

Roy Castle

Robert
Horton

Dickie
Henderson

Dame
Edith
Sitwell

Tessa
Diamond

THE
TELEVISION
ANNUAL FOR 1961

EDITED BY KENNETH BAILY

Marion
Ryan

John
Freeman

Johnny
Dankworth

Elaine
Grand

David
Attenborough

Alan
Whicker

Raymond
Francis

Robin
Day

Billie
Whitelaw

Alfie
Bass

Huw Thomas

WHO

is taking part
or will take part
in BBC Television
and Sound
programmes?

WHAT

programmes?
Which stations?

WHEN

will your
favourite be on
the air again?

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FOR 1961

Edited by Kenneth Baily

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Marion Ryan	Billie Whitelaw
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THE
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ANNUAL FOR 1961

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BBC and ITV Programmes and Personalities*

Edited by
KENNETH BAILY



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THE TELEVISION ANNUAL
FOR 1961



One of the studio moments the viewer does not see. Variety artistes waiting to do a "puppet" routine "stand-by" while cameramen, (glimpsed top and right) "take" another act.

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"This is the camera . . ."



"That's your space . . ."



"I'll get ready . . ."



"Keep still . . ."



"Any moment now . . ."



"No nerves, now . . ."



"Full steam ahead!"

Mr. Pastry (Richard Hearne) has fun remembering pre-war television when the BBC opened its new Television Centre in June 1960. The original type "Emitron" camera came into the limelight again!

THE MANY-SIDED VISION

by KENNETH BAILY

I FIRST wrote about television twenty-one years ago. The piece, published in the *Queen* magazine, was called "Televisionaries 1939." The BBC Television Service had been working daily for two and a half years, to the wonderment of about 100,000 viewers in the London area. The men and women putting on the programmes were excited by visions of a new medium, of a new art, even. It is a daunting thought to realize how commonplace the whole thing has become. Then tremendous significances were glimpsed in the promise of TV. It was going to be important; a benefit to civilization; a boon to humanity; it might even cause a sociological revolution. Is it? And, has it?

It is certainly still a constant talking point, and the subject of discussion. But can anybody today really say with proof what TV has done, is doing, and ought to do? There are plenty of statistics about TV, but none seems to me to get to the heart of the matter. The figures about it merely attempt to count the heads of audiences; they tot up the profits made by commercial programme contractors; they analyse BBC licence revenues. Facts and figures are very well; but we still lack any proven measurement of how beneficial TV may be, or of its ill effects—which, let it be said, are equally assumed and in no single detail proven.

Wise men may pontificate that these things can never be proved. But some of us who have followed TV through its years of galloping development are sad that so little effort is being made to find out. The vacuum caused by this lack of significant knowledge about TV is filled by constant bickering for and against TV; by assumptions which by their nature are trailed in clouds of prejudice. Highbrows say one thing; lower-brows say little, and are supposed merely to sit and look. Some intellectuals sneer. Headlines constantly scream, "Violence on TV," "Save our Children from the One-eyed Monster!" "TV Makes Us All Acquisitive," "The Menace of the Commercials."

Now it is only human to grumble, and we get more kick from tearing strips off institutions than from praising them. But I doubt whether any invention of man has been so much attacked and so little commended. This may be because of the lack of serious analysis of what TV does in

fact do to people. To find out should not be beyond the science of scientific social research as it is applied today.

The Nuffield Foundation enquired into the effects of TV on children, and showed some trends of influence and reaction which are valuable. The BBC's researches, very painstaking when audience totals are to be counted, or a qualitative reaction to programmes is wanted, are nevertheless normally hidden behind the old BBC fetish of secrecy. It is whispered that the BBC has been conducting a far-reaching enquiry into the sociological influences of TV; but about this next to nothing is revealed. Perhaps the exercise has failed; maybe eighteen years of the practice of TV broadcasting is still too little to judge its deeper effects on minds; or perhaps the BBC's researches have approached the awful conclusion that TV does not in the long run matter much at all; that it passes over our minds like water over the back of the duck!

Meanwhile, wild assumptions, and opinions lacking facts, are bandied about, until some people begin to accept them as true. Whatever any magistrate or court probationer officer may say, I have yet to see it proved that violence on TV turns a child into a violent delinquent: or that drinking in TV plays is starting young people drinking alcohol earlier, or leading them to spend more than they can afford at the pubs: or that stories of marital infidelity and dissension are directly turning wives to other men and husbands to other women: or that the commercials are making housewives over spend at the shops, more so than before ITV came into being.

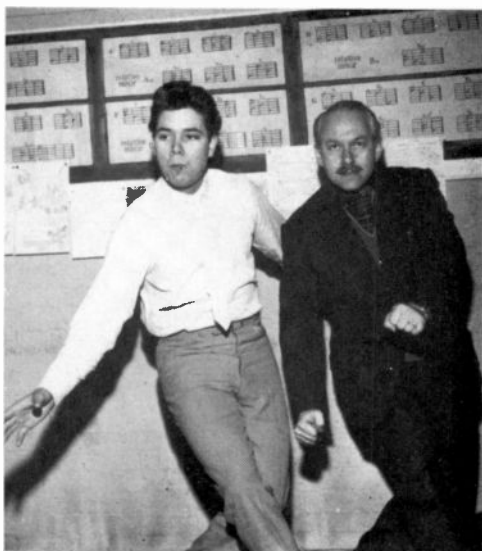
All these tendencies towards vice, immorality and extravagance are in a modern Western community whether it has TV or not. It is fair comment to express some fear that some occasional details of TV programming may become an ingredient in an influence which may not be to the viewer's good. But this is very far from being a condemnation of TV in general—which is too often implied by contributors to discussion about TV. What is needed is to know, in many cases, the exact details in TV programmes which can be traced to have an ascertainable influence towards ill-advised conduct or wrong-doing.

Violence is known to fascinate people, and any tendency to show violence for its own sake, or as a means of ensuring an audience for the next series of "commercials", would seem to me to be close to actual wrong-doing by those responsible for television programmes. In any case millions of people, enough to give any advertiser a paying market, will attend to TV programmes of a more sensible kind, and which deal with new ideas and fresh approaches—the extreme popularity of domestic and other plays having no content of violence is but one proof.

We have come to the Western, the tough adventure or detection



H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester in the BBC studio, appealed for the King George V Playing Fields Trust. Here he is introduced to "camera technique" by (left to right) BBC Talks Chief, Leonard Miall; producer, Anthony Craxton; Sportsview's Peter Dimmock; and Cecil McGivern, Deputy Director of BBC Television.



Left: *Beryl Reid regards an unusually dressed-up Bruce Forsyth, in Sunday Night at the London Palladium. Right: Cliff Richard gets an unusual Saturday Spectacular partner—it's actor David Kossoff.*

serial, and the quiz show, as the ruts in which ITV is running; because these programmes appear to hold large audiences, and that is what the advertisers must have. It is now becoming ascertainable that the public is becoming bored with each of these types of TV programme. More viewers are selecting BBC programmes, even though the commercial audience ratings give large figures for Westerns, thrillers and quizzes.

Even here, in the realm of what ought to be fairly exact statistics, we do not know the actual position. For TAM, the audience researchers, who are paid for their work by the commercial contractors, put the BBC's gain of audience at an average of three to five per cent throughout most of 1960. The BBC's own audience research system claims that the swing to the BBC is much more, and says it can at times be a twenty per cent gain from ITV. Indeed, Mr. Gerald Beadle, chief of BBC Television has told an American audience that viewing today is often divided fifty-fifty between ITV and BBC. Whom do we believe?

Even when the ITV programme contractors take deep breaths and dare to introduce something new into the peak viewing hours. Fear of change soon returns—for if the new programme is winning a sizeable audience, they run it far too long, to the inevitable straining of its invention and style. An example of this has been the "Probation Officer" series. This has by now shown so much of its special sphere of life, that it can continue only by being repetitious. The harm this does to the popular "stars" of such a programme—by making them



Programmes aimed at children often provide spectacle and dash. Roundhead versus Cavalier serials are a BBC speciality, like this David Goddard production of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's tale, The Splendid Spur—with Patrick Troughton about to leap.

irritant agents—is a simple thing beside the boredom and waste of viewing time at the viewers' end.

These are some of the factors behind the now perceptible preference for the BBC's most popular programmes among many viewers who have been almost totally loyal to commercial TV. If the BBC, spurred by the competition, has attracted people by more lively programmes, it is at least as arguable that ITV, by over-doing wholesale audience-catchers, has started driving people to the BBC.

In the competition the BBC has improved its light entertainment output probably by one-hundred per cent; when it has found a top rating dramatic series—like "Spycatcher," alleged to have won over masses of ITV viewers—the BBC has not run it into the ground by keeping it going too long. In its plays, with a script-reading and adapting department with a staff numbering forty, the BBC has kept up a strong and varied drama diet, recognizing that the repertoire of world drama can still offer as good entertainment as the new and brash, and so-called tough, contemporary drama.

This last has been the undoing, more often than the success, of ABC-

Television enquires into the minds of men. An exceptional programme was BBC "Lifeline's" examination of a spiritualist medium. Here is the Consultant Psychiatrist with "Mrs Smith," (later disclosed as his wife) whose life was "divined" by Mr. Douglas Johnson (right).



Right: *Film star Richard Todd went to Oberammergau to make a BBC programme about behind the scenes of the famous Passion Play. He spoke to Anton Preisinger, who played Christ. In the background is BBC secretary Mrs Cooper, who made the wip with the film unit.*



Left: *Independent Television contributes to the TV discussion of the affairs and destiny of men. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, was subjected to the pithy cross - examination of Kenneth Harris of The Observer, in ATV's "About Religion." But writes Kenneth Bailly, "on TV, religion still needs a franker analysis."*



A memorable Ed Murrow Small World programme caught Rebecca West after a telling fact-finding visit to troubled South Africa. Picture shows technicians making ready for "shooting" Miss West.

TV's "Armchair Theatre," perhaps unique among TV institutions as being very good or perfectly dreadful, with no variant in between. In fact, with the normally adequate, and sometimes excellent, plays produced by Associated Rediffusion and Associated Television (AR and ATV), British TV is perhaps now pre-eminent for its drama. It is a pity that Granada TV, which made a valid name for distinguished plays, has, more recently, produced little worthy to stand alongside the best made by the other producing organizations.

The BBC keeps harping that not until it has two channels, in which to run its own alternate programmes, can it give of its best to the viewer. Nobody denies this theory; but the BBC is apt to make this assumption the excuse for excesses of strategy against ITV. Deliberate timing of

peak BBC attractions, so that they will clash with the same category of programmes on ITV, is a trick in which Lime Grove sometimes over-indulges. What gives the programme planner a glow, by his out-smarting of the competitor, only irritates his consumer, the viewer.

The BBC has also grown somewhat wary in its treatment of minorities. Programmes like "Monitor," "Eye on Research," and "Lifeline" are seen by anything between two and six million people. The term "minority" thus sometimes better describes their more thought-provoking subject matter, than their occasionally considerable audiences. A sizeable audience would accept some of these "minority" programmes at a better viewing hour than they usually get, on BBC. And if the time chosen was opposite a proved mass-appeal lighter entertainment on ITV, we would have a proper alternative, with both viewing camps pleased, and both TV headquarters doing their duty effectively.

All viewing audiences should surely be seen in the context of the very considerable total possible TV public. This today stands around twenty million people. To aim an informative (not an "intellectual") programme

Light music and pop songs get their TV touch from such as (left) Alyn Ainsworth and Sheila Buxton; (right) Bryan Johnson and Jacqueline Boyer, with the Eurovision Song Trophy.





Left: The Larkins, the Cockney family outstandingly successful on ITV, gained much of its acclaim from the acting of Peggy Mount (seen this side of the fence right) and David Kossoff. Supporting Miss Mount in this scene were Hilary Bamberger, George Roderick and Barbara Mitchell.

Right: Physical fitness, as a "codd cure," was the idea in one of Tony Hancock's "Half Hours" . . . and it meant "training" under Sidney James. This partnership will be remembered in the history of comedy on Television.



Left: Comedy scriptwriter Eric Sykes (behind bannisters) tried out his own series on BBC, playing his lugubrious self with a "twin sister," in Hattie Jacques. Richard Wattis was the man next door.



Above: *The comedy play is rarer than the comic series. In The Champion a bus driver, played by Leslie Dwyer, stirred up fun out of a bus strike. Clive Marshall and Marjorie Rhodes were in the family fuss he caused.*

Right: *In the comic series field, Arthur Askey found new zip in Arthur's Treasured Volumes, a set of scrapes for the little man.*

Comedy is ever welcome on television. But the programme organizers, BBC and ITV have as easy time finding enough comedy, funny enough to deserve the welcome always waiting for it.



"Oscar Pennyfeather" has become one of the "names" of television, as a result of the characterisation given this quietly amusing invention by comedian Arthur Haynes. The Arthur Haynes Show remains a steady favourite in ATV comedy shows.



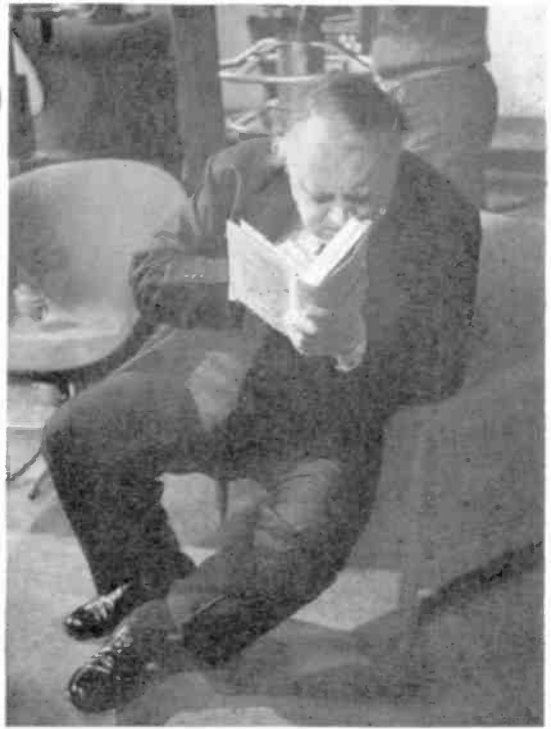


If its songs you are after, on BBC Perry Como can call in Bing Crosby. If its laughter, ITV has Benny Hill—pretending to be the BBC's Hans Hass (With cheerful co-operation from Vivienne Martin).

at a quarter to a third of this mass is surely an important job. Despite its lapses into out-smarting programme timing, the BBC recognizes this better than ITV, where informative TV is still trundled on, as it were ashamedly, too early or too late in the evening.

The so-called "documentary-story" of ITV creation, like "Emergency Ward 10" and "Probation Officer," are window-dressing to try to persuade politicians, the Church, and the intellectual "establishment" that commercial TV is informing mass publics, at peak hours. "Ward 10" is about as truly informative as a woman's magazine story, set in any hospital. "Probation Officer," once it has reiterated the cliché that bad homes breed delinquents of all ages, really has nothing else to teach about the causes of rebellion against order, or the difficulties, failures and successes of reformatory jurisprudence.

That verb "to teach" will of course send most ITV programme contractors into a frenzy of self-defence against the old BBC bogey of "always trying to improve people." Yet it is just in this field of TV that an enlarging public is ready and waiting for more attention from programme makers. Here, perhaps, is one massive benefit of TV which it is safe to assume as a reality. The sheer amount and regularity of informative



Famous authors go on TV. A candid cameraman, going about the ABC Television Studio found these off-screen moments during The Book Man, a literary Sunday afternoon programme. The make-up girl (Top, left) was taking the "shine" off the head of novelist C. P. Snow. Top, right: Studio goings-ons were no interruption to the ?????? fervour of writer Douglas Woodruff. Bottom, left: Waiting for her camera cue was novelist G. B. Stern. Below: Poet Laurie Lee and novelist Elizabeth Jane Howard relaxed for a moment.



TV which has been bombarded into people's homes must have awakened a far wider range of thoughtful curiosity than the commercial TV pundits seem wishful to admit. Unless the British public is almost mentally deficient *en masse*, the stream of informative TV, coupled with increased higher education and over-full night schools, suggests a considerable middle-wedge of intelligence in the public, which can be placed, between the "intellectuals" and the so-called morons who are supposed merely to gape at Westerns. The issue of informative books from libraries, the mass sales of biographical, travel, scientific, and classical books in paper-backs, all signify the same widening of intelligent curiosity.

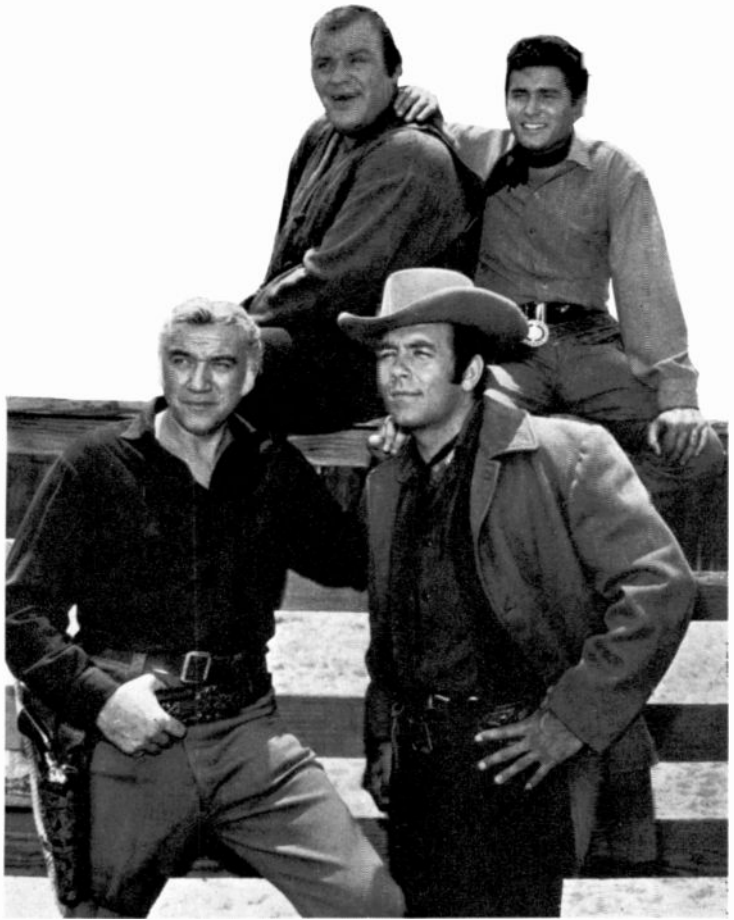
More people are today wanting to know more and more. TV has been the most intimately persuasive opener of their minds. There is some evidence that Fleet Street is awakening to this, and seeking ways to follow-up TV's whetting of the public appetite for knowledge, in the fields of psychology, medical science, travel, social sciences, politics, and of



On the BBC side of TV, Westerns also pull audiences.

Laramie was a long-running excitement for many viewers, with actor John Smith always to the fore as "Slim Sherman." On this occasion, Slim, with "Jonesy" (Hoagy Carmichael), get tricked into a rigged boxing contest.

Bonanza was a Western series introduced by ITV. And the Cartwrights of Ponderosa Ranch put their spell on the viewers. Here are (back) Dan Blocker as "Hoss"; Michael Landon as "Little Joe" and at front, Lorne Greene as the hero, "Ben"; with Pernell Roberts as "Adam."



men and women of affairs, past and present—fields in which TV has dug a little deeper, than most newspapers have dared to dig.

It is too trite by half to predict that TV has become "the great educator" or that it is doing in today's circumstances what Northcliffe and the penny-press did at the beginning of the century. It is something wider and deeper, and more subtle, that TV is doing. In the farthest corners of provincial Britain, where fashionableness and sophistication seemed never to reach, people are little less fashionable and little less sophisticated than folk in London. All over the nation, people who once knew nothing of the guiles, the techniques and the intrigues of politics, now begin to take a realistic view.

Programmes about current affairs, like "Panorama" and "This Week," and features like John Freeman's profile interviews, or the informative "Portraits of Power," have sharpened almost every viewer's



Left: An innovation in serials was Granada's dramatizations from the famous "Biggles" story books. Nevil Whiting played "Biggles," and for one story used a helicopter, with his pals "Ginger" (John Leyton) and "Bertie" (David Drummond).

Below: In a dashing costume serial, William Tell went his venture-some way weekly, with Conrad Phillips (left), and (right) Richard Rogers as his son.





Left: *The "documentary-style" TV serial has been most successful in Emergency Ward 10. Popular "Nurse Browne" (Carole Young) in "Ward 10," with actor Harry Barton. Right: Probation Officer made actor John Paul a favourite (on right); William Hartnell had a part in one story.*

awareness of what makes leadership tick, and of how the cogs of civilization really engage or disengage. More millions than he dreamed of *know* Field-Marshal Montgomery, better than he imagines, owing to his TV appearances. Millions have seen more of the subtleties in Mr. Macmillan's and Mr. Gaitskill's personalities, than any political propaganda machine could put over—or would want to put over. More and more people are learning quickly from TV to take a less inhibited view of disease, and mental ills; as they are taking a less inhibited view of sex, clothes, hygiene, domestic manners, and even home decoration. Television is the single common factor in all this; for neither the Press nor books has covered these matters with such wide and exact distribution to millions all at once, as TV has done.

This field of TV might now be called "living TV"—as compared with fiction in drama and amusement in variety. The one field which seems to lag behind by being deficient in vitality, is the religious sphere. Religion on the BBC, is still the bromide-giving homily, so obvious, so often patronizing, and so syrupy on the mind. The "About Religion" series, on ITV, has striven valiantly to cut away from fragrant minutes and parsonical comforting; but it too dodges the major issue of our time: how to come, as near as man on earth can, to a proof that God-believing works to man's daily benefit, in civilization as we have it.

This, of course, cannot be tackled on TV without dissecting unbelief and anti-clericism. It is just here where TV is caged, in the controls of orthodox Church advising committees. That perky little push at the limits of respectable religious TV, "The Sunday Break," is a pointer to the kind





Above: *Star comedian of a leading Scottish theatrical family, Jimmy Logan won the rest of Britain by his Saturday night comedy shows on BBC.*

Opposite, above: *Charlie Chester keeps a distinctive audience-participation comedy show on BBC, helped as always by the "Jeeves" of Eric Grier. On this occasion Pat Laurence was there, too.*

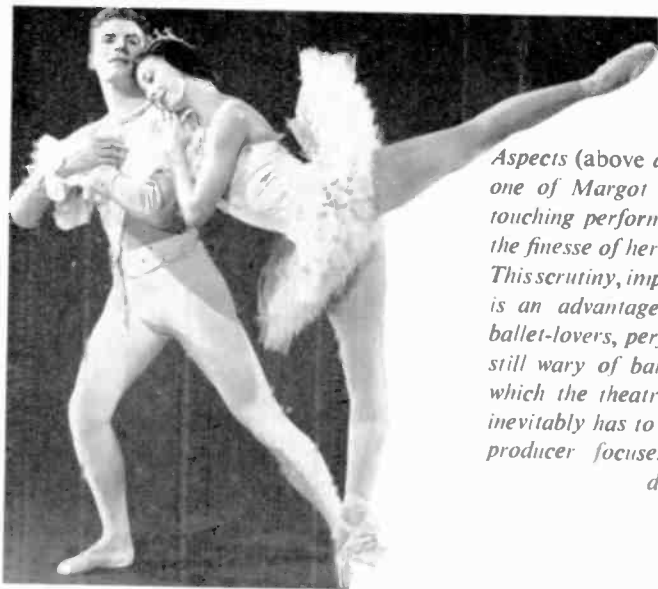
Opposite, below: *The Beverley Sisters joined Russ Conway's BBC series, with musical director Geoff Love.*

of window into religion which TV ought to be. But not even the daring ABC-TV company can lift "The Sunday Break" out of the restraining clutches of orthodox Church advisers, who work behind its scenes. Religion needs something of the frank analysis of the BBC's "Lifeline" programme; orthodox Church leaders need the TV examination of a John Freeman. It is a sign of the Churches' own inhibiting fear, that they do not allow either TV network to do anything of the kind. By their default in TV, the Churches are weakening their case. To think that their programmes strengthen their case is wishful thinking. One is forced to conclude that nothing better will happen, until one or other of the TV organizations dares to break away from the paternal ecclesiastic control, exerted over all programmes about faith and worship, whether TV or radio.



Britain's great ballerina, Margot Fonteyn, rarely dances on television. It was an occasion, therefore, when Dame Margot agreed to star in *Cinderella*, produced by Granada TV specially for the TV screen. (Left) At rehearsal, Margot Fonteyn listens to choreographer Fredrick Ashton (in overcoat) making a point to Michael Some, who partnered her. Seventy members of the Royal Ballet made up the TV *Cinderella* company.

FONTEYN COMES TO TELEVISION



Aspects (above and left) of a ballet role which is one of Margot Fonteyn's most memorable and touching performances. Her *Cinderella* brought the finesse of her art into the close-up view of TV. This scrutiny, impossible for the patron in a theatre, is an advantage of televised ballet. However, ballet-lovers, performers and choreographers are still wary of ballet on TV. The "whole view," which the theatre seat confers on the onlooker, inevitably has to be interfered with when the TV producer focuses on individuals and essential details of action.

The professional ballerina's interest in TV is today perhaps in her belief that it whets the viewers' appetites for the real thing, and sends them into the theatre. Certainly TV has helpfully accompanied the gathering interest shown in ballet since the end of the Second World War.



The Margot Fonteyn Cinderella on TV had beauty, happiness and charm. And it was all hard work at rehearsal (below).

Ballet on TV is a doubtful audience-catcher, if one thinks in terms of the millions Tony Hancock or Wagon Train can chain to their TV sets. But the BBC's long-term build-up of ballet until it has become a special TV event is believed to have increased its popularity with television audiences, year by year.



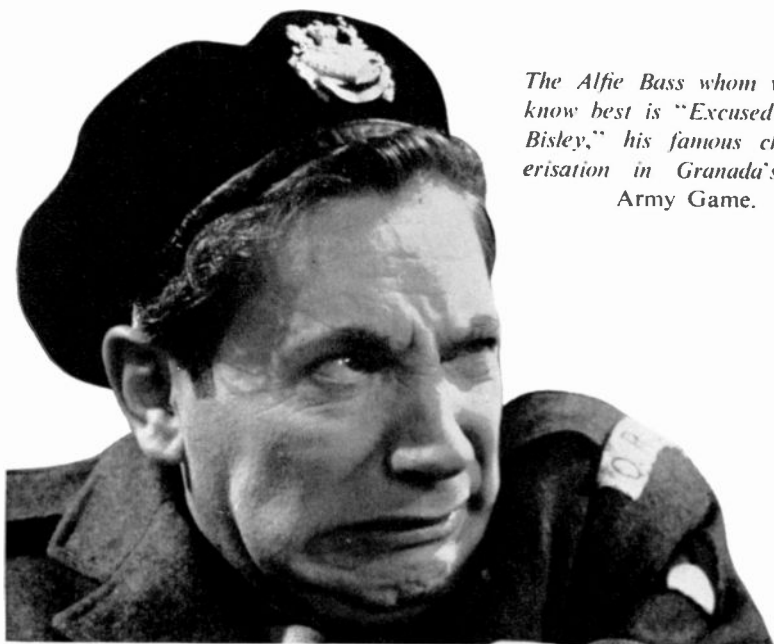
LET ME PRAISE TEENAGERS

writes ALFIE BASS

MODERN teenagers are blamed for almost everything from "rock 'n' roll" to juvenile delinquency. But I think it's largely because some sections of the Press, and some television programmes, have made them look bad. I don't think they are any worse today—and in some ways are a lot better—than the teenagers of my generation before the war.

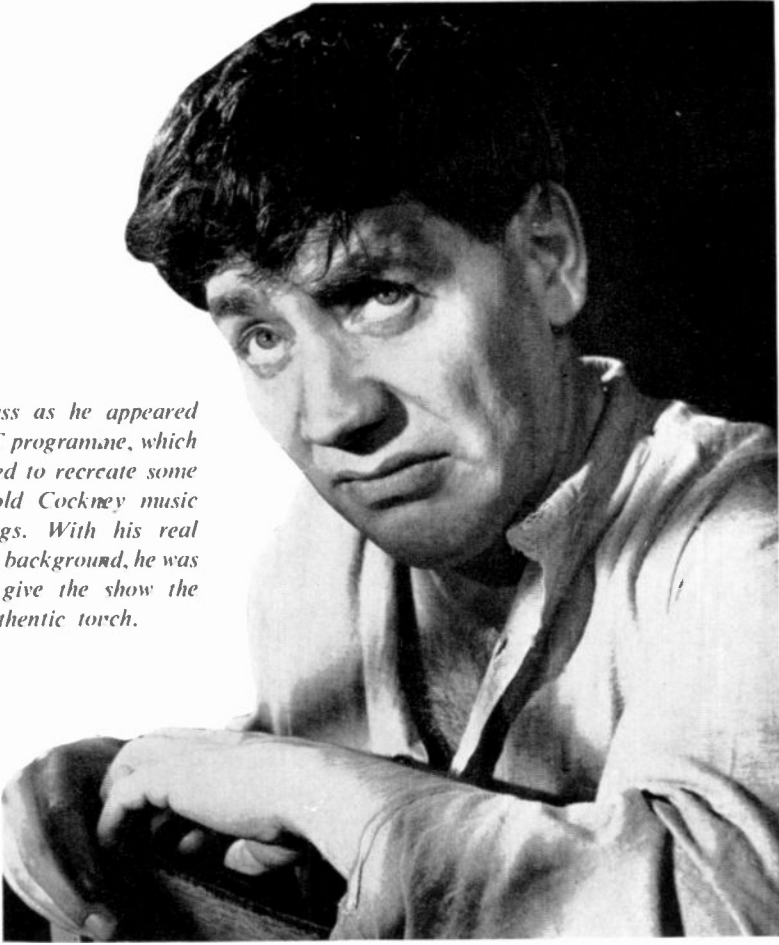
I was born the youngest of a family of 11, in London's Bethnal Green, a rough and tough neighbourhood, I had six sisters and four brothers. I grew into a typical East End urchin, always hanging around street corners. One of the reasons I am always keen to study adolescents today is because I can clearly remember going through that period myself.

Often I have been chased by the police. But I was always pretty lucky. I may have got a cuff round the ear—but nothing serious. In fact, if I



The Alfie Bass whom viewers know best is "Excused Boots Bisley," his famous characterisation in Granada's The Army Game.

Alfie Bass as he appeared in a BBC programme, which he devised to recreate some of the old Cockney music hall songs. With his real Cockney background, he was able to give the show the authentic touch.



hadn't lived among some lovely and good people I don't know what would have happened to me. I would have gone right off the rails.

I belonged to a boys' club, and learned about the good work these clubs did. They tried hard to cope with the kids though they weren't very well equipped to do it—and the kids were a right, rough lot. After some years I benefited from the experience and helped to run the club.

I hate talking about "helping" youth, but I'm glad that someone like me, who's roughed it a bit, can be of some use to them now. Even today my main ambition is to do social work, it gives you the feeling you are of service. I guess whatever job you are doing there's always a hankering to do something else, and I am very socially-minded.

What about "Teddy" boys? In my day they weren't called that, but you had just as mad and rough a crew then. Possibly worse, because I



Another cockney character Alfie created for TV was a singing dustman. Right: As a straight actor he played in The Bespoke Overcoat, with David Kossoff.

can remember standing at the top of the street, when I was seven, till half-past ten at night, one of a group of kids on the lookout for trouble. I can remember among other things, hearing about policemen being shoved down drains, and of fights with the police by madcaps with milk churns.

Gangs were just as prevalent then. There was one called the Black Hand Gang, and I remember that one of my brothers got mixed-up in it. Members of that gang would fight with chains and knives and other weapons. Yes, there's no doubt hooliganism happened then all right—but except by the Police Gazette, it wasn't featured in the papers so much.

If there's any difference at all today I think it's merely one of period, for nowadays the phobia, or whatever it is that teenagers have, stretches to their habits and their clothes. It affects even the manner in which they walk around. Their behaviour is, however, certainly no different from that of pre-war youth. If anything I would say it's better. For there's a greater percentage of charming kids among teenagers today. In those earlier days I think we used to get many more louts and ignoramuses. Today most of the teenagers are quite cute and know what they are doing.

I think, too, that on the whole television is a good influence for teenagers—and indeed for everybody. Whereas before the war many people could not get to a theatre to see a play, they can do this today on TV.

and though admittedly we have many opportunities of seeing rubbish, there are also many interesting and instructive programmes which have audiences of millions. Among these are the scientific and documentary programmes.

There are many good plays too. I like plays that are adult, that don't treat the audience like morons. Usually I can distinguish the type of play that is written merely for money, where the writer touched on a problem just for sensation; the play that comes from the heart is a different thing entirely.

To return to modern teenagers. What causes a section of them to go off the rails? To me the answer is appallingly clear: the society they live in is not equipped to deal with them. These kids need to live a life of interest and adventure—which should be possible since we live in vastly interesting times—but on the whole they are not given enough opportunities.

Take social premises as an example. I would like to see, instead of the places we usually get, such as the pub and cinema, enormous "youth city's" built to include running-tracks, shower-baths, a concert hall, boxing arena, yes and a pub and cinema too if you like—the lot, all in one. If the breweries and the cinema owners had the sense to cash in I believe the popularity of such places would be enormous. Not that I think such schemes should really be left to commercial ventures, I would



In two Wolf Mankowitz plays for the BBC, Alfie Bass showed more of his versatility. Left: with Diana Decker in The Girl; Below: With David Kossoff in It Should Happen to a Dog.





The role of "Nym" gave Alfie Bass (right) a Shakespearean role, in the BBC's television production of The Merry Wives of Windsor.

prefer to see the Government make itself responsible for them.

With Government inspiration I think the kids themselves could help to build these "cities." If the authorities allotted millions of bricks, plus the men with know-how, I am sure thousands of young people would willingly co-operate in the building of such places, even though it might take them ten years. They would love to have an active part in putting them up. It would, of course, be difficult for the trade unions to agree to such a proposal—but that is one of the things that makes me say there are limitations which our society puts in the way of youth.

Another cause of maladjustment to modern society is, I am sure, the example—or lack of it—by parents. I know many teachers who have to deal with the problem and they tell me it is ten to one that when children are in trouble the parents are to blame. The only immediate way to deal with the young offenders is through organized social welfare and with, where necessary, the probation officer looking into the kid's background. Incidentally I like the TV series *Probation Officer* because it shows the backgrounds of many ordinary people's lives.

It is easy, you know, when a kid is full of high spirits, to take the

wrong turning—literally. He may leave his house at 6 o'clock one evening, turn to the left and walk into a gang of other kids, eventually to end up at the police station. He may turn to the right and meet nothing out of the ordinary.

What about the people who, when they read about the latest exploit, just say "Belt 'em"? When I was young there were many in Bethnal Green who, being bothered by youngsters, did not understand how to deal with them, they had no ill intention, but the only line of action they could think of was "Smash their heads in!"

That's the kind of thing I like to satirize. Sometimes in *The Army Game* I have said "Give 'em all a good hiding," or in the middle of an argument have retorted, "All right. Say no more, it's finished. Done. No, don't say another word." That is the language of the kind of person who won't listen to reason. There's one in most families, and when you present him or her on TV the other members of the family often recognize the likeness and take "the mickey." Frankly, I think that's the best way to deal with people who won't face the teenage problem squarely.

Don't think that in defending youngsters, I am condoning the thug-gishness which is sometimes in evidence, I don't; but I do think it's up to us to encourage them to be good citizens. Take the club example again. I have seen kids running a club and know how much pride and interest they can get from it. I know of a young people's committee on which there are quite tiny tots helping to play their part. I have watched their meetings with amazement. You see a wonderful feeling coming from within the kid who reasons "We can't do that—it will spoil other people's pleasure."

They are taking their environment as an education. It's so moving to watch I have almost cried.



CHIEF DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT
LOCKHART

(actually Raymond Francis)

poses the problem

ARE THERE TOO MANY TV DETECTIVES?

The clock of the London Law Courts adds a telling touch to this location shot of Raymond Francis and Eric Lander. They were being filmed for one of the AR-TV No Hiding Place stories, in which "Chief" Lockhart has Lander playing Detective Sergeant Baxter, his assistant.



One of the longest-run TV detective series was Dial 999, starring Robert Beatty (right). Detectives, whether of official police forces, or “private eyes,” have become a dominant ingredient of world television entertainment. Hollywood turns out many such serials each year, selling them round the world.



DO TOO many TV cops spoil the viewers' enjoyment of detection on the screen?

Too many undoubtedly would. But I do not think that Lockhart really clashes with say, Charlesworth, Maigret or P.C. Dixon. We tend to show different aspects of police work—and that is not a bad thing. Of course, there are the various film series purporting to show the work of Scotland Yard, with people talking in pseudo-American accents, but I don't think these compete with the carefully-compiled series such as *No Hiding Place*.

It was in the autumn of 1957 that I first played the role of Detective Superintendent Lockhart in *Murder Bag*, and exactly two years later was “promoted” to Chief Detective Superintendent, when the series was extended to an hour and given the new title *No Hiding Place*. The reason for my higher rank was so that the scope of the series could be widened. I was also given a full-time assistant in Eric Lander, who plays Detective Sergeant Baxter.

I don't exactly know why I was selected for the role of Lockhart. It happens that my last TV appearance before taking the part was that of the detective in the play *Naughty Mr. Punch*—but I think it more likely



Detective Inspector Mitchell, played by William Lucas, and his wife, acted by Betty McDowall, in The Days of Vengeance. This BBC serial was written by Ted Willis (author of Dixon of Dock Green) and Edward J. Mason (who is the writer of radio's The Archers.)

that several appearances as Army and R.A.F. officer types were responsible for this eventual casting.

People ask if Lockhart and I are really alike. Well, we are in some ways, especially in the snuff-box that Lockhart uses. It was given to me by Kenneth More, and I really do take snuff from that same box. There are probably plenty of differences—but I don't mind if he and I become one and the same in people's minds.

How does the role of TV detective compare with the real thing? That's a difficult question for an actor to answer: but in the last three years I have met several high-ranking officers and have heard little criticism of our efforts. Several have said outright they enjoy the series—though I think we have occasionally given them a laugh. For one thing, we solve our crimes in an hour, whereas they might reasonably take weeks. Of course, we cannot do everything exactly as the police would do it—and it might not be a good thing if we tried. Just one example—the real Murder Bag is four times as heavy as ours!

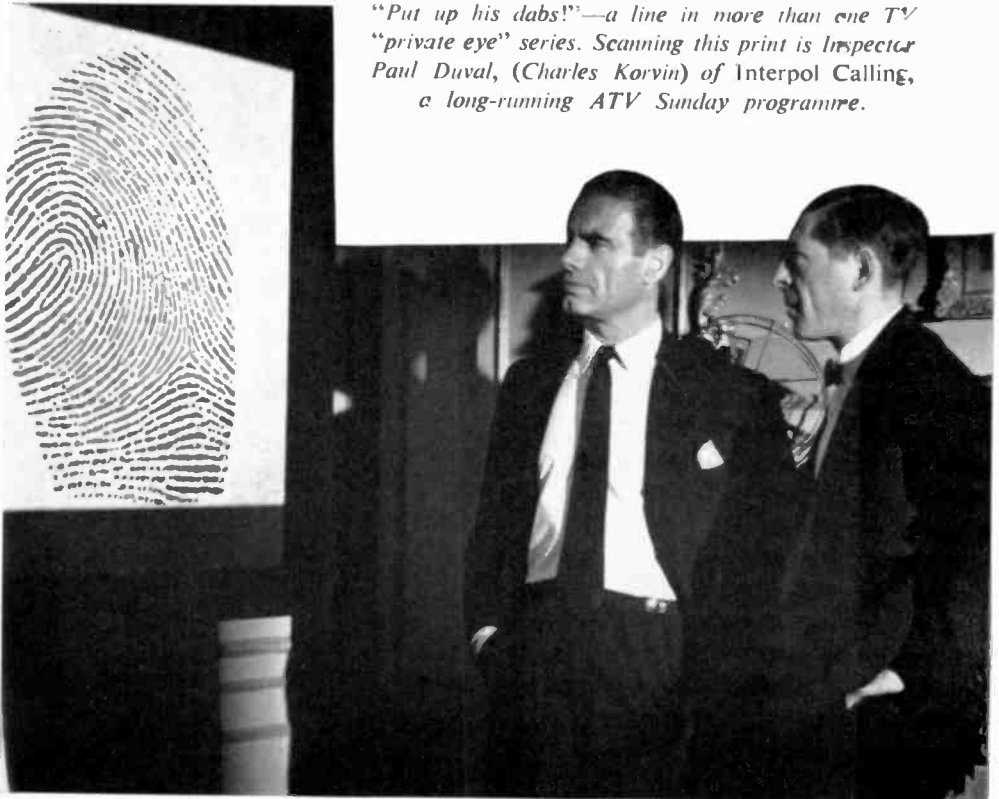
Always we show that crime doesn't pay—the crook is never allowed to get away with it—even if he appears to right up till the last minute. And we don't portray violence. If the plot suggests violence has been committed we don't show viewers the sordid details.

Though my problems are nothing like those of a real-life "copper," being a TV detective does have its complications. My wife sometimes forgets she is married to an actor. She goes shopping in Eastbourne, where we live, and the assistants mistakenly call her "Mrs. Lockhart." More than that, if a recent script has called on me to be harsh in a decision they complain to her and urge her to ask me to be more lenient next time! This happened several times when I was hard on a young constable—I even ended up having to convince my wife it was all in the script.

My psychology in playing Lockhart is to portray a British police officer by showing tact, thought and fairness. At a time when a certain section of the population displays opposition to helping the police I hope we play our part in giving viewers the right picture of the force.

Scotland Yard certainly gives us full co-operation. In addition our writers always keep the "real thing" in mind and I cannot do better than quote script editor Guy Morgan, who, in instructions to writers at the commencement of *No Hiding Place* said: "I don't want it to appear that crime detection is easy and that all cases are solved by one man at the end of one day's work. Most Scotland Yard cases involve weeks or

"Put up his dabs!"—a line in more than one TV "private eye" series. Scanning this print is Inspector Paul Duval, (Charles Korvin) of Interpol Calling, a long-running ATV Sunday programme.



even months of back-breaking work and call for the entire resources of a great crime-fighting machine.”

With this in view, more of the technical side of police work has been shown, including the activities of the forensic laboratory with all the latest scientific aids in crime detection.

Another important link is Glyn Davies, our consultant, himself an ex-Scotland Yard detective, who sometimes finds an amusing side to his work. More than once he has bumped into “old lags” whom he has been the means of “sending down.” “Liked the programme, Guv’nor,” they will say, “but if I had been doing that job I wouldn’t have done it that way . . .” Could be scope for a whole new series here!

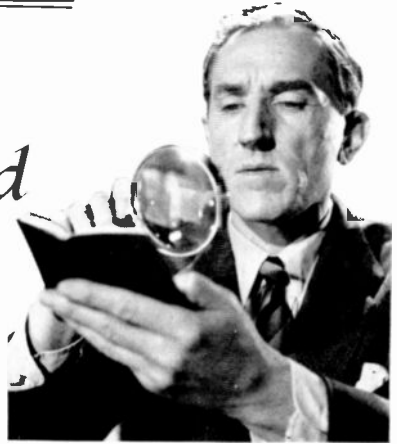
Though the theme of all TV crime series is that crime doesn’t pay, it is certainly popular. From the number of programmes that show different sides of it, in which can be included the *Scotland Yard* documentaries, *Boyd Q.C.* and *Probation Officer*, crime must range near westerns in terms of programme time.

Do I therefore think that crime will eventually kill westerns? No, I do not. Because westerns provide sheer escapism, with romantic outdoor settings and colourful characters. I would say they have the same “get-away-from-it-all” quality for modern viewers that a visit to the music hall had for our grandfathers. Whereas crime stories, after all, have to take viewers inside places like police stations, which, however law-abiding audiences may be, are hardly as glamorous as the settings in westerns. The point is that crime stories bring us nearer to daily life—we read about it in the papers every day.

I find a most enjoyable exercise is learning the script of *No Hiding Place*—especially as I am able to walk over the South Downs studying it, often on a Sunday morning. I go by myself for concentration is essential, much as I would like to take the children. They are Clive (14), Caroline (9) and Frances (4), and they are always keen to see the results of my quiet deliberations when they reach the screen. Margaret, my wife, was an actress, though nowadays her dramatic work is confined to local Shakesperean productions.

In a career that has lasted thirty years television has given me a larger following than I have ever had, for I am glad to say that *No Hiding Place* has a good audience. I like to feel that Lockhart, as well as other TV cops, has his fans. Indeed, that in many cases they are the same ones—for, in my view, we don’t clash.

Bernard Archard



FOR most of one TV half-hour, week after week, actor Bernard Archard sat at a table and asked people questions. This would seem an unlikely way of becoming one of television's most viewed men. Yet his military information interrogations, in the "Spycatcher" series, mesmerized millions into leaving whatever was on ITV to watch this unusual BBC series. The compulsion of following conversations set to trap traitors may have had something to do with it. But Bernard Archard took his opportunity, and made Colonel Pinto a unique portrayal.

This TV target was a late score for him, for it came at the age of 39. He had played a few roles in TV plays before, and passed unnoticed. There is not sufficient authentic material for the "Spycatcher" series to go on for ever, and more than one programme planner must be seeking some other series of the unusual kind which made Bernard Archard a golden asset to the B.B.C.

Bernard was born in London and educated at Sloane School, Chelsea, from where he gained a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. He started his career in repertory at Sevenoaks, Kent. His first television appearance came in 1948.

In 1952 he became Director of the Malvern Festival Company and four years later was Director of the Chesterfield Civic Theatre. then Bernard spent a year trying to get into television in 1957, and succeeded with parts in *Kenilworth* and *A Woman of Property*. The following year he had a small part in a BBC documentary about open-cast mining, which led to the lead in *Crime Report*, another documentary.

In 1958 he played several small parts in *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*, and in *You Are There* was seen as the Duke of Wellington in one episode and Danton, the French revolutionary, in another.

With his brother, Bernard owns a 100-acre Sussex farm. There is a legend that their fifteenth-century farmhouse is haunted. Bernard also has a London house. In the workless times which inevitably come to actors between parts, he has redecorated it.



Arthur Haynes

AT 46 years of age, Arthur Haynes can bless the day that ITV came along. (Though who can really say whether the BBC might not have discovered him?). The fact is, in the years of British TV before ITV Arthur had only been allowed to give viewers a fleeting glimpse of himself. Yet through all those years he was packing in a wealth of show business experience.

There are some who say that Arthur's loyalty to ITV—like the other comic Arthur (Askey) Haynes keeps to the commercial network—has robbed him of the chance of getting the serious kind of “build-up” the BBC strives to give its own discoveries. But Arthur's career has made him blandly philosophic about whatever happens.

As an army private he was auditioned for George Black's *Stars in Battledress* and two days after D-Day found himself in charge of a concert party in Normandy, living for six months with a French family at Bayeux. That led, after the war, to a place in Charlie Chester's radio show *Stand Easy*, and he gained further experience as Charlie's “stooge” in stage shows, including seasons at Blackpool and the London Palladium. Later he had a variety date at Blackpool on his own, followed by a summer show at Llandudno.

The advent of ITV was a turning-point for Arthur, for early in 1956 he got his chance in *Strike a New Note* and introduced the character of Oscar Pennyfeather. Within three months the show became *The Arthur Haynes Show* and (as well as “Oscar”) was a star.

After more than a hundred sketches as this comedy character Arthur decided to drop him because, as he says, “I didn't want Oscar to dominate my career. I wanted to express my own personality too”. That he does to the delight of millions.

Self-effacing Arthur, who is married and lives at Ealing, still thinks he's the luckiest person alive, and philosophises about his career thus: “I think I've done pretty well—but everyone connected with me, my friends and business associates, think I'm going to be bigger. They're the ones who think it—not me. I like to just jog along and do what I feel like doing.”

IN LEEDS I SOUGHT EXCITEMENT

says

MARION RYAN



I WAS born in Middlesbrough but lived most of my early life in Leeds. That's my home town, the place where I went to school, had my first job, and broke into show business.

At school I was "middling"—some subjects I liked and some I just didn't like. I was quite good at arithmetic and enjoyed adding up columns of figures. The sort of figures which, frankly, I never thought would be any use to me—but I'm bound to say those lessons have come in useful after all.

Maybe I'm not sure now whether schooldays were the happiest—but in one respect they were certainly the luckiest. During the war I was evacuated to Bridlington where I lived with a wonderful family who treated me like their own daughter. One Christmas I felt I must go home to Leeds to see my parents—for there is no place like home. While I was home, Bridlington was bombed and the house I had been staying in was destroyed. There was absolutely nothing left—except the bicycle my good friends had bought me for a Christmas present. After that I was sent to a farm near York, where I shared in the life of another good family.

When I left school it was to go to a large department store in Leeds as a junior assistant—most of the "assisting" taking the form of making tea! After about a year I joined the staff of another big store as a salesgirl. I sold undies and stockings here, and my "greenness" at the counter nearly lost me the job the first day. A man came in for six pairs of stockings. I did not know there were six pairs in a box—and cheerfully handed him six boxes. He did not notice the mistake either but next day he came back, patiently waited till I finished serving, and took me aside to point out my



Released for a day from the pressures of showbusiness, Marion Ryan bubbles over with happiness between her two sons, at the seaside.

error. To this day I am grateful he didn't go straight to the manager. By the time I left that shop I was earning £4. 10. 0 a week.

There was a sequel to this job a couple of years ago when I went North to open a new shop for the firm. There was I, who had once walked in awe before almost everyone, hob-nobbing with the managing director



A “bubble bath” was ordered, as a stunt, in one of Marion’s TV shows. She made a winsome picture.

and his associates. In my speech I said something about “I am now making you pay for the poor wages you used to give me!” I am not sure it went down very well.

It was while working in Leeds that I felt I had got into a rut. I had an urge to break away and do something different—but I didn’t know what, I tried to get into a Carroll Levis show as a chorus girl, because, when a little girl, I had taken dancing lessons. Now I was turned down because I was thought to be too small in stature.

My “discovery” came later, when, aged 19, I went along one night to a big dance hall in Leeds feeling fed up. Ray Ellington and his boys were playing and I wanted excitement. They were hotting things up, and the atmosphere was terrific. What happened I really don’t know, but suddenly I found myself on the stage with the band. “Let me sing something—er, how about *Embraceable You*?” I pleaded with the astonished Ray, and in no time at all I was giving out with the Ryan version of this old song, that Frank Sinatra revived. It was the only one I knew.

Instead of treating the whole thing as a joke Ray seemed to like my intrusion, and invited me to make a tape recording with the band. When I got home and told my mother she was as surprised as me. “But you can’t sing . . .” she said—like me, she never reckoned I had a voice.

During this time Ray and his quartet were in *The Goon Show* and

every weekend he went down to London for recordings. He took the tape I had made and played it to some prominent show business people—I remember how thrilled I was when he told me that Ted Heath had heard it and liked it.

Finally, Ray persuaded my mother to let me go to London. While he could not guarantee success, he felt I must benefit by having a crack at the heart of show business. So here I am.

That all happened eight years ago and I must say the gods have been good to me. Since then I've bought a large Swedish-style house in Leeds for my parents.

I was married at 16, but the marriage went wrong, my twin sons, Paul and Barry, are now aged 10, but when I left Leeds for London I decided to leave them with my mother, rather than tangle them up in show business. My mother, who is 43 but looks only 30, takes care of them. Also in the house helping to make one happy family, are my three young sisters, Carol (17), Susan (13) and Michelle (9). It's a gay, young family, and I know my twins will grow up with a young outlook, which I think is a very good influence.

They phone me every night and often joke about my singing—telling me I'm a "square" because I don't indulge in rock 'n' roll numbers. More flattering is their comment on my age: "Mum," they often say when we meet, "you must have been a baby when you had us!"

Last spring I moved into a new penthouse flat near Berkeley Square—the first real home I've had in London—and it's fabulous. The dining-room has red and white walls contrasting with black and white furniture. Over the fireplace hangs my portrait, painted by South African artist Peter Lamb. It has a gold frame that matches the gold curtains. Of course, there is a TV set. Nowadays it seems I don't go out any more—I'm more comfortable at home watching the telly!

My bedroom is pink-toned, with a white carpet and matching furniture that looks very feminine. Overhead hangs a beautiful crystal chandelier.

One of my pastimes is reading, especially autobiographies and controversial books. The latter make heavy reading sometimes but I enjoy them just the same, and I always read before going to sleep, however late it is. And sometimes, after a cabaret, that really is pretty late.

Another hobby—if you can call it that—is buying new clothes. My proudest possession is a £2,500 mink which I've been quoted as saying I got the hard way—I bought it myself.

One of the things I can't do in London that I enjoyed in the old days at Leeds is visiting a well-known chain store. I have tried to get in unnoticed, but it was no good. It got embarrassing. I would be examining stockings and look up to find a crowd of people watching. I'm probably

The "plump and jolly" kind, who used to be the spice of North Country music hall—this is Marion Ryan. But today such freshness and bounce are appreciated on the homely TV screen.



quite wrong, but somehow I imagined them saying to themselves "What's she shopping here for—with all her money?"

My sisters, naturally, take a great interest in my wardrobe. Sometimes I think it belongs to them, and that they are good enough to share it with me! Like me, they love clothes.

I don't own a car, and have no desire to learn to drive. I think if I got in a traffic jam I would get out and just leave the vehicle where it stood. Consequently I travel everywhere in Town by taxi, and find London cabbies are great characters. By the end of the drive you know their life stories, and they are eager to know about you. I find them invaluable as critics, because if they don't like the show they tell you so.

The responsibility of having my own TV series last summer was frightening, but I enjoyed every minute of it, for it was an ambition achieved. There are two other things I would like to do. One is to make a musical film, though there is little opportunity for that in Britain since film-makers are naturally a little scared to give a chance to unknowns in that field. I would also like to star in a West End show, not just singing, but having a go at acting. In fact I would love to play gay, light-hearted stage parts.

Most actresses say they want to play Lady Macbeth. That's not for me—far too heavy. Come to think about it, I would sooner play Lord Macbeth.

BILL EVANS

describes how they put

SPORT into

SATURDAY'S



THE BBC's Saturday *Grandstand* has been called "a living newspaper of sports and news." To producer Bryan Cowgill and editor Paul Fox, this four-hour reporting vigil is an exciting experience—but it can be a little nerve-racking too.

"There are three basic hazards every week," said Paul Fox. "We always hope that things will be all right technically without breakdown in the middle of the afternoon; that the weather will hold for the events we cover so that nothing will be washed-out or snowed-off before we start; and that while we are covering one event nothing really thrilling happens somewhere else."

Editor Fox showed me a large diary in which he enters sporting events, often up to six months ahead. "We cover as many events as we can in an afternoon. Unfortunately we cannot cover league football live, because of the League's ban. We can, of course, include events like the amateur cup final and the schoolboy internationals, but I realize our coverage is still incomplete without league matches. But we do keep in touch with what we call the Top Four matches each week. We have four to six reporters phoning every fifteen minutes to give the news from these matches."

It is his job to decide, in consultation with sports organizer Jack Oaten, what events will be covered. "About two or three weeks ahead I decide the time-table for the afternoon. Suppose we have got racing, swimming and Rugby League. The first thing I must decide is exactly what races we can cover. We may want to do the 3 o'clock 3.30 and 4 o'clock, but the latter must be left out because it may interfere with the Rugby League match. Often, if we request them, the organizers are good enough to switch a race for us, so then we may do the 2.30, 3 o'clock and 3.30, going ten minutes beforehand to each race and staying until about five minutes after."

Suppose he's got those three timings for the racing. The Rugby League match kicks-off at 3 o'clock; he knows that TV is allowed to show only

forty minutes, and that viewers will certainly want the last twenty minutes. He decides that *Grandstand* will cover the match from about 3 p.m. till 3.20, and again from 4 p.m. till 4.20. "That leaves a gap between about 3.35 and 4 o'clock into which fits the swimming. The organizers, again, are kind enough to fix the events we want in the times we give them.

"Without this kind of co-operation we couldn't do *Grandstand*. The whole thing depends on goodwill, and if one shows it to the organizers of sports events it comes back to us."

Though there are some gaps in the diary, Paul Fox usually knows what events any *Grandstand* may cover from three to five months ahead. "A lot of it is based on long-term contracts, where we have the rights, like horse-racing, motor racing, swimming events and Test Matches. This is a good thing in many ways, though it is a little inflexible. It means that outside broadcast units are committed to these events. If something new suddenly comes up, it's not so much the difficulty of fitting-in the event, as finding the equipment with which to cover it. We did manage



that for this year's Wightman Cup, which was held a little earlier than expected."

The phone rings. Peter West is about to leave for Paris to cover a Rugby international. Paul Fox gives him last-minute instructions. Bids him a good trip.

"Peter is doing only ten minutes live commentary, the rest is being recorded," he says. "This match is an unannounced item. We are allowed to cover five Rugby internationals during the year. For other matches, like this one in Paris, we can cover the last ten minutes by special dispensation, so long as it remains a surprise item. But the surprise is wearing a bit thin, because viewers now expect us to do this. They phone and say 'What do you mean by not covering the so-and-so game?' We say 'But it



The pictures show an outside broadcasts TV unit at a race-course (left) and, below, the tower erected to carry the camera. Main sports events require Grandstand to commit outside broadcast units to fixed dates. If some new sports occasion suddenly needs covering, it may be difficult to find the equipment to cover it.





Where the sports pictures on a Grandstand location are received. To this mobile control room, are linked cameras dotted round a race course—including a light “radio camera” being carried on a TV man’s back.

isn’t billed in the *Radio Times*’ and they reply, ‘But you *always* cover these matches. Why not today?’ ”

Assuming the match will finish at 4.28 Paul Fox finds there is no other event before the football results come in at 4.40. So for the twelve minutes between he can fill-up with Peter West’s recording of earlier parts of the game.

Grandstand comes from Studio H, Lime Grove, the same that *Tonight* uses. Paul Fox sketched the events of a typical Saturday. “At 10.30 Bryan Cowgill holds a rehearsal, where studio ‘moves’ are worked out and the results service tested. There’s a link-up with the OB units to make sure they are there and that all is well technically.

“David Coleman has written the script on Thursday or Friday, but Saturday morning sees some additions. More films have come in, and scripts must be written to accompany them. For example last winter’s

Test Match films from the West Indies used to arrive late on Saturday mornings. These can be pushed-in during gaps in the afternoon.

"The rehearsal lasts about an hour and after seeing the late films, we must be in the studio at 12.30 to be all set for going on the air at 1 o'clock."

Next to him, at a long desk, is producer Cowgill, a vision-mixer, a technical operations manager, a lighting man and two secretaries. In front of them is a double-bank of monitor screens, three of them showing what is happening at the events the OB units are covering. Three more are relayed from the three studio cameras, which have plenty to look at, for there are about seventy people working there, including three sound and camera crews, an engineering unit, sixteen scoreboard attendants, six messengers, six caption artists, four secretaries and many others, including three newspaper sub-editors who deal with sports and news items fed by the nine teleprinters.

"In addition to the normal studio crew there's a bunch of people to deal with results, probably four men to each board. Two more stand by the results teleprinter, writing the scores on duplicated sheets, and sending them to the scoreboards. That is in addition to when we put a camera on to the teleprinter and take results direct. Matches don't normally finish until 4.40—but by 4.45, or 4.46 at the latest, we have all the results.

"My job is to keep continuity, and see that we leave events and go to others at the right time, but long before the results come up we may have had some exciting switches. There was the motor racing at Goodwood last year when there was a terrific fire. We were in the middle of a swimming race, when the screen to the left of the monitors suddenly showed a great fire at Goodwood. Bryan had only to press a button, tell the swimming unit 'We're going over to Goodwood at once,' and viewers were watching the fire too. That is something that could not be done before *Grandstand* and cannot be done in any other TV programme."


Meanwhile the sub-editors may get a news item of more than passing interest. One phones Paul Fox, tells him the facts, and Paul decides whether to use it. "Depending on how important it is we may even leave an event in the middle to give a news item. We may also superimpose an important international match score over a racing picture. Bryan presses a button and says 'International match score coming up' and the commentator will say 'And now on the screen you can see the latest score from Hampden Park, Scotland 4, England 2' or whatever it is."

The TV men have no time for a proper lunch. The best they could do was snatch a sandwich while the American boxing film was on between 1.5 and 1.30. Now, with the results coming in at 4.40, a girl brings them a cup of tea. The end of another *Grandstand* is in sight.

I MIX STAGE AND TV

says

DICKIE HENDERSON



THE first full half-hour series of domestic comedy I've been in on television started only after a fairly long absence from the home screen. I had been appearing in *When in Rome* . . . at the Adelphi theatre.

My absence in fact made some people ask whether TV, after using me a lot, had dropped me. Not at all, it was my own choice. For the thing about television is, if you are a TV personality, you could be on every week of the year—if you are foolish enough.

True, TV has the capacity to rocket you to the top. Everyone will know you in the street. But after a while they will still recognize your face—and not want to see you! After 21 years in show business I find the hardest thing about television is to make up your mind how to use it instead of letting it use you.

Look at it this way: television will run out of artists before artists run out of television. There are so many hours every day to fill with programmes. So an artist has to make up his mind how long he wants to be in show business. If he wants to last for a couple of fantastic, bonanza years, where he's on every week and everyone is mad about him, he should stay on TV. But not if he wants to make his career last another ten years—for he can't do both.

I reckon I do my share, but I feel after a good run the time comes to take a rest from that all-seeing camera. For instance, when I was asked, three years ago, to compère *Sunday Night at the London Palladium* I

suggested that the compère be changed every four weeks, this was thought to be a good idea. I did four, then Alfred Marks, then Bob Monkhouse, then Robert Morley, in turn appeared and in the end I did more than four. After that I was invited to compère the next season's series entirely. But I said I couldn't do it. I would burn myself out.

After that Bruce Forsyth came in and he's done two whole seasons—and he has not burned himself out. So where's my theory? Well, I still think it was right—for me. But I can see why it hasn't turned out like that for Bruce. For one thing, he has never really made a rod for his back in the way I did. For I used to do a spot myself every week which he doesn't.

Secondly, he has the ability, which I think shows really tremendous talent, to be liked so much by the public that as soon as he goes on they regard him as a friend, and expect him to talk to them. I don't think the public would accept that from me.

My theory is that the longer you are known for introducing stars the more impossible you are making it for yourself to be introduced as one. Since those compèreing days, I've returned to the Palladium show twice at the top of the bill. I think I'm the only compère who has done that.

Yet I know a lot of people who *appear* to have more talent than Bruce who could never sustain themselves for 39 weeks at the Palladium. For what he does is harder than selling talent. If Bob Hope walked on and “kibbitzed” around the way Bruce does you would pick up the papers next morning and read: “What was Bob Hope doing last night at the Palladium?” For you have to be a great performer just to go on and clown around.

I must say I always enjoy being at the Palladium—doing anything. Because, while it doesn't have the easiest, it has the best of audiences. Ninety per cent of the people who go there are willing to enjoy themselves. It's rather like getting in a Rolls-Royce. You're going to enjoy the ride before the driver puts his foot on the accelerator.

Of all my stage appearances I think I liked best playing the role of Sakini in *Teahouse of the August Moon*. In many shows I've found that so much of whatever inventiveness I have is called upon that it's like carrying a ton weight on your shoulders. By contrast “Teahouse” was so brilliantly written one walked in and it almost played itself.

The Palladium and “Teahouse” apart, television is my favourite medium. But TV is always a strain, because an artist does not know the value of material he is sending out live. Afterwards, if you see a recording of the show, you can always say “I wish I could have another go at that,” though actually the second show probably would not be as good as the first. If one was allowed to do it eight times the eighth one might be really good.

Bruce Forsyth will be ready to address the ball once Dickie Henderson has finished fixing it to the tee! A scene from Sunday Night at the London Palladium, which Dickie compered for a time, before Forsyth took over.



The theatre is different: *When in Rome . . .* was a good instance of what I mean. After it reached London and we had played it several times the dialogue became so “tight” that the show was probably 25 per cent better than when we opened at Oxford. But on TV our opening night would have been our last show.

Frankly, I don't think TV audiences are as critical as theatre audiences. They might laugh at TV sketches at home which, if they paid a guinea to go out and see, they wouldn't stand for. In the theatre one bit of "dead wood" can make an audience so restless that one cannot recapture enthusiasm. That is a basic difference between TV and theatre. But TV is here to stay, and anyone who says it is not is crazy.

So people who say television killed the theatre forget it can be used to advantage. It's the quickest way of letting ten million people know what you are doing.

It would not surprise me one iota if in a few years' time you won't see a bill advertising a theatre show. How many people notice one? It certainly takes a long time before ten million do. And poster sites all over London and the suburbs cost a lot of money. It might be much better to take a minute on television.

The "Beat the Clock" audience puzzles, in Sunday Night at the London Palladium, gave Dickie Henderson, as compere, plenty of fun with "the customers" up from the audience to "have a go".



ROBERT
HORTON

reports on

RIDIN' ALONG WITH FLINT



*Left: Robert Horton as Flint
McCullough Right: Frank
McGrath as Wooster.*

AFTER playing in plenty of Hollywood films the chance of going into a television series as Flint McCullough, the scout in *Wagon Train*, presented an opportunity not to be passed-up. It also gave me a challenge. For since Flint was as unknown as some of the country he would have to range over, it meant I must create his character so that viewers—if not desperadoes—would know him a mile off.

I was in New York the day I was chosen to play Flint. Instead of obeying a natural impulse to fly back to Hollywood at once I decided to do some real scouting. I wanted to learn something about the old-time wagon trains, so I turned the trip into a safari.

I motored to St. Joseph, Missouri, the original jumping-off point of most of the wagon trains ninety years ago. I wanted to find out exactly where those trains really went, so travelled along the historic route of Dodge City, Denver, Salt Lake City, Reno, through the Donner Pass and on to San Francisco. Not only did this journey give me a good solid

feel of the type of terrain over which our wagon train travels, but it had more than its quota of romantic appeal.

I like searching out relics of the past, things like old plaques and cemetery inscriptions, and that is in Flint's character too—for he is curious about everything and everybody.

It was after this memorable trip that I really came face to face with my character: when I was given the first few hour-long scripts one thing struck me. Being by different writers each had a different interpretation of the scout. I felt I needed a frame to hang Flint's character in.

I tried to imagine his native background—a task made easier by that trip from St. Joseph—and suggested changes in the dialogue and scripts to keep the character within the frame. Finally I put Flint's character on paper, writing a detailed biography and personality sketch of him. This I showed to the producers. The work had its rewards. They liked it and ever since have used it to introduce writers of new episodes to the character.

In my interpretation of the scout I have made Flint a gentle, soft-spoken, almost tender man—capable of instant violence only when occasion demands. I have put a great deal of my own personality and background into the role, and tried to get the point across that hard-hitting, hard-shooting and general rough and tumble does not necessarily imply masculinity.

One cannot work long on *Wagon Train* without being impressed by its first-rate production and writing, and it is great to know you have, as guest stars, some of the finest actors and actresses of theatre and screen.

Being fond of riding helps tremendously in playing Flint. I do nearly all my own stunts for *Wagon Train*, stopping short only at the kind of dangerous situations producers won't allow me to do. I have, however, done a lot of falls and mounts and dismounts from galloping horses.

When the series was well-established I made another journey—this time to Montana. In the first year I used a variety of horses, and so successful were my efforts, especially on a nondescript mare, that I was actually getting offers from rodeo shows just to ride into the arena on my trusted steed. One rodeo impresario sent me a blank cheque, attached to an exclusive contract, made out to "Robert Horton, alias Flint McCullough." I couldn't very well tell these guys I had never been in a rodeo, but had played in a multitude of movies that took me from drawing-rooms to ballrooms, though I must admit I liked the idea of being mentioned in the same breath as the sawdust daredevils—so in the end I said "Yes." Now for my reason in going to Montana.

While working in *Wagon Train* I had taken a fancy to a type of horse called the Apalousie, a very agile, fast and graceful animal, playful as a



With Wooster on top on that wagon, the kind of characters who are the backbone of Wagon Train, wait for the next adventure. Wagon Train came to Britain as something quite new in TV, especially in its hour-long length, week by week. Viewers welcomed it to the extent of promoting it to top of ITV's Top Ten

young tiger, and used mostly by stunt men in Red Indian scenes. These horses are raised in Montana, and my journey to that state was well worth while. I found the horse of my dreams, a seven-year-old gelding, with a brown coat and white rump with brown spots. It was frisky and friendly. I liked him so much I nearly took him back to my hotel but I thought the manager might not share my love of horses, so as soon as I could I sent the horse to the stable of Glenn Randall, the Hollywood horse expert who staged the chariot race in the film *Ben Hur*. He also raised Roy Rogers' horse, Trigger.

I just told Glenn to "give him an education," and since then he's been boarding at the Randall stables in a valley north of Hollywood getting a daily lesson from the master trainer. On one of my visits to the stable I found the horse being admired by a posse of television Western heroes! What really amazed me was Randall saying: "He's one of the most intelligent horses I've had. You certainly know how to pick 'em." That's the whole point. I didn't know. I just liked the look of this one. Don't think I am going to use the new horse only in rodeos. I aim to bring him into *Wagon Train* gradually—just as soon as we've become a team.

Is trick riding difficult? Well, when learning I used the same philosophy I've always used. As a boy I had it instilled in me by Mary, my old Negro nurse. She used to tell me: "Anything you want to do in life you can do, no matter how difficult, just as long as you set your mind to it." I have always remembered that advice—it's something I've found useful time and time again.

One of the consequences of *Wagon Train's* success has been a large fan-mail from Britain for me. I am grateful and touched at the response I have had from your shores. Maybe it's a special pleasure because my mother, though American, was born at Cheltenham, and my father's father was English. So, though I hadn't visited England until last Christmas, I grew up knowing a lot about it. You can imagine therefore, what a great honour it was when, on my second trip, I was to take part in the Royal Variety Performance. By the way, my Hollywood home is a four-roomed English-style cottage and I sleep in an antique four-poster bed.

Living by myself means I have to do my own cooking which doesn't worry me because cooking is a hobby. In fact, during a run of two years after the war, when I had various jobs, one of them was as a cook. Sometimes I make myself a meal from the book, allowing my own taste to dictate variations from the printed directions.

Quite a lot of my time is spent keeping fit, for an actor must be in excellent physical condition if he is to portray outdoor types. So my hobbies include fencing, archery, badminton, swimming and, naturally, horse-riding.

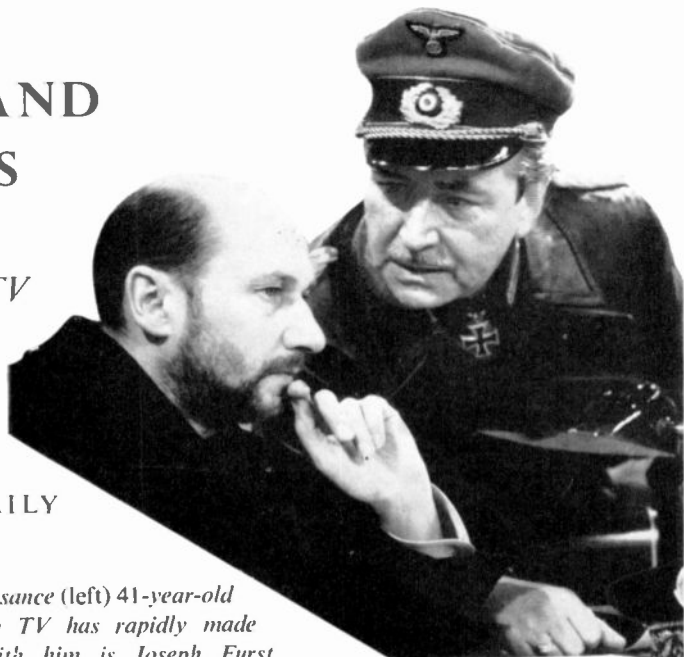
PLAYS AND PLAYERS

remain the best-loved of TV programmes

writes

KENNETH BAILY

Donald Pleasance (left) 41-year-old actor whom TV has rapidly made famous. With him is Joseph Furst.



THE play is about as solidly based in television as is the monarchy in Britain. The play queens it over all other forms of TV programme. Westerns come and go, and are imitated in new formats. "Probation Officers" and "Ward 10s" stretch the ingenuities of "documentary-drama." Comics have their vogues. Variety belabours its uphill and downhill trek. The "Panoramas" and "This Weeks" remain steady, but are variable in scope and techniques, and so in appeal. But to the play the viewer stays constant, through thick and thin drama, classic and trumpery, new and corny. The fact is, we all like a good story; and most evenings we are quite ready to be beguiled into watching one.

Maybe in this TV has replaced the magazines. Some among us there are with nostalgic memories of such magazines as *The Strand*, *The Red*, *The Grand*, *The Passing Show*, *Nash's*, *Brittania and Eve*; and to some extent, the later departed *Everybody's* and *John Bull*. All these, with varied flavours, used to be picked up to pass the idle hour by story reading. Fleet Street still makes fortunes out of magazines, but they are the women's journals, realistically practical, full of labour-saving, money-cossetting, and glamour-giving wrinkles; fiction they carry as well, but now it is the sugar over the hard-selling core of domestic wisdom. Fleet Street may not have consciously trimmed its sales to the TV wind, where magazine



Stories by Somerset Maugham were turned into a series of TV plays by Associated Rediffusion. In one of these Moira Lister (left) played Vesta Grange in the torrid story of a failed marriage in Borneo, under the title Flotsam and Jetsam.

fiction is concerned; but at least the advertiser's yen after domestic-cum-home-living journals coincided with the great overrunning of the public by television's fiction—the play.

There is never any diminishing of the love we have for seeing people, with whom we can identify ourselves up to the comfortable point, involved in situations which we never quite experience, but which we always think we are capable of experiencing—and may even hope we shall some day experience. In this is all the human appeal of drama and romance. Yet, if most TV plays are little more than a daydream, television cannot keep going without also reviving the classics, and striving to find the significant and deeper kind of new play. With these, the hearthside screen can occasionally purge by illuminating the everlasting greatness and paltriness of man, every bit as much as any theatre stage has ever done. No wonder, then, that in TV, the play's the thing.

Everybody inside TV, and quite a number of viewers outside it, knows that there are too many plays on TV. All the ages covering every great dramatist that lived could not turn out enough scripts to keep the television screens filled with plays for the allocated viewing time even for six months. Of course the barrel of dramatic invention, to say nothing of dramatic *art*, is being scraped and scraped by the studios! The marvel is that so much is not utter trash, and that the excellent still occurs. Every script department of every TV organization receives fat envelopes containing the manuscripts of "new plays," sent in from all quarters of the land, by all types of person. Hardly ever does one of these manuscripts merit serious consideration. They are imitations of hackneyed themes, written may be with the fervour of self-belief, but without expert knowledge of writing, and least of all of TV's basic needs. It is sad but true that those who say that playwriting talent is left undiscovered, do not know what the game takes; nor do they know what is in fact being done all the time to find the new playwrighters for TV.

Moira Lister again—as she looked later in the play Flotsam and Jetsam. John Phillips played her husband.





*The BBC's Sunday night series Twentieth Century Theatre, ranged from "experimental drama," like Capek's *The Insect Play* (left), to once popular West End emotional romances, like *Young Woodley* (below, right)*



*(Above, left) Dame Sybil Thorn-dike came to TV in a BBC play *A Matter of Age*. Much discussed writer Harold Pinter gave ITV *The Birthday Party* (left) with Richard Pearson and Margery Withers: produced by AR-TV.*

That the game is a closed shop, kept for the favoured few who "have pals" in the studios, and who got in early, is eloquently disproved by the new writers discovered each year, whose contracts, once they have received them, were won only on the merit of their first submitted play. These few are nearly always professional writers first; they have been novel-writing, short-story-writing, or in journalism or advertising; some have been actors. They already knew a bit of what it takes.

Rarely are the new plays written for TV the work of somebody's "pal," being kept on a retainer by a studio because some boss-man kids himself he's caged a genius! Such trapped birds there are, attached to most TV staffs; but their plays are rarely produced—their retainers rarely last! No, where the source of its plays are concerned, TV must scrape along as best it can, by keeping its discovered writers as long as they can remain writing for it, and hoping to replace those who move on, or simply cease to produce scripts, with unexpected new discoveries, two or three of whom seem—luckily—to crop up every year.

The BBC, ABC-TV, ATV, and AR-TV, all tend new dramatists carefully. The BBC has a large script staff which exists to help new writers, and to adapt work for TV drama. Some writers join this staff for varied terms, it may be six months, or could be two years; and then they go out into the world again, equipped it is hoped, to send back a new play for TV, now and again.

Even so, the supply of play scripts to the TV producing sources is precarious; and the mainstream of trivial, superficial, and let us admit it—unsatisfactory—plays has to go on. That so much of this is made viewable for the passing moment, is due to the rich resources of acting and production talent with which British television is now blessed. In fact one might say that the "fat" of British TV is in the hordes of expert young actors and actresses ever moving in and out of the studios. They, in turn, rely on the trained and imaginative directors, more and more of whom are becoming really authoritative in handling the medium. Yet, it is just not true that any actor can be told what to do, and will do it superbly like a performing cat, on television. Rather is it that the highly thoughtful and intimate kind of acting which is required for TV has been eagerly assimilated by a modern stream of actors and actresses, perhaps because it so easily extends the naturalistic style of acting now the general vogue in films and the theatre. But because it has to be even more "natural" for TV, many claim that it is the hardest to do with real effect.

It is some years now since Peter Cushing made what was perhaps the first public impact by this highly thoughtful form of TV acting. It was so markedly correct for TV then, that one seems to remember feeling his emotions through a scene by one's memory of his brow—the eyes and

mouth merely underlined what was happening inside his brain! To-day so many TV players can achieve this, or something very near to it, that it would be invidious to mention names. Perhaps it is because play scripts do not demand it so much from female parts—for a reason worth probing sometime—but it does seem to be the case that TV has not brought out the actresses so well as it has the actors. Where one can think of many actors as inheritors of the Cushing class, it is hard to name the actresses. Perhaps directors are still a bit too lured by beauty. Yet TV, as a realistic dramatic medium, does not always need a chocolate-box face for its heroines; in fact, with so many plays hitting the screens, conventional feminine beauty in the leading parts may even pall! It is, at any rate, helpful to this theory—if not conclusive—to recall three TV actresses who stay in the memory, yet each of whom is not the conventional “pretty actress” type: Billie Whitelaw, Gwen Watford, and Patricia Heneghan.

These three young women do stand out against a dozen or so of regular TV actresses whom any mere male would, I suggest, dub as being better looking in face and figure. These three have the capacity of taking a part through their minds, and projecting its emotions back at us, out of their thoughts, as it were.

Of all the expert TV actors, and these three actresses, where is there a star of the TV drama? It is indeed a strange thing that adored as its plays are, TV's players are completely unidolized. Or is this the inevitable cost of having a fireside theatre in the common-place surroundings of one's home, where those appearing in it need to look and behave almost ordinarily, if they are to be believed in such an ordinary, small-screen atmosphere? Certainly, writing in this Annual, Billie Whitelaw admits that almost as often as she is recognized in public places, so has the recognizing viewer no idea of her name! Also, of course, TV is too common-place for its players to receive the kind of ballyhoo write-ups which Hollywood distributes for the benefit of film stars. And as any TV columnist in Britain will admit, few if any of TV's popular artists have private lives of the kind deemed to be “news!”

So far as the actresses are concerned, our TV play producers seem to vie with one another in picking an actress of the year, and giving her role after role, so that she is altogether the vogue. In 1959 it was Gwen Watford; I have little doubt that in 1960 it will have been Billie Whitelaw. Perhaps I may hope that in 1961 it can be my other nominee, Miss Heneghan?

Attempts are sometimes made to see trends in the kinds of TV play which TV planners put out for our entertainment. I doubt if this kind of analysis is profitable. The strain of keeping the schedules filled with the quota of drama the public now expects, is too much for any TV organiza-

WOMEN

In TV plays express their beauty, eccentricity, passion, wit, winsomeness and anxiety. Susan Travers (left) in ATV's Mademoiselle!; Margaret Rutherford (right) in the BBC's Production of Day After Tomorrow.



Below, left to right: Dame Edith Evans in ATV's Hay Fever; Valerie Gearon in The House of Bernarda Alba, produced by AR-TV; and Jean Anderson in the BBC's A Chance to Live.





Scenes from the forthright, raw kind of drama special to ABC-TV's Armchair Theatre: Left: Fifth Floor People. Right: The Scent of Fear.

tion to bother too strictly with a "play policy". The outstanding contributor, so far as this rule can be applied at all, has been ABC-TV in its "Armchair Theatre" series. Certainly ABC made a name for the ruthless, down-to-earth and back-room and kitchen kind of story. It was criticized for being too morbid and miserable, Sunday night after Sunday night;

Left: Harold Pinter's A Night Out; Right: A Shilling for the Evil Day. Each brought modern life, low or high, to the screen.





Encounter at a pool, in the Southern TV—Old Vic play, Clash of Arms, with Yvonne Romain as a wild Algerian girl, and John Gregson (right) as a gun-runner.

yet it was doing what no other TV source seemed able to do—provide a contemporary kind of TV story-telling to partner the modern novel and the *avant-garde* film and stage play.

The BBC, with its strong Sunday night drama tradition, probably surprised many of its critics with its “Twentieth Century Theatre” series. Once again crippling its presentation with this pompous over-all title, Lime Grove picked from the repertoire of sixty years of British, American and European plays, and did it so dexterously that most viewers probably overlooked that educative general title, and just wallowed in a series of jolly good stories. As these ranged from “Young Woodley” through every theatrical theme to “The Insect Play,” this was quite an achievement.

In television development, the wonder of what is new is quickly rubbed off by its so speedily becoming the normal. It is not so long ago that this Annual joined most other writings about TV in caring about the “live” TV play performance, as against the canned film of the cinema. We praised the immediacy of TV—the viewer knowing that while he watched a play, second by second of the clock, so were its players actually acting it in the studio. This, we averred, added to the intimacy and the realism, and because of that made TV play-watching more exciting than film watching.

Closely-fitting scenic sets in the studio for Granada's play The Strong Are Lonely.





An Armchair Theatre play which produced elegant wit was Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, with Robert Coote and Terry-Thomas.

Love and repentance: (Below) Ann Lynn and Jeremy Spencer in After the Show. Right: Diana Dors acted in The Innocent by ABC-TV.



Quickly the novelty wore off! I imagine no TV planner, nor any TV critic, to-day really knows whether viewers care if a play is from previously filmed telerecording, or Ampex tape, or is being done "live." Some of us perhaps like to imagine that viewers care! We harbour a resentment against canned artificiality creeping into television! We also distrust editing of tape and recordings; tricks can be played on us, we think; plays cut to time, perhaps months after they were performed originally, with a longer running time in view. We are probably bothering needlessly, since there is no general rule by which viewers are always told when a play is taped or recorded. And the reproduction of either on the screen is usually nowadays as good as the direct transmission of a "live" performance.

Even so, I still warm more instantly to a play which I know for certain is being performed as I watch it. Perhaps this is an idiosyncrasy of a "veteran" viewer. Though I can be robbed of this consolation when I recall that years ago, before telerecordings and tape, people knowing nought of what went on in TV, used to say to me after a play night: "I enjoyed that film last night!"

Was it a play? A Musical? An extravaganza? An Arabian Night, with all these, and more as well, opened a new AR-TV studio.



Feliks Topolski sketches Dame Edith Sitwell, for one of the drawings which accompanied her fascinating TV conversation in Face to Face.



DAME EDITH SITWELL

A TV Enigma

DAME EDITH SITWELL caused a stir in television when she came out of the esoteric world of poetry and eccentric literateurs, and talked in the BBC's *Face to Face*. An intellectual, remote from publicity and mass media, she suddenly found herself occupying the position of somebody well worth watching on TV, worth listening to, and amusing to boot. Two or three other TV appearances followed, including one on *The Brains Trust*.

Such an intellect, so unused normally to this kind of experience, might be expected to have several things to say about TV itself. Dame Edith, however, prefers not to discuss TV—which is a pity, since television needs thinking about by more minds of her calibre. Of course, she hardly ever watches TV. It would seem that the notion that TV is an important means of communication, has not occurred to her. Nor, perhaps, is she aware that because of this, TV must effect people's attitudes to conventional

literature and poetry. To all of which, one can say, "Why should she bother?"— and why indeed! But still it is a pity!

It is a pity, for instance, that this Annual cannot report the replies of Dame Edith to a questionnaire about TV, with which she was presented. Especially so, perhaps, in the case of the following two queries:

Might TV be fobbing people off with a spurious, thin veneer of easy-to-catch "culture?" Would it not be better for fewer people to read the works of Dame Edith Sitwell and study them, than for millions to think they understand her, simply from seeing her on TV?

Television is a mass-medium of communication. Do you in fact believe that any more than a small minority of the public can ever be informed by a mechanical medium—at any rate informed in a civilized and educated manner, of lasting value?

Perhaps Dame Edith wants time to brood over such questions? She is 73 years of age. It would be hard to chastise her for declining to think seriously about TV. We hope she may enjoy more occasions in the studio, which she so relishes as a "confessional" for her memories and bizarrely delightful eccentricities.

One of the drawings Topolski made of Dame Edith Sitwell, for her BBC encounter with John Freeman.



Rosalie Crutchley



"I ENJOY television," confesses actress Rosemary Crutchley, "because, for one thing, it allows me to live like a normal housewife. I have two children, Johnathan (12) and Catherine (8), and it is a medium which allows me to give attention to them. Only on transmission days am I away from them, otherwise my hours fit in with their school hours.

"Another thing I like about television is its closeness to reality. It is fun, on getting a script, to attempt to play it so that people at home really feel the action is happening. It may not be quite as true as a documentary, but television helps a play to be as near reality as possible. That is something that can't be done so well in the theatre because there one has to accept so much first."

Dark-eyed Rosalie Crutchley was born in London in 1921 and studied at the Royal Academy of Music, but at 17 made her first stage appearance at the Playhouse, Liverpool, making her West End debut five years later.

Subsequently she was with the Old Vic company and the Bristol Old Vic, and in 1950 went to America to play Helen in *The Heart of the Matter* at Boston.

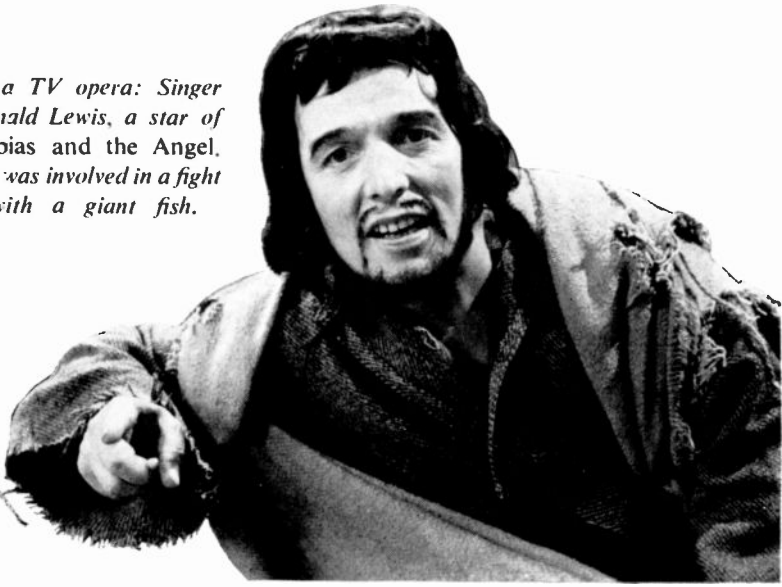
Since 1947, when she first appeared on television, most of her plays have been among television's more ambitious productions. She has played Juliet, been in *King Lear*, appeared in a Cocteau play and was Mary Magdalene in *Caesar's Friend*.

With her honey-coloured complexion and long hair Rosalie has been mistaken both for Spanish and Italian, and as Marie, in *The River Line* in 1955, was cast as a French resistance leader, a performance acclaimed by the critics. Her face has also been compared to that of the Mona Lisa.

Though she dislikes talking about her acting achievements, behind a curtain on the window-sill of her house overlooking Regent's Park is the bronze mask awarded her by the Guild of TV Producers and Directors for the best actress of the year in 1956. That was for her performance in ITV's *Black Limelight*.

Her son Jonathan was "the kid" in the film *A Kid For Two Farthings*.

In a TV opera: Singer Ronald Lewis, a star of Tobias and the Angel. He was involved in a fight with a giant fish.



MUSIC IN TELEVISION

MUSIC lovers carp about television. They are irritated by the shifting cameras ever beguiling the eye to the distraction of the ears. But the TV planners cannot resist the temptation to use the rich store of music. So compromise comes; for what makes the glorious sound must be seen not as a static photograph, but in visually satisfying forms of movement and contrast.

For the planners, the apex of musical achievement in TV is opera. The traditional operas have been tried—and have been criticised hotly by the critics of stage opera. For the viewers it is known that opera is a minority interest. Yet the BBC always has the urge to win more viewers to opera, by inventive treatment, or original creation of new opera.

So it was that the Master of the Queen's Music, Sir Arthur Bliss was asked to write "Tobias and the Angel," an opera specially for TV, with libretto by Christopher Hassall. This was produced with the lavishness of rich settings, dramatic movement and crowd scenes which are the flair of producer Rudolph Cartier. Trick-television was invoked, even to presenting a fight with a fish.

Elaine Malbin, attractive singing star for a dynamic TV opera role, in Tobias and the Angel by Sir Arthur Bliss and Christopher Hassall.





Russ Conway

Russ Conway's rise to stardom, is of a new kind and it poses the question which haunts him. Can a pop pianist with a flair for sometimes

composing a hit, remain at the height to which public demand so rapidly hoisted him?

Born in Bristol in 1926, the youngest of three brothers, Russ Conway assumes that he inherited his mother's talent—she was a pianist and contralto—because though he had only one lesson at the age of four, at no time in his life can he remember not being able to play the piano.

After being a solicitor's clerk for a time his urge to go to sea was realized when he joined a Merchant Training School. He made three trips with the Merchant Navy and then volunteered for the Royal Navy and served until 1946, emerging from the war with a D.S.M. for "gallantry and devotion to duty" on mine-sweeping operations.

After demobilization he was unable to settle in civvy street, so re-joined the Service for a time. On shore again, a variety of jobs followed, including radio salesman, engineer, barman and civil servant. In 1952 he went back into the Merchant Navy and, taking to the sea for the fourth time, visited such far away places as India, Malaya, China, Japan and Australia. When a stomach complaint recurred he bade farewell to the high seas.

Remembering he could play the piano, a friend asked Russ if he would play at a London club for a couple of weeks whilst the pianist was away ill. He agreed, and during that time was invited to play for some TV rehearsals. In a very short time Russ was launched on a musical career, composing numbers for TV shows and working as accompanist for such stars as Joan Regan, Lita Roza, Dennis Lotis and Gracie Fields.

It was then in answer to requests to "play something bright, Russ" that he sat down and wrote "Side Saddle", with the result that, as he puts it, "everything happened". There were appearances in Billy Cotton's television shows, a Royal Variety Show, more hit songs . . . one night he found himself the subject of *This is Your Life*, then came "Snow Coach," "Royal Event"—and his own TV series.



TV FAME WAS TOO SOON FOR ME!

says ROY CASTLE

DID success come too quickly? was what a reporter asked me recently.

Success was not really that quick because I had been in show business ten years before appearing in the Royal Command Performance in November, 1958. Yet the jump ahead this honour gave me left a gap which this year I have had to go back and fill in.

In my first ten years I thought that if anything big did come along I would be prepared, but when the break came—I prefer to call it that than success—I wasn't really prepared. It knocked me completely sideways. For after that Command Performance the pace quickened—and I didn't.

Now, at 27, I'm just beginning to feel like taking more responsibility than I did before.

Born at Scholes, a village near Huddersfield, I turned "pro" as soon as I left school at 15. While still there I played in part-time shows on odd evenings and Sundays, and was in a children's revue called *Happiness Ahead*. One summer we got the chance to put on this show at the end of the holidays in a theatre at Thornton Cleveleys, near Blackpool. We played a fortnight and the owner liked the show sufficiently to book us for the following summer. We all went back to school for the winter and the next summer about twenty of us left and became professionals. Those who were not old enough to leave went to school in Cleveleys.

I've always been keen on rhythm, but I didn't like the dancing lessons where my mother sent me as a boy because all the other scholars were girls! Still I stayed long enough to learn the initial groundwork which helped so much later. That first summer at Cleveleys I used to go along to the empty theatre in the mornings and try out new tap-dancing steps. Musical films were my favourites, and I would always happily break

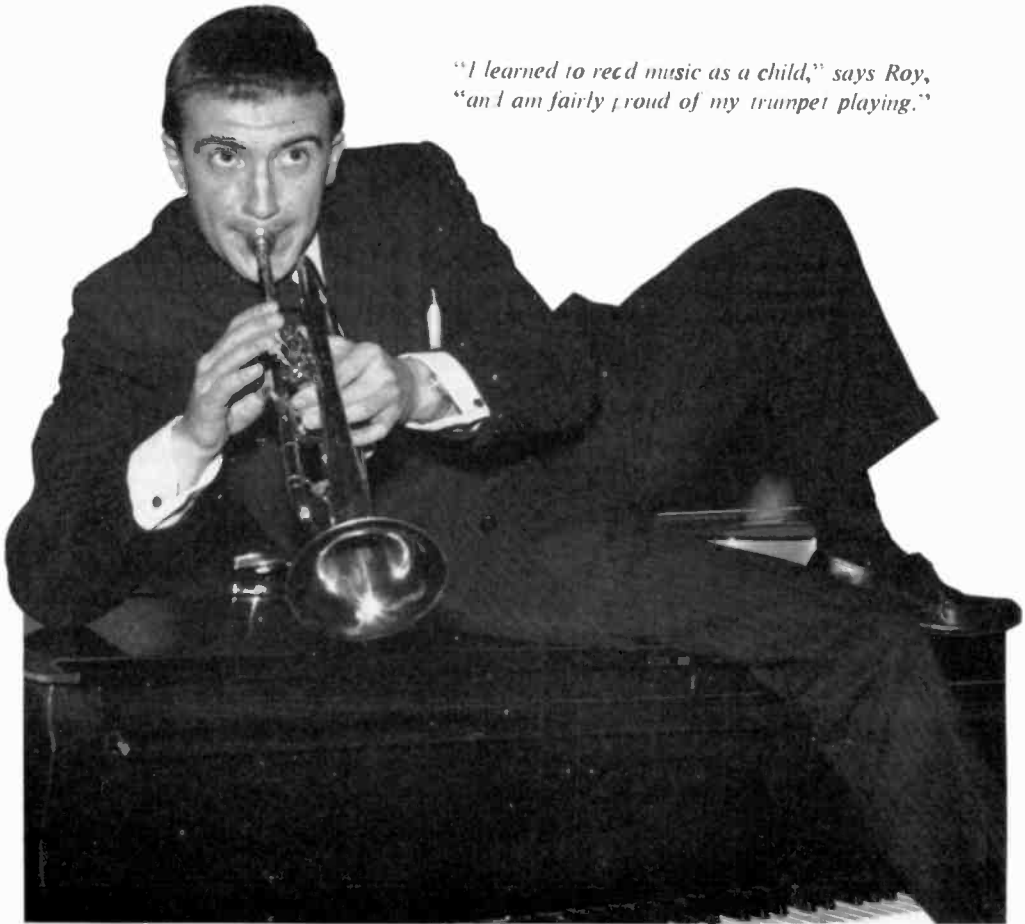
walls down to see a Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly or Donald O'Connor film.

Another thing I learned as a child was to read music, and am fairly proud of my trumpet playing. Apart from the guitar I don't play a string instrument, but I hope to master the reed instruments one day.

I remained with the show until joining the RAF in 1950, and spent two more summer seasons there after demobilization. Then I started a season on my own at Blackpool's Central Pier, on the same bill as Jimmy James. Halfway through the season one of Jimmy's stooges was taken ill and I stood-in "temporarily"—a job that lasted two years. I was the one who came on saying "Are you putting round that I'm barmy?" We did it again at the Palladium last winter and it brought the house down.

Jimmy has played a big part in my career. In fact I haven't yet reaped the full benefit of working with him, because I haven't matured enough to be a real comedian. Some people class me as one, but I think that is wrong. I don't always make them laugh—I don't always want to, for I like to be

*"I learned to read music as a child," says Roy,
"and I am fairly proud of my trumpet playing."*





Dickie Valentine gave Roy his first TV chance in a Saturday Spectacular. Roy's own series, Castle's on the Air soon followed. Here's a rehearsal interlude with Irene Handl and pet.

serious too. But I think Jimmy's influence will bear me in good stead later.

After two years, as I had been doing an act of my own on his variety bill he thought it time I had a go by myself. When I opened at Brighton Hippodrome I was doing the same act I had worked-up while with Jimmy. After a few weeks, and thanks again to Jimmy, I became firm friends with Dickie Valentine. For Jimmy had been with Dickie on his opening night and toured with him for eight weeks after Dickie left Ted Heath's band. Dickie said Jimmy had been so nice and helpful to him he thought he should be equally kind to me. He put me in his *Saturday Spectacular*.

That was the first time I did my own act on TV. They gave me a long spot which came off beautifully—and a sketch with Dickie we had rehearsed on tour. Apparently Mr Bernard Delfont saw the show and thought I was an American. Anyway he booked me for a fortnight at the Prince of

Wales Theatre. The Press treated me very well, and whilst there came the announcement I had been chosen for the Command Performance.

Later I did a TV series called *Castle's On The Air*, a series I didn't feel too happy about, though I wouldn't say it was a failure. I gained a lot of fans and have still got loads of letters they sent me. I learned a lot, and feel that given another chance I can improve on that series—but I don't want a chance of that kind to come too quickly.

I am gaining experience all the time and have much more confidence now than when I got my big break. In fact this year has been most useful to me. The pantomime *Humpty Dumpty* at the Palladium was a grand experience. Harry Secombe, who played the name role, is wonderful to work with. You're not allowed to feel depressed or worried with Harry—in fact the only thing you are permitted to do is have a good time. We got as much fun doing that panto as did the kids watching it. That's why I am looking forward to this Christmas at Manchester, where we are repeating *Humpty Dumpty*. Prior to that I played a summer season at Brighton and, again with Dickie Valentine, was in *The Birthday Show* at Coventry this autumn.

After being in show business for 12 years it is natural that people ask my ambition. I would say it is to build a big, strong act—it might eventually be a long one, because I think that's the only way really to get across. But my career is going to take a long time to reach maturity, and it may be another four or five years before I really feel I'm doing justice to the people who pay the money.

In the meantime I don't want to kill myself. I hope to develop properly, avoiding the scars you can get in this business if you do the wrong thing. Now I am beginning to know in advance what is good and what is bad for me. I've made a few mistakes, but you can't help making some.

As for television, I know I have still got a lot to learn. I'm not worried much about theatre audiences because I've had a lot of experience there and feel quite comfortable on the stage. But with TV there is so much to remember in such a short time that I can't really feel relaxed yet. It's a medium where I could still mess-up my career, for you have to do a lot of right things on TV—if you do a lot of wrong things you're in trouble.

My TV appearances are not too frequent because of theatre engagements. I feel this is a good thing because I never want people to say "Oh! Not him again"—I would be fighting a losing battle immediately. It's nice to appear fresh on TV—nicer still to feel you are coming on with something to offer.

No, I don't think the break came too quickly, though the way it happened built me in people's minds bigger than I really was at the time. But I think I can develop into that kind of personality eventually.

Adrienne Corri

BORN in Glasgow, 29-year-old Adrienne Corri is of Scots-Italian parentage, her father being descended from a theatrical family. Consequently it is not surprising that at 13 she insisted she should train for a stage career. She became the youngest student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and 18 months later appeared in repertory, first at Croydon and later at Eastbourne.



A number of radio and television parts followed and eventually she made her London debut at the Savoy Theatre in *The Human Touch*. Here she was seen by producer Jean Renoir who offered her a part in his film *The River*, which was made in India. When the film was released in America Adrienne made a personal appearance tour there and was seen on U.S. television. She also acted on the New York stage in *Jane*.

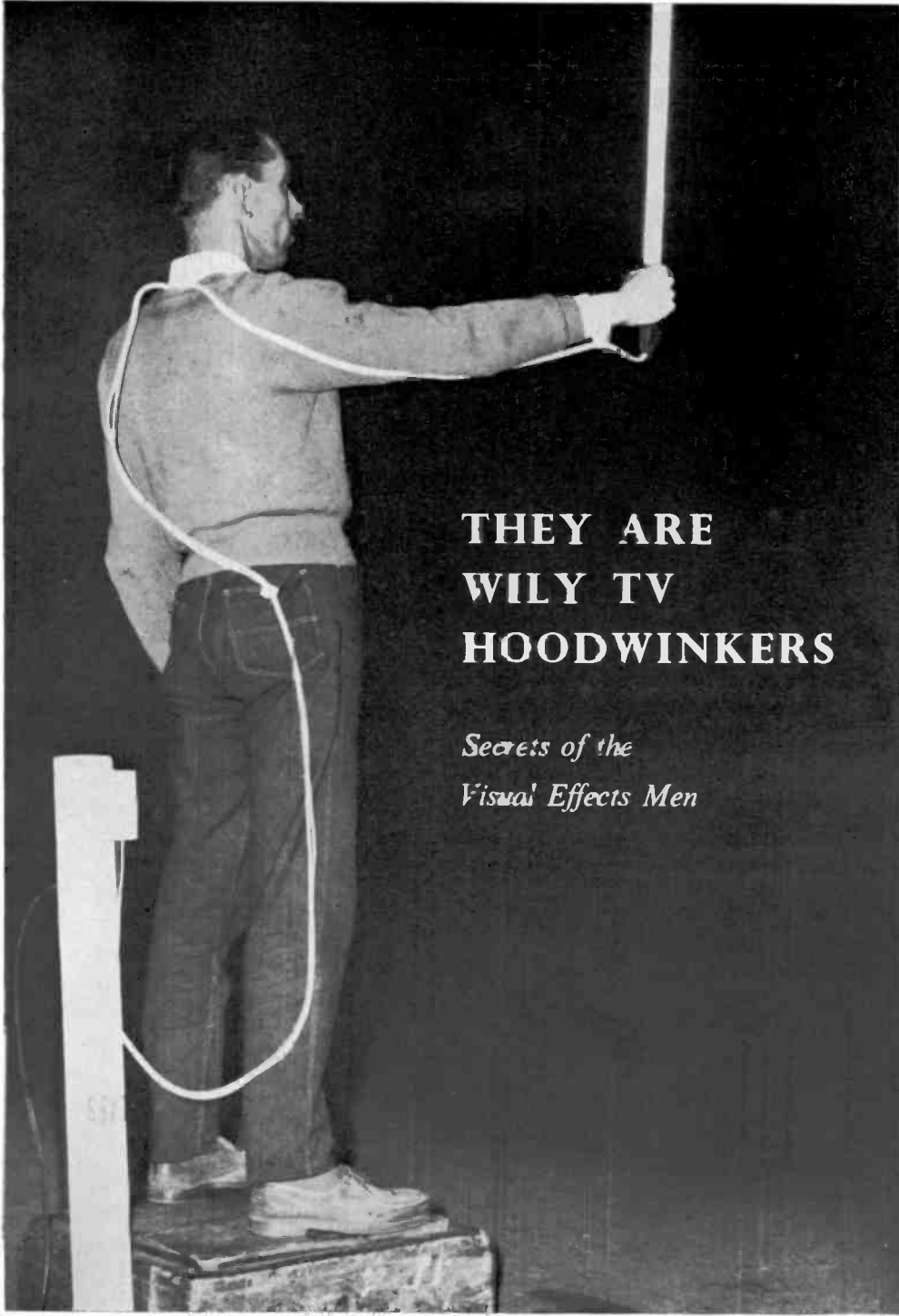
One of her early TV successes was as *Milady de Winter* in *The Three Musketeers* serial, and her more recent appearances on the small screen have been in the *What's My Line?* panel, *Call It a Day*, *Dear Murderer* and in the ITV serial *Épilogue to Capricorn*.

Red-haired and tempestuous, she earned the adjective "incorrigible" among her friends because of her outspokenness.

Illustrating Adrienne's explosive personality is the story about the party she attended when playing feminine lead in *The World of Paul Slickey*. "That's for what you wrote about us at the Bournemouth opening," she said, kicking a dramatic critic on the left shin. Then, kicking him on the right shin: "And that's for what you wrote about us at our London opening."

Ironically, for one who spurns convention, Adrienne likes collecting antiques.

Her clothes probably reflect her character more accurately. She loves new, unusual fashions. "I like wearing reds especially—all shades of red—which, because of my hair also being red, is probably a little unconventional."



**THEY ARE
WILY TV
HOODWINKERS**

*Secrets of the
Visual Effects Men*

SMOKE, fire, foaming drinks, false snow . . . these are among the things you see on your screens when BBC "magicians" Jack Kine and Bernard Wilkie are at work. Officially scenic effects men, they teamed-up six years ago when Kine, a scenic artist and model maker met Wilkie, an engineer with artistic bent. Since then they have become the "wizards" who fire rockets, set houses alight, show ghosts at work and make "Quatermass" monsters.

"Burn a house down? Certainly," said Jack, whose moustache makes him resemble a shorter Frank Muir. "The biggest problem with fire is slowing it down. We may build a model of a house, set it alight, and film the blaze in slow-motion. Better, because it appears to burn slower, is to take out the windows, light some material several feet behind, and let the camera peep through the window openings at the blaze."

He showed me a set of charges that would make any boy's dream of Guy Fawkes' Night. "These are pyrotechnic effects, some of which we designed ourselves, made for us by a famous fireworks firm. This one is a smoke-pencil"—it was about five inches long—"which can be very handy when we want a small amount of smoke. It will burn for about ten minutes.

"For the real thing we use big maroons containing about a quarter-pound of gunpowder. They are in a cardboard carton, wound-up with very heavy string and then varnished. You don't want to be around when they go off!"

He recalled the day he and Bernard nearly "blew up" the Army. "We had to create the effects of a 250-pound bomb in a programme about the Bomb Disposal Corps. We coupled a big flash-pot with a maroon, which makes a mighty flash with a loud bang, looks quite convincing—and normally no one gets hurt. But that day some "top brass" was standing around, drinking cups of tea—and to them it was all rather feeble to use cardboard and string!

"We doubled the charge and I fired it," said Bernard. "We got the bang and the flash with a mighty wallop—but one of the jiggers didn't explode. The detonator went off, but the silver flash-powder, instead of flashing, went up in the air in a great cloud of silver dust. When we looked round it had settled on the officers—and in their tea."

Have a drink? Wilkie and Kine's wizardry can concoct one that will make you foam at the mouth—but leave you quite unharmed. "It's easy enough to knock-up a devil's brew—but when someone has got to drink the stuff it's more difficult. We apply our own knowledge of chemistry," said Jack, "but we try out the results on ourselves first. If neither of us dies we send it along to a chemist friend who vouches for it. We then scrap our "prescription" and he makes a given quantity

bearing his own label. This gives confidence to the actor who's got to drink it."

A downfall of snow used to be an unloading of torn paper or bags of feathers. But for TV these techniques are out. "We try to keep up with the times," said Jack. "See this . . ." and he opened a box of tiny white balls, thousands of them, which looked like loose popcorn. "This is plastic snow; the material is used in making a light insulator, but it is more useful to us at the intermediate stage—it can turn a studio into a miniature Antarctica."

With the approach of Christmas Kine and Wilkie will be called upon for a topical bag of scenic effects. Last year they made a flying carpet for the Boxing Day production of *The Three Princes*. Said Bernard Wilkie: "It had to hold four people, so we built it 27ft long from tubular steel. The "carpet" end, covered with a real carpet, could be lifted 6ft from the ground, while at the other end, out of camera shot, five men were controlling its movements, lifting and rocking it as it sailed through the air. Underneath were pipes through which air from an 8ft propeller blade simulated the wind."

From the exotic East turn to a London fog: even that is bearable when Kine and Wilkie make it. "We can't choke actors in the studio," said Jack, "so we pump oil and carbon dioxide to make a dense white smoke. It's popular with the ladies—because we mix perfume with our 'fog'—it gives them quite a giggle."

Now that their work has grown from a few effects a week they have a large workshop with four assistants. Said Bernard: "We are at producers' beck and call to rustle-up anything at a moment's notice. When a magician wanted a match that would burn for 15 minutes we made it. We gave it a hard wax exterior, with a thin cord interior that burnt down the middle. It was in effect a miniature candle. The magician struck it and it stayed alight for his whole act."

Their work has a physical side too. At Ealing Studios I watched Jack Kine, in frogman's gear, carry a huge rubber fish into a vast water-tank. He was testing the fish's movement and durability for a scene in Rudolph Cartier's production of *Tobias and the Angel*, in which singer John Ford found the fish supposedly while bathing in the Tigris.

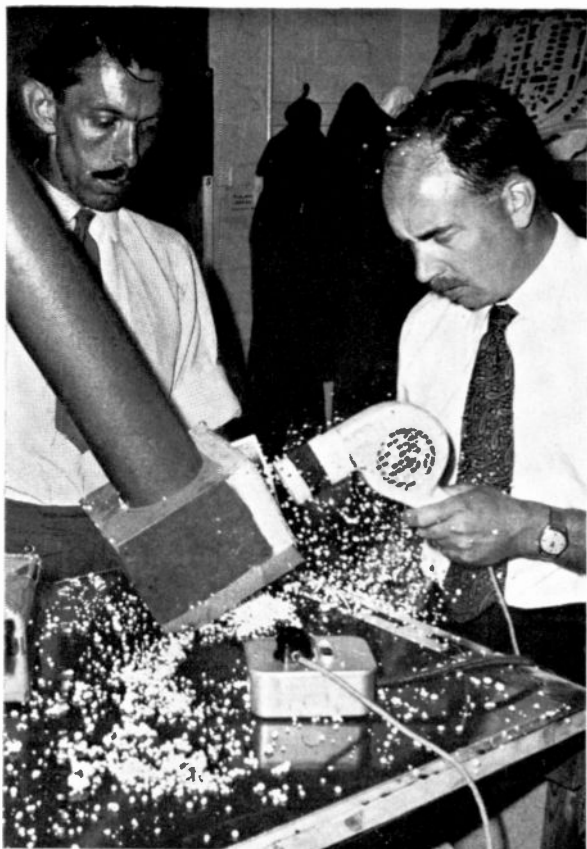
In their office is a large relief map—of the Roman Empire. "We made it for Sir Mortimer Wheeler's series *The Grandeur That Was Rome*, and it made us into temporary historians. It must be one of the few relief maps of Rome in existence, for first we tried several map-makers without success."

Of all the effects the Kine-Wilkie partnership has thought up, most memorable is their work in *Quatermass and the Pit*. "This was real

Right: Bernard Wilkie with a "potion" guaranteed to make any actor "foam at the mouth" to order. Kine and Wilkie, TV effects men, concoct such drinks for plays requiring horrific or magic touches. They always taste these "brews" themselves, before giving them to actors!



Left: Jack Kine holding a pre-fabricated" fish which he is about to test in a water tank. Bernard Wilkie, kneeling, adds finishing touches to this creation of their special effects partnership. The fish appeared in underwater scenes in the opera Tobias and the Angel.



There was a time when to make a snow storm on TV, a ton of bits of paper was released over the studio. Not so today. Effects men Kine and Wilkie have thousands of white plastic balls, for snow flakes. The TV "blizzards" are played up by using a hair-dryer and a long funnel. There need only be a table-top "snow storm," since it can be superimposed over the studio scene by a separate camera.

trickery," said Bernard. "To get those cables flapping we drilled them with tiny holes and then passed compressed air through them. The cables immediately rose, dropped and rose again, giving a weird flailing action."

Remember the moving gravel in the graveyard that chilled the spines of half the country? "We laid a sheet of nylon on the floor with long pieces of webbing. The webbing had noodles of wood nailed to it at intervals, and above we placed another piece of nylon and covered the whole lot with gravel. As Sladden, the workman, flopped to the ground four or five of us in the studio pulled attached wires and the gravel rippled."

Memorable? Yes. "But the effect we would most like to repeat came in a Reith Lecture," said Jack. "A major planet system, showing the collision of galaxies in space, was required. We had the help of five dancing girls, dressed in black tights, who held the stars on black sticks like umbrellas. Viewers couldn't see the girls—but they were the most glamorous 'effects men' we've ever had."

THEY DON'T KNOW MY NAME

*An Unexpected
Confession From*

BILLIE
WHITELAW



Viewers knew Peter Vaughan (left) as News Editor in ATV's Deadline Midnight. Billie Whitelaw knows him as her husband.

In a way I suppose the war helped me to get on television. That's an odd way of putting it, but I sometimes wonder whether, if the blitz on Coventry hadn't resulted in my parents moving to Bradford, I would have got the chances the new surroundings gave me.

We did not know anyone when we arrived, and to give me an interest my mother sent me to classes for children at the Bradford Civic Theatre, a go-ahead amateur group which gave me my debut as an actress—aged eleven.

It helped me into the BBC's Northern *Children's Hour*, where between the ages of eleven and sixteen I played about 500 parts—always little boys! Some of them were tough little boys with gravel voices—and I'm not sure that early start didn't do irreparable harm to my voice. When I'm tired it cracks very easily.

Perhaps those early days in radio helped me later with my accents in TV parts. It seems strange to think over, but looking back I've played



Left: After living some years in a flat in a crowded London street, Billie Whitelaw and her actor husband, Peter Vaughan, found a country house in pretty surroundings overlooking Windsor Great Park. Below: It is 1952, and that is Billie Whitelaw, far left, playing her first-ever TV part. It was as nurse Mariha in the BBC children's serial *The Secret Garden*.

Cockneys, Northerners, a West Country lass and even, in *The Case of Paul Danek* this year, a Swedish-American girl. That took thinking about.

My big chance in TV came when I was nineteen. BBC producer Dorothea Brooking came our way to find North Country people to play



One of the TV acting events of 1960 was Billie Whitelaw's portrayal of Sally Hardcastle in *Love on the Dole*. It was a BBC production of Walter Greenwood's famous story of unemployment during the thirties in Lancashire.



in the original version of the children's serial *The Secret Garden*. I was sent along to see her and she cast me as the nurse. So I went to London to embark on a career and have managed to stay there.

Of course, I get home to see my parents whenever I can, though this is not as often as I would like. But if I could go home more often it would simply mean I was not working.

It was not long before I discovered that television, though exciting, had its hazards. In one episode of *The Secret Garden* the producer wanted a close-up of the child I was nurse to. In moved the camera—right over my foot! Even now, despite technical improvements, cameras sometimes come in very close to allow the lens to register a close-up of one's face. This is an experience which I still find a little frightening.

Another early experience I shall never forget came in *The Pattern of Marriage*, a documentary about a young married couple's early trials. Peter Byrne, better known now as Andy Crawford in *Dixon of Dock Green*, and I were the couple. In one scene we entered a room, leaving the

baby behind a screen—only to find the scenery had been struck. We were about ten minutes too early for the next scene, which the props men were getting ready. We dare not move into the middle of the room because the cameras would show the bareness of the studio. So we hung on for what seemed hours ad-libbing and talking about nothing. Fortunately viewers did not realize anything was wrong, but several who saw the programme told me: “I didn’t think much of the scene after you left the baby . . .”

Those early parts—and hazards—proved invaluable for the succession of characters I have since been called upon to play.

What is my favourite kind of part? That’s a question I can’t answer for I never really know myself. On reading scripts I decide whether or not I want to play a part by sheer intuition. Sometimes I’m wrong—but I cannot express clinically what makes me plump for a part.

Do you, a journalist asked the other day, want to become a TV star? Well, is there really such a thing as a TV star? Perhaps it is because of its massive output per week, but TV does not really seem to build-up an artist—except for a few comics like Benny Hill. It seems the stars have come either from the stage or films, and have to go back to those media to stay stars.

The film industry tends to think of TV as a poor relation. I think that is wrong, because TV is the most powerful medium of all. So powerful that I feel there is danger for an artist who appears too often. Four years ago it did not matter to me, since I was not playing big parts. An actor or actress can work solely in TV and make a nice living. But once you start to play leading roles it is better to do only a few a year. I don’t think it’s a good thing to go on playing leads week after week. Viewers will get tired of your face and your performances.

If I had accepted all the offers from TV I could have worked solidly on the small screen for the whole of the year, but I am sure the speed of going from one role to another is not good. It doesn’t give time to vary one’s performance enough. For instance, in one period of eight days last spring I was in three plays of quite different kinds—*Love On The Dole*, *Love From Italy* (recorded on tape for later transmission) and Eugene O’Neill’s *Beyond the Horizon*. More than once I have been on the screen one night and started rehearsals for another play next morning. In fact at times I’ve had to miss the first day’s rehearsals of the new play in order to be in the preceding one!

Well, that’s fine from the point-of-view of keeping in work, but it can lead people to say “She did the same thing last week, didn’t she?”—The worst thing that can be said about any artist.

Not so long ago I decided to take nearly a whole year out of TV

With actor Tom Bell as the unemployed young man whom she loves and wants to marry, in Love on the Dole. For Billie Whitelaw this North Country play had echoes of her upbringing in Bradford, where she first had drama lessons.



and went mainly into films. A good thing, because it was surprising how, after that break, I was offered better TV parts—though I don't think I was any better an actress than before the break. Yet I was given four 90-minute plays, including *Love On The Dole*, which were virtually 90-minute duologues. After that I decided it was time for another break from TV.

That enabled me, apart from other work, to spend a little more time at home. My husband, actor Peter Vaughan, and I live in a maisonette at Datchet, near Windsor, where we have a wonderful view overlooking Windsor Great Park. We moved about eighteen months ago from a flat near St. Pancras Station, London, so you can guess what a glorious contrast the scenery provided when we moved in.

Oddly enough, my husband found our new home by accident. Peter is a keen cricketer and one Sunday arrived to play on a nearby cricket ground, only for heavy rain to stop the match. So he drifted round and suddenly came across this maisonette—just what we wanted.

There's no doubt TV makes your face known. Travelling by train from my home at Datchet into London fellow passengers often talk to me and say they have seen me "on the telly". But, here's my point . . . often they don't know my name. Which confirms my opinion that there's no such person as a TV star.



YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Kenneth Kendall

NEWS-READERS on television may be commonplace to you, but there are still thousands of people to whom the men with the headlines are fireside friends. To other folk it is always a source of surprise, at Christmastime, to hear of TV news-readers being surrounded by greeting cards and seasonal gifts. On the BBC channel, Robert Dougall, Richard Baker and Kenneth Kendall are no exception, and the

Christmas cards strew their studio, which is at Alexandra Palace, the original home of British TV. All three of these men won their first news broadcasting experience on sound radio; and each was moved to TV because they had the appearance and personality it requires.

Kenneth Kendall was born in Mysore State, South India, the country where he lived till the age of ten. He is now 36.—He interrupted his studies at Oxford to serve with the Coldstream Guards during the war, from which he was demobilized with the rank of captain.

After leaving Oxford he became a schoolmaster, but only for one term, preferring less secure work as a relief radio announcer until the BBC gave him a staff job in 1949.

In 1957, Kenneth, who is a bachelor and an M.A., became one of the regular television newsreaders, and was acclaimed by the Tailor and Cutter that year as the Best-dressed Man on Television, because of his dark suits and immaculate accessories. He is said to pay £30 to £40 for suits from Savile Row and has four that he wears as a newsreader.

Off-screen Kenneth has been confused with fellow newsreader Richard Baker, and once, after staying at a Cornish hotel that he recommended to Richard, the latter was greeted with "Nice to see you again so soon!" on arrival there.

Though he has stated he has no intention of giving up television for politics, Kenneth has been given BBC permission to stand as a Conservative candidate in local government at North Kensington, in which borough he lives, but has not so far contested a seat. He did, however, canvass in the party interests during the 1959 General Election, of which he comments: "Being known on television isn't necessarily an advantage. It takes a lot of hard work convincing people that you are sincere."



On right, John Paul as Probation Officer Philip Main.

REPORT ON YOUR FAVOURITE PROBATION OFFICER

THE man whom viewers see making probation reports, and offering crooks sound advice, looked up from a salad lunch, during a rehearsal break, and said: "A fellow came up to me in the street the other day and said 'I want your help. I've left my parents . . . what do you advise me to do now?'"

It made John Paul realize that the character of Philip Main, which he plays in *Probation Officer*, is a living reality to many people.

He was offered this role after playing in *Emergency—Ward 10* as "R.S.O. Tim Hughes." He got "atmosphere" by visiting the courts.

"Probation Officer" is now in its second year, and John Paul is identified with it more than anyone else. Does he feel the role of Philip Main is type-casting him? "Well, there are two points about that," he says "First, when you have three growing boys, a regular series on TV is not to be laughed at. Second, I am not 'typed' as I would be if I wore a uniform—a policeman or soldier for instance. The probation officer is an independent. He is neither in league with the police nor the judge; as so many of our episodes have made clear!" To play such a useful member of the community, is to try and see oneself in a larger frame. So I am not worried about being better known as 'Philip Main' than John Paul."

Five years ago, after playing in the long-running Agatha Christie stage success, "The Mousetrap," Paul had a quiet time.

The following week he started work at Windsor, and that in turn was the start of better things. For while there he was introduced to an agent who sent him, to Alvin Rakoff at the BBC. It was Alvin who gave him his first date on television in a play called "Hole In The Wall." Then his big chance came in the final episode of "The Makepeace Saga," which led, eventually, to "Emergency—Ward 10" for ATV. Some years before all this, he never dreamed of being an actor. It was not until after the war that he felt the call of the stage. He had gone from Harrow to Cambridge, shortly before hostilities, but he left the University to join the 60th Rifles without taking his degree. When, after six years, he was demobilised, he didn't want the conventions of civvy street. Today he recalls: "I knew by then it was the stage that called, for as a prisoner-of-war I had acted in and produced several shows, which gave me a taste for it."

The self-discipline required of a soldier came in useful when, once more a civilian, he joined Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory. Whilst at Birmingham he met his wife, actress Jean Kendall, and they were married in London ten years ago. Their three boys, James, Giles and Justin are aged 9, 7 and 3 respectively.

Has "Probation Officer" altered his life? He thinks not: "Naturally, it has given my career a new turn, but our way of life has not greatly altered, he says. "When I am not working in the heat of the studios, I like to relax at our Beaconsfield home, indulging in my favourite pastime—gardening."

When he has a little longer to spare, he enjoys a good car drive, stopping at country hotels where they offer good food and wine. "Though I don't get much time for sport nowadays, I am still interested in cricket, which I played a lot when at Harrow. In fact I played for the school in the annual match against Eton in 1939, when Harrow won for the first time in 31 years. I remember how we joked that, after such a break in



David Davies (right) played the older probation officer under whom Philip Main learned his job when the TV series started. Playing with him here, John Scott.

the run, war was inevitable—and how unfortunately true it was!”

His hopes that “Probation Officer” would be a series to do some good must have been heartily fulfilled. For the public has shown an interesting reaction to the problems depicted. As proof, many of the letters he gets are not the type usually coming under the heading of “fan mail.” “Some viewers, clearly quite unpractised at writing to TV people,” he said proudly, “start off with such phrases as ‘I suppose this is really a fan letter . . .’ and continue with intelligent appreciation of what we are trying to do.”

John Paul laughed when I told him this real-life story: A teenage girl in Liverpool went to her P.O. on visiting night and said: “Do you mind if I change my probation officer?”

“No,” said the astonished woman, “if you really think it would help. I’ll transfer you to Miss So-and-so. . . .”

“Oh,” retorted the girl, “I don’t want another woman—I want ‘Philip Main’. . . .”



"I took to jazz as a schoolboy, probably out of a sense of rebellion," says Johnny Dankworth. He married the singer, Cleo Laine, shown appreciating his music, on an informal rehearsal occasion.



JAZZ IS VISUAL

So Let's Have It on TV

says

JOHNNY DANKWORTH

It is a pity that as a medium television has always viewed jazz as something "put on"; because it is frightened of anything that is not going to be a complete family entertainment, and also of jazz being something that is not visual. Now I don't agree that music in general is not visual.

How would I, if given a free hand, present jazz on television? The difficulty is that jazz is a very spontaneous form of music which won't be regimented to have its best moments just when the cameras are ready. If I was running a TV jazz show—unless it was a series of an instructional nature—I would record, on the new tape system, three hours of strict jazz, or as much as could be budgeted, briefing the cameramen beforehand about which sort of shots to try to get. That, plus the very sketchiest of preparations of what the musicians were to play, would be all; and I think the results could be edited into a very interesting programme.

To try to "switch on" during a half-hour show, however much the musicians warm-up at the beginning, is not good. For directly jazz musicians know they are on the air, they are conscious of being watched by maybe millions and don't give of their best. I would do away with the normal TV rehearsal—I would record the lot.

Reaction to televised jazz, from fans, has not always been good, so far as my TV experiences go, because another problem of jazz on television is that producers hate the sight of a microphone. They try to achieve good sound, without the undue use of microphones, they also seek to show the band in pictures which look the prettiest to them! Thus they are apt to ignore the necessity of the best possible sound balance. Sound



Seeking to meet the Dankworth plea for more jazz on TV, Humphrey Lyttleton tried a jazz and poetry mixture, on BBC. Sylvie St. Clair wrote some of the verse, and sang.

quality on TV is notorious for being bad—which is a shame because I believe it is on high-frequency and should be very good.

I don't believe there is very much jazz on American-TV—any more than there is on American radio. The American TV and radio markets are so highly geared for salesmanship that almost anything which is not completely acceptable by every member of the family is by-passed. That is not quite the case here, for on both channels we do get a certain amount of material that is not meant to be strictly commercial and is intended to give a sort of artistic background.

Does this mean that I look upon jazz as a form of culture which should be represented in programmes? I think so, though I don't like the words culture and art. I would rather call jazz a form of self-expression, which somehow says the same thing but sounds a little less lofty. I am of the opinion that jazz can play a great part not only in itself, but in leading

young people to appreciate other kinds of music. For reasons we don't really know, jazz has something more in common with popular music than with concert music. As such it makes a good stepping-stone for people who are interested in popular music.

I took to jazz as a schoolboy, probably out of a sense of rebellion which is true of many young people today. Anything which is not part of the Establishment is grasped by them very quickly—and jazz still comes under that heading. To me a youngster who becomes interested in jazz is a more healthy sign than one who takes an interest in popular music—because the latter is doing what most other young people are doing anyway.

How do British players rate in the jazz world? Let's make no bones about it, the half-dozen or so great jazz players in the world are Americans—in fact all in the top bracket are. Below that bracket there are some very good players from Germany, France, Sweden, Britain and other countries. We have got a great contribution to make which I think the history of jazz will prove in twenty or thirty years' time.

For the fact that jazz was born in the States doesn't give it a birth-right to America alone.

Dankworth and band did go on TV—in Granada's Chelsea at Eight.



THE ADVENTURE OF NEWS ON TELEVISION

By HUW THOMAS

Left: Jane Bown Observer portrait of Geoffrey Cox, CBE, Editor of Independent Television News. Below: Assistant Editor Arthur Clifford (right) with John Correr, film manager.



SINCE ITN came on the air five years ago, television journalism in Britain has travelled, adventurously, far and fast. In 1960, it is still a great adventure: still a daily battle against time, distance and limited space. As the influence of television news spreads and its cameramen and reporters seek out fresh news in every corner of the globe, this fight to meet rigid studio deadlines grows more intense.

News on television is a complex undertaking. As in Fleet Street, it is a team job. Behind the newscasters and reporters you see each night is a skilled force of journalists and technicians—producers, projectionists, vision-mixers, film-editors, sub-editors, scriptwriters, sound-recordists, lighting specialists and many others. We newscasters are merely the spear-heads of a concerted attack.

Let me take you on a short guided tour of ITN. As we go along I will tell you some of the strengths of television as a news medium; of the techniques we have developed since 1955—and of some of the frustrations that will probably always beset this jet-age method of presenting news on the small screen.

It is 8.30 a.m. In the neon-lit newsroom, the news organizer and his assistants are planning out the film coverage for that night's bulletins. The teleprinters chatter out early stories from Bournemouth and Bombay, from Washington and Wigan. Copy piles up on the newsdesk. Telephones begin to ring. A reporter is prised from his breakfast to interview a statesman flying in earlier than scheduled. In Manchester, a cameraman starts a sixty-mile drive to cover a wildcat strike. Paris comes on the line, offering four stories. The newsfilm manager accepts the most important; tells Paris to get it on a plane for the six o'clock bulletin. A cable from Moscow says the Red Square Parade film will arrive by tea-time. Another, from an ITN reporting team in Africa, gives flight numbers and footages of two stories for immediate use. . . .

Down below, Kingsway comes noisily to life. The ITN camera cars begin to move away through the traffic. One team heads for the airport to join the reporter who will interview the foreign statesman. Others will cover a Midlands industrial dispute, a rail collision in the suburbs, a light-hearted seaside story on the south coast, a report on youth crime in new towns. I am in one of those cars—off to cover a road safety story which includes an interview with the Transport Minister. From the start, ITN newscasters have done their share of news-gathering in the field. A newscaster likes to be a working reporter, as well as a journalist who presents the news at night from a studio desk.

To cover the picture news 365 days a year, ITN has a compact team of hand-picked cameramen based in Television House, nearly fifty free-lance cameramen throughout Britain and more than 250 such



Girls, capable of giving rapid, decisive and quick-witted assistance, share the excitements of making Independent Television News. Left: Details for a possible story are shown to News Organizer Alan Perry.

“stringers” overseas. In addition, ITN has a permanent call on the vast newsfilm resources of the Columbia Broadcasting System of America. This link-up with CBS gives Independent Television viewers prompt coverage of major events in the U.S. itself, and many other key areas. A television news service must have a restless urge to get the pictures. Since ITN began, the London-based cameramen alone have flown over a million miles; shot something like two million feet of film in dozens of countries.

Many of these men are paired with recordists to form sound-camera crews. Their work shows vividly the ability of television to capture the true atmosphere and “feel” of a story by adding sound to the picture.

The crackle and hiss of a space rocket soaring into the skies above Cape Canaveral; the shouts of strikers scuffling with police at factory gates; the plodding feet, strumming guitars and Ban-The-Bomb songs of the Aldermaston marchers; the clatter and wisecracks of U.S. Marines digging their foxholes on the Lebanon beaches; the cheers and jeers of French settlers behind the tangled street barricades of Algiers. . . . On these and scores of other occasions, ITN has shown that the combination of an exciting story, imaginative pictures and natural sound produces an impact on the screen that no other medium can equal.

It is teamwork of a high order between reporters and sound-camera crews which enables television to exploit another of its strengths: the penetrating interview with the public figure in the news. A writer may pen the most brilliant profile of a politician, a trade union leader, a sportsman

or a film star. It may run to several hundred words. Yet he will find it difficult to surpass the starkly authentic picture of the man that emerges from a skilfully-handled television interview, probably lasting no more than three or four minutes at most.

On television, it is not merely what a person says that is important. It is how he says it; how he looks when he says it; how he reacts to a question he did not expect. Because television portrays the true man it has brought politics, for example, more sharply to life on the screen than would ever be possible in a non-television age.

Undoubtedly one of television's greatest strengths as a news medium, as I mentioned earlier, is its ability to show an event as it is taking place. When an outside broadcast is injected directly into a bulletin, viewers really do "See It Happen On ITN". We used this "live" method on the Winter Hill air crash; on many front-page political occasions at London Airport; on Bank Holiday traffic scenes; on the London bus strike; and on the day of the birth of the Queen's third child, Prince Andrew,

ITN news cameramen grab a hurried "sort out," on one of the rare occasions when they get a few moments in the office; left to right: Jackie Howard, Bill Reeves, (Film Assignments), Cyril Page and Martin Gray.





Another batch of news on film arrives at Television House in London, headquarters of ITN. Below: A film crew arrives back with a story, and unloads the gear. On left sound-recordist Mick Doyle, on right, cameraman George Richardson.





Staff hurriedly assemble to decide the contents of the late night ITN bulletin. Left to Right: Bill Reeves (Film Assignments), Anthony Brown (Newscaster), Peter Banyard (Film Producer), Arthur Clifford (Assistant Editor), Jo Hodgson (Chief Sub.), Alan Hankinson (Scriptwriter), Derek Dowsett (Syndication), Roy Bellm (News Organizer).

when ITN opened its bulletins by going straight over to join the cheering crowds outside Buckingham Palace. The result was television journalism at its thrilling best. . . .

It is time to resume our tour.

The time: 2 p.m. I am back in the ITN newsroom, sitting at the duty newscaster's desk; flanked by the producer and chief sub-editor and their teams of copy-tasters, writers, film scripters, caption artists and speed typists. I start work on some early news items. More copy jerks from the teleprinters. Stories come in from the cable offices and over the telephones. Hundreds of thousands of words each day: words to be trimmed to a form that will be readily understood and will hold people's interest; words to be followed-up in pictures without delay.

For some hours now, the ITN newsfilm—home and foreign—has been arriving at Television House by car and dispatch rider. It includes my own story on road safety. When it has been developed, the film editors and scriptwriters work as teams to bring each item down to its right



Film has to be cut left; captions have to be made right.

“weight”, while making sure the news points are kept in.

The shape and lay-out of that night’s bulletins are thrashed out at the main editorial conference. The Editor, with the senior news, film and production staff gathered round him, lines up ITN’s “front page” for the first bulletin. He selects the lead story and advises on treatment; assembles the other items in the most effective order; looks ahead to the probable pattern of the late bulletin—and asks many questions. The conference breaks up in a hurry. The clocks remind us that the battle to gather in the pictures is now well and truly joined.

While the film specialists are cutting and splicing the celluloid news into shape in the upstairs editing rooms, in the newsroom itself fresh stories are coming in. A copy-taster reads them, spikes the weaker items, and passes the others to the chief sub. He, in turn, briefs his writers as to length and treatment. Steadily, the first bulletin of the day comes together.

No one is taking a rest at the news organizer’s desk where, you remember, the gathering-in process began at 8.30 a.m. Much of the news now breaking must be covered on film for the late newscast. A reporter and sound-camera crew return from one job, only to be briefed on the next before they have time to smoke a cigarette. A “silent” man, back from shooting a monster traffic jam in London’s West End, says it is pretty chaotic and might be worth sound coverage. The news organizer pushes aside a stack of evening papers and telephones the film assignments office for a crew. He looks around the jumble of spikes, typewriters, telephones and paper that is the newsroom and wonders where he will get a reporter. Like hospital nurses, there never seem to be enough reporters—especially when the news is running strong.

At 5.25 p.m., as the producer leads us out of the newsroom and up to the studio to run through the items in the early bulletin, the news organizer and the newsfilm manager are already drawing up a skeleton

plan of coverage for next day. For news never stops, and there is never any shortage of news pictures for television. They flood in round the clock. The problem is: what *must* we cover? And how quickly can we get those pictures back?

The climax to the day's team effort comes in the studio control room, just before the bulletin goes on the air. The studio is suddenly quiet. From apparent chaos emerges an almost uncanny calm. I lick my lips, clear my throat, straighten my tie and run my eyes quickly down that first, all-important lead story. The producer gets his cue from Master Control. He gives me a cheerful thumbs-up through the glass panel that divides us. . . . "Ten seconds to go . . . 9 . . . 8 . . . 7 . . . 6 . . . 5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . Cue Telecine. Cue Grams. Fade Telecine . . . Fade Grams . . . Take Newscaster". ITN is on the air once more.

And there you have it: the story of an average day in television news. For all of us, despite the headaches and the pressures, it has been an exhilarating day. Tomorrow will be the same, for we are young in the family of journalism, and there is much to do and much to learn. A balanced presentation of world news was never more important than at this stage of our history. For all television newsmen, that is both the opportunity and the challenge.

Huw Thomas awaits the cue-light to start reading the news.



*Work and Marriage make a
cosy fit for*

TEDDY JOHNSON
and **PEARL CARR**



by **BILL EVANS**



It was around 5 p.m. when I called at the Tudor-styled house by the Thames at Barnes. Not just because it was time for tea. I knew that the occupants, Teddy Johnson and Pearl Carr, would have finished business for the day. For TV's most successful vocal twosome is known to keep nine till five as its working hours.

"To us," explained Teddy, handing me something stronger than a cup of tea, "show business is like any other business. A couple of years ago we decided, whenever possible, to stay home in the evenings, for after business hours we like to lead a normal life. It's the best way to keep sane and sober."

As I admire the house, reputed to cost £6,000, with its three bedrooms, L-shaped lounge and dining-room, in walks Pearl and sees my eyes skimming the decorations. "Do you like it?" she asks. "It was a Christmas present from Teddy. We moved here in February after searching for the right place for months. It's so nice to live in a house after a flat."

Their five years of married life stands out as one of the happiest—and most profitable—in show business. "What is your recipe?" I asked.

Teddy said: "First, I think we have tremendous admiration for each other as well as love. Coupled with that is the way we respect each other's opinion. Each listens to the other's point-of-view—even if it's wrong! As far as the act is concerned, I suppose I have the last word, but our marriage—well, that's up to Pearl. Everything revolves around her. If she wants to do something—we do it."

Said Pearl: "Our union is a happy one because we work, as well as live, together. This means each one knows where the other is all the time. I think the reason for many show business marriages breaking-up is that the wife is left wondering what her husband is doing in Glasgow, Manchester or Liverpool."

"Though," added Teddy, "we do occasional shows individually, we always appear together whenever we can. For instance, I compered TV's 'Music Box' every week—but we had Pearl in it sometimes."

Turning to the profitable side of their marriage, he went on: "We like working together. For one thing, while there are plenty of solo singing acts there are not many vocal double acts. Singing together we get more out of a song than one of us could alone. And of course, it keeps us together when getting bookings. We travel together too. In Blackpool, where we played a summer season, we just moved home up north for four months.

"This way too, we can give general help to one another in choosing songs. Sometimes I get an idea which Pearl isn't keen on. Maybe I talk her into it, though often I am the adamant one. She uses her feminine intuition to choose what is good and what is bad, but there are times when I'm inclined to stick my neck out in selecting a number. Sometimes it

comes off and sometimes it doesn't. But I must say generally Pearl gives into me. In fact the only arguments we occasionally have are about our show business activities."

"And the occasional ones about you being lazy around the house," cut in Pearl.

"That's something I recognize," said Teddy.

"So do I—I have to . . ." she said, relating how, when they moved into their new home, their relations clubbed together to buy Teddy a present—a set of gardening tools!

"Mind you, I enjoy gardening," put in Teddy, "and I'm very handy in the kitchen with an oven and a joint of beef."

Their natural wit plays no small part in their happiness. For instance, on their fourth wedding anniversary Teddy asked Pearl: "Would you like a mink coat?" When she replied, "No, darling, I would rather have a sewing machine . . ." he bought her one immediately before she could change her mind.

Then there's Pearl's crack about making-up before breakfast. "What's the use of it?", she asks. "Teddy's far too lethargic to notice—he's never really awake till he's been out of bed two hours."

But let not their banter fool anyone. Teddy voices their true philosophy when he says: "We respect each other's faults. One has to in a lifetime of companionship."

It happens that Pearl's favourite pastime is of distinct value to their marriage. She loves cooking. All kinds of cooking. "In fact I'm happy doing anything at all domesticated, and for leisure enjoy swimming and reading."

Typical of their married bliss is the story about their appearance in the final of the 1959 Eurovision Song Contest at Cannes. Facing a strange, unknown audience, with a larger one all over Europe watching on TV, they were naturally a little nervous when they came on to sing the British entry *Sing Little Birdie*. So they held hands to steady each other's nerves—and finished runners-up. Their success, first in the British final that year, and then at Cannes, added in no small way to their popularity. Their fan mail leapt as a result.

As a child Pearl danced with Terry's Juveniles, but when her mother died she left the stage and trained to be a hairdresser. She returned to the footlights at the age of eighteen to become one of Mr. Cochran's youngest Young Ladies. Dancing, in fact, seemed to be her future until a chance audition side-tracked her to the London Palladium as the third member of a vocal trio. From that she joined Phil Green's orchestra as a vocalist, and later joined the Keynotes.

Teddy started as a drummer and singer with an amateur dance band

when he was fourteen. Four years later he became a professional, taking a job with the orchestra of a liner bound for China and Japan. By the time he was twenty he had been all over the world. After serving in the Merchant Navy in wartime, Teddy was discovered singing and playing drums in

"We respect each other's faults," says Teddy Johnson of the career-and-marriage partnership he enjoys with Pearl Carr. In show business, Pearl started out as a dancer; Teddy was a drummer.



London by Jack Payne, and subsequently became vocalist with Jack's and other orchestras.

"So you see," said Pearl, leaning from her chair to stroke Sammy, their nine-year-old Pekinese, "we've both had our share of playing solo."

"And," said Teddy, "one of the great advantages about being a double act is that you can also rehearse at home together—without one of us leaving the other long. We may spend anything from half-an-hour 'polishing up' to a two-hour rehearsal for some shows. Often we rehearse in the mornings . . ."

"That's another advantage," added Pearl, "we are up at 8 o'clock and into the office—one of the spare rooms—by nine." Ah, those "business hours!" But it doesn't end there. For when, as often happens, Teddy goes on a business trip to Tin Pan Alley he wears a bowler, and carries an umbrella and briefcase.

Of course, there are occasions when they are happy to extend their nine till five working hours. Such as the time, last May, when they put in a very full day's work rehearsing and taking part in the 1960 Royal Variety Performance. "For that kind of honour we willingly work overtime," they chorused.

Acting parts used to be one of Pearl Carr's roles in Bernard Braden's TV shows—along with Braden, Benny Lee and Ronald Fletcher.



Ken Dodd

THE Saturday night comedy show is a British television institution. For millions it follows the Saturday afternoon shopping trip as naturally as all the other weekend fixtures. Appropriately, the TV networks do their best to diffuse an atmosphere of comical abandon from the screens.

"Comedy Hours" and "Spectaculars" have run through the gamut of British comedians at an alarming speed. Saturday nights have exerted the utmost in duty to TV from Benny Hill, Ted Ray, Dave King, Arthur Askey and Jimmy Logan. But if comical abandon is in the air, perhaps the introduction to Saturdays of Ken Dodd really was "on beam." For there is a kind of recklessness in the comedy style of this moon-faced with hair-on-end rabbit teeth.

"The Wonder Boy Ventriloquist!" That's how Liverpool-born Ken Dodd was billed when he started his career at fourteen. It wasn't long before he found the audiences laughing more at his ventriloquial efforts than they did at his "doll." That decided him to try his luck as a comedian. His apprenticeship was served with after-dinner engagements plus club and cabaret dates.

Like many comedians, 32-year-old Ken Dodd made his way to television via radio, for when BBC variety producer Ronnie Taylor saw him at the Manchester Hippodrome in 1954, he encouraged Ken to form an act for radio. His first TV appearance was in 1955 in *The Good Old Days*, a show from the City of Varieties, Leeds.

Unlike most comedians, Ken logs his gags to test audience reaction. His fiancé, twenty-seven year-old former nurse Anita Boutin, to show how audiences have responded to the creative clown with the buck teeth, has filled forty black note-books in five years. One thing Ken has learned from the books is that women laugh longer than men—and louder.

Those teeth, which as a schoolboy Ken hated because other boys teased him about them, have been worth their weight in gold—er, ivory, since he entered show business. They are insured for £10,000—and one of the conditions is that he must clean them three times a day.



AN AGE OF KINGS





WOULD Shakespeare have written for television? It is a silly question, of course; but it has point now that the BBC has in fact done a Shakespeare *serial* on TV. For such was "An Age of Kings," called a "chronicle" from the Bard's historical plays, but presented with all the guile of the "cliff-hanger," which leaves a question at the end of each instalment, to be followed up in the next instalment.

All the resources of BBC dramatic production at its best were put into this essential *British* television exercise. It could not have happened anywhere else where TV shows in the world. Five of Shakespeare's plays, grouped together, span eighty-six years of turbulent British history. The plays dramatise the rise and fall of no less than seven monarchs. The plays, as stage-performed, were cut and edited to make this TV serial of history books, transfused by Shakespearean blood and guts. The BBC kept a full cast at work for seven months in fifteen productions.

Scenic design, dressing of sets, costumes and "props" were all devised unsparingly. The picture at the foot of the opposite page shows the property makers at work.

Across the top of these two pages are shown: (left to right) Hugh Janes as Edward V; Terry Scully as Henry VI; Jerome Willis as Henry VII; and Paul Daneman as Richard III.



Just a canoe often takes Attenborough far afield. . . .

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH:

A Profile

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH says: "I will not be a 'personality'—and all that lark!" This avowal is a sign of his professional attitude to television. He is a TV staff man. Though his *Zoo Quest* programmes are believed to be magnetic to women, who like the look and the sound and the style of "David," the D. Attenborough, who is still strictly a member of BBC personnel, wants to carry on making TV programmes about far places, animals and people for the sake of their own intrinsic interest. His enthusiasm is for communication, and it was for this reason that he chose publishing as his initial career. When the popular newspapers call him a "TV personality," he sees the phrase as a mere cypher in the sign-language of journalese; it leaves him indifferent.

His TV filming expeditions, as well as his genuinely expert zoological knowledge, equip him outstandingly to be a popular lecturer whose name could fill halls and could earn a handsome income. But he has turned down such offers systematically. He also dodges invitations to open fetes, and appeals to appear on such programmes as *What's My Line* as "guest star." As a BBC staff man, who happens to have alighted on a job which has become popular to viewers, he has no intention of exploiting his employer's time by gallivanting around doing the usual "TV personality's" circus of "appearances." Nor will he sell his name to advertisements. "The

last offer took a bit of turning down, as we were feeling a bit skint at the time," he recalls; an allusion bringing momentarily to mind the Attenborough menage, in which wife and two young children depend on BBC staffman as breadwinner.

David Attenborough's mother was a teacher; his father a university college principal. It was taken for granted that both Richard (elder brother, now actor) and David would go to university and enter the academic world. David remembers that he was never particularly enthusiastic about the prospect; but once he had got himself to Cambridge, his parents' ambition seemed satisfied; the choice of specific career was more or less left to him. Just after he got his "Science First," the war took him into the Navy. He says he spent most of his service sitting in a ship in the Firth of Forth. Certainly he did not see the world.

On demobilization, he got the chance to join a most respectable publishing firm. "Finding subjects for books and people to write them had tremendous appeal," he says. By another chance, he heard of opportunities in the "Talks" department of BBC Television. "Apart from the money

Bogged down in Java. On his Zoo Quest, David Attenborough would rather hire a local driver, who knows the terrain, than take any more men than his single cameraman colleague.



being more than the publisher's £330 per annum, TV offered quicker results. No longer the frustration of waiting two years for an author to deliver his manuscript, but the satisfying job of preparing a programme and seeing it on and off the screen in a matter of weeks!"

Under the leadership of Mrs. Mary Adams, at that time the academic and idealistic organizer of informational TV programmes at the BBC, David Attenborough learned how to find TV scripts, and speakers; how to groom people for camera appearances, and how to organize, and even personally to manipulate, studio technical gear. In those days, when BBC Television was limited to two small studios at Alexandra Palace, his brief was wide. At the time of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II he arranged and produced a programme discussing the design of Coronation mugs and other souvenirs. "In those days," he recalls, "if you wanted to use a close-shot you had to give several hours warning to the studio staff, so that arrangements could be made to move the camera forward!"

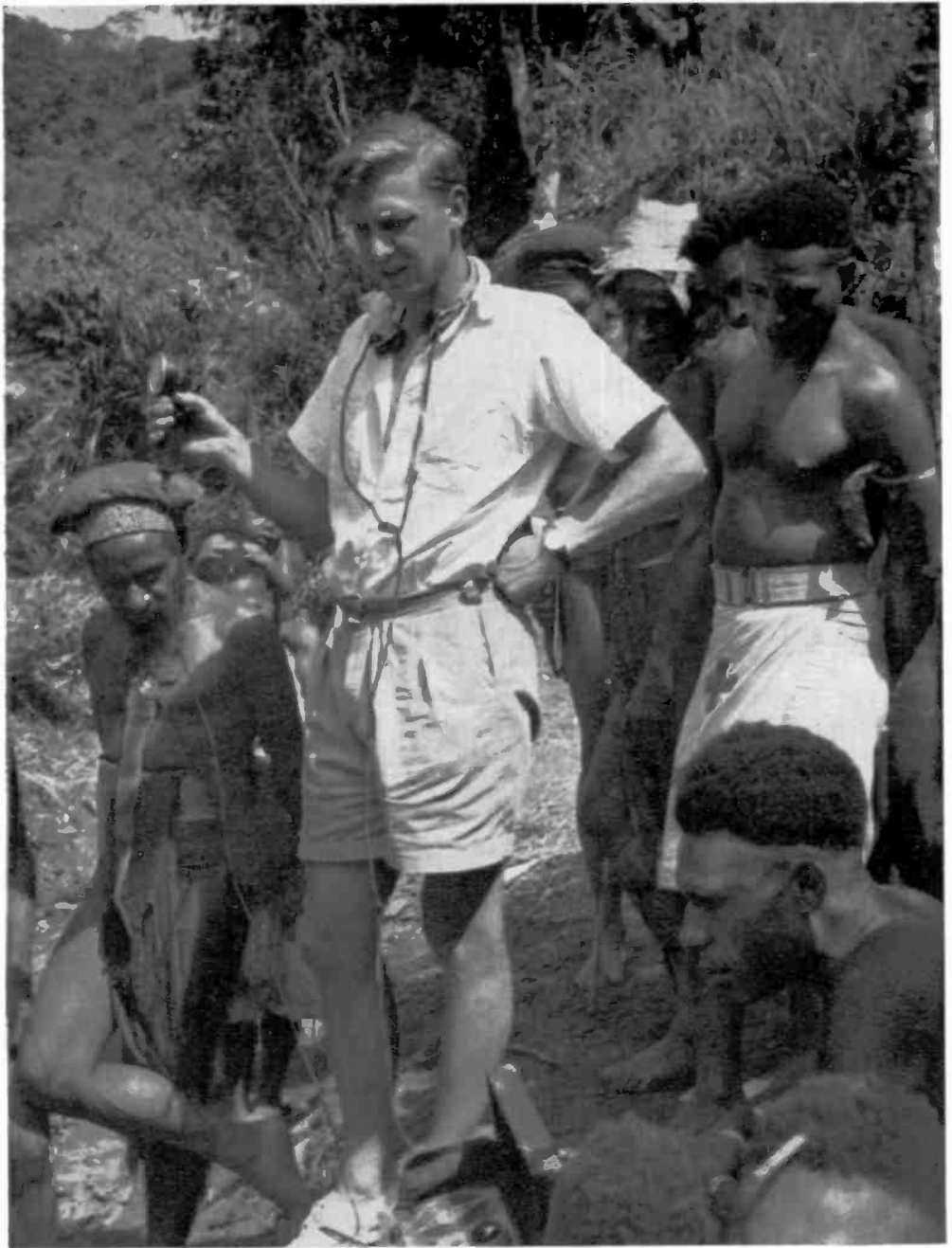
The seeds of *Zoo Quest* were sown in a series of programmes he did with Julian Huxley. They set out to show why various forms and shapes of animal were in fact so formed and so shaped. The zoological bias in David Attenborough's science degree was finding in TV an enlivening visual aid, if not as flexible as the cinema film, more important because more people would be at the receiving end more often.

Zoo Quest was his idea, arising from an amalgam of two soundly proved TV ideas: showing animals in the studio, and showing films of distant places. Why not, he suggested, get some film of animals in distant places, and then bring back some of the animals to show live in the studio, alongside the film?

"Excellent as was the work done by such experts as George Cansdale," David explains, "viewers could be expected soon to want to see a little more than animals being held in a three-sided box on a piece of door mat."

But the BBC (then, and still, when an unproved staffman asks) does not readily spend money for its junior employees to travel around the world in the hope of picking up some pictures for TV. If an Armand Denis offers to do it, (at his own expense, betting on reaping a commercial return) that is his risk. "The Corporation" does not take risks, especially those suggested by younger personnel.

David Attenborough's tactic to get through this official caution at the BBC was to link the London Zoo with his new idea. After all, if animals were to be brought back, there would have to be somewhere for them to go for the rest of their lives. Why not collect them for the Zoo? The Royal Zoological Society warmed to this idea sufficiently to become



Attenborough in the thick of the job, recording among New Guinea natives.



Undoubtedly, on TV, part of the Attenborough appeal was the way he handled animals in the studio. Out on the Zoo Quest field it was frequently a more cumbersome and responsible job!

partners in the proposed *Zoo Quest* expedition. Immediately, the "Corp" saw a favouring hue on the project, and, on "a fantastically tiny budget," the series began. David travels only with one cameraman.

The plusher, highly-commercialized TV travelogue-makers (twenty-six weekly instalments made to measure, with gaps for commercials) may consider the BBC's home-grown Attenborough expeditions a bit "Boy Scoutish." Gossip has charged that because the minimum is spent on man-power and gear for the job, the Attenborough "Quests" take risks. David says: "We have never come to harm through not having either enough help or equipment. The only time I've had a narrow shave was because of a wrong decision I made, which no extra people could have prevented. I went off down a river, hoping to get past some dangerous whirlpools at what was really the wrong time of day to attempt it. For two hours we slashed around in circles. In any case, when there are only two of you, travel, overland or over water, can reach rarely visited spots. Enlarge the party, and complications set in. For instance, you cannot take a launch where we can go in a canoe. Two chaps can usually settle in with native villagers, and get to know them; more visitors would put them on their guard, and make everything more formal."

Between his travels, Attenborough spends a lot of time sitting in a viewing theatre, watching other people's films submitted for TV. "Few are suitable, I'm afraid," he says, with an apologetic smile.

Sidney James



THERE comes a wind of change in the affairs of TV's well-known faces. This is perhaps especially so where fame has been won by playing "stooge" to a star. This time of change comes now to Sidney James, Tony Hancock's partner. The future will probably see Sid in

new TV guises, and perhaps standing on his own as centre of a new series. Or, he may become more and more pre-occupied in film making.

Of Sid it might be truly said that "his face is his fortune." The craggy, pugnacious 47-year-old South African, has done more than fifty *Hancock's Half-Hours*, that he got there is still a surprise to him.

"When I arrived in England to try my luck I didn't think I stood much chance with a face like mine," says Sidney. "But I've got to confess—it's done me proud."

That he is both a character and an actor there is no doubt. His reputation as Hancock's Cockney "stooge" is all the more remarkable since he did not set foot in England, let alone London, until 1946.

Born into a show business family in Johannesburg, Sidney toured with them all over South Africa. In turn he took to a mixed batch of jobs—coal heaver, diamond polisher, skating instructor and professional boxer.

Of the latter Sid has bitter memories. "I used to fight as a middleweight. The biggest purse I ever got was fifty bob and it was in that fight I had my nose busted. The 'doc' fixed it up but it broke again. Then my ears went a bit puffy after other fights and I cried finish. Poker lessons, late nights and too much gin completed the picture. But I'm not complaining, it's certainly helped me. I guess you could call me a character actor—and it's taken me a lot of hard work to get that character."

Sid made a name in films before becoming established in television. He has made over 150 films including *The Lavender Hill Mob*, *A Kid For Two Farthings* and *Tommy the Toreador*.

He is married to Valerie Ashton, whom he met when they were working in a show together. They have two children, a son aged six and a three-year-old daughter.

YANA SINGS

THE study of a singer, in television close-up, is a gimmick in which viewers sometimes indulge. With the charming Yana it is usually a pleasure. These studio "shots" of Yana "in action" raise a few gentle questions. Does the lady's face react to the words of the song, or the music? And—a point every professional studies: how does the song motivate the hands?





This is the kind of setting every TV Spectacular dreams up in order to get lovely singers like Yana on to the stage, before they can even start to sing. (These pictures are from ABC-TV's studio.)



Comedian Dave King off the set and on: First he listens to ABC-TV's variety chief, Brian Tesler. Then he goes "out" to cross-talk with Ernest Maxin in Make a Date.

VARIETY TRIES TO BE THE SPICE OF LIFE



Charlie Drake, thoughtfully at ease, perhaps studying his TV versatility, and its problems. Whether Charlie is hitting off the "rock" singers, (on opposite page), or playing a mellow character with the Drake comic touch, as in his BBC series, he has added to the spice of TV variety.

"SUNDAY Night at the London Palladium" symbolizes every viewer's expectation that TV will do its duty to his desire for sheer, relaxing entertainment. The music halls may be dead (we say *may be!*) but their tradition seems to remain in the blood of stay-at-home viewers. So Variety, and The Show—whosoever show it is—speckle TV's weekly output in every form, every fashion and flavour.

The men behind TV will admit that providing variety is their hardest task. When it flops it can look gruesome. When it succeeds, rarely does their expectant public rave. The *raves* of the TV comedy business are treasured as rare gems—Charlie Drake, Benny Hill, Arthur Askey, would complete many a critic's list. Some are sorry that Dave King has in past months done so little TV work.

Every TV producing organization tries and tries to add to the number of topmost variety comics. ATV has built up Arthur Haynes. Bruce Forsyth has made a rather special niche of his own. The BBC has lavished attention on Jimmy Logan and Ken Dodd.

Some of the most satisfying comedy has found its blossom in the comedy-story-series, rather than in variety bills as such. Granada kept up a very long run of its *Army Game*. On BBC, Jimmy Edwards has become the rich and inimitable peer of the cockeyed school story. And





Anna Neagle dances on TV. The film star of many a film dancing role, went into action in an ABC-TV variety show.

Below: The Granadiers singing and dancing group have become a feature of ITV.



Hancock—grown so high in TV favour that his surname alone is enough with which to converse about him.

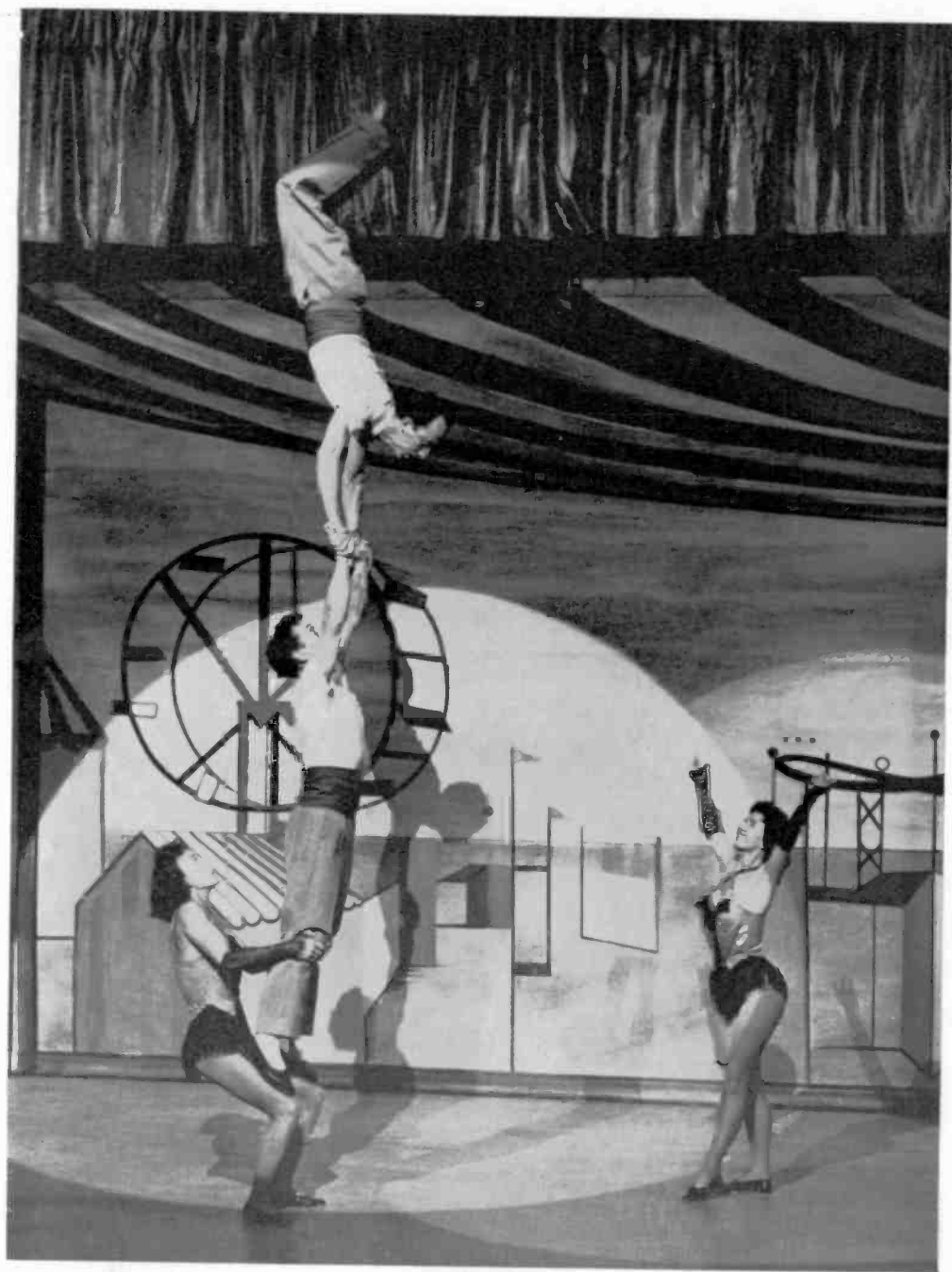
Two prospects are especially interesting. Tony Hancock is to make his way forward without the partnership of Sidney James, and Charlie Drake has developed so quickly, in depth, that his position seems unique—in TV if not in films. It takes considerable courage for Hancock to face the new approach he has chosen to take, it is equally brave for Drake to extend his TV canvas as universally as he has done. Both could be left high and dry; it has happened before.

Stanley Baxter, an actor from Scotland, has developed a BBC stream of comedy which is something a little wider than intellectual revue, and may, indeed, be paving the way for the style of funmaking which TV as a medium needs most, and which its public as viewers best deserve. Even so, the good, rollicking music-hall atmosphere will still be wanted even be it confined within the reduced, non-coloured, limits of the small screen.


This is the reason for the “spectaculars,” and the Big Shows; and if some turn out to be unspectacular, and small shows, it is only because fifty-two weeks a year are too much to ask of the available talent.

Studio men crawl up below sight of the TV camera to pick up cards used by magician Potassy in Granada's The Variety Show.





Spectacular variety remains an ingredient of British television. The Five Robertis, seen here, demonstrated their skill in an ITV hour of variety.



TELEVISION IS A WATCHDOG

says

JOHN FREEMAN

I'VE always been fascinated by the role of the interviewer.

Way back in my childhood when I used to dream of being a famous journalist, it was interviewing I thought of. Other people could write the leading articles or report the police courts: I pictured myself—sophisticated knowing and infinitely discreet—in intimate conversation with the great or the notorious, at home in their gracious surroundings, trusted with their private thoughts, able to make or break with a few strokes of the pen.

I still can't do this last—nor, now that I've grown a bit wiser, do I even want to. But, thanks to TV, some of the rest of the dream has come true. In the BBC series *Face to Face*, I've come face to face during the past year with some of the most famous or popular (or both) figures of the day. Such people as Adlai Stevenson, Stirling Moss, Carl Gustav Jung, Tony Hancock, Lord Boothby, Dame Edith Sitwell and many others. Each totally different from the rest; each at the very top of his (or her) particular tree.

For every one of them I've tried to devise (not *always* as successfully as I'd like) the particular method of questioning which will bring the best out of the person I'm interviewing. And when I say the best, I mean



For the memorable Face to Face with Professor Jung, John Freeman visited the great psychologist's home in Switzerland.

something a little better than the subject knows he has to give. For the art of this kind of 'deep' TV interviewing is to make the subject relax to the point where intimate and candid talk, which is to be expected in private, comes equally naturally in front of the cameras. When that really happens—and there's a great deal of luck, as well as skill involved—the feeling of professional satisfaction is enough to make you forget the failures.

And there are failures, all right. I never really got to the bottom of that colourful and eccentric character, Nubar Gulbenkian. Nor did I compel the German Panzer-General von Senger to face the cross-examination he ought to have done—this owing to what was perhaps an over-pre-occupation on my part with the General's handicap of having to reply in a foreign language. Nor did I penetrate very far into Evelyn Waugh's defences—though in his case the very fact that he so obviously kept his defences up against questions which most people would answer without a second thought may have been as revealing to viewers as if he'd really come clean.

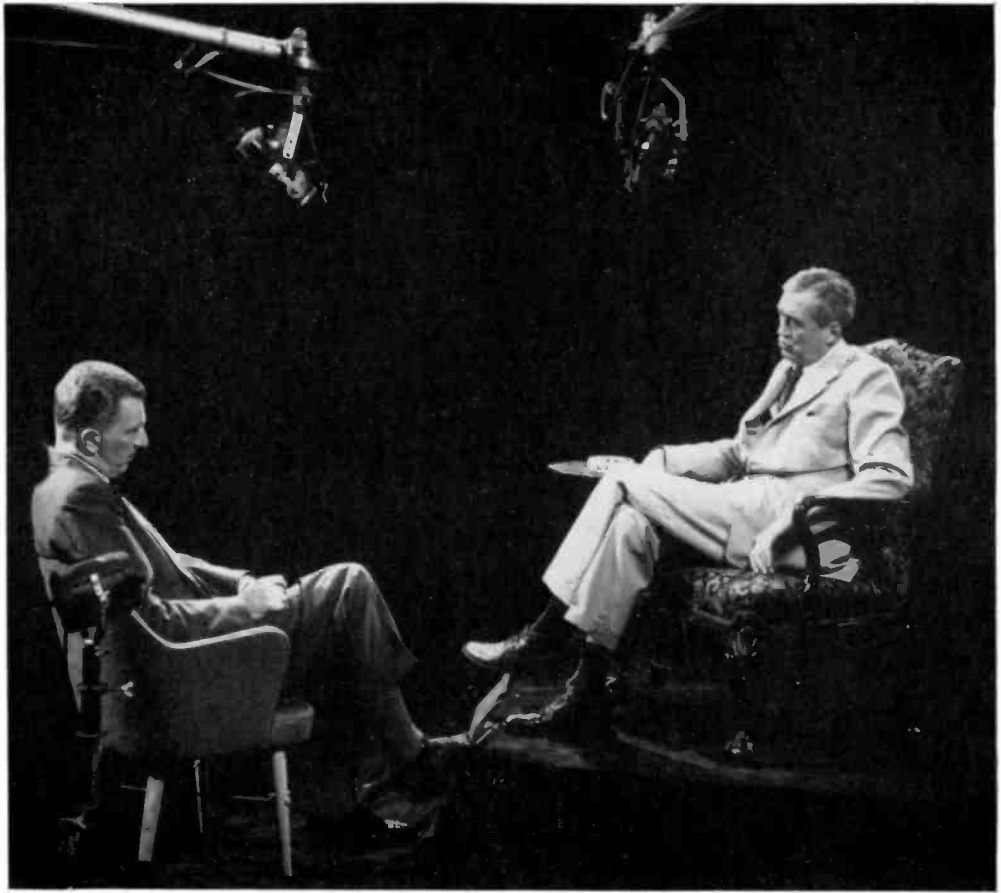
But Stirling Moss, for instance, was seen as he really is—the man behind the public face—and more intimately than ever before. (Incidentally, I use the word ‘seen’ on purpose. Thanks to the skill and inquisitiveness with which Hugh Burnett, the producer of this series, uses his cameras, these interviews are not just sound-radio transferred to TV. The viewer can watch the subject’s reactions to questioning just as closely and intimately as if they really were . . . face to face).

Also seen as he really is was King Hussein of Jordan. And so was that formidable lady Dame Edith Sitwell, who unexpectedly appeared to viewers as the warm-hearted, impulsive and witty woman her friends know her to be in private life. And so was Tony Hancock—the ‘lad’ from Railway Cuttings, East Cheam, who in his real home is modest, shy, intensely serious about his art and worried—and, if the truth is told, a bit confused—about his own life and the state of the world.

I was criticised a good deal about this interview on the ground that I questioned Tony too toughly. But I don’t think I did. Tony doesn’t find it easy to talk about himself, and I felt that, unless I kept him at pretty full stretch with my questions, we might end up by getting nothing out

Face to Face with Bertrand Russell, John Freeman chats with the great philosopher, a few minutes before broadcasting. There is no rehearsal or pre-arrangement.





Down at the job, on the "deep" TV interview. On this occasion, film director John Huston faced Freeman's examination.

of him. As it was, you saw him as he is—with all the shyness and uncertainty, but also with all his decency and seriousness.

Criticism for this interview was nothing to what I stopped for a very different kind of interview I did for *Panorama* with Mr. Frank Foulkes, president of the Electrical Trades Union, about alleged malpractices in the union's affairs. After this one I was accused of being a 'bully' and a 'character-assassinator'; my style of interviewing was described as 'the smear technique' and 'trial by TV.' I'm sure these charges were wide of the mark, and I was much touched by the promptness and generosity with which some of the most distinguished interviewers in the business came to my support. Malcolm Muggeridge, Christopher Chataway, Francis Williams, Woodrow Wyatt and Lord Boothby all wrote letters to the press de-

fending the right of the TV interviewer to probe deep and press his questions home in the public interest.

All of us, I think, who operate at the serious end of this trade believe that TV, just as much as the press, has the duty to serve as a public watch-dog, to sniff out and expose what is rotten, especially in high places, to protect what is good and to let nothing of sham or humbug or vested interest stand between the viewing public and the truth. Most of the time this is routine work carried out by routine methods: occasionally it becomes dangerous, spectacular and even brutal.

I am sure I speak for all my professional colleagues when I say that of course we recognise that TV *can* be abused—just as the printed word can be—to do injustice in the pursuit of sensation. Moreover, because the subject of an interview may well feel himself at a disadvantage surrounded by all the technical apparatus of a TV studio, the interviewer has a special duty to see that justice is done. We all know this and we all take pride in our professional standards.

I say in all seriousness that, though the techniques of TV interviewing can be abused, they are not—by any of the well-known and reputable interviewers on your screens. And that, while British TV is under the control of such irreproachable public bodies as the BBC and the ITA, they never will be. And I warn you that the real danger is not that, on some isolated occasion, an interviewer will, either by accident or from malice, abuse his trust, but that people in public life who don't want the public to know the truth (you'd be surprised how many of these there are!) will succeed in chaining up the watch-dog so tightly that it won't be able to bark—let alone bite.



Four Feather Falls is a different kind of TV Western—it is all done with puppets. Stories are spun round the sheriff, Tex Tucker, here seen with his faithful “hoss.” The locale of the stories, skilfully produced with midget scenic sets, gives the illusion that the figures are “life” size.

Behind the scenes you discover that the characters of this Western stand no more than twenty inches high "with their boots on." Their liveliness springs from puppeteer Christine Glanville. Four Feather Falls is a Granada innovation put on ITV at an earlier hour for younger viewers.



FOUR FEATHER FALLS



"Not so dusty" would be the right motto for the Four Feather Falls folk, when they are packed away between shows—in these protective plastic bags!



Actor Rupert Davies (right) becomes a leading figure in British TV by his playing of Inspector Maigret in the BBC's major Georges Simenon series.

With RUPERT DAVIES in the
WORLD OF MAIGRET

INSPECTOR MAIGRET knocks out his pipe on the edge of the mantelpiece in his Sureté office—and suggests we go for a cup of tea. Tea-drinking is one of the few habits in which Rupert Davies, who portrays Georges Simenon's essentially human detective, in the BBC's world market TV series, differs from Maigret.

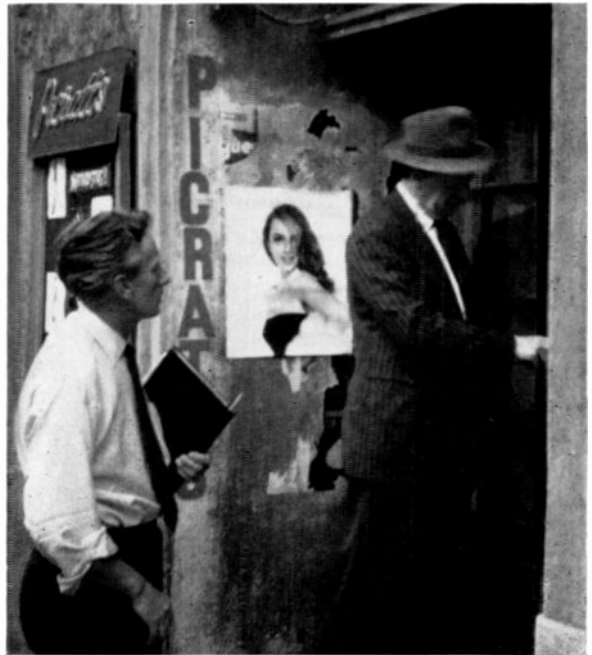
Since his TV debut in 1946 Davies—Liverpool-born of Welsh parentage—has played more than one hundred parts, including a Borstal headmaster in *The Unloved*, a homicidal maniac in *The Man Upstairs* and Caiaphas in *The True Mystery of the Passion*. “But the role of this super-detective

enthral me," he says, as we elbow our way into a crowded studio canteen. He talks more about Simenon than Maigret, for to know the author is to know a lot about the character. "You get the impression that Simenon writes about himself in every Maigret novel. For instance, pipe-smoking is one of the obvious characteristics of both he and Maigret. By his desk are thirty or forty pipes in two large racks, and a dozen glass jars each filled with a different kind of tobacco."

When producer Andrew Osborn and Rupert Davies flew to Switzerland to meet Simenon last spring he called for them at their hotel in a large German car and drove them to the old, four-storey chateau near Lausanne where he and Madame Simenon live. "It is typically French, having high walls on three sides and an entrance that reminds you of a farmyard. On the way we noticed one of Simenon's proudest possessions. It was a medallion hanging from his car ignition key inscribed 'Inspector Maigret 00000'—present from the Paris police and the only one ever issued to anybody who is not a member of the Sureté. It was given in appreciation of the light in which his work reflects them—a more sympathetic picture than some have painted."

"When we got to the chateau he entertained us for hours, giving us tips about Maigret and explaining facets of his personality—all in fluent English, for he lived in America twelve years. We were both impressed by Simenon's deep voice, which rolls over you and fills the room, and his incredible vitality. He will sit at an enormous polished wood desk and write a whole novel in eight or nine days. After that he spends

Great care went into creating the Paris of the Maigret stories, for the Georges Simenon TV series. Here, in Paris, Rupert Davies investigates a "location," with producer Andrew Osborne standing attentively with script in hand.





Two Typical Georges Simenon situations, on this page, and opposite . . . Here Maigret studies the girl who may, or may not be, the heart of the mystery against which he is pitting his powers of detection.

about three days revising what he's written. Normally he loves his children around him but when he's writing he goes into complete seclusion, for he works with tremendous concentration."

While they were talking Rupert Davies, who at first wondered why Osborn had cast him for Maigret, gave an unconscious clue to his identity with the character. Deep in thought about a point Simenon was making, he left his chair and gazed out of the window. "My God!" exclaimed Simenon, "that's just what Maigret would do."

Again, Davies, an ardent do-it-yourself man, noticed one of the legs of Simenon's desk was loose and asked for a screwdriver, upon which Simenon said delightedly "pure Maigret"—and produced one from a pigskin toolkit, of which he had one on every floor of the house. "In fact the only criticism, which Madame Simenon put to me apologetically and with a charming blush, was that my hair was too long. A haircut is a small price to pay for the honour of playing Maigret.

"The relationship between Simenon and his wife was similar to what I imagined Maigret's feelings to be towards his wife. There is deep under-



Here, the girl is very much involved in the web of clues and subterfuges making the mystery. April Olich played the lady in this opening story of the Maigret series, starring Rupert Davies as Simenon's hero.

standing and affection—and we noticed they always kissed goodbye, even though Madame Simenon was only leaving for the next room.”

“He told us he had always felt his detective character should bring a humanitarian bearing to police work, and that he should be a fairly large and bulky man. Ironically he had named him Maigret, because that meant meagre—rather like calling a tall man Shorty!”

“Though he offered us whisky freely, he declined it himself. ‘It always makes me feel so sick,’ he explained.” Davies had taken a Maigret novel with him and before leaving asked Simenon to autograph it. Instead he produced a brand new one and wrote inside: “To Rupert, my accomplice. After thirty years of writing about Maigret I have now found the actor I have long sought.”

Before starting the *Maigret* series Andrew Osborn called on the Sureté and secured their co-operation. Now before each new batch of six episodes which are all being recorded on tape, Rupert Davies and a film unit visit Paris and Northern France to film background scenes. “It’s quite exhausting to see Paris the way we do—in a high-powered Citroen

streaking all over the City, often covering places with the character and distance of say, Elstree, Battersea, Earl's Court and Mile End in the same day."

Producer Osborn played a personal hunch in selecting Davies as Maigret, and in casting Ewen Solon as Lucas, his assistant, he has another actor who has worked for him in previous productions.

We are back in the studio and Davies has become Maigret again to play a scene with Helen Shingler, who appears as Madame Maigret. A glance at the sixteen sets tightly packed into one of Lime Grove's largest studios gives a panoramic peep-show of Paris. Here there's a night club—complete with girl waiting to go through the motions of a striptease; over there the inside of a typical police station anywhere—but with a young actor wearing the unmistakable uniform of a gendarme. A set or two away there's the inevitable bistro and its little group of gesticulating patrons.

In the control-room above producer Osborn is about to start a run-through. On his monitor screens a girl makes her way cautiously, in the still of night, to a gendarme. "There's been a murder," she announces briefly. It is not long before France's greatest detective is arriving at his office to question her. It's a typical *Maigret* opening.

As the plot unfolds writer Giles Cooper is studying every picture on that monitor. He has adapted several of Simenon's books for the series. "The stories call for a large number of sets and characters, and in some cases they just had to be cut to fit into an hour's programme. Some of the TV stories have been translated direct from the French, but others, already published in English, were easier to adapt."

Another with a vested interest in the series success is Australian Ron Grainer. He composed the theme music which he plays on a French musette with light accompaniment.

Later, having solved the mystery, Davies is taking off his make-up. "I think Maigret's the most interesting detective on TV," he says. He is unworried about competition from another hour-long TV detective series called *No Hiding Place*. But mention of it rings an unexpected bell in his mind.

"When I was first married, in 1946, my wife and I lived in a flat in Holland Park. In the flat below was a hard-working young actor who was doing very well in rep. His name was Raymond Francis."

Alma Cogan

As much a part of the Alma Cogan personality as the laugh that many detect in her voice is Alma's wardrobe. In every one of her television appearances she wears a selection of dazzling gowns. Possessing well over fifty stage dresses Alma has realized the dream of most women—to have more dresses than she can house. It means renting a store-room in the centre of London because she can't find room for them in her Kensington flat.



Alma has her dresses made—but thanks to an early art training designs them herself, for she likes them to be completely individual. Colour plays a large part in the Cogan wardrobe. For one thing, some shades don't agree with the television cameras and would "come out" spotty looking. "I never wear a full evening dress in black," says Alma, "because I don't think it is good to come on singing a peppy song in a black dress—though I like semi-cocktail dresses in black."

She is often asked what her dresses are worth, but has not had time to work it out. They cost varying amounts, ranging from some at £100 to others at £200 or more, according to the occasion. Her proudest possession is a lilac tulle dress, made with shell beading from Paris, with an enormous skirt consisting of 400 yards of material. It cost £600 and Alma had it specially made for the Royal Variety Show.

"It's still perfect—I have worn it since that great occasion but not very often because it has such sentimental value."

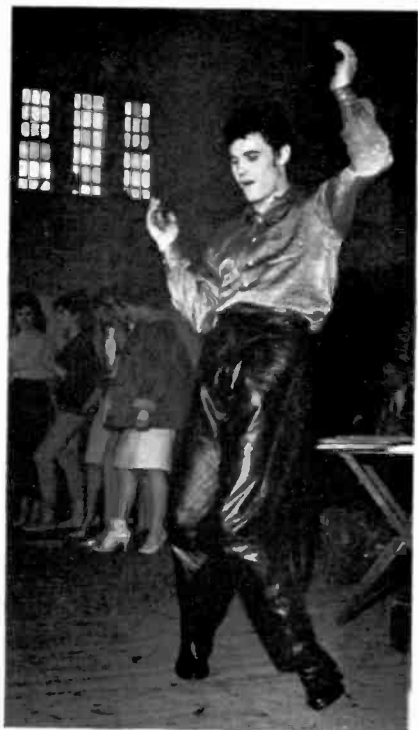
When she can spare the time Alma likes to attend a Paris dress show. Of a Balmain preview she went to she says: "A Paris dress show is like a fantasy in a film—you just feel you would love to own all those clothes and know you never can."

All this began when Alma started her career by being a singer in a London hotel. Singing to the expensively-clad women who took tea in the lounge, the girl from Worthing dreamed of a career which would buy her the clothes she loves.



THE TEENAGE CULT

"WHAM!" was the apt title of an ABC-TV series of programmes for teenagers. It could be described as a melee of rock, rhythm, jazz, girls and boys. It was noisy, brash, fast. It was cleverly directed as a sheer job of TV camera-work. It did not last as long as might have been expected. Whether or not teenagers want special TV programmes to themselves, is becoming a moot point in TV circles. For one thing, are they in the house to watch them? Unkind critics say that parents watched "Wham" with a mixture of admiration and dismay! The studio audiences, girls mostly, loved it all of course. They besieged Jess Conrad for autographs (*top, left*). Billy Fury (*top, right*) was a "Wham" regular. And in a rehearsal room (*right*) Vince Taylor works out what he will work up to on the show.



Right: *The girls were there for decoration. It was the boys the "kids" wanted to hear. Tommy Bruce had the Vernons Girls cavorting round him to make the picture more interesting.*



Below: Jimmy Saville clap-happy with a line of Vernons Girls. The "kids" love noise.



Swinging guitarist Joe Brown "Whaming" it.

Arthur Howard

So alike was Arthur Howard—"Mr. Pettigrew" of Jimmy Edwards' *Whack-o!*—to his elder brother, the late Leslie Howard, that for many years people were always mistaking him for Leslie.

When the latter made the film *The Scarlet Pimpernel* Arthur "stood-in" for him. "There was a mob scene, tough and violent," says Arthur, "and the producers refused to allow Leslie to fight his way through the brawling crowds in case he sustained an injury. So I took Leslie's place in the long shots of the mob scene whilst he appeared in the close-ups." Arthur also stood-in for his brother during the making of Gabriel Pascal's production of *Pygmalion*.

On leaving school he worked for a time in the City, but, despite his family's opposition, decided to become an actor. Arthur's first job was in repertory at Ripon and, whilst still young, he came to the West End to play juvenile lead in *Laburnum Grove*, opposite Edmund Gwenn and Mary Jerrold.

Since then he has earned his acting reputation touring in stage plays all over the world for more than 20 years. In 1953, in the thriller film *The Intruder*, Arthur was given his first real chance to break the tag of "Leslie Howard's brother" and proved to casting directors that he is an actor in his own right.

In recent years he has appeared on television in *The Housemaster*, *Fool's Paradise* and *The Whiteoak Chronicles*, prior to establishing himself in viewers' hearts as the long-suffering assistant to the headmaster of Chiselbury School. Arthur has also made several films, including *The Belles of St. Trinians* and *The Constant Husband*, and in his latest, *Bottoms Up*, he took to the cinema screen the kind of comedy acting for which he has lately become known on television.

Recently his career achieved two "firsts." He played his first pantomime season at Bristol last Christmas with Jimmy Edwards, and, again with Jimmy, was in his first summer season at Llandudno in 1960.

Born January, 1910, Arthur, a widower, was married to a niece of Fay Compton and novelist Compton Mackenzie.



ALAN WHICKER

*A Diagnosis of
Tonight's
Pertinent Reporter*



WHEN Cliff Michelmore says, "And now over to Alan Whicker . . ." it is generally assumed that a tingle of expectation stirs viewers everywhere. Possibly there are two reasons for this. Whicker was the first wandering reporter of the BBC's *To-Night* programme. He used to be sent hither and thither so much, that viewers wondered keenly where he would turn up next. Not only in this country, but anywhere in the world was possible, even probable, with a Whicker story. The other cause of mild excitement over his appearances is supposed to be the pretty generally held hope that, whatever he does on *To-Night*, it will be a bit cheeky. He became a sort of proxy for people who dream of asking damning questions of those in authority, and for those who would like to face eccentrics and fanatics with queries meant to be realistic and plainly down-to-earth.

"Cheeky" also permits a degree of affection to be felt for him—as is usually the case with we Britons, when somebody is trying to examine problems which we ourselves are too lazy, or too scared, to probe. It is also a word which means that its subject has never been rude, or annoyed. And Whicker certainly has never looked or sounded either.

A BBC press officer, discussing this, scoffed at the suggestion that Whicker is conscious of all this. "He just has it, naturally, without thinking about it," he insisted. Other people take the other view—that the efficiency and cool calculation of Whicker did, on some fateful occasion, really get him down to working out a philosophy of journalism. Certainly there is a steely power to the man which could have made this possible.

Whicker's domestic life—or rather lack of it in the usual sense—either equips him for his soul-devotion to journalism, or is the result of it. He has never married. Hotels and a bachelor flat have been his personal living background ever since he grew up. And he grew up without family as background or centre for his life. His father remained in Egypt, to which the First World War had taken him; but he died there when Alan was a tiny boy. Later Alan's mother died; and before he was much older, his sister. There were no other Whickers of that father.

"I can remember seeing a photograph somewhere of us altogether on a houseboat on the Nile, with me in it as a toddler," says Alan, "but its all a bit hazy. So I've never had much feeling for family life in the conventional sense. Today I'm not even sure that I want to leave any progeny in the world, either."

How Whicker looks, or more truthfully, his expressionless yet pleasant mask, is an essential of his competence. His face is always meaningless, beyond being neat, and politely smiling. Of course, all *To-Night's* interviewers and reporters try to keep their faces about as indifferent-looking as a question-mark. but its hard work for them, and you can often detect

The controversy is about what to do with a full cemetery, so at Northampton Whicker pins down a councillor. The cameraman is Slim Hewett.



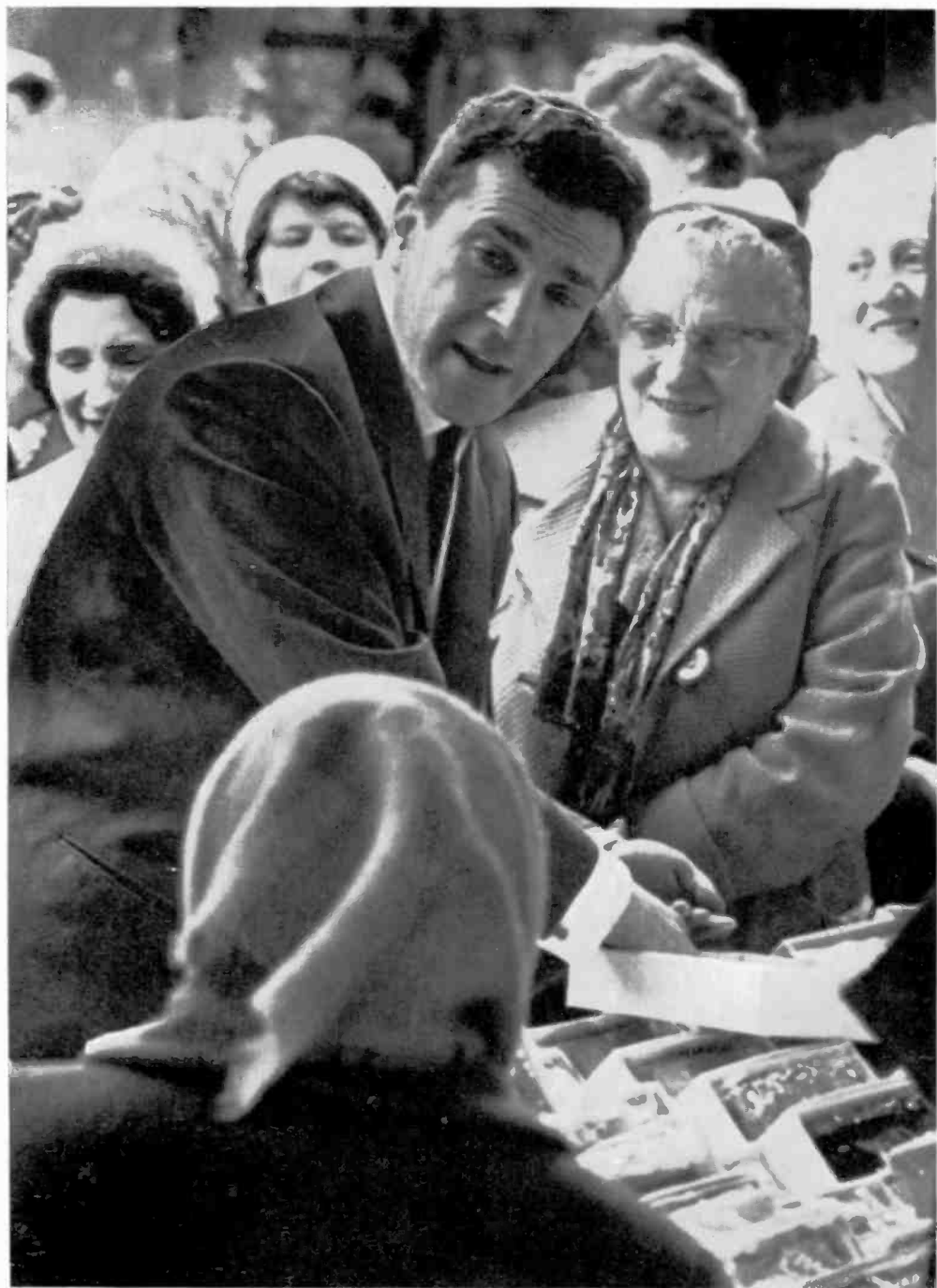


On washday Mondays down in Devon old age pensioners go "hikes", to avoid the wash atmosphere at home. Whicker went too.

the effort. With Whicker, either he was born with a face right for this job, or he is in fact an indifferent, and emotionless man.

He says that nobody is ever deliberately taking anybody for a ride, in *To-Night*—meaning that he is not. His whole attitude to his job gives the impression of a clinical journalist whose only concern is to "get at the facts," and who, in getting at them, has no time for emotional reactions of either anger or pity. He symbolizes the secret ingredient of good journalism, upon which the BBC stumbled in devising *To-Night*:— situations and problems concerning people's honour, truthfulness and belief's make the best stories. The "Whicker question," out on the job, is not "What happened?" but "Why did it happen, do you think?" This immediately involves you, and any amount of other people who may have been concerned in the happening. The way a person answers a "Why" question will always in the end betray his capacity either for truthfulness or for deceit.

"I usually go to bed, if I really have no story to work on"—Whicker really does seem to live for the job.



Television's song and dance personality, Ernest Maxin, still goes down to help his mother on a Saturday morning market stall, in London's East End.

Angela Bracewell



THERE are scores of dancing girls in London picking up poor or moderate livings from spasmodic bookings with the teams of neat-steppers who frolic through the TV variety shows. The elite of them are the basis of the more or less permanent teams. A mere handful have been chosen, luckily, for jobs which identify them to viewers, such as quiz hostesses. So it is that Sunday Night at the London Palladium viewers have come to know Angela Bracewell.

Chestnut-haired Angela—"Angie" as Bruce Forsyth calls his "Beat the Clock" assistant came south to make good. Though 24-year-old Angela's home is at Southport, Lancashire, it was at Southsea that this blue-eyed beauty got her first job as a dancer in pantomime at seventeen.

Angela started ballet lessons at eight—"though no one else in my family is connected with show business I always wanted to go on the stage."

While at Southsea she auditioned for the Palladium, and George Carden selected her for the "Beat the Clock" spot.

Angela finds it great fun bringing on the couples who hope to try for the jackpot—and part of the fun is noticing the different ways they behave. "Sometimes the winners get terribly excited, and the husband smothers his wife in kisses. Other couples take it very calmly and are able to walk off-stage without any guidance from me."

Not that she sees them for long, for as fast as one lot of winners leave the stage there are others to bring on. "But it's nice to share their delight—if only momentarily."

Her biggest thrill however came not at the Palladium, but at the Coliseum in 1958. She was chosen to represent the dancers in the Royal Variety Show when the artists were being presented to the royal visitors. "The Queen was wonderful—and the Duke of Edinburgh asked me how long it took for a girl to get out of the chorus line." If by that the Duke meant "to get married" Angela couldn't give the correct answer. She has no plans to give up show business at present.



ROBIN DAY

says

V.I.P.s LIKE TOUGH INTERVIEWS

ROBIN DAY first hit television as the interrogator whose questions to very important personages hit hard. He made his name on ITV, is now one of the BBC's *Panorama* team. Forthrightly he disagrees with the assumption that people in positions of power will wish to avoid pointed questions about their business in public life. "They love it!" he claims, with a characteristic mixture of verve and smiling bonhomie.

"The top men, politicians or rulers, usually enjoy getting questions from me on which they can whet their repartee or their political wit," he says.

"What is more important," he goes on, "when they do this, viewers begin to see men with power more as *men*, and less as voices of their office, whatever that is."

Day recalls how Egypt's Nasser readily agreed to answer questions about Britishers he had imprisoned. "To his way of thinking, he answered as good as I gave him," says Day, adding: "This is very satisfactory to the viewer."

His preliminaries to interviewing Vice-President Nixon, in the United States, included specific warnings from Washington public relations men not to ask Nixon certain questions. "He does not wish to talk about those matters," they told Day. When Nixon faced the camera, he asked all his henchmen to leave the room, so that he could be alone with Day. "Now," he said, "ask me anything you like, and I will answer it as I like."

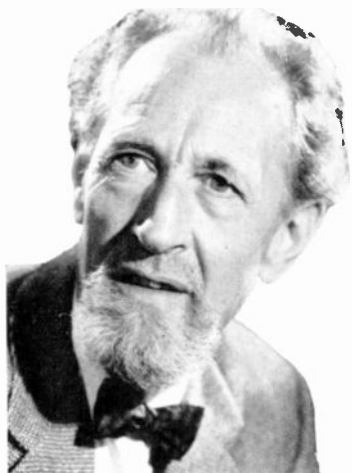
Half way through one answer, Nixon waved his hands, saying, "No—I don't want to say that; you must wipe that out; ask me again, and I will give you a better answer." Few public figures have the composure, in front of a TV camera, to do that, Day thinks; and of course, they can do it only when the interview is being filmed, and the film can be edited. It is not possible in a studio discussion given "live," in *Panorama*, for instance.

Robin Day in five years in TV, has done more jobs than most "personalities" who are normally classed as "interviewers." He has done TV Parliamentary reports, outside broadcast commentaries, led discussions, acted as TV foreign correspondent, and started the longer, personal interview of important people, which today has been extended into John Freeman's *Face to Face* programmes.

His work in reporting current affairs for TV, and interviewing politicians on TV, has made him a leading enthusiast for the proposal that some Parliamentary proceedings should be televised. Though turned down for the moment, Day believes this idea will have to be re-examined, and that Parliament on TV will come.

Flashback to an earlier Day! When Robin Day was at Oxford he was President of the Union. At sixteen stones weight, he coxed an Oxford Union eight against a Cambridge Union eight. And he wore full evening dress.





YOUR FRIENDS THE STARS

Fyfe Robertson

It was lucky for "To-Night" that Fyfe Robertson was around at the time and was able to join its team. Now 58, Robertson gives the sleek and impudent BBC programme a touch of mellow character, which many viewers must find welcome in contrast to the push, verve and comparative youthfulness of the other "To-Night" interviewers. Not that this "elder statesman" of the Baverstock "lobby" cannot ask pointed questions, too! The point is that when he does, his experience, and that face, make them sound just, and not just cheeky!

Born in Edinburgh Fyfe Robertson went to Glasgow High School and University. He chose to enter journalism.

He has travelled extensively—in Europe, the Mediterranean, East, Central, South and South-west Africa, the U.S.A., Caribbean, parts of the Pacific—including Fiji and Tonga—New Zealand, Australia and India.

It was on one of these trips that he grew the goatee beard which has become a familiar characteristic with viewers. On a visit to Australia Fyfe found himself in the "outback" for two months. "Water was too precious to waste on washing or shaving, you needed every drop you could get to keep alive," he says. "So I arrived back at Alice Springs with a beard. I left it on to give the family some fun, and have had it ever since. Now I couldn't shave it off—even if I wanted to."

Married with two daughters, Fyfe lives in London and combines television work with free-lance journalism. His elder daughter, Grace Robertson, is a feature photographer who is married to the well-known photographer Thurston Hopkins. The younger, Elizabeth, after five years at the Royal College of Music where she studied singing, has joined the Glyndebourne Opera Company.

Fyfe's hobbies are listening to music, reading and fly-fishing. And waiting for somebody he is interviewing to tell him to go and mind his own business!



(Left to right) Charles Tingwell, John Barron, Jill Browne, Frederick Bartman, Margo Andrew and Richard Thorpe.

IT'S TEAM WORK

TESSA DIAMOND. *original script-writer,
looks at three hundred and more episodes
of Emergency—Ward 10*

"WHAT'S the reason that 'Emergency—Ward 10' is so popular?" That question sometimes cropped up when I was a working member of the "Emergency—Ward 10" team but, then, there was no time to step back and do any stocktaking, so it was almost impossible to thumbnail the right answer.

Having been absent from the programme for six months now, and returned in the capacity of a "viewer," I admit to something no more difficult to diagnose than a lump in the throat the first time I "looked in" again after this very long absence . . . there was the familiar theme music . . . the opening captions, and then . . . "Casualty," and a nurse being



Actress Kerry Marsh (left) has made the Irish nurse O'Keefe a favourite of many Emergency Ward 10 viewers. On this occasion Cicely Hullett played the role of Sister Crawford.

severely reprimanded by a young doctor, who appeared very conscious of his new appointment. . . . The ambulance men bringing in a stretcher case . . . then we were up in the wards and among familiar faces: Carole Young, Simon Forrester, Alan Dawson—all original members of that first team.

The start of "Emergency—Ward 10," on 19 February, 1957, is an old story, but we think it wears pretty well! The producer of the programme, and the man responsible for so much of its success, was Antony Keary; and he chose a cast who not only won appreciation from viewers right from the start, but who really *enjoyed* working together.

On the script side, where I worked, the writers formed another happy team. The script writers now—Rachel Grieve, Jean Scott-Rogers, Michael Ashe and Diana Morgan—have all been responsible for many episodes of this medical epic. It's a job which taxes your powers of inventiveness; but even more your ability to absorb quite complicated medical facts: the programme's doctor-adviser between the writer—"Now under hyperthermia, there'd be a reduced oxygen demand: you'd clip off the muscles leading to the heart, although muscular contractions continue, it's still possible . . . Not going too fast, am I?" "No," lies the writer, though his brain's reeling, and he's got two visits to fit in—one to watch a radiographer

give some particular treatment; another to the Royal College of Nursing, where a Sister Tutor is to explain what the questions will be at this year's preliminary examinations. Then home—and the script to write with a deadline horribly close. This pressure of work applies to directors and actors too. They also must know precisely how an injection is given; how a heart-lung machine patient breathes; how a surgeon carries out a particular point of an operation.

For this guidance, given so generously and with infinite patience, "Emergency—Ward 10" is constantly indebted to specialists, in every branch of medicine and nursing. Also the regular doctor-adviser expects two or three telephone calls daily from the writers, on subjects covering the *wildest* range of subjects, and always with the breathless appeal—"I'm afraid it's really very urgent." Because of their help, and because of pains taken with accuracy all along the line, the kind of realism is achieved that resulted in one viewer telephoning the studios and asking Charles Tingwell's ("Alan Dawson") advice on one of her children who was ill. It was with the greatest difficulty that he got her off the telephone to him and on to her local hospital.

By the way, there is a perk to having been once on the inside of "Emergency—Ward 10"; I can ring up the studio and ask whether that nurse taking the exam in the current instalment, is going to pass. The temptation is too great— do!

A young girl, injured, with uncertainties arising about her looks and her career . . . this is the kind of situation which keeps a hold on Ward 10 viewers. Jackie Moran played this patient.





TV WATCHES THE WORLD

*But is it
important?*

Asks ELAINE GRAND

*Elaine Grand (right) investigated the tricks
of the cosmetics business for TV.*

THE BBC's *Panorama* slogan, "Eye on the World," dramatically abbreviates the significance of television as a fact provider and news giver. Behind the grander, and more publicizing claims of TV men to be the modern educators, is the basic fact that today more people see more quickly what is going on in the world, and see it more often, than before TV sets were a common piece of furniture.

The social significance of this is obviously great. It is building a prying, more-knowing population; with inevitable influence on books, newspapers, magazines, and education.

The programmes which reveal facts, and discuss them, on TV, are often termed "minority" programmes. Miss Elaine Grand, who conducts fact-finding on the screen for Granada TV, finds this term inadequate. She says, "It is believed that 'serious' programmes, shown in off-peak viewing hours, get an average audience of six and half million people. This is a remarkably large 'minority'! I prefer the phrase used by Huw Wheldon, in *Monitor*, recently, when he described that programme's audience as 'a small majority'."

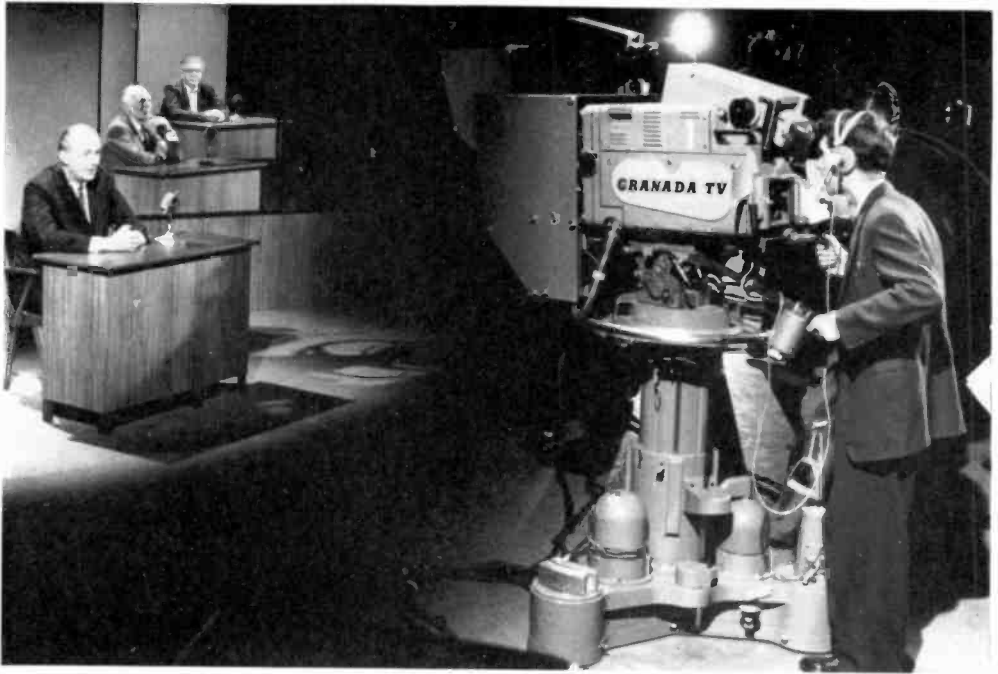
"This group," she goes on, "probably includes, or has included, you. It is certainly not a group of weirdies or egg-heads, which is what the word 'minority' so often implies. One of the most important things about this audience is that its response to TV is changing rapidly. Both ITV and BBC producers agree that only four years ago many subjects now exposed on the TV screen would have touched off a barrage of angry phone calls, telegrams and letters. Today the TV audience is quietly receptive to such



Above: *Schools television is spreading. This is the studio end of a science lesson for sixth forms.*

Right: *A new venture in "real life TV", Associated Rediffusion's Our Street watched life and developments in a real London street, programme by programme. The cameras even looked in on the back-fence gossip.*





The studio set-up for Granada's Who Goes Next, with Peter Thornycroft, Malcolm Muggeridge and Richard Crossman ready to tackle controversial subjects.

subjects as alcoholism, diseases, suicide, lunacy, dope addiction, sex behaviour, and venereal disease.

“Does this show a real change in social attitudes? Could it mean that there is a healthier, more open attitude towards hitherto embarrassing and half-hidden subjects? Or has everybody just become shock-proof?”

“The answer to this question, for those who work in TV, is ‘We do not know.’ This frightens me. Television is under the constant watch of professional opinion-seekers, yet still cannot provide a positive answer. Until we really do know, it seems to me, the whole balance between programme-maker and viewer is unhealthy.”

Meanwhile, informative TV carries on. The BBC mixes the straight exposition of facts by experts and reporters with more intricate TV techniques, such as the dramatised documentary and visit of cameras to laboratories and other centres of progress. Commercial TV usually dresses up its serious programmes, as very special occasions, and frequently gets the best available brains into them. In between whites, ITV runs various weekly talk and discussion programmes on current topics but presents them as passing entertainment of a curiosity-arousing kind.

And, at the end—

THE COMMERCIALS....



*A pretty storekeeper stacks the films of the commercials which appear on ITV.
This store-room is at the Southern ITV Centre, Southampton.*

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