For a TV character actor, specialising in comedy, progresses according to the sort of work he gets. My "line" has taken some twists. When, after the War, I left the Army to return to acting, I spent 18 wonderful months with the Bristol Old Vic. Grand days, those! Having played high-grade theatre, I came to London with the feeling I was about to carry on where I had left off in Bristol. But you don't—not unless you're a tall, impressionable juvenile lead or a young-lover type.

For me acting became a misery. Not that I was out of work long, but a lot that I did was useless. The profession I loved seemed a degrading chore. Film people would see me, look up startled and say, "Oh, Mr. Connor, but we have no old-men parts in the film!" Do *you* mind? I would tell them I was 30, only to be met with, "Oh, I always thought you were 80!" or some such remark. That's because I played an old gardener in *Queen Elizabeth Slept Here.*

Quite fifteen times between 1948 and 1950 I nearly gave the whole thing up. I wanted to expend my energy on something more worth while. Suddenly it all opened-up. The *Just William* radio series, then *The Huggetts* and *Ray's a Laugh* about the same time; plus a TV puppet show, working in a corrugated-iron shed round the coal-hole at Alexandra Palace.

I became happy. Since then only one thing has mattered to me: happiness. But the quality of happiness must be genuine. It doesn't matter whose name is above the title, or below it, or how much you've got to do. You're with friends, that's the great thing.

It's surprising what you can do with the material when you're in a good team. I had to take over from Harry Secombe in the last of the Goon Shows because he was ill. It was short notice and I couldn't build up a character; and no one could copy Harry. But I had done a series with the Goons on ITV and knew at once I was in the right atmosphere. It was like

having an injection; I was able to pull something out. One absorbs so much of a team's spirit one becomes part of it. You pick up their ad-libs, grasp their whole outlook.

In a television or radio series it's rare for the atmosphere to be wrong and the spirit reflects in the result. For instance, working with Ted Ray is a sheer delight; in fact appearing with an artist like him is like taking a rest. We've done four TV series together, and until this year I didn't take a holiday. Working with a happy set of boys and girls in a TV series is the real joy of living—one doesn't need a holiday. It's just one long Christmas party.

Am I content, I've been asked, to let the same type of character humour carry me? Or do I want to do something else? My TV characters are really little sketches. Sometimes they are elderly, brusque, military. There may be time to put on wig and moustache, but for the most part they are a quick sketch of a character. One has to do an impression without going too deeply into it. So I can't fly off in great eulogies about character acting.

But I've always enjoyed trotting from one type of show to another. We all want to try something different. I do funny voices in the commercials, for instance. Over the last two years I've done four films. That's opened up a new life for me, one I've sought the last twenty years. In the first film, *Carry on Sergeant*, I was a hypochondriac who had to be believable, in the second a boxer, then a science-master. I started off as an actor, now, via comedy parts, I'm getting back to it. I'm quite happy about comedy parts as long as I'm asked to do them, but if offered something more serious I would jump at it. Perhaps a Francis Durbridge serial—yes, a serious part, something with tension. If I could have been a soldier in a prisoner-of-war cage with Alec Guinness in *Bridge on the River Kwai* I would have been flattered.

The wonderful thing about television is that it allows actors to do more varied things and not become stale. Take Peter Sellers. He began as a mimic and impersonator. Now he's acting in films and plays.

Some viewers ask if I go round studying people's mannerisms and voices. "You must have an intense observation of life," they say. But I never do anything consciously. If I attempted to study people and adapt them I would know at once I was being phoney, not funny. No, it's sketches I do, and often an outward disguise is not called for. After all, anyone can disguise themselves. Often changing oneself inwardly is what counts.

A point often debated by viewers is: should TV shows have live audiences? Not that they want dead ones, but some hold that a studio audience isn't needed for TV comedy. It depends on the type of show, but I think spontaneous laughter from a live audience is a tremendous help. I watched a show the other night in which there was a juggler with a lovely line of patter. I had seen him do the same act before with an audience and it was delightful—he had a first-rate line in "comebacks". But now he was performing in a bare studio, mumbling things like, "There should have been a laugh there." That show was crying out for a studio audience.

Of course, people away from their TV sets, in street and shops, often tell artists what they like and don't like. That's a help, though more or less a qualification of what, being in the business, we already know. Yes, to me a studio audience is part of the "team". Besides, if you're playing a comedy role and there's no one laughing, how can you tell whether they like it?

"Who Cares About The Top Ten?" Demands

GILBERT HARDING

—Taking a Critical Look at TV Today

I SOMETIMES wonder why on earth we cannot have television without all the fuss that is made about it. People still seem to think that if you appear on the medium you are a wholly exceptional person; which is very odd nowadays, considering how many unexceptional people get on it. Why is there this awe about a thing which today is about as commonplace as water in the tap? I have never considered myself exceptional—on the contrary—and cannot imagine why people have wanted to go on looking at me on their screens. A perspiring ugly face seems an odd object for that machine in the corner which, when it wants to, can bring us such inspiring beauty.

I will admit that things are not quite so awful (and "awe-full" is the word) as they were a few years ago. In those days *What's My Line* was almost a national event, usually followed next morning by front-page news in the papers built up around some idiotic incident in the programme which would have passed unnoticed in a club or public bar. People who had not seen the programme had nothing to talk about next morning, and went about like misfits. This, obviously, was too much of a good thing altogether.

The TV set had become a private altar in the living room. Most of those who appeared on it, who didn't dance or sing or crack jokes, were supposed to be oracles of wisdom, to whom everybody and anybody could write for advice. It got to such a pitch that there were times when I had to steel myself to go out in the streets. The trouble was that most of the people who wanted *my* advice, at any rate, had genuine need of far more help than I could ever give anybody. I was upset by the misery, worry and trouble in the world. And soon, I felt it was wrong—dangerously wrong—to try to help people merely because they happened to have seen one performing in a television panel game. Put that way, it is silly; and that is all it was.

We would all have been better off now, I often think, had there been less tele-phony publicity in those days. And I'm not merely referring to the excellent personalities we used to see and enjoy then but who we never see today. I mean that the viewers would be better off if they had never expected so much from television. We are all getting better at taking the thing as it comes, but we still make too much fuss.

Who cares what is in the "Top Ten" and what is out of it—really cares? Does it make *your* week to know that *Wagon Train* is tops? Do you feel a better mother because *Double Your Money* is up there? Are you a worse Dad, a slipping workman, a demoralized youth because last Saturday's *Spectacular* did not get in the "Top Ten"? What a lot of nonsense!

If it's the programme planners who care, why do the newspapers make such a fuss about these popular programme ratings? Anybody would think that the nation must know them so that it can vote the right way, or guide our diplomats the right way in talks with Khrushchev.

The TV people can do what they like with ratings. It's their business, and if they can use them to give us better programmes, let them have them. Only I don't think they can. I think the many astute, clever

Who remembers when Gilbert Harding had Jacqueline Mackenzie helping him in a programme? It was four years ago in Harding Finds Out. *Peter Baker* (left) *assisted.*

A phase in the long What's My Line? *story—when film star Patricia Medina was on the panel together with Lady Barnett and Gilbert.*

inspiring and really learned men and women working in TV back rooms could do a much better job for us if they did not bother trying to find out what we think, or how many people were in the room during the last ten minutes of last Saturday's *Dixon of Dock Green*.

After all, the people making the programmes are paid because they are supposed to know how. They are the experts. Why not leave it to them to do their best? They have employers who know perfectly well when they are not coming up to scratch; or at least if they don't know they are not the astute bosses they are made out to be.

Television, whether it is entertaining, funny, musical, inspiring or instructional, is something for everybody at some time; not everything for everybody all the time. It has been well-named the "idiot's lantern" only because so many people try to watch it all the time—an obviously idiotic occupation, since it cannot please them all the time. I suppose there are some people who read every word in their daily newspaper; but there cannot be many outside lunatic asylums. Nobody expects

(Left) *Gilbert as he was in* 1948, *when he first began to climb to TV fame.* (Right) *Holiday-time for Gilbert, away from those studio lights about which he sometimes complains.*

every column in the paper to be about what interests him, or to be exactly to his taste. Yet a day's TV programmes offer as many different interests as a newspaper.

Nobody knows how much longer I shall go on appearing on your screen; at least, I shall probably be the last to be told. But whatever happens, I would much rather be a part of a TV service which is being watched with discrimination, than one to which everybody is trying to cling by sore eyeballs like flies on a flypaper. Too much cake is never as good as the right amount when you are feeling like it. I hope that we are using television more only for what we want, when we feel like it. I see some signs of this, but I wish I could see more.

I think most of the people controlling the programmes in their hearts want us to become choosy in our viewing. The BBC has always aimed at training viewers to be choosy—training us painlessly, so

More than once Gilbert Harding has waged a compassionate campaign for children and animals. But no hardship story here; just two of his very young friends.

More than one TV critic has tried to predict Gilbert Harding's future. On this occasion, however, he "read the teacup" for himself in his own Brighton flat, from which a programme was being screened.

that we are unaware of what is going on. Some critics carp at the BBC for trying to do this; but then critics are paid to carp. And the best critics I know are among the men and women who put on the programmes. Few are ever satisfied with their own work. Few, certainly, are sufficiently rewarded for the pains they take to make programmes better. There's nothing wrong with the people in television (with some exceptions), but they will do better still if they can be quietly left alone to do what they can. None of them, not even in ITV, really want the "Top Ten" fuss, and the idolatry of "stars" and "personalities," or any of the other gimmicks which have resulted from too much public fuss being made about the whole business.

After all, the thing comes down to nothing more than a box you switch on. It may spellbind you. Or it may disgust or bore you, in which case you can switch it off. It beats me that something so simple should be made out to be so intricate and so important.

Now I was really asked to write about the various things I have had to do through being on television, and of course I've written nothing of the kind. The Editor will have to forgive me, and will no doubt make the best of it by illustrating this with pictures "from my TV career"—whatever that is. I've never known!

BEHIND THE VERDICT

POLICE courts provide television with a seemingly endless source of programme material. The BBC pioneered documentaries about magistrates' courts, and ITV has followed this rich seam of human drama, notably in the series *The Verdict Is Yours* and *In Court To-Day*. Behind the authentic police-court atmosphere seen on the screen there is always the usual busy studio preparation and last-minute rush, as shown in the the pictures in this feature.

Opposite page: (Top) *One minute to go before the cameras switch on to him—David Ensor, the Judge in* The Verdict Is Yours, *adjusts his wig.* (Bottom) *An actor and actress recruited to portray witnesses in a court scene receive last-minute instructions from the studio manager.*

In a studio dressing room, actor Jean McGregor, "court reporter" in The Verdict Is Yours, *gets ready to go on the set.*

(Above) *From his corner on the set the "court reporter" keeps viewers informed about the progress of cases. With his own TV screen he keeps in touch with the action, some of which is going on behind him.*

(Right) *In readiness for the programme, lawyers' wigs are sorted and put in place by an actor who will portray Junior Counsel.*

As the court action in The Verdict Is Yours *switches from one part of the studio set to another, the studio lighting supervisor adjusts the lights from this keyboard which controls lighting.*

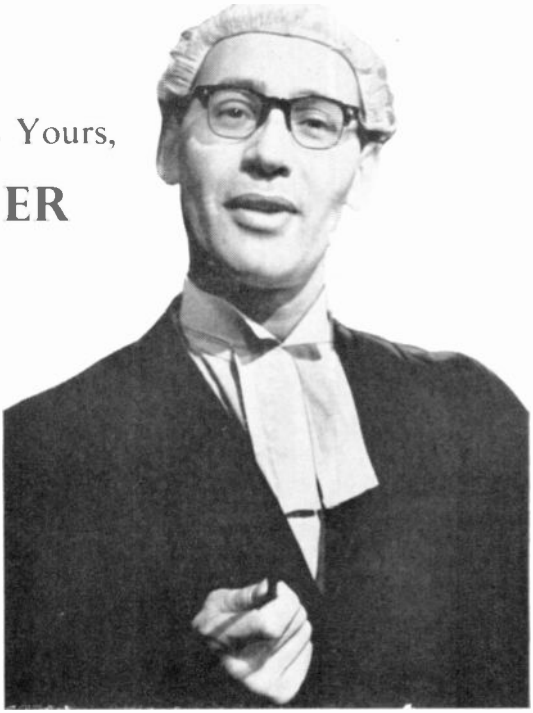
(Above) *The scene viewers saw in the programme* In Court To-Day (Right) *The "magistrate" in this series was not an actor, but a real-life magistrate—Alderman Joseph Cleary of Liverpool, who has been on the Liverpool City Bench for 23 years.*

Counsel in The Verdict Is Yours,

SIMON KESTER

Explains How

THEY DO IT WITHOUT A SCRIPT



THE jury have been brought in. Prisoner, counsel, witnesses, judge . . . all are in their places. An expectant hush has descended upon the courtroom. The studio manager calls, "court murmurs, please," grams are turned on, and another trial in *The Verdict is Yours* series has begun.

From that moment on, the studio is transformed into an Assize Court. The change is incredible, almost miraculous. The witnesses are no longer actors and actresses, counsel and judge are no longer aware of cameras. The trial is conducted with all the earnestness and vigour of a real-life drama. What is it that creates this remarkable atmosphere, an atmosphere that has made *The Verdict is Yours* a milestone in the history of television entertainment? For the first time, a play is virtually enacted without lines. (This is misleading, though—it isn't even a play!)

Many viewers find it impossible to believe that the programme is unscripted. They ask how it is possible for the programme to work unless everybody knows what he or she is going to say. Well, the most intense dramas are enacted day by day in real courts of law, and there are no scripts there, either. The difference between real-life drama and that of the television courtroom lies, of course, in the fact that real-life witnesses have actually experienced what they recount in court.

This difficulty is overcome in *The Verdict is Yours* by providing each witness with a set of background notes, which are written in chatty story form, and from which they find their "characters" and learn the facts to which they will testify. They are questioned only within the framework of their own background notes. They do not so much act as *become* the characters, and then answer spontaneously. The effect is electrifying. They

Scene from a typical case in the ITV series In Court Today. *In this one a bus driver was accused of assaulting his mother-in-law. A detective takes the oath in the witness box.*

do all the things that witnesses do in true life. They are overawed by the court atmosphere, and are carried away by the desire to help their own side, with the result that they tend to distort the evidence, forget, and even lie, under the strain of cross-examination. I have seen witnesses almost hysterical, and I have also seen some of the most exciting and most memorable performances one could ever have the privilege of watching.

This brings me to that extraordinary person created by this programme —the television barrister, who appears under his own name, and conducts his case to the best of his ability, with all the problems of timing and dramatic effect that are involved. You know, I've always thought that the reason people become barristers rather than solicitors is because they are actors at heart. They live for the dramatic moment, and the challenge of oral argument, all conducted in front of a special kind of audience—the jury. In *The Verdict is Yours* the jury consists of twelve members of the public who have no prior knowledge of the details of the case. The trial takes place in front of them, and if counsel forgets a crucial point, or fails to break a witness down, his case will surely suffer, and there is nothing more he can do about it until he addresses the jury in his closing speech. I can assure you that I am often completely oblivious of the television cameras, and when I talk to the jury, I do so as if the life of my "client" depended on their verdict.

You may ask how far we are briefed. We are simply given copies of the background notes of all the witnesses and the order in which witnesses will

appear, and are then left to sort out the case as best we can. Naturally, we consult with our own witnesses, but as soon as preparation on the case has begun, an air of competitiveness descends upon us all, and each side regards the other with suspicion.

We all meet in the Manchester studios of Granada Television two or three days before transmission. Present are the producer, director, studio manager, judge, counsel, witnesses and a legal adviser (who is in fact a practising barrister, but does not appear in the programme). We discuss court procedure, rules of evidence, and any problems that are basic to the story. We then break up into our separate camps and consult with the director and legal adviser as necessary. There is no rehearsal as such —only a short spell in the studio for camera movements. The fact that the programme succeeds in bringing into the home of the viewer the true atmosphere and procedure of a court of law and that the story unfolds, as it were, of its own accord, is a tribute to the high quality and efficiency of the production teams engaged in the programme.

These brief notes would not be complete without a special reference to "his lordship" to whom my colleagues and I are so often "obliged." David Ensor was at one time a practising barrister, and to him is entrusted the job of keeping the rest of us in order during the proceedings in court. This at times must be a somewhat trying assignment for him. People ask me why I often quarrel with him; I often ask myself the same question. It never does me any good; he always has the last word anyway!

Another scene with a witness taking the oath —this time in Jewish fashion. The BBC pioneered the "courtroom" field with documentaries on the law; recently it returned to the ITV challenge by presenting a series called The Case Before You, *from which this scene is taken.*

Jimmy Hanley

To many millions, Jimmy Hanley runs a pub, or is Mr. Dotto. And to millions who can remember the great days of British pictures, Jimmy is a film star, too. Either way, big-screen or small, he's a star and a warm personality. And for that he has to thank the late Italia Conti; she taught Noel Coward, Gertrude Lawrence and many more. Jimmy was a "Conti kid," and he went straight from the Conti school into film roles. After war services with the Commandos he came back into pictures, now in big roles and in bigger pictures such as *It Always Rains on Sundays*, and *The Blue Lamp*.

In *The Blue Lamp* he worked with Jack Warner, who was an inspiration, and when later Jack became the TV star of *Dixon of Dock Green*, Jimmy decided to spend less time at his public-house at Effingham and more in the ITV studios. Commercial programmes for children gave him his first break, then came *Jim's Inn*, and finally *Dotto*. Now Jimmy is no longer a professional publican. He concentrates on his TV career, and on home life with Maggie, two-year-old Jane and baby Sarah. "Jim's Inn" today is a charming house in three acres of woodland property on the fringe of the Bookham Common National Trust forest.

When Jimmy is not driving up to the ATV studios from this estate, ringed with tall beech, pine, chestnut and silver birch, he is busy dealing with such problems as beset estate owners. Or, if he is not bothered by plants or plantations, Jimmy settles down to his desk and jots down themes for new children's programmes, or completes yet another children's nursery book.

His TV chores take him no further afield than ATV studios, but for film companies he has made long-distance location shots, even in Australia. There he became an expert shark fisherman. All that is now a closed chapter, however. The Hanleys seldom holiday further away than Cornwall, where Jimmy fishes for dog-fish. As a result of his world travels, he likes keeping unusual pets—such as an Ethiopian guinea-pig. Some pets are too large to keep, so Jimmy makes soft furry models of them, and many of his animal puppets have appeared in children's TV shows.

MAX JAFFA

Tells You All About

THE THREE OF US

I ALWAYS feel that, generally speaking, music on television doesn't quite come off, especially with large orchestras. But I think our little outfit, (the Max Jaffa Trio) appeals visually simply because there are three chaps playing their instruments. There are no props, we don't have any music, and the programmes are arranged (by us) to appear spontaneous and informal. We don't have any highly complicated musical arrangements. We like to play the tune in such a way that it will show to people who understand that we can play our instruments, but that we have chosen music we think appeals to the largest possible audience.

Another thing we don't have is a script. When we started I was asked to produce one, but felt I was more natural without one. So I begged them to trust me, promising faithfully I would not use obscene language! The worst that could happen, I argued, would be that my grammar was bad or I pronounced a word wrong. And it would be great if someone told me because next time I could say, "I'm terribly sorry," and put it right. They said, "All right, we'll see how it goes." Since then—no complaints. We never have a prompt of any sort, either. During rehearsals producer Christian Simpson is quite happy if I say practically nothing because he knows that when the show goes on I'll think of something.

Lots of viewers wonder how long the Trio has been together. We have been friends for nearly 30 years, having played together at various times since about 1930. We started as a trio after the war, when we were all demobbed and renewed our friendship. Jack Byfield and Reginald Kilbey were members of what are today the London Studio Players. They asked me to join and we did quite a lot of broadcasting.

Jack had a little combination on the air called Melody Mixture, which he directed from the piano. I was his first violinist and Reg his 'cellist. Then Reg used to conduct the Casino Orchestra, in which Jack was pianist and I was first violin. I had a little outfit on the air called Melody on Strings, in which Jack was my pianist and Reg my 'cellist. In these

three orchestras we played completely different types of music. One day we were having a cup of coffee in the Broadcasting House canteen when I said. "Why don't we just work together? You forget your little mob, Jack, and you say good-bye to the Casino Orchestra, Reg. I'll forget my Melody on its strings too. Let's form a trio of our own."

They agreed, and we went along to the powers-that-be suggesting we do some trio broadcasts. Fortunately they had sufficient faith in us to say Yes, and we began as a trio in 1948. In those days there was little television, most people were still listening to their radios, so we became quite well-known.

Then one day in 1952 someone asked, "Would you be prepared to present a television programme, with Christian Simpson producing?" We said, "Yes, it may be great fun." We did in fact pretend we were doing a sound broadcast on television. It was introduced by our announcer, Michael Brooke, sitting at a "mock-up" desk in the studio with a microphone on it. He said: "You've heard these chaps before but never seen them. Come and have a look . . ." The cameras went right through a sort of music-room and there we were. Strangely enough, this was a tremendous success. We were sent for by the BBC Head of Music. He said, "This is great! Look at all these letters!" But we didn't get another TV date for two-and-a-half years!

The Linden Singers added youthful charm to the warmth of the Max Jaffa approach with the Trio which became a viewing "must" for millions.

Max with his colleagues: Jack Byfield at the piano, and Reginald Kilbey on the 'cello. The three came together as a result of their radio work.

A lot of our letters come from people who are the sort of middle layer of the music strata—people who like what they know. They write saying what a treat it is to be able to sit down and enjoy "good, classical music." Now I don't argue with that statement; I'm delighted. But there are serious musicologists who say, "But those people don't know what they're talking about! What you play is in fact not *classical* music."

Be that as it may, catering for them makes me proud to be a "middle-man." After all, it *is* music. Sir Thomas Beecham, asked recently to define good music, gave what I think is a wonderful definition. He replied to the effect that "good music is something which penetrates the ear with facility—and leaves it with difficulty." It's the old, old story. A good tune is the one you hear once and can hum and whistle forever, without it being plugged a million times on the air!

That serious-minded critic Philip Hope-Wallace is not a devotee of the sort of music we play. He has written in *The Listener* that this "Palm Court without the palms" is not his idea of heavenly music, but he takes his hat off to the way we play it. He also said we are first-class musicians,

which we treasure as a wonderful tribute. Not so long ago we met in the street. He had been off writing for *The Listener* but announced, "I'm back! And I'll shoot you down in flames!" I said it would be a great pleasure because I was sure the flames would be nice and warm and not just red-hot. Blow me down, in the next piece that appeared, he had written some jolly nice things.

As a matter of fact, whatever our critics may say, we frequently play Schubert, Brahms and Mozart. When all is said and done, those great composers wrote a good deal of light music. True, it was the light music of their day, but it is still very acceptable. I doubt if there is a living soul who doesn't enjoy listening to beautiful bits of Mozart, like the little minuets and rondos. The same applies to a lot of Bach. One of the greatest of all the "pop" tunes is the chorale known as *Jesu, joy of man's desiring.*

At the end of one of our shows I asked viewers to send me their requests. The result was quite an eye-opener. We received 13,000 letters containing 42,000 requests. We went through them all, tabulating them and finally whittling them down to about a hundred favourite tunes. Almost at the top of the list was *Jesu, joy of man's desiring.*

There were also a lot of Mozart requests, and for arias from opera of the kind most people know: *Madame Butterfly, Tosca, Rigoletto.* But not one letter asked for a rock 'n' roll tune or a skiffle number. There were a few Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, Cole Porter and George Gershwin requests, and apart from present-day shows like *Oklahoma* and *Annie Get Your Gun*, the music from such oldtimers as *The Arcadians, The Country Girl* and Gilbert and Sullivan was tremendously popular.

We always limit the length of what we play because I firmly believe that one must not stand up on television and play a long work; I don't think there's enough interest visually to hold anything but a minority audience. So we limit all our pieces to three or maybe four minutes, during which our producer, who is fortunately so artistic, makes some lovely camera pictures while we go on playing.

Jack and Reg and I have plenty of fun outside the studio as well as on the air. It's this sense of humour that we try to bring to the show. But carrying a violin can be a lot of fun, too, as I once found when going through the Customs. The Customs official asked me if I had anything to declare after a trip to Monte Carlo. When I said "No," he pointed to my case and said, "What's that?"

"Only my violin. Would you like to see it?" I answered, thinking at last I had found someone who would appreciate a fine fiddle. "It's a Guarnerius made in 1704," I added, opening the case.

The official looked disappointed. "Sorry to have troubled you, sir," he said, "I thought it might be a new one . . .!"

"THIS IS OUR LIFE – TOGETHER"

MRS. GRAINNE ANDREWS *Writes About Home Life With Eamonn*

IT always surprises me how many people get the wrong idea about me! They are very nice people, I'm sure; members of the great British public of viewers, whose loyalty to Eamonn is after all, the basis of my life—at least their liking for him keeps him employed! But it all seems to derive from the old idea that anybody in the limelight must lead a gay life, and his wife must do the same. With us this is far from the truth—and I must say I'm glad.

Of course, we both like a bit of fun now and then, but the popular notion that all "TV stars" stay out most nights at mad parties and spend all their money as soon as they get it is definitely "not on" in our case. Indeed, whenever a newspaper reporter wants to know about our life, I usually think how dull we are, and feel sorry for him trying to find something interesting to say about us.

We really do make home our base, and television, for all its irregular hours, is just the work that Eamonn goes out to do, just as most husbands go out to work. We have friends, and we give and go to the occasional party, but no more so, I reckon, than does a normally social bank clerk and his wife! I am not saying this because I think it's especially good to be as we are; but simply as a statement of the truth being not always what people first imagine, at any rate about people who are always getting publicity. We just like home life, and being together in an ordinary way; that's all there is to it, I suppose.

A man whose wisdom I respect once told me that it was all due to our being typically Irish. In the social life of Dublin, though it is capable of "mad whirls" at times, people do seem to keep to the old family circles perhaps more so than in London. And both Eamonn and I come from large Dublin families and grew up with our homes as the centres of our lives. I suppose we can't avoid carrying this on, just to our own two selves, in our London flat.

"We just like home life," says Mrs. Eamonn Andrews, photographed talking with Television Annual's *editor, Kenneth Baily, at home in the pleasant London flat where she and her famous husband live.*

I myself have never got used to Eamonn being on television! Of course, I recognise that it is his normal job, but every time he comes up on that screen I have an attack of nerves. I feel so intensely for him that I might as well be there doing the job. Which, incidentally, is one reason why I hardly ever go to the studio with Eamonn. I think that on this job, as on any other, a husband should be left to carry it off alone. After his appearances in *This Is Your Life* or *What's My Line*? Eamonn likes—whenever possible—to come home quickly, and eat a supper of his favourite Irish stew. Nearly always, during every Andrews TV show a stew is on in my cooker!

Of course, a great deal of Eamonn's life is taken up with business affairs in the normal "office hours". He has an office in the West End, and often leaves home in the morning, and is kept at it all day, perhaps with a TV rehearsal and an evening programme added on. Left to my own like this, I like to spend my time dress-designing, or re-arranging the decoration of our flat—a thing which I'm afraid I want to do far too often!

We also keep open house to our relatives from Ireland, on both sides of the family (I am the eldest of a family of seven!); and this means that I am often entertaining brothers, sisters or in-laws, visiting London from Dublin. Eamonn is still concerned in a family business in Dublin, run by his brother and sister, and this often brings them over to see us. Eamonn's brother, Noel, is a radio broadcaster over there, and the business is concerned with scripts for radio. It always amazes me how much alike are Noel's and Eamonn's voices. In fact, once they pulled a fast one on Irish radio listeners. Noel was doing a record request programme on radio, and Eamonn went to the studio with him, and introduced two of the

Grainne Andrews says she and her husband Eamonn are in full agreement about planning carefully for their future.

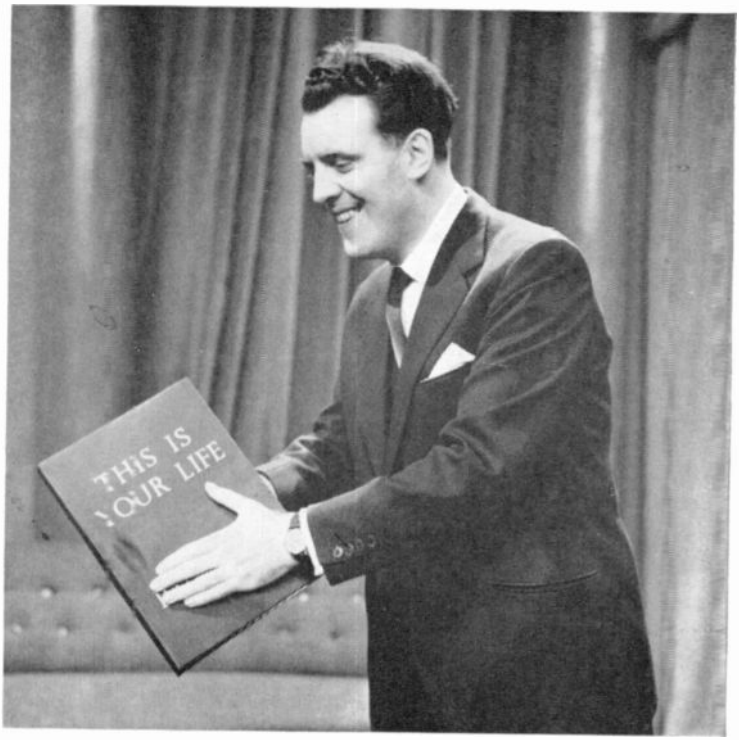
records himself, without letting listeners know. Nobody noticed any difference in the voices!

It was through the show business life of Dublin that I met Eamonn. My father has a theatrical costumiers' business and is something of an impresario over there. He took me to a stage show one night, where Eamonn was appearing as compère of a stage quiz. We were introduced afterwards, and Eamonn took me home. He was soon telling me how he had started out in life as a clerk in an insurance company, and had wanted a more interesting life. For a short spell he moved on into a newspaper office, but he found show business pulling him, and eventually he worked his way into music-hall appearances, even playing in sketches, as well as acting as compère.

After this came the break for Eamonn, his getting into radio and then television in London. Eamonn always says that the next months, when he had to live in London by himself, were the loneliest of his life. In Dublin he had been used to his family being around, and we had been friends for some time. Even after we were engaged, he was still on his own a lot in London, and I believe he used to walk round the parks at night, feeling pretty low, despite the fact that he was becoming a headline name in television. So you can imagine how much our marriage meant to us when we at last got our home together in London.

TV star's wife—but Grainne prefers domesticity to the bright lights.

If we are not exactly the "Hollywood" type of star and wife (as I hope I have shown), we are always very much aware of the general insecurity in any form of show business, and television is no exception. Eamonn has always felt that he must work on at his TV programmes as long as the BBC



A national celebrity now; but when Eamonn Andrews first went to London he was lonely for the girl left behind in Ireland, whom he was later to marry.

runs them, because who knows when viewers' tastes may change, and he may be "out." I must say that the normal wifely instinct for playing safe about one's future makes me agree with him.

Ideally, *This Is Your Life*, *What's My Line*? and Eamonn's children's programmes, could all develop into new-type shows in which he could follow on, ever developing his work. But this is much easier said than done. Television is a hard taskmaster when it comes to feeding it new ideas. Eamonn and I often think that we are much in the same position as the one-man business, perhaps in a corner shop. Only while the neighbourhood feels served by that shop, will it continue to flourish. Let a newer store open nearby, and the corner shop may go under. This can happen to any regular TV performer, when new-type shows and new talent are for ever pushing forward. So although a TV star may earn what looks like "good money" to the regularly and permanently employed worker in a normal occupation, there's no telling when that good money may dry up. It is then that wise use of the good money should bring its dividend—the wherewithal to get along for a time without well-paid employment in the limelight. This is our philosophy; and I must say I would be much more nervous about my life with Eamonn if we didn't both see it this way!

THE FIRESIDE THEATRE

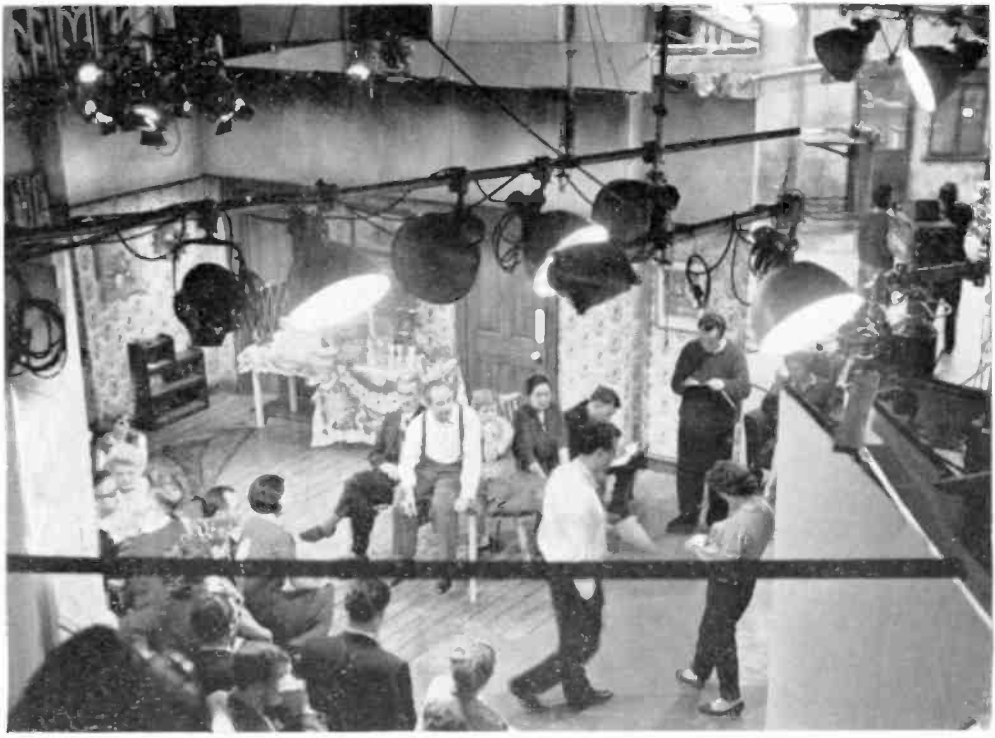
From the many excellent players who throng the TV cast-lists to the occasional peak stars of the stage—television drama embraces all. In the lightsome A Nest of Robins (above), *viewers enjoyed a comedy put over by Eleanor Summerfield, Renee Houston and John Slater. In the sophisticated* A Day by the Sea (left), *they saw Margaret Leighton and John Gielgud making one of their rare TV appearances.*

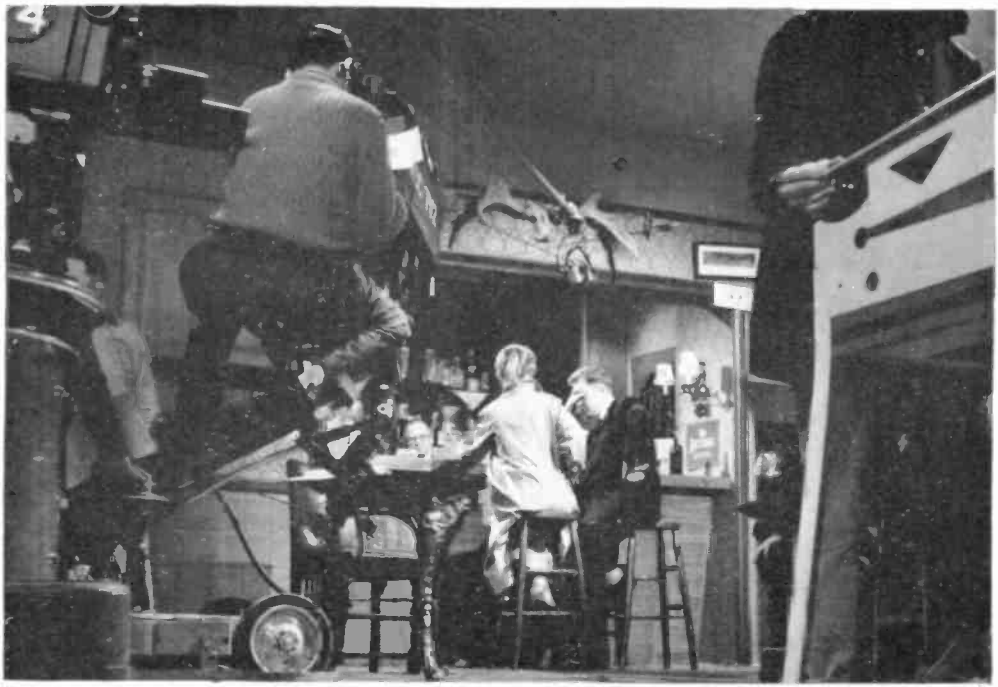
Leslie Caron, renowned star of Gigi *and other films, came to London TV studios to play in the ATV production of* The Wild Bird. (Left) *She rehearses a scene with Maurice Denham, who played her father.*

(Right) *Flora Robson in the title role in* Mother Courage, *a powerful drama in the BBC's distinctive "World Theatre" series. In this series viewers can see the great plays of all nations and all ages.*

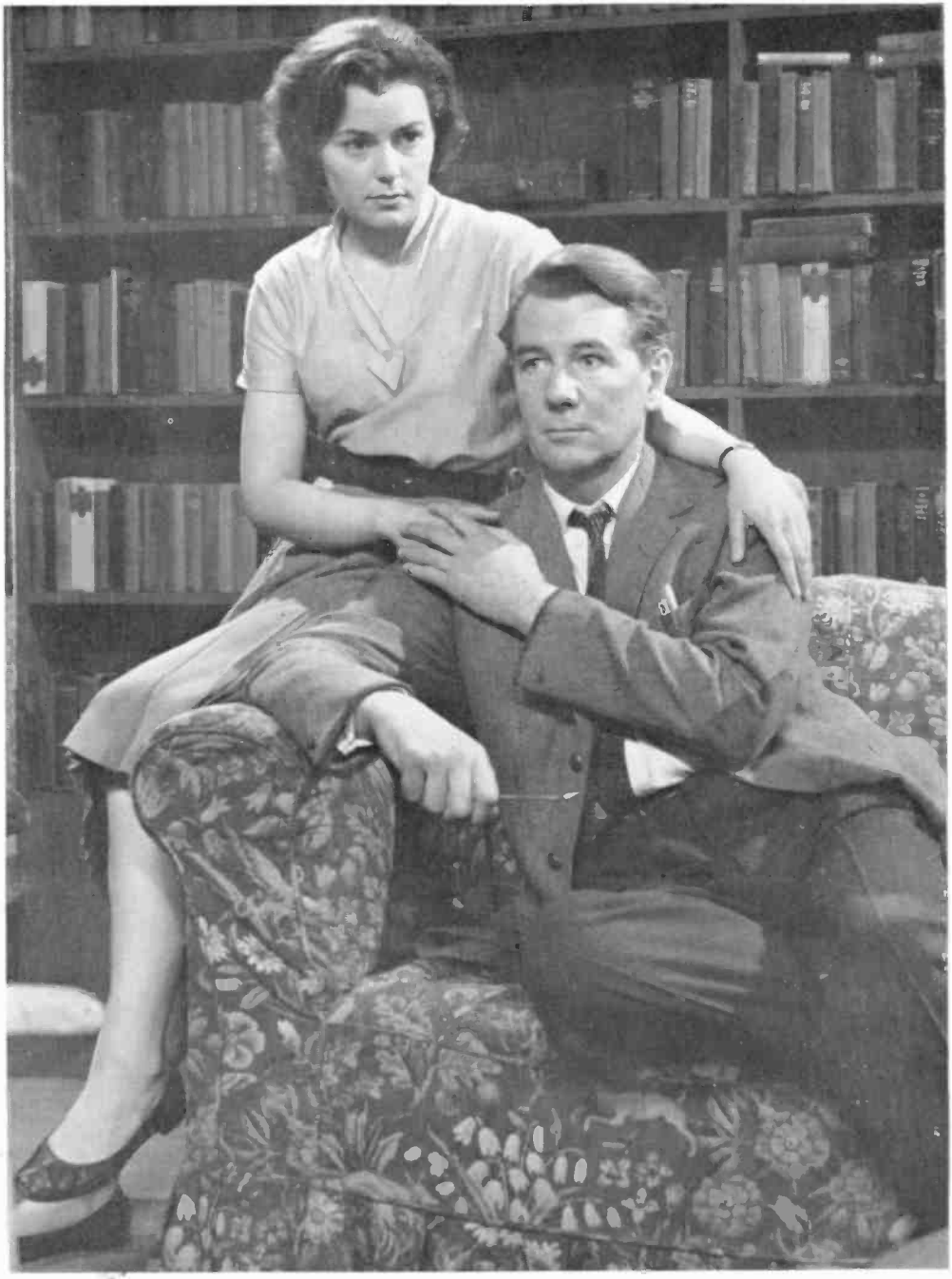
For laughter-making by the fireside, millions of viewers find there is nothing better than the Brian Rix Whitehall Theatre farces. This one was A Policeman's Lot, *with Sergeant Leo Franklyn "attached" to Mr. Rix.*

On your left, a classic of the grand old drama—Stephen Murray as Svengali with Jill Bennett in Trilby. *On your right, a frothy comedy with a modern TV comic—Bob Monkhouse and Elvi Hale in* The Cat and the Canary. (Below) *Studio scene: the casual appearance of studious rehearsal.*





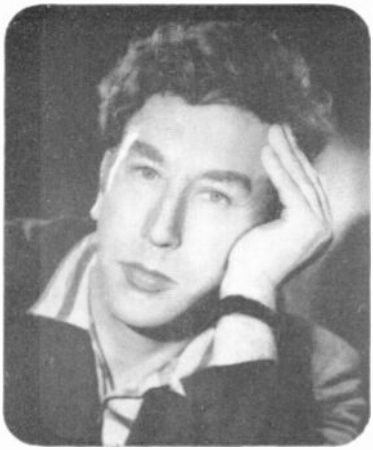
(Above) *Sunday night's popular drama spot "Armchair Theatre", as a cameraman saw it, when the play was* Parole, *with Felicity Young and Ronald Hines.* (Below) The Scarf, *popular thriller, with Donald Pleasence* (right) *as the detective who sought the murderer;* (left) *the strangler played by John Hopedean, his victim by Diana King.*



Sir Michael Redgrave came to commercial television in the year of his knighthood, to star in A Touch of the Sun. *He is seen with Jayne Muir. Five to six plays a week are being produced in Britain, taking BBC and ITV together; and every day up to 200 actors and actresses are at work in rehearsals.*

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Frankie Howerd



FRANKIE HOWERD has sometimes been described as the insurance clerk who got into show business, but that isn't the entire truth Born at York, the son of a professional soldier, Frankie moved with his family to London when he was a boy, and hearing concerts in dad's mess made him want to go on the stage. This was little more than a dream, for on Army pay dad could not afford to have their boy hanging around waiting for work. At sixteen, Frankie tried for the entrance exam to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art—and failed. Nothing in his subsequent struggles hurt quite so much as that.

No entrance exam, no scholarship to R.A.D.A., Francis fearlessly took that job in the insurance office, but as his heart was in show business he went in for amateur entertainment in his spare time—not very successfully. "I even failed to convince Carroll Levis I was a discovery," says Frankie, mournfully. "In fact the only thing I've ever been accepted for at first sight was the Army. I was AMAZED. . . .!"

Frankie served in the Royal Artillery, and after VE-Day was transferred to the Central Pool of Artistes where he wrote, produced and acted in shows for the Army. On demob. leave, Frankie went around knocking on agents' doors, and what the agents said in effect was: "Not on your nelly." All, that is, except Stanley Dale, Frankie's present manager, who discovered him doing an act at the Stage Door Canteen.

Frankie managed to get a BBC audition in 1946, where at Stanley Dale's urging he was booked as resident compere for *Variety Bandbox*, alternating with Derek Roy. Frankie and Derek were fantastically successful, and in Frankie's case his catch-phrases became as familiar as signature tunes. All Britain went around saying: "*The best of luck*!" and "*I was AMAZED*!" Our Francis had found gold.

Of course, there are two sides to Frankie. There is the loose-limbed, rubber-faced, shock-haired Frankie who has been seen in many TV shows, in stage shows and in films. And there is the serious "I-want-to-play-Hamlet" Francis who in the Christmas season of 1957 made his great success as Bottom the Weaver in the Old Vic production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

OH! WHAT A SURPRISE!

Says PATRICIA DRISCOLL *of Her "Maid Marian" Luck*

SOME years ago, when I was moving around spending a few weeks at a time at various small provincial repertory theatres, I seem to remember feeling slightly acid towards the television business. There was I struggling to get a chance as a stage actress, and there were the TV aerials shooting up all over the towns and villages, offering people stars in their own homes, without the trouble of making their way to the nearest theatre. I think many actors and actresses had this feeling a few years ago. How things have changed!

I know, of course, that I have undoubtedly been very lucky; but I think most actors now thank television for expanding the market for their work far beyond what we ever thought possible. For me it has turned my career along a surprise road which I did not even know existed. Only six years ago I thought I was very lucky indeed to get a part on BBC Television in children's programmes. I was just picked as being a likely one, available at the right time, to act with Humphrey Lestocq in the *Whirligig* series.

I was really only there to look puzzled, and mildly ratty, whenever Humphrey got up to his crazy antics in the programme, whose other main attraction was a puppet called Mr. Turnip. However, this role clung to me for several weeks. And I began to day-dream that one of the best BBC drama producers would one day walk into the studio, and straight-away elevate me out of children's programmes into an important Sunday-night play! What actually happened was that I was next asked by the BBC to turn my attention to entertaining even younger children than *Whirligig's* audience. They wanted me for the toddlers! So it was that I took my place on the screens, at the unpopular hour of four o'clock in the afternoon, in *Picture Book*—a tiny tot's show, which has lasted almost ever since.

I had married an actor whom I met in "rep", Duncan Lamont, and he was doing a fair amount of work in TV plays, among his jobs being

Maid Marian was the role which took Patricia Driscoll by surprise. She never expected it. Now, as consort to Richard Greene's dashing Robin Hood, she is known to viewers in many parts of the world.

When filming Robin Hood *takes Patricia away from home her husband, actor Duncan Lamont, is not a bad hand with the cooking, she says. Here, pictured at home, they are studying a new script together.*

the role of the "thing" in the first Quatermass serial! He was also often in demand as a detective in thriller serials, and it was a great day for us when in one of these serials we were at last able to act together in television. But in the main I went on telerecording my *Picture Book* quarter-hours, whilst keeping house for my much busier husband.

Then, quite suddenly, I was called to take a screen test for *Robin Hood.* At that time I had only watched this particular series about six times. However, off I went, and they asked me to imagine I was Maid Marian, and that I was telling Robin Hood about a nightmare! I still wasn't sure that they were looking for a new Maid Marian. The big surprise came when they admitted they did want one, and that I had got the part. I must say the first thing I was glad about—even more than the money!—was that here was a role requiring a girl who liked riding horses. Perhaps it is because I was born in Ireland, but ever since childhood I've loved horses, and riding has always been as easy and normal as walking to me.

Playing Maid Marian increased my TV earnings about three times over; but it also turned my housekeeping programme upside down. Because film studios start work early, I had to leave home at 5.30 four or five mornings each week, and rarely got back until seven at night. Luckily, husband Duncan rather fancies himself as a cook, and we have shared the work at home very nicely so far—at least, I think so!

The *Robin Hood* films are shown on American screens, of course, and I get quite a fan mail from the U.S.A. Now, I hear, their sound track has been translated into Japanese, and they will be shown on television in Japan. That's the greatest surprise of all—that I should be seen careering round Sherwood Forest by viewers in a bamboo living-room in Tokio!

WHEN I MIND MY OWN BUSINESS

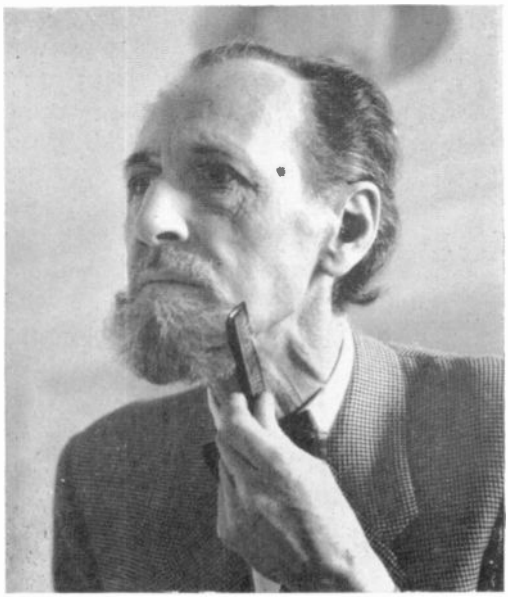
By Tonight's *Roaming Reporter*

FYFE ROBERTSON

For me, the most remarkable thing about the past year is that once again nobody has told me to mind my own business. Maybe that's because perfect strangers know I *am* minding my own business when I shove a microphone under their noses and ask questions. Or maybe they're specially indulgent to the "telly", still a new and exciting thing. Whatever the reason, people let us mike reporters get away with a lot, and as a Scot (we take a more favourable view of human nature) I think it's simply that people are, by and large, nice.

I remember this when I run into occasional rudeness, and I've a private bet with myself that I'll never get impatient, let alone bad-tempered, with a member of the public. The severest test came when a Yorkshire mum, as I was speaking to camera in front of a crowd, came and pulled my beard "because she'd always wondered if it was real."

After more than two years of mike reporting I don't embarrass easily. But another middle-aged mum made me wish I was somewhere else when I was interviewing people about the wearing of the kilt in Inverness. To lighten a rather quiet piece I dressed in a kilt for my payoff. There is nothing more likely to make a man feel self-conscious than a kilt, if he's never worn one before or (as in my case) since he was a boy. They were borrowed plumes too, the jacket fitted only approximately, and there was a crowd all round. As I passed one group I heard a woman



say: "My, his legs look all *right* in a kilt." I'm still wondering why she should have been so surprised.

Most people love to appear on the telly, if only for a moment, and this is understandable—it's a new experience, it's something to tell the folks, and it's fun. But occasionally the telly-avid can be a nuisance. We were working once all over a small town, and an earnest man on a bicycle turned up at every location. We were dealing with a local controversy, and when he had aired his very strong "pro" views at our first meeting, and demanded the air, I told him we had enough of that side and needed the opposing view to keep a balance. At every subsequent location he tried expressing one view or the other, and once both; and ended by telling me angrily that we weren't interested in getting at people's opinions, but only in stirring up dirt. He lightened an arduous day.

So did a sheep when I was doing a shearing day in the far Highlands. We were working in the pens, and I was watching my absorbed film director, facing me, as he studied positions. Without warning a newly shorn sheep, bolting for freedom, dived between his legs. Maybe I've a streak of sadism, but totally unexpected things happening suddenly to people going quietly about their business seem to me funny. The director was fairly carried away, too, in a different sense—the first time I've seen *this* director taken for a ride on the job. Sheep have no respect for authority!

You never know what you'll get at my job, and that is one of the things that make it interesting. I was doing a piece on a very "progressive" school and was chatting with a sweet young thing of nine, when a boy of her own age snatched away the ball she was holding. She swore at him with a fluency a docker might have envied and a vocabulary he couldn't have enlarged. I'm sure her language at least wasn't progressive—it couldn't be. She wasn't on the air, of course. The mike has (not unnaturally) a cleansing effect on language. I've notched up only one "bloody" so far, and *he* apologised afterwards. I told him, "Bloody's OK," and he seemed relieved. "But not, of course," he said, "too bloody often."

Passion's the thing. Find a "natural" who is passionate about something and you've got a winner. One of the most impressive men I have interviewed was a borough cleansing manager, on the subject of dustbins.

Humour in an interview can, of course, also make all the difference. But now and then you get a laugh you never expected from a straightforward answer by someone who didn't intend to be amusing. I was interviewing an old man who told me he had retired on pension before his time because of ill-health. When did he retire, I asked. "1920", he said, and looked so surprised when I laughed. He was 85, and a retired policemen. It's a hard job, a cop's. But I'm willing to bet nobody will ever interview a retired mike reporter of 85. *Our* feet get even flatter.