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by Frank Tilsley



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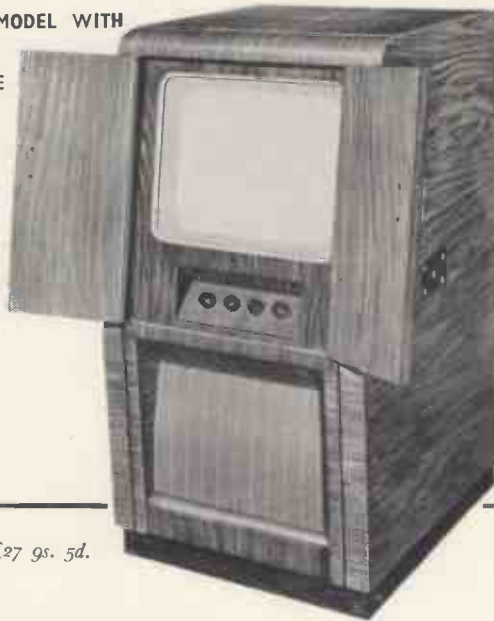
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TELEVISION STORY

BY FRANK TILSLEY



THE TELEVISION AERIAL : *A familiar sight now, not only in the town but in the country.*

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WHEN first I bought a television set it seemed that the screen was too small. That must be part of its attraction, I thought, when you get used to it: our love of things in miniature—you know the way small-scale models have a special fascination all of their own. But when we settled down to regular viewing the screen began to expand—no: that's wrong. What really happened is that we lost all sense of the screen having any particular size at all. It's more as though you are standing close to a window, close enough to see through it everything there is to be seen; so that whether or not the window is small is only incidental. That's the effect on me, anyway. And it's an open window. There seems to be no barrier, even of glass; nothing to cut you off from this sense of identification with whatever is taking place. That, I am sure, is the essence of television: the sense of identification. You are not watching pictures, on a screen; nor are you part of an audience, across a row of footlights. Something is actually happening and you are part of it, with a watching brief. Nothing is being brought to you, in your armchair: rather are you being taken to the scene of the horse-race, or cabaret, or concert, and identified with it. A few weeks ago I got on a bus, in Baker Street I think, and there, inside, facing me, was one of my favourite television comedians, Desmond Walter-Ellis. I immediately grinned all over my face, prepared to say hello and shake hands, but of course the fellow just stared at me blankly: he'd never set eyes on me before. It was a shock to realize that he didn't know me, when I know him so well. That is something you never feel about film stars, or stage actors, even repertory actors; at least, I don't. And that is one way television differs from the cinema and the theatre. It's nothing to do with being better than the films or the theatre, or worse. Television is entirely different: a completely *intimate* art.

You know the way you sometimes suddenly feel, with the characters in Mr. Priestley's play, that you've 'been here before'? That's how I felt the first time I went to Alexandra Palace and watched a play being transmitted in the studio. I hadn't really previously seen these big cameras creeping backwards and forwards, the swaying booms with suspended microphones dangling like streamlined carrots, the lamps hotly focussed on the group of players, the technicians, gesticulating to each other, concentrated tensely on every word and movement. I hadn't seem them before, but I'd sensed them, round the edge of my set. That is why I can never think of the images on the screen as a picture: the whole thing is much too alive to be thought of sensibly as a picture. Television is still broadcasting, though it is on a scale completely different from sound broadcasting. Sound broadcasting is an appeal to part of your attention. You listen to the news over your breakfast table, and shave while the announcer forecasts the weather. Dance music is a pleasant background noise while you read the evening paper and, if necessary, you can write a couple of letters through a favourite variety programme. But you can't do that with television, which absorbs you, demands the whole of your attention. If it doesn't then it's a bad programme, and you must switch the thing off. There are no half measures. Either you are *there*, with the events taking place; or you must come back to your own room, abandon your set, and finish the ironing or tidy the hearth or mend the lock on the kitchen door, or whatever it is. You can't half-listen to television;

TELEVISION, *medium of the present, looks also to the future. The children, already well looked after by the Service, will soon have still more programmes of their own. In this one, Clown Keele is entertaining a Christmas Party.*



you can't half-watch it. You listen with both your ears and watch with both your eyes; and with some other sense you must respond to the tension of the events you can actually see taking place. Or the thing is a flop.

At a guess I should say this sense of tension is even more important than what you see and hear. Cecil Madden, one of the pioneers of the service, tells a story of the beginning of television which is typical. 'In August 1936, Gerald Cock, first head of the service, assembled us all in Broadcasting House and allotted to us our jobs. I was to be in charge of programmes. He said we were all starting from scratch, the whole thing was completely new to us, so we'd have to have plenty of time to learn all about everything, what the camera could do, how to light the sets, how to tackle a thousand practical problems. Fortunately there was no hurry. We wouldn't be expected to do a programme for three or four months, anyway—Well, this sounded fair enough, so out we went, bundled into cars, and rushed off for our first visit to Alexandra Palace. The first thing I did was go up to the room which was to be my office: a small bare room with one chair, a desolate empty desk, and a telephone. As I walked in the 'phone began to ring. I picked it up and out came the



voice of Gerald Cock. "Wash out everything I said about plenty of time. I've agreed to start the service for Radiolympia. That means the first programme in ten days time".' It's easy to imagine the tension, the excitement, which went into the production of that first programme, 'Here's looking at You'. It seems to me it has been the principal ingredient of every programme ever since.

What programmes do other viewers like best? Television's Viewer Research is at the moment only in its infancy, but viewers are communicative people. It appears that we like plays best, respond to first-class variety shows, enjoy magazine programmes and sport, accept without enthusiasm the more serious demonstrations and discussions, and dislike being educated or lectured at from the screen on any subject whatever. That sums me up fairly neatly. Overall, it is probably safe to say that we want to be entertained. Let's have a brief look at the sort of entertainment we've had in the last year or so, beginning with the lighter side.

Light entertainment is in the care of Pat Hillyard, an adroit, persuasive Irishman who knows everybody in the entertainment business and has an odd knack of getting them to sign contracts while they are laughing at the very idea of it. One of the people Pat undermined in this way was Jack Hulbert. Jack Hulbert agreed, without relish, to produce a television version of *Here come the Boys*. This revue had been taken off after a run of eighteen months, and it hardly seemed to Jack to be worth all the trouble of reviving for a couple of performances. A play of this kind is rehearsed in exactly the same way as a West End production, and though it is to be transmitted only once or twice, rehearsals usually cover a period of about three weeks; not in the studio, for

Left:

THIS IS 'ROOFTOP RENDEZVOUS', a regular show in which the atmosphere of a West End night club is created in the studio.

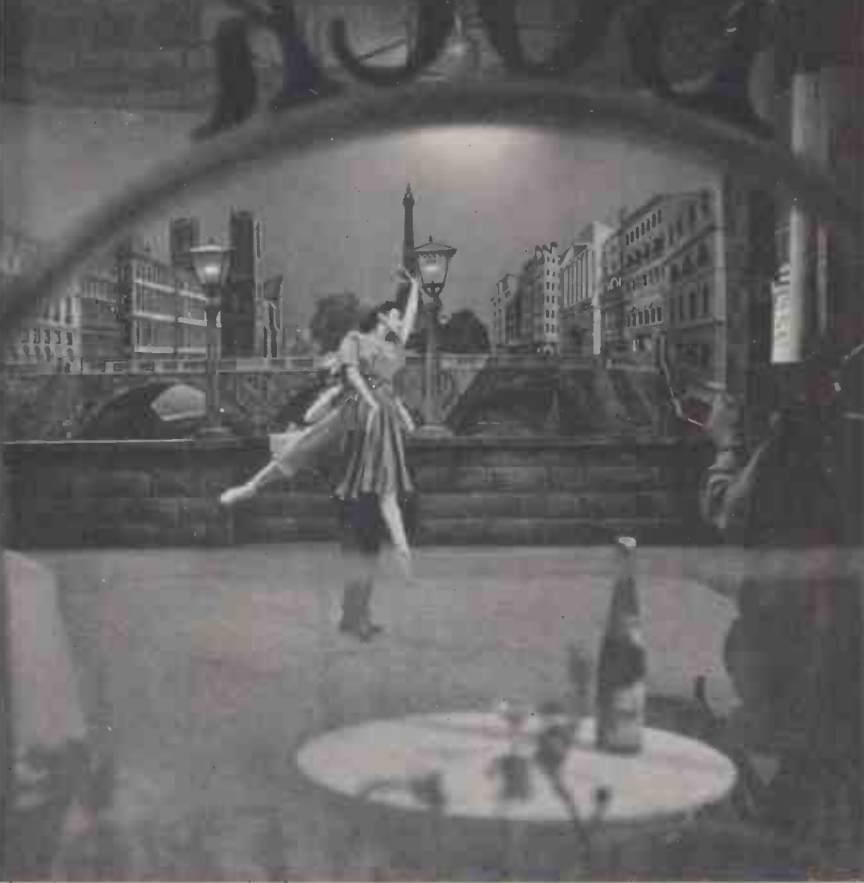
Right:

JACK HULBERT, who has won new laurels in television, here faces the camera at the end of a special version of 'Under the Counter'.



studio space is too limited, but in improvised rooms somewhere more centrally situated. These rooms are mapped out in imitation of the studios, the sets probably being marked on the floor in chalk. Uprturned bentwood chairs may be used to indicate camera positions. As the actors open doors which don't exist or lean against an invisible mantelpiece, the producer views the scene through his little spy-glass, to get an idea of how it will look in the lens of the camera. At this stage he needs a good imagination and plenty of chalk: he will not see the real sets, in the studio, **until** the day of the broadcast. In the theatre he would have one stage with different changes of scene. Here the scenes are set up in different parts of the studio and the players move about the sets as the occasion demands. This of course calls for quite a different technique of production from stage work.

'We rehearsed for a fortnight', says Jack Hulbert, 'and then I began to wonder how all this show, all these big dances with the chorus, could be effectively fitted into the small sets. I knew I must condense it in some way. So I set to work and started pulling the dances to pieces and resetting the sketches to get the characters within the range of the cameras. Then I began to get interested. I began to think in terms of the camera as the audience. I drove the girls nearly mad by altering the chorus dances completely. It fascinated me. I worked my company harder; I got them interested too; I got them thinking of the camera as the audience, and gradually, in that rehearsal period, we changed a stage production into a television production. The result on the air was highly successful, and I became more interested still. As we had played this show for



'A SONG ON THE WIND', a musical fantasy by Beverley Nichols, was given its 'first night' on television. Here is a view of one of the dances seen through a café window.

eighteen months it was fast-moving and slick, and the alterations I made gave it even greater speed. It was the first time a West End show had been taken in its entirety and put on the screen. Afterwards Pat Hillyard asked me if I would devise a show specially for television and do a series of six. By this time I had become a fanatic about television. I agreed right away and I worked on a series which we called "The Hulbert Follies".

There is a fairly clear division in this sort of entertainment between the stage successes adapted to television, and the shows created for television. Adapted musicals like *Here come the Boys*, *Jill Darling*, *Yes Madame*, *No-No-Nanette!* *Balalaika*, *Lady Luck*, *Under the Counter*, are all very well in their way. They are lavishly produced, have a nice touch of nostalgia, and bring stars into our homes like Jack Hulbert himself, Cicely Courtneidge, Harry Welchman, Bobby Howes, and so on. But half-a-dozen dancing girls on a small set don't look like a Palladium chorus. Nor do you have that 'night out' feeling which I think is an essential ingredient of a big musical show in a theatre. In any case, I'm not a great one for musicals, and to my mind they aren't a patch on the shows created specially for the medium, such as 'The Hulbert Follies' and, more particularly, those regular Saturday Night series 'Café Continental' and 'Rooftop Rendezvous'.

Both these Saturday night shows are modelled on cabaret, for the very good reason that cabaret is so intimate, and television is the ideal medium for an intimate show.

'Café Continental' is in its third year and has a personality of its own. Tricky work by the cameras helps you to imagine that you are leaving a taxi, entering the café, and being greeted by the maître d'hotel, Monsieur Claude Frederic. The maître d'hotel is a suave individual you can distrust on sight. I know the moment I set eyes on him that he's going to foist off on me a table cramped in by service trolleys, and that the table which should really have been mine is already occupied by a brassy-looking blonde and a fat man who has just won £200 on the dogs. Fortunately all this is an illusion—an illusion so successful that viewers still write to producer Henry Caldwell and ask him for the address of the café—and I am able to see the proceedings not only clearly but from two or three different angles. The members of the audience are part of the show. They not only eat, drink, and applaud, but also dance while they are bombarded with balloons, coloured streamers, and whatnot. At some stage in the proceedings, Claude Frederic invites a guest visitor to open a bottle of champagne in celebration, perhaps somebody like Jean Simmons, or Sally Ann Howes, or Jean Kent. As the title implies, the turns are given mostly by continental stars—usually acrobats, or dancers, or clowns of some sort. If they sing it is often some catchy French or Spanish number. This, of course, all adds to the continental flavour, and it is a flavour which has been specially created for television.

The setting for 'Rooftop Rendezvous' is a roof-garden overlooked by skyscrapers, their distant windows illuminated in the night. There is a raised dance floor and a bar, frequented by a smart cosmopolitan crowd. Here too the audience, played mainly by small-part actors, form an integral part of the show. You see them at the tables round the floor, eating, drinking, laughing, applauding. Jack Jackson conducts the Rendezvous Orchestra and is the resident compère. There are six girls, 'the Rooftop Lovelies', and their dancing, together with some humorous by-play by Jack Jackson, weaves the half-dozen or so cabaret turns into a show which has a personality of its own. The turns themselves are usually good. Richard Afton has occasionally included people like Martha Raye and Maxine Sullivan; but it is the atmosphere of the show which has established it so firmly with viewers—'Rooftop Rendezvous' is in its second year.

My objection to both these shows is that by their nature they are shows of concentration. Neither has tried to run for a longer period than an hour, and I don't think they could run for longer satisfactorily. Which is all very well, but I have a weakness for a Saturday night show which occupies the whole of Saturday night. 'Music Hall' could possibly run longer than an hour, and 'Stars in your Eyes', a feature introducing a nicely balanced variety of stars from Films, Theatre, Ballet, Opera, Cabaret, and Radio—in one night we've had Peter Cavanagh, Beryl Gray, Gillie Potter, and Professor Jimmy Edwards. So, I suppose, could Cyril Fletcher's 'Magpies'. But nearly all these shows are limited to an hour, which the big musicals are not.

The 'Magpies' were poor entertainment when they started, but Cyril Fletcher, like Jack Hulbert, learned about the new medium along the hard road of trial and error. It is the old story of the adaptations to radio all over again, except that television is a more complicated art than sound broadcasting, apparently with more opportunities for doing the wrong thing. Cliff Gordon,



THE CABARETS OF EUROPE ARE SEARCHED to bring new talent to Alexandra Palace. This is Chaz Chase from The Lido, Paris, one of the greatest clowns in the world today.



I believe, accepted the facts of television wholesale: one of them, that you have a big studio dotted about with different sets. Instead of fading out from one set to another he panned the camera direct between the sets. This, I believe, was a success, though I've never myself seen anybody do it.

Nearly all these shows, however, are limited to the maximum of an hour, which the musicals are not, and we usually get a Saturday night in bits and pieces. Some viewers may like this. I don't. The most successful Saturday shows, with me, have been the nights of intimate revue. Not necessarily from the theatre—we had the complete company of *Oranges and Lemons* after its run at the Globe, including Diana Churchill, Elizabeth Welch, and Max Adrian—but, more suitably, when it is devised specially for television, like a modest little show called *A Word in your Eye*, compiled from the work of eight different authors and five different composers. One of the peak shows, of course, was when Pat Hillyard brought the entire Lido cabaret over from the Champs Elysees by air, closing down this famous Paris night-spot for a couple of nights. This was something of a stunt—the cost of bringing over a show like this would have been prohibitive judged as a commercial proposition—but a very heart-warming stunt which made first-class television. Not only did it contain the most versatile bunch of tumblers I have ever seen—'Les Charlivals'—but also quite the best clown, Chaz Chase. I must have seen almost every Blackpool Tower Circus since I was a small child, so reckon myself something of an authority on clowns, and I've certainly never seen anything like this eccentric comedian before, with his extraordinary capacity for plucking off his own buttons, braces, and other articles of clothing, and eating them. I shouldn't have been at all surprised if he had ended by stuffing himself in his own mouth and vanishing from the screen with one enormous gulp of his Adam's Apple. We can do with more stunts—experiments I should really say—like this Lido show.

If my information is right, and viewers like plays better than anything else, then their tastes

agree with mine. I certainly like plays best, even at the level of light entertainment. The Aldwych farces, for instance. With only one of the original team, Winifred Shotter, producer Eric Fawcett somehow exploited the added friendliness of television to make up for the lack of Ralph Lynn and Tom Walls. Then author Ben Travers allowed Campbell Logan to produce his new play *Potter* before its stage premiere. More appropriate to television than the adapted stage farces is the original 'Nicholas Tophet' series. Nicholas Tophet is the human name adopted by the devil on his brief holidays on earth. He has a prankish though benevolent attitude to life, and if he can give somebody a high running cold which renders them speechless simply by flicking his fingers, he usually inflicts his power on the characters who are unlikeable. This sort of thing, of course, is genuine television—the little intimate camera tricks which convince you that a man has supernatural powers—and William Mervyn, whose eyes enlarge almost to the dimension of Cyril Fletcher's, plays a Mr. Tophet much more than human. The stories are full of wit and mischief, especially the one where Mr. Tophet exposes a bogus modern painter. I suspect that part of the success of this series is good team work between the script writer, Duncan Ross, and the producer, Ian Atkins. Successful television has the air of being a co-operative enterprise: a co-operative enterprise in which the producer is the decisive factor.

Indeed, television performances of all kinds are co-operative performances, and this is par-

PARIS CAME TO LONDON when 'Confetti', a Champs Elysées cabaret, was flown over in its entirety for viewers. Here is a rousing Jungle number from the show.





TO 'CAFE CONTINENTAL', one of television's oldest and freshest programmes, come performers known and unknown, who have something new to offer. This spectacular equilibrist is called Jolly.

ticularly true in the case of plays. During the transmission of one play I counted twenty-two people in the studio apart from the actors—cameramen, lighting technicians, make-up experts, and the rest of it. All in one small studio measuring thirty feet by seventy. At the final rehearsal, a couple of hours before, there had been twenty-seven. I've not seen anything quite like a television studio since I was in the R.A.F. and we had to evacuate an aircraft hangar, packed with planes and equipment, in twenty-four hours. All you can do is cross your fingers and listen to the technicians whispering their ungodly secrets to one another. 'Mind that mike shadow', says somebody, as though you are in danger of bumping your head on it, and then somebody else begins to talk about the vision-mixer, who apparently works not with a bowl and a big wooden ladle, but with screens and a couple of dials. As to the actors, you feel that they cannot possibly add up to a play. A barrister and a witness engage in acrimonious argument, almost back to back, facing different cameras. A well-dressed business man, sitting gravely at a large mahogany desk, nods his head with considered approval to where, through a battery of cameras and lights, a girl sits on the verandah of a Swiss chalet, drinking carefully from an empty glass. A little old woman in black lace threads her way through coils of flex, rather like an absent-minded character from *Wuthering Heights*,

and workmen in shirt-sleeves carry a telephone box over towards a tall wringing machine in which there is a white sheet captioned 'Two Months Later'. Distracted by conversation behind, you turn with an impatient frown towards a quiet corner where two ordinary looking men are discussing something in a newspaper; rudely, you think, and then realize, with a shock, that they are actors and this is the scene actually being screened. Then what about the argument between barrister and witness? You turn back to the court scene to find that witness box, counsel's table and all have disappeared, and that a completely new scene is being erected in their place by two or three silent, shirt-sleeved workmen—a set which, in perhaps half an hour's time, will be on the screen. The surprising thing to my mind isn't that we get so many good plays but that we get plays of any sort under these conditions: the studio is so fantastically technical and complicated and jumbled together. I now relinquish a stoutly-held belief that man will never reach the moon. Not altogether jokingly, because television drama has already reached it, on sixpence, but because people who can make a play out of this apparent muddle of technical devices will surely never be daunted by the 'merely' impossible.

But it isn't all technique, of course. 'Cameras', says Denis Johnston, playwright and ex-Programme Director of Television, 'have to be played like musical instruments: it's a sobering experience to realize the terrifying control of his medium that the producer has at every moment of the performance.' The producer, indeed, is the key-man in a television production of any sort, and viewers soon learn to guess what sort of a play they're going to see from the producer's name on the billing. John Glyn-Jones, we know, will give us a particularly buoyant angle into comedy: he has quite an appetite for burlesque. Harold Clayton, who has produced the more serious Priestley plays, likes a play with a good theme, preferably a social theme. The plays with religious implications have usually been produced by Douglas Allen, who has also been responsible for the three plays with Nancy Price. Michael Barry seems to prefer either a classic or something completely new, and apart from plays, he produced one of the best documentaries so far: *I want to be a Doctor*. Fred O'Donovan has a one-camera technique which is individual even to viewers who neither know nor care anything about technique. This is another way in which television is completely different from the cinema and the theatre: the producer is more important to the viewer than is the principal actor, and you can feel this all the time you watch, even when the actor is Edith Evans, or Roger Livesey, or Alistair Sim. This wizard in a lounge suit sits up in the producer's gallery during the transmission of a play—the gallery is rather like a signal box, though much more technical. He has a microphone in front of him, through which he can talk to the technicians on the floor below—he can also see them through a glass panel by his side. Before him are a couple of screens, one showing the picture actually being transmitted; the other the picture next to be shown. This small, dark, sound-proof signal box is full of other people, too, who all seem to be talking at once throughout the whole play in the idiotic jargon of their craft—'Fade in grams—track back slowly—on Two, on Two—Pre-view Three—Fade out vision'. They keep this up for ages, as though at any moment we might all collide with Jupiter or run aground on

Mars. Robert Barr might profitably have shot the interior of the producer's gallery for his version of H. G. Wells's *Time Machine*.

What effect has all this complication of technique, this necessity for co-operative action, on the production of plays? Compared with the theatre the television play is more flexible, though it is not so flexible as the film. The television play can range out of the studio by means of filmed shots of the sea-shore, the Houses of Parliament, the river bank, or anywhere else which the action of the play might call for. Film sequences are used sparingly, but usually with good effect. When the clock strikes twelve we not only see Cinderella dash from the palace: we watch her stagger through the woods between the palace and her home: panting, breathless, torn by branches and by the fences we see her scramble over. When Alice falls down the mousehole we watch her fall, endlessly, down a cavity deep as a pit shaft, her clothes flowing about her with dream-like grace. Production is flexible in this way, though it lacks many of the advantages of the cinema. In the film studio shots can be taken and re-taken until exactly the right effect is obtained. But a television studio in this respect is like the theatre: once the scene is in transmission there are no second chances. Probably this is more of a strength than a weakness. It is because you are in direct contact with people acting and living their parts while you watch them that you have this sense of immediacy, this alertness of sympathy which is peculiar to television. You know the actors might say the wrong words, or make the wrong gesture: they rarely do, but this makes the performance fairly pulse with life. One of my happiest memories is of an actor in a tense scene from O'Neil's *Mourning becomes Electra* who made too ardent a gesture and knocked off half his false moustache. He had to finish a long speech with his hand hovering about his mouth, face half turned away from the camera. Did it spoil the effect? Only for a moment. You laughed, and forgot you had laughed. But you didn't forget for a moment that the characters were real people, bursting with life, sharing as you watched the terror and excitement of something being re-lived anew. On the other hand television combines with the spontaneity of the theatre the selectiveness of the cinema. What matters most about many a fine speech in the theatre is not the way it is said but the reaction of a character hearing it. The television producer can make sure you do not miss the significance of this reaction: he focusses your attention on it.

'In the theatre', says Denis Johnston, 'it is left largely to the caprice of the onlooker what portion of the performance he chooses to watch. If Mr. Blank cannot hold the attention by his playing of Othello he may find Iago stealing the show by a brilliant performance in the background. Indeed, what star can compete with the stage-doorkeeper's cat when it walks unannounced through the fire-place on to the set? In television, as in the cinema, the focus of the attention is entirely at the command of the producer. The actor does not drop his character when he happens to be out of vision; indeed during considerable stretches of a television play he is probably unaware whether he is shot or not. In short, he gives a performance which is like that of the theatre in its continuity and in its freedom from those perpetual shouts of "cut", and yet is cinematic in its frequent close-ups and in all the degrees of subtlety that this permits. From the point of view of



THE BEAUTY AND THE SIMPLICITY OF THE OLD MORALITY, '*Everyman*', when translated on the television screen, left an unforgettable impression on all who saw the play.

the actor, television manages to combine many of the advantages of both stage and screen and, after overcoming the initial difficulties, the player usually finds himself developing a new type of performance that is peculiar to the medium and opens up undreamed-of opportunities in new directions.'

The Drama Department works to an over-all policy. The main plays mostly have two performances—Sunday night, with a repeat on Thursday. Apart from other advantages this justifies a financial expenditure which would not be available for a production on one night only. The plays are chosen in the main from three different sources. First there is the great classical heritage of the English theatre. Shakespeare is a natural gift to television. George More O'Ferrall's production of *Macbeth*, played a great deal in close-up was, to me, a great experience, largely because the producer was able to bring back into the play something of the intimacy which it has lost on the modern stage. *King Lear*, too, was better than any *Lear* I have seen on the stage. On the stage most of the settings are symbolic, but Royston Morley, using both studios, was able to produce it with naturalistic scenery effects. The performance was divided into two parts so that few cuts were made in the text. Here again television's capacity to track towards the characters and give a close view of their reactions transformed much of the acting: I had never before realized the full horror of some of the scenes with Regan and Goneril. I didn't see the much-praised *Hamlet* and,

alas, one of the drawbacks of television—at present, anyway—is that when a performance has gone it has gone for ever. But here is an interesting angle on all Shakespeare productions. When Royston Morley lectured to the Croydon Television Viewers' Society over a year ago, one of the things they told him was that they didn't want Shakespeare. Having since then seen *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*, the members of this society have now changed their minds. They've decided they'll be quite happy to have four to six Shakespeare productions every year.

Shakespeare isn't the whole of our classical heritage, of course, and two plays which make me chuckle whenever I think of them were Ben Jonson's *Volpone* and Sheridan's *The Rivals*. I had never seen *Volpone* on the stage, but I certainly can't imagine anything better than Stephen Harrison's production of this comedy about the tricksters and crooks of renaissance Venice. One of the good things about television is the way it can fill in the gaps which so many of us always have in our knowledge of the great plays of the past. *The Rivals* I have seen on the stage, but the television version was a very different piece of work. The producer, Desmond Davis, concentrated almost entirely on the comic side of the play. Some viewers didn't like this. I did. Some didn't like Desmond Walter-Ellis—supreme as a gagster—in the part of Captain Absolute: I rate this as my favourite television comedian's best part. Other fairly recent plays drawn from the classical sources include Marlowe's *Edward the Second*, and *Dr. Faustus*, and Congreve's *Love for Love*, *Everyman*, and *The School for Scandal*. I'm not saying that all these were good. I'm merely indicating the range.

The next main source of television plays is the modern theatre. From the West End alone there is a great range of plays considered suitable for the medium, sometimes going right back to *Quinneys* (with Jack Hulbert) and *Dandy Dick* (with Denys Blakelock) and *The Importance of being Ernest* (Rosamund John), but mainly drawing upon the established successes of the years between the wars. Frank Lawton in Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*. Mary Merrall in Somerset Maugham's *The Circle*. Jane Welsh and R. Stuart Lindsell in Dodie Smith's *Call it a Day*. Nancy Price in Mazo de la Roche's *Whiteoaks*. Margaretta Scott and Sebastian Shaw in Charles Morgan's *Flashing Stream*. Some of the plays didn't seem to me worth seeing at the time, and television has not changed my mind about them. That's another unusual thing about this medium. In the theatre and cinema I am quite ruthless about films and plays which bore me: I'm quite prepared to walk out in the middle. Well, television plays have bored me, too, but only once have I shut one off—yet nothing could be easier or more tempting, when you are at home, surrounded by other interests. More than once I've been disappointed at the end, but I have watched through to the end. Then I've wondered why. I'm still not sure why. Perhaps because you can resist listening to a bore so long as he is not sitting in your living room. Television is in your living room, always so personal, so intimate. A television play is as intimate as a novel, even though it is as graphic—visually—as a film. These plays are not films seen through the wrong end of a telescope. They are different, unique, *sui generis*, if *sui generis* means what I think it means: something peculiar to itself, arising from the condition of its own nature.

IN SARTRE'S POLITICAL MELODRAMA 'CRIME PASSIONEL' Michael Gough and Dulcie Gray gave performances worthy of the highest traditions of the English Theatre. They are but two of the many talented artists to appear in the 'Sunday night play'.



A recent development is the way contemporary West End plays are brought into the studio immediately after the end of their run—Terence Rattigan's *Browning Version* and Bridie's *Dr. Angelus* and *The Anatomist*. This seems better to me than direct broadcasts from the theatre, which rarely appear properly lighted and anyway never seem to fit into the set properly—and which in any case, at the moment, are impossible because of the theatre managements' ban.

Many of the plays derived from this source, the modern theatre, are established successes which may or may not have been produced in the West End, like Elmer Rice's *Counsellor-at-Law*; Sartre's *Crime Passionel*, and the Jean Jacque Bernard *Springtime for Others*. But they are not necessarily successful in the new medium. One or two of them have been awful—and one, *Springtime for Others*, a great surprise. This play should have been ideal television, for Bernard is concerned above everything else with human reactions. His drama is the drama of long silences. The lift of an eyebrow, the curl of a lip, is more significant than the spoken word—and the producer missed nothing of the author's subtleties. And yet, for me, it proved a failure: I felt that here was the case of a play which could get by on the stage because of its author's theatrical craftsmanship, but which lacked the intimate quality essential for this quite different medium. On the other hand *Crime Passionel*, which I disliked on the stage, proved most gripping in George More O'Ferrall's production. What in the theatre had been mere pretentious theorizing, with the players remotely on the stage, became passionately held conviction when you could see their faces in close-up. The content of the dialogue didn't matter: what did was the effect on their minds, seen in their faces.

Film actors, of course, accustomed to working to the cameras close-up, have here a certain advantage over stage actors, but although only one has ever been tried who lacked stage experience, many of them have not so far fitted into the medium. Film stars who have been successful include Keiron Moore, Michael Dennison, Dulcie Gray, Margaret Lockwood, Jean Kent, Rosamund John, and Joan Greenwood.

The last main source of plays is the work of contemporary playwrights, some of it specially written for television, some written for the stage but not produced there. The charge has always been levelled at the commercial theatre that many of the best plays are never produced for reasons which have nothing whatever to do with their quality as plays. Television, therefore, is willing to take the risk of any work which seems to be suitable material; and most West End theatre managements, and all the main film companies, have a routine system of viewing and reporting on the new plays produced in this way. The results of this enterprise must have been gratifying to the authors. Not only have television plays been staged with success—*Ten Shilling Doll* was produced at the Torch Theatre, and John Dighton's *The Happiest Days of your Life* has run for nearly two years at the Apollo—but several recent television plays have been taken for films: John Pudney's *Reunion*; one of the Nicholas Tophet series; *Morning Departure*, which I missed; and a story about a Kent Ack-Ack battery at the time of the flying bombs: *Celestial Fire*. What interests me most is that these plays chosen for films—the three I saw—all made good television plays. Their choice for films shows, I think, that just as television is nearer to the theatre in continuity of action, and immediacy of impact, so is it closer to the cinema in form and construction. Of course a really good story can probably be told and re-told in any medium, apart from purely technical difficulties, but in general the medium in which a story is originally told has a decisive effect on the story itself. Television is too different from either the cinema or the stage to make for easy comparison and I'm going to resist the temptation. The television play has defects compared to the other mediums, as well as advantages; but it is too difficult at this stage to separate the characteristic disadvantages from the mere limitations of adolescence. And it is difficult to compare different sorts of qualities: the reaction in a theatre between actors and audience, the crispness of a well-edited vintage film, the neighbourliness of television. The neighbourliness of television is as direct and immediate as the clasp of a warm hand, or a hearty thump on the back: the set in the corner of the room is the link with a whole lot of people you gradually get to know by sound and voice, people with whom you share a community of genial interests. Of course you might dislike some of the people, the way this commentator seems to condescend to you, or the way that one is too conceited by half: but you dislike them in a neighbourly way.

Perhaps television is at its most intimate in the various magazine programmes. 'Picture Page'—a sort of visual 'In Town Tonight'—depends enormously on the personalities of the editor and the interviewer. I don't mean that any particular person is indispensable to the series; I mean simply that you quickly get to know the people running the show and make friends with them—or dislike them—so that they become more important than the personalities they introduce. 'Picture

IN CLOSE-UP, the camera portrays the end of Macbeth (Stephen Murray) at the hands of Macduff (Mark Dignam). This was a memorable production.



'Page' is a programme which I, personally, can always resist, but many viewers are addicts: they never miss an edition. And most of them seem to have decided views about these personalities. When Joan Gilbert went on holiday to a seaside resort beyond the present range of television she was stopped continuously by holiday-makers who recognized her, and when she was taken ill, earlier in the year, and had to leave the programme, viewers not only sent her flowers and delicacies, but phoned up most solicitously, at regular intervals, to see how she was getting on, exactly as though she were really one of the family, Aunt Margaret's eldest, you know, poor dear: she does far too much, that's what it is, you can see she's not half so strong as she looks.

'Picture Page' is the veteran of magazine programmes, going right back to the earliest days, and has introduced us to the greatest personalities of our time: Bernard Shaw, the Aga Khan, Danny Kaye, Amy Johnson, James Thurber, Big Bill Tilden, Lilian Baylis, Ely Cuthbertson: a host of famous or interesting people, mostly a little shy and rather breathless, as though in fact they had only that moment climbed the steep slopes up to the Pally, and had anyway expected to find a gush of oil under its slim tower of steel, rather than this extraordinary gateway into people's front parlours. It used to be said in my native north country that the only way to



Left:

SHAKESPEARE'S 'KING LEAR', produced late in 1948, still ranks as one of the great dramatic triumphs in television, for which credit goes primarily to Royston Morley, producer, and William Devlin as Lear, seen here with his daughters, Regan and Goneril.

Right:

THE WIT AND FORMALITY OF OSCAR WILDE'S COMEDIES make good television. In this production of 'The Importance of being Ernest' Rosamund John was seen as Gwendoline, and Joan Greenwood as Cecily.

tell whether you really amounted to anything in the world was to see whether the *Manchester Guardian* gave you an obituary notice: 'Picture Page' seems to be an improved and more immediate method. My favourite memory of this programme is the highly intelligent chimpanzee or orang-utang or whatever it was who understood every word its master said. When its master commanded it to give Joan Gilbert a cigarette and light it for her the great animal stared at us cynically from the screen, quietly tore the cigarettes to pieces, and ate the matches.

Other series, such as 'Kaleidoscope', have had their season, and departed, but there are still one or two which persist, though not so frequently as 'Picture Page'. There is the 'Inventors Club' to which at regular intervals inventors bring their gadgets and contrivances for demonstration and comment by the Club's technical adviser, Geoffrey Boumphrey. Some of them are later taken up for commercial production. This again is a programme I rarely watch, but I've seen such inventions as untippable prams, a device to prevent husbands from squeezing tubes of toothpaste in the middle, and a charwoman's bucket carrier which ran on castors and was fitted with brush and soap containers. I recall with pleasure some sort of speed-boat on which the inventor and the adviser disagreed quite hotly, until they remembered they were both guests in my front room. A pity they remembered so soon. I would have excused them quite gladly if they'd gone on for another few minutes. 'Designed for Women' is an afternoon programme which I have never seen, but I understand it is the approximate vision equivalent of 'Woman's Hour', with fashion displays and cookery

hints by experts like Philip Harben, book reviews by E. Arnot Robertson, and tips on how to use a waffle iron or add excitement to a simple evening dress by ingenuity in pleating. We also have the short groups of three or four programmes on some particular subject. I missed the 'Mirror to Music' group, but the four programmes 'Meet the Orchestra' were first-rate. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducted and explained the anatomy of a symphony orchestra, the cameras picking out the various instruments at appropriate moments in the music.

According to all my most fondly-held beliefs music should not be good television, because the first thing I do in a concert hall is to close my eyes and forget all about what happens up on the platform—I particularly like the American cartoon of the new television owner in front of his screen, which depicts a symphony orchestra; he is calling out to his wife, in the next room: 'and it's even better if you close your eyes'. For one thing, of course, the sound which comes out of a television set is far better than the sound which comes out of radio. The television set really does carry the weight of orchestral music, and the vision conveys something of the real excitement of a concert hall. One of the most satisfying programmes was Wilhelm Furtwangler conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in the Albert Hall. They played the Beethoven *Eroica* and the cameras moved about the orchestra, sometimes giving close-ups of the various instrumentalists, sometimes of the conductor. I believe other Albert Hall concerts have been equally successful, though I haven't seen them. I did, however, watch the studio performance of Raymond Cohen playing the Mendelssohn *Violin Concerto in E minor*—a shrewd choice because the soloist indulges in a lot of visual fireworks. Pouishnoff too chose piano pieces with visual attraction when he played





JOAN GILBERT, *hostess of 'Picture Page', television's topical magazine, talks to Cecil Madden, veteran producer, and Leslie Michell, pre-war announcer, about the early days of the Service.*

the Albaniz Tango, a Scarlatti Caprice; and some of the more dramatic-looking Chopin. And we have had several first-class vocalists: Gigli, Luigi Infantino, Margharita Carozio, and others who gave recitals while over here to sing at Covent Garden.

Ballet, however, is the great discovery which television has made for me. For years I have teetered on the edge of an appreciation of ballet, but something has always been missing: perhaps only the ability to see the dancers at sufficiently close range. For a long period there was no ballet at all on the service—and I must say I didn't miss it—apparently because of the difficulty of persuading the heavily over-dated English companies to come into the studios and perform. However, if difficulties were not a challenge to the people at Alexandra Palace we should probably have no television at all, and this was simply a challenge to think big enough. Result? A series of four programmes by the outstanding ballet companies of France, transported lock, stock, and barrel by air in much the same way that the Lido enterprise was carried out. The *Ballet de l'Opera*, then Roland Petit's *Ballets de Paris*; the *Ballets des Champs Elysees*, and finally a second visit from the *Ballet de l'Opera*. We hadn't at this time had that pleasant series of explanatory programmes 'Ballet for Beginners' but here again television added something which is lacking on the stage—at least, for me, admittedly non-expert. However I cannot imagine what *Nouvel Divertissement* would be like on the stage—it has never been performed in this country except on television. It is based on the legend of the Sleeping Beauty, and producer Philip Bate used both studios, trans-

continued on page 23.



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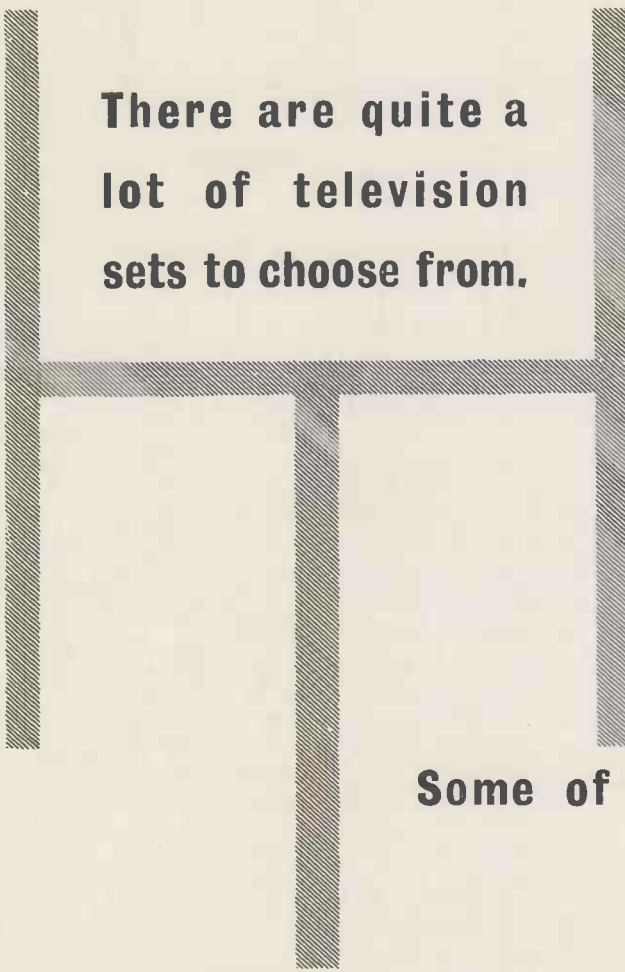
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forming one into the forest scene so that you really did get the sense of people dancing in a forest. Not a clump of trees, but a real forest with depth and space and atmosphere. Since the French companies we have had performances by a good many stars—Moira Shearer, Morgot Fonteyn, Frederick Ashton, Frederick Franklin, Markova and Dolin, Leonide Massine and Alexandra Danilova. We have also had the Metropolitan Ballet Company in a programme consisting of *Fanciulla delle Rose*, the second act of *Swan Lake*, and *Design with Strings*. Have we here part of the answer to the fear of promoters that television will reduce their audiences? Prior to this B&C series I had been to one ballet in three years: since then I have been three times in as many months. All the same, ballet is one of the things I would sooner see on television than in the theatre. There are others, but they are difficult to classify—so much depends on presentation, which varies and changes, usually for the better. Recently productions of all kinds have become much more expert. In two years Programmes Head Cecil McGivern has converted television from its previous happy amateurism into an increasingly efficient professionalism.

Earlier I said that I disliked being educated or lectured at from the screen: but there are certain partial exceptions. J. F. Horrabin has been running a 'News Map' series ever since 1937 which not only keeps us abreast of what is happening in the world, but is a likeable enough programme in itself. News maps in the cinema always terrify me with their continuous quick cutting from one shot to another and broad black arrows flashing from Moscow to Paris with the speed of hammer

ALEXIS RASSINE AND
MOIRA SHEARER in
the famous ballet
'*Le Spectre de la
Rose*'.





THIS IS ANNETTE MILLS, *beloved of the children, listening this time to the confidences not of Muffin the Mule, but of Louise the Lamb, another of Ann Hogarth's puppets.*

blows. But Mr. Horrabin takes the programme at a human pace: he is not dictated to by the speed of his animated maps. He strolls over to a globe in a corner, and perhaps for a moment cannot find the exact spot he wants. He coughs in the middle of a sentence; frowns slightly or blows his nose. All the little unexpected incidents, which would be cut out of a film, here add up to the very thing which helps the programme to hold your attention: Mr. Horrabin's personality.

Much the same sort of things happen, I am told, in scientific programmes where subjects like physiotherapy and atomic energy are explained with the very latest technical apparatus. Or you can see living cells magnified by means of the phase-contrast microscope, an instrument which, I am informed, produces images of living tissue-cultures not normally observable through ordinary microscopes. You can see them, that is, if you wish. I do not wish. I have only to say words like 'living tissue-cultures' and my flesh gathers into goose pimples. But, I am excitedly informed by friends, these are definitely programmes to see: why, recently, magnifications of a thousand-fold were obtained of the cells in human saliva!

The 'Eye of the Artist' series is more in my line. Here we have exhibitions of painting and sculpture explained by experts. True, the experts have so far been a bit on the expert side: as yet nobody has warmed me into real enthusiasm for the paintings of Rubens or the priceless undamaged urns of thirty odd centuries back, but surely they must do soon? At least several original ideas in presentation are developing. Two or three times we have been wangled into a life class and peeped over the students' shoulders at their drawings. Then the tutor has come along and criticized the drawings—not talking to us, at the camera, but to the student. The effect is that you've been part

continued on page 27.

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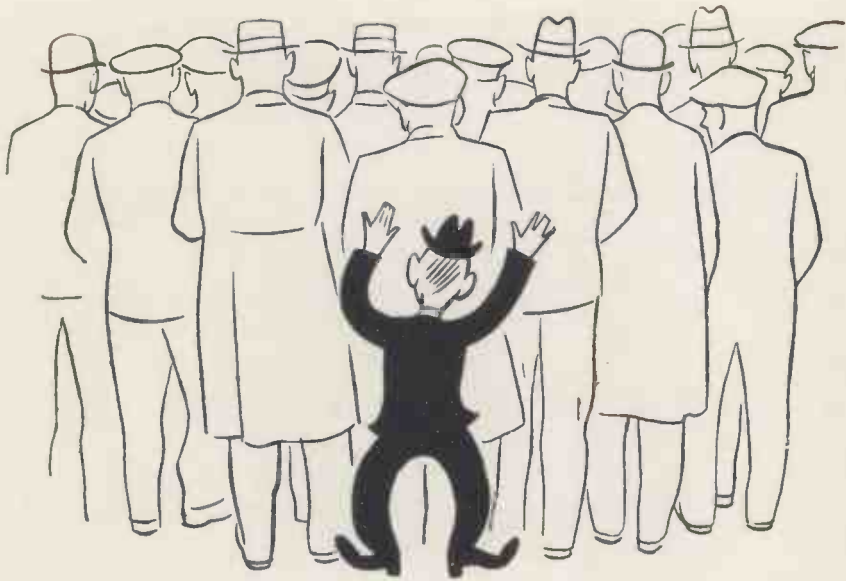


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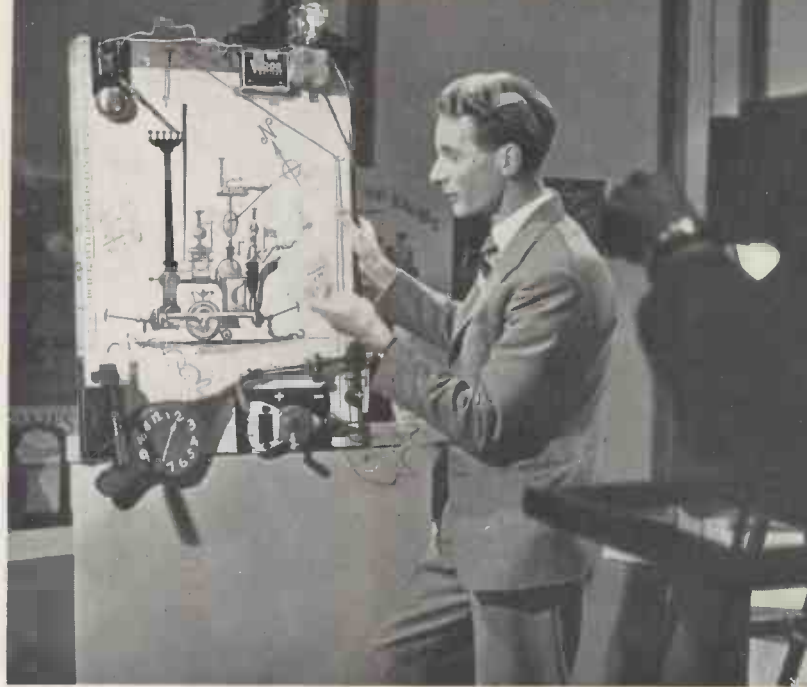
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EMETT, well-known humorous artist, with a leaning towards trains, has here illustrated the subject 'British Railways' with more than a drawing. He appeared in the programme 'The Eye of the Artist', which deals with the work of men of very different styles.



of the life class yourself; that you've downed tools for a few minutes to listen to a pertinent piece of explanation. One night three established artists came to the studio to draw a still-life group—a bowl of fish and a cactus. Each interpreted it in an entirely different manner. The realist brought out the striking effects of the lighting; the commercial artist composed a design for a carpet; the surrealist produced a landscape of some sort. Grace Wyndham Goldie's 'Authors in Focus' series too was full of originality: the authors of recent provocative books were invited to emphasize their ideas visually, with the help of acted scenes, and to deal with criticism. Originality itself doesn't make good programmes but it holds out hopes.

I find these semi-educational programmes most interesting when they co-operate with the Outside Broadcasting units and take us, say, to the exhibition of sculpture in Battersea Park, or into a pre-fabricated house. Clearly there is no comparison between a discussion about pre-fabricated houses, in a studio, and a discussion in which the experts are taken into the house and the housewife can actually show them how the kitchen unit works or why she'd sooner have the taps here instead of there. You mightn't want a discussion of this sort in any case, but whether you do or not the argument is ten times as effective when the speakers can show you the subject they are arguing about, push it with their hands or prod it with their feet—the discussion on the restoration of Nash's Terraces in Regent's Park would obviously have lost almost everything of value if we hadn't been able to see these historic buildings and have their characteristics pointed out to us.

The gardening series poses a query. Do viewers look in too much and too indiscriminately? I think the answer is 'Yes'. I've probably made it too obvious already that I myself am an enthusiast about television, rather than a critic, but I wouldn't dream of sitting indoors regularly at three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon to watch a gardening feature—even though Fred Streeter is one of

continued on page 29.

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DESIGNER PETER BAX AND PRODUCER GEORGE MORE O'FERRALL work with models on a studio floor plan, for the television *'Macbeth'*.



the most accomplished and confident broadcasters I have ever seen. This unrelenting ardour of the viewer who watches everything, almost continuously, must be a great problem for the BBC.

The garden itself is in the grounds of Alexandra Palace. It collects a typical assortment of problems for Fred Streeter to cope with and explain—and it is the unexpected problems which make the programmes so attractive. Here again we are at a root difference between television and the cinema. 'Television techniques', says Mary Adams, in charge of all programmes of this type, 'tend to heighten the interest of real life; film techniques tend to have the reverse effect. The psychological effect of television is to enhance reality, and at the same time to bring about identification between the viewer and what he sees on the screen. Thus, ordinary events become specially significant, and society is symbolized by the individual. In addition the drama of the unexpected keeps the viewer constantly reminded of personal responsibility. If the television cameras are set up in a factory, the worker shown at his bench may suddenly demonstrate personal initiative in the face of unexpected mechanical breakdown; or the cameras televising the Lord Mayor's procession will show the demeanour of onlookers or of police when confronted by an unforeseen incident. The drama of the scene lies in these unknown qualities. Film treatment, on the other hand, as much by cutting techniques and photographic subtleties as by the choice of subject, has tended to make real life seem, by contrast, drab and uninteresting. Other people's lives have been glamourized, and one's own made more insignificant by comparison.'

'The drama of the scene lies in these unknown qualities'—that phrase might be taken as the first gospel of all television departments, but the outside broadcasts depend particularly on that sense of the unknown. Even in their documentary programmes, the visits to the Camden Town engine sheds, the Royal Mint, the Dagenham Blast Furnaces; the fact that everything you see is



BEHIND THE SCENES,
*seamstresses are busy in
the Wardrobe Room pre-
paring the dresses for a
forthcoming production.*

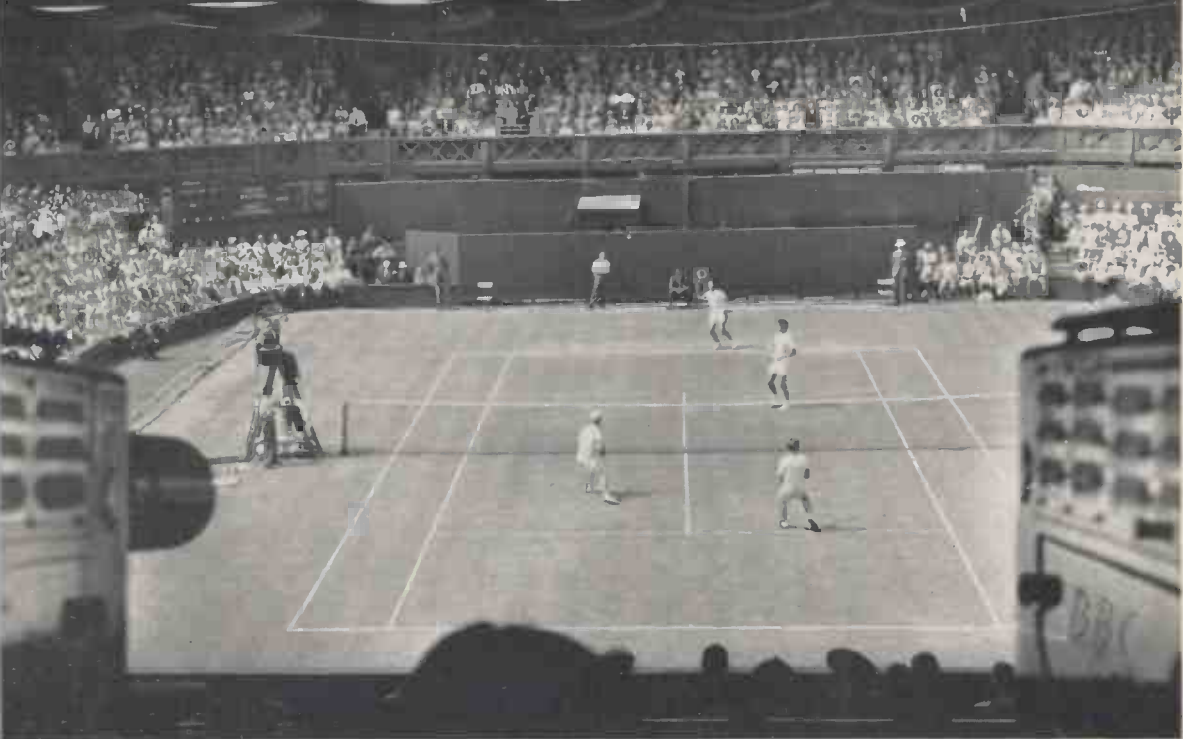
happening as you look at it, and not as the result of editing after the event is finished, gives the programmes the flavour which is essential television. The trains may crash: something may go wrong in that moment of tension before the tons of white-hot metal pour from the vats. It probably won't go wrong, but that is real life, the tension and the suspense, the quality of living in the moment.

The mobile units cover most of the main social, civil, and political events: the Cenotaph Services of Remembrance, the Royal Tournament at Olympia, the Royal Wedding, the meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers at 10, Downing Street, and in all of them that characteristic of the unknown quality, that enhancement of reality, plays its part; but to feel the real excitement of a shared experience you must watch the unit covering a sporting event: Twickenham, Wimbledon, a Wembley Cup Final, cricket at Lord's, Royal Ascot. Somebody once said that the difference between a television outside broadcast and a sound broadcast was three hundred and fifty hundred-

weights—the approximate difference in weight between the simple microphone fading equipment with amplifiers used on a sound outside broadcast and the fleet of mobile vans which houses the television equipment—but the difference is really very much weightier. It is more like the difference between a blind man and a man with good eyes walking through a November night illuminated by a full clear moon: the difference between beauty and the description of beauty in words. Both television and sound have commentators to describe what they see: but both commentators are struck dumb for a moment at the flash of Denis Compton's bat, at the melée in the goal-mouth, at all the incidents which cannot be coped with in words; the incidents which you see, breathlessly, on the television screen—when, unconsciously, you are thankful for the commentator's silence. Of course, this does work both ways. All my life I have meant to go to one of the Thames Regattas, and somehow I never have. I once listened to a colourful sound broadcast and I thought: 'next year I really must go'. But the next year I saw Teddington Regatta on the television and it ended for good my idea of gala days on the Thames: as exciting, I thought, as sitting in a wet garden watching a lineful of washing flap about in a desultory breeze. I'm sure that's most unjust: and I'm equally sure I shall never test it against reality.

Something in the region of three-quarters of all outside broadcasts are concerned with sport. Televising a sporting event looks a much simpler process than producing a feature or a play. Peter Dimmock, however, Assistant Head of Outside Broadcasting, tells us that it's quite a complicated job. 'Take Ascot', he says. 'We decide, about three months ahead, that we're going to televise this particular meeting. First we get the permission of the Ascot authority. Then we have a conference, on the site, with the planning engineer, the racecourse executives, and the G.P.O. to fix details about parking positions, where we can fix the camera cables and the mike and 'phone leads—sound is always sent by Post Office land-line. Then we've got to fix with the police and the local council that our cables and equipment don't infringe the public safety regulations. The producer must now decide where he wants his cameras and try and break down the opposition there will be to fixing them just where he wants them fixed. Result? Some sort of satisfactory compromise. In this case, say, two cameras in a good position on the roof of the stand in the Royal Enclosure, and a third somewhere overlooking the paddock and unsaddling enclosure. All this is worked out in advance, committed to paper, and confirmed by everybody. Then there's the arrangements with the technical people: the number of mikes to be used, control tie-lines, captions, rehearsal and transmission times, sound effects, and the monitoring facilities.'

I had always innocently imagined that the commentator told the cameraman what to do with the camera—when to close-up, or follow a man chasing after the ball in the outfield, or pan round with some particular horse. Not a bit of it. The commentator and the cameraman are two quite unconnected units, though in fact they may be standing cheek by jowl. Both of them, however, are connected to the control van which is probably tucked away somewhere under a clump of trees several hundred yards distant. The inside of the van is not unlike the interior of a four-engined aircraft, only more dimly lit: the same mysterious rows of technical gadgets, the odd,



TELEVISION CAMERAS TRAINED ON THE MOST FAMOUS ARENA IN THE LAWN TENNIS WORLD: *the Centre Court at Wimbledon during the semi-final of the men's doubles, 1949.*

throbbing noises, the sense of expectancy, as though the whole thing is likely to take off at any moment. The producer sits at a table, in this dim narrow cavern, with the senior engineer on one side and the sound mixer on the other; in front sits the vision mixer at the master-control panel. Across the van, before them, are four monitoring screens—'monitoring', presumably, because they instruct the producer in the available pictures from which he can make his choice. Strictly speaking, only three are monitoring, the fourth is a duplicate of the picture the producer has chosen to transmit, which is actually going out from Alexandra Palace. The producer changes this at will, usually to fit in best with the run of the commentary. He is in touch with the commentators and cameramen, who wear headphones. He can tell them, therefore, what seems to be needed in the way both of different pictures and of points to be stressed in commentary. The commentators have monitoring screens of their own, so that they can see the picture actually being transmitted, and often enough no instructions of any kind are needed because commentators, cameramen, engineers, and producer all blend together as a team and work by instinct. The commentator, for instance, might observe through his binoculars that Washbrook, who injured his wrist before lunch, is now bandaged. He will comment on this, and then glance at his monitoring screen: '—I see they've bandaged up Washbrook's wrist. Perhaps you can't see it from this angle—' and almost automatically, without any exchange of instructions, the camera angle changes and we close up to Washbrook, full-screen size, and his bandaged wrist is as clear as you could wish. All

continued on page 34.



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the same, the dominating factor here, as in all branches of television, is the producer. In real life our eyes wander with our thoughts: we choose our own visual images. In television they are all chosen for us. One compensation, of course, is that the producer can take us into positions for observation which we couldn't achieve by physical presence. If you go to Ascot yourself you cannot trot alongside the Royal carriage as it comes spanking into the enclosure and also watch the saddling in process, move about the Royal Enclosure and also stand at the starting post, follow the horses clearly almost all the way round the track and then be waiting by the winning post with a good close-up view. We've only one pair of eyes. Television gives us several additional pairs of eyes.

With each camera the producer has three main ways of using our eyes. The long shot gives us the scene as we would ourselves view it from the back of the stand, and is inferior in quality to the human view as all mechanical things are inferior to all human things in mere substitution. It is only when the mechanical devices add something to the range of human experience that they increase its quality, and the television camera adds to our range with two other types of view: the mid-shot, which in effect thrusts a pair of low-powered binoculars in our hands, and the close-up. Previous to this year's Cup Final the close-up was similar to the film close-up, a quick cut from a wider-angle view. Now there is a new bit of technical magic known as the 'Zoom', and instead of a cut from one shot to another you are whizzed from the distant scene of the scuffle in the goal-mouth on to the field itself, where the player is preparing to take the penalty kick. This zooming gives you the sensation of shooting down in a lift, far too quickly; in the space of seconds you are standing beside the player, close enough to slap him on the back, close enough, almost, to stand in his boots and kick the goal yourself—or miss it. Not even television enables you to be everywhere at once, but it does take you into perhaps half a dozen of the best places at exactly the right time to be in those particular places.

'It eliminates', says a friend, 'not only the journey both ways between your home and the ground or field or whatever it is, but also the waiting about in queues and the struggle for a good position.' It also eliminates the particular flavour which travelling and waiting about adds to the enjoyment of a performance—and personally I would not quarrel with anybody who declared the journeying and the waiting about to be all part of the total fun. But we can't have it both ways, and one of the things we don't have with television is the journey and the waiting. I suppose we might try a circular tour on a bus, an hour before the advertised programme time, and then stand for a while in a solitary queue outside the kitchen door: more seriously it eliminates the communal sense of an audience: for that experience you must be present.

Viewers' opinions of what sporting events make the best television vary in the most wonderful manner. One man I know plumps for tennis at Wimbledon as the ace of all outside broadcasts: another insists that Rugby football is much better to view than soccer. I myself would put boxing first. I'm keen on ice hockey too, but prefer to see the same actually played than to watch it on the screen. The smallness of the puck and the swiftness of the play still elude the close-up, and there is a mass excitement in a rink which defeats the intimate medium of television. Cricket

MR. STREETER, THE TELEVISION GARDENER, is one of the most complete personalities of the BBC screen. His intimate style succeeds in both entertaining and instructing at the same time. Here he is giving hints on how to run a rockery.



has limitations on the screen but is insidious. With the big view, the long shot, you can see the positions on the field, but the scale is so big you cannot see the ball well. The mid-shots and close-ups, though, really show us what the ball is doing, and how the batsman shapes for his strokes—it ought to improve the cricket of our youngsters quite a bit. I believe that in the old days, when the news went round the London clubs that W. G. Grace was batting, followers of the game used to pile into hansom cabs and go bowling off to Lord's. A similar sort of thing happens to me. 'Hutton', says the one-o'clock news, 'is forty-three not out'—or maybe it's Edrich or Mann; or perhaps Bedser is bowling, or Bailey; and I simply have to switch on the television for half an hour, immediately after lunch. Or, much more conveniently, for the last half hour before close of play.

More disruptive than cricket from Lord's was the Olympic Games. In the last year or so the mobile units gave us two epic programmes: the Olympic Games and the University Boat race. Although I like to see the boat race, if I can, it is not an event I regard as exciting. This year's event was exciting because it happened to be a neck-and-neck race between the two crews; but if I'd actually been there it would have been a very brief experience: I know nothing about rowing; I wasn't myself at Oxford or Cambridge, and wherever I'd stood I wouldn't have seen the boats for a longer period than a minute and a half. On television, however, the effect was quite different. Before even the race began we were given sufficient information to make it interesting and understandable. We knew which crew wanted to choose which bank, and why; and what its tactics would be. Experienced old blues talked to us in voices which could not successfully conceal their own enthusiasm, and once the race started we followed it every inch of the way; the camera in one launch, the commentator in another. And what a race! When it was over, after fourteen minutes



MUSIC FROM THE MASTERS:
*Gigli is one of many inter-
nationally famous artists
who has appeared before the
television cameras.*

during which I had been plucked out of my chair and carried, swaying and bumping over the surface of the water, all the way from Putney to Mortlake, I was wet through—it might almost have been spray. Actually it was sweat. 'The real credit for this show', says Peter Dimmock, 'lies with the specialized engineers. Before the race they worked day and night for a fortnight to make possible the use of the launch and the eight shore cameras.'

The Olympic Games went on not for fourteen minutes, but for fourteen days, and the coverage averaged five hours a day. The people who organized it have already been written about and complimented on a tremendous job of work, but I didn't feel complimentary towards them when I had to work every evening to make up for the time I'd lost during the day: I simply couldn't tear myself away from the set. I'm not an enthusiast about track events, in general, and I don't care where people put the weight or how far they throw the discus. All I really wanted to see was the opening spectacle, the sprints, the short-distance hurdles, and the marathon. I stayed to see everything television could show me. A race between half a dozen distant young men in white shorts seen by the naked eye is one thing. But when you have previously been introduced to some of them, and you know why the shy chap's mother is waiting on the end of a telephone in Los Angeles to hear the result, and that the fellow with fair hair has a wife who is expecting a baby at any

continued on page 39.

COSSOR

Television



The illustration shows Cosson Model 914 combined 10 in. Tube Television and 5-valve All-wave Radio in superb walnut console cabinet, price £95 tax paid. Write to the address below for full details, or ask your local Cosson Stockist to show you this and other Cosson console and table receivers. A demonstration will give visual proof that Cosson Television is indeed—

ALL MODELS HAVE
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Full complement of valves giving
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tv.3



Judith knows from the daytime programmes what marvellous entertainment there is on television, and how clearly it all comes through on Daddy's Mullard receiver. Not surprising, therefore, that she wants to see the evening programmes too.

The thing you will notice most of all about Mullard television is the astonishing realism of the picture — as though you were actually there. Quality of sound reproduction, too, is exceptionally high; and there are the minimum of controls necessary for good picture definition. You must see Mullard Television for yourself. Your nearest Mullard Dealer will be pleased to give you a demonstration.



Write for a fully descriptive folder and the name of your nearest Mullard Dealer.



Mullard Television

— such a pleasure

★ Model MTS 521 for A.C. mains, 12" Cathode Ray Tube. Incorporates 6 valve, all wave radio receiver. Price 98 guineas. Tax paid.

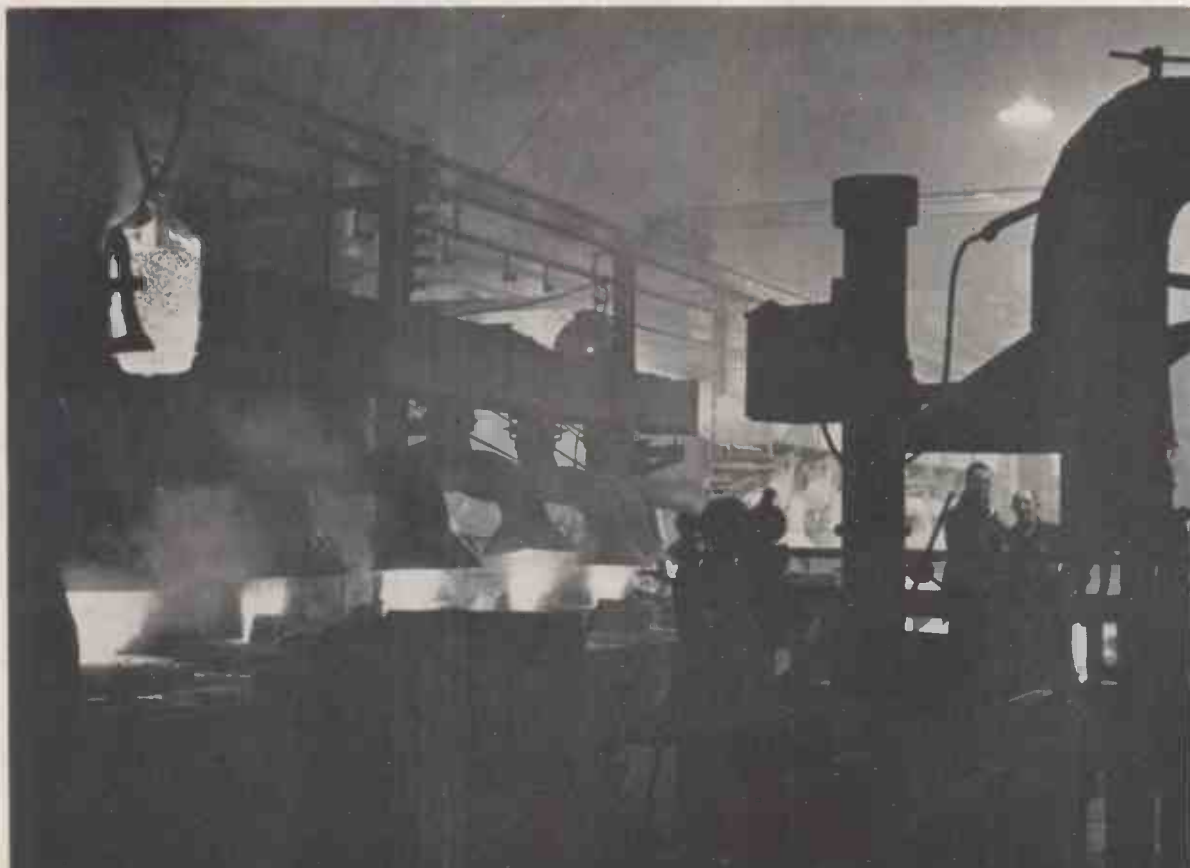
MULLARD ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS LTD · CENTURY HOUSE · SHAFESBURY AVENUE · LONDON, W.C.2.

moment, and that the tall thin chap at the end twisted his ankle yesterday and doesn't know whether he's going to win or fall over after the first half dozen strides, well, you are out of the realms of simply watching sport and are embroiled, as well, with personal and domestic problems which stretch from Wembley to Helsinki; from Los Angeles to Johannesburg. In this case, too, we not only had the advantage of several pairs of eyes, but also of several bodies, because when things got dull in the Stadium we were whisked off to the river or the Polo grounds or the Empire Pool, where something more exciting was taking place. And how many exciting things did happen during that sunny August fortnight—the sort of things which make the tense and immediate drama on which television thrives. The rescue of the Danish swimmer Grete Andersen when she might have drowned had not somebody quickly realized that she had collapsed. That tremendous finish of the 1500 metres relay when Arthur Wint tore a leg muscle within an inch of victory. That moving climax to the marathon when Guilly stumbled into the Stadium ahead of all the other competitors only to be beaten by two others after only too obviously miscalculating the distance still to be run. Television turned the Olympic Games from a great spectacle into a comprehensive human experience which nobody watching them, day after day, will quickly forget.

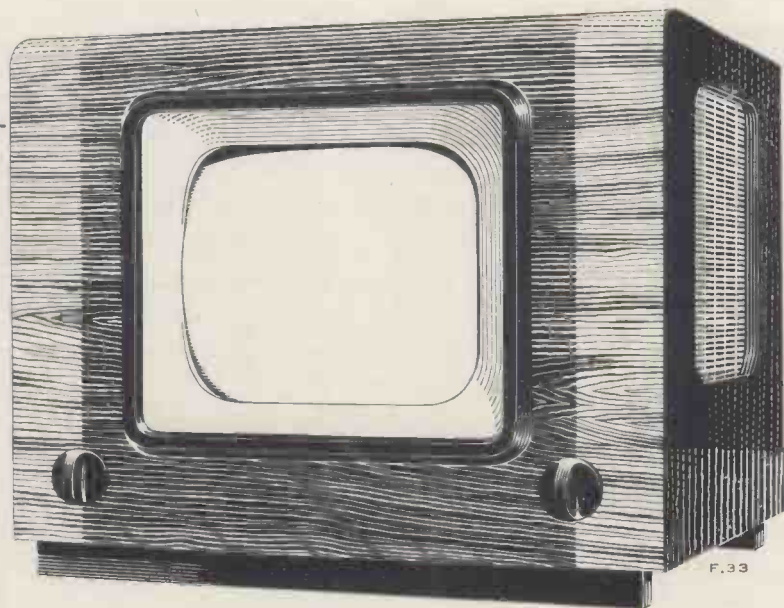
One great trouble with outside broadcasting, of course, is that so many sporting fixtures take

continued on page 41.

A DRAMATIC SCENE DURING AN OUTSIDE BROADCAST IN TELEVISION: *white-hot metal, at the Royal Mint, raised from the furnace by an overhead crane.*



SEE
how
wise
you
were



to wait for FERGUSON

If you have been waiting for television 'till they've got it right' . . . now is the time to invest in Ferguson. Ferguson gives you television of proved performance and reliability. What is more, in this new Table Model Ferguson gives you, for the first time, full-scale 18-valve television at 14-valve price. Compare Ferguson picture-quality with any picture at any price and you will say 'it's time I had television . . . FERGUSON television !'

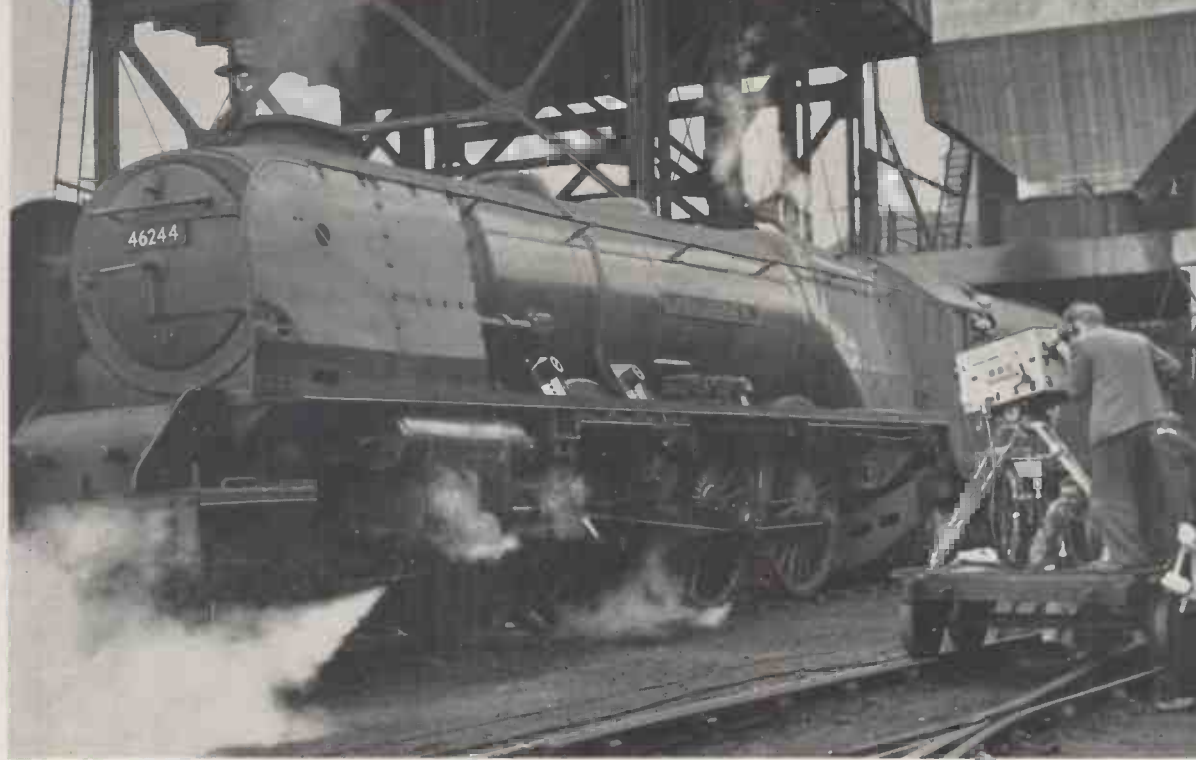
37
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See this and other Fine Ferguson Television Receivers at your local dealer's.



Fine sets these FERGUSON's

Advertisement of Thorn Electrical Industries Ltd., 105-109, Judd Street, London, W.C.1.



THE GREAT ENGINE, KING GEORGE VI, STEAMS OUT OF THE DEPOT *ready for another journey north,* while a television camera mounted on a trolley moves alongside her.

place during the day, when most people are at work. For this reason the Television News Reel includes in many editions a synopsis of events covered by the mobile units during the day. The newsreel cameras are able to operate outside the range of the mobile units and can therefore bring us events from much farther afield—T.T. races at the Isle of Man, for instance, and yachting at Cowes. They could also bring us the Grand National and Rinty Monaghan fighting at Belle Vue, Manchester, but many promoters of sporting events ban the television cameras and the mobile units alike; so at the moment we have to do without them. Nevertheless the News Reels give us a broad and fruitful picture of our national life, from the week's sport to scenes at a dock strike; from the Open Air Theatre at Regent's Park to the tractors harvesting the season's wheat. Occasionally the cameras extend their range to international happenings.

The normal size of a newsreel unit is three, though the team is often swollen by the needs of the job to be done. Five extra silent cameramen were dragged in at Cheltenham, for the Gold Cup race, to get pictures of all the jumps, instead of being satisfied with a long swing shot—it seems to be a characteristic of most television men that they are never satisfied with the mixture as before, even when they have to give us the mixture as before. The newsreel of today is an incomparably clearer, smoother, and more accomplished piece of work than the newsreel of a couple of years back. Lighting is one of the great technical difficulties of all newsreel men, television or cinema.



VIEWERS JOINED THE VAST THRONG, in June 1949, which attended the first full-dress parade of the Trooping of the Colour for ten years. The King takes the salute.

They go to Bradford, or Todmorden, and find the place blotted out by industrial haze; or the point-to-point meet is held during an afternoon of lowering clouds and pouring rain; or the factory lighting is unsuitable for the cameras. The television units are always roping in outside lighting technicians to make the shooting possible.

Luck plays a big part in the sort of shots cameramen can get. In the spring a man was sent to Portmadoc to photograph a helicopter being used to carry material for a dam. Portmadoc is a long journey to make from London: a couple of days, there and back. However, the cameraman arrived at a good time of the day for shooting—but the helicopter had crashed half an hour before he got there. ‘Half an hour too late!’ he wails. ‘What pictures I’d have got!’ Cameramen, always willing to risk themselves, have a vocational outlook on the misfortunes of others. They run into all sorts of trouble, sometimes amusingly. At last year’s Lord Mayor’s Show students burst into the procession and made a disturbance. They were arrested. A newsreel man operating a small hand camera stepped forward to get good shots of this and was himself arrested. He was released only after considerable trouble.

Besides the newsreels and the occasional film sequences in plays, we have had several excellent documentaries produced in the first place for the cinema, such as Paul Rotha’s film of Manchester, ‘A City Speaks’. We’ve also had the German documentary on Michaelangelo, and several outstanding films on the French painters: Rodin, Maillol, Matisse, Van Gogh. Full-length popular films

are sometimes billed in the regular scheduled programmes. They also come in handy for emergencies—when, for instance, a sporting fixture is cancelled because of weather. In theory these films would normally be included only if they were of intrinsic value—*Hamlet*, say, or *The Best Years of our Lives*. In fact, we mainly get very old films—discussions between the BBC and the Film Industry are, at the moment, in abeyance. Several broadcasts have been made of first-class contemporary foreign films, with their dubbed English captions. These were not successful, partly because the proportions of the screens are different. The picture blurs away at the edges, as though somebody is holding a match to it. This doesn't matter much if you understand the spoken dialogue; but most of us have to rely on the captions, and these are too blurred to read easily. Personally I thought it worth these difficulties to see such films as the Italian *Open City*, the Russian *Alexander Nevsky*, the French *Les Enfants du Paradis*, even though I hold that the tempo and atmosphere of films made for the cinema is quite alien to the television screen; but this does not seem to have been the opinion of most viewers. Alexandra Palace is peculiarly sensitive to the opinions of viewers: sensitive in a rather matriarchal sort of way, as though viewers are a special sort of family (which they are) and even the remotest members have definite rights. I get the impression of an authoritative old lady in a shawl, banging the table with a walking stick and saying: 'No more

continued on page 45.

THE PAGEANTRY OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT *provides admirable material for the television cameras. Here they are about to witness a combined drill and band display.*



TELEVISION

... BACKED BY THE LARGEST

EXPERIENCE IN THE INDUSTRY

- Marconiphone have been ahead in the field of radio and television since the pioneer days of the industry. All Marconiphone television receivers are made in the factories which produce the Emitron Television Cameras and Transmission Equipment as used by the B.B.C.

Before you choose your set, see your local Marconiphone Dealer and ask him about the latest Marconiphone receivers.

MARCONIPHONE

THE GREATEST *Gi Marconi* NAME IN RADIO

THE TELEVISION OF THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPIAD in 1948 was the greatest undertaking of its kind ever attempted. Every day of the Games the cameras were busy hour after hour. Here two are seen in action during swimming events in the Empire Pool at Wembley.



foreign films. Not till we do 'em better. Our George, you see to it.' Our George, you can safely bet, is busy seeing to it.

This sense of television viewers being a special sort of family is most marked when the announcers appear. There are three announcers: Sylvia Peters, Mary Malcolm, and MacDonald Hobley. Women write to Sylvia Peters and Mary Malcolm and tell them how much they liked that dress they wore last night, and by the way, you never wear that smart black thing these days, you know, the one with the thingummijig at the shoulders: it would just suit my sister, that—she's got your sort of features. . . . One viewer told Sylvia Peters about her little five-year-old boy standing in front of the screen and talking back to her after an announcement. 'No, don't do that: play that tune you played yesterday.' And then, with a stamp of the foot: 'Sylvia! Listen to me! Why don't you answer?' Mary Malcolm and MacDonald Hobley are married. Sylvia is not. She is the young one, the pretty young relative who keeps you in touch with the branch of the family you would otherwise never meet, the one who is about to exchange confidences with you at any minute. If she got engaged to be married, without telling you, you'd be proper hurt.

Mary Malcolm has the same sort of touch: friendly, but maturer. She confesses to you, smilingly, that these sporting announcements always get her confused, which somehow makes them that much more attractive and important. One night she announced the Priestley play *I have been Here Before* and explained that Arthur Hambling had been taken ill, only a few hours ago, and couldn't take his part of Sam Shipley, the Innkeeper. Sidney Monckton she said, would play the part, but of course there was no time for him to learn his lines and therefore he'd have to act with the book in his hands. It all seemed so natural that you didn't realize, until after the play was over,

that it was really a very unusual thing to happen: to see a play with one of the actors reading from the book.

Behind these three announcers, and the few simple words they say to explain and connect the programmes and give them individuality, there is a job of planning and dovetailing which engages the continuous attention of a staff of something like fifty people. That seems a lot too many people until you realize that the whole of the television service, operating four hours a day, seven days a week, and fifty-two weeks a year, depends on only two studios; and that the maximum use of these studios for every minute of the day is essential.

One result of this tiny amount of studio space is that most of the work which could best be done in the studio is carried out elsewhere. No play for instance has more than one rehearsal on the set; and that is on the day of transmission. Apart from repeat performances, therefore, every night is a first night. This is bad enough for the actors; for the people who design and supply the sets and costume the play, it is even worse. When space is more valuable than on Brighton front it is easy to understand why stage hands may have to erect as many as half a dozen different sets on the same area of studio floor in one week-end. The scenes are changed continuously, even as the play proceeds: in *Macbeth* the spot on which we saw the witches' cavern had been, just a little earlier, the blasted heath. No film studio in the world is subject to half the physical activity which goes on at Alexandra Palace. 'It's not only the sets themselves', says Peter Bax, in charge of this



THIS IS MACDONALD HOBLEY, announcer, with Kiltie, who has also made a name for himself on the television screen.

SYLVIA PETERS of the engaging smile is one of the two women announcers at Alexandra Palace.




particular sequence of miracles. 'It's having to supply each scene with all the different materials required. Each play may need as many as a couple of hundred different articles: and they've all got to be in the right place at the right time. As for the sets, we build them in models first, take the models to the rehearsal rooms, and then mark out the sets there with chalk lines and so on.' Organization and speed are the twin answers to this problem, and efficient workshops which can produce, at short notice, anything from a few dozen square yards of papier-maché brick wall to wax bottles for breaking over people's heads. When I walked through, a carpenter was just polishing the special plywood lid put over the real lid of the grand piano for Muffin the Mule to dance on.

Which seems to bring us to the last of the important features of the television programmes, Children's Hour. Children's Hour not only has Muffin the Mule, other Jan Bussell puppets, and Holly Hill Farm; it also has, more importantly, the particular personal interest of Norman Collins himself. The Controller of Television, with young children of his own, has a pretty good idea what children want, with the result that we get Children's Hour programmes which adult viewers also seem to watch consistently. Muffin the Mule is unique in the way that the Radio Doctor is unique, and Mickey Mouse and Dr. Joad and Peter Pan. Holly Hill Farm, on the other hand, is typical: a real farm, just beyond the outskirts of London, which brings a whiff of country air into your room as real as the cry of a curlew or the moo of a cow lumbering by a five-barred gate. We have seen the farmer's dogs round up the sheep, visited the stables with Freddie Grisewood, had the art of hurdle-making explained to us, watched the children learning to ride a horse, and helped to christen a calf born to Lorna the cow only a few hours before she blinked at us, absently, on her television debut. Alexandra Palace is deeply conscious of the children who watch television,


continued on page 49.



SEE



**IT'S
BUSH
TELEVISION**



BUSH RADIO LIMITED POWER ROAD, CHISWICK, LONDON, W.4



MARY MALCOLM, TELEVISION ANNOUNCER, INTRODUCES DIANA KAN, *Chinese artist exhibiting in London, and her work to the viewing audience.*

not only because they are the viewing audience of the future, but also because they are children—children, all too often, who stay up beyond their bedtime to watch the start of the programme and are sometimes still there when the programme ends. In television, as in real life, children are a problem, which is not surprising when we remember that television is so close to real life, that its peculiar artistic merit lies in the enhancement of reality.

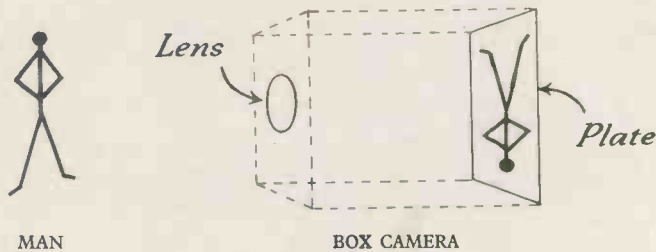
That is a dry phrase with which to end an account of television: to say that its peculiar artistic merit lies in the enhancement of reality. Let me have another shot from a completely different angle. Talking of the Olympic Games gives me the clue. If I ever decide to write a novel about Athens in its age of glory, which I don't suppose I ever will, I shall first try to recapture the atmosphere of enthusiasm for life, the bubbling delight in a world so rich both in menace and promise, which must have been the yeast of fifth-century Greece. One thing I might do to try and sense this atmosphere is to spend two or three weeks at Alexandra Palace, because there you have that combination of innocence and confidence, urgency and opportunity, which nurtures the growth of any really pioneering enterprise. This atmosphere to me is the most important thing in television. Something of it comes over the ether, flickers in the animation of the screen, and vibrates in the sound and the voices. Whether it will survive the final development of television into a comprehensive national system I don't know. Perhaps it is something you only get, rarely and happily, in the very beginnings of things.

POSTSCRIPT

Do you want to know something of the technique of television? Then I am not your guide. When experts talk about punctiform image formations and the instantaneous brightness which is synchronously placed in the corresponding geometrical position I feel as though I've just bumped my head in an air raid shelter. But I've persuaded Mr. H. Walker, one of the senior engineers at Alexander Palace, to reduce the elements of technique to its simplest terms; and here they are, in his own words.

'Take an ordinary photographic camera. You want a picture of a man. Here's the man, the lens, and the photographic plate.

FIG. 1.

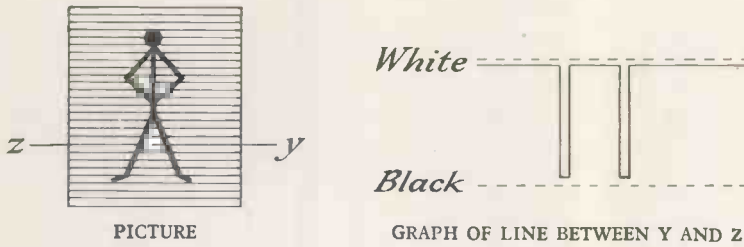


'What happens here is that the dark areas of the plate are not activated, but the lighter areas are changed, chemically. The plate after exposure is developed and the outline reveals itself ready for transfer to sensitized paper. In television we also activate a plate, but the results are electrical and not chemical. And because they are electrical the very fine small particles on the plate are arranged so that they don't touch one another. So in exposing the lens of the television camera we get an electrical picture on a plate known as the "camera mosaic".

'In television the pictures have to be sent over distances—from the plate or mosaic in the camera to the screen in the set in your home—and in as short a time as possible. However, a communicating system can send only one piece of information at a time, so we must break down the pictures into minute individual pieces of information, and send them one at a time, and very quickly after one another. So quickly that they have the appearance of being almost simultaneous.

'While you've been reading this page your eye and mind have been accepting the information on it one letter, syllable, or word at a time, and line by line. These are tiny pieces adding up to a total impression which, if I am talking sense, has a complete meaning. Television breaks down the total impression, the complete picture, in a similar way. The camera "reads" the picture in the same way as you read a book, but it does it much more quickly, so that you see the picture with the feeling that it is complete. Let's look again at the little man in the photograph, and divide his picture up by a number of lines (I've marked one line—it is the narrow space between Y and Z). Now we can draw the electrical mosaic equivalent of that line.

FIG 2.

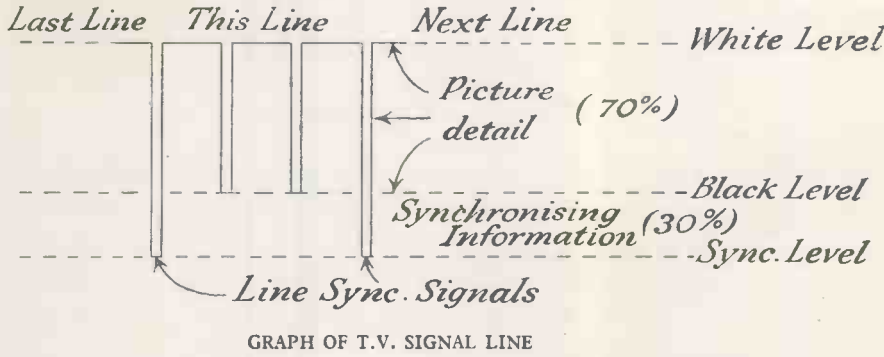


'You will see that the white in the line YZ of the picture now appears as an upper line; and the black marks of his legs show where the picture is black. The engineer has a name for this portrayal. He calls it a graph. In television this graph is sent to you by indicating its contours as changes in electrical pressure. Now I hope you can see that if the camera mosaic is "read" along that line the electrical pressures will show changes between black and white. Television reading of its camera mosaic is done very quickly. It is at the rate of a 405-line page every twenty-fifth of a second.

'When your set receives the signal I've spoken about, don't forget that it requires to know when it must start a new line—and of course a new "page". The technique of informing your receiver when to carry out this process is called "synchronizing". To do this we must use a part of the communication system, and we use short intervals of time after each line of picture information to send this synchronizing information.

'We use the top seventy per cent of the radio signal (engineers know this as modulation) for picture detail; and the bottom thirty per cent for synchronizing information. Here is a sketch of the line YZ in the picture, and added to it are the line-synchronizing signals.

FIG. 3.



GRAPH OF T.V. SIGNAL LINE

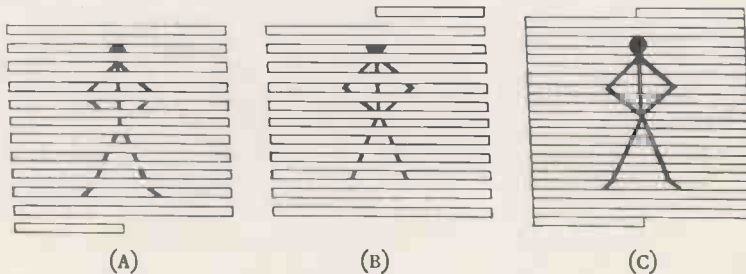
'As there are 405 lines every twenty-fifth of a second there are therefore 10,125 lines and line-synchronizing signals per second. These line-synchronizing signals are separated from the picture detail in your set at home; the picture detail is "written" or shown on the viewing end of your cathode ray tube, while the synchronizing signals are passed to the mechanism which tells the

cathode-ray tube when to start each new line. It is much the same as what happens in the process of reading this. When you are reading, most of your attention is concerned with absorbing the information, but part is concerned with telling your eyes when to move from one line to another, and when to turn over the page. The television equivalent of turning over the page is the change of "picture"—the vertical movement of the beam down each page and up again to commence a new one. The picture-synchronizing signals are shaped differently from those of the line so that the receiver can tell the difference.

'Next, just as the cinema audience would get a flickering picture if only twenty-four pictures per second were projected on the screen, so if we sent out our twenty-five pictures per second (remember that each picture takes one twenty-fifth of a second to complete) viewers would get a flicker in much the same way. In the cinema this flicker trouble is overcome these days by placing twenty-four pictures a second before the light in the projector, but giving each film picture three separate showings. You see each film picture three times. You therefore actually get seventy-two pictures a second, which is beyond the flicker "range" of the human eye. In television our method of overcoming flicker trouble is by "reading" the lines of the picture; alternate lines in one-fiftieth of a second and the others in the next fiftieth of a second.

'Now, I said that the picture consisted of 405 lines—an odd number. It is because of that odd number that we can arrange the lines received during one-fiftieth of a second to fit themselves in the picture so that those received during the next fiftieth of a second fit in between. See Fig. 4.

FIG. 4.



'At (A) I have drawn a frame of eleven and a half lines. At (B) I have drawn the next frame—also of eleven and a half lines, but this time the half line is at the top of the frame. The half line at the bottom of (A) and that at the top of (B) are the two halves of a whole line of picture, but placed as I have drawn them by both the camera and your receiver. At (C) I have drawn (A) and (B) fitted together on top of one another, making in this case a picture of twenty-three lines. This process is known as "interlacing" and it is the frame-synchronizing signals which tell the receiver when to "start at the top of the page" (every fiftieth of a second).

'And, finally, due to the speed of the reading of the lines—"scanning" it is called—and the high repetition frequency of the frames of this television picture, the eye is fooled into thinking it sees a moving picture.'



THE BOAT RACE 1949: *A mobile aerial, mounted on a fire escape, near Chiswick Bridge.*

BAIRD presents its



NEW Baird Portable

The NEW Baird Portable embodies radical Improvements, not only in appearance, but in circuit design and performance. Like its predecessor, the famous Portable, it requires no aerial and may be plugged in in any room on AC mains.



The BAIRD "Countryman"

For the family on the fringe of things. Baird research laboratories present this receiver designed to bring town reception to the country dweller. In an attractive and serviceable cabinet with the famous Baird technique and high quality construction. The Countryman surpasses all else for fireside viewing. AC mains only; 9" cathode ray tube.

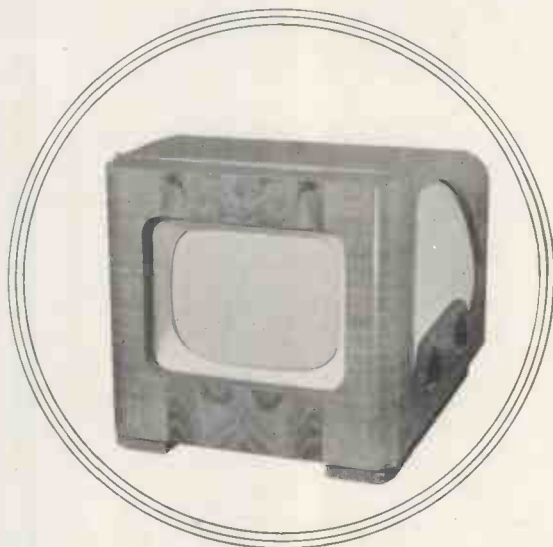
BAIRD...the first

latest technical triumphs!



The BAIRD "Everyman"

An inexpensive receiver which will attract everyone. A revelation in craftsmanship and technique and the equal of the higher priced models. The Everyman brings television within the reach of thousands. The Everyman shows a 9" picture.



The BAIRD "Townsmen"*

A console which requires no aerial installation. The natural successor to the Portable. Designed for the discerning, the Townsman is an elegant addition to the Baird family. Housed in a splendid walnut cabinet and mounted on special castors this superb model may be moved from room to room. A 12" tube will give just that larger viewing area you require. There are no installation costs for the Townsman.

★ Perhaps you would select as your model one with a 15" tube, Baird has thought of you too, and invites you to see the Aristocrat.



name in Television

INVICTA *Television*

THE new Invicta receivers give you what you really expect of Television. Pictures are sharp, bright and steady, with even quality of definition throughout, while sound reproduction is of a very high order, giving rich, clear quality of tone. Both models are housed in cabinets of attractive design and convenient size, beautifully finished in mahogany.

There are Authorised Invicta Television Dealers throughout the area. We shall be pleased to send you further details.



- ★ Model T.102 Table Receiver Price £55.5.9
(43 gns. plus £10.2.9 Purchase Tax)
- ★ Model T.103 Console Receiver Price £66.17.3
(52 gns. plus £12.5.3 Purchase Tax)
- ★ Similar models T.102B and T.103B for Midlands viewers

INVICTA RADIO LTD. RADIO WORKS PARKHURST ROAD LONDON N.7

VIDOR

The first Two-Station

TELEVISION RECEIVER

The new Vidor Television Console Model No. C.N.370 embodies two pre-tuned circuits which allow for sound or vision reception either from London or Birmingham simply by operating a switch. The set may thus be used by viewers in either station's service area with no other adjustment whatever.

Vidor Two-Station Television is ready for immediate demonstration and delivery. Ask a Vidor Dealer for particulars or write to us for a demonstration to be arranged in your locality.



VIDOR MODEL C.N.370

2-Station, 18-valve Vision and Sound Superheterodyne Television Receiver. Mains supply 200/250 volts. A.C. 50 c/s. Screen size 10" x 8". Console cabinet attractively finished in mahogany and white sycamore.



VIDOR LTD., ERITH, KENT.

Masteradio

REGD.

Television

Specially designed for perfect reception. Simple 3-knob adjustment—handsome console cabinet mounted on castors. Models T409 (9" screen) and T412 (12" screen) for London transmission. Models T509 and T512 for Midland area reception. Also special long range models for London or Midland transmission.



Illustrated Model T412 £79.0.0 inc. P.T.



High Fidelity Radiogram —

(Model R.G.250)

A low-priced AUTO CHANGE Radiogram. Beautifully styled cabinet, 3 WAVE BAND, 5 valve superhet with new "AUDIOMATIC TONE CONTROL". Latest type record changer handles ten 10" or 12" records.

£35.14.0 plus £15.9.5 P.T.

Also available with single record player. (Model R.G.250P)

£32.6.6 plus £14.2.0 P.T.



See them at Radio Olympia Stand No. 31

MASTERADIO LTD. (Sales Dept.), 319/321, Euston Road, London, N.1



*I'm going
home to my
PHILCO*

And so am I!

PHILCO TELEVISION

GIVES YOU AN ARMCHAIR VIEW

Philco (Great Britain) Limited, 92 New Cavendish Street, London, W.1

Two minutes from Broadcasting House

CVS-104

see the set of the show
on **stand 68**

THE realism of Etronic Television is quite uncanny. Definition is so clear and movements are so life-like that you immediately feel that you are there, seeing the actual thing from a front armchair seat. The high technical standard is also reflected in the superb workmanship of the lovely cabinet, which is finished in the finest selected walnut veneers burnished to a brilliant gloss. Concealed, smooth running castors to facilitate a change of viewing angle is another important refinement. On no account miss Etronic Television. Even by the very latest television standards it's sensational.



ETRONIC TELEVISION

LONDON FREQUENCY

Model HV 203, 10" Tube, 9" x 6 1/2" Screen. 63 gns. Tax Paid
Model HV 204, 12" Tube, 10" x 8" Screen. 67 gns. Tax Paid

MIDLAND FREQUENCY

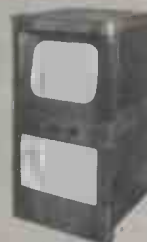
Model HV 203/B, 10" Tube, 9" x 6 1/2" Screen. 63 gns. Tax Paid
Model HV 204/B, 12" Tube, 10" x 8" Screen. 67 gns. Tax Paid

Ask for lists giving particulars of full range of Etronic radio receivers, radiograms and television from £13.19.6, or write direct to **HALE ELECTRIC CO. LTD.** Talbot Road, West Ealing, London, W.13.

The leading Television Set Makers



are fitting



EDISWAN

MAZDA



Television Tubes and Radio Valves

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO. LTD., 155 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

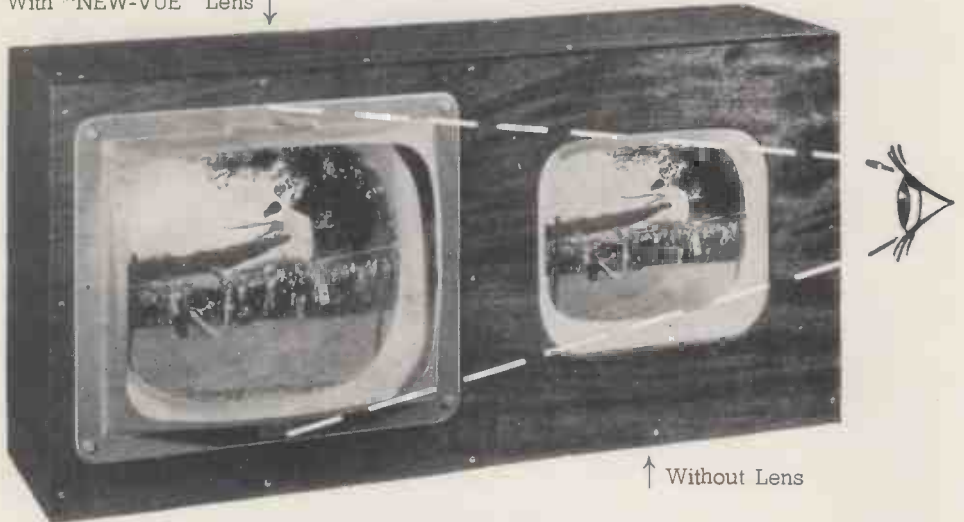
YOUR visit to Radiolympia has doubtless helped you to decide on the Television Receiver you are going to have. A difficult matter, with so many excellent models from which to choose.

The selection of a magnifying lens is much simpler. The original "NEW-VUE" (registered design) is still pre-eminently the best. It magnifies, brings out the details, and gives greater depth to the picture. Being scientifically designed on optical lines, you are assured of the maximum magnification possible without distortion.

There is a "NEW-VUE" Lens, with special fittings where necessary, for all Television Receivers from the 6" tube to the 15" tube. It can be supplied clear or with walnut finish to tone with the darker cabinets, if preferred.

Price from £3.10.0

With "NEW-VUE" Lens ↓



A special word to readers in the new Midland Region. Before buying a Lens insist on seeing the "NEW-VUE". Details have been circulated to all Wholesalers and the principal Stores in the Birmingham area. Further particulars on request to the manufacturers :—

EAGLE COMPONENTS CO. LTD.

PORTSMOUTH ROAD, THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

Tel. EMBerbrook 3641.

The name to watch—
REGENTONE
—*by the look of it!*

Great success and world wide praise have attended our Radio productions. Our first Television models—soon to appear—are as exceptional as our Radio. See them—and *then* will be the time to go in for Television.

REGENTONE



TELEVISION

REGENTONE PRODUCTS LTD., Eastern Avenue, Romford, Essex.

Telephone: Romford 5991

Picture of Perfection



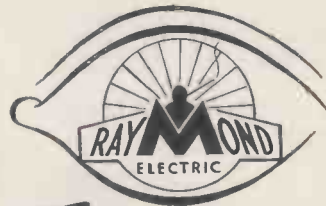
CONSOLE MODEL F.26

Employing a 12" tube giving a 10" x 8" picture. Walnut and sycamore cabinet with quartered doors. 5 stage R.F. amplifier in vision chassis; interference limiter; sound chassis with 2 R.F. stages and noise limiter; 10" high flux loud-speaker.



Raymond Electric comes into the picture again; this time with a Television model designed for crystal-clear visual reproduction at a standard of perfection which has to be seen to be believed.

RAYMOND



Television

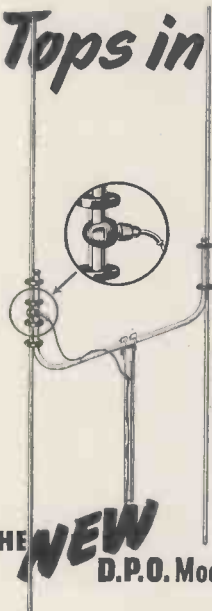
RAYMOND ELECTRIC LIMITED, BRENT CRESCENT, NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD, LONDON, N.W.10

Tops in Television!

Aerialite

TELEVISION AERIALS

These aerials are the result of long and painstaking research since the earliest days of television. They can be relied upon to produce good, clear "looking-in."

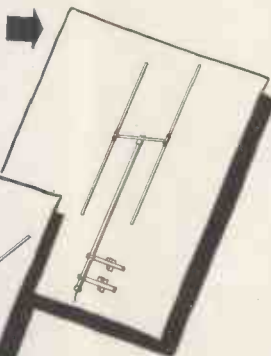


THE **NEW**
D.P.O. Model 50

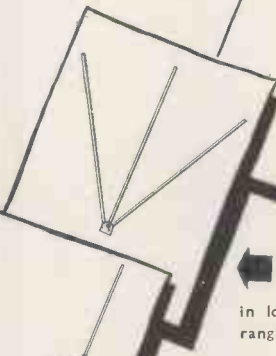
The best aerial on the market. Two types, 'London' and 'Midlands'. Three types of mounting. Low loss insulator; Waterproof Plug Assembly; Broad Band-width; strong and easy to erect.

★ Send for your copy of "Bring the world to your door"—a complete list of all AERIALITE products.

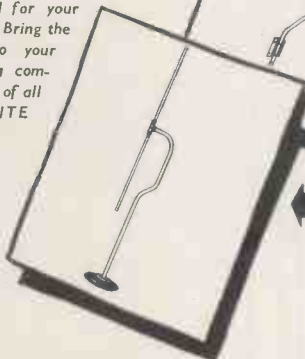
Model 55 (D.P.M.). A grand aerial for good, clear reception. Suitable for both the London area and the Midlands.



Model 53 (Indoor). Finished black and chrome. Easily erected in loft or upper room. Suitable for range of 15—20 miles.



Model 60 (Compressed). Ideal for flats, Pre-fabs., etc., being specially designed to make best use of available space. Range up to 8 miles.



Model 59 (Pedestaltype Compressed Indoor). Enables the user to move the aerial about the home as required. Chrome-plated finish. Range 5—8 miles.

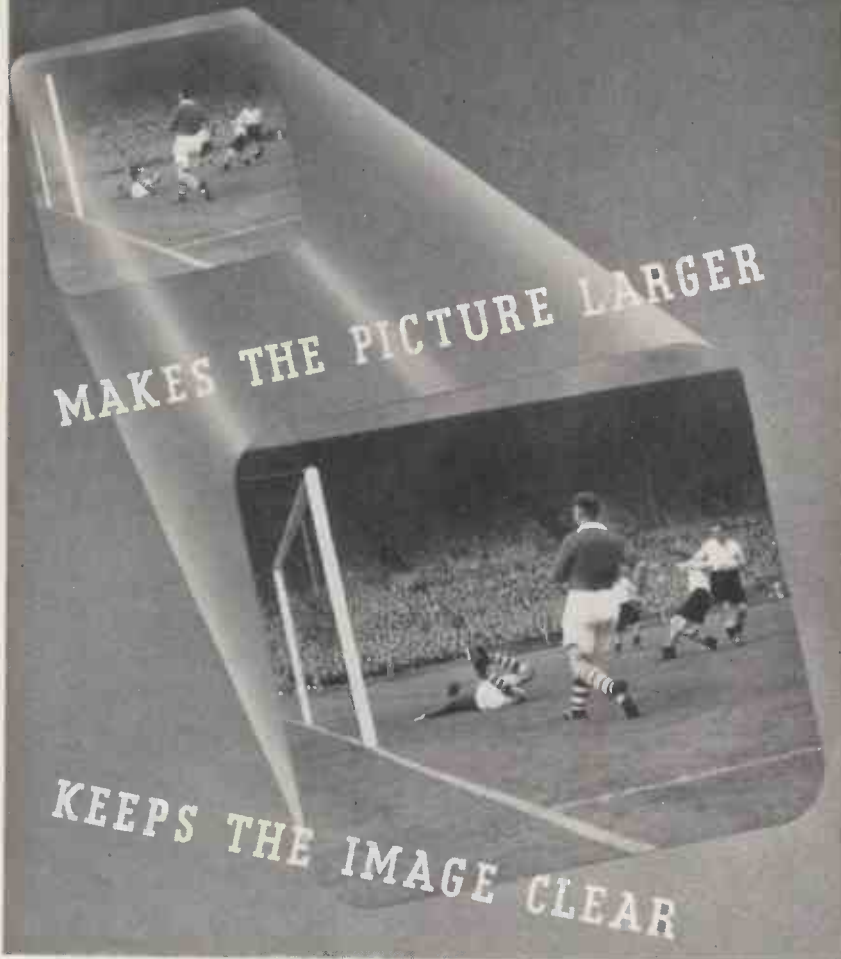


AERIALITE LTD.
STALYBRIDGE, CHESHIRE.

The new 1950 Insulator

Ultra modern design. Fitted to all AERIALITE 'London' and 'Midlands'. Outdoor Television Aerials (except new D.P.O.). Exceptionally strong and waterproof.

The
MAGNAVISTA
TELEVISION LENS



Whatever Television Receiver you decide to buy, a Magnavista Lens is an essential accessory if you want television at its best. Because it is optically correct it gives you a greatly enlarged picture with absolute clarity, no distortion and a wide angle of view. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the finest lens made to-day; it alone bears the Magnavista trade-mark—your guarantee of satisfaction. There is a model for every set.

METRO PEX LTD., 38 Gt. PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1. (Museum 9024-5)



**SOBELL
TABLE MODEL T90**

*Ask for a demonstration
of this latest example of
Sobell skill and enter-
prise. Its specification
and performance will
delight you—and so will
the price.*

SOBELL Television *—just has to be good!*

And why? Because each Sobell Television or Radio receiver carries the unique Sobell Guarantee of Free Service. When you purchase a Sobell Television or Radio it is automatically kept in perfect running order for 2 years after purchase by Sobell's local engineer—in your own home.

Your local Sobell dealer will gladly demonstrate the Sobell range of television and radio receivers. If you want his address just drop us a line.

SOBELL  **RADIO &
TELEVISION**

SOBELL INDUSTRIES. LTD., LANGLEY PARK, Nr. SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Tel: SLOUGH 22201



For complete home entertainment



For those living outside the present Television Service areas, or who desire high fidelity reproduction, a special labyrinth Loudspeaker Console is available in place of the Television Receiver.

This magnificent Three-in-One Combination brings the entire range of broadcast and recorded entertainment to your home with the traditional R.G.D. perfection. It consists of an All-wave Radio Receiver, a Television Receiver and an Automatic Record Changer with record storage accommodation, housed in consoles of figured walnut or alternative woods to suit individual requirements.

These instruments, designed to stand alone or to be grouped in any desired arrangement, are superb in performance—beautiful as furniture.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the excellence of the R.G.D. Three-in-One.

R.G.D.

The Aristocrat of Radio and Television

RADIO GRAMOPHONE DEVELOPMENT COMPANY LIMITED
BRIDGNORTH · SHROPSHIRE

"BELLING-LEE" TELEVISION AERIALS to suit every pocket & every location

GROUP I



GROUP II



The new season's range of "Belling-Lee" television aerials comprises sixteen types for both the London and the Midland frequencies.

They may be divided into four groups: (I) aerials for "fringe" areas, including a new beam; (II) a new range of lightweight aerials with 0.15λ spacing; (III) dipoles including the "Veerod" and a new outdoor "Twinrod"; and (IV) indoor aerials including the "Doorod" and the new "Viewflex".

Group (I) will be represented by the present robust "H" type, and a new beam which can be seen at Radiolympia.

Group (II). Hitherto all "Belling-Lee" aerials have been designed to withstand gusts of 100 m.p.h., but localities where these are likely to occur are few. These robust aerials will still be made, but a new range of lightweight aerials will be available with $\frac{3}{8}$ " elements for general use, and at much lower prices. The spacing of this range has been reduced from 0.25λ to 0.15λ . The difference between 0.15λ and 0.125λ i.e., $\frac{1}{7}$ or $\frac{1}{8}\lambda$ spacing, is that there is less likelihood of picture flutter in wind when $\frac{1}{7}\lambda$ is used. This modification allows for lighter cross-arms, masts and lashings.

This raises the old controversy of picture flutter in wind— $\frac{1}{4}\lambda$ v $\frac{1}{8}\lambda$ spacing, etc. Picture flutter is bound up with the rate of change of gain with separation of dipole and reflector. From zero spacing to $\frac{1}{8}\lambda$ the gain rises rapidly, and thereafter falls very slowly by about 1 db at $\frac{1}{4}\lambda$.

Group (III) requires little explanation except that the new "Twinrod" might be described as the marriage of the "Doorod" and "Winrod" for windowsill mounting and may be used either for broadcast or television reception.

Group (IV) includes the new "Viewflex", which is the natural development of the "Doorod" as an all flexible dipole.

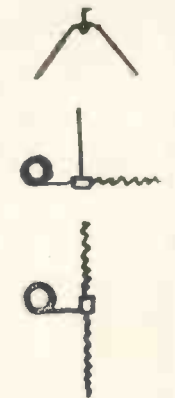
RATTLE-FREE CAR AERIAL

We will shortly be releasing the new "Belling-Lee" car aerial, which is absolutely rattle-free. It is stainless steel with streamlined collet grip at centre, and with streamlined insulators. This is a truly de-luxe model.

GROUP III



GROUP IV



BELLING & LEE LTD

CAMBRIDGE ARTERIAL RD., ENFIELD, MIDDX., ENGLAND

CLEARLY

Ferranti

FOR SIGHT AND SOUND

THE even clearness of the picture on the Ferranti cathode ray tube — the ability to obtain and hold the transmission — the richness of Ferranti sound-reproduction—the freedom from interference (thanks to the special Ferranti interference-suppression circuit)—all these you can see and hear for yourself at a dealer's demon-

stration. But there's another Ferranti feature that's all-important.

A Ferranti television set is lastingly reliable. It will give you years of steady performance. That's the advantage of choosing a set made by a firm whose experience of electrical work is so long, deep and wide!

FERRANTI LTD., MOSTON, MANCHESTER 10; & 36 KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2



TELEVISION IN COLOUR



Colour Television for Entertainment is still very many years off, but the application of this development will be so essential for many scientific and industrial projects that we are encouraged, in a pioneering spirit, to show the public a demonstration of Colour Television.

The equipment is operating on 405 lines per colour frame, i.e. the same definition as the existing B.B.C. transmission.

ADVANTAGES OF COLOUR

Television already has the great advantage over the Cinema in that it can project instantaneously a picture of what is actually happening on an unlimited number of screens. The introduction of colour to television is a tremendous technical achievement, a step forward which will prove to be much more important than the comparable move to technicolour in the cinematic art.

It is impossible to estimate to the full the effect that colour will have on television in general, but in particular the realism of the picture will be vastly increased as the eye will no longer have to distinguish between colours merely by light and shade.

SCIENTIFIC APPLICATIONS OF COLOUR TELEVISION

At Atlantic City Hospital, U.S.A., in June this year a remarkable demonstration was given of colour television to 16,000 members of a medical convention who were able to watch surgical operations in progress.

This revolutionary method of teaching will enable large groups of medical students to study close up, in full colour, the details of the latest surgical techniques, which up to now could only be watched by a few at a time. Every student will be able to follow the operation as clearly as the surgeon performing it, as the camera is placed a few feet above the operating table and the observer therefore receives in full colour the same picture on the television screen as the surgeon does with his own eyes.

In the same manner scientific investigation and teaching in such varied fields as Botany, Chemistry, Physics and Zoology will be enormously improved by the use of colour television.

INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL APPLICATIONS

To-day there are many industrial processes that have to be carried out at a distance because of the lethal nature of the constituents. It may happen, therefore, that colour television will play a decisive part in the application of atomic power to industry. Thus, in industrial processes, the watching of colour changes at different parts of the reaction is of prime importance. This also applies to the manufacture of special glass, where instant reference is required giving both a colour index and a pencil-clear picture. With colour television the controller can see all that is scanned by the camera and act accordingly.

Full colour television has been used to observe closely the combustion process in a jet engine, where the intense heat and danger make close approach by human observers impossible.

BUSINESS AND MERCHANDISE

Large organisations such as banks—which require constant reference to filed documents—could use interdepartmental television for quick and accurate reference. Documents held in a central filing point could be shown to any branch requiring reference. Details such as signatures could be quickly checked, saving time and money.

Other organisations requiring rapid reference to documents, drawings, photographs, plans or designs could use the visual communication system of colour television.

Stores also could usefully exploit colour television as a sales aid, demonstrating to the customer articles for sale in other departments.

COLOUR TELEVISION IN DEFENCE

The transmission of vital information by colour television in wartime is a certainty, but security reasons preclude one from detailed discussion of its many warlike applications.

Our work on colour television has been invaluable because it has confirmed us in our opinion that the present British Black and White System (405 lines) is the most economic for satisfactory entertainment value. It is interesting to note that other countries in the world are beginning to realise that the so-called high definition systems are beyond the financial resources of most nations.

Although it will be many years before colour television becomes a public service, we assert that as television research continues progress will not be towards the high definite Black and White System but towards COLOUR.

Television research and development have been going on in our Cambridge laboratories for nearly twenty years. In 1931 we brought a young scientist, Peter Goldmark, from the Continent to join our team. After a stay of a few years he went to America. To-day Dr. Peter Goldmark, Technical Director of the Columbia Broadcasting System Inc., is recognised as one of the greatest authorities in the world on colour television.

We have pleasure in placing on record our appreciation of the great help he and his company have given us in our colour television project.

Pye Ltd. will be pleased to give quotations for the installation of colour television equipment.