The Television Annual for 1959

Edited by KENNETH BAILY

CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI
VERA LYNN
FRANKIE VAUGHAN
A. J. P. TAYLOR
TED RAY
Rev. SIMON PHIPPS
MICHAEL MILES
WOODROW WYATT
PAT CONWAY

RADIO TIMES

Full BBC Television & Sound programmes for the week

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A BBC PUBLICATION

THE

TELEVISION

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THE TELEVISION ANNUAL, the *only* annual covering the whole field of BBC and ITA television, is certain of another warm welcome by viewers everywhere, and by all engaged in the ever-growing British TV industry. Over the years the Annual has earned an enviable reputation for its entertaining articles, superb pictures and first-class presentation, and the 1959 edition maintains this high standard.

Among the TV personalities contributing exclusive articles are Woodrow Wyatt, writing provocatively on his job as *Panorama* commentator; the Reverend Simon Phipps, discussing the role of religion on the small screen; Vera Lynn and Ted Ray, each revealing plans for their personal TV futures and Frankie Vaughan, comparing British and American television from the artist's point of view. In special interviews, Sir John Barbirolli talks about music in television, and Michael Miles frankly discusses his *Take Your Pick* quiz show.

A. J. P. Taylor has written a characteristic and forthright article; Josephine Douglas puts forward a new idea for TV drama and Pat Conway, new American star of the *Tombstone Territory* series, recalls his career up to date. Further contributions come from Gerald Beadle, Director of the BBC Television Service; Thelma Ruby, rising new comedy star; Leslie Jackson, producer of the BBC's *This is Your Life;* Ben Churchill, producer of ITV's *The Sunday Break;* Michael Peacock, of the BBC outside broadcasts department and Colin Morris, BBC documentary scriptwriter.

The Annual's editor is Kenneth Baily, influential TV critic of *The People*, and a well-informed observer of television since its earliest days. His introduction, always widely discussed, this year gives a penetrating analysis of the crisis now looming ahead of British television.

Other features include candid profiles of many popular artists, reviews of the year's TV drama, and over 170 wonderful photographs. Altogether, THE TELEVISION ANNUAL makes the finest possible souvenir of the viewer's year.

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TELEVISION
ANNUAL FOR 1959

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

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THELMA RUBY, COLIN MORRIS

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THE TELEVISION ANNUAL
FOR 1959

The Prince of Wales and Princess Anne visited the Lime Grove TV studios of the BBC. The royal children called there in the afternoon while children's programmes were being rehearsed and transmitted. They met the BBC's Zoo Quest *expert David Attenborough, who is shown here introducing them to a parrot he brought back from New Guinea. At Buckingham Palace the young Prince and Princess frequently watch children's television programmes.*

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

TED HEATH AND HIS ORCHESTRA

An outstanding ITV occasion during 1958 *was the presentation of Benjamin Britten's new opera* Noye's Fludde, *televised by Associated Television from the Parish Church at Orford in Suffolk. In this version of the Biblical story of Noah, nearly all the principals, chorus and orchestra were children.*

KENNETH BAILY'S TELEVIEW

Television Annual's *Editor Looks At*

THE DIVIDED POWER

Behind The Viewer's Screen

FAR-REACHING decisions will soon need to be taken about the future of British television. To the viewer at home television may seem to have settled down as a normal feature of life. In fact, with each month which now passes, the future of the medium becomes more unsettled. The unsettling factors are these: (1) Commercial television is amassing profits at a rate sufficient to make it eager to expand. (2) The BBC cannot, now or in the future, have as much money for television as ITV has; yet it too wants to expand its TV service. (3) Commerce has now taken ITV to its heart, as a timely transfusion in the bloodstream of production, and is becoming a powerful interest behind television. (4) Politicians have suddenly recognized the power of television as a means of communication with the public; Cabinet and Parliament, Conservative, Socialist and Liberal Parties, all see vital importance in settling the question of how television shall expand.

These are the fundamental factors, rapidly increasing in importance. In addition there are two longer-term but potent technical considerations: the development of colour television, and the introduction of tape-recorded telecasts. Colour will create financial and production problems in BBC, ITV and the radio industry. Tape-TV may add a new supplier of pictures in the home—the record manufacturer and his shops.

The decisions to be made will be far-reaching because they will spring from the divided powers of television in this country. There is the power of commercial business, previously mentioned, which is inherent in the Independent Television Authority's operations. There is its political power, now inevitably interested in carrying on informational programmes, whether BBC or ITV. And there is the more latent, but possibly considerable, power of deeply entrenched cultural leadership behind the BBC as the traditional uncommercial agent of broadcasting.

Money is of basic importance to every aspect of this situation, but

In contrast to the pop-song craze, the Linden Singers (seen here with Owen Brannigan) and Max Jaffa's Trio have brought melodious music to a peak of appeal in Sunday-night BBC programmes.

vitally so in deciding the future relationship between BBC and ITV. The BBC's total annual income is around £25,000,000. But ITV's current year looks like netting its programme companies around £50,000,000. Moreover, commercial television will almost certainly increase its yearly income to a steady £60,000,000. So long as it is tied to the £4 TV licence, the BBC can never earn as much as its competitor. Even when the number of TV licences has reached its peak, it is estimated that, at £4 each, the BBC is unlikely to receive more than £35,000,000 a year.

Creatively, culturally—or, if you like, "televisionally"—the BBC has always wanted two TV channels, so that it can run two fully alternative programmes of its own. In the Parliamentary lobbies and the influential clubs it is now asking vociferously for the additional TV waveband which the Government has yet to award. The BBC does not explain quite so loudly how it expects to finance two TV programmes. Nor is it doing much to inform the public properly about its campaign for the extra channel so as to ensure having a citizenship informed about the issue.

Commercially, ITV wants the extra waveband because its advertisers want still more space for TV advertising. And ITV is not being modest in propagandizing and telling the people what it thinks it deserves, and why. However, even before this additional waveband is awarded, ITV

1958 *showed the Prime Minister appearing on television with ever-increasing ease. In the BBC's* Press Conference *Mr. Macmillan was questioned by Andrew Schonfield, John Freeman, Donald Tyerman.* (Below) *European TV announcers—"speakerines"—were introduced by Sylvia Peters in a Eurovision programme.*

ITV scored a triumph when Michael Ingrams (right) *made a revealing film of life in Russia, in Associated-Rediffusion's* U.S.S.R. Now. (Below) *Jack Jackson's long-running ATV show continued with Joan Savage and Glen Mason.*

Granada's What the Papers Say *has become a widely followed analysis of Press trends, with J. P. W. Mallalieu* (right) *one of its most expert performers.* (Below) *Jack Warner's* Dixon of Dock Green *police serial is among the BBC's long-running successes.*

sees no reason why it should not extend its programme hours. It wants to go beyond the present Government restriction of fifty hours a week, and it may get its way in 1959.

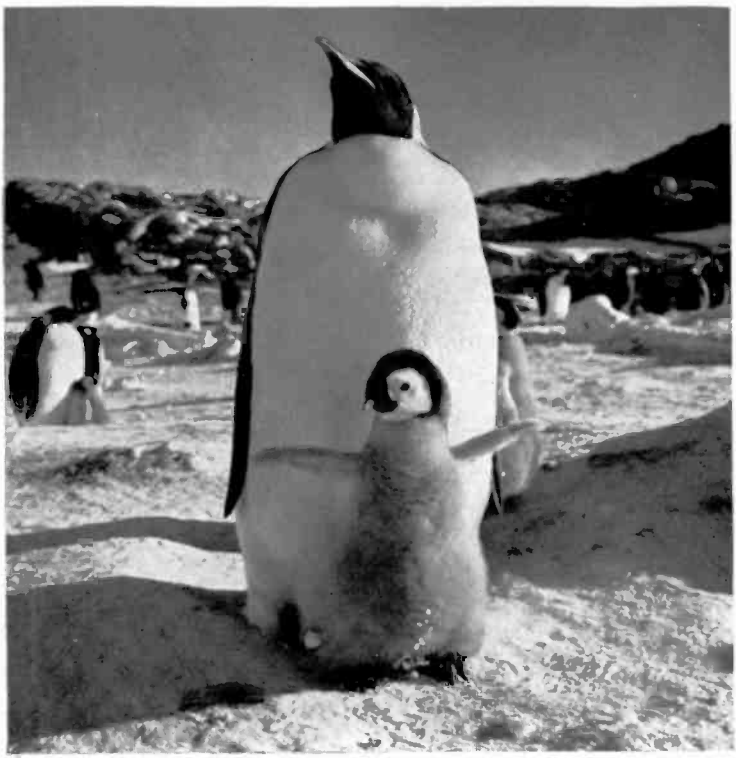
The BBC, though wanting its own second programme, has been loath to support a claim for longer programme hours so long as the extra wave-band remains unawarded. The inference is that the BBC sees the danger of an extension of hours at the present time harming its campaign for the second channel. It is a plausible ITV argument that with more hours for transmission, the BBC could vary its programmes almost as much as with two alternative services!

The BBC's ability to run two programmes seems now to depend on its willingness to radically re-organize itself internally. This means rationalizing and reducing the large machine still operating radio programmes. Until the BBC does this, it seems unlikely that any Government will legislate either for a second channel to go to the BBC, or for a more expansive arrangement of financing the Corporation—because, to keep its radio organization going, it has been giving more than half its total income to the radio services.

What is left of radio listening does not merit this share-out against the demands of television, now undoubtedly the public's established choice of broadcasting medium. The logical decision would seem to be the division of the BBC into two corporations. One would run a radio service, utilitarian and limited by nature of demand. The other would develop BBC television—and would have before it a road as clear, uninhibited and unprejudiced about television as has ITV. Such a BBC Television Corporation would be worth the extra money the present radio-minded Corporation says it wants for television.

The hard question is devising a means of gaining the extra money BBC Television would need to develop two programme services, as well as eventually to capitalise colour television. What was saved from the attenuated radio services would help for a time, but not for ever. Raising the TV licence fee is a dubious aid. Viewers are gradually realizing that the £4 licence does not buy them ITV; and the more they view ITV the nearer they get to asking why they should pay a fee which supports the BBC.

Some observers suggest that BBC Television can only be saved from becoming a poor second in the field by admitting a limited amount of commercial television to its service. As the advertisers are asking for more



More popular than any TV star? Some will say so! This Emperor penguin with chick was a talking point with viewers of the BBC's Look. *These wild-life programmes are a distinctive highlight of BBC Television, along with those of David Attenborough and Armand and Michaela Denis.*

The American invasion of British screens has provided the BBC with two series which seem securely lodged in viewers' affections. (Left) *Phil Silvers, seen here with Elizabeth Fraser, deftly puts over his American Army comedy; while Perry Como* (right) *scores with personality and big stars.* (Below) *Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz and company keep up the appeal of ITV's long-running* I Love Lucy.

Christmas hilarity on the ITV screen cannot escape Sabrina! (Below) *The BBC took some very real fire risks when filming a Great Fire of London sequence for its ambitious serial,* The Diary of Samuel Pepys. *Actor Harry Lane reacted more naturally than he knew to a burning plank*!

The Verdict is Your's *was a new ITV venture in law-court drama. It established* (left to right) *Martin Benson and Simon Kester as counsel, and David Ensor as the judge.*

TV space, this might offer a neat way out. The Government could award the extra channel to the BBC, along with legislation permitting some advertising on BBC Television.

But it seems likely that such a decision would depend on the Government's feeling over the political power of television. In short—how specially valuable is a strictly uncommercialized BBC to the Government? However admirably the BBC shows independence in its programmes, it has become a part of the Establishment. At any time of political crisis, it can be relied upon to take the official line by whatever Government is in power. It was constituted thus, and it now works this way almost automatically, a kind of alarum clock geared to No. 10, Downing Street.

It would appear that the introduction of a small amount of advertising into BBC television programmes need not change this. But it might be the thin end of the wedge, to be followed by ever-increasing commercialization. The question then arises whether a commercial television organization could be trusted by the Government to follow its line in a crisis as

Among ITV's panel games, I've Got a Secret *caused puzzled fun among Jon Pertwee, Eunice Gayson, Sidney James and Sara Leighton.*

certainly as can the BBC. The mere suggestion that such a question exists will rock the august members of the Government-appointed Independent Television Authority. Nevertheless, the question is being asked; and with a Socialist Government it would be asked very pointedly! Certainly up to the present, the ITA as fatherly guide of the ITV programme companies has regulated political expression on ITV as the Government intended it to be regulated.

But a political situation might arise in which the influence of commercial interests on ITV broadcasting might be a danger to some future Government. At such a moment of crisis it would only need one partisan news or discussion programme, hurriedly put on, for damage to the Government to be done, before the ITA could close down the rebels! Such a happening may seem very un-British. But this does not make it any less worrying to wary politicians!

This being so, politicians may wish to keep the BBC absolutely inviolate from any connexion with commerce. They may see the Corporation in the role of the pure voice of the Establishment; so vital, in the ultimate extremity of political crisis, that its absolute independence

Veteran actor A. E. Matthews gets his own carrier aboard the aircraft-carrier Ark Royal, *during filming off Malta for the BBC's comedy series,* The Sky Larks, *a story based on the naval air service.*

Strong, classic drama—Women of Troy, *in the BBC's "World Theatre" series, was an elaborately designed and dressed production.* (Below) *Strong, British humour—on ITV the unsoldierly antics of* The Army Game *have made this Granada series a top favourite.*

The sylph-like and energetic 50-year-old Eileen Fowler challenges women viewers of BBC afternoon programmes to follow her keep-fit girls in exercises.

of commercialism must be kept. To politicians this is no extreme kind of reasoning. They are now so conscious, and therefore wary, of the power of television that they will be meticulous in deciding future legislation affecting the organization of TV services. It is, after all, very British for our legislators to want to have the best of both worlds. This they now have, with ITV a spur to business, and the BBC a trusted hand-maiden to Government whenever communication with the public becomes crucial to governing.

The likelihood of advertising on a BBC television channel therefore seems remote. This has always been the view of those who, for lack of a better term, may be called the cultural leaders of influence and authority. They have exerted considerable influence at all times of review of the BBC's constitution. They were strongly against the introduction of commercial television; and they remain a power loyally behind the operations of the BBC, and its tactics seen and unseen.

But even here, in its own innermost fastness, the beleaguered BBC is now feeling the effect of the ITV offensive. Because ITV has stepped into the cultural field. Its tactics have been sound and clever; it is calling into its camp some cultural heavyweights, not only on the screen, but perhaps more significantly in its inner councils. Devotees of the BBC system of

Robert Beatty is the latest recruit to TV detectives in ITV's Dial 999 *series of Scotland Yard dramas.*

The BBC made television history by producing live in its own studios a complete American comedy series, The Sid Caesar Show. *However, America's top TV comic, Sid Caesar, and his clowning partner Imogene Coca had to win British viewers to their special style of humour.* (Left) *The unique world TV star, Victor Borge, also visited the BBC to provide his fabulous one-man show of wit and music.*

"You Are There" was a striking BBC series re-enacting historical events, recounted by modern methods of TV reporting. Above is the meticulous production in The Trial of Jesus. (Below) *Current events get lively attention in ITV's* Youth Wants to Know. *On this occasion Lord Altrincham* (right) *faced the test.*

broadcasting, in the pure interests of culture, can no longer dismiss ITV as an infidel. They begin to see it as another ally!

The power of this influential cultural leadership is certainly behind British television today, but it is no longer behind the BBC to the exclusion of ITV. The saving factor for the BBC may be in the youthfulness of ITV. It is only experimenting with serious-minded programmes; it may yet find that they do not pay the advertiser. To many people of influence the BBC is still the reliable agent for TV broadcasting. So far as their power does go, they may well press for giving the BBC another term of office with financial backing sufficient to put Lime Grove on terms of parity with ITV.

These then are some of the most important strands in the tangled web of discussion and tactics now being woven behind every viewer's screen. What, in the end, does it matter to him?

It certainly means that in not more than three years' time he will have a choice of three TV programmes: two BBC and one ITV; or two ITV and one BBC. In the latter eventuality, one of the ITV channels might be used for regional advertising as an alternative to national advertising on the other ITV network. It means that the BBC goes proudly ahead with television, developing it with lavish technical resources and making a more glossy, more important, and more entertaining service than it

An ITV experiment was taking radio's popular show Educating Archie *and making it visual. Here are Peter Brough, Freddy Sales, Dick Emery and Irene Handl.*

The vogue for singing groups with movement routines has taken hold on British television. Pioneers in this field of entertainment were the Granadiers, a team of young singers recruited for Chelsea at Nine. *The singers record their songs beforehand; then mime to the recording as they move.*

provides even at its best today. Or else it means that the BBC gets official relegation to second place, and stabilizes its TV service more or less as we know it today. And it certainly means that, come what may, ITV will go on having more money to spend, and will find all manner of ingenious means of expanding its programme appeal.

It could be that the viewer stands to gain, whatever happens. But I believe our gain will be better assured if the future of television is fairly balanced between BBC and ITV. A BBC relegated to second place would be shabby consolation should the cold winds of trade depression ever wither ITV. And who can say they never will?

The men who will shape the future of television are the executive chiefs of BBC and ITV. It is they who are preparing the Government with the facts of the situation, and all its conflicting claims and ideals. They will work out the details, when the Government has decided the financial—and if need be the constitutional—policy. There are only four of them: Sir Arthur fforde, Chairman of the BBC; Sir Ian Jacob, Director-General of the BBC; Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, Chairman of the ITA; and Sir Robert Fraser, ITA's Director-General. Sir Arthur fforde is an ex-headmaster of Rugby; Sir Ian Jacob is an ex-military administrator; Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick is an ex-diplomat; and Sir Rober Fraser is an ex-journalist.

(Right) *Comedian Benny Hill in one of his numerous TV disguises—"Miss Rhythm." Benny recruited audiences of millions for his BBC Saturday shows.*

Humphrey Lyttelton put his trumpet artistry into ITV's Here's Humph! *Jazz and swing music get due attention on both ITV and BBC networks.* (Below) *Slapstick comedy as well as good band and pop music mark the BBC's* Billy Cotton Band Shows.

Television Can Win Friends For Music, Says

SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI

—In an Exclusive Interview

PROBABLY the smallest ingredient in television programmes, both BBC and ITV, is classical or serious music. Eric Robinson's *Music for You* is a cunning mixture of popular, traditional and classical fare, served in small helpings, attractively garnished by studio presentation; if you like, an easy way to music. The BBC sometimes puts on symphony orchestras, and also solo recitalists, and it takes its cameras to pay homage to the Promenade Concerts.

In the early days of ITV, Sir John Barbirolli came to an arrangement with Associated-Rediffusion whereby the Hallé Orchestra gave a series of concerts—"between the advertisements," as one cynic said. The musical purists who criticized this thought they had been proved right when the Hallé disappeared from ITV. But it was not for long. Barbirolli had not withdrawn from the challenge of television, and he now has an arrangement whereby the Hallé appears at intervals on ITV, while he himself has also been conducting a series of ITV children's concerts.

To its critics, music on television is a contradiction. They claim television to be an eye-catching medium, believing it has a visual fascination to the detriment of attentive hearing. The retort that a concert-hall audience also watches the orchestra in action does not answer them. They say television focuses attention on different parts of the orchestra; its cameras fidget around. In the hall you can see everything at once and make your own momentary visual selections, which are so personal to you that no TV camera can do it for you.

Most of this is admitted by those putting music on the small screen. Where they differ from the critics is in their crusading belief that serious music on television is not only better than none, but should lead many viewers to seeking a more direct experience of music in the concert hall or opera house. The obvious leader of this movement is Sir John Barbirolli, who has taken the crusade right into the stronghold of mass-appeal

The "agonized" expression which viewers told Sir John Barbirolli they had enjoyed watching! But he is all in favour of conductors being watched.

television, that is, into ITV itself. For his audience he has chosen the people who normally switch on to get Westerns, quizzes and thriller serials.

Sir John has convinced himself that he has no alternative, for he says, perhaps rather too simply: "The TV aerials are mostly in the streets of industrial cities and the avenues of suburban estates. My friends, and people with perhaps an inkling of musical appreciation, cannot afford TV sets these days!"

He is right so far as the mass popularity of television goes. And facing this, he says of his activities in ITV that he is concerned with "starting at rock bottom." "I believe," says Sir John, "that television can gain music a few million more appreciative followers. And by that I mean people who will eventually leave the TV screen, and go out to listen to music."

Believing this, he could have gone to ITV and said, "I want no visual monkeying about when my orchestra is in your studio." He could have demanded a straight and steady picture of the full orchestra for the whole

programme. But not at all. "The visual appeal is a problem," he agrees, but adds:

"Unless people *want* to watch the picture, we can never make them listen to the music. I see vision as an added interest to music; but whatever is done with cameras must add a natural interest—it must fit the music naturally. This can be done legitimately at certain times in certain works by watching certain parts of the orchestra. It can be done, I think, by sometimes watching the conductor. And so far as I am concerned I mean watching his face, not his back. I understand that once when I was on television the camera showed me experiencing such anguish, through a tragic work, that some viewers and critics asked for more!

"I can think of nothing more ruinous to music, television and myself than for me to be seen full-face always conducting tragic music! But this story proves my point. They may at first watch me as a peculiar specimen, saying to themselves, 'Fancy looking like that when he is conducting!' But a great many of them, I think, will want to find out why I look like that. They can only find out by *listening* to the music!"

Sir John believes that some musical occasions have a natural TV or visual interest in themselves. "There are times, for instance," he says, "when we take the Hallé to play in some of our great cathedrals. The music we play there gains from the surroundings. It is nonsense to pretend that a cathedral makes no difference to a concert audience. Something precious is added to the audience's interpretation of the music.

"It is no use arguing about this, because every individual's experience on such an occasion is bound to be different; it is an intensely secret and

The production of ballet has also introduced a good deal of classical music to millions of viewers. Nadia Nerina went to Lime Grove to star in this BBC version of Coppelia.

An outstanding TV musical event of 1958 *was the appearance of the world-famous opera singer Maria Callas. This was how viewers saw her on the screen in Granada's* Chelsea at Nine.

personal thing. But because of it, cathedral concerts are eminently suited to television. Cameras would be able to absorb the beauty and solemnity and wonder of the building, in step with the music."

Sir John lamented that ITV technicalities had so far made it impossible for cameras to accompany the Hallé to a cathedral. But he readily agreed that he would have no objection to one of his cathedral programmes being played in the studio, with film backgrounds and inserts shot in a cathedral.

He is very willing to try all such "tricks," so long as their result is adding to appreciation of the particular works being played. For instance, although individuals might react in different ways to music inspired by the beauty of a forest, Sir John would still risk showing a film scene of sylvan beauty; the fact that the image evoked might not be the same in every viewing-listener's mind is of lesser importance to him.

With this experimental outlook, it is natural that Sir John would welcome music specially composed for performance on television, with visual interpretation in mind.

"Why not?" he asks. "Let's at least find out if it works. But where are

the composers today? New works there are certainly; most of them come my way. I suppose I have given more first performances of new works than anybody. But I'm afraid too many of them have also turned out to be last performances!"

This audacious attitude of Sir John toward music on television should not be allowed to obscure the basic factor in his "crusading." For all along he keeps saying, "The classical repertoire is the basis of all understanding of music. I must play the classics most of the time on television. They are classics because they have survived; and they have survived because they have been properly and thoroughly understood. It is this understanding of music which television must spread."

Opera, Sir John believes, has its own quite natural visual interest, and television need not attempt to superimpose any new visual appeal on it. He pointed out, incidentally, that apart from Covent Garden there is no opera house in Britain capable of accommodating a full opera orchestra of ninety players.

"We even have to make-do with a limited opera orchestra at the Edinburgh Festival. But I am going to conduct opera on ITV," he went on enthusiastically, "and because the TV studio is large enough, we shall have the full ninety-strong orchestra. Millions will hear that opera for the first time as it was intended to be heard by the composer. That is indeed an advantage of television. And an advantage of one hundred per cent meaning to the listener, whatever he may think of the TV picture!"

Sir John Barbirolli sees an advantage in televised operas; for operatic works can then be given with the full orchestras they need but rarely get. Here is a scene from the BBC's production of Verdi's Rigoletto.

"THIS IS YOUR LIFE"

But It Dominates MINE!—Writes

T. LESLIE JACKSON

Producer of the Famous BBC Show

THE most hated TV star in my office was "Sergeant Bilko." Because Bilko preceded *This is Your Life*, and the sight of his happy, carefree face laughing its way through a comedy series, while we in the TIYL team were absolutely on edge, irritated us enormously. No reflection on Phil Silvers' tremendous skill—it was just that we wished he would get off the air at that time.

Heart-stopping moments happen in nearly every edition of *This is Your Life*. Almost always our first reaction when the subject comes on, and the book is thrown at him, is "Help! He knows!" or "She knows!" We are terrified that, in spite of all the precautions we've taken, the subject has somehow found out about the programme. Unless they practically stand up and say, "I swear I didn't know about this before." I always think they do. But we have never yet had an occasion when this has happened. Afterwards we always ask people, "Will you cross your heart and tell us you didn't know about the show?" and they always answer, "Well, how on earth could I have known?"

There's a green book on my desk full of notes on "lives" we might do at some time in the series. At our regular Tuesday-morning meetings Eamonn Andrews and I decide which particular line shall be taken. We discuss the previous night's programme, final details of the one for the following week, the story-line for the one after that, and whose story is to be tackled after *that*.

Because of the nature of *This is Your Life* this four-weekly pattern is an ideal which doesn't always come off. Sometimes we are not happy with the story-line, or we find the subject is not available; the plan might be altered twice in a week. One programme you saw was in fact our sixth attempt at finding that week's subject! Thus, whereas sometimes we have three weeks in which to prepare, at other times we may have only a couple of days before the show.

After the script is completed my team works on the final plan to get the subject to the studio. This is done in various ways; perhaps by inviting

him to a telerecording for another show, or for some public appearance.

It was impossible to bring Anna Neagle to the Television Theatre, for instance, so *Picture Parade* handled her for us. They signed letters (which we wrote) saying they were interested in her new career as a film director. Would she mind if they interrupted one of her directing sessions and talked to her actually on the job? That's what happened—except that it wasn't *Picture Parade*!

That was one of the most nerve-racking programmes I've done, because we had to have our cameras in the film studios watching Anna for a good half-hour before we went on the air. She knew we were recording part of her film rehearsal, but I was afraid that at any moment she might decide to call off the rehearsal, have a break or otherwise disappear at the vital time. Luckily she stayed there; but to have to sit and watch your subject like this for half an hour is a refined form of torture.

She was grateful afterwards—even though she had wept copiously. And if anyone says we showed bad taste in putting on that film of the late Jack Buchanan which caused Anna to break down, I would like them to tell me how we could have thought of showing Anna Neagle's life without him. We gave the matter a tremendous amount of thought; and Anna said afterwards, "I am so glad you included Jack."

A timing error almost killed the programme on Arthur Christiansen, the famous editor of the *Daily Express*. We had him picked up by car to come to Lime Grove to meet a BBC official. He was brought to Shepherds

Perhaps the most legendary editor of modern Fleet Street, Arthur Christiansen (right) *of the* Daily Express *had his electrifying career probed by* This is Your Life. *Sir Leslie Plummer, M.P., recalls incidents in Christiansen's life, while Eamonn Andrews and Francis Williams* (seated) *listen.*

Praised, and also criticised, for being a "tear-jerker," This is Your Life *has rarely succeeded in releasing as much emotion as when Anna Neagle was its subject. She cried. But this was a calmer moment in the programme, when Frankie Vaughan joined her.*

Bush by a driver who pretended to be unsure of the way, and went the wrong side of Shepherds Bush Green. It was pointed out by our confederate in the car that Lime Grove was a one-way street, but that he could turn to his left down Pennard Road. There we had a parking place fixed at the back of the theatre where we do the programme, and at that point the car was to be stopped by Eamonn Andrews.

For the first time in all the many jobs he's done for us, driver Danny Roman's timing went wrong and he got there one minute too early. While Eamonn Andrews was introducing the show on the stage I on my preview screen saw the car go past in the road behind the theatre! I thought the driver was going on round the block and back down the road, which would have been nice timing. Instead of doing this, however, he panicked, went on a longer time-killing circuit and arrived three minutes too late. I went through agonies during that time, not knowing whether he was going to come back at all!

One of the first programmes we gave was on the Rev. James Butterworth of London's Clubland. The great thing in Jimmy's Clubland life is a big service he calls "Sunday at Seven." Our programme in those days was screened on Sunday at 7.30. We had to get him away from Clubland by seven o'clock, and we could not expect to pick him up just as he was going into his service, so we had to catch him earlier. We arranged for one of his Clubland trustees to go along at 6.15, meet him there and say:

"I want you to do something special for the good of Clubland. I don't want to tell you what it is. Will you trust me?"

"Of course I will," said Jimmy. "What is it?"

"I want you to come with me to a meeting-place now."

"How can I? I've got to take my service at seven."

At this point the boy who reads the lessons at the service, and who was in the secret, stepped forward and said:

"Please, Mr. Butterworth, this is an opportunity I've always wanted. I read the lessons—I've always wanted to take the service. Give me this chance."

Jimmy rather hesitatingly agreed to let him do it, and was then taken

The finale when friends of the Rev. James Butterworth gathered round him in This is Your Life. *The programme told the moving story of this London clergyman's great religious and social work.*

Eamonn Andrews strikes a gay memory in Louie Ramsey, the young actress who triumphed over paralysis and returned to her career. Her story of courage was told during a pantomime performance in which she was starring at Edinburgh, and Andrews found her on stage and in costume.

out. We then had the problem of delaying his arrival for an hour. He was taken to another trustee's house; this man was included in the party and talked to him all the way to Lime Grove. Again we started without knowing exactly where our subject was. After Eamonn had spoken to three people in the audience Jimmy was to come through the theatre door, having been met on the steps by Jerry Desmonde, whom he had previously met many times with Bob Hope. Our eyes were fixed on that door while outside Jerry was saying, "I've got a little scheme in here to help Clubland —come in with me." Once Jerry had met him, of course, everything was all right.

The programme on Louie Ramsey, the young actress who had shown such promise before suddenly being paralysed in the feet, gave us a lot of excitement. After a year of splints and hospitals she fought back, threw off her affliction and made a come-back in pantomime at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh. We decided to interrupt the performance, and told the management and staff that the BBC was doing a show called *Panto Story* and we were filming excerpts from three pantos.

We had no worry about our subject because she was on the stage, but we let into the secret the theatre manager, lessees, producer and

stage-manager. We wanted to take in the finale of the first half, in which Louie appeared twice. We hoped the timing would allow us to pick her up the first time. But it wasn't quite 8.15, and Sergeant Bilko was still on the screen! This not only gave me a scare, but cost us £300; because in the first part she was on stage with five people only, but in the second she appeared with the whole company and I had to pay every single one for appearing on television!

Another worry about that show was that I had to take the risk of someone in the Edinburgh theatre audience saying, "What is this? I didn't pay to see *This is Your Life*, I paid to see a pantomime. I object. . . ." And we would have had to stop it. However, it came off all right.

Sometimes we are criticised for bringing tears to television. But they are honest tears, tears of true emotion if people like it, and very often tears of joy. I had a letter from a little girl after our programme last Christmas on Mrs. Dobson, a dear old lady. The little girl wrote: "My mummy likes your programme but I don't because you make old ladies cry, and this old lady was crying at Christmas and I think you're very cruel."

I wrote back to her saying when she grew older she would know that sometimes if you're very happy, you cry instead of laughing. And that if she could have seen Mrs. Dobson twenty minutes later tucking into a Christmas dinner I was sure she would have been very happy, too.

Luring the unsuspecting This is Your Life *personality to the TV studio is always a problem for the producer. When Vera Lynn* (left) *was the subject, Eric Robinson* (right) *and friends took her in a van—supposedly on a club outing!*

Lorrae Desmond

A ROLLING stone gathering a great deal of success is Australian songstress Lorrae Desmond. This honey-blonde ex-hairdresser from Mittagong was determined to see the world. Before she left Australia she spent six months on a desert island on the Great Barrier Reef, helping a family of friends to build a pioneer homestead. Since then she has been to Britain, Belgium, France, Kenya, Egypt, Luxembourg, Spain and Morocco and looks like making the world her stage.

"I don't own a chair or table," says Miss Desmond—who is single, 27 and has called 12 different furnished flats "home" since she landed in England six years ago. "I have never bought any furniture because I always think I might be off somewhere else tomorrow."

She has already travelled fast and far in the world of entertainment. The Lorrae of six years ago, to use her own description, had "long untidy hair, a loud voice and wore clothes in very mixed colours." Now singing star Lorrae Desmond is one of the smoothest and smartest of performers.

Fresh from a few cabaret and radio engagements in Sydney, she found it hard to break into British show business just at first. "To me everybody seemed determined not to get excited about anything," she recalls. But the girl from Mittagong created enough of a stir to get herself launched in radio variety and cabaret at some of the plushier Mayfair night spots.

After singing with Ambrose and his orchestra, teaming with Bernard Braden and Dick Bentley on the Light Programme and making a pretty impact on the TV screen, she sailed into *Trouble for Two*, a comedy series in which she partnered Jacqueline Mackenzie, another star who has come a long, long way in the shortest possible time.

SUNDAY NIGHT AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM

The popularity of ITV's Sunday Night at the London Palladium *has been widely discussed. Perhaps its basic appeal is that it provides the atmosphere of being actually inside the famous theatre. The programme is also British television's main shop-window for displaying the much-publicised American stars. The precision-trained Tiller Girls* (above) *give the shows speed. Nor are British stars overlooked; David Whitfield appeared* (left) *in a typical Palladium scene with the George Carden Dancers.*

Johnnie Ray is a certainty in the Palladium show whenever he visits Britain. Other visiting American singing stars have been Marvin Rainwater (top right) *and Guy Mitchell* (right). (Below) *A lush scene with Jayne Mansfield, Dickie Henderson—and a Daimler.*

Television Offers

A CHANCE FOR THE CHURCHES

Says THE REV. SIMON PHIPPS, ATV *Religious Adviser*

HERE are two views about television and religion. Both come from parsons, and I disagree with both. One stressed the importance of religious television by saying, "The slumming of the twentieth century will be done through the television screen." The other simply said that the whole thing was a waste of time. I cannot agree with either the "all" or the "nothing" school. The truth lies somewhere in between.

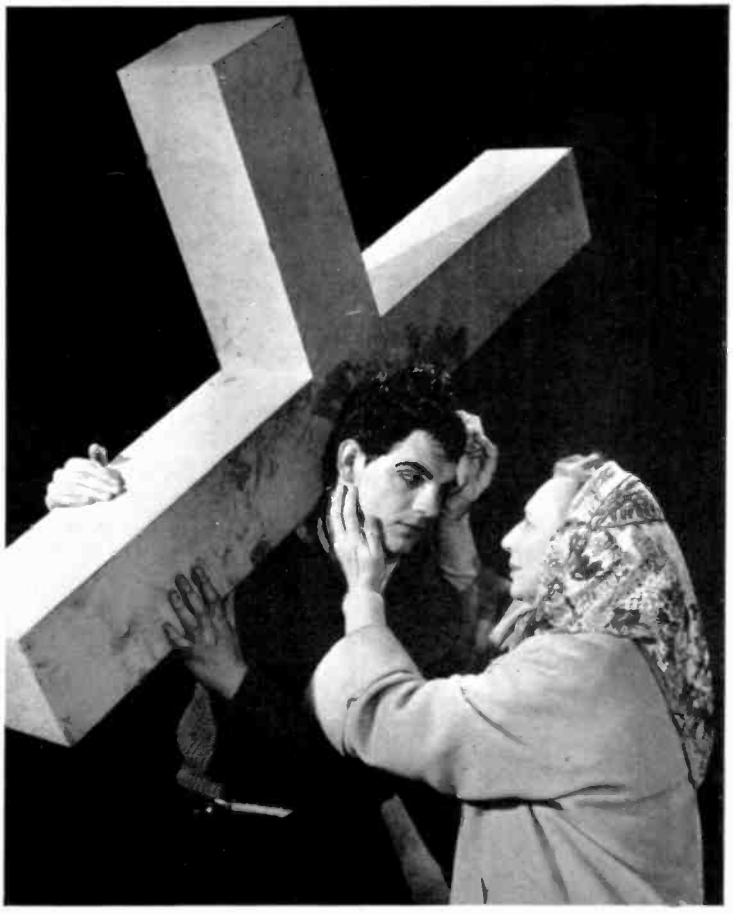
The opportunity which television offers the churches is particularly apposite to their present situation. Their occupational disease at the moment is lack of effective contact with the mass of the population. In the last 150 years the population of Western Europe has vastly increased, and neither the churches nor any other institution have been able to keep up with the new situation. The new masses tended to be sucked into the cities and their expanding industries, and there a great new working class has grown up with a very positive culture of its own in which religion, seen in traditional terms, has next to no place. So the churches find themselves left outside of most people's lives, with a great gap in between. The major problem for Christians is in bridging that gap.

Much thought and much activity is being spent on this problem, and television comes as an obvious ally—with a set in every home it gives a new opportunity to penetrate every home with Christian ideas. The churches would be foolish to ignore all this. Though some in high places and low have viewed the whole idea of religious television with distaste, the churches have seized the opportunity. For nearly three years regular religious programmes have been put on every Sunday and epilogues have concluded every day's broadcast. But what exactly does it do? Who does it reach? Does anyone care?

These questions are always hard to answer where television is concerned. Except in notably popular programmes, it is never easy to know what the "viewing figures" really mean. But without engaging in any

guesswork at all, I am sure it is true to say that religious television can never make more than a limited impact. I could never accept the idea that it is the twentieth century's main means of evangelism. In the first place, nothing can ever take the place in evangelism of the encounter between one person and another, of their actual meeting and discussion —more, of their life and work together. Evangelism is a two-way process: one must be able to answer back, to see and ask for more. In fact, it is a matter of *love*. This two-way working is not possible through television, which is essentially one-way in its impact, even though that impact can at times be great. Secondly, it will take more than talking and seeing to bridge the gap. Nothing short of lives totally devoted to Christian love in action will make a really deep impression on the masses outside the church. This leaves television way out on the edge of things.

But when this has been said (and it is important to say it), there is much that can be done through television. There is always an element, in



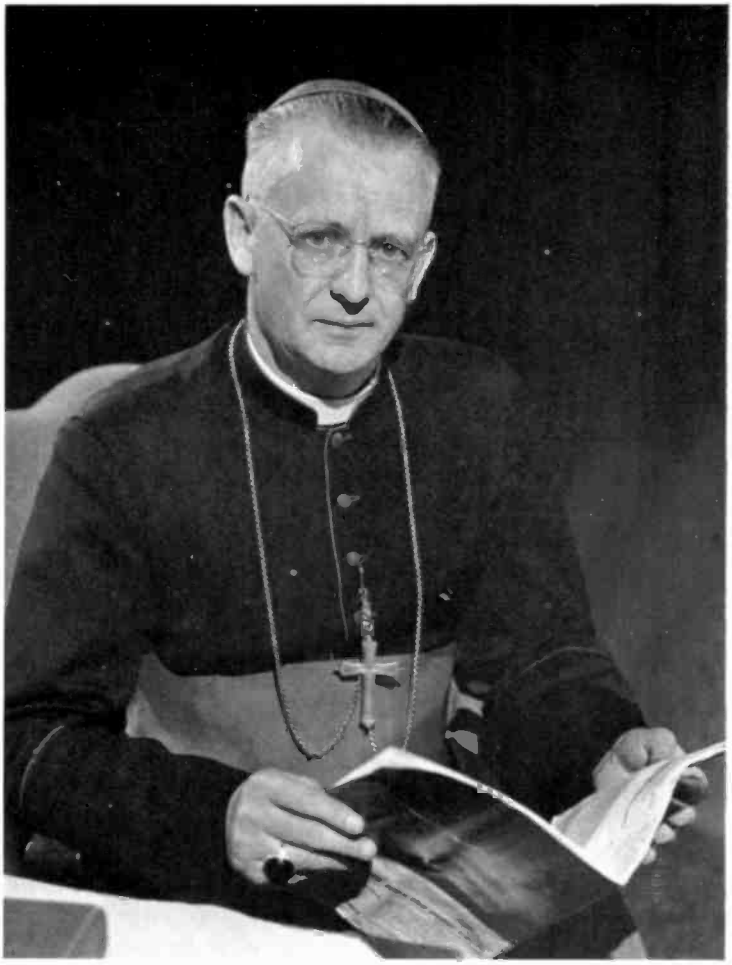
Television cannot replace the Church, but it can extend its teaching. It does this by experiments like Christ in Jeans, *a modern-dress version of the Easter story, which was produced for ITV by Associated Television.*

the Church's approach to the world, of what the Bible calls "casting bread upon the waters." The preacher preaches, and that's that. He feels that God has given him something to say; he says it, and leaves the result to God. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

This is always the case with "visiting preachers"; the follow-up has to be done by someone else. This has its particular value. The fact that you can't run after or ring up the preacher to argue and discuss, throws the weight of what you are to think and do about it back on to you; it forces you to face the issue on your own. In the end, however many people you talk to in between, that's the only way to face it, if you face it at all. Preaching through television is like this.

Certainly television can make all this more interesting and more compelling than most sermons! It happens to lend itself particularly well to two of the main aspects of the Christian message—the breadth of its relevance and the depth of its challenge. So many people think religion is only concerned with a very limited range of "churchy" ideas and activities, and Christians often underline this impression. But in fact God minds about everything. If He made it all and sustains it all, as He does, then He must care for it all. In *all* that is good He gives us glimpses of His

Pere Aime Duval, guitar-playing French priest, made a big impression in the BBC's Meeting Point, *and here the programme's producer, Patricia Foy, talks with him.*



The Most Rev. John C. Heenan, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, spoke straight into the camera for twenty minutes when he appeared in ITV's Living Your Life. *This television method is commended by many religious leaders.*

love; in *all* that is bad He speaks in judgement. Television by its use of film, of dramatic episodes, of numberless technical effects, and by showing people of every race and outlook, can present the width of God's concern and therefore of religious range. All this is religious, it can say, because God cares about it all.

But out of God's wide world comes His deep, penetrating challenge, "What are you going to do about it?" Here again the television medium fits the case. The most compelling way to challenge is through a personal encounter with a convinced and sincere person. Through television a speaker can come almost into your room, your home, your whole situation, and talk quietly and sincerely to you. There is an extraordinary difference between speaking on television and speaking in the pulpit or on the platform. You do not raise your voice or carefully articulate your words. You

Barbara Kelly (seated right) *joined Bernard Miles, a blind girl, and other actors in the BBC series of Bible readings,* This Book is News.

just talk, for though your audience may amount to a few million, it is at the same time never really more than two or three people gathered round the set.

In planning the programmes for *About Religion* we have always borne in mind these two aspects of the medium which are so helpful in presenting the Christian message. We have covered wide fields, and yet tried to balance this with a deep challenge. From time to time we have had "solo" programmes, which can be most effective if skilfully produced, focusing the challenge in a remarkable way.

I believe there are resources in the medium which are still to be discovered and exploited. What we see can speak very powerfully for itself, without the addition of commentary. This method of evoking ideas in people by presenting them with imagery is extensively used in the Bible. The stories of the New Testament can vividly evoke a sense of the reality of Christ, and the medium of television can serve to do the same, letting, for instance, a parable speak for itself through a visual presentation of

the episode involved, such as the Prodigal Son or the Pearl of Great Price or the Sower.

A more conventional use of the medium is the presentation of church services. For over a year now this has been a feature of the ATV Sunday-morning programme. It runs the risk of dullness, but this is a matter for the producer. A sensitive use of cameras to show the setting of the service and to accompany parts of the service with suitable visual aids can enhance the atmosphere of worship and draw the viewer into it. This is of enormous value to sick and house-bound people, and has made an invaluable contribution to their spiritual lives. It may also serve to commend the worship of the churches to some who have forgotten or ignored its beauty and power. But the presentation needs particular care, since an ill-conducted service, a dreary voice or a boring sermon may equally confirm people in their reluctance to join in.

As well as these possibilities, tried and untried, there is an indirect value in it all. Television is something which is of the very essence of the modern, everyday world. News, entertainment, documentaries, sport, commercial advertisements jostle each other for time on the air. It is a good piece of witness that something specifically Christian should be found at the heart of all this. The mere fact that religious television exists at all speaks for itself—it shows that television is a field of secular life where religion does not go by default. Television's general value should be neither over- nor under-emphasized. But its potentialities should be grasped as of genuine value to the Church in the world.

In another Meeting Point *programme, Father Trevor Huddleston* (right) *discussed the meaning of "obedience" with Major Anthony Farrar-Hockley, formerly Adjutant of the "Glorious Gloucesters" of Korea fame.*

Sarah Lawson

WHEN girls with neatly-chiselled profiles and nicely-modulated accents decide to become actresses they usually find themselves down among the ingenues playing sweet young things until they grow too old to care. But not Sarah Lawson, who is wise as well as beautiful and has the pluck that often goes with red hair. She was determined not to be typed, turned down pretty-pretty parts for which most starlets would dye their locks and sell their souls, and emerged as one of TV's most powerful, versatile and extensively-employed dramatic actresses.

Although she prefers television to films, there was a time when she bravely decided to curtail her small-screen activities because she felt viewers might begin to sigh: "What, Sarah Lawson again!" That is hardly likely to happen to a star who can play a murderess in a wheel-chair in *The Rossiters* and still command the sympathies of an audience of millions, but Miss Lawson plots her career with a strategy that becomes the daughter of a naval officer.

It began when she was at school in Sussex and appeared as the Duke in *The Merchant of Venice*. One of the adjudicators said she had "dignity and presence." From that moment it was the life of an actress, or nothing, for Sarah. After training at the Webber-Douglas school she made her first professional appearance in the Edinburgh Festival production of *Everyman*, doubling the roles of an angel and a fallen woman. She has found plenty of variety in her theatrical activities since then, including a £4-a-week job in repertory at Felixstowe where she sewed costumes and played leading lady.

Her London stage debut in *Intimate Relations* so impressed visiting film executives Betty and Sidney Box that they gave her major screen roles in *Street Corner* and *You Know What Sailors Are*. She made her first television appearance nine years and over 35 parts ago in *Face to Face*. Also making a debut in that performance was Diana Dors. The blonde and the red-head can both look back with satisfaction on the years between.

MICHAEL MILES *Claims His Quiz is*

FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY

in an Interview with BILL EVANS

To Michael Miles I put the question that must always be in viewers' minds. "If you were a contestant on *Take Your Pick* and were offered £25 for the key—what would *you* do?" Let me say at once I expected tall, long-chinned Mr. Miles to say that with such valuable prizes at stake, of course he would risk losing the money and hang on to the key.

Not on your Michael! "I would always take the money. I'm not a gambler; not the slightest bit interested in gambling. Horse racing leaves me cold. If I put ten bob on a horse and it loses I'm bitterly upset. I would rather spend it on a few glasses of beer."

Which makes you realize that *Take Your Pick*, with all its glittering prizes, is no gamble for the 42-year-old New Zealander who created it. It's pedantic to say it's in the "Top Ten." One merely inquires the names of the other nine. So I asked Michael Miles to turn philosopher and tell me what's behind *Take Your Pick's* success.

"That's very simple," he replied, "it's a business. I think the entertainment world is a business. We try to do a good programme—and by good I mean a programme the public as a whole will enjoy. There's no suggestion that it's of great cultural interest because I know jolly well that it isn't. I also feel that if we can entertain a few million people on Friday evenings that's a good thing. Basically I enjoy doing it—it's not just a job. The amount of work that goes into it is unbelievable. The easiest part of the show is the performance. The difficult part is all the preparation behind the scenes."

Were quiz games of importance to the country's welfare, or merely fuel for the national fireside?

"Critics like Kenneth Baily take cracks at quiz programmes because they feel they're not of great importance. Well, Baily is quite right—they're not. They're not doing anything for the country—and neither did the Hal Roach features in the early days of the movies, nor the Laurel and Hardy comedies. They just gave the people a laugh. That's all quiz

Fabulous prizes are the alluring feature of Michael Miles' Take Your Pick *quizzes on ITV. On one occasion this completely equipped kitchen was won by the lucky contestant* (right).

games are intended to do. The thing is a game—it's fun. I'm not trying to educate people. We are not interested in the people who come along to *Take Your Pick* with one idea: to win something. I'm interested in meeting people who genuinely come up hoping to have a bit of fun, who realize they may win nothing from the show.

"That's one of the reasons we keep forfeits in. A lot of critics write that they are humiliating, which is utterly wrong. We never select our contestants in advance—they're all volunteers chosen from the studio audience literally minutes before the show begins. And if they don't volunteer nothing in the world can make me force them on to the stage.

"We get more volunteers than we could possibly want, but I always point out to them that they may win nothing at all—and may have to perform a forfeit. In other words, they have got to work a little for the *prospect* of winning a prize. Not the certainty of winning a prize—because there's no guarantee, even if they do a forfeit, that they will get their three questions right."

About those questions Michael puts to the contestants. Weren't they just *too* easy?

"They are, of course, child's play. But any questions are child's play when you're sitting at home. Once you get up in front of that audience with three TV cameras, boom mikes and arc lamps on you, believe me, it's very difficult to know that five beans do make five. I don't think the public or the critics realize how difficult it is for contestants.

"Sometimes I'm asked why I don't do away with the booby prize, and give something of value. If I did the whole spirit of the thing would be lost. If you know that whatever happens you can get something of intrinsic value nobody would ever sell the key. Say you're competitor No. 3 and you've seen one mediocre and one big prize go, and know there are five other good prizes left; you might try and calculate the odds. But if you realize there may be nothing, and I go up to £18 for the key, you've got to think pretty carefully what you're going to do. The interesting thing is that no one who has won a booby prize on the show has complained —they could always have taken the money. The people who do complain

"Gimmick" prizes are often given in Take Your Pick *—usually pleasant enough for those winning them. This happy winner had to take the Union Jack to New York and wave it during the Queen's visit there.*

are those who win jolly good prizes and ask for something else. The answer is 'No you might have got the booby!'

"We have a studio audience of about 200 to 250 and half of them want to take part. We only have time for about eight in each show, so many are disappointed from the start. But the essential philosophy of the show is that it is a game. I think that one of its successes is that the average man or woman thinks, 'Oh gosh, I could be out there winning one of those prizes. The questions aren't difficult. We could have a bit of fun just as well as the next person!' "

Reminding me that *Take Your Pick* is ITV's oldest quiz show—it started the night after Channel 9 opened Michael gave me this reason for its embarking on a fourth year: flexibility.

"We have managed to keep it fresh by changing the format. I own the show and if I've wanted to do anything major like giving a house away I can do so because the finance comes out of my own pocket. I don't have to ring anyone else and say 'Can I afford to do this?' Associated-Rediffusion have been very reasonable. For instance, I get an idea for flying two people round the world and say I think we'll drop the forfeits for four weeks and they agree."

A nippy sports car was the award to this contestant, shown receiving it from Michael Miles. "People at home," says Miles, "love to see other people winning prizes; but the prizes must have a new look."

A trip to Australia made TV history as a quiz prize in Take Your Pick. *One contestant and one other lucky viewer had to fly on opposite routes around the world and meet on Sydney Harbour Bridge. Here you see their meeting.*

Having admitted that he was flanked by *Emergency Ward* 10 and *The Army Game*, Michael was not perturbed at the suggestion of *Take Your Pick* being a good stop-gap.

"If I think that, how can you explain that when we are on the air the audience rating goes up—and when we are not it goes down?"

And it was natural for him to refute the charge that quiz games, like television itself, are somehow immoral.

"If I thought quiz games were immoral I would also think people who do the pools are immoral, who back horses are immoral, that dog racing's immoral and that chemin-de-fer is too."

What about viewers who have to sit and watch people in the studio take away handsome prizes?

"People at home love to see other people winning prizes," he affirmed. "But the prizes must have a new look. There's nothing unusual about sheets and pillow-cases, but in one show we had a cedar chest, a pair of blankets, and some nylon and cotton sheets *which will last twenty years*. We don't just give away a car—we give 100 gallons of petrol with it. In every case there must be something added to the prize —not just 'You've won a fish-knife'."

This last remark of Michael's may indeed have had some reference to the BBC's attempts to run give-away shows, such as the *Charlie Chester Show*. It should be remembered, though, that ITV, financed as it is by advertisers, has no scruples about spending money freely on prizes in such shows. The BBC, supported by your licence fee and mine, feels it should not use our money to pay for lavish gifts for other people.

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Michael Holliday

NOT so long ago a tourist-class cabin boy in the *Queen Mary* received a severe reprimand because he hung around a state-room hoping to catch a glimpse of his idol, Bing Crosby. Now that one-time very-ordinary seaman is better known as Michael Holliday, Britain's own Bing Crosby. Within seven years the lantern-jawed singer with the low-slung voice has gone from the struggles of life on Liverpool's dockside to the glossy height of the hit parade.

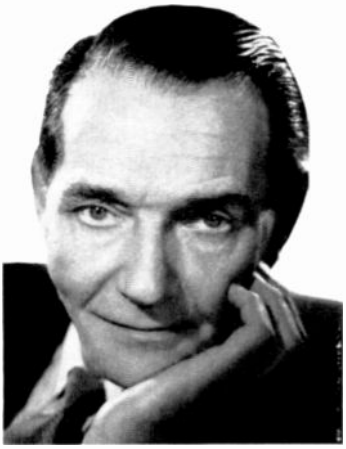
Although he says he is one of the worrying kind his television appearances suggest the relaxed happiness of a man just singing because the world looks good. For 29-year-old Mr. Holliday it could hardly look brighter. He has bought a new car, a horse and a pleasant home in Surrey for his wife Margie and son Michael. His income has risen from the £5 a week he earned as a holiday-camp vocalist in 1951 to the super-plush class of over £10,000 a year. Yet modest Michael, who hasn't a glowing opinion of his own voice and was taught to play the guitar by a fellow seaman, is still scared of the fans and the fuss that come with fame.

Although he yearned to be a singer as a boy, he was too shy to go on the stage and went to sea as a deckhand when he was 14. That interesting twist to his jaw is the result of a fight in the galley. During the war he was torpedoed whilst sailing in a Russian convoy.

His first audition was secretly arranged when he was singing in the bath. His brother, who worked as a caterer in a holiday camp, brought along the camp's band-leader and made him listen outside the bathroom door to that voice which was to launch a million discs. From that informal beginning Mr. Holliday has gone, via dance bands and minor radio dates, to top the pops and star in his own TV show.

One of his outstanding records is called "The Story Of My Life." The person who still seems most amazed at the latter chapters in the life story of ex-seaman Holliday is that star vocalist Michael Holliday.

DON'T UNDER-ESTIMATE THE VIEWER



Warns GERALD BEADLE, *BBC Director of Television Broadcasting*

WHEN you look at BBC Television today you are in good company. About 15 million adults look at some part of our programmes each day, or somewhere around 40 per cent of the adult population of the United Kingdom. That in itself is a measure of television as we know it today. In 21 years television has grown from a novelty into big business. Millions of pounds are spent on it annually; the biggest stars work for it; famous authors write for it. And everybody, of course, talks about it.

It is, perhaps, another measure of its hold on the public that television is so often reviled and blamed not by those who watch it but by those who seek an explanation for their pet social theories. Some describe it as anti-social, a killer of hobbies and the means of turning the British into a nation of monosyllabic morons. I do not think this is altogether fair on television. Some hobbies are bound to have suffered, as they did, for instance, when the motor car and the cinema were invented; but librarians have not noticed that reading has been unduly affected by watching television. Indeed, when the BBC televised *Jane Eyre*, *David Copperfield* and *Vanity Fair*, the borrowings and sales of these classics soared. And today people are doing things for themselves in their homes as they have never done before; indeed, "do-it-yourself" has become an industry in itself.

As for the suggestion that television is stopping us from going out and maintaining social contacts, you have only to count up the number of thronged coffee bars, listen to the talk there and in pubs and restaurants, watch the stream of cars on a fine Sunday, look at the queues for a football match or a horse show or a boxing match, visit any dance hall on a Saturday night—to realize that television isn't really a monster keeping its victims in chains.

What, then, about the 15 million viewers who on a typical day look at some part of BBC programmes? They are people who have accepted

television as part of their way of life. Something in the day's programmes interests them, so they watch. But today, perhaps more than at any time, the viewer is learning to discriminate; he is selecting what he wants to see, as he chooses a book or a film or a sports event. Sometimes a lot of people watch a particular programme. This year's Cup Final, for instance, was seen on BBC Television by 12 million adults, and a similar kind of audience can be drawn by artists like Benny Hill. There are other types of programmes which have not the same "popular" appeal, but which nevertheless are watched by enormous audiences. *Panorama*, *Tonight* and *Press Conference* are three good examples. The success of such programmes is evidence of this growing discrimination among viewers. What is more, it is evidence of the demand on the part of the public for something more than passive entertainment.

We in the BBC do our best to bring the best entertainment shows to the screen (and it would almost seem like a national calamity if the veteran *What's My Line*? had to disappear). Indeed, one-fifth of the BBC screen time is devoted to straight light entertainment and comedy films. But we believe—and so it seems do our viewers—that television means more than that. So we have set up the finest system of outside broadcasting in Europe. We have taken a leading part in the development of Eurovision. We have brought experts to the screen to explain and interpret the ways and thoughts of the world. We are developing our news service with the help of the latest electronic equipment and an unrivalled team of correspondents. The greatest names in the theatre, affairs, the arts and sport join the greatest names in show business in providing a service that would have overawed our grandfathers by its very magnitude.

The principal function of television is *communication*, putting the viewer in touch with amusement, interest and information. When it comes to be used as a drug, television, to my mind, is abused. If programmes were to be simply and wholly of the lighter kind, then television would be placed in a strait-jacket from which it would find great difficulty in escaping. Happily, that is not the case. Television has the freedom (even, I am glad to say, in these competitive days) to be serious, to experiment, to look after the minorities—and the freedom to annoy its viewers on occasions by challenging some of their accepted opinions. This freedom has produced the broad pattern of programmes you get in the BBC Television Service.

There is hardly anything we don't do. We do not televise Parliament or the proceedings in the courts, but there are very few other aspects of national life in this country that are not looked at by BBC cameras. In this sense, television is fulfilling its function.

So I am not altogether worried to hear that somebody's fretwork has

Future home of what Gerald Beadle calls "the most comprehensive and interesting television service in the world"—a model of the BBC's Television Centre, now under construction, as it will eventually appear.

been interrupted while he looked at a documentary programme. Or even that somebody else was so absorbed by *Press Conference* he forgot to do his football pool coupon. For television communicates ideas. It promotes discussion—and you have only to hear the talk after, say, *Panorama* has dealt with some controversial subject to prove that point. Many people who never had a hobby, thousands who had an emptiness in their lives, are now finding in television a companion, an interest and a stimulant.

Of course, a lot of people do not choose their TV programmes. They just watch whatever comes on to the screen. Well, they are entitled to—and if there are better ways of spending all one's leisure there are also worse ways. But I think there is a tendency in some quarters to underestimate the public. In recent months the lesson has been learned by some other people in the TV business as it was learned by the BBC years ago—that, in its hours of ease, the public likes to be entertained but not to be underrated. Sometimes it likes to think.

For our part, we try to offer fun as well as thought, stimulus as well as relaxation. The result is the most comprehensive and interesting television service in the world.

DON'T EXPECT EPICS

Advises KENNETH BAILY, *Surveying the Year's Work in the BBC Drama Department*

TELEVISION comes and goes, night after night. Little it does is remembered beyond the next morning; the number of programmes which stay in the mind at the end of any one year are few indeed. Yet, such is human cussedness, most of us expect tonight's TV play to be an overwhelming winner, if not an epic. And on Sundays we'd really like an epic, thanks very much. When we fail to get plays of high standard, our remembrance of them next morning is tinctured with the kind of grousing which makes television such a good conversational topic.

This viewer attitude usually seems more readily applied to BBC plays. It appears that ITV has successfully sold itself as the provider of sensation, the glib and the smart. Poor Sunday-night plays on ITV appear to receive little viewer criticism so long as they include one burning love scene; or a terror-provoking thrill; or eye-shocking cruelty.

With the BBC, however, it is different. Everybody from Acacia Avenue to Maltravers Towers seems to expect drama purified to epic glory from Lime Grove. If this attitude spurs on the BBC to try its best in drama, then it must be a good thing. But it is an attitude constantly causing disappointment to viewers holding it—and the BBC itself has largely brought it about.

Broadcasting House was long ago dedicated as a temple to the arts, and by its work, and by cleverly calculated publicity down the years, the BBC has sold itself to the public as a kind of vestral sanctuary out of which only the great, the good and the glorious is supposed to issue. But for this legend, viewers might be prepared sometimes to receive from the BBC temple the not-so-great, less-than-good, and the vain-glorious. So when it comes to TV plays on the BBC channel, we viewers have a great weight of BBC traditions reacting on us, whether we know it or not. Added to this is the rank impossibility of finding two epic dramas every

An epic—at least for students of the drama —Amphitryon 38 (right) *was produced in the BBC's "World Theatre" series. Because of the scintillating performance of Googie Withers, seen here with Alec Clunes, it won praise from many viewers too. In the same series* The Clandestine Marriage (below) *starred Esmond Knight and Hermione Baddeley, with Eric Lander, Doreen Aris and Geoffrey Bayldon.*

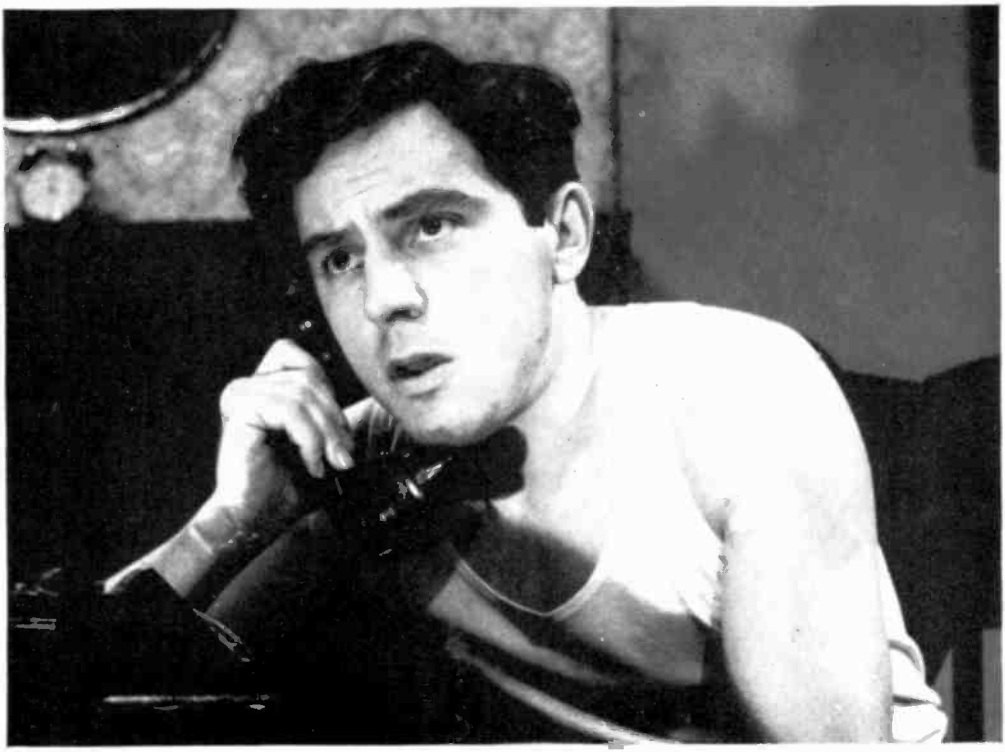
Homely stories of domestic crisis often go well on television. Among a number of such plays was the BBC's The Age of Innocence, *with (left to right) Sylvia Herklots, Stephen Murray and Jane Barrett.* (Left) *Peter Cushing and Mary Morris brought to life the sinister story of* Uncle Harry.

week, which would be required to fulfill the normal requirements of the BBC drama programme.

I am well aware that those at the head of BBC Television are by now realistic and do in fact regard the flow of programmes nightly as something of a mass-production effort. They certainly do not expect to reach epic standards on the screen very often. This is healthy; for it means that Lime Grove looks for nothing more than competent yarns in play form, but in the main produces them with the care and attention it would give to a classic drama. We get a staple diet of bread-and-butter plays, pleasing as a passing pleasure, with an occasional rich dish when and if it can be found.

But Lime Grove is never content to leave it at that. It tries to rise above this humdrum level and puts those well-used BBC fanfare trumpets in front of its plays whenever it can muster a cause strong enough. This was done in the "World Theatre" series of Sunday-night plays. The intention was to bring to the viewing masses classics of world drama, at a peak viewing hour, when it was hoped most of the audience would be captured and would just have to learn what a classic is.

Something of a tour-de-force was scored by young actor Anthony Newley in Sammy, *a play of suspense centred on one man.*



Comedy plays make a hit for Saturday-night viewing, and Heroes Don't Care (left) *was no exception. A strong cast included Leslie Phillips, Clive Morton, Faith Brook and Rona Anderson.* (Below) *Very different was* Background, *a marriage tragedy, with Joyce Heron, Michael Gwynn and young players Mavis Sage, Cavan Kendall and Ingrid Sylvester.*

Two popular television players, Alfred Burke and Billie Whitelaw, gave moving performances in the BBC thriller by Elaine Morgan, You're a Long Time Dead.

Viewing statistics, which usually vary according to whether they are issued by BBC or ITV, nevertheless showed that there was little desertion of ITV's Sunday viewing for World Theatre; yet, on balance, some of the "difficult" plays in the series got quite large audiences among the faithful BBC viewers.

There is no doubt that most of these plays were produced either elegantly or cleverly, or both, according to type. There was quality to most of the casts. Even *Hancock's Half Hour* fans are alleged to have rallied to watch Tony in Gogol's *The Government Inspector*. But the old BBC "do-good" intention had been made a little obvious. It would have worked better, and been less suspect, if each of the "World Theatre" plays had been placed in programmes monthly, on its own merits, without the build-up of that pretentious series title.

The other recent occasion when Lime Grove has attempted to add something special to the inevitable treadmill of weekly play production was in the series "Television Playwright." This really amounted to getting

together all the performable new plays Lime Grove had on hand, or could lay its hands on, and lumping them together as a series. That does not matter much. What counts is whether they were better than usual plays, and whether they discovered even one TV playwright with the impact on the medium that Priestley or Rattigan had on the theatre when their first plays were produced there.

In "Television Playwright" there were a number of *fresh* plays, dramas exploring ideas absent from the normal run of TV plays, and sometimes finding in television an exciting method of putting these ideas over. But the world-shaking new TV writer did not turn up. Nor, of course, did the epic.

It is far better to accept these facts as they are, than to grouse—either that "TV drama" is in the doldrums, or that the BBC just does not care. Because it is in the very nature of things that a TV epic will come about as regularly as a Shakespeare is born; and that even brilliant new TV plays will remain nothing more than moderately thick needles in smallish haystacks.

Alec McCowen has become a much-admired TV actor. Here, gripped by the policemen, he is shown in a dramatic scene from The Little Beggars, *a play about modern youth on the bombsites.*

Rising theatre actor Paul Massie partnered popular TV actress Zena Walker in And Her Romeo, *a new play in the BBC's "Television Playwright" series.*

Diana Decker went into BBC drama for Hunted, *about a Russian on the run from secret-service agents. Patrick Troughton played the quarry.*

What should be marvelled at is that there are enough clever or competent writers about to provide an unending supply of plays attaining a viewable standard. And that producers, designers, costume-makers and technicians at Lime Grove never tire of putting them on pretty much without a flaw.

We can also be grateful to television for breeding far more good actors and actresses than this country ever had at its command before it came along. It would make a long list to name all the good-looking and talented young men, and all the beautiful and talented young women acting in television, any one of whom could easily be bolstered up to Hollywood star size on the cinema screen.

Before television arrived all these players would be stumping round provincial reps, or would have thrown up the acting game altogether. If TV drama were as badly put to finding performer talent as is TV light entertainment, viewers would indeed have something to grouse about!

Whether any of these players can achieve on television the star proportions available to the lucky few in the theatre and in films, remains to be seen, of course. But it looks doubtful. Although elsewhere in this volume Miss Josephine Douglas claims that she could make TV drama stars, given a TV repertory company, there is growing evidence for the belief that the small screen can never enlarge an acting personality sufficient to make it into a myth or a legend, in Hollywood fashion.

This being so, one might hope that TV drama players would become stars solely by sheer merit of talent. Yet a number have had time to do this were it possible; and it is still theatre and cinema, and not television, which are making the acting idols of the public.

Ladies in Retirement *has become almost a hardy annual on the small screen. Its delicately covered thrills were enlivened in this latest production by Joan Hickson, Valerie Taylor and Janet Joye.*

As a Footnote to KENNETH BAILY'S

Summing-up of BBC Drama,

Here's a Viewpoint on TV Plays from

JOSEPHINE DOUGLAS

TELEVISION, to me, is the friendliest form of entertainment of all. I see it as an extension of "garden wall" gossip; as a way to meet old friends; as a means of finding out what is going on, not only in one's immediate circle, but all over the world. Television audiences delight in gossiping about the people they see on the small screen, discussing their clothes, their mannerisms, what they said and how they said it. As a producer, I have learned one important truth about television: rightly or wrongly I never found pure talent (in the theatrical and film sense) to be of paramount importance to a TV star—it is more important that he or she be *liked.* If the artist is brilliantly talented, too, then they make the best kind of TV stars. But talent without "likeability" makes bad television, although it may well be highly successful theatre or cinema.

What has all this to do with TV drama? Quite a lot indirectly. Because it was while pondering on the importance of knowing and liking people on television, that I began to realize that the best-known TV names are not of dramatic stars—they are personalities of Outside Broadcasts or Light Entertainment. Now drama artists are every bit as talented (sometimes more so), and they are frequently eminently likeable, but the public gets very little chance really to *know* them.

Television drama departments, it would appear, reverse completely the policy of the rest of television, which is to permit artists to appear regularly in order to establish a relationship with the public. The actor, on the other hand, is prevented from appearing too frequently lest the public should tire of him. The few exceptions, who manage to wangle more than four appearances a year, prove this theory wrong by rapidly becoming great favourites with the play-viewing public. No wonder some of the country's best actors and actresses say they cannot live from television drama work, and that there is much more to be made from quiz games.

Josephine Douglas made a varied reputation on BBC Television as quiz-show panellist and star of Six-Five Special. *But before starting her television career she had worked as a theatrical producer, and she is a keen student of the drama.*

Now, having offered this destructive criticism, here is a constructive proposal. I suggest the formation of a Television Repertory Company. This could present one play every three weeks. Remembering what I have already said about the friendliness of television and the way the audience love to discuss the people on it, I am sure a rep. would be successful. The repertoire of plays could include new works as well as old, classical and modern. The greatest interest would be in the stars taking part rather than in the actual play, and therefore a little of the terrific strain of constantly searching for plays would be lifted. As membership of the company would guarantee the artist well paid and regular work over a long period, it would of necessity attract the best talent available as well as offering a first-class training ground and centre of discovery for small-part performers and unknowns.

Most important, the public would get to know and love their favourites. Television would really make its own dramatic stars, of the calibre of theatre and film stars. Up to now, the play has been the thing: *Play of the Week*, *World Theatre*, and so on. Won't some enterprising Drama Department permit the artists to be the thing for a change? I'd love to be the first to try a *Television Repertory Company!*

Television drama should have popular stars whom viewers can follow, says Josephine Douglas. That popular comic, Tony Hancock, turned straight actor in The Government Inspector, *for the BBC World Theatre series.*

Libby Morris

To be called the girl with the india-rubber face wouldn't delight many TV charmers. Yet that bundle of good humour, Libby Morris, found that her phrenetic features were her fortune when she gyrated in that record roister *The Jack Jackson Show*.

The career of Miss Morris has been through almost as many ups-and-downs as her facial expressions. As a schoolgirl in Winnipeg she dreamed of being an operatic singer after her contralto voice had been suitably trained. One evening, while she was playing a record from *The Barber of Seville* to an audience of young friends, she realized they were laughing hilariously instead of listening intently. Little Libby, unconsciously moving that mobile face in a mime of the opera, had scored her first comedy hit.

There was already a theatrical tradition in the family, for her brother is one of Canada's most famous character actors. Miss Morris found fresh expression in University dramatic shows, then went to Toronto where she became a cabaret artist and appeared on television and radio. Here she met and married actor Murray Karsh. In 1955 they decided to put their furniture in store (where it still remains) and come to England.

Things were tough at first—contracts non-existent and offers few. Then Miss Morris projected herself as the merriest madcap of the madcap Jackson show. That led to her own TV series, *Two's Company*, but she had to jettison the big chance because of ill health. She planned a comeback in a BBC series, but it was cancelled because she had to fly back to Canada on family business. However, Miss Morris seems as resilient as rubber. She reappeared as a disc jockey on Radio Luxembourg, and then came another TV series, *Melody Ranch*.

Her ambition is to appear as a star of musical comedy. Here she's not bouncing in where others fear to tread but just "sitting around waiting for the right part." In any other circumstances she has a violent antipathy to hanging about, particularly in queues.

"I simply refuse to stand in one," she says.

Where show business is concerned she needn't worry. Libby Morris will never be one of a crowd.

TED RAY

Reveals Some Plans For

MY TV FUTURE!

I've been in television four years now. I kept away from it for a long time because I wanted to study it. I think many stars are now too familiar to viewers—people are apt to get tired of seeing the same faces all the time. Something I've noticed, particularly among my own friends at the golf club and elsewhere, is that people very soon tire of a face. If they see too much of a person they are apt to know him just as a face. It's like seeing the same person in several films in rapid succession—he becomes just too familiar. This repetition seems to have only vanity value.

So I would like to do something different on television: a half-hour situation show, preferably without a studio audience. There's a reason for that. When I do my radio show I come out at the beginning and give the audience a "warm-up" to get them in the right mood—and everyone seems happy for the rest of the show. They accept the fact that they are in a studio; that we are reading scripts; and when we say we are going down the road to the "local" we shall not move away from the microphone. With a radio situation people go along with you, imagining themselves at your side all the way.

But the amazing thing about a TV studio audience—and I don't think anyone has overcome it yet—is that they are *not* entirely with you. When you do your "warm-up" you ask them to forget about the cameras and cables all around them. You explain they are essential to the programme and not to worry about them; but as soon as you go on the air they forget you. They are fascinated by other things: a sound-boom swinging in front of the stage—the cameras tracking in and out to mix close-ups with long shots. These things make eyes stray, faces look up, back, sideways. In fact, they are far more interested in the technical side than in the show itself.

It's true that Camera 1 in the centre manages to keep eyes fairly well on the artists, but Cameras 2 and 3 are not in the centre, and when they

have their red lights on, heads are apt to switch to see what these cameramen are up to. It's natural to want to see what the technicians are doing, for after all they are more interesting since they constitute a part of television that viewers never see on their screens.

For this reason American shows have their laughs dubbed-in afterwards. They don't leave things to the intelligence—or lack of it—of the people in the studio. They realized long ago that the technical set-up in a studio is apt to distract people from laughing.

Yet, given the right conditions, laughter is infectious. The cinema proves that. Remember the "Blondie" films a few years ago, with Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake? They were very funny domestic comedies. People laughed at them in a big way but would have missed a lot of the fun had they watched them being made. So I think the answer is to film TV comedies, show the finished product to an audience and add their laughter to the sound-track. I'm not suggesting that pre-recorded laughs "from stock" should be dubbed-in. I think that's cheating.

My BBC contract for Saturday Shows concludes at the end of 1958, and maybe that's when I shall think about situation comedy. But before I go

Ted Ray at rehearsal in the BBC Television Theatre. For some time Ted has been appearing in spectacular Saturday-evening shows. Now he plans a different type of TV programme.

It is some years since Ted Ray was a music-hall act, travelling the country with his violin. But the fiddle is often useful for his particular brand of TV fooling.

into it I want it to be the right situation. I think the ordinary domestic series has been flogged to death. We've had *I Married Joan*, *I Love Lucy* and *Joan and Leslie*—it's up to us to find a new format now.

When I talk about domestic comedy I don't necessarily mean man-and-wife comedy. Take a man who works as clerk in an office; he could be just as funny, what with making everyday mistakes and putting up with the characters working round him.

A new-type series would need a bit of blue-pr n-ting first, so that everyone would know exactly what they were doing. Do I think this would stop my ad-libbing? No, I don't think so. At present there are three writers scripting my TV shows, but we still have a lot of fun ad-libbing during rehearsals, and if I make an aside and it goes down well with the people working on the studio floor I write it in and use it that night. That helps to keep the show up-to-the-minute.

So you see I enjoy doing the Saturday Show type of programme. I think it's good if you've always got the right mixture. I imagine that the most difficult task the BBC has with its variety is finding an hour-long Saturday-night show. I do my best to help. I like doing song-and-dance numbers and vocals, but I feel it's a good thing if one can dodge about instead of having to stay stereotyped.

Radio listeners often ask: "Why don't you make *Ray's a Laugh* into a TV show? We know it so well. It would be a hit at once if we could

only *see* it." But that series has a regular audience of eight and three-quarter million, which is pretty good for a radio show nowadays. I believe all those people have their own individual ideas of what we look like. What sort of house we have—what my boss wears to the office—and all the details that go to make up the show. And I feel if we made it visual on television they are going to say, "But I didn't think it was like that at all. . . ." And I wouldn't blame them, because I didn't either!

Quite apart from that, I firmly hold the opinion that so far no radio show has been successfully transferred to television. Sound and vision are just different media, and there it is.

There's another point. I don't want to sound unduly sentimental, but I would hate to desert all the people in hospital and old people without TV sets who look forward to *Ray's a Laugh* on the radio every week. We started in 1949 and I feel we've built up a listener following which it would be a great mistake to drop.

I have as yet no plans to go on commercial television and am quite happy with the BBC. But television is changing all the time—perhaps you never really know where your TV future is!

Ted scored a television sucess with The Ted Ray Show. *He appears here in a scene with pretty Nicolette Roeg and with Kenneth Connor, who also appears in* Ray's a Laugh, *the long-running radio programme which Ted has refused to transfer to the TV studio.*

WOODROW WYATT

—*The* Panorama *Man*—*Says*

I MUST SAY WHAT I THINK!

SHOULD a television commentator give his own views? Or should he just state the facts and leave it at that?

The old tradition of the BBC was that any opinion should immediately be countered by a contrary opinion. In the end, the listener or viewer was left with a confused picture in his mind after a series of contradictory statements. Alternatively, in the absence of any opinions he finished by feeling he had got nowhere. Over the last few years in BBC Television an attempt has been made to get away from that sterile position. Commentators have begun to state their views quite freely; I myself have not been backward in this respect.

There is, of course, a great danger here. A situation could develop in which a number of television commentators with access to millions of homes could use their position to influence viewers for political or unworthy ends. They would not be able to do it openly. A television commentator who told the public that the Government was no good, or advised them to vote for one particular party, would find a sharp reaction against him. More subtle methods would be needed. The oblique remark, the careful denigration—such would be the means.

If a commentator is going to state his views he must be absolutely honest and as free as humanly possible from political, personal or other prejudices. And in dealing with serious subjects it is almost essential that a commentator should tell you what he thinks. Newspaper articles that express no point of view are without spice. Equally so are television programmes on current affairs which are minus any definite thoughts from the commentator.

After a time an audience gets to know the general outlook of a television commentator. The viewers are quite capable of deciding for themselves whether what he says makes sense or not and of making a reasonable assessment of the value to place on his observations. That is, provided

that he is not tricking them—and in time even that would be discovered. My own system is quite simple: it is to try to present the truth. I do not pretend to have got it right every time, but I do claim to have looked for it.

C. P. Scott, the great editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, once remarked that comment is free but the facts are sacred. Hardly a newspaper observes his dictum today. The facts in any story are distorted and jumbled up with what the newspaper wishes its readers to think. No sane person would look for an unbiased presentation of the facts in a *Daily Express* account of a Parliamentary Labour Party meeting. Similarly you would not feel that the *Daily Herald* was an unbiased guide to some Conservative Party activity.

In modern daily journalism respect for the facts has almost disappeared. All that matters is the angle the newspaper proprietor or editor wishes to project. The ideal newspaper would give its readers enough of the facts on any situation, in a balanced and fair way, for the reader to be able to disagree with the conclusions reached in the editorial simply on the basis of what he has read in news columns of the same newspaper.

I determined that this was what I would try to do on television. No one is in a fit position to venture an opinion unless he has unearthed the basic truths. His own feelings, prejudice, or experience may tempt him to exclude those truths which are harmful to his preconceived notions. This is a temptation to which the daily press succumbs every day.

If television, with far more influence than all the newspapers put together, were not impartial it would be calamitous. The public have a right to expect an unvarnished account whether parts of it are unpalatable or not. Both BBC and ITV have quite properly had a duty laid on them by Parliament to present serious subjects without bias; in other words, they are forbidden to act like irresponsible press barons.

My first step on beginning an item for *Panorama* is to try to clear my mind of any views I may have on the matter in hand. I read and learn from conversations all that I can about it but rigorously attempt to avoid passing any judgment in the early stages.

For example, I went to Syria in November 1957. It had been said that Syria had become a Russian satellite state and the government had gone Communist. Before going I had got the same impression from the British and American press. I was almost in the position of simply making a television programme to confirm what seemed to be generally accepted.

To my surprise I found that I was quite wrong. The press stories had been grossly exaggerated and, although there were dangerous features in the situation, there was not the slightest question of Syria going Communist or anything like it. Fortunately I had observed my own rule of clearing my mind before starting. Otherwise I should have been under

Panorama *has sent Woodrow Wyatt to many overseas centres of controversy, including South Africa to investigate the colour problem, and Ghana to survey its independence. Here he is in an African village with the BBC film unit.*

mental pressure from myself to leave out those facts which disagreed with the general view and only include those that did.

In summing up in the studio, at the end of the presentation of the film we had made, I said what I thought to be the true position in Syria (incidentally, this has been borne out by events). Nevertheless, in the film itself there were quite sufficient facts from all sides for anyone to be able to decide if I had got my conclusion wrong. I had left nothing out so far as time would permit. But had I the right to say anything after showing a film of the situation in Syria? Most certainly. Viewers are entitled to know what the commentator who has gone round with them in the film thinks himself. Otherwise the whole affair becomes an amorphous nothingness.

Frequently, of course, a summing-up by a commentator will simply be echoing, or putting into order, the thoughts that the viewers have themselves acquired while they are watching the film. It is often a tidying-up process—which can nevertheless be stimulating.

Richard Dimbleby is the familiar and easy "link-man" of Panorama, *the BBC programme which established Woodrow Wyatt as an incisive TV investigator. With others, Wyatt has steered the BBC to voicing trenchant opinion.*

When I did a programme about farming in connection with agricultural subsidies I was amazed at an outburst of fury from a number of farmers. We had been scrupulously careful to maintain a fair balance in the views stated. Throughout the whole item we had been advised by an agricultural expert of acknowledged reputation. And those whose opinions were asked in the film were themselves recognized authorities.

At the end of it all I, quite unusually for me, made no comments of my own at all. I simply left it to the viewers to make what they could of it. Despite that I was promptly accused of bias against the farmers. One correspondent writing to an agricultural newspaper even went so far as to say that I had deliberately distorted the interviews, cutting out everything that didn't suit my argument. The same writer said that I had left out all the good farmers and put in only the bad. This was the sheerest moonshine. I could hardly have been distorting the evidence to fit in with my opinions since I didn't offer any opinion. And to this day no one can possibly know what I think about subsidies paid to farmers.

That incident illustrates that many people see on the screen what they intend to see. If some disagreeable fact is shown then they denounce everybody connected with the programme; bell, book and candle. But

democracy won't work unless it can show the facts, however much people may dislike them. That was the reason why I did a programme about the Amalgamated Engineering Union and another about the Electrical Trades Union.

In the former programme the theme was apathy. Less than 10 per cent of the members of the A.E.U. were troubling to vote in elections for their National Officers. As a result the Communists were on the verge of capturing control of the union. Quite apart from this being a disaster for the country, it would have been totally at variance with the wishes of the million-strong union, only a handful of whom are Communists. As a result of this programme the vote increased sharply in a number of vital elections. The Communists failed to win and democracy was preserved. But that would not have happened if members had not been made aware of the facts by the television programme.

In the E.T.U. programme the position examined was the way in which the Communist leaders of the E.T.U. had used their power to maintain a stranglehold on the union against the wishes of the members, often using irregular means for the purpose. Members were not in a position to know the facts until I gave them. As a result there has been tremendous interest inside the E.T.U., and a growing determination to make sure that their union is democratically run.

In Panorama *the BBC pioneered the technique of supporting comment and reportage with pictures, often speaking graphically for both sides of an argument. Every week film editors sort miles of film for* Panorama.

What some people complained about in these programmes was not so much the views I gave in the summing-up, but that I had exposed the facts at all. It was the survey of the situation that they objected to, and which was described by some as interference in trade-union affairs. But a democracy cannot possibly work efficiently if its members don't know what is going on. Frequently the newspapers will not touch difficult subjects—and even when they do they fail to give a thorough and accurate analysis of them.

Here is a field in which the television commentator has a special responsibility. In all matters which affect the country we live in he should painstakingly and honestly try to unravel the facts so that the public can decide accordingly.

Again, there were similar objections when I did a programme about the Production Engineering Research Association. This is an organization partly paid for by the Government and partly by industrial firms. It exists to help British industry to produce cheaply and in large quantities as a result of their own inventiveness. Twenty to thirty times as many people are employed on similar research in Russia. Many of the best firms in Britain belong to P.E.R.A.; but out of some 15,000 firms which could belong only 500 actually do so.

When summing up at the end of this programme I called the engineering industry to task for not taking advantage of a cheap and effective service which would reduce their costs and make their industry more efficient. In this way Britain would be helped. Many people thought I was wrong to draw such an obvious conclusion. However, it did have the effect of increasing the membership of the organization by 25 per cent which in itself is sufficient justification.

But in any case a television commentator not only has the right, but the duty, to draw attention to things which are glaringly wrong with our society in order that democracy and our country may work the better. Television is above all the democratic medium. It is the most effective way yet devised of letting ordinary people know, in an authoritative and accurate manner, exactly what is going on. Its searchlight can be turned on to people and things. It must be used responsibly and with care, and the television commentator who departs knowingly from the truth and does not apply to himself rigorous standards of impartiality and objectivity should be shot.

But, on the other hand, a television commentator must see to it that this democratic medium is used to point out the weaknesses of the way in which we run our affairs as well as for praising the good things. In doing that he cannot avoid making judgments. They must be honest ones and so long as they are we are all the better for the blast of fresh air.

Diane Cilento, provocative stage and film star, joined forces with the BBC to star in Strange Interlude, *an unusual two-part play in the controversial "World Theatre" series.*

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Elizabeth Larner

ONCE upon a time a golden-haired, blue-eyed Lancashire lass came to London to seek fame and stardom. She lived mainly on milk and buns and worked as hard as a navvy, but she got no further than the third row of the chorus. Then, one day, she arrived at the theatre where she had been just one of a crowd in *Kiss Me Kate* to find that both star and understudy were ill.

"I'll have a go," she said, and in 25 minutes the Cinderella chorus girl was transformed into a leading lady. The audience signified their approval by clapping for 12 curtain calls, Jack Hylton expressed his delight by giving her a five-year contract, and the new star celebrated by going home in a taxi.

It all sounds like a script for a film musical, but it really happened to a girl nicknamed "Lucky Liz" by her colleagues, but better known to viewers of such programmes as *Olde Tyme Music Hall* and *Those Wonderful Shows* as Elizabeth Larner.

Born in the gag-writer's favourite town of Wigan, Miss Larner worked as a waitress in her mother's Blackpool boarding house when she left school. But mother sympathised with her young dreams of a career in show business and encouraged her to take dancing and elocution lessons. Soon she took her first steps towards fame as a 30s.-a-week ballet dancer in the troupe at Blackpool Tower.

Then on to London, where she followed her overnight success in *Kiss Me Kate* with a major role in *Wish You Were Here*. Lucky Liz's lucky stars didn't desert her when she understudied Doretta Morrow in *Kismet;* she eventually took over the star part and met and married advertising copywriter Peter Page during the run of the show. They have made their home in a flat on the fringes of Chelsea along with a budgerigar called Harold.

Only one little cloud spoils that "waitress-to-West-End-star" story of the golden girl from Wigan. Miss Larner is a devoted fan of the Manchester United football team. Now she has so many television, radio, recording and stage engagements that she can never find time to see them play.

"Westerns Are Harder Than Shakespeare," Says

PAT CONWAY

(Sheriff Clay Hollister of

TOMBSTONE TERRITORY*)*

I AM probably the only cowboy around who was once a member of London's Old Vic theatre company. In fact, people are always asking me how I came to be at the Old Vic at all! Well, it all started when I left Menlo Junior College, San Francisco. My father, Jack Conway, the film director, never wanted me to be an actor; he thought I should train to be a director like himself. I didn't exactly cut my teeth on a silver megaphone, but I knew the difference between a close-up and a long shot before I learned the alphabet.

I was brought up on a 125-acre ranch in the Pacific Palisades section of Los Angeles, and when I was not in the studios I was learning to rope and ride. Soon after I was ten years old I was looking after Dad's herd of 150 Angus cattle. It was hard work at the time, but it turned out to be perfect training for my role as Sheriff Clay Hollister in the *Tombstone Territory* series.

Incidentally, my grandfather, Francis X. Bushman, was one of the great matinee idols of silent films; they called him The Profile. "Bushy," as we always call him, wanted me to be an actor like himself and gave me a lot of help and encouragement.

When I left college the smell of greasepaint proved too strong to resist, and I spent a year as a student actor at the Pasadena Playhouse. Then I went to London for basic training at the Old Vic. I was there for six months, getting the kind of experience that money can't buy—you know, carrying spears for Sir Laurence Olivier and watching him and other famous Shakespearean actors at work. The pay was arbitrary: no pounds, no shillings a week. You worked for the experience, and that certainly paid off.

After six months I received a wire from my mother. She said she was worried and asked me to go to the Continent on holiday immediately. I figured this could only mean call-up, which had been hanging over my

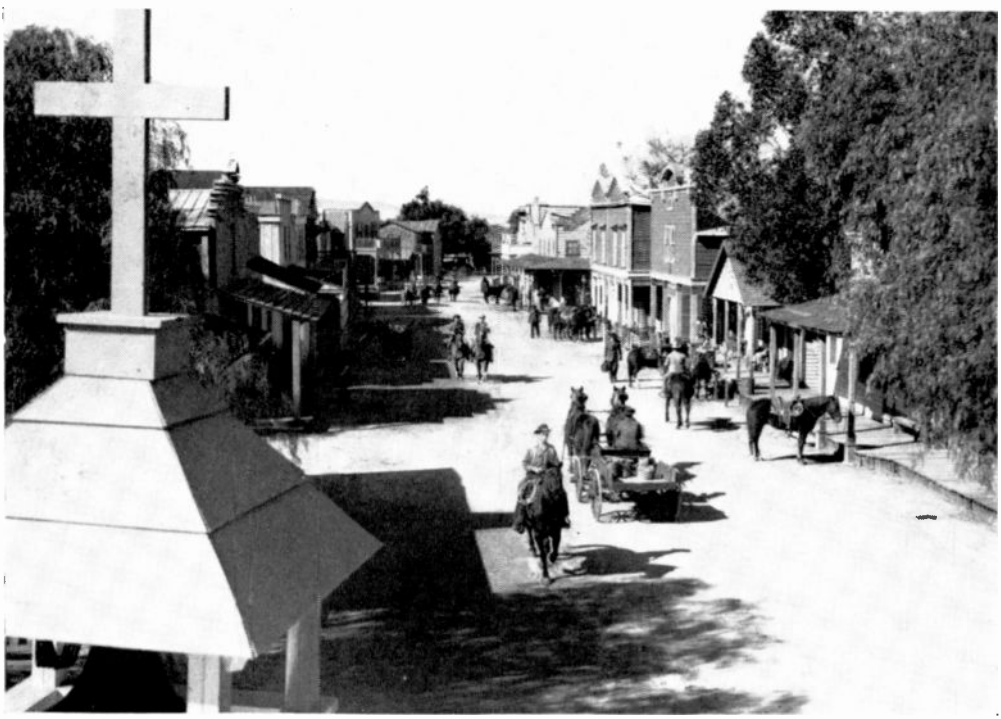
head since before I left California, so I reckoned that, instead of the Continent, I should go straight home and see my friends before the "greetings" reached me. Then I 'phoned Mother and found it wasn't the draft after all. She had read about a 'flu epidemic in Scotland and worried in case I caught it! Well, I couldn't back out then, so home I came.

The draft took another year to come through, and I spent the time with the MGM studios. I played in a dozen movies, but had no big parts, and by the time call-up came I was thoroughly dissatisfied with my acting career.

I joined the Marines and was made a drill instructor. But I turned down the chance of an officers' training course, as that would have meant longer service. I had really missed London, and wondered if I'd ever see it again. Then one of those twists of fate that never seem plausible in books or movies sent me right back to London—as a Marine guard at the North Atlantic Navy headquarters; I guess I was what you might call a happy Marine.

When I came out of the Marines I did some legitimate stage work, but I was faced with the old problem—you can't get work without a name

A pioneering town of the Old West, Tombstone, Arizona, has given its curious name to ITV's exciting cowboy series. No expense was spared in building Tombstone's main street as a location for these TV films.



Action, conflict, speed, feats of daring have been the success ingredients in television's glut of Western serials. For some people they raise doubts about the effect on viewing children—a controversy not yet really settled one way or the other. Here are Sheriff Clay Hollister and his Redskin pal tackling a gun-toting bad man.

and you can't get a name without work. It's rough getting to the top in the acting business no matter whose son or grandson you are. Don't let anyone tell you that "pull" gets you any place. You're just as bad off being a Barrymore or a Crosby or anything else as if you are a Smith or a Jones. In fact, sometimes worse off—audiences tend to resent you.

The real answer is the busiest agent in the world. And that's whom I have. This enterprising fellow got me more little theatre engagements, including one particularly fine showcase in the starring role of *Picnic*. That led to some pretty big television. And *that* led to *Tombstone Territory*.

Acting in Westerns is very different from acting in Shakespeare, but not in the way you might think. From the actor's point of view, Westerns are *harder*. Shakespeare does your work for you—you just read his lines, play them down, and you're there. But in Westerns you have to try to think of devices, pieces of business, to make them come alive. The best thing you have to give your audience is honesty. If you're not honest, if you're gimmicky, it comes right into the living room and you're a dead duck. Acting is really a mental process, trying to convey the picture of a recognisable man. And if this man happens to be a frontiersman of another era, that isn't so easy.

People ask me why it is that *Tombstone Territory* is more than holding its own against heavy competition from other Westerns. Well, for one thing it's not a pseudo-arty, "adult-type" Western. We're all proud of its being one series that takes the cowboy off the couch and puts him back on the horse, where he belongs.

DOREEN TURNEY-DANN

Spends a Hectic Day With the Production Team of

"TONIGHT"

9.0 a.m. The urgent feet of the founder members hurry to the small back room at Lime Grove where *Tonight* is created, and another day's work begins.

9.15 a.m. The team settle down under an eiderdown of newspapers while ideas, criticisms and suggestions jangle off like alarm clocks. After picking over the bare bones of the last *Tonight* they start rattling the skeleton of the current edition. Assistant producer Alasdair Milne, with a yellow pencil cocked at the ready behind his ear, stoically cushions the the shock by pointing out that there is a good backbone of film material ready prepared.

9.45 a.m. The conference continues over coffee in the canteen amid a burst of camaraderie and Christian names as Alan Whicker, back from the Middle East today, off to America tomorrow, joins the working party.

10.0 a.m. The living programme starts to take shape in the jigsaw suite of *Tonight* offices as Alasdair Milne outlines the first schedule of the day whilst simultaneously putting through priority calls to the regional offices. Prefaced by "Morning, boy! Any ideas?" these are usually as brief as a schoolboy's ablutions.

10.10 a.m. Welsh whirlwind Donald Baverstock, producer and catalytic agent of the programme, considers the schedule which is already 27½ tentative minutes full. Singers are booked, there are four filmed items and a political commentator and famous author practically in the bag.

10.30 a.m. The day and *Tonight* look promising to Mr. Baverstock, cramped into the corner of a small office which already holds four telephones, four chairs, three desks, a filing cabinet, an assistant and a secretary. Having confidently put out a finger to touch the beating pulse of world events, he has time to explain that *Tonight* is a programme with a social conscience and a straight-eyed look—an experiment in democracy.

11.0 a.m. He hears that the famous author won't be able to appear

Producer Donald Baverstock, in the centre of his team (above), *studies rushes of the film stories secured by* Tonight's *reporting team. Production assistant Gordon Watkins even reads newspapers in his bath to keep abreast of the news!*

until tomorrow, aims to replace him with a French writer and arranges within minutes for a controversial public figure to join in the broadcast.

11.10 a.m. Interval in the canteen for more coffee and an exchange of quips with a film cameraman just back from Nairobi.

11.20 a.m. Back in Mr. Baverstock's office, where the coming and going is now as constant as if it were Crewe Station waiting-room. But suddenly the body of the programme seems in need of a transfusion. The political commentator doesn't want to leave his country home tonight, the French writer has returned to Paris.

11.30 a.m. Suggestions are put up, knocked down and seized in the hope of bridging that gap. Telephonic tentacles are put out whilst the day's newspapers are read again as if somewhere they hold the secret

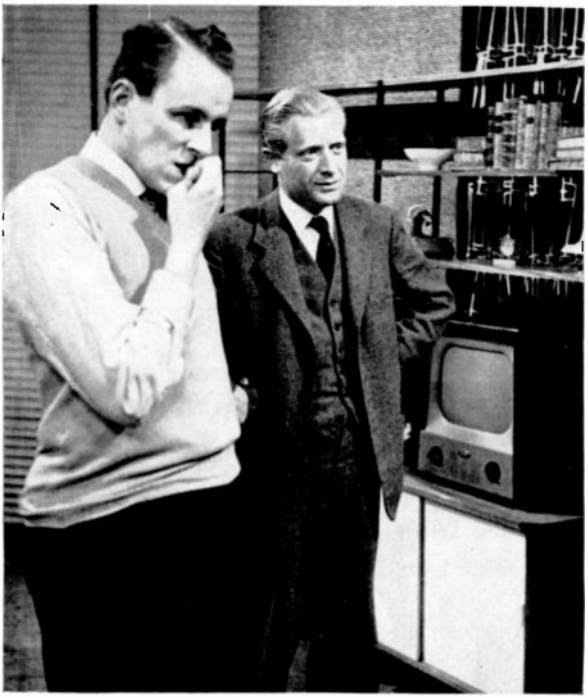
code that would solve everyone's problems. Intermittently Alasdair Milne tries to arrange the schedule of stories he will cover when he goes to America tomorrow.

11.45 a.m. I retreat to the other side of Lime Grove where at least the film is in the can. Among the strips of celluloid, strung out thickly as Monday's wash in the suburbs, stands Tony Essex. He tells me the acid test of this programme's film material is that it should be "visually logical." Meanwhile he is getting the heart out of some of it for your evening's entertainment, assessing the week's contributions from the regions.

12.30 p.m. At G.H.Q. the latest schedule is still two interviews short. "I think we ought to start worrying," says Mr. Baverstock, still with the calm tones of one merely irritated by a hangnail. In seconds his staff, having again searched morning and evening newspapers, suggest contacting a bishop with strong views on working mothers; a man who wants to revive the hunt for the Loch Ness Monster; a British film executive just back from Australia; a boys' club leader with controversial ideas about Teddy boys; some Welsh coracle fishermen who fear extinction; a visiting American film actor.

12.45 p.m. The film executive is at lunch; the film company can't give a decision about their star till 3 p.m.; the bishop is otherwise engaged; the Loch Ness idea is dismissed; the boys' club leader, 50 miles away, is being run to earth with the help of a local newspaper; the Welsh Region cheerfully promise to try and send the fishermen by car, with their coracles strapped on top, to the Cardiff Studios by 6.45 p.m.

1.0 p.m. Mr. Baverstock starts reading through about 100 letters waiting in his "in" tray before succumbing to the need for lunch.



Tonight *has built up a much liked but varied team of interviewers. Here is one of them, Geoffrey Johnson Smith, at rehearsal in the studio, with BBC producer Ned Sherrin.*

Cliff Michelmore's friendly and relaxed introductions are admired by viewers of Tonight. *Here he is in an off-guard moment when African dancers appeared.*

1.20 p.m. Into the canteen comes Cliff Michelmore, his usual buoyant, smiling self after a morning spent working on Children's TV programmes. Geoffrey Johnson Smith, known as "Jeffers" to the *Tonight* team, looking clean-cut, well-brushed and handsome, joins us. Mr. Michelmore admits to me that his darkest minute on the programme comes when last-second arrivals have to be introduced without much forewarning or any foreknowledge. I tell him that he might have one of those minutes very shortly. He and Geoffrey Johnson Smith haven't yet heard what *Tonight* might have in store for them.

2.0 p.m. Risking incipient indigestion, everyone rushes to the viewing room to see the evening's filmed material and a free, frank and hilarious discussion ensues, although the schedule is still six minutes and two interviews short.

2.40 p.m. "The worst part of the day," says Mr. Baverstock who is beginning to track up and down the carpet like an anxious expectant father. Mr. Milne, still stoical, replies that anything can happen in half an hour.

3.10 p.m. Nothing has happened; the film executive is still at lunch, the film actor can't come and there is no news of the boys' club leader.

3.30 p.m. The office is thick with suggestions, would-be helpers and

Derek Hart, seen here deep in thought while filming by London's Albert Memorial, is a young actor who has made a niche for himself among Tonight *interviewers.*

advisers. The newspapers are beginning to look like paper hats on New Year's Day. There are now eight people in the room and not even sitting space for the producer. The radio in the house next door is aptly booming out "When There are Grey Skies," but no one notices or cares.

3.45 p.m. Mr. Baverstock picks up the phone to chase a story on the National Debt; Alasdair Milne tries to contact a guided-missile expert and is told he is in Russia; the irrepressible Mr. Michelmore suggests the inclusion of a well-known comedian. Derek Hart strolls in for a briefing on his coming interview with the controversial public figure.

3.50 p.m. Someone spots the story of a woman surrealist painter in an evening newspaper. In seconds Mr. Baverstock has persuaded her to face the cameras and arranged for the transport of a selection of her pictures from an art gallery. Simultaneously the film executive rings up and agrees to join the party. But this way there will be too many items. So side-tracking and delaying operations start on the National Debt expert, the coracle fishermen and the boys' club leader. The day is saved for *Tonight*.

4.0 p.m. In the studio the singer, Cliff Michelmore and stand-ins gather for a ten-minute camera rehearsal.

4.30 p.m. In a small back room Derek Hart is preparing his interview on a pad on his knee; Cynthia Judah is briefing Geoffrey Johnson Smith on surrealist art; Gordon Watkins is writing a piece of military history which has to fit a few minutes of film like a bathing suit; one secretary is hunting press cuttings on the film executive whilst Cliff Michelmore is dictating his introductory lines to another.

5.0 p.m. The press cuttings remain lost somewhere between the BBC

library near Broadcasting House and the labyrinth of Victorian streets that enclose Lime Grove. A secretary checks historical facts on surrealist art exhibitions after informing the wardrobe department that Rory McEwen will want a shirt every night this week.

5.30 p.m. In the dubbing room they are still wedding sound to film. Coats are off now and there's still one item to complete as the clock nears 6 p.m. There's the sort of tension that exists behind the scenes at a theatrical first night; time and tempers are growing short.

6.0 p.m. A few yards away all is serenity and smiles in that room where the programme was born nine hours ago. Cliff Michelmore, relaxed and rosy-faced, socially smooths the way for those about to be interviewed. Armed with coffee, sandwiches and bright pink cards (on which they have listed the questions they hope to ask), the interviewers diplomatically come to terms with the strangers they are shortly to meet under the cynosure of seven million eyes. Now the controversial public figure wants to discuss his piece of programme participation privately; Geoffrey Johnson Smith is rapidly revising his surrealist art quiz; Cliff Michelmore is arranging the retransportation of the artist's pictures . . . . .

6.45 p.m. As if the day had been just one amusing, exciting thing after another, *Tonight* is televised. But just sitting and watching it all had made me feel I needed a rest cure.

Every day film arrives in the Tonight *offices, where film editors assemble it and put to it the candid comments of the programme's commentators.*

Pete Murray

ALL the youngsters who cut their second teeth on television know Pete Murray as one of the original driving forces of *Six-Five Special*. An older generation, who never dreamed that rock 'n' roll would refer to anything more violent than the motion of a ship, had already recognized him as a promising young actor on stage, television and films. And there were many others who knew him as the voice that created a friendly atmosphere around the disc-jockey programmes from Radio Luxembourg.

For at 32 the handsome Mr. Murray can already look back on three successful careers. A Londoner, educated at St. Paul's School, he went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where he was Bronze Medallist of 1943. He made his West End stage debut in *The Man Who Came To Dinner*, was given a Rank film contract in 1945, appeared in such films as *My Brother Jonathan* and *No Highway*, and reached Broadway in 1948 in the play *Power Without Glory*. In that year viewers also saw him playing TV roles in *Ma's Bit of Brass* and *Libel*.

Shortly afterwards he was invited to go to Radio Luxembourg as disc jockey and continuity announcer for their English transmissions. He went for three months and stayed for five years. There he met his wife who was working in the French department; they now have a five-year-old son, Michael.

When television began to boom in Britain Mr. Murray decided the time had come to try and get back in the picture on the small screen. He compered quiz shows, then made a swift journey to fame aboard the Six-Five Special. Now he has alighted from the Jazz Train, where will he travel? Back to the first station in his career, it seems—for Mr. Murray is determined to return to acting.

"Although I shall certainly lose financially I have decided to finish with light programme work," he says.

Yet he has no regrets about the years spent on the side-tracks of Radio Luxembourg, quiz games and teen-age TV programmes.

"I enjoy everything I do," says the versatile, venturesome Mr. Murray.

EMERGENCY WARD 10

A Souvenir Introduced by TESSA DIAMOND, *Originator of the ITV Serial, and One of its Scriptwriters*

The two actresses who won such great popularity in this serial, Jill Browne and Rosemary Miller, have now left the cast to further their careers in a wider field. But there is no doubt that their work brought Ward 10 *much of its great following of viewers. I always found* 19*-year-old Jill Browne* (top) *much the same in real life as she appeared to viewers—gay, uninhibited and a good companion. A real trouper, in the best sense of the word, she always went out of her way to make newcomers to the cast feel at home. She contributed a great deal to the team work essential in a long-running serial.*

We were lucky that Jill's partner was played for so long by Rosemary Miller (centre), *for she too brought extreme conscientiousness to her role. In return, she valued her following of viewers, and always answered every "fan" letter personally. Rosemary, daughter of a New Zealand journalist, is married to Peter Hawkins, an actor who sometimes appears on the screen, but spends the greater part of his time in providing a remarkable variety of TV voices-off.*

Of course, nobody doubts that the leading men of Ward 10 *have not also pulled in legions of its viewers. Whereas most bonny actors receive mail from young girls, Frederick Bartman* (bottom) *really does have an admiring mail from women of all ages. A very meticulous and serious actor, of Austrian birth, Frederick lives with his mother. She was so often telephoned by female viewers, wanting to talk to Frederick, that the household had to have its telephone number removed from the directory!*

Patricia Salonika, who plays June Jefferson the radiographer, is another young actress who has made an impact on viewers. Though her appearances in the story are infrequent, she is always recognized by viewers as an old friend. Patricia, I remember, was very nervous when she first joined the cast, and always brings to her work a quiet intensity.

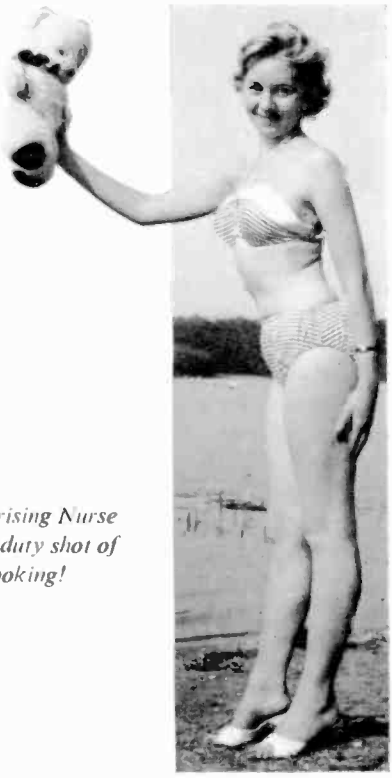
I suppose a great deal of the appeal of Ward 10 *lies in its authenticity—viewers get the sense that real hospital procedure is being carried on. This is due to the care of the producer, who makes sure that every medical treatment shown is an exact reproduction of what is really done in hospital. The programme has medical advisers, and cast and writers visit hospitals to see how things are done.*

There is a story about Enid Lindsay (left), *who plays Matron, for which I can vouch. Two middle-aged doctors were visiting the studio, and were introduced to Enid Lindsay. Both immediately stood almost to attention, with the respect they normally show to hospital matrons, and Enid had to tell them she was only acting the part! Which showed how realistic she is in this role. Many viewers will remember the sequence* (right) *where a coloured nurse became helpful friend to Nurse Carol Young. Coloured nurses are popular in many hospitals, and having one in the serial was well received by viewers. But it so happened that the actress playing this role, Gloria Simson, is kept so busy in the theatre and films that she was not able to appear again in our serial.*

The many feminine admirers of Charles Tingwell ("Dr. Alan Dawson"), cannot know what a lucky break Ward 10 *proved for him. For he came from Australia to try his luck in Britain, and the first part he got was in the serial! He has remained there ever since, one of the most popular members of the cast. In the picture he is with Yvette Wyatt ("Staff Nurse Phillips").*

This picture looks as though some of our cast were only too keen to blow out the first year of Ward 10. *In fact, of course, they were loyally celebrating the first anniversary of the TV serial which—I must admit to my surprise, as to that of others involved—has proved a phenomenal success. I think it is a happy picture with which to remember Jill Browne and Rosemary Miller, our pioneers, and to mark Charles Tingwell's continuing devotion to* Ward 10.

A number of the subsidiary roles have become immensely popular with viewers. 'Sister Stevenson' has been given a permanent niche in this hospital saga by the attractive acting of Iris Russell. She was in the first episode and became so popular that the part has had to be carried on. Iris is married to a university lecturer and lives at Oxford.



Just as a footnote to these pages, I cannot resist surprising Nurse Carol Young's viewer admirers with this strictly off-duty shot of lovely Jill Browne! I only hope Matron isn't looking!

RENDEZVOUS WITH BETTY

By COLIN MORRIS, *BBC Scriptwriter*

Among BBC documentary programmes have been a number written by Colin Morris and produced by Gilchrist Calder. In effect, these documentaries are dramatized stories, interpreting real life. It is not widely appreciated, perhaps, how exactly the actual facts are sought by the scriptwriters; the story is in no detail fictional, but a play about what happens and has happened to real people. Scriptwriters must go out and seek these facts, and the following is an absolutely factual report by Colin Morris on one such fact-finding expedition. It was but a tiny episode in a prodigious amount of research for Without Love. *a TV programme which was one of the most controversial broadcasts ever, yet also one of the most praised for its integrity—EDITOR.*

"How did you get to know the girls, old boy?" was a question frequently put when I was gathering material for the BBC's documentary programme on prostitution. I had worried about it myself. I knew that walking along Piccadilly soliciting all and sundry as to how they came to be there, and what was the life like, would evoke a response such questions deserved; I could not expect the girls to stop their work to aid me in mine.

The first step was taken after seeing an advertisement in a newsagent's window. The advertisement said simply: "Betty greets old and new friends at her studio." Feeling that Betty was encouragingly hospitable, I returned to Television Centre and dialled the number. A thin, tired voice answered the phone:

"Betty speaking."

"Hullo . . . er . . . Betty. I'm a playwright. I've . . . read your advertisement. Could I come along and talk to you about it?"

Slight pause, and then: "I give a personal service."

"I . . . . I imagined you did. I'd like to discuss it. Simply as a writer, you understand. When could I come?"

"Five o'clock?"

"Today?"

"It's always today, isn't it? My fee will be two pounds for half an hour."

Half an hour, I thought! A High Court Judge had once given me an hour gratis!

"Listen, Betty, could you make it a bit longer? I can't ask you much in half an hour. I only want to talk to you, you know."

"It's the same for everybody."

The address she gave me was a ground-floor flat in Earls Court. Three rooms led off the hall, those to the left and right being flooded with bright July sunshine and the one straight ahead being in semi-darkness.

"Betty?" I said to the middle-aged woman dressed in black at the door.

"Betty will be with you in a minute," she replied with a quiet smile, and showed me into the darkened "studio."

There were two small table lamps either side of the vast double bed,

A scene from a BBC documentary programme for which Colin Morris wrote the script. Under the title, Loneliness, *it examined conditions of life among different types of people who live alone. Here is an aspect of life for many in big towns—a girl returning to her lonely bed-sitter.*

At work on the programme Tearaway, *which showed in story form how violence can obstruct the course of justice. Writer Colin Morris (third from left) is with producer Gilchrist Calder (on his right) and two members of the cast.*

an impersonal wardrobe, a dressing-table, a stool, and a wash basin containing the room's only decoration, a piece of soap. The room was strangely oppressive, with the gas fire full on, and the impression one received was of an amber vacuum, still, airless, lifeless and loveless.

I had turned the gas fire out a moment before Betty came in, smoothing her blouse into the waist of her skirt. She was pale, lean, blue-eyed, her brown hair lightened to the colour of oak. She wore a grey skirt and a blue striped blouse and her face was oval, her hands careworn, dry and mostly knuckle. Judging by the hands she was fifty, by the face forty. She was probably thirty.

Betty appraised me as if I was something she regretted ordering, and re-lit the fire. I found I was embarrassed, probably because she was on the defensive, but I smiled winningly, I hoped, and said: "I'm from BBC Television. I . . . er . . . I wanted to talk to you about the work you do."

With three-fifths of the adult population of Britain watching television, this opening usually provokes a pleasant smile and a willingness to be of service to the BBC. Later I realized that the proportion of people in Betty's profession who do not watch television is probably higher than

Youth-club life, with difficulties caused by opposition from gangs of youths, was depicted in another Colin Morris documentary, The Wharf Road Mob, *also produced by Gilchrist Calder.*

in any other owing to the fact that their working hours coincide with the TV hours.

"First," she said flatly, "there is the question of the fee."

As I paid and was about to replace my wallet she said: "And then there is the tip for my maid."

Afraid the BBC was about to be taken for a ride, I said: "How much?"

"Half a crown."

She went out of the room with the money saying: "I'll be back in a few minutes."

This was more than an anti-climax, it was intimidating. Why had she gone out of the room? I had been told they stuffed the money in their shoes. Was the next one in through the door to be the blackmailing ponce?

I peeped out through the heavy velvet curtains. Clearly the window had not been opened to let in the fresh air for seasons. The drainpipe, the grid, the tiny cement area seemed bright and inviting in the summer sunshine. In my darkened room there was nothing to do but sit on the

stool and wait. There wasn't even anything to read. Were they sharpening the razors in the kitchen? It was all very well for important scientists to welsh in the Middle East, explorers to disappear up the Amazon, and politicians to vanish in Central America, but it seemed to me hard that the BBC should lose a staff writer in Earls Court. No one knew where I was. Gil Calder was working on *Tearaway*, Michael Barry would probably regard it as part of one's professional hazard. The outlook for copy seemed slim and my personal self-esteem was falling fast.

Most of the questions documentary-writers ask are highly personal and before one is made responsible for these confidences the person must feel one can be trusted. What I wanted to know from Betty was "What made you a prostitute?" but it seemed, by the hostility displayed on her return, that it would be some time before *that* question was asked.

"The work you do," I said, "I imagine you . . . er, oblige gentlemen?"

"That depends," said Betty in tones which put the ball back again in my court.

"Have you . . . er . . . been doing it for long?"

"Don't you want to know things?"

"Are you married?"

"That is a personal question."

"Does the whole house belong to you?"

"Perhaps you'd like to see my bank book?"

"Is it easier to work from behind a phone rather than in the open air?"

"Any girl would rather be behind a phone, wouldn't she?"

Rock Bottom *was the vivid story of an alcoholic, written for BBC Television by Colin Morris, after much research among sufferers from alcoholism. It was marked by a powerful performance from Philip Latham, seen here.* (Right)

At the end of an unco-operative half hour, which I saw to its close, it was clear that I had been wasting our time. I rose and said so. Until this moment Betty's face had been a disinterested mask. But as I stood up to go she apparently realized that I was not another peculiar individual who obtained excitement in discussing sex with her, but that I really was a writer, and that she personally was being asked to make a contribution to a TV programme. Just then the maid tapped on the door to maintain the schedule.

"Tell him to wait!" called Betty.

She was bewildered that anyone should come to seek her help, pleased, surprised and excited. She would be happy to see me again *without* a fee. She would tell me anything she could. Would I tell her when the programme was and she would make arrangements to watch it! She seemed surprised when I shook hands to say goodbye. I suppose it was not her usual farewell.

I didn't see Betty again, as other contacts were made, having spoken to some fifty other girls, several policemen, probation officers, psychiatrists, magistrates and read two dozen books. When the date of transmitting *Without Love* was settled I phoned her to inform her of the time. The phone rang and rang in the studio but no one answered. I suppose she was greeting old and new friends elsewhere. Perhaps she had found a better North light. . . .

In Takeover, *shown here in rehearsal, Colin Morris and Gilchrist Calder told what goes on when a financier attempts to take over a small firm.*

THOUGHTS ON TELEVISION

By A. J. P. TAYLOR

No, not Thoughts *about* Television. Plenty of people have those—usually unfavourable ones. Thoughts about how television corrupts the young; about how it is turning us into a witless nation; and so on. My theme is exactly the opposite: how thoughts, ideas, information, can be conveyed on television; how television can be used as an instrument of education, and still more of intellectual stimulus.

Of course, if you start off as the high-minded Controllers of the BBC do, by despising television and believing that anyone who watches it is necessarily of a low mental level, you will produce programmes fit only for morons; and the lower your programmes get, the more you will despise the viewer. But that is not the fault either of television or of the viewer.

Television is neutral: in itself neither intellectual nor moronic, but whatever the programmes make of it. Television is simply a rather novel form of communication; and if we have so far failed to communicate ideas on television, it is because we have not yet discovered the right method, not because there is anything inherently blockheaded in the medium. When human beings want to communicate ideas to their fellows, they can use one of three methods: the spoken word; the printed word; or pictures. (I don't count inarticulate sound, i.e. music: for though music often conveys emotion or sensation, this is rather a frame of mind than a precise idea.)

The printed word is supreme for certain purposes; and most people, I think, will go on reading even when television becomes world-wide. The reader can take his own time (except when he has to return the book to the library); he can go back and forward, scrutinising an argument or having another look at some figures. Print is the best way of conveying information: that is why the newspapers hold their own against tele-

vision and radio news-bulletins. But, contrary to the opinion of many intellectuals, it is not a good way of conveying ideas.

There is a simple explanation of this, which nearly everyone overlooks. Facts are impersonal—they mean the same to me as to you. Therefore they come straight off the printed page to the reader. But ideas spring from the individual mind; and the best writers on thoughtful subjects are those who put their personality most into their writing. This is a difficult and roundabout way of doing it. Far better to let the thinker project himself and his ideas direct.

This is, and always has been, the justification of the University lecture. The facts can be learnt better in books; but the interpretation, the illumination, need the human being. Sound radio did it too. Indeed, there was too much talk on it for my liking. The extraordinary thing is that television has been neglected as an instrument for communicating ideas;

A BBC programme, In the News, *first introduced A. J. P. Taylor to television. The original panel of this programme is now on ITV's* Free Speech. *On the* In the News *panel shown here were M.P.s Julian Amery, Bernard Braine, Frank Byers, Anthony Greenwood and Geoffrey de Freitas.*

The famous no-holds-barred ITV Free Speech *team, with W. J. Brown, Sir Robert Boothby, Edgar Lustgarten (chairman) Michael Foot and A. J. P. Taylor. With this programme ITV put punch into politics on television.*

and yet it can do the job far better than sound radio. For this gives you only the voice; television gives you the whole man. Once you realize that ideas are always individual and personal, then the rest is obvious.

Why did we ever miss this? Blame the high-mindedness of the BBC again, which fondly imagines that orthodox ideas (i.e. its own ideas) have a validity of their own apart from the individuals who express them. The real objection to television on the part of the orthodox and respectable is not that it is useless for communicating ideas; it is rather that television does it too well, it brings ideas alive and shows them to be always the creation of a single human being.

Suppose we agree to use television for intellectual purpose, how should we use it? It is not much good, as I have said, for straight facts: print does that better. It is good for enlivening these facts. For instance, I find it difficult to take in tables of figures; graphs that move would be much easier. We might even begin to understand economics if we could watch those figures running up and down (in this country usually down). But it is ideas, arguments, interpretations that should go over best. We probably go astray here in thinking of television too much in terms of pictures, and not enough in terms of personality. I have little enthusiasm for television as a sort of glorified magic-lantern lecture: a voice

droning on about oil-reserves and pictures of sheikhs in their Cadillacs on the screen.

It seems to me that when a man is talking the screen should simply show: a man talking. Of course, I have my own axe to grind here—or is it trumpet to blow? Because I was the first to give straight lectures with no illustrations of any sort on television. But there is no great virtue in that: many others will do it in time once they get used to it. I always lecture without notes even at the University; so I did the same on television. But as the system grows the viewer will accept, and perhaps even welcome, the lecturer relying on notes as many of the most brilliant lecturers do.

When we started, my producer also had shots of the audience listening to me. I suppose he thought that half an hour of my face would wreck any programme. But it turned out that the audience-shots distracted attention from what I was saying; and my own impression is that future lecturers will have the screen all to themselves so long as their ideas are exciting enough.

Lectures are a form of television-communication which is still in its infancy. Argument has been established longer, though in my opinion it is much more difficult. There will be dozens of television-lecturers in a few years' time; but there will still—another blow on the trumpet—be only one *Free Speech* team. Oddly enough, though many people do not realize this, it is quite easy to think what to say next when you yourself are talking: one sentence leads on to the next. That is why great orators are so long-winded; they could go on for ever unless the audience went away. It is much more difficult to think what to say when the other man is talking. You have to take in what he says; realize where it is leading to; not be surprised if it goes somewhere else; and then marshal your own thoughts as well as your answers.

They say it is a trick. If so, I wish someone would explain how it is done. I'd like to see other combinations tried—not different individuals, but different numbers: a team of two, for example, discussing public affairs week after week. Argument is no doubt more exciting than lecturing. It also has the great advantage of reminding the viewer that there are two sides to every question; the most important thing to learn in any form of intellectual life.

And yet television argument and discussion are not genuinely impartial —this is why the BBC dislike them so much. For whatever idea wins, it is always an idea. It is actually an advantage to be quicker, cleverer, more intellectual than the other man. In this way, television is not at all like life and is indeed a serious disqualification for real life: television stupidity never pays.

Bernard Bresslaw

As Popplewell, the dopey private with the big brown eyes and the tiny mind, Bernard Bresslaw has earned most of the medals in *The Army Game* although sharing the field with such veteran campaigners as Alfie Bass and William Hartnell.

Cockney son of a tailor's presser, bachelor Bresslaw still lives with his parents in the East End of London, although his ambition soars as high as his 6-foot, 6-inch frame. One day he would like to appear as Shakespeare's Othello; in the meantime he will be happy if he gets a television chance to play a man of wit and erudition.

The big butt of the TV barrack-room jokes decided to become an actor when he was 12 and took the conventional preliminary steps by going to R.A.D.A. Although we now see him as the personification of simple good-nature, he has appeared in West End plays as a drug addict and a bullying sailor and he made his TV debut as a shady dealer in a documentary feature on auction sales.

Yet it is as a military man that the 24-year-old Mr. Bresslaw has won his stripes with the viewers. His big break-through came when he was asked to play the guardsman in the TV version of *Who Goes There*? On this occasion his mighty vital statistics defeated both the BBC wardrobe department and the theatrical costumiers and his costume had to be hurriedly borrowed from the Irish Guards.

He can play the soldier from real-life experience, for he did his National Service as a clerk and driver in the R.A.S.C. Then, as in *The Army Game*, his progress took him no further than private. Yet the deep-voiced, lofty Mr. Bresslaw certainly doesn't lack initiative. Whilst waiting for the casting agents to make use of his talents he has worked as a warehouseman, labourer, postman, night-watchman and ladies' powder-compact maker.

And even if he spends the rest of his TV days as a private he could still lead many a popularity poll. Girls write to him at a rate of 200 a week requesting his photograph.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD TELEVISION PLAY?

The Question is Debated by DENNIS VANCE *and* SIDNEY NEWMAN, *Programme Executives of ABC Television*

FOR some time Mr. Dennis Vance headed the Drama Department of ABC Television. He now has an executive job with overall programme responsibility. He was succeeded in the Drama Department by Mr. Sidney Newman, who came from Canadian television. The following discussion between them may well surprise viewers. It shows that when it comes to television, there is more in a play than meets the eye; and that opinions about what is the right play for television and what is not can differ far more than the viewer, simply wanting a good story, may imagine.

At the outset Dennis Vance said dogmatically that plays on television need not be escapist; indeed, he thought they should not be. But Sidney Newman disagreed entirely; he said there are no proved facts to support Mr. Vance's argument. What in fact is the Vance argument?

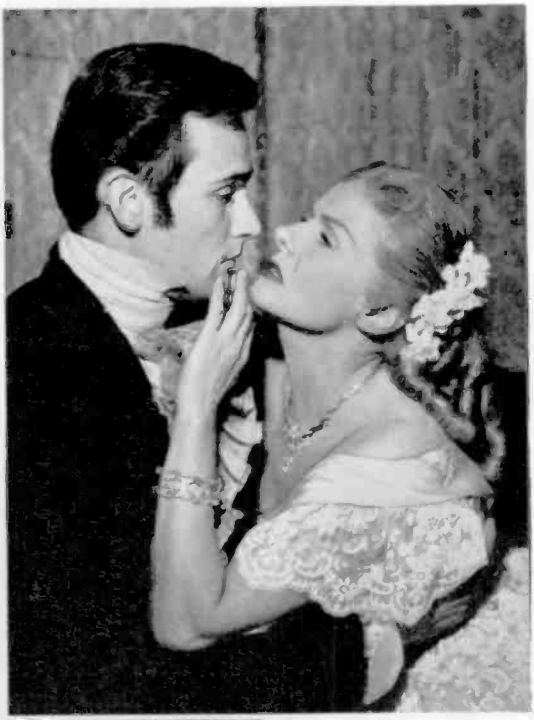
He claims that when viewers see that a play is being screened, they want something they can get their teeth into. "A play on television," says Vance, "is not like a variety show, which you can view in a casual, relaxed sort of way, or which you turn on merely to be entertained as a way of escape.

"A play spurs the viewer into wanting to get himself involved in somebody else's problems; he wants to think, to feel, to be made sad or glad about humanity. None of this is escaping from real life; it's looking closer at it. There are, of course, plenty of light plays of sheer escapism. But they don't go well on television—and I think this proves my point. The most popular TV plays are problem plays."

Mr. Newman said he knew of no reasonwhy an escapist comedy should not do well on television, if handled the right way. "You cannot rely on the infectious laughter of a theatre audience," he said, "but you can produce a comedy to fit the restrained amusement two or three viewers together will give it."

He claimed that this was done with the ITV serial, *Time out for Peggy*.

Ever-fresh as a film, The Lady of the Camellias *has this year been presented on television by ABC Television. Ann Todd and David Knight took the roles of the ill-fated lovers. Whether regarded as escapist drama, or true-to-life, this old favourite remains a good play.*



Television seems particularly well suited for showing the drama of courtroom scenes. This one was in ABC's Vendetta, *a Sunday-night "Armchair Theatre" offering. Pretty Jean Dickson played the girl facing trial, with Anthony Newlands defending her.*

Dennis Vance claims in this article that problem plays come out best on television. Shadow of the Vine *was one which exposed the dilemma of a family with an alcoholic father. Monica Grey and Hugh Cross supported Richard Bird as the father.* (*Associated-Rediffusion*)

On the other hand, real-life problems can be solved in comical fashion, at any rate in plays. So it was in No Medals, *with Sophie Stewart playing a worried mother in a wartime household of Army and Navy young people. Christine Finn played her daughter.* (*Associated Rediffusion*)

This was acted in the TV studio without an audience. But it was telerecorded, and viewers saw the recording. Meanwhile, though, the telerecording had been shown to an audience, and their laughter was trapped on a tape recording. The producer then took this tape and fitted it to the telerecording, as he thought it would fit the amusement-reaction in viewers' homes.

All this may seem like technique for its own sake; but TV men like Sidney Newman believe in it. However, Newman went further against Vance's theory that TV plays must not be escapist . . . "All plays of all kinds are escapist. A tragedy or a problem play takes you away from yourself."

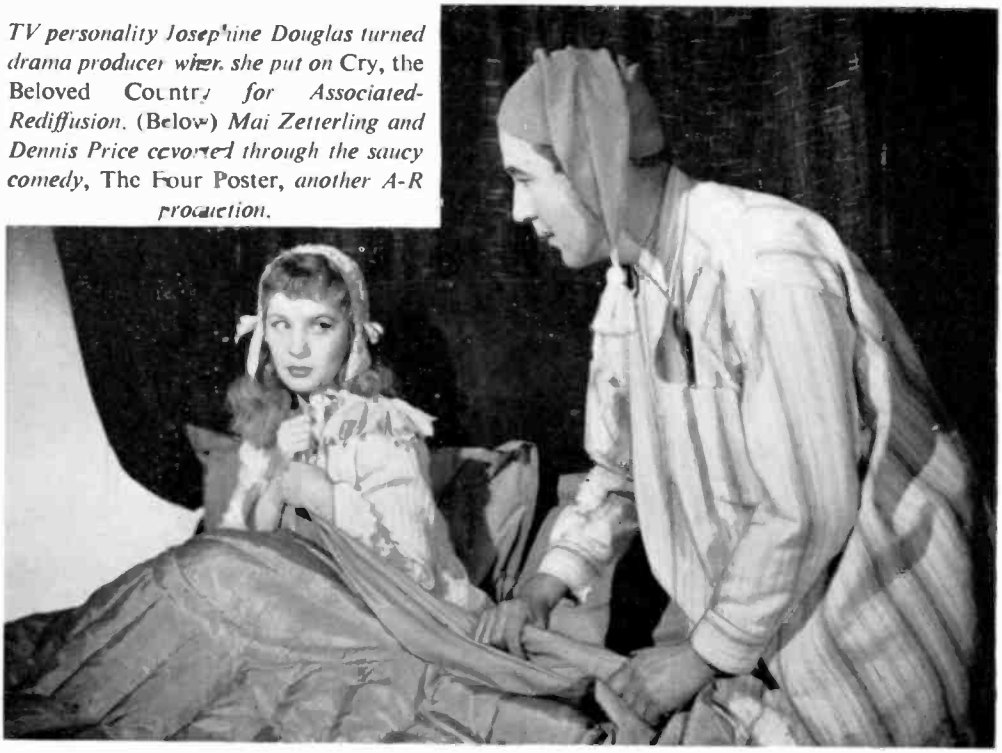
As we did not want to get involved in the meaning of "escapist," we pressed on. There has been much critical pother from time to time about the correct or incorrect length of TV plays; and about ITV's advertisements interrupting plays.

"Length doesn't matter," said Vance. "By this I mean there is no ideal length. Obviously we have to fit plays into programme schedules which usually leave us set spaces to fill."

"And this," put in Newman, "is the point; because our time limits mean we cannot put on some plays at all."

Betsy Blair, well-known Hollywood star, crossed the Atlantic to play the lead in Granada's The Ponyman, *a romantic but tough American story. She was supported by Fred Johnson and Lee Patterson.*

TV personality Josephine Douglas turned drama producer when she put on Cry, the Beloved Country *for Associated-Rediffusion.* (Below) *Mai Zetterling and Dennis Price covered through the saucy comedy,* The Four Poster, *another A-R production.*



An ambitious Associated-Rediffusion venture was The Face of Love, *a series of plays starring actresses from the Continent. In leading roles viewers saw the varied beauties of* (above) *Yvonne Monlaur, Scilla Gabel and Annemarie Gyllanspetz,* (below, left) *Annette Grau and* (below, right) *Frances Martin.*

Vance still maintained that Shakespeare's plays could be so adapted. "I'd love to do Hamlet in an hour!" he declared.

"Not me! Never!" Newman exclaimed.

As for ITV advertisements interfering with plays, both said that most viewers now accepted the breaks, which were often natural "curtain" breaks; and Newman added realistically, "The ads must be there if you are to have the TV service at all. That's an end of it."

Newman said he was unhappy about the trend in British television to keep on taking West End stage plays for viewing. "We want more plays written especially for television, and so far as ABC Television is concerned we do our best to find them. I think I can fairly say that no new play comes into our hands which is not carefully considered. Even ideas, outlined in a few hundred words, are considered."

He claimed that the hazards of a large organization for script reading had been avoided by ABC. It is easy, in such an "official" department, for routine to enforce too strict a test to qualify new plays for passing on for producers' consideration. At ABC all play-reading is done by outside volunteers, enthusiasts eager to score a point by finding a play for production.

Newman believed that television was on the verge of finding its own playwrights, but they would be "world writers." With television opened up across the world, all the English-speaking countries wanted plays. Here was the kind of market which could pay good money to make TV writing worthwhile.

Vance agreed, saying that ABC's own "Armchair Theatre" series was likely to be sold to American television. In America there were already a large number of professional TV playwrights. He asked Newman, from Canada, why he thought Britain had so far failed to produce a crop of TV drama writers.

"One thing," said Newman, "is the glamour attaching to play-writing here. It is still considered the 'thing' to get a play put on the stage, with all its first-night celebration and glory. Writing for television comes a dull second to this aim, with most British writers. Another thing is that a prolific magazine market in America has produced many good short-story writers, and often these are just the type to do good TV plays; and many actually do that. Here there are very few story magazines, and consequently next to no story writers today."

Blood on Whose House? *was a gripping drama presented by ATV, featuring* (left to right) *Newton Blick, Mary Pat Morgan, Valerie Taylor, Peter Bryant and Colin Jeavons.*

Derek Bond

GOING from the large screen to the small screen has put Derek Bond back in the picture. The tall, dark, handsome actor whom the film makers neglected is now looming large as a TV personality. "My film career was a little bit in the doldrums," he admits, "and I wanted to try a new medium."

Now, when he interviews an up-and-coming film star in *Picture Parade*, there is no nostalgia, no regret. As an armchair overseer of this programme, a roving reporter for *Tonight* and an actor still in demand for TV drama and films, he has the best of both worlds. To the art of television interviewing he brings something of a film hero's smooth technique and a dash of gallantry, but it is a triumph of method as well as manner. "I always watch people's eyes," he explains. "Then I immediately get a signal of distress if they are nervous, or I can see if they are enjoying the answer and might go on too long."

He is always on his keenest eye-to-eye terms with American film producers ("who are so used to holding the floor that they are often hopelessly uneconomic in their choice of words") and anybody in an official position ("because they can go on saying nothing longer than anyone else").

When Derek Bond made his television debut, 20 years ago, he was given just one word to say: "Yes." Then the best-dressed-man-around-Lime-Grove was concealed in a suit of linoleum, playing a robot in a presentation of *R.U.R.* Shortly afterwards he appeared in guardsman's uniform, for he joined the Coldstreams on the outbreak of war and was demobilised as a Captain in the Grenadiers. In the interim he was wounded during the fighting in Tunisia, landed a film contract whilst stationed at Sandhurst, and was taken prisoner in Italy.

Although he was born in Scotland his family come from Suffolk; he now lives in Richmond, Surrey. He met his wife, actress Ann Grace, when they were both appearing in a play aptly entitled *Meet The Wife*. Their 13-year-old son, Anthony, shows no sign of following the career chosen by his parents. Says Mrs. Bond: "His room is full of skulls. He would rather be a biologist or an archaeologist than an actor!"

FRANKIE VAUGHAN

Gives his Impressions of

TELEVISION IN AMERICA

I LIKE televising in America, for every programme is a challenge. Let's face it, British artists are not accepted in the States in the same way as Americans have been accepted in Britain. The British artist—no matter how important he may be in this country—has virtually to start from scratch and prove himself in the States. Again, that is far more difficult for a British artist to do in America than for an American to achieve here. For the surest and quickest way of making impact is through television.

On British television, an American artist of standing can be certain of sufficient time in a TV programme in which to show what he can do. In *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*, an American top-liner will be given 10 or 12 minutes in which to perform. In a *Saturday Spectacular* he may have longer, and in other programmes he will be allotted a reasonable amount of time. But American shows do not work that way. If you are one of the few artists to have your own television series, that is fine. But only a comparatively few artists do in fact have their own programmes.

What of the other major variety shows in the States? If you are booked for a TV show in Britain, you will most certainly appear in the programme. If you are booked for an American television show, the only thing that is certain is that you will be paid.

One major American programme is reputed to have paid out something approaching 100,000 dollars in two years in fees to artists who never appeared in the programme. On some programmes in the States, an artist can rehearse for a week in the studio with all the other performers, even do the final run-through—and still not appear in the actual programme, or only just. On one major programme, it repeatedly happens that at the very last moment artists including highly paid stars have their "time" severely slashed.

Why does that sort of thing happen? Over-booking is one cause of the trouble. But the root cause is the fierce competition among the net-

Frankie Vaughan went to the United States unknown to American viewers. His TV appearances there were widely acclaimed, and made a personal triumph for him. Here he is in the New York studio with TV director Joe Sherman and musical director "Mitch".

works. This results in many good programmes being on at the same time, while at other times of the day it is impossible to find a programme worth looking at despite there being seven or eight channels. If one channel has an important programme at, say, eight o'clock one evening, then two or three other networks will try to put on even better programmes to retain their viewers, and—even more vital from their point of view—retain their sponsors.

On the face of it, this should mean first-class programmes. Unfortunately it does not work out that way. The recipe for attracting viewers is to cram more and more big names into a single programme. If one major programme boasts three star guests, one of its competitors will try to secure four bigger names. The first will retaliate by booking even more artists. The sad result is that often there is only sufficient time for an artist to say "hallo" and then disappear before he or she has had an opportunity to entertain the viewers. And occasionally the lesser names find themselves squeezed out of programmes completely.

Of course, this does not happen in every major American TV show. But it does happen in quite a few. For the American TV producer has a worry that his British counterpart does not have to contend with—the sponsor. And the sponsor's only interest is the programme's rating: how many people looked in at the programme. The sponsor has to pay the cost of the show, as well as for the time on the channel, and he wants results for his money. Consequently, the American TV producer is faced with pacifying his sponsor.

The American system of sponsored programmes does mean that there is much more money to be spent on a major show in the States than in

Britain. It does mean that a few shows are excellent, far better than any produced in Britain. But too often, it means that when a show is not attracting viewers, the remedy adopted is not to improve the production but to cram it with as many star names as possible with no consequent improvement in the actual show.

And long before the show ever goes on the screens, the artists' managers and representatives (some American artists have their own lawyers who virtually travel round with them) begin battle on how much time their artist should be given. The scramble for "time" is quite something.

When I made my debut in American television, I was lucky enough to be allowed sufficient time in which to sing two numbers. I was equally lucky that "Give Me The Moonlight," which I performed, created tremendous interest.

What I did not realize before I went to America was that because television has killed off vaudeville in the States, there is no recruiting ground for young performers in the way that the British music-hall provides training for young British artists. Consequently the majority of young American singers are unable to gain experience. They make their names through records; they appear on TV shows for one number or maybe two and have little opportunity of gaining stage experience.

The fact that I was able to move about the stage created far more interest in America than it would have done in Britain. This was a very lucky break for me, but it also makes me confident that many young British artists, such as the King Brothers who have had years of music-

Frankie with admirers during a BBC rehearsal for the Jack Payne Off the Record *programme. In a class by himself among "pop" singers, Vaughan has a mesmeric appeal for many viewers. Both BBC and ITV are keen to find programme ideas suited to his artistry and personality.*

Frankie Vaughan points out that while the British rally to American stars, British stars going to America start "cold." Here in action are Julie Wilson, at the London Palladium, and Pat Boone in a "Saturday Spectacular."

hall experience, would do well in the States provided they were able to secure the initial opening.

For once the American television executives take a fancy to you—once you have proved yourself—they are ready to go to great lengths to help. They have far more facilities (because they have more money to spend) for production than in Britain. And in fairness, they are in some ways more efficient than their opposite numbers in Britain.

Americans spend far longer rehearsing for variety TV shows. They pay much greater attention to the scripting of linking material and they pay far greater attention to detail. For example, every word that is spoken and every word that is sung is written out in big letters on cards and held up besides the cameras to ensure that if an artist "dries up," he can see his lines immediately. Greater attention is also paid to clothes and their colour. For example, all my white evening dress shirts had to be dyed pale blue for American television. They decided that my white shirts did not televise well!

Rising Comedy Star THELMA RUBY

Tells What It's Like To Be

A NEW GIRL IN TELEVISION

THE theatre is in my blood—it is the love of my life. And so when, after years of concentrated effort in repertory and tours and club theatres, with minor successes and major failures, I was at last offered the leading part in a West End show, I was overjoyed. I rushed to the phone and put in a reverse-charge call to my parents in Leeds. When I told them the news there was a distinct pause, and then Father's voice, "When are you going to be on television?"

The show—*For Amusement Only*—was a big hit, and ran for nearly two years. And for nearly two years my father asked me once a week when I telephoned home: "Any television in sight?" The rest of the family joined in the chorus and eventually my cleaner caught on, too. I didn't like the way she looked at me with, "Pity we never see YOU on the telly." And she said it six mornings a week!

The show closed and, to my delight, I was asked to appear on *Chelsea at Nine*. This, I thought, is it. My family will be able to hold their heads up once more; even the cleaner will stop cutting me dead when we meet in the kitchen. As to the future—well, I knew what fabulous prizes it held. I had heard of stores being besieged every time Sabrina opened them; of Hollywood producers gazing open-mouthed at Gilbert Harding and muttering, "We don't breed 'em like that at home;" of weather forecasters having their pullovers torn off by frenzied admirers. Well, they could have my pullover any time they wanted. Pausing only to ring Tussauds and ask them to hold a space ready for me, I set off on the road to fame.

This meant getting writers to write, composers to compose, hairdressers to hairdress, and publicity agents to do whatever it is they do. In less than a week I was ready. Then I met the producer, who was absolutely

charming and said my appearance was postponed for six weeks. I filled in the time minding cattle in the Shetlands; it was better than facing my cleaner again.

But the six weeks passed and the show drew near. I was doing a series of numbers based upon my observation of different types of sopranos. The Saturday beforehand, I took my music to Peter Knight, and only two days later he was conducting it at rehearsal, having meanwhile scored it for full orchestra. At this rehearsal an extraordinary thing happened; the musicians laughed so much at my numbers they had trouble blowing their instruments. As I was meant to be funny, their laughter was the true music to my ears, and helped to quieten my nerves when the great day arrived.

As I remember it now, it seems a wildly unco-ordinated jumble of lights and looming cameras; French variety acts charging to and from every available telephone and speaking to Paris and Cannes and Biarritz with wildly excited gestures which made me wonder whether they had left their music behind; cups of tea by the score; nervous indigestion; trying to remember all the instructions on where to look and where to stand and when to wait for an extra beat in the music; finding the act was too long and trying to remember what had to be cut out; and the gently soothing influence of the imperturbable make-up girls assuring me they could make my nose look smaller.

In ITV's The Army Game *Thelma Ruby got a chance to cheer the dismays of Corporal Springer (Michael Medwin) and Private "Excused-Boots" Brisley (Alfie Bass)*

I was allowed to sit on the cameraman's seat and peer through the lens, and to listen through the headphones, and I learned how I would be broken up into lines to travel around the country to be reassembled (I hoped in the right order) on the screens at home. The first wonder of television has faded, but I still consider it miraculous that I can stand in front of a camera in Chelsea and at that precise moment be seen by millions of people throughout the British Isles—including my folks in Leeds and, I hope, my cleaner.

And then, after careful rehearsal but somehow rather suddenly, it was time for transmission. The orchestra struck up, the Granadiers chased around the studio singing "Nairobi," the audience applauded, Charles Trenet introduced me and the red light shone on the camera pointing straight at me. . . . . .

I wish I could go on to say that what followed after that is now history. But when the last title had faded from the screen and the audience was allowed to stop clapping and go home, there was an empty silence, a cry of "Thank you very much, everybody, good-night"—and it was all over. I walked through a crowd of Charles Trenet fans at the stage door, who refused to recognize me even when I snatched the pen out of their hands and signed "Edith Piaf," and went home to Wimbledon to sit by the telephone.

The first call came from Leeds at midnight. At last, it seemed to me, I had done the right thing. Not only were they full of praise, but their phone had never stopped ringing with the congratulations from friends, neighbours and relatives. In Wimbledon things were somewhat quieter. I tried wearing blue tights and leopard-skin slacks, I sang snatches from my successes as I walked into the butcher's, and referred to TV stars by their first names in a clear voice in the bus. Perhaps my face had not been on the screen long enough—or perhaps it is just the sort of anonymous face that nobody would remember anyhow. But no-one even turned their head with a look of puzzled half-recognition.

There followed an appearance as a strip-tease dancer in *The Army Game*, Lady Macbeth on Alan Melville's show, and a burlesque of crooners in Henry Hall's show. Now I hoped I was firmly established and prepared to reap the rewards. I was celebrating by having dinner in a restaurant when a man came up to the table. My host greeted him and turned to me with pride. "This is Thelma Ruby," he said, "No doubt you've seen her on television." "Can't say that I have. How do you do?" he replied. I suddenly knew what I had suspected all along. Reputations may have been made overnight—but not mine.

Still, there are some people who do remember. Last week I went to the theatre and in the first interval a little boy of about fourteen rushed

Willing to do anything (almost) to show her comedy line on television, Thelma Ruby practises a bathroom act. Or will pantomime foolery in tights (below) *speed her way to stardom?*

over to me with a shining face and eyes to match and asked me to sign his programme. I could have hugged him, but instead I took a long time asking his name and signed with a flourish, wishing my cleaner had been watching.

The other day I heard that I was to be in a new play at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. I phoned Leeds (reverse charge) to tell them the good news. I could almost hear Father's face falling. "When," he asked quietly, "are you going to be on television again?"

YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Elaine Grand

SOMEONE with several good words to say for the youth of today is Elaine Grand, that brilliant, brown-eyed, busy girl about television who so competently and handsomely handles ITV's *Youth Wants To Know*.

"They seem more intelligent, more knowledgeable, more idealistic—yes, and more moral—than the children of my generation," she says.

A one-time fashion designer from Canada, Miss Grand has now gone wholeheartedly into the big business of television. She has done interviews for *This Week*, commered *Chelsea At Nine*, appeared in *Lucky Dip*, *People And Places* and *Just In Fun*. Determined to keep out of the groove, she adds: "I want to do a great variety of programmes so that I won't get bored and people won't get bored with me."

Already she has probably covered more ground in the cause of television than any other artist. Last year she was pioneering commercial programmes over here and flying to Canada once a month to act as hostess on their big spectacular shows for coast-to-coast transmission. Yet she came into the medium almost by accident. As a fashion designer she was asked to take part in a radio quiz show which was eventually transferred to television. She has graced the small screen ever since.

She came to Britain 2½ years ago, shortly after the death of her husband, a social worker. She lives in what she describes as "a very unfurnished flat in South Kensington" and is still busy collecting a home around her. Although she has completely abandoned fashion designing she has firm ideas about what should be worn on television. A few quiz-game personalities might benefit by her insistence that only "terribly simple" clothes can really stand up to the scrutiny of cameras and viewers.

Still among the things she likes best she lists frilly underwear, as well as snow, cats and eggs. Her dislikes include over-cooked beef, brussels sprouts, porridge and houses without central heating. Which might lead you to think that Miss Grand hasn't a very good impression of the British way of life. On the contrary, having viewed us with the practised eye of one of television's keenest interviewers, she insists: "I'm quite soppy about it."

TV TEENAGE CLUB

ITV's Controversial Programme,

The Sunday Break, *Is Discussed Here*

By Its Producer, BEN CHURCHILL

JAZZ and skiffle, discussions on subjects ranging from Christian doctrine to sex and science, set in a club atmosphere, make up *The Sunday Break:* and this programme, transmitted for 45 minutes, three Sundays a month, is watched by over 7½ million people in England, Scotland and Wales. *The Sunday Break* is one of the most controversial and adventurous programmes ever to be produced on any broadcasting network. Topics often never mentioned at home such as "Is necking wrong?" are talked about freely on *The Sunday Break*—with a nationwide audience.

Early last autumn, Howard Thomas, ABC Television's Managing Director, presented an idea for a religious programme to the Central Religious Advisory Committee (CRAC), which governs all religious broadcasting. This idea was for a programme to be transmitted during the evening break in Sunday television, and to bring together in an informal atmosphere a true cross-section of the youth of today. The object of the programme was to feature their interests, their problems and opinions, and to find Christian churchmen, ministers and laymen, like David Sheppard and Simon Phipps, who could give them constructive help. CRAC accepted this idea and ever since have given their full support.

I was given the programme to produce. Because of his wide experience working with young people, Penry Jones was brought in from the Iona Community of Scotland to act as Programme Adviser. Vivian Milroy, who has written and produced plays for children's television, joined the team to write the scripted parts. The first programme was produced in March, 1958, and *The Sunday Break* is succeeding: but this success is not measured merely by viewing figures and programme ratings. We know that *The Sunday Break* has not finished at 7 p.m. when the programme ends. Reports are coming in all the time of discussions continuing in hospital wards, factories, offices and homes.

From the weekly mail letters range from the usual fan mail to queries

like the following: "Please could you tell me when you are dead do you become old or young or do you stay the way you deaded. If so could you right back." Or again: "Dear Sirs, As our end of term examination for religious instruction we have to compile notes from any source on one of the following subjects: (a) Christian Love, (b) Christian Hope, (c) Christian Giving. I have chosen to write on Christian Giving and I would be interested to hear your views as to what Christian Giving really is. I enclose a stamped adressed envolope and trust that this letter will put you to no inconvenience. P.S. Reply as soon as possible please."

To the boys and girls taking part in the programme, and to thousands of teenagers watching at home, *The Sunday Break* has become a real club. At first the prospect of bringing together 40 boys and girls, in most cases as different from one another as people can be, seemed ominous. Some from factories and shipyards, some from youth clubs, students, some Church members, some agnostic or atheist, and some unsure what they believed: in fact, a cross-section of young people who could express the real doubts of young people to a religious speaker.

We wondered whether they would, in fact, talk together and be prepared to hold serious discussions. For this reason we organized in Birmingham, where the programme is produced, a meeting the Saturday evening before the first programme. After this first get-together there was no

The teenagers' programme, The Sunday Break, *ran a Biblical painting competition which attracted many entries. Here Sheila Buxton looks at Norman Bain's striking picture.*

Alongside skiffle and jazz in The Sunday Break, *ITV places religious discussions. Here the talk is being led by Penry Jones, the programme's religious adviser.*

problem. We knew that they would talk and that the only trouble would be to get them to stop! The Saturday evening was so successful that it has become a permanent feature and discussions often go on until the early hours of Sunday morning. Now club members are so much a part of *The Sunday Break* that with the help of their suggestions we are able to make a real contribution to the planning and content of the programme. We know their problems; the things they want to talk about and to hear about; and we know who are the musicians, singers and personalities they want to meet.

Part of the programme is devoted to music, and this means meeting the tastes of most young people, with jazz and skiffle. The teenagers dance as they do in any club. No special effort has been made to play religious popular songs. The idea is to help the musical appreciation of young people so far as this can be applied to the kind of music they like, and also to ask them to be open-minded about other kinds of music.

Steve Race, a Methodist, and first-rate jazz pianist, has done some teaching about jazz. Reg Barrett Ayres, a specialist in Negro spirituals, has taught the club members to sing these. There have been discussions on church music, with recordings. The West Indian professional singer, Victor Soverall, has had an outstanding success in the programme.

The Sunday Break *also encourages the study of various types of music. Traditional jazz and singing have been discussed, as well as religious music. These talks are often led by Reg Barrett Ayres (at piano), of Aberdeen University.*

To introduce Bible reading, teenagers were invited to take part in a competition for modern versions, written by themselves, of selected Bible stories. The best of several hundred entries were read on the programme. It may be notable that of the winning entries hardly one came from a regular churchgoer. This may perhaps point to the fact that the programme reaches non-churchgoers most—which could, of course, be supported by the time of its transmission, normally church-service time.

The Bible-story competition was followed by a painting competition for teenagers, for pictures of Bible stories. This brought forth a very large entry, many of the paintings being of a standard high enough to win praise from professional artists.

It is worthy of note that the adult religious programme which follows *The Sunday Break* has doubled its audience since the teenager programme took its place immediately before it. This suggests that a great many teenager viewers of *The Sunday Break* now remain tuned in to the "straight" religious talk or discussion which follows.

The programme roused a spirited challenge from the mass-circulation newspaper *The People*, in which the TV critic, Kenneth Baily, doubted whether in fact teenagers looked at television, and also suggested that those who did watch this programme "saw through the sugar on the

religious pill." Trying to find the answer to this challenge, *The People* ran a competition asking teenagers to state whether they viewed *The Sunday Break*, and also to suggest an idea for a new TV programme for teenagers.

The result of this competition, so far as it went, showed that *The Sunday Break* was being viewed, and also—quite rightly—that some teenagers were critical of its presentation. The request for new programme ideas suitable for young people showed that many wanted a serious informational teenage programme in addition to the religious discussion and jazz and skiffle of *The Sunday Break*.

In some degree this competition tied in with the experience we have gleaned through our broadcasts, for it showed that while teenagers may "rock-'n'-roll," this does not mean that they have no serious interests. *The Sunday Break*, whatever it may be doing spiritually, has helped to make that worthwhile discovery about Britain's youth today. In fact, we who work on this programme believe that it is reaching young people in a way that the church alone *cannot* reach them; and that it is helping them to face up to their biggest problem, that of living to their own good.

The well-known cricketer-parson, the Rev. David Sheppard, has taken part in The Sunday Break, *joining the club atmosphere created in the TV studio.*

Sir Brian Horrocks

IN the battle for television popularity one would hardly have expected a retired soldier stationed in a studio chair to gain a resounding victory. But that was before Lt.-Gen. Sir Brian Horrocks took charge of operations. Such a forceful and charming character would be capable of making the history of the Hundred Years War sound as enthralling as an episode in *The Three Musketeers*.

Wagging a slender forefinger with the hypnotic authority of a field-marshal's baton, he launched a two-pronged attack on our interest in such series as *Epic Battles*. Under his command, we saw the war from a slit trench as well as getting into the picture among the high strategists of G.H.Q.

Sir Brian, with his lean, expressive face, elegant hands and seraphic smile, does not look every inch a military man, yet his army career conforms to all the best traditions. Son of a colonel, educated at Uppingham and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, he has won the M.C. and D.S.O.

As a second-lieutenant in the Middlesex Regiment he served in France and Belgium during the First World War and was sent to Russia in 1919. He had a senior and active officer's viewpoint of the last war in the Middle East and Europe, and received a bullet in the lung as well as a medal for distinguished service. His troops affectionately nicknamed him "Jorrocks," a tribute to the human being behind the red tabs. For his tales of twentieth-century battles he can draw on a wide field of experience, and he speaks in a language that makes an odyssey of the bitter struggles of our time.

Now 63 and Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod in the House of Lords, Sir Brian lives on a manor farm in a small Wiltshire village. Yet he is still soldier enough to plan all his television appearances with the precision of a military operation. Before the BBC's armchair strategist sets out to capture our attention he makes absolutely sure (to use his own favourite phrase) that everything in the studio is "buttoned up."

Michael Bentine is a likeable comedian whose opportunities in television have widened with the ITV show, Chelsea at Nine.

CLOSING THE DOOR TO IDOLS

TV Personalities Are Losing Viewers' Interest,

Says MICHAEL ACKWORTH

HAS the appeal of the TV "personality" slumped? With BBC and ITV going full blast there is so much television on tap now that hardly anybody who appears on the screen these days seems to be especially outstanding. Yet only four years ago people were rushing home after the day's work "not to miss" Gilbert Harding; families stayed indoors to catch McDonald Hobley or Mary Malcolm between programmes; Dave King emptied the pubs on a Saturday night; and despite the tilts of the Press, Richard Dimbleby attracted faithful fireside circles of admirers. Three years back, with ITV beginning, Hughie Green kept people at home; Liberace, *Gun Law's* Matt Dillon, Jack Webb of *Dragnet*, and other American imports, all became the talk of the town after each and every appearance.

Not so today. I suppose Gilbert Harding is still the most talked-about TV personality, perhaps with Sabrina a close second. But both Gilbert and Sabrina have really entered the realm of legend—they now live at the top of the TV gossip market largely because their eccentric beginnings are remembered and still talked about. For some time now Gilbert has been honest in declaring himself a "telephoney." And I suspect that Sabrina has more than a notion that she is a mere gimmick, a funny flourish decorating the temple of television. What either of these do on the screen no longer really calls the viewers to rapt attention; nobody cares much if they miss them. If they happen to appear, when the set is switched on, then all right—we scan them, crack jokes about them or discuss them, but next morning we hardly remember them.

To some extent this has happened to all those other personalities over whom BBC and ITV scrapped in a battle of contracts when commercial television began. Neither network today cares much about putting any of the big TV names on exclusive contract. What keeps viewers watching ITV programmes is not the characterful individual personality, but the highly efficient comedy, adventure or domestic serial story. *I Love Lucy*

Remember the big-personality days of the veteran What's My Line? *In this* 1952 *picture the panellists were Marghanita Laski, Jerry Desmonde, Elizabeth Allan and Gilbert Harding.* (Below) *Soon after their TV "discovery" Jeanne Heal and Philip Harben appeared together in a BBC Elizabethan evening* (1953).

appeals through its comedy, not just because it has Lucille Ball; *Highway Patrol* lures by its story twists; and *Emergency Ward* 10 never had TV personalities as such, but scored with a unique story acted by excellent artists.

On BBC Television a similar disenchantment has fallen over names once big at Lime Grove. The talking points in today's BBC programmes are their actual material rather than any famous TV names appearing in them. *Tonight* has made Cliff Michelmore a friend of millions, but viewers talk next morning more about the cheeky interviews in the programme. *Panorama* has a changing stable of commentators, and again what it discusses in each edition is the talk of viewers rather than Woodrow Wyatt or Chris Chataway. A strong or clever comedy series, by Tony Hancock or by Bernard Braden, wins a following simply because of the humour. An unusual outside broadcast or Eurovision show catches viewers' enthusiasm more than any one personality.

This is not to say that the TV personalities no longer matter. The significant thing is that nearly all of them have now been with us a long time, and most are indeed the original "stars" who first put television into the headlines. It is rather that we have come to accept them as part

One of the first and most beloved of British TV stars, the late Annette Mills, as she appeared with Muffin the Mule in 1952.

Sir Mortimer Wheeler was perhaps the first personality television found among the leaders of academic and intellectual life. In this 1954 *shot of* Animal, Vegetable or Mineral *he is talking to Hugh S. Shortt. Today Sir Kenneth Clark, Sir Gerald Kelly and Sir Brian Horrocks are among TV personalities in this field.*

of the furniture; they are a comforting symbol of security and familiarity on our screens. They are the well-tried providers of television, but for most of us television is becoming a matter of programme-content rather than performers alone. And it may well be that here is the reason for the startling lack of new TV personalities.

Sensitive to public opinion, both BBC and ITV today put a premium on finding new programme ideas, more exciting or controversial programme subjects; and *then* fitting performers and speakers to them. Neither Lime Grove nor Television House are really looking for personalities any longer. They may be glad when one turns up, but the programme he appears in will have been framed first, and his discovery will be an unplanned advantage.

Some programme planners and producers say that all this is a good thing. They believe that a public more interested in what is in a programme than in who appears will be taking television a little more seriously; it will no longer be won, or fobbed off, with a personality puffed up by publicity. Of course, some may say this implies that the British viewing public is a more intelligent one than the American, who (as Frankie Vaughan points out elsewhere in this volume) are fed with programmes

When BBC Television was starting, as far back as 1936, *there appeared at its small Alexandra Palace studios a number of young performers destined to become internationally famous Here is one of them, Margot Fonteyn, dancing in* Facade *for television in* 1936.

crammed with star names. But what the argument really means is that British television is likely to concentrate more and more on dealing with the issues and interests of real life, and become less and less a circus.

We are really getting our TV personalities into proportion, which means they are no longer idols, but useful supports for television. The longer-established viewer, and some people working in television, regret the change. Pioneer viewers remember the exciting days when viewing was new, and its intimacy suddenly placed new friends in the fireside circle; they were friends more interesting, more glamorous or more eccentric than any we knew in our own lives.

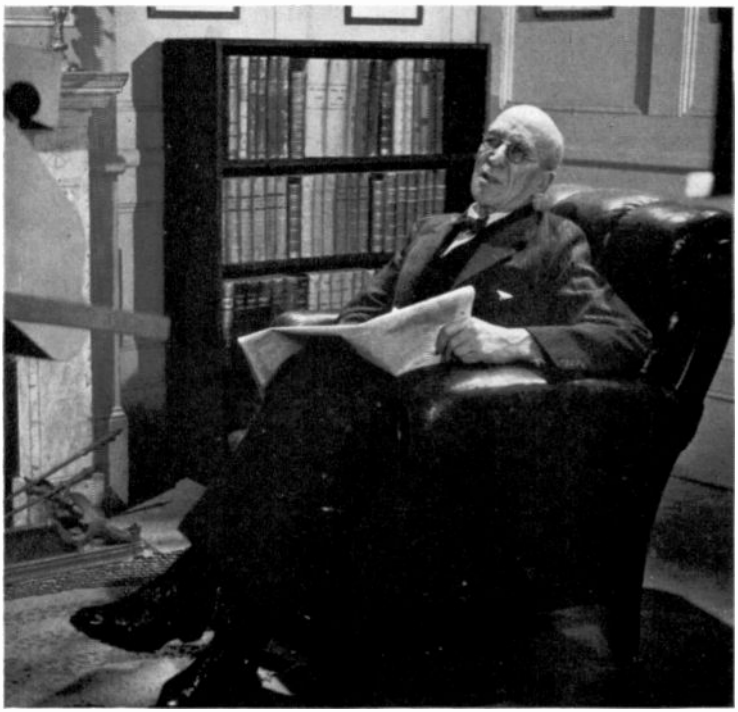
Moreover, their coming coincided with our years of war-tiredness and disillusionment. Among viewers of the immediate post-war years there undoubtedly exists a great fund of goodwill for "the original TV personalities." Whatever one thought of them as persons, they brightened life; and most of them are still living partly on this backlog of goodwill and nostalgia among viewers of some years' standing.

It seemed in those days that television was to be the medium of fireside pals; personalities would make it and develop it. They made it; but the developing is now in the hands of producers, ideas-seekers, writers. Of course, the start of television in 1946 drew some of its inspiration

from the real pioneer days before the war. For BBC Television began in 1936 and ran until war's outbreak in 1939. And the few thousand viewers of those exciting Alexandra Palace years had already found idols in television.

The forerunners of the TV star business were Algernon Blackwood, who sat and told stories; C. H. Middleton, the gardener; Marcel Boulestin, the chef; and the original announcers Leslie Mitchell, Elizabeth Cowell and Jasmine Bligh. Television was compact enough then, running only three hours a day, for its actors and actresses to become idols as well; and among them viewers spotted promising newcomers like Greer Garson, and in ballet Margot Fonteyn.

After the war the personality appeal flamed up like a forest fire. The new BBC announcers, McDonald Hobley, Sylvia Peters and Mary Malcolm, were the first recipients of homage. Joan Gilbert, with her *Picture Page*, became perhaps the most-talked about woman in Britain. People joked enviously about Philip Harben's recipes. Jeanne Heal gave an electric shock to television when she first showed how it could probe human and personal problems. Richard Dimbleby soared to the TV heavens, as an ambling guide in programmes about London. Peter Cushing became the idol of drama lovers. Annette Mills, though her puppet Muffin was for children, was loved by all, and lamented universally when she died.



First of all the TV story-tellers was the late Algernon Blackwood, adventure-tale writer of pre-war days. He first appeared on BBC Television before the war, and was still a star attraction in 1948, *the date of this picture.*

In 1937 *BBC Television engaged a young actress to take part in Shaw's play,* How He Lied to Her Husband. *Her name was Greer Garson—and soon she was on her way to Hollywood to become a star. Miss Garson is seen here together with that early TV cast and George Bernard Shaw, who visited the Alexandra Palace studio.*

Then the great gold-rush for TV fame took hold, and we discovered Gilbert Harding, Lady Barnett, Eric Robinson, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Terry-Thomas, Benny Hill, Dave King, Shirley Abicair, Eamonn Andrews; followed by a second wave led by Sir Brian Horrocks, the "Grove family," Jacqueline Mackenzie, Jack Warner's "P. C. Dixon," Tony Hancock, and the wild-life adventurers, Armand and Michaela Denis, Peter Scott and David Attenborough. *Sportsview* framed Peter Dimmock's personality, and *Saturday Night Out* gave Robert Beatty fame.

All these, and others, were actually created idols overnight: their very first appearances fixed them in viewers' minds. They provided new interests, something new to talk about. But nobody jumps overnight into the star personality class on television today.

When ITV began, people thought it would all happen again. But it was different. For a short spell the novelty of new programmes, especially quizzes and American importations, produced a small collection of new "stars." Robin Day flared up as the trenchant, un-BBC-like news reader and interviewer; Ludovic Kennedy spun out some of the glamour which had originally been woven round McDonald Hobley; Dan Farson began to take hold. But Robin Day and Dan Farson are good examples of the new taste in viewing—they remain talked-about personalities today because they deal in ever-interesting programme material.

In 1937 *Henry Hall went on television and was introduced by one of the first announcers, Elizabeth Cowell.* (Right) *There was no* Life with the Lyons *in* 1936, *but television had Bebe and Ben doing an act.* (Below) *Television's first chef, Marcel Boulestin; the first garden expert, C. H. Middleton; and announcer Elizabeth Cowell.*

If you like, there has been a levelling out of TV personalities. It will no longer seem like the end of the British way of life if Gilbert Harding or Lucille Ball are never seen again! Television has not "made" one great national leader in any sphere of life. It has given show business a few new talents; no great religious preacher holds the nation spellbound from the small screen; no infallible political commentator influences voters; no comforting psychologist throws perpetual light and balm on our worries.

That such things would happen were the hopes of some people working in television, and of many "experts" and ambitious exhibitionists wanting to get into it! Some of them may yet happen, of course. But the wisdom of the British public in taking television at its own worth seems at present to be closing the door to idols. Most will agree that this is all for the best. We don't want TV-intermediaries between the politicians and ourselves, or between religious leaders and ourselves. Statesmen and archbishops must face the camera direct, and show what they are made of. And, by and large, we prefer to take our ills and troubles to the doctor and the psychiatrist round the corner, rather than expose ourselves to treatment by cathode-ray tube!

Coming right up-to-date, world stars come and go on television as a matter of course. Orson Welles joined the ITV programme, The Method, *with Kim Stanley and Dan Farson.*

Michael Miles

THAT amiable inquisitor Michael Miles turns a lucky dip into a suspense thriller every time *Take Your Pick* comes into view. He combines the briskness of a detective-inspector with the avuncular geniality of a Santa Claus in a programme where the prize can be a bare bone or a fully-furnished, £5,000 house.

Mr. Miles dangles the carrot of tension with practised skill, for he has been in the quiz business for 15 years, fast-talking and quick-thinking his way through such shows as *Radio Forfeits*, *Can You Beat It* and *Two In One*. Now the lofty New Zealander runs the most sensational indoor game on the small screen, with about 4,000,000 viewers joining in the fun. He has the power to organize a £1,000 treasure hunt, charter round-the-world flights or send a couple of honeymooners to collect a rolling pin from the top of the Empire State Building in New York.

His first step into the wide world of entertainment came at 19 when he was taken on as a late-night announcer by a New Zealand commercial radio station; they only gave him the job after he had persisted in calling upon them every day for six weeks. Later his compelling tones were to be heard in broadcasts from Australia, Singapore, Batavia, South Africa, Belgium, France and Germany before he settled in Britain in 1946.

The chatty, chummy, back-slapping Mr. Miles says contestants who *will* try to be the life-and-soul of the party are his biggest problem. His advice to those who step up to take their pick is, "Be natural." And if anyone should wish to take on the dynamic but diplomatic task of controlling the TV game with the richest rewards, Mr. Miles recommends that they first acquire an iron power of concentration and an endless flow of conversation.

VERA LYNN

Says

HOME LIFE IS MY BIGGEST HAPPINESS

I HAVE often been asked why I do not try to get the best of both TV worlds, by appearing on ITV as well as BBC—and it is true that proposals have been made that I should sometimes sing on "commercial." Of course, I have worked under contracts exclusive to the BBC, but I know I could have arranged with the BBC to appear on both networks. More and more artists are doing this—to the good of television, as I happen to believe.

The truth is, I suppose, that I am a loyal sort of person. It was BBC radio which discovered me, after all. I owe very much to the BBC, for although I know well enough that my wartime public, especially men in the Forces, rallied to me, they would never have heard me but for radio. What is more, the BBC did not treat me as a seven-day wonder, but kept me on.

But I think something else comes into all this. So far as television is concerned I was perhaps very cautious. It had been going some years before I agreed to have my own series. I consider myself very lucky to have won a faithful TV audience with my BBC series, and I have in fact continued my BBC contract for another year, which is longer than I expected. My home life has always been important, however, and with a daughter now coming into her teens, I feel that I cannot do work which takes me away from home.

It happens that I can work on a television series while living at home, and what is more, get home every night during rehearsals. The alternative career for me would be travelling the country for concerts and what is left of the music halls. This would take me away from my family far too much.

Yet even this is not the whole story. I have no illusions about keeping on and on until my voice goes. I know it's a show-business gimmick to say you are going to retire at the peak of your fame—and so many say

it, and don't really do it, bless them! But television is a rapidly changing thing, and after another year it might well turn out that *Vera Lynn Sings* will not be wanted on the screens. Because I want to devote myself more and more to my daughter and family life in general, I would not mind this very much.

Indeed, I have no professional plans at all beyond my present BBC contract. I also have radio programmes, of course, and they may go on, because they do not entail my being out of my home more than a day or so a week.

Mind you, I am not being defeatist, because I think I might well turn to other kinds of broadcasting in the coming years. I have found much pleasure in talking to Eric Robinson, and artists, in my BBC programmes, and I think I would like to do radio or TV shows in which I was the link between items—or why not a disc jockey? That, after all, is a part of the radio world which is always changing, and may need new voices.

Yet despite these rather exciting possibilities, I can truthfully say that family life all the time would satisfy me, any day now. Naturally, like all performers, I would miss "the business." I'm by no means tired of it: I love it. But the other side of my life, at home, is my biggest happiness; and if in due course I "retire" to that kind of life, I shall always feel sincerely grateful to the public which has made my work such a joy to me for so long.

Vera Lynn, with her musician husband Harry Lewis and their daughter Virginia. Looking to her future, Vera sees her family life dominating her plans. In this article she confesses that caring for her daughter, now entering her teens, must come before her career as a famous singer.

TOPS OF THE TV POPS

The "pop" music craze takes its place in television entertainment. Both ITV and BBC scour Britain and America for the stars of this rich field of show business. (Above) *Three young Americans, Buddy Holly and the Crickets.* (Below) *A BBC musical show,* Hit the Headlines, *was built round pop songs, and had Dickie Valentine* (centre) *and Jill Day playing roles with Terry-Thomas.*

(Above) *Star of American films and records, Dinah Shore reaches British TV audiences through the BBC; Cleo Laine appealed to legions of jazz fans as vocalist with the Johnny Dankworth Orchestra.* (Below) *Fresh and popular among the singing groups, the Mudlarks (sister and two brothers) have done much television work; and Mike Desmond has come to the fore during the year.*

(Above) *Brunette Kathie Kay brings a sweeter style of singing to the BBC's* Billy Cotton Band Shows, *while blonde Rosemary Squires is among television's busiest singers, frequently appearing on both BBC and ITV channels.* (Below) *Ronnie Carroll and Marion Keene sang in the BBC's 70th birthday tribute to composer Irving Berlin.*

Alan Melville

THERE's never an awkward moment when Alan Melville of the rotund face and razor-sharp wit is within range of a TV camera. Faced with a bevy of half-naked African ballet girls in *Chelsea At Nine*, he must have stilled a hundred critical telephone calls by blandly remarking, "It's like the Variety garden party." And when Jack Hylton was prevented by a sudden attack of laryngitis from appearing in a programme he interviewed an empty chair and provided an impressionist's view of the impresario's answers.

Whether soaring to intellectual heights as question master of the Brains Trust or introducing some down-to-earth variety act, Mr. Melville applies his own technique of dignity and impudence. Yet for a long time he was one of the back-room boys of broadcasting. That smooth voice with the satirical edge was heard as long as 28 years ago reading a short story in the Manchester studio and later impersonating Mr. Mole in Children's Hour.

Born 48 years ago in Berwick-on-Tweed, he was an apprentice in the family timber business before branching out as a freelance writer. He joined the BBC staff in 1936 as a features scriptwriter and producer. The urbane Mr. Melville worked on programmes about slum-clearance and shipbuilding, and created that war-time serial *The Robinson Family*.

In 1941 he joined the RAF and learned about the intricacies of radar before going on the public relations staff at the Air Ministry. Meanwhile he started writing for the theatre, and the *Sweet and Low* revues, *Castle In The Air* and *Dear Charles* established him as the darling of the stalls. The quiz *Who Said That?* first made him the delight of the armchair TV audience, and now he can nonchalantly afford to call his own small-screen series *Merely Melville*.

You might expect such an important man of show business to live in the heart of London, but Mr. Melville prefers the spaciousness of a Regency house in Brighton. Round the corner lives someone else who went from small beginnings in radio to eminence on television, his good friend Gilbert Harding.

One of the most simple programmes to screen, yet always one of the top favourites with viewers, is Television Dancing Club. *Victor Sylvester gives it dynamic drive, and Sylvia Peters is its popular commere.*

OUTSIDE BROADCASTS AT THE CROSSROADS

By MICHAEL PEACOCK,

Assistant Head of BBC Television Outside Broadcasts (Features)

RIGHT from the word go, the BBC's television outside broadcast crews considered themselves to be the "elite" of the Television Service. Not for them the four walls of a studio, but instead the constant challenge of bringing "live" pictures of the world around us direct to the screens in your homes. They knew that the live O.B. is the essence of television, and that without the immediacy and fascination of live pictures—from a football match, for instance, or a State occasion, or a tragic train crash—television would be flat and lifeless, cut off from the thrill of encountering reality at first hand.

This fierce sense of purpose and pride in their professional skill led the O.B. men to pioneer a whole series of television "firsts". As the BBC network expanded, their cameras spread out to probe the remotest corners of Britain, diving deep into the earth, venturing up into the sky. Programmes came from submarines, helicopters, coal mines, lifeboats, mountain tops, and all the time the engineers raced to achieve technical miracles that would satisfy the constant demands of the production teams.

A regular series was created in which the producers set out to exploit the live O.B. to the limit. *Saturday Night Out* and its successor *Now* made television history with new ventures week after week, while the viewers at home sat enthralled by the exploits of the O.B. crews and cheerfully forgave occasional failure.

But it couldn't go on for ever. As programme followed programme, the search for fresh and exciting material for the outside broadcast cameras grew more and more difficult, and although the series carried on for some time under its own momentum, it became obvious that we were nearing the end of the road. There was practically nowhere new left to go, and this proved to be a fatal snag. Familiarity appeared to breed boredom, if not contempt! We all got a tremendous kick out of seeing live pictures from a lifeboat or a submarine for the first time. But the

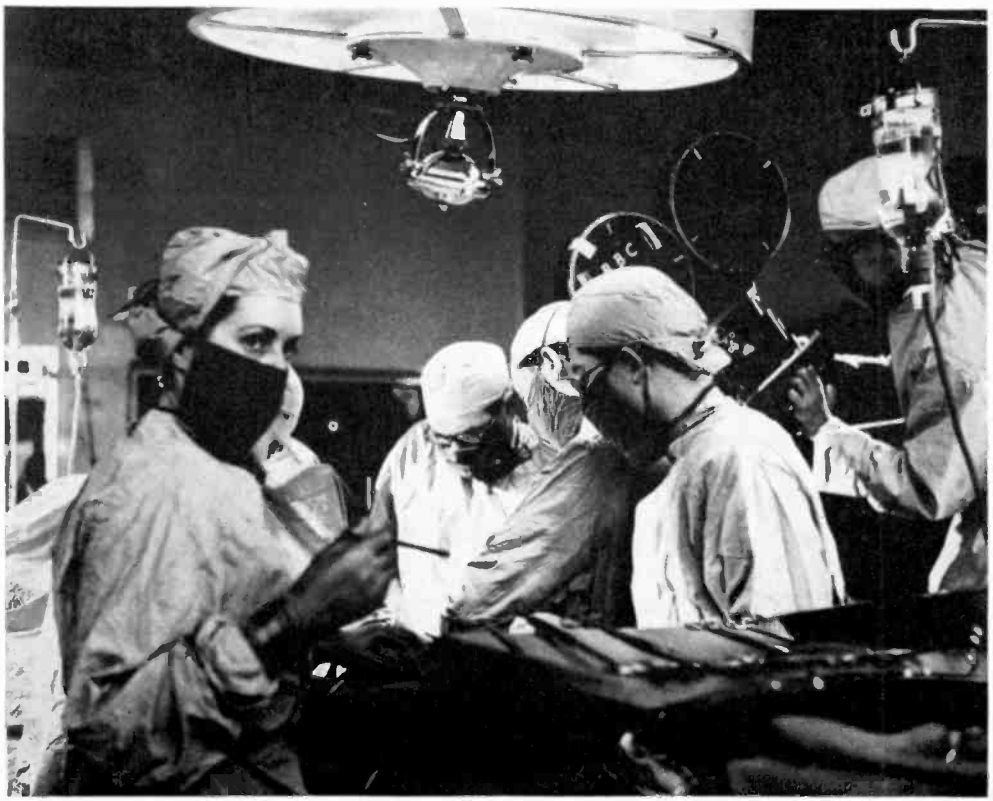
second time it was done, the thrill was lost, and people started to mutter that it could all be done so much better on film.

Of course, what may be called the "bread and butter" of TV outside broadcasting remains; sport and national events will always play a major part in television programmes, and a large amount of our production effort on the O.B. side is devoted to this vital field. But there is no denying that the feature O.B. has arrived at the crossroads, and many are wondering what the future holds.

The question concerns me as much as anyone, since I am now in charge of the BBC's television feature outside broadcasts programmes. Formerly, I was producing *Panorama* (which, being filmed, is not an O.B. programme) and it was hoped that I would be able to bring a fresh mind to bear on the problem. One thing is certain—there is no easy answer. I am sure that one of us won't suddenly get a bright idea in the middle of the night which will at once open up vistas of exciting new programmes.

All of us agree that from now on the O.B. feature must *say* something

Much discussion centred on the BBC series Your Life in Their Hands, *in which medical treatment and surgery were frankly shown, including this heart operation.*

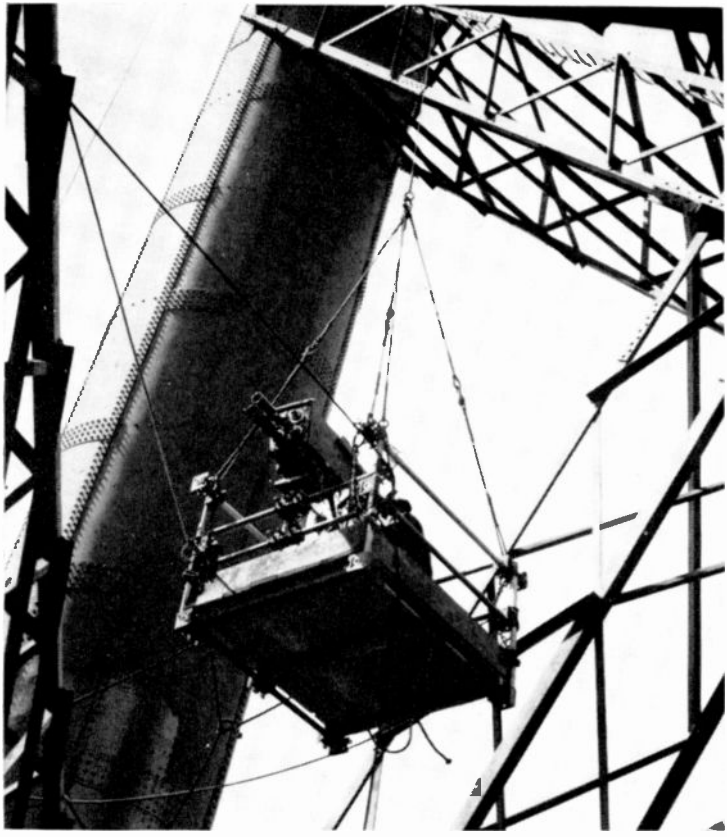


At Home *was a BBC series from the homes of famous people. General Sir John Glubb was among those visited, and here he talks with producer Bill Duncalf.*

as well as *show* something happening. Action for its own sake is no longer enough. I think there are at least three ways in which we can achieve this.

The first lies in the continued development of a type of TV programme which first appeared long before I moved across to O.B.s. *Your Life in Their Hands* and *Eye on Research* are two outstanding examples of what I have in mind. Both were O.B. series which did far more than take us inside hospitals and scientffic research establishments. They both probed far below the surface, presenting difficult ideas, hard facts, new problems and the latest techniques in the fresh and exciting context of a "live" visit to the places where doctors and scientists tackle their problems. The expert was able to put his points across with far greater effect than would have been the case had he been sitting in front of a set of grey drapes in a studio. I am sure there is a tremendous future for this type of programme, perhaps in other fields as well as science and medicine.

The second type of programme for which I am sure the future holds great things is the really big O.B. operation, employing anything up to six units at the same time in different parts of the country. Three programmes of this kind were done last year—*This is Your Army*, *This is*



A BBC camera being hoisted on the Forth Bridge, where a notable outside broadcast showed its operation and maintenance. Many such ventures have been made with mobile cameras; now TV men seek new fields for outdoors television.

Your Navy and *This is Your Air Force*. They were successful programmes, but they were good examples of the sort of programme you can only do once. I hope we can develop this technique in such a way that we rely less on the closely inter-related action typical of a Service exercise. Instead, we will try to find a strong theme or story for a given programme which will be embodied in a powerful script. Into the programme would go a wide variety of illustrative O.B. material designed to provide both contrast and similarity, and carefully presented so that even a scene which when considered in isolation would seem pretty commonplace, will spring to life because of its context and juxtaposition. The problems involved in that type of programme are enormous, but the result could be television on the grand scale, with all the potential of Eurovision waiting to be used.

One of the unique powers of live television is its ability to project personalities. In fact, it not only projects them, it creates them as well, and often someone who, until he appears on television, has only been a name in the newspapers, becomes a national figure overnight. Because of this, television is a wonderful medium for communication—for the ex-

The Snowdon mountain railway was used by BBC engineers when televising from the mountain's summit. (Right) *Frogmen enter Loch Ness to take part in a programme about the "monster," when an under-water camera was used. Television cameras have also been placed in aeroplanes, helicopters and gliders.*

change of ideas, for the clash of opinions, for the revelation of personality —and often the outside broadcast is the most suitable way of achieving this.

Someone speaking from their own home is less overawed by the occasion than if they are in a studio; their surroundings are familiar and the picture of them we see on our screens in many cases gains in authenticity. The *At Home* series recognized this fact many years ago and has since exploited it to the full. I hope that in the future we can go further and place more emphasis on the personality of the central figure in the programme, letting his home serve merely as a background. We also want to develop the discussion type of programme from an O.B. location, not only with a group of people together in one place, but also with groups speaking to each other from different parts of the country, and even from the Continent.

So the field is rich and our long-term future bright. Our immediate task is to translate these ideas into programmes which will re-establish the proud tradition that the really good outside-broadcast feature is one of the finest things television has to offer.

The outside broadcast cameras have reported all aspects of the nation's life, and the armed services have provided some exciting programmes. In the BBC series Now *the duties of the Air Force were shown. Here the cameras focus on paratroops dropping from a Beverley aircraft, in an exercise by the Parachute Regiment.*

CHILDREN'S CHOICE

A TWO-PART REPORT

1: *From ITV—Adventure Serials Are Tops With Young Viewers*

HEATED controversy is always breaking out over whether children's TV programmes are good or bad for children. On ITV, Associated-Rediffusion children's programmes have been running since independent television came into existence in September, 1955. In those three years the programme staff have come to the conclusion that Britain's viewing children are observant, intelligent and particularly forthcoming about their likes and dislikes.

The mail for children's programmes far exceeds that of any other category of A-R programmes: and from a total postbag of 20,000 letters a month no less than 8,000 come from young viewers, dealing with both the live and filmed output. Children are inclined to write in if they want to hear their favourite rock-'n'-roll tune, see their favourite sports star or remark on programme content. They very often include in their letters suggestions for future programmes and these comments help the staff considerably in forming opinions of what is or is not popular with their young viewers.

Topping the list are undoubtedly adventure serials—*Dangerous Cargo* is a leading example—preferably with modern dress and dialogue, and with plenty of action. "But," says director Daphne Shadwell, "we do our best to keep slang out of our programmes as much as possible." Serials that appeal to boys rather than girls is another important consideration. "We have found that girls will watch the boys' serials, but never vice versa—boys consider girls' stories 'sissy,' " says Daphne. "We tried a serial appealing to girls three years ago, but it was unsuccessful for that very reason. It's really rather a shame, because the girls are always asking us to consider them more."

Also high in the programme ratings are request and quiz shows—programmes such as *Let's Get Together*. Requests range from features on insects and aeroplanes to records of Elvis Presley and Tommy Steele.

One 12-year-old boy even asked for a programme on Egyptology. Many of the letters offer really constructive suggestions. From a Middlesex schoolboy came the request: "I wonder if it's possible for children (boys 12-16) to have a *Free Speech* programme like a debate on current affairs. At my school we have a lesson called Topical Discussion. It's most enjoyable to be able to run our country's affairs for two periods. We can argue about our present political standing in Europe and about our Tory and Socialist governments. . . . My mother thinks it's a great idea to let children take an inside interest in our government. For it will affect us in the future how our country 'ticks'."

Bribery comes into the letters, too. Says a nine-year-old from Acton: "I love Elvis Presley. I want you to send a picture of him and I would like his address and phone number. For all this I promise to watch all your programmes!" Competitions always bring in a flood of mail (one observance test yielded 9,000 postcards) and sometimes they bring comments as well. Compere Redvers Kyle once changed his tie mid-way through a programme and at the end children were asked to send in a description of the original tie. This brought the remark, "It was dark, shiny and unsmart!"

Great care must always be taken in arranging programmes for children and last-minute alterations before the programme goes in front of the cameras often occur. Children love "blood and thunder" in all its forms —crime stories, Western gun-play and the odd spot of violence. But

Children's programmes on ITV have made a rabbit a star. "Theodore" was introduced by Larry Parker, clown and conjuror, in the programme Small Time.

Steve Race, composer and bandleader, is a popular personality in ITV's music programmes for children. Here he is surrounded by entries from a song competition for child viewers.

television is an easy Aunt Sally; too much of that sort of diet would be condemned by all except, probably, the children themselves!

Then there is the question of educative programmes which, of necessity, must be unobtrusive. No child, hurrying home to be entertained, would want a classroom annexe in his sitting-room. Along these lines came the programme *Write it Yourself*, in which children were shown the first instalment of a serial and then invited to send in their versions of the following instalments.

2: *From the BBC—Lime Grove Is Fighting to Hold Its Junior Audience*

ALTHOUGH it uses the Western cowboy film, BBC Children's Television is embarrassed by ITV's Westerns for children—not because the commercial opposition necessarily shows better cowboy films; but because they are placed at different timings to the BBC's, so drawing children away from viewing Lime Grove's children's programmes. This is the official feeling in the BBC. But an outside observer might ask why does not Lime Grove deliberately "clash" its Westerns with those on ITV? The answer to this is not clear—such is the confusion which alternative children's programmes is causing in the BBC.

Lime Grove is proud of its long-established efficiency in producing "good" but thrilling children's drama serials, and programmes which encourage children to do things themselves, such as painting and model-making. Its fear is that ITV Westerns take away child audiences from

School athletics teams learn some tips from famous coach Geoff Dyson. The BBC's Junior Sportsview *has attempted to show children how to play games with more efficiency and enjoyment.*

The Lone Ranger. *This Western film series is the BBC's choice in the modern TV mode for cowboy entertainment. Westerns are also a feature of adult television, which many children watch as well.* (Below) *An outstanding BBC dramatisation for children was* The Invisible Armies—*the life story of Louis Pasteur. Huw David played the great French scientist.*

these wholesome BBC features. It is even a part of BBC policy, in planning children's programmes, deliberately to put some children off from viewing, at certain times. There is a well-entrenched theory in the BBC that too much viewing is not good for children, and the Corporation prides itself that some of its programmes appeal to only a minority of children—because this means (or meant) that the majority would not view while such features were on!

But nowadays this altruistic theory has fallen apart. When Lime Grove puts on a painting or music programme for children, the majority simply turn over to ITV—if not there already! The size of the minority audiences for BBC children's programmes should not be under-estimated, however.

The BBC takes great care with its dramatic serials for children, and for this kind of television is pre-eminent throughout the world. In The Adventures of Ben Gunn *the biggest film location yet devised for BBC Television was used, for the scenes on board ship. Here are Peter Wyngarde as John Silver and John Moffatt as Ben Gunn.*

Such exercises as painting competitions deluge Lime Grove with entries from children all over the country. And when the BBC puts on its junior dramatic serials, it takes to itself by far the major part of the child viewing audience.

The determination to use television for the children's good—which, experience has shown, can also be for their entertainment—will not be abandoned at the BBC. Perhaps more so than with its adult programmes, the BBC is sworn to keeping up standards in children's television, whatever the ITV opposition may do. There is little doubt in the minds of most experts in this sphere of broadcasting that the next stage in BBC children's television must be one of enlarging its resources. To compete for Britain's growing audience of child viewers, money must be spent on equipping Lime Grove children's department with film units, outside-broadcast units, and highly paid staff. Then, in just the ways by which BBC Television always scores, the junior service can forge ahead with more exciting and rewarding programmes for its young viewers.

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(Italic figures refer to illustrations)

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