

51st ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

VARIETY

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1957

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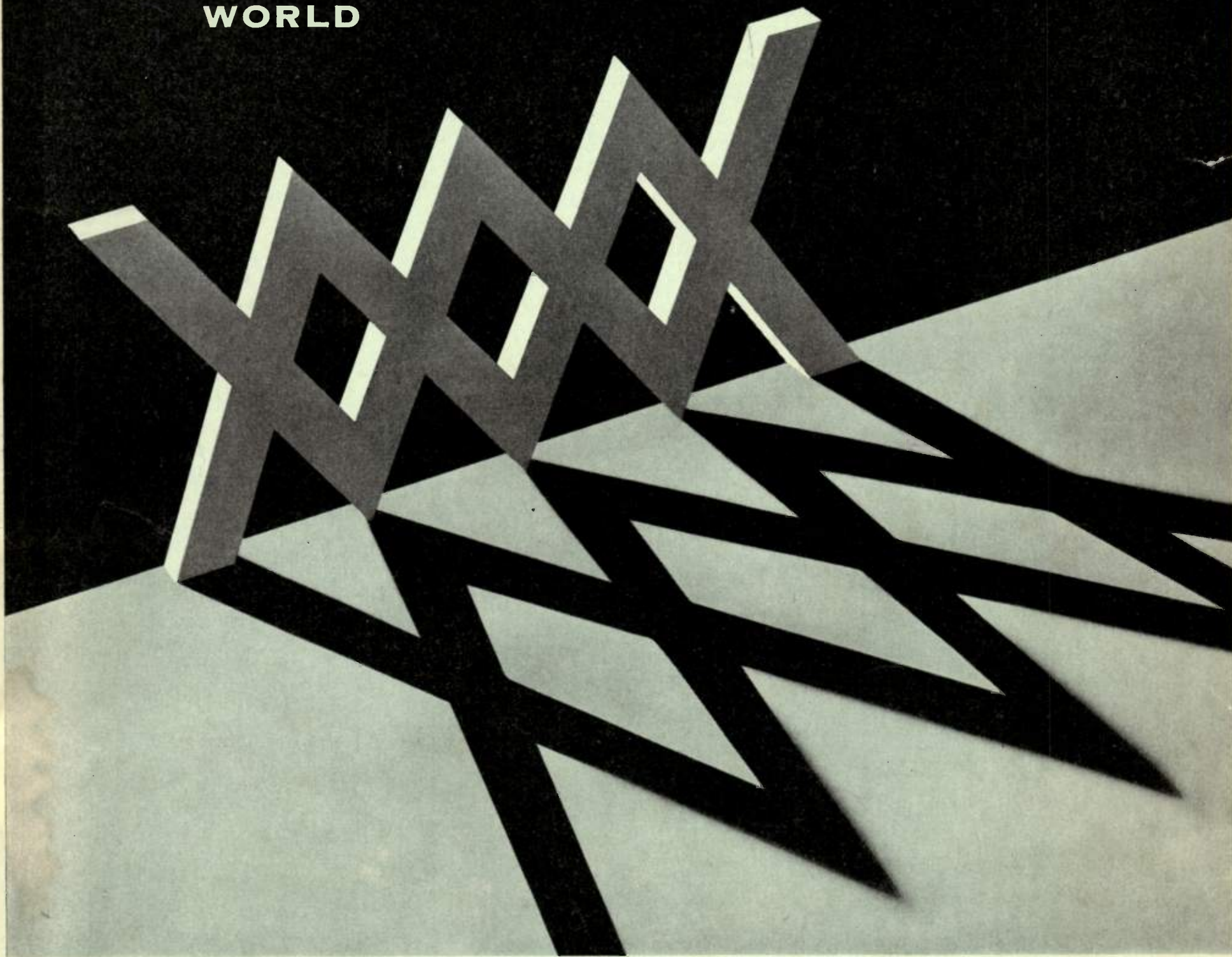
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WHAT WAS, WHAT IS & WILL BE

'Plus Ca Change'

By RICHARD MEALAND

After five years in Europe, principally England, a return to America is a return to a new world. It isn't the same country that I left in 1951.

Why, man, I even missed the whole cycle of moron jokes, and the jive-talk era that came and went while Princess Margaret was still trying to make up her mind. I've got a gray flannel suit which I now understand must be thrown away, along with my pink shirt and black knitted tie. I can't find the Ritz Bar anymore, and I've just met Walter Winchell with his hat off.

I've got to have a split-level house and a two-tone car. Things come in squeeze bottles. Martinis are made with vodka. Kids get Salk vaccine, adults get Miltown. There are nikes set up in the suburbs, and a whole new tribe of people in the exurbs. Skyscrapers are mirrors, banks are transparent. Dinners are bought in packages, and packages are something put together by the agents of independent producers. There's a liquid you pour on an old tree stump which dissolves it. Lawnmowers are rotary, think is spelled think, high-brows are eggheads, and you don't buy a pullet anymore, you buy a rock Cornish game hen. I haven't yet found out the difference between dacton and orlon. All the telephone exchanges have new names, and whatever I want done I'm supposed to do-it-myself. Television has movies, movie houses are supermarkets, supermarkets are in shopping centres out in the country, the country is criss-crossed with thoroughways, thoroughways take you to Gimbel's and Macy's and Wanamaker's. And where the hell is Wanamaker's?

I don't know America any more. I'm lost. The station-wagon set lives in ranch-houses and has ranch-wagons. Ranchers have air-conditioned Cadillacs, and Cadillac owners have Volkswagens as a spare. My left leg is useless driving a car. The elegant gesture of tapping down the tobacco in a cigarette has disappeared. A good handyman is hard to find. A bargain in antiques is harder. Women wear

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'Baby Doll' Faces No Censor Rap in Italy; Cite U.K. Catholic OK

Rome.

"Baby Doll," which has been condemned by Cardinal Spellman, appears to be having no censorship difficulties in Italy where it is being rushed in for an early showing. American films normally take six months to a year before they are given a first-run in Italy.

Jan press has carried considerable copy to counter the Cardinal's attack including a statement from Father John A. Burke, of the British Catholic Film Institute, who has approved the film "for adults only." Film will have its Italian preem here late in January.

Critic Gets Religion

Glasgow. William J. Weir, former drama critic of The Glasgow Bulletin, is now the Reverend W. J. Weir, of Church of Scotland.

Entering My Own 2d Half Century I Bless 'Variety'

By SOPHIE TUCKER

Now that VARIETY and I have celebrated our Golden Jubilees with wonderful and fond memories, I can look back and remember the days when there was no VARIETY to help show people and to help show business. Recently I went over to the N. Y. Public Library on 42d St. and 5th Ave., where I thumbed through my first scrapbook which is now a part of the Sophie Tucker Collection in the Theatre Section at the Library.

I made a few notes, for I thought you readers might enjoy as much as I did reading again the first review I received in VARIETY in 1908. It was signed by Walt and read: "Sophie Tucker, Songs, 14 Mins.: 'One,' American—Enthusiasm and evident delight in her work, a routine of songs particularly adapted to her voice and style and a most agreeable stage presence brought Miss Tucker to a substantial hit. She sang 'The Cubanola Girl,' 'Southern Rose' and 'Carrie' putting something new in all of them, and was forced to sing a verse and chorus of another 'coon' melody which rounded out a most pleasing offering. The young woman has a way of ingratiating herself at once, and possesses not alone good looks, but magnetism to back it."

As I turned the pages of my first scrapbook it was interesting to discover that the VARIETY reviews always were starred among my clippings and notices, for I knew then, as I do now, how important they were to my career. Newspapers of those times reviewed performers either pleasantly or unpleasantly, but few of them, except for VARIETY, came through with constructive criticism and objective reporting.

My early days in show business were tough ones. I'll never forget when I arrived in New York and got my first taste of show business. I wrote the following letter to my family:

"Dearest Folks, I have decided to go into show business. I have decided that I can do big things and have definitely made up my mind that mother will never stand behind a stove and cook any more, and every comfort that I can bring you both I am going to do, and I

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1956: FORETASTE OF NEW SHOW BIZ

By ABEL GREEN

The teenagers went for Elvis Presley.

The "deanagers" dittoed for the late James Dean.

Grace Kelly married a prince, Margaret Truman a newspaperman, Marilyn Monroe a playwright.

Loew's Inc. used up two presidents.

Pix biz was in a tizzy.

Legit booming.

Disk biz rock 'n' rolling.

After reigning eight years as "Mister Television," Milton Berle had had it.

Color television was coming in, but not as strong as hoped. Now looks like 1957 and 1958 will be the "colorful" years.

Television dominated show biz news. It was a tossup whether tv was more trouble to pictures or to itself.

For a fast rundown of 1956 news-values:

Diversification—in corporations.

Spectaculars—in flops.

Desegregation—in Dixie.

Milltown—in pill boxes.

B&K—in Bulganin & Khrushchev gags.

Joe Smith—in politics (not Smith & Dale).

Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis' split.

"Porgy's" clicked in Russia.

Satchmo's and Dizzy Gillespie's

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Ballet Russe's \$1-Mil Season

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, currently in Chicago for a Civic Opera House stand that preemed Christmas night (25), seems certain to hit a Brobdingnagian \$1,000,000 gross for its 1956-57 tour. On returning from its solidly-booked expedition next spring, the terps will go into the Metropolitan Opera House April 7-13, the company's first Met booking since 1950.

For the first eight weeks of the route, the company grossed \$270,435. This portion of the coast-to-coast pilgrimage is considered the least lucrative part of the bookings, yet the takings are imposing. One night stands in Atlanta and Birmingham played to absolute capacity, both auditoriums seating more than 5,000 each. Cleveland,

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Early Press Time

Because of its size, the 51st Anniversary Number went to press ahead of its usual Tuesday closing deadline.

As result, certain set news departments are telescoped, viz, Vidpix with Radio-TV, and the like.

The Reeperbahn, B'way, Rue Pigalle, Piccadilly—Also B.A.'s Corrientes

By NID EMBER

Buenos Aires.

Corrientes is the street that never sleeps. The street that means to an Argentine what Broadway means to a Yankee: the Hub of Show Business.

From Dec. 10 to 14, 1956, the importance of Corrientes was celebrated with a series of contests. One was for the best painting with a prize donated by exhibitor Clemente Lococo Jr. (himself no mean brush-wielder) who operates a string of deluxe firstruns on the street; there was a classic waiter's race, a fashion display from the '90s to the present day; bathing beauties, a motorcycle parade and an auto race with showfolk as contestants.

Like all else in Argentina at present, Corrientes is in a state of flux, but continues the street of bohemia, a tradition stemming from a past when all newspapers' headquarters were on it. The press boys were bohemian, so the street catered to them, and has gone on doing so long after the papers moved.

Corrientes has more theatres, film-theatres, cabarets, bars, cafes, restaurants, automats, pizzerias, milk bars, bookstores, cigaret and newspaper booths than any other city sector.

In the last decade, Corrientes was widened, asphalted, promoted to "Avenida" and lives an accelerated pace. Auto traffic is dense, the only one-way thoroughfare in the city, but the mass of humanity by night stops the car traffic. This flows from East to West, from the Port a dozen blocks toward Callao, cut by the vast Avenida 9 de Julio, world's widest, most dangerous crossing.

T'other side of 9 de Julio is the

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To Sophisticates: Please, May We Be Fond of Our Mom!

By GEORGE LIBERACE

Hollywood.

I presume you have seen Liberace. If so, you have noticed me—I lead the orchestra. And when my brother sometimes uses me as a straightman, a "prop," by directing an offhand aside, "Isn't that so, George?" I merely grin. Part of the act.

While it is part of the act never to speak up—offstage I no longer can remain silent. My brother has been maligned for years, but lately the torrent of unjustified abuse swirled to avalanche proportions.

There always has been an element which resents—most rudely, but also most vocally—anyone's theatrical success. All performers endure this. At public performances hecklers can be stilled summarily, either by a performer's humorous retort, or the disapproving frowns of the majority of an audience. But those harboring smoldering resentment now use other means—constant ridicule. It becomes a phobia.

Last autumn we played London. Because Liberace's telefilm series and his Warner Brothers film, "Sincerely Yours," had been successful there, the hecklers were waiting—couchant, with drooling moist chops. Our performances drew packed houses, to their obvious chagrin. They looked around for a weapon and pounced on: "Momism!"

Frankly, neither my brother nor myself ever until then had heard of the expression. Archly sophisticated Britons may disdain the Fourth Commandment, but Americans traditionally have cherished their parents. Because my brother,

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WRCA-TV to Pay Baylos In Full Despite Plugolas, But Gives Him Hard Time

WRCA-TV, the NBC-TV flagship in New York, has backed down from its threat to withhold two-thirds of comic Gene Baylos' salary because he continued to plug brand name products after being warned off by the station during a one-week stint on the "Punchline" show. Idea was to charge Baylos the equivalent of three 10-second spots, or \$675 out of his total paycheck of \$1,000, but the station last week decided it couldn't withhold the money on anything like a legal basis.

Baylos won't be let off the hook without some disciplinary action, however. Instead of mailing out his check, as is standard practice, the station will require him to appear in person to collect, accompanied by the William Morris rep who booked him on the show. Presumably, he'll get a verbal lashing at that time. Baylos is currently in Florida, so the occasion will have to be postponed until his return.

'Pants Roles' For A Mezzo-Soprano

[OPERA'S GIMMICK—GAMS!]

By MILDRED MILLER
(Metropolitan Opera)

I gave a superior laugh recently, reading an article that blueprinted how to achieve results in "promoting" anything—person, product, place or project. The idea, said the writer, is to devise a gimmick and come down heavy on it. He completely ignored the possible macabre reverse, where the gimmick comes down heavy on the subject to be promoted. This omission can now be remedied for THAT happens to be something on which I feel qualified to talk.

Six years ago I made my Metropolitan Opera debut in "The Marriage of Figaro," wearing 18th Century court costume, complete with satin-knee-breeches as Cherubino, a teenage page boy. It's a role that calls for a boy's (rather than a man's) voice and is traditionally sung by a girl since any boy the proper age would be right in the middle of his voice change.

At least, that's the academic explanation for these so-called "pants-roles" in Opera, which put a female singer in male attire. Actually, their frequent use by operatic composers probably has a more show-wise reason. It seems our opera-going ancestors in the 17th Century, when these roles first appeared, got a terrific charge from seeing women (always otherwise swaddled in floor-sweeping skirts and layers of petticoats) strut about on-stage with their legs showing shamelessly. Long lines of ticket-buying dandies at the box-office for such operas reflected the masculine fascination with feminine limbs and gladdened the hearts of early-day impresarios.

The connection between all this and my jaundiced view of "the gimmick" comes because reviews of my Met debut included some remarks that I made a fine-looking lad, partly due to the fact that in knee-breeches I displayed female shapeliness. Actually, my legs are nothing exceptional, and as a matter of fact, my mother has a much better pair. Too bad she never wanted to sing!

However, that cordial appraisal of my nether extremities has ever since focused a kind of fascinated public interest on them. At one afternoon concert when an advance woman's-page story had proclaimed I'd be wearing a cocktail length dress, a friend in the audience reported the woman behind her con-

fided to her companion, "I can hardly wait till that Mildred Miller comes out. I hear she has the best legs at the Met." It would be nice if they were that eager for my voice!

And at a concert in Kansas, when I wore a floor-length bouffant gown, the two local music critics came backstage afterward, bluntly requesting a personal glimpse at what they referred to as my "famous legs." One, it appeared, had bet the other \$5.00 that the reports had been exaggerated, else why would I hide them so discreetly? Really! For an opening "gam-bet," I considered that climbing out on a limb.

As a possible excuse for such brashness I will say it was before I'd sung a "Carmen" in Fort Worth, when the Dallas News' critic John (Continued on page 56)



Mildred Miller

3 Yank Films Among Top 10 in Swiss Keys

Zurich. The second half of 1956 on the Swiss film market sees three U.S. pix among the 10 top grossers in the key cities of Zurich, Basle, Berne, Geneva and Lausanne, one less than in the previous half-year period. They are the reissue of Charles Chaplin's "Gold Rush" (UA) in third place, plus "Man in the Grey Flannel Suit" and "Man Who Never Was," both 20th-Fox films, in the eighth and ninth spot, respectively. For the fifth time in a row, a Swiss feature, "Oberstadt-gass," holds the top position with 26 weeks in only three keys of German Switzerland. Runnerup is the German film farce, "Charley's Aunt" (18 weeks).

Remainder of the winning circle is made up predominantly of Gallic product, including "Gervaise," the color documentary "The Silent World," Fernandel starrer, "These Ladies' Dressmaker," and the Brigitte Bardot striptease comedy "En Effeuillant la Marguerite" plus the German Caterina Valente musical, "Bonjour Kathrin." None of the British or Italian product, usually rather strong here, made the grade this session. Only the Alec Guinness starrer, "Ladykillers," made a good showing in a Zurich arty house. It flopped in other situations.

Trinidaddio

The rock 'n' roll kick, which has latched onto every other musical style from waltz to mambo, has now blended with the Caribbean beat in a new tune, "Rock 'n' Roll Calypso." Tune has been cut by Doree Post, a new singer from the Midwest who has been inked by RCA Victor. Song is coupled with "Who Am I," which is getting wide coverage from other labels.

Victor inked Miss Post to a term pact after buying these sides, which were made by a Chicago publishing firm, Constellation Music.

Weiss & Barry is selling agent for Constellation.

Austria Swings To Jukebox Beat; U. S. Legiters Hit

By EMIL MAAS

Vienna.

It was a jukebox year for Austria. There are more than 3,500 boxes in operation, which, considering the fact, that Austria has but 7,000,000 inhabitants, is an unusually large number. About 100 machines moreover, are being added each month.

John C. Merrill, representing Wurlitzer here said: "Tapes are no competition" even though there are quite a few tape machines for commercial music in the Burgenland, Austria's most eastern province. Wurlitzer recently opened new offices in Graz, capital of Styria, and Linz, capital of upper Austria. J. P. Seeburg, being represented by A. and D. Christoff, is also doing good business. Others in the stiff competition are the German Diplomat and the Danish Rockohla.

Lots of old machines are also being sold, these coming from Belgium, Luxembourg and West Germany. The situation is like with used cars. The import tax is heavy, about \$500 on a new machine plus a premium of the same amount to obtain the necessary foreign currency.

The Austrian Society of Authors, Composers & Publishers (AKM) is benefiting heavily on this, receiving from \$2 to \$8 monthly license fees, depending on the classification of the bar, cafe, etc.

"Memories Are Made Of This" (called "Heimweh" in German) was the most popular jukebox number (Continued on page 56)

Evolution By Convulsion

Show Biz has been having more revolutions than the Whirling Dervishes of Islam. But revolutions evolve into a pattern of evolution and it is to be hoped that the drastic show biz changes of 1956 will shake down into ultimately healthy end-results for the amusement media.

History reminds us that change is often violent, sometimes cruel and that a rugged digestive apparatus is needed to survive. Not to single out individual cases, much that came to crisis in 1956 surely seems all to the good in the sense of necessary, and unduly delayed, change.

With all the dizzying rapidity of change—the flooding of old feature films onto television, and the rest—there remains the old conclusion—the play's the thing, talent is king. There has never yet been a ceiling on the kind of talent capable of drawing the masses. This is in no way altered because advertisers rather than showmen now rule a large domain of the show world.

Television is creating even greater values for the show biz artisan—author, director, player, producer, choreographer, tune-smith, decorator, lenser, et al. But in all cases the public will "not go out whistling the costumes"—the props still must be filled with fundamentally worthy talents.

Today's electronic show business has hit Hollywood hardest. We are now a nation on wheels; a population swelled by millions. Public tastes and habits changed before the filmmakers knew it—something of a failure of foresight and showmanship by the motion picture industry, long renowned for its prophetic prowess in fathoming the future.

Even so, the fountainhead of celluloid remains Hollywood which will eventually find rich harvest via video. At the moment it is a rugged digestive process. But, despite the upsetting of status quo, there isn't one major or minor film production-distribution organization which isn't capable of cashing in on its assets far beyond its original investments. The residual values are staggering in their proportions. It includes not only the film backlogs but the physical and realty values built up through the years. Not to mention, of course, that one intangible and most invaluable asset—resourceful manpower. The know-how of Hollywood has clearly manifested its worth in transmutation into the new medium. Many see the hopes of television as an even more potent and far-reaching medium of mass entertainment to be with the studio savvy of Hollywood.

The evolution of filmmaking, for a reduced number of theatres but with a seemingly unlimited boxoffice potential for the blockbusters, still leaves the film capital in a commanding position; again the moral of the importance of talent.

With this 51st Anniversary Edition, a first milestone of the second half century, VARIETY continues its own saga of change, growth and shifting emphasis as the business which it reports, reviews and interprets goes on being itself—always fresh, always alive, always dangerous and generally an exciting and satisfying enterprise.

BANK TO BUY WIEN FILM

Vienna.

Negotiations, still in the talk stage, are under way for Austria's largest state-controlled bank Creditanstalt to buy the Wien Film Co. Total obligations of latter are \$1,400,000 while Creditanstalt wants to invest only \$800,000, it is understood.

Universal Accents Tours by Stars

Universal is stepping up its star tours to promote its slate of upcoming pictures. It will use 16 personalities to visit more than 50 cities for pre-opening bally in connection with the release of six films during the first two months of 1957.

The tours will include the 32 exchange cities as well as other key and sub-key situations and will involve "Rock, Pretty Baby," "Gun for a Coward," "Battle Hymn," "The Great Man" and "Mister Corey."

First of the tours is already underway with Sal Mineo, star of "Rock, Pretty Baby," participating in the Detroit premiere and the Butterfield circuit openings. John Saxon, costar of the film, will visit Omaha and Des Moines and then tour the Charlotte and New Orleans territories. He will be joined on Jan. 11 by Rod McKuen, featured in the picture.

Fred MacMurray, accompanied by his wife, June Haver, will tour for three weeks in conjunction with the southern saturation openings of "Gun for a Coward."

Largest contingent is being sent out for "Battle Hymn," biopic based on the life of Col. Dean Hess. Stars Rock Hudson, Martha Hyer, Dan Duryea and Jock Mahoney, producer Ross Hunter, director Douglas Sirk and Hess will gather in Marietta, Ohio, Hess' home town, for the world premiere on Feb. 14.

George Nadir and Gia Scala, two of the stars of "Four Girls in Town," leave this month on a three-week tour to participate in openings of that picture. Tony Curtis and William Reynolds are scheduled to aid in the kick-off engagements of "Mister Corey" in a number of cities. Jose Ferrer, Jeanne Gilbert, Julie London, Keenan Wynn, and author Al Morgan will plug "The Great Man."

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EXPORTING U.S. FILM GLAMOUR

Red Film Festival Contrasts

[To Cannes, Venice, Berlin, Et Al]

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Karlovy Vary. With its new "A" rating from the International Federation, the Czech Film Festival here during 1956 (July) presented the first opportunity for VARIETY to contrast an East (i.e. Communist) film festival with West (Cannes, Venice, Berlin, San Sebastian, Cork) festivals. These generalities seem valid:

1) **PRIZES:** These are important "locally" rather than generally. That's true east and west. Cannes, Venice, et al bestow fewer accolades and thus tend to preserve some prestige in winning. Karlovy Vary is too "comradely" and by handing out an abundance of prizes follows a self-cheapening policy.

2) **POLITICAL BIAS:** This remains uppermost at the Czech Fete. The very wording of many of the prizes sets a party-line mould to which films most conform (per "noble relations between peoples") if hoping to win laurels. This is largely absent in the West's festivals, although there is an "artistic bias" at Venice particularly in favor of certain types of experimental craftsmanship and away from the hard-sell Hollywood blockbuster.

3) **PRELIMINARIES:** Karlovy Vary precedes each exhibition with a speech about the film or its nation of origin. The comparable value at Cannes, Venice, San Sebastian, Cork, Berlin would be the cocktail party.

4) **STYLE:** Audiences do not "dress" for the Communist festival and there is much less "town" interest in personalities (and fewer personalities) than in the non-Marxian world.

5) **BUYERS ROLE:** Film business, as such, is a notable side-activity at Cannes and Venice (Cannes deals in 1956 were estimated to represent \$6,000,000) but there can be little trading at Karlovy Vary when the Government alone is the trader.

6) **NEW SHOWCASE:** Against the above paragraph, western film producers, Uncle Sam notably excepted, were in 1956, definitely "showcasing" at Karlovy Vary with an eye to future deals with the Red states.

7) **FRICTION:** Although the prizes, some of the trappings and the idiom at the Czech Film Festival was political, there was less political friction and sensitivity, nation to nation and picture to picture, than has marked Venice and Cannes the last few years.

FOREIGN GROSS AT \$210,000,000

By NATHAN D. GOLDEN

(Director, Scientific, Motion Picture and Photographic Products Division, Business and Defense Services Administration, U.S. Dept. of Commerce)

The United States motion picture industry more than held its world markets in 1956 despite many foreign distribution obstacles. U. S. films continued their popularity with foreign audiences, dollar remittances from abroad were expected to exceed \$210,000,000, and the outlook for 1957 is that the foreign market will continue at a high level.

Some 330 feature films were produced during the year. From the point of view of quality, new heights were probably reached. Forecasts by the major film producers indicate that production in 1957 will exceed 1956 production. Of course the Suez stoppage has hit Western Europe hard and outlook is therefor fogged.

Throughout the last half of 1956 there was much activity looking to the sale of U. S. films to the Soviet satellite countries. Both the Motion Picture Export Association and the Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers, as well as individual film distributors, were in contact with these areas. Export Assn., approved a recommendation made by its president, to sell films produced by member companies to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and East Germany.

New film agreements were signed with the United Kingdom and Germany during 1956. Agreements with Italy and France remained in effect during 1956 and remittances from most of the major foreign markets were relatively unhampered. However, serious problems relating to the importation and distribution of U. S. films were encountered in Burma and the Philippines. Although intermittent negotiations were conducted with Denmark and Spain, at the end of the year all major U. S. film companies were still withholding film from these two markets.

A new British film agreement was speedily accomplished for another year continuing the provisions of the previous agreement. The transfer of \$17,000,000 is again provided for and there are provisions permitting convertibility of certain amounts of United States production investments in Britain. The United States film companies may again remit a portion of their share of the Eady Tax Plan money, not to exceed \$2,250,000. It looked for a time as if convertibility in full was possible. However, the British are now not ready for this step.

As a sequel to trade agreements negotiations held in Geneva early in 1956, the British Government removed the import duty on exposed negative motion picture films. This new concession became effective November 12, 1956. Representatives of the U. S. and West Germany signed an agreement on April 26, 1956, making certain changes in the German tariff concession affecting motion picture films.

The Franco-American agreement, which will not expire until June 30, 1957, authorizes monthly remittances of United States film earnings in the amount of \$235,000 at the official rate of exchange. It also provides for a total of 110 import permits for United States film per year.

At the end of 1955, a new three-year agreement was concluded with the Italians which continued the remittance arrangements of the previous agreement and maintained the current import level of United States films. The new

Notes on Visiting the Land Of the Bolsheviks

By ERIC JOHNSTON

(President, Motion Picture Association of America)

Washington.

The Hollywood motion picture, you may have heard, is once again on its way to the lands of the Bolsheviks. You have undoubtedly not heard the deep inside story of the negotiations that led to the sale of U.S. movies to Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, or the present standstill in negotiations with Soviet Russia. There's a good reason for this. There is no deep inside story. There are a few odds and ends, though, that perhaps might be of interest.



Eric Johnston

I went over to the three satellites and to Soviet Russia this fall as an American businessman, knowing in advance that the three eastern European countries would be receptive to our product and they were. We conducted our discussions calmly, pleasantly and almost briskly in the lavish board rooms of the Ministries of Culture. What I didn't expect when I left on the trip was that two revolutions would break out or that as a Washington reporter friend later observed: "Eric Johnston went over as a businessman. He returned a war correspondent."

One would hardly have imagined that culture ministers would be much interested in movies or anything else when their governments were in violent upheaval. Instead, they were even more interested in the Hollywood product, which they hadn't seen during the deep-freeze years of the cold war.

"In Hungary one film official talked about his feelings for some time. 'We've been bottled up too long,' he said. 'When you put a cork on a bottle of seltzer and let it rest on the shelf, you don't have an explosion. But when you shake and jostle and turn it upside down, something will give way. Now we were all on the shelf when Stalin was in power. We couldn't move. But now Stalin is down and out and the cork blows off.'

The film official then said earnestly: "We need your movies, we need a breath of fresh air. Maybe if our people have enough outlets, our present government will bring them under control. But even if we can't, our negotiations should hold up. Whoever holds power tomorrow will need plenty of entertainment—and so will every Hungarian."

In Moscow, our negotiations reached a standstill, but I am still hopeful that eventually the Soviet Union will accept a businesslike arrangement for showing American movies. Of course it's to our advantage to have the Russians—their leaders and their people—know us better through every means of communication. At times, you even see signs that the Kremlin would now like to risk a little more contact with the west. In their own country, too, I think they're aware of what can happen to a bottle of seltzer. A good many things have been shaking since Stalin's death.

In the satellites, though, Stalin is not the old man who isn't there but a kind of ghostly and foreboding figure who is still on people's minds. He embodied the ultimate in force and terror and he still fills the people's nightmares and daydreams.

They tell you this secret after-life of Joseph Stalin indirectly and in sometimes rather grim humor. But considering the upheavals and uncertainty in the Soviet empire, humor is at least a sign of remaining vitality.

In Hungary and Poland, the debasement of Stalin had miscarried from the Soviet viewpoint. I feel it was one of the Kremlin's great

(Continued on page 204)

Awards, Anyone?

By EDDIE CANTOR

Hollywood.

Here it is the middle of the week, and I haven't had an award since Monday, a surprising situation in this era of honors for all occasions.



Eddie Cantor

Plaques are presented for "The Movie Star Whose Pictures Have Sold The Most Popcorn"—"The Man Whose Hairline Is Most Likely To Recede"—"The Personality Who Has Done Most For The Rice Industry" (married 11 times)—ad infinitum.

Like most men before the public for who-c-a-n-count-the-years, my home boasts a room with wall-to-wall words of esteem. Don't get me wrong, this minstrel of low comedy now drabbling in high drama* treasures each and every award, but it's reached a point where tributes are tendered with the regularity of bills and with the same purpose—to collect money. Here's how it works:

An organization decides to raise funds. They give a dinner. A committee is appointed. Arrangements are made to accommodate anywhere from 500 to 1500 people. To insure \$10, or perhaps \$25 a head, it is necessary to provide a drawing card. A list is made up. If the "names" happen to be in show business, the committee then investigates and compares (with the thoroughness of commercial sponsors), ratings and box-office receipts.

Ego-deflating as it may be, 90 percent of the awards are presented to the performer who is hot at the moment, and available. Several years ago, a group in Washington, D. C., informed me that I had been chosen "Showman of The Year." Would I come to the capital and accept the award? Contractual obligations prohibited my leaving Los Angeles. Two days later, it was announced that another entertainer had received the award. He happened to be available.

There's another angle to awards: publicity for the donor. Take the time a prominent comedian was to receive a statuette designating him "Mr. Television of 1950 something or other"—presentation to be made on his network show. Unfortunately, that particular prog-

ram ran overtime and the gentlemen of the committee didn't get on camera. The star offered to accept the award in front of the studio audience. "What!" huffed and puffed the committee, "A viewing audience of a mere 1200 people instead of 20,000,000—nothing doing!" The statuette disappeared with the committee and probably wound up on some desk as a paperweight.

Wrong Dinner

In my younger days, when I was a little more "ham" than I am now, the word "award" was magic. It could lure me any place, any time. I'll never forget a snowy night in Great Neck. In a blinding blizzard, I drove from my home on Long Island to the old Waldorf-Astoria on 34th St. to accept an award at a dinner. When I arrived at the main ballroom, a fine-looking tuxedoed gentleman embraced me. "Eddie Cantor," he yelled enthusiastically, "while you're here, why not come in and say a few words?" We both laughed. This guy had the makings of a comedian.

As we walked through the crowded dining room, the guests recognized me, stood up, and cheered. Their warm greeting made up for my cold ride into the city. I was escorted to the dais. Between courses of the elaborate two-hour dinner, I mentally memorized my ad libs. After the dessert, the toastmaster stood up and announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, our first speaker of the evening is a surprise guest. I'm surprised we don't have to pay him." (laugh) I thought to myself, "This is an odd way to honor me, by opening the show," but I went into my speech—20 minutes of extraneous fun, winding up with an expression of appreciation for the plaque I was about to receive. The audience roared louder than ever. Only then did I suspect I might be at the wrong dinner.

My suspicion was confirmed when I inquired at the desk downstairs. My dinner was at the Astor. A jet couldn't have made more speed, but when I arrived, the dinner in my honor was over. Everybody had gone except a few key committee members, one of whom was carrying my plaque. Before I could say a word, he let out a yell that would make Elvis Presley sound like a choir boy. I was afraid to ask for my award, afraid he'd give it to me, in the head!

(Continued on page 204)

Italian film law, enacted in July, 1956, is retroactive to January 1, 1956, and will continue in effect until June 30, 1959.

The film agreement between the United States industry and the Belgian Government, which expires in February 1957, provides for the entry of about 250 U.S. films and permits remittance in dollars of 65% of current film earnings. In line with Belgian Government's request to assist local film laboratories, U.S. film companies are utilizing the facilities of Belgian laboratories for a percentage of the black and white prints to be released in the country.

The Latin American Market

Latin America, including Mexico, South and Central America, continues to be a very good market for Yankee films. The percentage of screen time devoted to United States films is the highest in these areas—being estimated at about 70% in South America, 68% in Mexico, and over 80% in Central America and the Caribbean area.

United States film companies have encountered little difficulty in the distribution of their product in the Brazilian market. Import license problems have been reduced and film remittances have been satisfactory. The U.S. film industry has been making a strong effort to secure higher admission prices to Brazilian theatres to partly compensate for the increased operating costs and the increase in premiums paid for foreign exchange. On March 31, 1956, a change in theatre prices was announced which restored the 18 cruzeiros price for wide-screen films (it had been reduced to 16).

(Continued on page 204)

Reich in 1956 Moved Toward Global Market

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin.

West Berlin's population of 2,200,000 (as against 1,200,000 in East Berlin), in 1956 was a "show window" of western culture and entertainment.

An International Film Festival and a Cultural Festival, both for the sixth consecutive year were more colorful and substantial than any of their predecessors. The film rally, the first here as an "A" festival, saw entries by 34 nations and drew 1,137 visitors (including 124 performers and 418 journalists) from 35 nations. The Cultural Festival's 80 different events mobilized about 1,000 artists within 17 days—another record.

The W-Berlin film studios were running at full speed all through the year. Also with regard to the local theatres, there was not much to worry about. While in the W-Berlin Kurfuerstendamm first run area U.S. features are still playing top fiddle, trend German product gets most playdates, between 45 and 50% in 1956 while Hollywood pix had 37%.

Most successful U.S. pic of 1956 was Dave Selznick's "Gone With the Wind."

(Continued on page 32)

All-Time Top Film Grosses

[Corrected to Jan. 1, 1957]

When a feature film grosses \$4,000,000, or over, in domestic (United States and Canadian) rentals, that's blockbusting. VARIETY's annual revised lineup of such tall-stakes releases is presented herewith, updated to include the 1956 starters and, as regards previous years' entries, revised where (a) newly-added reissue money requires the raising of earlier estimates or (b) over-estimates in past demand downward adjustment.

Some smash 1956 boxoffice performers are excluded for the reason they're not in circulation widely enough at this time to gauge the ultimate total grosses. In this group are "80 Days Around the World," "Ten Commandments," "Giant," "Seven Wonders of the World," "Oklahoma" and, perhaps, others.

Still omitted from the record is D. W. Griffith's 1915 "Birth of a Nation," official records of which were not kept. Here are the standings (authority: this publication).

1. Gone With the Wind (Selznick-M-G) (1939)	\$33,500,000	77. Three Coins in Fountain (20th) (1954)	5,000,000
2. The Robe (20th) (1953)	17,500,000	78. Vera Cruz (UA) (1955)	5,000,000
3. Greatest Show on Earth (Par) (1952)	12,800,000	79. Man Called Peter (20th) (1955)	5,000,000
4. From Here to Eternity (Col) (1953)	12,500,000	80. Spellbound (Selznick-UA) (1946)	4,975,000
5. This Is Cinerama (C'rma) (1952)	12,500,000	81. Since You Went Away (Selznick-UA) (1944)	4,950,000
6. White Christmas (Par) (1954)	12,000,000	82. King Solomon's Mines (M-G) (1950)	4,825,000
7. Duel in Sun (Selznick) (1947)	11,300,000	83. Searchers (WB) (1956)	4,800,000
8. Best Years Our Lives (Goldwyn-RKO) (1947)	11,300,000	84. Notorious (RKO) (1946)	4,800,000
9. Quo Vadis (M-G) (1952)	10,500,000	85. Yankee Doodle Dandy (WB) (1942)	4,800,000
10. Cinerama Holiday (C'rma) (1955)	10,000,000	86. Salome (Col) (1953)	4,750,000
11. Samson and Delilah (Par) (1950)	9,000,000	87. Battleground (M-G) (1950)	4,700,000
12. Guys and Dolls (Goldwyn-M-G) (1956)	9,000,000	88. Dragnet (WB) (1954)	4,700,000
13. Caine Mutiny (Col) (1954)	8,700,000	89. Annie Get Your Gun (M-G) (1950)	4,650,000
14. King and I (20th) (1956)	8,500,000	90. Green Years (M-G) (1946)	4,600,000
15. Mister Roberts (WB) (1955)	8,500,000	91. Conqueror (RKO) (1956)	4,500,000
16. This Is the Army (WB) (1943)	8,500,000	92. Rebel Without a Cause (WB) (1956)	4,500,000
17. Battle Cry (WB) (1955)	8,000,000	93. Anchors Aweigh (M-G) (1945)	4,500,000
18. Bells of St. Mary's (RKO) (1946)	8,000,000	94. Bachelor and Bobbysoxer (RKO) (1947)	4,500,000
19. Jolson Story (Col) (1947)	8,000,000	95. Bridges of Toko-Ri (Par) (1955)	4,500,000
20. Shane (Par) (1953)	8,000,000	96. Catch a Thief (Par) (1955)	4,500,000
21. 20,000 Leagues (Disney-BV) (1955)	8,000,000	97. Easy to Wed (M-G) (1946)	4,500,000
22. Trapeze (UA) (1956)	7,500,000	98. Four Horsemen (M-G) (1921)	4,500,000
23. How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying (20th) (1953)	7,200,000	99. Great Caruso (M-G) (1951)	4,500,000
24. Snow White (Disney-RKO) (1937)	7,150,000	100. Paleface (Par) (1945)	4,500,000
25. Not As a Stranger (UA) (1955)	7,100,000	101. Random Harvest (M-G) (1942)	4,500,000
26. David and Bathsheba (20th) (1951)	7,100,000	102. Road to Rio (Par) (1948)	4,500,000
27. Glenn Miller Story (U) (1954)	7,000,000	103. Road to Utopia (Par) (1945)	4,500,000
28. High Society (M-G) (1956)	6,500,000	104. Thrill of a Romance (M-G) (1945)	4,500,000
29. I'll Cry Tomorrow (M-G) (1956)	6,500,000	105. Till Clouds Roll By (M-G) (1945)	4,500,000
30. Country Girl (Par) (1955)	6,500,000	106. Valley of Decision (M-G) (1945)	4,500,000
31. Going My Way (Par) (1954)	6,500,000	107. Desiree (20th) (1954)	4,500,000
32. Lady and Tramp (Disney-BV) (1955)	6,500,000	108. Easter Parade (M-G) (1948)	4,450,000
33. Snows of Kilimanjaro (20th) (1952)	6,500,000	109. Cheaper by the Dozen (20th) (1950)	4,425,000
34. Picnic (Col) (1956)	6,300,000	110. Two Years Before the Mast (Par) (1946)	4,400,000
35. For Whom Bells Toll (Par) (1943)	6,300,000	111. Knights of Round Table (M-G) (1954)	4,400,000
36. War and Peace (Par) (1956)	6,250,000	112. Man With Golden Arm (UA) (1956)	4,350,000
37. Welcome Stranger (Par) (1947)	6,100,000	113. Man in Grey Flannel Suit (20th) (1956)	4,350,000
38. Hans Chr. Andersen (Goldwyn-RKO) (1953)	6,000,000	114. Red River (UA) (1948)	4,350,000
39. Hell and Back (U) (1955)	6,000,000	115. Hucksters (M-G) (1947)	4,350,000
40. High and Mighty (WB) (1954)	6,000,000	116. Harvey Girls (M-G) (1946)	4,350,000
41. Ivanhoe (M-G) (1952)	6,000,000	117. Stage Door Canteen (UA) (1943)	4,350,000
42. Peter Pan (Disney-RKO) (1953)	6,000,000	118. Lost Weekend (Par) (1946)	4,300,000
43. Sea Chase (WB) (1955)	6,000,000	119. Sailor Beware (Par) (1952)	4,300,000
44. Sergeant York (WB) (1941)	6,000,000	120. Cinderella (Disney-RKO) (1950)	4,275,000
45. Seven Year Itch (20th) (1955)	6,000,000	121. Bus Stop (20th) (1956)	4,250,000
46. Star is Born (WB) (1955)	6,000,000	122. Adventure (M-G) (1946)	4,250,000
47. Strategic Air Command (Par) (1955)	6,000,000	123. Egyptian (20th) (1954)	4,250,000
48. Tall Men (20th) (1955)	6,000,000	124. Saratoga Trunk (WB) (1946)	4,250,000
49. Life With Father (WB) (1947)	5,900,000	125. Streetcar Named Desire (WB) (1951)	4,250,000
50. Blue Skies (Par) (1946)	5,700,000	126. Demetrius and Gladiators (20th) (1954)	4,250,000
51. Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954)	5,600,000	127. Living It Up (Par) (1954)	4,250,000
52. Egg and I (U) (1947)	5,550,000	128. 30 Seconds Over Tokyo (RKO) (1954)	4,250,000
53. Big Parade (M-G) (1925)	5,500,000	129. Rose Tattoo (Par) (1956)	4,200,000
54. House of Wax (WB) (1953)	5,500,000	130. Hollywood Canteen (WB) (1944)	4,200,000
55. Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956)	5,300,000	131. Three Musketeers (M-G) (1948)	4,200,000
56. Rear Window (Par) (1954)	5,300,000	132. Weekend at Waldorf (M-G) (1945)	4,200,000
57. Blackboard Jungle (M-G) (1955)	5,250,000	133. On the Waterfront (Col) (1954)	4,200,000
58. Unconquered (Par) (1947)	5,250,000	134. Father of the Bride (M-G) (1950)	4,150,000
59. Yearling (M-G) (1947)	5,250,000	135. Bad Seed (WB) (1956)	4,100,000
60. Moby Dick (WB) (1956)	5,200,000	136. Man Who Knew Too Much (Par) (1956)	4,100,000
61. Magnificent Obsession (U) (1954)	5,200,000	137. African Queen (UA) (1952)	4,100,000
62. Meet Me in St. Louis (M-G) (1945)	5,200,000	138. Hondo (WB) (1954)	4,100,000
63. Mogambo (M-G) (1953)	5,200,000	139. Joan of Arc (RKO) (1949)	4,100,000
64. Show Boat (M-G) (1951)	5,200,000	140. Johnny Belinda (WB) (1948)	4,100,000
65. Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (20th) (1953)	5,100,000	141. I Was a Male War Bride (20th) (1949)	4,100,000
66. The Outlaw (RKO) (1946)	5,075,000	142. Love Me or Leave Me (M-G) (1955)	4,100,000
67. Forever Amber (20th) (1947)	5,050,000	143. Margie (20th) (1946)	4,100,000
68. East of Eden (WB) (1955)	5,000,000	144. Mother Wore Tights (20th) (1947)	4,100,000
69. Green Dolphin Street (M-G) (1947)	5,000,000	145. Snake Pit (20th) (1949)	4,100,000
70. Jolson Sings Again (Col) (1949)	5,000,000	146. Deep in My Heart (M-G) (1955)	4,100,000
71. Moulin Rouge (UA) (1953)	5,000,000	147. Cass Timberlane (M-G) (1948)	4,050,000
72. Mrs. Miniver (M-G) (1942)	5,000,000	148. State Fair (20th) (1945)	4,050,000
73. No Biz Like Show Biz (20th) (1955)	5,000,000	149. Friendly Persuasion (AA) (1956)	4,000,000
74. Razor's Edge (20th) (1947)	5,000,000	150. American in Paris (M-G) (1951)	4,000,000
75. Red Shoes (E-L) (1948)	5,000,000	151. Ben Hur (M-G) (1926)	4,000,000
76. Song of Bernadette (20th) (1943)	5,000,000	152. Dolly Sisters (20th) (1945)	4,000,000
		153. Emperor Waltz (Par) (1948)	4,000,000
		154. Holiday in Mexico (M-G) (1946)	4,000,000
		155. Jumping Jacks (Par) (1952)	4,000,000
		156. Kid from Brooklyn (Goldwyn-RKO)	4,000,000
		157. Left Hand of God (20th) (1955)	4,000,000
		158. Long, Long Trailer (M-G) (1954)	4,000,000
		159. Love Is Splendored Thing (20th) (1955)	4,000,000
		160. Moon Is Blue (UA) (1953)	4,000,000
		161. Night and Day (WB) (1946)	4,000,000
		162. Reap the Wild Wind (Par) (1942)	4,000,000
		163. Sabrina (Par) (1954)	4,000,000
		164. Sands of Iwo Jima (Rep) (1950)	4,000,000
		165. Seven Little Foys (Par) (1955)	4,000,000
		166. Singing Fool (WB) (1928)	4,000,000
		167. Smoky (20th) (1946)	4,000,000
		168. Ziegfeld Follies (M-G) (1946)	4,000,000

Never Saw Red In 10 Years Of Indie Films

Hollywood.

A global production program involving nine films costing \$25,000,000 will be undertaken during the next two years by Hecht-Hill-Lancaster. Indie assumes new corporate setup after a decade as Hecht-Lancaster.

In first 10 years, Harold Hecht stated at a press conference, firm never turned out a picture that did not show a profit. Initialer, "Kiss the Blood Off My Hands," was the weakest with a final net of around \$50,000.

"They haven't all been good," Hecht admitted, "but they all made money. And we've got high hopes that our pictures in the future will not only make money but be good pictures."

As part of the company's expanding plans, the search for new talent will be speeded up under Maxwell Arnow. Firm now has long-term contracts with Susan Harrison, Marty Milner, Robert Vaughn and Joan Blackman and is seeking others. Hecht reported that the company plans a sort of "pay-or-play" contract with its performers, under which H-H-L would have the right to prevent them from working in outside pictures if salaries were met.

"We feel," he explained, "that the company has an interest in the total future of these performers. And if the occasion should arise, we would prefer to be able to pay them rather than have them work in a picture which might be detrimental."

Hecht-Lancaster tag becomes Hecht-Hill-Lancaster with the formal ascension of James Hill to a partnership in the enterprise. He's currently producing "Sweet Smell of Success."

Company's two-year program tees with "Devil's Disciple," film version of the George Bernard Shaw play, which goes before the cameras in March with Laurence Olivier, Burt Lancaster and Montgomery Clift already set to star and Alexander Mackendrick to direct. It will be shot on location around Santa Cruz and the company has purchased property there and will build permanent sets which will be rented to other filmmakers to "meet a big demand."

"Disciple" will be followed by "Separate Tables," which Terence Rattigan is screenplaying from his own stage hit. Film version will integrate the two basic stories of the legit production and it will be done with five stars. H-H-L is associated in the current Broadway production of "Tables."

Others on the list for 1957 are "The Rabbit Trap," which J. P. Miller is screenplaying from his own teleplay, "Take A Giant Step," based on Louis Peterson's play about a Negro boy going through the pangs of adolescence, and "Bandoora," which John Gay is writing. Latter will actually be a merger of material from Col. J. H. Williams' novel of that title and Peter Viertel's novel "White Hunter, Black Heart."

In 1958, H-H-L will launch "The Way West," from A. B. Guthrie's Pulitzer Prize novel. It will be the most expensive production ever undertaken by the indie with a budget estimated at \$5,000,000. Lancaster and James Stewart have been set to star and the indie is talking with Gary Cooper for a third topline spot. Others on the list are "The Catbird Seat," "Lucy Crown" and "Tell It to The Drums," which Sir Carol Reed probably will direct.

Hecht said it is possible that H-H-L may do one or more pictures away from its present United Artists releasing deal but nothing definite has been decided.

Hill cited the extent of the company's search for new faces and emphasized that "the whole growth of the industry depends on the discovery of new talent."

Indicative of the indie's growth in recent years, Hecht quoted from a telegram received that morning from United Artists, predicting a foreign gross of more than \$7,000,000 for "Trapeze." Global gross, he added, would probably be in the neighborhood of \$15,000,000.

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'CRYING NEEDS' of the MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

Looking Ahead, 1957 And Beyond

Adjustment to TV Is Biggest Issue

By FRED HIFT

There are several conclusions—some painful, others optimistic—to which the motion picture industry has come regarding television during the past year. They break down, roughly, into the following:

- (1.) The bonds, economic and otherwise, that tie the film biz to its electronic competition are a lot stronger than had originally been suspected.
- (2.) Television is competition—but only up to a point; after that, the competitive strength of the theatres by far outdistances the homescreen.
- (3.) TV as competition almost takes a backseat to some other factors having a bearing on the new American way of life, i.e., the move to the suburbs, credit buying, the bid for the entertainment dollar.
- (4.) There are questionable values in the use of tv as a promotional medium to sell theatrical motion pictures.

When video first arrived on the scene in strength following the war, the film industry's pose towards the new medium was one closely resembling contempt. If there were producers who had notions of flirting with the new outlet, the thought of exhibitor resentment soon dissuaded them. Thus the British had their day, and the air was swamped with their pictures, old and new.

Here approximately is the situation as it exists today:

All but two of the companies—Paramount and Universal—have sold their entire pre-1948 libraries to television, either outright or via leasing arrangements. Almost simultaneously, the quality of the "live" tv shows has dropped appreciably, and—by the looks of it—the medium has been almost surrendered to Hollywood. Already there is talk that the post-148 film crop also may be heading for the tv stable. Negotiations with the various guilds are under way.

But the production studios, which collected many millions from these sales, aren't standing still. The stages are busy with films made specifically for television, an enterprise started quite early by Screen Gems (Columbia) and later adopted in force by such companies as 20th-Fox and Warner Bros.

Shortage

At the exhibition end, the "shortage" of top attractions has turned the business into something of a seller's market. The theatres, reluctantly but realistically, have recognized that there was nothing they could do to prevent the dam from breaking, particularly once the RKO library had set the pace. And theatremen's thinking has gone even further.

After all the shouting about subscription television, an Oklahoma circuit is now planning to wire some 4,000 homes in Bartlesville, Okla., and to provide them with new films on a continuous basis. In other words, simply an extension of the theatre seat into the home. How far, the question is asked, is it from there to toll-tv?

There is no question at all that the impact of television is one of the strongest contributing factors to the decline in theatrical admissions and to the shape of things to come, i.e., a drastic shrinkage in the exhibition plant, with the accent on the big firstruns offering the "big" pictures.

Medium of Mediocrity

As Elia Kazan put it very aptly just recently: "Television has taken over as the medium of mediocrity. Now it is up to motion picture to survive with bold, challenging themes." This is a course clearly indicated by much of the upcoming product in a Hollywood falling in-

creasingly into the reaches of the independents.

It is recognized that there are some things television simply cannot do. Certain of the "big" films currently in release—films like "Giant" and "The Ten Commandments"—are unlikely to ever appear on the home sets. These are the kind of attractions, tailored for color and huge screens that will accent their scope, which will continue to draw audiences to the firstruns wherever they may be. These, and the "offbeat" subjects—like "Baby Doll"—which tv neither could nor would present.

In that sense, there are those who feel that tv may have done the screen a favor; certainly it has sparked a new kind of creativity and imagination in a medium that

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Exhibitors Less Neurasthenic Now

By HY HOLLINGER

Whither Allied States, whither Theatre Owners of America?

Do the two exhibitor trade associations get together or remain apart? And where stands their "factory supply"?

The chapter and verse of statement and counter-statement of the past year would make a weird hodgepodge. But in just such terms of contradiction and oscillation has the shifting tale of conflicting viewpoints been written in this journal.

Although there were hopeful signs at the year's end for a settlement of the breach between distribution and exhibition, 1956, for the most part, was marked by bitter name-calling and recriminations between both segments of the industry. With the industry facing its toughest challenge from television and adverse economic factors, the tempers of both factions of the film business exploded on more than one occasion. Each arm of the biz blamed the other for the woes at the paywindow. The theatremen were charged with failure to promote properly on a local level. The distributors were raked for their alleged unfair trade practices, involving high rentals, product and print shortages, gimmick rental terms, long-running pictures, and the blockbuster-only policy.

Senate Hearings

The conflict between the warring factions culminated in the now-famous hearing before the Senate subcommittee of the Select Committee on Small Business. Both exhibitor leaders and film company officials came to Washington armed with evidence and testimony to discuss the problems of the motion picture industry. The exhibits called on the Government to intervene. The film companies defended their actions, asserting that these were dictated by economic conditions and sound business principles and that they had no desire to harm their customers. Except for Harry Brandt's Independent Theatre Owners Assn., the exhibitors of the nation on this occasion presented a solid front.

The Senate hearings which consumed four days—March 21, 22 and May 21, 22—resulted in 760-page report, full of statistics, affidavits, and testimony. The report tended to discount the complaints of the theatremen.

The Senate hearings nevertheless brought about two concrete results. It indirectly served to win the theatres the support of Congress in relation to reducing the Federal admissions tax by exempting admissions up to 90c. It also aided in calling to the attention of the Small Business Administration the plight of many of the country's small theatres. As a result, the SBA amended its rules whereby theatres would be eligible for loans for theatre improvements.

The hearings left the film companies in a bitter mood. They felt they have been made the "patsy" for the industry's troubles and they

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Orderly Releasing Of Pix Essential

By EDWARD L. HYMAN

(Vice-President, American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres)

In the past several years we at Paramount Theatres have been laboring the need for an orderly distribution of quality product throughout the year. Perhaps many have thought us extremely repetitious, and even tiresome. But we are confident that we are right and that the crying need is for orderly distribution. The necessity has been so apparent to us that we have kept repeating our thesis in the hope that it would eventually fall upon listening rather than deaf ears and that something constructive might emerge.

In this past year we finally did make progress. Early in the year Leonard Goldenson and I announced our 10 Point Program and the wide publicity and endorsements by all segments of our industry convinced us that we were on the right track. We thereupon set out a follow-through program in which we put forth a tremendous amount of missionary work in order to make the plan a reality. It did bear some fruit in the past May-June period in that pictures of quality like "The Searchers" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" were made available. In the period from Thanksgiving to Christmas we will have played triple "A" features like "Giant," "Oklahoma," "Friendly Persuasion" and "Love Me Tender."

No Gaps in Theatres, Too

However, our work is not done. In the case of these pictures, we urged all exhibitors to put forth extra efforts in the campaigns and to conceive and consummate advertising and exploitation beyond the normal. This was done by many exhibitors. We agree, and we have continuously stated, that the distributor should not be asked to take all the responsibility for the orderly no-gaps distribution we seek. Complete cooperation among all segments of the industry—production, distribution, and exhibition—is absolutely necessary.

Our 10-Point Program has, from experience, boiled down to Two Points—(a) The Orderly Distribution of Quality Product Throughout the Year and (b) The Rebirth of Showmanship—and from the standpoint of the exhibitor, the Rebirth of Showmanship is a factor to which he can contribute in order to make the plan a success. Furthermore, this contribution of showmanship should come from the local level. Here is what we mean:

Early Strategy Essential

In the first place, we feel that exploitation and advertising campaigns for pictures should be conceived and begun far in advance of release. We have had too many examples of fine quality pictures coming into town unheralded and winding up with results that were undeservedly low. The public must be made aware of the pictures that are coming and the earlier and more constantly, the better. Leonard Goldenson has been the foremost advocate of commencing publicity and exploitation when a picture is conceived so that the public will have a continually mounting interest in the picture up to the date of its release. However, we fully realize that the job of production and distribution is extremely difficult and complex and we also realize the many problems which are obstacles in the way of achieving this kind of exploitation and advertising.

But we cannot disregard the tremendous benefits to be derived if our ideal can be accomplished. We have only to look at some of the most recent examples of this kind of pre-selling. ("The Conqueror," "Trapeze," "Giant," "10 Commandments," etc.)

This is where the exhibitor's co-operation on a local level can be

invaluable. As we have stated, the first order of things in our business is the production of a picture and its scheduling for distribution. Somewhere along this line, and as early as possible, every exhibitor must do everything possible to help the picture on the local level. We certainly don't court in this the usual lethargic campaigns we have been experiencing in the past several years. We mean an all-out effort for every picture of quality with every showmanship trick being used. We mean co-operation among exhibitors in every local area both from the standpoint of the exhibitor who plays the particular picture and from the standpoint of all such exhibitors on an institutional basis. Who is better equipped than the

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Birthrate Booms New-Era 'Parks'

By KAY CAMPBELL

Los Angeles.

Capitalizing on the booming birthrate of recent years, four major Southern California playgrounds—Disneyland, Disneyland Hotel, Marineland, and Corriganville—are racking up record revenues. Although the eldest of these is a mere 30-months-old, they have grossed an estimated \$20 million on a combined investment of approximately \$30 million. Taken together, these are a phenomenon with a challenge to pictures.

Designed to lure not only the young but the young in arteries, natives as well as nomads and with admission prices pegged to a low scale, the attendance and payoff have spiraled far beyond the investors' wildest dreams.

Disneyland opened its 160-acre Magic Kingdom with \$17 million worth of attractions and distractions July 18, 1955, with an added \$2 million last year. Since that date, more than 5,500,000 persons have paid for admission, rides and souvenirs with the total take estimated at \$12,580,000. Boxoffice figures reached a new high last Thanksgiving weekend with 70,000 paid admissions, ranging from 90c for adults to 50c for children.

Jack Sayers, who resigned from Look Magazine to assume post of park manager, has a staff of 700, including Casey Jones engineers and real live Injuns who add color to Frontierland, Tomorrowland, Adventureland, Main Street and the Plaza. All the junks, gondolas, and rickshas in other parts of the globe have no more breathtaking juveappeal than the horsedrawn streetcar, the jungle river cruise, or Dumbo the flying elephant. The maximum capacity for rides per day was 98,000; expansion has upped this figure to 197,547—a peak hit and maintained every weekend last summer.

Food Profit Large

The various food concessions ranging from ice cream parlors and candy stores to large restaurants have an added annual take of more than \$2 million.

Disneyland Hotel, where youngsters not only are welcome but are the ruling sovereigns, made its debut July 1955, but the formal opening was held August '56. The estimated take to date on this \$10,000,000 Wrather-Alvarez enterprise is \$1,545,000—with a sellout weekends and during the 130 days of summer. Kids under 1 are free; rooms are so arranged that parents and two youngsters may share a room for \$9 per diem—including private lanai and TV set. Gardens, orange groves (30 acres), swimming pools, sandpiles, shuffleboard courts, and cascading fountains are thrown in for free. Trained nurses are in attendance at the Indoor-Outdoor nursery; and a private tram transports guests to and from Disneyland and meets all helicopter flights.

Accurate figures are not available for the Gourmet restaurant (Continued on page 66)

Italy's Dreary Film Outlook

By ROBERT F. HAWKINS

Rome.

The year 1956 has been one of crisis and readjustment in the Italian Film Industry. The crisis, which saw the failure of several important companies, including Minerva Films and Diana Cinematografica, as well as the production stoppage of other big outfits such as Documento, Lux, and others, was triggered by the overlong delay in passage of the protective film legislation, without which the Italian industry has shown it cannot live. But the crisis is now felt to have been inevitable, and due more to unrealistic planning, rising prices and debts which finally reached the point of no return.

The consequence has been some serious thinking in terms of retrenchment and general belt-tightening, and, though many and serious problems remain to be solved, industry officials now hope that the worst has passed and that things will soon again be looking up.

For Italy continues to be a profitable market, especially for Yank product, which this year reinforced its dominant boxoffice position with a percentage of the total take varying from 60 to an unprecedented 80%. Allround gross for 1956 is estimated in the vicinity of \$180,000,000, with U.S. cut topping the \$100,000,000 mark. Only a very slight dip is expected in the total number of spectators (some 5-10 million tickets less sold), so that, while for the first time in years no progress was made, the situation has at least remained stable in the face of rising costs, tv, crises, etc.

The big news of the year, together with the sharp rise of television (see separate story), has been the drop in boxoffice power of the Italian film. With the exception of the hybrid "War and Peace," no worthy successor to previous years' "Don Camillo" or "Bread, Love, and . . ." as yet appeared on the scene.

Consequently, local producers have become disoriented, with few knowing exactly what market to aim for or what type of picture to make. Situation is exemplified in the recent split of a previously successful production partnership: that of Carlo Ponti and Dino DeLaurentiis, now both on their own. While Ponti was in favor of many small and medium-budgeters aimed mainly at the Italian market, DeLaurentiis favored few large-budgeted "epics" on an international scale and primarily intended for the American market.

Surprising fact is that despite the crisis and the resulting production slowdown, the year's production total will very probably hit 130 features, about half of them in color. This is only 20 below last year's figure and easily tops the "quota 100" mark set as an ideal twelvemonth total by ANICA, Italy's industry association. A large percentage of this inflationary total is this year made up of films made strictly for local consumption, but the future trend appears to be towards fewer, less costly, "better" pictures—and co-productions.

More U.S. Deals

While co-production and collaboration pacts with France, Germany, Spain, Austria, Sweden, Great Britain, Argentina, and others have all been renewed and reinforced during the year, 1957 should also show an increase in joint Yank-Italian projects. To this effect, Titanus Films has recently signed a five-picture deal with 20th Century Fox (the same studio has already made "Men and Wolves" for Columbia release; and "The Monte Carlo Story" for UA) and is talking with Metro on another (one-picture) pact. Ponti is tied to Columbia, while DeLaurentiis has worked with Paramount and may

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WHY LIMIT 'SELL' TO STARS?

Producers, Director, Writers
Could Have B.O. Draw, Too

By JERRY WALD

Hollywood.

That beguiling siren known as television has, in recent months, just about pulled out all her stops, what with Spectaculars, Big Names,



Jerry Wald

found their free home entertainment too fascinating to permit them time to go to the movies may now, if only to escape the sheer presence of the ubiquitous, luminous tube, go out again and seek the broader and more refreshing vistas that are offered in their local theatre. At least, it doesn't seem unreasonable to expect them to do this, especially if we give them a little prodding.

It is this "little prodding" that I would like to talk about. Motion picture makers have many things in their favor, some of which I think they are inclined to forget. They have a medium at their disposal that is second to none in its expressive capabilities. It is impressive visually and aurally, and provides an audience with the group emotional catharsis that has been the goal of drama since its inception some 2,000 years ago. They have the exclusive services of a number of stars who do not appear in any other medium (and who, I might add, have an enormous popularity with the public). They do not have to please advertisers and the wives and mothers-in-law of advertisers. And they have an almost unlimited international audience eager to see good films.

Forget The Past

Perhaps the reason some of these important virtues are forgotten is because we waste time bemoaning the fact that our situation is no longer as it was a year ago, or five years ago, or during the lush and dream-like days when all production was a "sure thing" (whenever that was). But if the risk has increased, the challenge and the possible rewards have increased also. I have many times pointed out that the biggest majority of top box-office pictures have been made since the advent of television.

Since we have a great medium and a demonstrably huge potential audience, we have only to bring them together. To do this, we must make use of all our resources, some of which are too often neglected. If we are to lure people out of their homes and into the theatres again, we must offer attractive bait—bait that glitters and scintillates, that offers a great deal and then fulfills its promise. In other words, I don't mean false sex advertising, which only too often seems to be the only gimmick that ever occurs these days to our advertising campaigners. I mean really to offer people their money's worth, and let them know about it.

As we all know, there are a number of elements that go into the making of every film. The most important of these elements to an audience, whether they are consciously aware of it or not (and part of our job must be to make them consciously aware), are the various creative contributions that go into the making of a film. These are the contributions of the producer, writer, director, performer and, also, the set designer, the cinematographer and the costume designer.

Sell All Credits

What I should like to ask is: do we get our full value from all of these contributions—not in the creative sense for it may be assumed that these creative talents, in the making of a film, have done the best job of which they are capable as artists and professionals

—but in the sense of selling these contributions to the public?

The star system has for many years now been our basic and most obvious form of "box-office insurance." Films are often financed on the strength of a star name or two. We know that people often speak of seeing "the latest Crawford," or "the new John Wayne movie." We know that a certain number of people will see any film so long as it has their favorite in it. For a certain number of others the star name will at least be a very definite attraction for them, even if they do ultimately inquire, before deciding definitely to go, the name of the picture.

Where we fall down, however, is not in our use of star names, but in our use of the names of the other creative talents that go into film making—producers, directors, writers, etc. There could be box-office gold in such names, but we rarely make enough of an effort to dig it out. It is an effort, I think, that we should make more thoroughly.

Directors With S. A.

You can just about name on the fingers of one hand the directors whose names mean anything to the American public. Yet in France, for instance, "un film de" followed by the director's name often achieves billing above the star names. At the least, it always receives prominent billing. When Otto Preminger used this method of presenting his name as the director of "The Man With the Golden Arm" (which was a good attempt to establish the kind of value I am speaking of), he was criticized severely for taking too much personal credit. However, he was merely following a European custom that has given commercial value added significance to an important creative talent in the making of films.

The directors' names that have been established in our country have acquired, significantly, almost as much marquee value as any star name. There is, most outstandingly, Alfred Hitchcock, a director whose name, in fact, has more magic than his stars, even though he almost always uses top performers. People don't say: have you seen the new X... picture? They say: have you seen the new Hitchcock picture with X...?

A number of other directors have acquired a glow of star dust around their names, like George Stevens, Cecil B. DeMille, John Huston and the aforementioned Otto Preminger, to name a few, but for each of these there are several who might as well be anonymous as far as the public is concerned. It's not necessary here to put the finger of blame for this on

anyone. I'm only trying to suggest an opportunity and a direction in which to create more star value for our films, and so make them just that much more attractive to the public.

Another important name that should always be established in the mind of the public is that of the producer. The names of Sam Goldwyn, David Selznick, Darryl Zanuck, Pan Berman, Arthur Freed, Buddy Adler, Sam Zimbalist, for instance, are firmly implanted in the public consciousness as synonymous with fine screen entertainment. And certainly there are a good number of others who are known to the public, and to whose pictures the public may always look for an assurance of excellence. But here again, we can make a still more concentrated effort to give these names the marquee value that they deserve.

In the same way, I don't believe we get as much worth as we can out of the contributions made by our writers. Has anyone ever made the simple observation that books sell to a very wide public and yet only boast one "star" name—the name of the author? Why not capitalize to the greatest possible extent on our writers' names? Movie makers have done this with Hemingway Steinbeck, Rodgers and Hammerstein, Irving Berlin and perhaps one or two others. But there are innumerable other writers who, as writers, have had a very respectable amount of publicity and that are therefore known to a pretty large public. Yet we hardly ever make adequate use of this fact.

Actually, there seems to be almost a reticence to take pride in the full range of creative talents that contribute to the making of our films. Our attitude is almost similar—and as short-sighted—to that of a manufacturer who makes no effort to promote his brand name. Yet one of the sure ways to have a constant and extended merchandising success is to establish a brand name in the minds of the public, and make that name synonymous with quality and dependability.

It is important today to impress the public with the superiority of screen entertainment in every way that we can. People are inevitably becoming bored with the uninspired sameness of what they are offered as daily fare in the home. They want to be surprised in their entertainment. Each day they flip their television dial restlessly, and scan their newspapers surveying the ads. This is a situation that we must take advantage of by offering freshness and quality in our motion pictures. One of the ways to convey the worth of what we have to offer is to attach full value to the fine creative talents that have contributed to it. In our concerted effort to prod and pry the public out of the easy chair and into the theatres of the nation we must use all of our strength—not just a part of it. The above is only one of many sources of potential strength at our disposal. With our showmanship instincts to guide us, let's make the most of it!

How Not To Write

By JERRY D. LEWIS

It's difficult to stop writing once you've started a script, so obviously the point of greatest danger is putting that first sheet of blank paper in the typewriter.

Even if you've gone that far, though, all is not yet lost. Before it's too late, grab the small ribbon-color indicator, put it on the white dot, and start typing "The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog." In that way, you'll clean the keys so when you do get started, you'll be writing with a clean typewriter.

Every action which keeps you from starting the script must be similarly constructive. Anyone can keep from writing indefinitely, for example, by mashing his portable with a fire ax, but that kind of delay wins you no points.

Sharpening your pencils, reading VARIETY, Daily and Weekly, sorting paper clips (and unclipping them) are amateur examples of shopworn methods of delaying work. No professional can be proud of using them, even in unusual circumstances.

It takes talent to come up with new ideas on how to avoid writing "FADE IN," but we are in a creative field.

At least one original evasion of this writer's is so simple it borders on genius. It has been under writers' noses for hundreds of years, and not to be immodest, we feel the entire membership of the Writers Guild of America, East and West, owes us a debt of gratitude it will never be able to repay for making this public, and available to all writers without royalty payment.

A Real Dilly

The trick, when all other methods of delay have failed, is:

Count your carbon paper.

You can get approximately 10 pages from each sheet of carbon paper. Have you enough to get through the script? Make sure before you start.

This is a hydra-headed weapon, and is really a double delay in one, a magnificent achievement virtually unmatched in the history of procrastination. When you get through counting the carbon paper (which must be done slowly, so you don't wrinkle the sheets), you simply have to get up and wash your hands. Obviously, you can't write with dirty hands.

One of the dividends of this clever move is that on the way to the room where you're going to wash your hands, you may meet someone whose conversation will kill another 10 minutes. That delay is, of course, 10 minutes of pure gravy.

Having made certain of your supply of carbon paper, you may now glance at your stock of white paper. Do you have enough?

Before going on, one important point about paper should be made. Always buy paper without the three staple holes along the side,

and keep a three-hole punch machine handy at the office. This enables you to kill almost as much time as you like punching the holes in your stock.

One delightful friend can kill hours, but there are purists who claim he's cheating. He punches holes in one sheet at a time, and buys his paper by the ream.

If you first write on a pad before using the typewriter, always use a pen instead of a pencil. This may seem trivial, so far as killing time is concerned, but there are unexpected, delightful dividends when you least expect them. For instance, your pen might run dry in the middle of a scene. Now, instead of merely killing a few seconds sharpening a pencil, you've got to go out and find a refill for your pen. If you're at all conscientious about it, you can murder the better part of a morning finding the right kind of refill.

The Foreign Flank

The true professional, of course, drives a Jaguar, uses an Olivetti typewriter, and a foreign made pen. The subtle reason behind it all is that it takes so much longer to repair any of them, since replacement parts, fortunately, are not as available as for the domestic products.

Do you have any notion of the sheer delight, for instance, of not being able to get to the office because your local Jaguar dealer is out of points for the electric fuel pump?

Writing this kind of guest column for nothing is, of course, another brilliant method of not starting a script, but you have to be lucky enough to be asked to contribute, so I guess this isn't available to everyone. Besides, the VARIETY Annual comes so seldom this doesn't really count as a time-killer. However, there must be hundreds of letters-to-the-editors you're dying to write. One or two a day will kill an hour every morning, since even if they're short letters, you can polish and repolish every paragraph.

We'd like to hear from other writers about their favorite time consumers. For the most novel suggestion, we'll offer a valuable prize—an office clock that doesn't work.

Can you imagine how much time you can kill trying to fix that?

BOMB SCARE HALTS 'DOLL' IN NEW HAVEN

New Haven.

Following a tip to police that a bomb had been planted in the Roger Sherman Theatre here, manager Irving Hellman cleared the house for an hour. So as to avoid possible panic, he told the audience that the projection equipment had ceased working and the performance of "Baby Doll" had to be interrupted.

An hour's search proved the bomb tip to be a fake and the theatre was reopened.

SOURCE MATERIAL OF FEATURE-LENGTH PICTURES APPROVED BY PRODUCTION CODE ADMINISTRATION

YEAR	ORIGINAL SCREEN STORIES		STAGE PLAYS		NOVELS		BIOGRAPHIES		SHORT STORIES		SOURCE UNKNOWN		MISCELLANEOUS†	
	Number	Per Cent	Number	Per Cent	Number	Per Cent	Number	Per Cent	Number	Per Cent	Number	Per Cent	Number	Per Cent
1935*	244	47.0	41	7.9	142	27.4	3	.6	37	7.1	28	5.4	24	4.6
1936*	371	67.8	38	7.0	92	16.8	2	.4	39	7.1	5	.9
1937...	391	64.3	39	6.4	102	16.8	12	2.0	46	7.6	11	1.8	7	1.1
1938...	316	58.0	30	5.5	140	25.7	2	.4	54	9.9	3	.5
1939...	329	56.3	34	5.8	127	21.8	17	2.9	59	10.1	10	1.7	8	1.4
1940...	323	61.8	51	9.8	109	20.8	8	1.5	21	4.0	11	2.1
1941...	358	63.0	57	10.0	58	10.2	4	.7	82	14.5	5	.9	4	.7
1942...	401	73.4	31	5.7	57	10.4	7	1.3	29	5.3	8	1.5	13	2.4
1943...	312	74.8	23	5.5	42	10.0	2	.5	6	1.4	16	3.9	16	3.9
1944...	321	72.6	28	6.3	48	10.9	2	.5	10	2.3	9	2.0	24	5.4
1945...	251	64.5	26	6.7	59	15.2	10	2.6	2	.5	41	10.5
1946...	259	60.9	22	5.2	65	15.3	1	.2	10	2.4	5	1.2	63	14.8
1947...	233	57.7	17	4.2	87	21.5	5	1.2	10	2.5	52	12.9
1948...	244	56.1	26	6.0	76	17.5	2	.4	23	5.3	10	2.3	54	12.4
1949...	285	68.0	18	4.3	76	18.1	4	1.0	16	3.8	20	4.8
1950...	315	73.4	18	4.2	67	15.6	3	.7	10	2.4	16	3.7
1951...	291	67.3	25	5.8	70	16.2	2	.5	25	5.8	19	4.4
1952...	246	66.9	17	4.6	64	17.4	21	5.7	20	5.4
1953...	227	64.1	19	5.4	72	20.3	3	.9	17	4.8	16	4.5
1954...	177	58.4	11	3.7	61	20.1	1	.3	12	4.0	41	13.5
1955...	158	51.8	23	7.5	73	24.0	4	1.3	28	9.2	19	6.2
1935-55	6052	63.3	594	6.2	1687	17.6	79	.8	560	5.9	114	1.2	476	5.0

* Data for this year includes pictures approved in Hollywood only.

† Including such sources as comic strips, radio and television programs, non-fiction, travelogues, poems, etc.

(Source: Motion Picture Assn. of America)

WHAT'S MY PLAYING ATTITUDE?

(Or, "I CALL HIM HAMLET BUT WE CAN CHANGE THE NAME")

Hollywood.
Hello there! I suppose you're wondering why I called you all together.

Well, showfolk, my subject today is The Art of Story Telling. Perhaps I should be more specific and say The Art of Telling a Story Verbally.

The pen might be mightier than the sword in some literary circles, but the mouth is the tool most often used these days on the commercial plateaus of show business to bring story buyer and seller together.

In fact, the verbal telling is more and more the vogue in all the various entertainment media. The short cut and reading time-saver for the Busy Busy Executive who scorns the five pound manuscript in the sweaty hand of the Author, and barks, "OK, kid, I don't have to plow through that! What's your story? If it's any good you should be able to tell it in one line or at the most one paragraph! Shoot!"

With knocking knees, faint heart, dry mouth, thick tongue, and a spurious smile of confidence, the Author begins.

"Well, you see, sir—I kind of hate to lose the flavor—I mean you could only get by reading it—but briefly it's a story about this girl—but she's no ordinary girl—she's beautiful—and she's a fishmonger's daughter in Iceland—"

"Iceland!"

"Yes, sir—but it could be laid any place—wherever they have fish—and fishing boats—"

"Go head."

"Anyway, Maura—"

"Her father?"

"No, sir—that's the girl's name. But I just made it that it could be any name. Anyway, talking about her father—he has this little shop—"

"You just said they sold fish off their boat! Now you tell me he's a shopkeeper? Have you thought this story through, Boy? I'm a busy man—"

"It's a fishmonger's shop, sir—I suppose I should have said 'stall.' It's the boy who owns the fishing boat—only he doesn't own it, he's making payments on it. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Anyway, our story begins some time ago—"

"Wait—I don't want any period stories! Let's not waste your time and mine. I'll never forget what Carl Laemmle Senior said when he was running Universal—and it's just as sound today. Know what he said?"

"No, sir."

"He said, 'I don't want any more of these stories where the hero writes with a feather!'"

"Ha-ha, yes, sir—but this could be made a timely story—because it's basically about love. Anyway—oh, I should tell you first that there's this parrot—"

"What parrot?"

"On the second floor over the shop—er—stall, that plays a pretty important and amusing part in Maura's love life—"

"The father? Now look, son, I don't want any 'middle-aged romance' if that's what you're getting at! Where the lovers are a couple of poor slobbs—this Marty thing in my book was a fluke! So save your breath if it's a love story about the father. You see, son, let me give you some advice born of long experience—"

"But you haven't heard the story yet."

"Know why? Because you can't tell it. You haven't thought it out. Look, pal, if you've got a story you can tell it. Oh, you can fake around on paper, sure. Like all them novelists. Write all around the subject. Ten paragraphs about "the dawn breaking" when in the screenplay all you write is EXT. PANORAMIC SHOT-SKY-DAWN BREAKS! The fancy schmancy words. That "Rosey pink fingers that tear away the last violet veils of night" type crud is only window-dressing! Underbrush to cover up the fact that the guy has no story! Too much parsley covers up the roast! That's why I never read anything! I make writers tell me the story—"

As our defeated Author slowly sinks out of sight and the producer goes back to his Racing Form, we can only wonder whether Scheherezade had the same trouble.

But don't be dismayed, Pen Pals, I'm here to help you. Faint heart never won fair contract. This, after all, is not only to be an inspirational monograph, but a practical workaday one as well.

Which gets us neatly to

CHAPTER 1

"You, Too, Can Be A Story Teller In 10 Uneasy Lessons."

Rule One: Don't speak slowly, i.e. talk fast. And not too many gestures. And never forget the Producer is just as afraid of you as you are of him.

Which gets us to

CHAPTER 2

"Past Pitfalls In The Lives of Great Men And How To Avoid And Profit By Them."

I had thought of starting with several anecdotes from my own past, but then I thought it might be more modest if I began with somebody else's—Leo McCarey's, for instance. Told to me in his own words, and I might add in a voice still trembling with shock—although the terrible incident happened nearly 25 years ago, when Leo had only one directional credit to his name and was a fledgling megger under contract at the old Fox Studios. Conan Doyle, with his penchant for pungent titles, would have captioned it "The Scraping Sound."

The Scene: Leo McCarey's own tiny office with his name proudly lettered on the door.

Cast of Characters: Leo and the Executive Producer in charge of medium budget pictures.

As we fade in, Leo is in the middle of telling a new story for a film he is pitching at his smiling boss. Leo, encouraged by the smile, is doing good. He is now describing, shot by shot, just how he will shoot the picture. He is cutting up some fine directorial touches. His eloquent hands paint pictures, in the smoky air, of hilarious pratfalls.

Suddenly there is a peculiar scraping sound. Leo pays no heed, too caught up in his exciting climax.

Again the scraping sound! Louder. This time Leo looks around and sees the source—a Workman outside in the hall, methodically scraping Leo's name off the door letter by letter! Already the "Mc" is gone!

"Go ahead. What's the finish?" asks the executive.

And with the scraping sound still ringing in his ears,

(A Monograph on the Art of Story Telling)

By KEN ENGLUND

along with the sound of the dropping of his option, Leo finished the story with gestures as the last letter of his name bit the dust.

CHAPTER 3

"The Trials And Tribulations Of A Screen Writer."

Picture if you will Arthur Hornblow's office at Paramount some 15 years ago.

Cast of Characters:—Arthur and two writers. Let's call them Don Hartman and Ken Englund. Their assignment to revamp that venerable old success, "Nothing But The Truth," to fit the talents of Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard.

The occasion—the first reading of the script. As per producer Hornblow's usual procedure, the screenplay was 99% dialog. The stage directions and business he preferred to have the writers outline verbally during a reading of the dialog, to test the soundness of the action.

It was my turn to paint a glowing word picture of a love scene when enter another character—the actor who had played the Zombie in the Hope-Hornblow thriller, "The Ghost Breakers." He was a huge colored gentleman who trained dogs between film assignments, and was currently training Hornblow's high-strung Dalmatian.

This fateful day was the culmination of two months of dog school, and the Trainer-Zombie announced that the Dalmatian had been broken of several bad habits.

"Do you think he'll still hate me?" asked Hornblow warily. For this, it was revealed, was one of the dog's chief neuroses.

The Trainer assured Hornblow that the dog was cured of all malice, and after some money changed hands, the Zombie left and the Dalmatian remained in the office to stare at the three occupants.

"Go right ahead, Ken, and ignore him," ordered Hornblow.

I put my script down alongside my chair and picked up where I left off in the love scene I was describing. Halfway through, the Dalmatian bared his teeth at Hornblow and lifted his leg over the script.

Of course, dogs have a lot more intelligence than people give them credit for.

The next day when we looked for cuts the love scene was the first to go.

Moral: Never tell a story to a producer with a dog in the room.

CHAPTER 4

"Never tell a story to a producer with another writer in the room."

For if there's anything worse than a Dalmatian, it's another writer. Nine times out of ten he'll be secretly or openly competing with you, and all the while you're talking his facial expressions are bound to influence the producer. Imagine if Bacon sat in the office while Shakespeare told "Hamlet."

As a matter of fact, you don't have to imagine it. I once wrote the scene. Sir Milton, the producer, has just introduced Bill Shakespeare to his nephew, Sir Francis Bacon, who has been invited to the story conference to act as a mere sounding board."

Shall we listen?

SIR MILTON

Bill, tell the story to Francis. Francis, see what we might salvage out of this—

FRANCIS

Now, fellows, I am just here for laughs, but I'll be glad to throw in whatever I can.

(he lights his pipe)

God knows it would hardly be fair for me to get anything out of this. What's your notion, Bill?

BILL

Well, this Danish Prince—

SIR MILTON

Or Irish, Francis, they're a jollier race. I don't want you boys to be tied down to anything.

BILL

Anyway, I call him Hamlet—

FRANCIS

(pulling on his pipe thoughtfully)

Hmmm—

BILL

—sees a—

SIR MILTON

Wait, Bill. You had a thought, Francis. What was it? That's what I want, reactions.

FRANCIS

It's nothing that we can't fix—

SIR MILTON

What?

FRANCIS

Nothing, except Hamlet isn't an Irish name. I just throw that in for what it's worth.

BILL

Anyway, the ghost of Hamlet's father appears and tells his son of his murder—

FRANCIS

Wait, This isn't the old Icelandic saga about the son avenging his father's murder?

BILL (feebly)

I thought I had a new treatment of it.

FRANCIS

Oh, but Billy. You can't use that hackneyed revenge angle. You can't palm it off a Norse legend again no matter how you disguise it—

SIR MILTON

I've only been trying to tell him that for a half hour.

FRANCIS

Why not build on the one fresh element we've got—the Irish nobleman?

BILL (completely broken)

It—might be something—

SIR MILTON

Is there anything in "Othello" we could use? We own it.

Any more would be painful.

Then there's that other familiar character to avoid—The Face Watcher. Some fellows watch clocks. But this fellow watches faces—bosses' faces.

When the Boss frowns at a point in your story, he frowns. When the Boss laughs at one of your comedy scenes, he laughs—hollowly—enviously.

Which puts me in mind of a scene some years ago in Sam Goldwyn's office. He was death on Face Watchers and would play tricks to smoke them out. Like on this particular occasion when we were discussing one of the funny day dreams James Thurber had authorized for "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty."

Without any warning, Mr. G., with deliberate dead pan, turned on the Face Watcher and asked for his "honest opinion."

"Is that a funny scene—" began Goldwyn.

"Frankly, Mr. Goldwyn, if you want my honest opinion—" cut in the Face Watcher who was anti-Thurber in his tastes, "of all the comedy scenes I've ever heard—"

"This is one of the most hilarious," smiled Goldwyn.

"Ye-a-a-h," switched the Face Watcher in midair. "Just great," turning the pan on his lips to praise in the nick of time.

In the trade this is known as the Half Gaynor or Complete Summersault In Mid-Conference.

CHAPTER 5

Wives and Other Hazards.

Never tell a story to a producer with a wife in the room.

First of all, she can upset him by turning up at the office and peeking in with the glad tidings, "Excuse me, Herman, but I need a check—"

And things like, "I wonder if I should go to the Farmer's Market or pick up the new Picasso first?"

And, "Goodbye, dear, I won't disturb you—Oh, but you heard about your brother?—Nothing, except the insurance company detectives found an empty can of gasoline in the back of the store and now there's some silly fuss and nonsense about them not wanting to pay for the fire. 'Bye, darling—nose to the grindstone!'"

At the Producer's Home it's even worse. You've got the Producer's Kids who keep coming in to kiss Daddy goodnight. Then Mama sinks into a chair with a drink in her hand and promises to be "quiet as a mouse."

"My little sounding board," grins the producer, putting a proud and affectionate arm around the little woman. "Continue."

You do, but not for long. The quiet little mouse has turned into a big fat loud-mouthed rat.

"Excuse me, but as newly elected President of the P.T.A., I wouldn't want my own children seeing a scene like that! Why does the heroine have to be a prostitute? Couldn't she just be the girl next door? Who's just a little wild?"

And you'll be wild by the time you get out of there. But you have only yourself to blame. You shouldn't have consented to have the conference in his livingroom in the first place.

CHAPTER 6

"Never Tell a Story to a Producer in a Barber Chair."

This is a true story, so profit by it.

The Scene: 20th-Fox Studios, circa a dozen years ago when Mr. Zanuck maintained his own private barber shop for himself and his producers.

Cast of Characters: Myself and My Producer. I hope to work for him again, so let's just call him Producer X or Milton Sperling.

Milton had been a writer so was most sympathetic to my story problems, and I had many. In fact, my birth pangs were quite painful. Milton, an old play doctor, diagnosed "Third Act Trouble."

One forenoon when I was really full of story headaches—"the morning sickness" as we call it in the trade—I phoned Milton for help. He reported that he was on his way to Darryl's Barber to get prettied up for a VIP executive lunch, but I could meet him in the Barber Shop.

So dissolve to the shop with Milton in the barber's chair; Sam, Mr. Zanuck's barber, busy with comb and shears, and myself sitting, like a minstrel of old, at Milton's feet, ad libbing my newly reconstructed finish.

When I finished, the barber was the first to speak. "What's the motivation for Gene Tierney doublecrossing Henry Fonda when she's supposed to be so much in love with him? And why do they fall in love in the first place?"

Milton couldn't get a word in edgewise. But Sam was a good man on construction.

That's just the way it happened on that fateful spring morning. Everything exactly as it was then, except "You Were There!"

CHAPTER 7

"Never Tell a Story to a Producer With Anita Ekberg or Jayne Mansfield in the Room."

There are four good reasons why they might distract from the story telling.

But no need to belabor the point—we're all, I'm sure, men of the world.

So to sum up, students, and repeat after me till you've learned this lesson well:

"Never Tell A Story To A Producer With A Dalmatian, Another Writer, A Wife, or Anita Ekberg or Jayne Mansfield In The Room."

CHAPTER 8

Various Kinds of Story Telling, or, Know Your Competition

Type A: The Slow, Meticulous, Down-to-the-Last-Detail Teller, or Around the Office in 80 Days.

Slowly pacing and pondering, this particular writer takes all morning to paint a vivid picture of the picturesque shots behind the Main Title and Credits.

He's so damned earnest and sincere no one dares to rush him.

The fidgety, insecure producer goes into his washroom at least 20 times to wash his hands.

Finally he explodes, "Let's take a breather for lunch, men." And it's only 11:05.

Type B: The British Story Teller.

This elegant smoothie gains the upper hand at once by clearly establishing that the American producer is a man of inferior background and education.

Johnny Bull's opening gambit sends the producer rum—
(Continued on page 10)

25 Years of Motion Picture Writing

Some Amusing Harkbacks to the Hollywood Scripting Mills

By **CLAUDE BINYON**

A quarter of a century of motion picture writing has left me with these memories, some cherished, some still rankling:

My first script sale to a studio was in 1931, while I was still employed in the Hollywood office of **VARIETY**. Eddie Buzzell was directing and starring in a one-reel series called "Bedtime Stories," and I sold him a dilly titled "Blonde Pressure" for \$250. Eddie decided to give a quick little preview at a Pico Blvd. theatre and invited me to share the glory. When we arrived at the theatre we found to our consternation that the manager was expecting a feature picture preview and was advertising our one-reeler as such outside the theatre. Inside we found eight rows roped off for us and the rest of the house filled with an anticipatory crowd.

It seemed an eternity before the preview notice flashed on the screen—and when the audience realized what it was getting there was a round of booing that chills me even in memory. As I recall we didn't get a single laugh from the disgruntled audience, and those that chose to leave in a huff paused to glare at us as we sat alone in our eight roped-off rows.

I felt like a criminal. Buzzell finally gave me a comforting pat on the shoulder. "This isn't a fair test," he said. "I don't think the audience is with us."

In 1932 I joined the Paramount writing staff and was assigned to script a story I had written called "Otho The Great." Percy Heath was the producer, and he told me with his typical gentleness that my story didn't provide enough complications for its hero. "Get him into the worst mess you can possibly create," said Heath. "Get him into so much trouble that you can't figure how to get him out of it. Then we'll go on from there together."

I did just that. I got the hero so involved in such catastrophic situations that I marvelled at the very thought of Heath being able to bring order out of this chaos.

The morning I brought my unsolvable mess to the studio for Heath's magic touch the studio flag was at half mast. Heath had died suddenly of a heart attack.

And "Otho The Great" remains in Paramount's possession to this day—probably unknown and certainly unproduced.

In one of those early years B. P. Schulberg was producing a picture starring Eddie Lowe. Deciding his script needed a good laugh line in a certain scene, he called in five writers and told us to give the scene just one sharp line. Then we were crowded into one little office, where we tried to think. It seemed that hours went by in absolute silence. Finally I offered an idea.

"How about this?" I said. "Eddie and the girl are walking along and they come to this pile of coal."

"What pile of coal?" asked Frank Butler.

"The pile of coal they come to," I explained. "The girl is tired, and her feet hurt, so she decided to sit on the pile of coal."

"Why would she sit on the coal?" asked Walter deLeon.

"You weren't listening," I said. "She's tired. But so she won't get her dress dirty she takes out a tiny handkerchief to sit on. And when she opens it up, Lowe looks at the handkerchief and then at her, and says: Don't flatter yourself."

Butler got up from the room's only chair. "Let's tell it to Schulberg," he said, "but make sure he knows it's Binyon's."

The line was in the picture, and so help me, it was a laugh.

Bill McNutt and Grover Jones, both now deceased, were a powerful writing team at Paramount in the '30s. Particularly were they impressive in telling a story or in writing a short treatment. I remember being distressed over the thought of telling a story I wanted to sell to the studio, and I confided this to Grover Jones.

"You'll never sell it with that attitude," Grover told me. "You've got to believe in yourself and your story. Look at this." He showed me a treatment he and McNutt had just prepared for submittance. I'll never forget its opening line.

"This," it read, "is the greatest love story since 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

For a while the late Ernst Lubitsch and Henry Herzbrun shared the post of production chief at Paramount, and at one time Herzbrun was confined to a hospital. Lubitsch told me he wanted to send a funny telegram to Herzbrun, and asked me to write it for him. It was quite a job trying to write a wire worthy of Lubitsch, but finally I produced one to his liking. That night I got a call at home from Herzbrun saying he had received a funny wire from Lubitsch and would like for me to write a funny answer. Now I worked myself into a lather being funny for Herzbrun.

The next morning Lubitsch called me into his office, threw a telegram onto his desk and looked at me accusingly. "Look at that wire," he said. "Herzbrun topped me! Now it's up to you to top him!"

Years ago I wrote a play, and the late Charles MacArthur was kind enough to read it. He told me tactfully that it had possibilities but wasn't fully developed. Later I mentioned this to Sidney Skolsky. "MacArthur is right," I said. "It's not all there. Something is missing."

Skolsky offered to read the play, and when he had finished it was obvious that he had discovered something of importance to him. "MacArthur certainly is right," he exclaimed. "Something definitely is missing—and what's missing is a story I've just written!"

So in our spare time during the next week we com-

bined his story with my play and sold it to Fox. It was produced as "The Daring Young Man."

For a while I was teamed with Frank Butler, a former actor, and one of my great pleasures was watching him act out the scenes we were discussing. One day he was performing a telephone conversation, using an imaginary wall phone.

"When he hears that," said Butler, "he hangs up angrily and leaves the room." And he hung up the imaginary phone and walked out the real door.

I waited in the office for a few moments, then looked into the hall. Butler was gone. He had lived the part so well he had gone all the way home. So I went home, too.

What's My Playing Attitude?

Continued from page 9

maging through his drawers for cigars, peanuts, raisins, aspirin and other soporifics.

"I thought it might be amusing, Old Boy, to begin the story around the time when King James was having that hilarious hullabaloo over the Old Testament with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Anne of Clews in the North was raising a fresh army to overthrow the king, determined to put an end to the dissolute band of Knights under Baron Giles, Pretender to the throne of Wales."

The producer nods, "Why not?"

Occasionally a brave soul will ask: "What the hell has all that got to do with the story we want to tell?"

Johnny Bull is always ready with an answer: "This is merely a literary parallel, laddie, the situations are similar in spirit—in short, I wasn't being literal."

This last depth charge always pierces the armour of the literal-minded producer, for the last thing he wants to be known as is a literal-minded producer. He usually tries to solve the problem by adding an American collaborator—marrying Dame Edith Sitwell and Phil Rapp.

Another advantage to being British, is that you can criticize your own work in advance, beating the Producer to the punch with running comments like:

"As I'm sure you suspect, old fellow, the second act is rather hollow but I'm still fiddling with it—"

"Naturally there are a lot of loose ends I must gather up, but I do think it all adds up to something hardly pedestrian—"

Then he deftly gets the producer on the subject of the English hand-made shoes he is wearing—the producer is wearing, that is. The British writer buys all his at Florsheim's.

The producer warms to the subject and tells about "the amusing little bootmaker in London and the funny little Dickensian cobbler—the only man to ever solve the problem I have with my left foot—"

Type C: CALICO JIM

This is another type of superior fellow who quickly gets the drop on the producer because he has written 208 Southern, Western, rural, homespun, frontier television dramatic successes and has overnight become a Bernard De Voto-like authority on Period Americana.

You might say that he doesn't write with a typewriter, he uses a guitar. A writer of the Chekov school, he is long on mood and short on plot which he openly despises. He usually plays a couple of folk song records for the producer before telling his original.

The producer feels it would be almost un-American not to like the story which features "Tall, hard, lean men and round, soft, brave, understandin'-willin'-to-die-for-their-men-and-their-country kind of women."

These writers shoot first and think later, and bludgeon the producer with a grabbag of similes during the recital.

It seems that our American ancestor couldn't make a single statement without turning it into a simile or a wise old saw.

"Land sakes, that boy's like a bullfrog down in Miller's pond durin' matin' season."

Calico Jim waits for his laugh, for in all his TV dramas these rustic similes are greeted with gales of laughter—from the actors in the drama.

The whole thing makes the producer very nervous because it's hard to know when to smile. Sometimes there are sad similes along with the riproaring ones and then there are the historical references that you have to cock your ears for 'cause they might contain a mite of plot.

"Land sakes, old Hickory's as jumpy as a bullfrog down in Smither's pond durin' matin' season."

Translation: Andrew Jackson is thinking of running for President, but he is afraid of what the pressure of politics will do to his happy homelife in Tennessee.

Sometimes Calico Jim digs his own grave, and the ear-wary producer, tired of the Cumberland Gap black-eyed peas and men 10 feet tall, drops the period project and decides to do a modern musical about the adventures of four naked girls in Paris.

Type D: SMUTTY SAM

This familiar type reduces his tale to essentials, takes the man-to-man approach and describes his characters mostly in four-letter words.

"This little broad is real hot pants for this guy who wants to—"

He's not the man to tell "Romeo and Juliet."

CHAPTER 9

WHEN TO TELL YOUR STORY?

"Timing" is very important in selling a story. As a quick case in point, Groucho Marx and I, in 1938, wrote what Norman Krasna called "The most unsalable original every written," for it satirized Congress, the U.S. Navy and a famed aviatrix, and was submitted to Paramount the day the headlines announced that the latter was lost in the Pacific. Again on the subject of "timing," at Goldwyn Studios the huge gas storage tank, visible across the street from Mr. Goldwyn's office, used to act as a barometer of the boss' moods.

When the tank was high and full of gas, Mr. Goldwyn was nervous because Ben Hecht had once planted the seed that it might explode.

So when the tank was full the Goldwyn writers noticed that Mr. Goldwyn turned down stories. When it was low he was relaxed and mellow and in a buying mood.

CHAPTER 10

WORDS TO LIVE BY.

It was Moss Hart who said, "Writing is comparatively easy—90% of a writer's job is selling."

And it was Jerome Kern who said as he sat down at the piano to play a new score, "I want you to give me your reaction." Then the corrected himself, "No, I don't—I want you to like it!"

CHAPTER 11

THE WRITER IN ELIZABETHAN TIMES.

I think it only fitting that this monograph include some

Prohibition, Hindu Style, Helps India's Boxoffice

By **N. V. ESWAR**

Madras.

India's amusement industry could describe 1956 as the best year since it is inflation (that bogey of all countries at all times) which has fattened payrolls and helped the boxoffice. Count, too, the receding spectre in this populous inland empire of food shortage. Something peculiarly Indian as a stimulant to paid amusements has been the adoption of prohibition. This means that funds once diverted to strong drink have been diverted to theatres.

There was also, in 1956, the fertilizing effect of a much increased "exchange" of cultural attractions with other countries, some of them, but not all of them Communist.

These last helped in bringing Indians out of their usual reserve to understand and appreciate other Art forms. Indirectly, this wider interest led to an increasing patronage of films.

The year sharply pinpointed the acute shortage of theatres in important cities and towns. There was an increase in the number of mobile cinemas all over the country after such mobile cinemas had previously faced extinction, but with the adoption of a liberal policy by the State Governments, more mobile cinemas were enabled to function in populous towns within a radius of two miles instead of the usual four miles. These rules were still further relaxed towards the end of the year, which will help more mobile cinemas to function within a mile of a permanent theatre in a town. The number of mobile cinemas in South India alone went up to 400 from a mere 90. Here also the mobile cinemas are patronized by villagers and audiences which otherwise would be spending their time at the pubs.

The surprise picture of the year in the foreign field was "Rock Around The Clock" which ran for twelve weeks in Bombay. Pictures which did consistently good and outstanding business were "Helen of Troy," "The Court Jester," "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea," "Vanishing Prairie" and "Ulysses."

On the production side, film improvement was not spectacular, either in Bombay or Madras Studios. Although there were announcements of a large number of pictures than was projected in any previous year, releases were but average. Tamil films were diminished in number, balanced by larger number of Telugu and Hindi dialect pictures dubbed into Tamil. There is something peculiar in this. Exhibitors were very much against dubbed versions of pictures even in Indian languages, and business on dubbed versions has been poor. It was paradoxical that exhibitors of Southern India had to depend on dubbed versions towards the close of the year.

There was an accent on "slapstick" comedies or action subjects in the Indian pictures, in departure from the conventional mythological stuff of yesteryear.

An improvement in the foreign picture market was very visible. Estimated takings on English features showed a rise of nearly 40/50% for every distributor. In some cases the increase can be placed at 75%. Also the number of situations which play English pictures for matinees and morning shows, increased by about 30% over 1955.

historical material to highlight the writer's problem through the ages and particularly in Good Queen Bess' Day. In fact, I have a sketch handy that will prove my point—a sketch once performed at the Screen Writers' Dinner in Hollywood with a wonderful cast: The late great Louis Calhern playing the Elizabethan producer, Sir Milton, and David Niven as Bill Shakespeare.

Quote: Bill ad libs from a rough manuscript and sits hunched forward in a chair facing Sir Milton.

BILL

... Oh I die, Horatio: The potent poison quite overcrows my spirit,

(As Sir Milton listens, he rubs his hand over his face, opening his mouth wide—a nervous habit.)

I cannot live to hear the news from England, but I do prophesize the election lights

(Sir Milton breathes a depressed sigh, morosely nibbles at grapes.)

On Fortinbras, he has my dying voice, so tell him with the occurments more or less, which have solicited. (Pause) The rest is silence. (Looks up) He dies. (Through this, Sir Milton, startled, studies Bill sharply.)

Horatio: Now cracks a noble heart—I'm just ad libbing—I'll polish later—

(Through this, Sir Milton opens a desk drawer, takes out a bottle of eye-wash and an eye-dropper, tilts his head back and put drops in his eyes.)

Good night, sweet Prince, and flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.

(Bill looks up—explains lamely)

Anyway—Fortinbras with the English Ambassador comes in for a tag I'm working out—and I give Fortinbras the last speech.

(reads)

Let four Captains bear Hamlet—

SIR MILTON (looks up, frowning)

Who?

BILL

Hamlet—(hastily) But it can be any name—(reads) Bear Hamlet—(to producer) for now—Hamlet (reads) like a soldier to the stage, for he was likely, had he been put on to have proved most royally—

(Sir Milton, fidgety, toys with mirror, glances into it, examines face, teeth, tongue.)

And for his passage, the soldiers' music and the rites of of war speak loudly for him.

(Sir Milton rises, turns over his seat cushion, sits.)

Take up the bodies, such a sight as this becomes the field, (Sir Milton doodles with quill pen thoughtfully.)

But here shows much amiss. Go, bid the soldiers shoot. ... Then they exit marching, after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.

(He finishes, waiting for Sir Milton's reaction.)

The producer keeps staring down at desk, unaware story is over. He looks up, reacts, then after a thoughtful pause:

SIR MILTON

Bill, what would you think about working with another writer?

* * *

I can only say in conclusion that if I've been any help to you, any contribution, no matter how small, will be gratefully accepted.

And years from now when you talk about this—and you will—please be kind.

BRITISH FACE 1957 AS DECISIVE

London.

By HAROLD MYERS

For the British motion picture industry the upcoming year of 1957 will be one of great decision. During the coming months legislation will be debated which will shape the destinies of the trade for years to come.

The forthcoming legislation has a two-fold importance. First, it will lay down rules of procedure to govern various aspects of the British film industry; second, it will, indirectly, decide many of the issues that have led to dissension between Britain and the United States.

As 1956 came to its close, one of the major issues had reached the point of front-page controversy. Simply, the issue in dispute is this: should British films, made and sponsored by American companies, which qualify for quota under an Act of Parliament, also share in the benefits of the Eady Fund, which was set up to aid "native" film makers?

The British film industry is, itself, divided, but there's complete unanimity among the Americans. They feel they have a moral, as well as a purely legal right, to their fair share in the distribution from the Eady pool.

The opposition camp is led by John Davis, president of the British Film Producers Assn. and deputy chairman of the Rank Organization. He has forthrightly expounded his views from every available platform. His argument can be summed up this way: the British Film Production Fund (which is the formal title for the Eady subsidy) was formed to bridge the gap for British producers between production costs and revenues. Without such aid much British production would have come to a standstill, and the Government supported the arrangement to help them out of a difficult economic situation. With rare exceptions, British films have had to struggle for foreign markets and cannot rely on substantial overseas earnings in the same way as the American majors.

Americans Wholly United On Legal & Moral Merits

That's one argument that will have to be settled in the forthcoming Parliamentary sessions. Just before the turn of the year the Government introduced its new all-embracing Films Bill, which is already before the House of Lords and will be passed down to the Commons with utmost expedition in the hope that it can complete all its Parliamentary stages in time to receive Royal assent before Easter. The early publication of the combined Bill caught the industry by surprise. They had been prepared for a joint measure on Eady and National Film Finance, but were not prepared for the inclusion of a new Quota Bill as well.

The main controversial issue is, surprisingly enough, not dealt with in the draft legislation and will not come before Parliament until the Bill is finally enacted. For the time being, the Government is contenting itself to provide the legal machinery to put the Eady levy on a statutory basis and will, eventually, lay down regulations which, among other things, will define an eligible British film. Popular opinion in the industry holds the view that, while there may be a slight tightening up of the existing regulations, there will be no basic change in the legal classification of a British picture.

British producers have, on the whole, been pleasantly surprised at the terms of the Eady legislation, which provides for a return of some \$10,500,000 in the first year of the statutory scheme—an improvement of around \$3,000,000 on the 1955-6 financial year. Exhibitors, on the other hand, have fared badly. They are opposed to the principle of a statutory scheme and feel they're being given a raw deal by the government at a time when they have a struggle to make ends meet. Many of them hold the view their interests are being sacrificed to keep producers out of the red. Yet, it was from exhibitor circles that the first demand came for a statutory levy. That's an ironical twist to the situation.

The second part of the new bill is designed to prolong the life of the National Film Finance Corp. for a further 10 years. This is the government banking agency, set up by the Labor Party when in power, which provided state-aided loans to filmmakers at a time when bank finances were drying up. The NFFC, which has been working on the basis of a revolving credit for some \$17,000,000 provided by the Treasury, has been of considerable assistance to smaller independent producers, although many complain that the terms, particularly in relation to participation in profits, are frequently too onerous. That apart, the state bank, which made a hefty loan of more than \$8,000,000 to the old British Lion outfit, is now the owner of the new company, formed some 18 months ago, and that has put the state into film production and distribution. That the NFFC has been able to keep British Lion in being as an active and vital production force in Britain is generally regarded as its major contribution to the industry.

Admission Tax Relief Looms As Great Dream of Exhibs

The section of the bill granting a new lease of life to the NFFC, is expected to be non-controversial in nature, although the suggestion that it should try and avoid losses and might even be sold as a going concern, has caused some amusement to the industry. The big surprise in the new legislation, however, is the government's apparent intention of renewing the existing Quota Act, with only minor administrative modifications, for a further 10-year span. There's little doubt that Opposition M.P.'s will be activated, however, to introduce basic amendments designed to strengthen the present Act in the light of experience since 1948. The real struggle will not begin until the bill reaches the Commons.

The exhibitors—and here they have the rest of the industry with them—are more concerned at the prospect of securing substantial admission tax relief. Last year a united industry put forward a reasoned and documented case, seeking a cut of more than \$50,000,000 in the industry's annual tax toll of \$95,000,000. Their representations were rejected by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a promise to review the tax structure in time to make recommendations for his next Budget. That review is now under way and once more the industry is acting with a united voice.

A substantial Budget concession would be more than just a tonic for the industry. It could well be a life saver. In the year just ended, picture theatres all over the coun-

try have been going dark and the Rank Organization alone is shuttering nearly 80. Sir Tom O'Brien, MP, the union leader, has forecast that without tax relief 1,000 theatres will close within two years and J. Arthur Rank has endorsed that prophecy. If that were to happen, Britain would lose more than 20% of its theatre capacity and that, in turn, would cripple the earning powers of British production in the home market and seriously cut in to the annual revenues of the Eady Fund. By simple arithmetic it seems to be a case of either the Chancellor of the Exchequer making a cut or taking a cut. Whatever happens, the Treasury must expect less in the way of admission duties.

On the assumption—and it's a pretty safe one—that the upcoming Quota Act will continue to accord them full privileges, the coming year will see a marked rise in the volume of American film-making in British studios. Two Yank companies alone are, between them, aiming at an output of about 25 films. Columbia, whose expanded activity has been a feature of the British scene, started the year with at least 13 film projects and others in the talking stage, while 20th-Fox, with the appointment of Bob Goldstein, is planning an annual program of 10-12 anamorphic features. Metro's output, spearheaded by their deal with Ealing Films, will represent a substantial addition to that total, and United Artists and other majors have several projects either in hand or in contemplation.

Rank Leadership Assured With 20 Features Annually

In terms of actual volume, the Rank Organization are expected to hold their lead with their annual program of 20 features. The British Lion group of producers will run them a close second, and other things being equal, there is little likelihood of any substantial change in total production.

The next few months will see the first stage in the launching of a major British undertaking in the United States, with the setting up by the Rank group of their own distributing organization. The majority of British producers—other than those who have come up with a clicko picture—have bitterly complained that they don't get a fair break in the American market. So the Rank Empire is to extend its territory and put to the test the theory that British pictures would be acceptable to the American public if only they had the chance to see them.

This issue of the American market has, to a considerable extent, influenced the thinking of many British film

A Memory of Carl Laemmle

By JOE PASTERNAK

In 1926, when I was an assistant director at Universal, I had only heard the name of Carl Laemmle, the big boss, but I never had the pleasure of meeting him. One day, while I was busy on a set, assisting Wesley Ruggles, someone rushed in to me (if I recall right it was Julius Bernheimer, who was a sort of assistant to Carl Laemmle), told me that Mr. Laemmle wanted to see me right away. I asked him why—and he said he didn't know. The distance from the set to Mr. Laemmle's office was only about 500 feet, but on my way to his office it seemed like miles—so my mind was busy trying to figure out whether I was going to be fired, had I done anything wrong, and why should the big boss send for me. Jack Ross, his secretary, asked me to sit down—that Mr. Laemmle would see me right away. The suspense was killing me—and the expression on Jack's face certainly was no tipoff as to what I might expect. After a few minutes, the door opened and I was asked to come in. There sat Mr. Laemmle—I could only see his head behind that big desk. I didn't know whether I should introduce myself—or whether he already knew me.

It so happened he did know—all about me, as well as my name, and what I was doing. As soon as the formalities of meeting were over he asked, "How would you like to go to Europe?" I said, "Of course I'd like to." He wanted me to go over and produce quota pictures for Universal. He also wanted me to leave in two weeks. I was thrilled beyond words as I hadn't been home for seven years and this was a grand opportunity for me to see my parents again—and I couldn't afford to travel from Hollywood to Glendale on the salary I was getting.

As I was leaving his office, after thanking him perhaps a million times, I remembered a promise I had made to myself that if I ever went back to Europe I would only go if I could travel like a king—as my first experience coming over was a horrible one. We had been jammed (45 of us) into one large cabin, sleeping in hammocks instead of berths, and I was sick as a dog the whole trip over. Remembering all this, I turned to Mr. Laemmle and said, "I have only one request (after relating this experience to him) that if I go back I want to travel like a king." He said: "You'll travel like a king"—and with a faint smile on his face, he told Jack Ross to arrange the best transportation in the world for me. He said, "By the way, you are going to make a polo picture." I didn't understand him as I had never seen a polo game nor any sort of polo match, but I thought I had better keep quiet about it.

As soon as I got to New York (en route to Europe), I bought all sorts of books on polo. So, there I was, in my beautiful suite on the Mauretania, sailing for Europe to do a polo picture. It was just my good luck that there was a polo team aboard ship returning to England. I managed to get acquainted with them and we discussed various phases of the sport—and I also promised one of the polo team that I would hire him as my technical adviser as soon as I had a script ready on the picture. By the end of the trip over I was pretty well up on polo and knew about everything there was to know about the game, players, rules and regulations.

Arriving in Berlin, I reported to the man in charge of production, Paul Kohner, who had been advised of my arrival. We sat down and discussed my trip over, etc., and finally came to the matter of making pictures. He told me my first assignment would be an Eddie Polo [oldtime star] picture. I looked at him and started laughing. I don't think he knew for years what I was so hilarious about.

makers. Unless they start off on a co-production basis, many of them experience considerable difficulties in making inroads in that vast territory and find this hard to understand whilst U.S. theatre owners are screaming for more product. As a result, there have been frequent allegations of a bias against British imports.

This has irked the British film makers, who can point to the fact that within their domestic market their output has to stand the test and comparison with the top Hollywood output. In the past year, for example—and that's no exception—British films have been among the b.o. leaders. Among the top grossers have been "Privates' Progress," "Baby and the Battleship," "X-The Unknown," "Sailor Beware," "Reach For the Sky" and, on pre-release at any rate, the Royal Command selection "The Battle of the River Plate." Not unnaturally, Britain's producers will argue that if they're given a fair crack of the whip there's no valid reason why their films could not become as popular in the American market as they are in their native territory; or as successful as Hollywood films in Britain.

With this background, therefore, it's easy to understand why the British film industry has welcomed the Rank initiative in establishing their own American organization. They will, inevitably, be doing a pioneering job for British films, which, if successful, will benefit the entire industry.

Today's Story Editor Buys To Please World

By HENRY KLINGER

(Associate Story Editor, 20th Century-Fox Films)

Stalwarts of film company's story departments continue to roam the byways of publishing houses, Shubert Alley and the forests of drama and prose in relentless and unending search of the Big Ones. What has happened to the Little Ones?

When CinemaScope arrived to pull the industry out of its doldrums, there was evident a tendency in Hollywood's story thinking to fill every square inch of that enormous expanse of screen with movement, waving banners and pageantry. The kind of personalized, right little human interest story which for so many years was a staple of film product disappeared in the dust of charging steeds and chariots.

It did not take too long for the public and Hollywood to realize that no matter how colossal the screen or the images on it, the story still remained its basic commodity. At first, with fewer films being made because of longer runs and revived boxoffice, the natural tendency was to concentrate on important titles. Novels and plays destined, in the opinion of story departments, for outstanding success found an avid Hollywood market which hypoed sagging prices.

The industry has again reached a point where it must compete with the allure of what is more often than not the mediocrity of television. Given the choice of free entertainment or the boxoffice of a motion picture theatre, the public has become far more demanding in what they expect from Hollywood.

'Important' Stories

Production therefore has been stepped up to compensate for shorter runs. Obviously there are not enough "important" stories around to meet the expanded demands of a suddenly inflated production program. In terms of story, this is the era when the Little Ones have come back into their own.

But where are they? The voracious appetite of television consumes them at a pace fearful to contemplate. Typewriters pound incessantly for this avid market with an accompanying blackout of creativeness for other media. The young writer who in the past represented a reservoir for developing talent, and the experienced craftsman whose output provided a continuing source of material, have been diverted by the readiness of television to absorb them and their work.

To place the blame for this story situation on television alone would be a mistake. Hollywood itself has been confronted with a changing world situation which has seriously affected its consideration of stories for films. The nature of the areas in which their product sells has undergone a remarkable shift in recent years. Instead of the preponderantly major income from the domestic market of past years, countries outside of the United States and Canada now yield an increasing percentage of the total gross. It has become essential then that stories once evaluated on the basis of their local appeal must now be considered in terms of the broader markets which must absorb the films eventually made from them.

Faced with restrictive influences from within and without the industry, but compelled to cope with the problems of expanding production, the story editor greets the new year with a realistic appreciation of his problems. Certainly there will be a number of novels destined for important sales, each with a story frame to permit suitable treatment with films. There will be a quota of hit plays, some magazine stories and a scattering of television material. However, these will only fill a fraction of the total need.

For that oppressive void in the production schedule which must be filled, the editor will have to seek out those acorns of stories, work with writers to develop ideas; he will continue with greater persistence than ever his practice of suggesting a treatment to expand the single-situation story, or perhaps to emphasize a story element within the framework of a property.

Perhaps the story editor will find himself in the position of the anthologist who was compiling a book of ancient proverbs. When he ran out of material before the collection was finished, he sat himself down at the typewriter and proceeded to invent some wise old sayings. The story future may be uncertain, but we may be positive of one thing: the story editor will be looking with his head up for the Big Ones, but he will be turning over every leaf on the path for the Little Ones too. . . .

Censorship Humiliates Adults By Evoking Child's Mentality

By EPHRAIM S. LONDON

For the benefit of the few uninitiated, moving pictures are subject to two kinds of censorship in the U.S. In four states (New York, Maryland, Kansas and Virginia) and in a few cities in the other states, films cannot be shown unless first approved and licensed by a government agency. In the rest of the country there are no restrictions in advance of exhibition, but there are laws providing punishment for showing or distributing "indecent" films.

The film license laws are, if not quite dead, at least in extremis. This is a result primarily of the U.S. Supreme Court dictum in 1952 that those laws will not be sustained unless some reasonable excuse for their existence can be proved. This is not the Court's language, but it is the effect of its decision. No one has ever been able to demonstrate that unlicensed films have caused any harm or that licensing has benefited anyone other than the people employed to do the job.

The theoretical warrant for censorship is that obscenity and indecency corrupt those exposed to it, that an audience will be led to imitate improper behavior portrayed on the screen. The few serious, objective studies of the subject have not led to any such conclusion. To paraphrase Mayor Walker's famous saw, no girl was ever seduced by a movie.

"Lady Chatterley's Lover," presently banned in New York, is at this writing being shown to capacity audiences in the City of Washington without any noticeable increase in the number of sex offenses. The same is true of all the films banned here, and shown in the other states of the nation.

Children As Excuse

Another justification offered for film censorship is the potential evil effect of "unlicensed" movies on children. But existing censorship laws regulate adult fare, and the several attempts to limit their application to pictures to be shown to children have been defeated. If our lawmakers are seriously concerned about the possible evil effect of movies on children, it would be quite simple to make appropriate regulations limited to films for children—instead of reducing all films for adults to a level suitable for children.

The present state of the licensing laws is also due in part to the Supreme Court decision that, if such censorship is to be permitted at all, the language of the law must be very clear and precise. The reason for that rule is, that where the language of a statute is general or vague, the administrator must decide what it means for himself. Those affected by the law have no way of determining in advance how it will be applied, and they are subject to the will, the whim, or the prejudices of the individual who enforces the law. Thus a statute prohibiting the licensing of "harmful" pictures was construed by a censor as authorizing the banning of a film dealing with racial integration because the censor considered integration harmful to the social order.

Meaningless

All the existing licensing laws are subject to the challenge of vagueness. The New York law, which is quite similar to the others, directs the denial of a license to any film that is "obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman . . ." The word "obscene" concededly more precise than any of the others is so vague as to be meaningless in the context of the licensing statute. The standard legal definition of the term "obscene" is "tending to lead to sexually impure and lustful thoughts." Assuming general agreement on the meaning of "sexually impure," whether a film leads to impure and lustful thoughts depends on the state of mind of the individual viewer at the moment the film is seen. To give that definition greater certainty and eliminate the differences in judgment caused by differences in physical attributes, the courts decreed that in determining whether

a book or film leads to sexually impure and lustful thoughts, it must be judged by its effect on a person with average sex instincts, l'homme moyen sensuel.

Do They Remember?

I have often wondered how judges and censors applied that test. How does one estimate sexual reaction, except by reference to his own impressions? And how does one know how his sexual instincts compare with the average? What are the bases of comparison? Considering their advanced age, one supposes a number of judges and censors base their determinations on recollection.

Although an end to movie licensing laws is reasonable certain, one cannot predict the time when the coup de grace will be administered. The courts are understandably reluctant to invalidate laws of long standing. The question of the validity of the licensing statutes has been raised several times since 1952. In each case the final appellate court held it unnecessary to decide whether the laws are totally void, and decided the matter before it on the ground that only a part of the statute was void, or on the ground that the picture in question was not objectionable.

Of the thousands of appeals before 1952 in cases where licenses had been refused, not more than six were reversed by the appellate courts. Since 1952 the license boards were defeated in every case appealed to a court of last resort.

Two Approaches

The question remains, if or when the licensing laws are finally struck down, will movies enjoy greater freedom? The penal laws punishing the showing of an "indecent" film will still be in full force. Does it make any difference, I have been asked, whether one is prevented from showing a picture by the refusal of a seal under a licensing system, or by the threat of fine or jail sentence under a penal law?

The question assumes that both kinds of censorship laws operate in the same way. They do not. The licensing laws are far more repressive. Censorship boards that exist for the purpose of finding indecency are quick to find it. The greater number of pictures denied a license in one or more of the states having licensing systems, have been shown without interference in the other states where the penal laws are in effect.

One very sound reason for the

difference in operation between the licensing laws and the penal laws is the fact that in prosecutions under the penal law, the film is given the benefit of any reasonable doubt, while under the licensing laws the doubts are resolved in favor of the censors.

It has been said that when the licensing laws are finally held invalid, there will be a resurgence of criminal prosecutions in the states where the licensing laws are now in effect. It may be true, but that too will pass.

What I Don't Like About Show Biz

By SOPHIE TUCKER

People asking about my "feud" with Belle Baker (never was such a thing honey chile.)

Young comedians doing their act at Lindy's.

The infrequent times when I am overweight.

The "artist" who can't hold his liquor.

The squawks for billing and dressing rooms.

The blasé customer.

A waiter dropping a tray of dishes.

After Saturday night's three shows a politician asking you to do a benefit.

Total strangers maneuvering themselves into my dressing room for me to O.K. their personal checks.

The party I swear I never met before in my life—hailing me with, "Sophie I bet you don't remember me," and when I agree they argue, "Why I met you 15 years ago in Des Moines."

The city tough guy who wants to protect me and says: "Anyone bothers you, kid, let me know!"

The Boss who welcomes me with open arms and tells me the preceding star didn't do any business for him.

The promoter who is always after me to "make a million dollars" by investing in his setup.

The trunks and suitcases that never close when I'm rushing to make a train.

Writers: Part of the Nation's Resources [BUT INCOME TAX BOYS DON'T KNOW IT]

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

Letter to the U.S. Government, Wherever, Whatever, Whoever You Are:

Dear Old Pal:

I really don't have the time to write this letter. By rights I ought to be trying to write a story or a play, but sometimes a patriotic duty must come before a personal one. I have no letter from you to answer. It just seems to me that, hidden away as you are, I ought to write to you.

You deserve to be proud of yourself, I suppose. With only the intelligence of a machine, you are transforming a youthful, honest, hopeful and happy nation into a mob of thieves, liars, psychopaths, and potential suicides.

No enemy could ever do that.

You can. (By electricity yet.) And without half trying you can bully everybody into believing you are doing right, too.

I know you're my friend—my father, almost—but everybody I've ever met who works for you hasn't been my friend. All of your employees in the Army, for instance, kept threatening to have me Court-Martialed. Why? As far as I was ever able to understand, because I didn't believe in the War. I haven't changed. I still don't believe in the War. You do. And you don't. That costs a lot of money. Your devoted friend, the Tax Collector, is keeping me informed about the cost with mimeographed messages and liens. The amount he claims is my share of this cost I haven't been able to pay in full, and the amount gets greater all the time. I can go to Court if I want to, he says, but he doesn't understand the profession of writing. If a writer doesn't work today, he doesn't eat tomorrow. He just hasn't got time to go to Court.

How Writing Is Written

A year ago I wrote to your friend the Tax Collector in Washington. I told him how it is with writers in general, and how it is with me in particular. I asked him to tell his boys in Hollywood, with their watchful eyes, to take it easy. I never heard from the man in Washington. I heard from the one in San Francisco. He said my letter had been passed on to him, and I would hear from him again soon. I never heard from him again. The next thing I heard about the man in Washington was that he had quit his job to work for a company that was engaged in a complicated legal quarrel with you about six or seven million dollars in back taxes.

I keep reading in the papers and hearing on the radio that I am the Government, too. If that's true, I don't know what good it is. I know where I am, and I know how the going is, but your friends, the Hollywood Tax Collectors, don't. One of them has possibly been to school, but all he knows how to say is, "You owe the Government a lot of money. Why don't you pay it?" Maybe the other one's been to school, too. He's not as big as the first man, though. He's possibly just a small clerk, whereas the other one is a big one. The second man just reads the trade papers

and if he finds anything about a possible deal between somebody and me, he puts a lien there. I once said hello to a movie agent by mistake, and it came out in DAILY VARIETY, and he put a lien with the movie agent.

One time when I made a deal he didn't know about, with \$10,000 coming up, I wrote and told him about the deal, and suggested that he accept \$5,000, allow me to send \$2,500 to Sacramento for California taxes, and keep \$2,500 on which to stay in business. He didn't answer the letter. He put a lien on the whole 10 grand. That's the way he does business.

No Depletion Allowance

I know you need money—more and more all the time, and I know you're counting on me to get it for you. Hysteria costs plenty, and whoever heard of a Government going to a psychiatrist? Well, I want you to know I'm still in there pitching.

I expect to go on being at least reasonably lucky in the matter of earning money, and I expect you to go on seizing it.

The writer is a small part of the nation's natural resources, the same as forests, oil, minerals, arable lands, and water. And in the old days people.

Now, just to keep the record straight, I am not, I have never been, I never will be a member of any American or foreign political party, although when I haven't had much of a choice in any case I have voted for a Democrat or a Republican. It hasn't made any difference, though, as you know, because you are the boy, you are the only one, and nobody knows who or what or where you are. That's why this letter is in VARIETY.

Keep up the good work, and the land and people I love will surely soon be an unhappy paragraph in the big history book.

Now, I'll go back where I came from—to labor, to the making of something useful—a story, or a play, written by a writer, not a Government, for people, not machines.

Take good care of yourself.

William Saroyan.

Kansas City Releasing Shifts Breaking Up Four-House Day-Dating

Kansas City.

Fox Midwest has a new first-run policy, splitting up its long-time four-theatre day-and-date combo into two first-run operations. "Anastasia" opened at the Uptown Theatre as the first of several top films which will play the house in a plan to make it a deluxe showcase. Also lined up for the Uptown are "Written on the Wind" and "Friendly Persuasion."

Three other houses, which formerly were coupled with the Uptown as a unit, are operating as a unit, showing "The Girl Can't Help It." Possibility is that on the final week of the run of the top film in the solo house, it may spread to all four houses for a mop-up week. Three theatre combo includes the downtown Esquire, suburban Fairway and Kansas City, Kansas, Granada.

Uptown, in a midtown location, is the biggest of the four, seating 2,043. The new policy had a try-out last summer when "King and I" played the Uptown several weeks for a bang-up run. The present change creates a fifth first-run situation, stretching the heretofore none too plentiful top releases.



ROBERT RYAN

Freedom in the Market-Place of Ideas

— A CLASSIC STATEMENT AGAINST CENSORSHIP —

(The following text has been excerpted from a much-longer statement delivered to the Committee of the Judiciary in the U.S. Senate some time ago. It has since achieved a quiet fame among scholars and others devoted to the study of the censorship problem. VARIETY joins the approving chorus herewith—Ed.)

By **ZACHARIAH CHAFFEE Jr.**
(University Professor at Harvard, Member of
Rhode Island Bar)

acquitted Zenger amid huzzas in the hall which was crowded with people . . .

On December 15, 1791, the Bill of Rights went into effect. It is more than an accident that the first place was given to the liberties which are closest to the inner life of man.

The true meaning of freedom of speech seems to be this: One of the most cherished desires of many a human being is to think and express his thoughts to others—to speak out the truth that is in him. And one of the most important purposes of society and government is the discovery and spread of truth as to facts and sound judgments as to subjects of general concern. Therefore, no problem about objectionable talk and books can be satisfactorily solved by men who think only of the risks from open discussion. It is indispensable for them to remember that every restraint on speaking and printing hampers the two important interests of individuals and society in open discussion, especially when the views sought to be suppressed are unpopular and may be easily overlooked unless heard.

True, some sacrifice of discussion is occasionally required. After careful balancing, the scales may tip in favor of other purposes of society than the spread of truth; for example, protection from internal disorder or foreign conquest. Nevertheless, it is essential that such careful balancing shall take place in the minds of the men who wield power and in the minds of private citizens, and that the great human and social values of open speech and an untrammelled press shall weigh very heavily in the scale. The First Amendment gives binding force to this principle of political wisdom.

For the next 60 years the issue of suppressing objectionable utterances arose only once. President Jackson in 1836 urged Congress to prohibit the transmission of Abolitionist publications through the mail, because they might cause slave insurrections. The firm hold which freedom of speech and press had on men's hearts during 19th century is shown by the fact that the suggested measure was opposed and killed by John C. Calhoun, the chief spokesman of the slave-owners.

Mails Issue: Object of Publishing Is to Achieve Circulation

Calhoun denied that because the Government operates the mails, it can refuse to carry anything it dislikes regardless of the First Amendment. "The object of publication is circulation; and to prohibit circulation is, in effect to prohibit publication. If Congress has the right to discriminate (as to) the mail, (this) would subject the freedom of the press on all subjects completely to its will and pleasure."

Some private citizens were less tolerant. In 1837 mobs in Alton, Illinois, four times threw the press of an Abolitionist newspaper into the Mississippi and finally shot the editor, Elijah P. Lovejoy. Afterwards his friend Edward Beecher, emphasized an aspect of freedom of speech which is often overlooked: "We are more especially called upon to maintain the principles of free discussion in case of unpopular sentiments or persons, as in no other case will any effort to maintain them be needed."

The Civil War caused the only widespread suppression of speech in this country during the nineteenth century. From the time hostilities began, Lincoln was seriously disturbed by Northerners who were plotting to bring about acts interfering with the conduct of the war, e.g., desertions, mob attacks on Union soldiers, and, later, resistance to the draft. Soon after Congress met, it created (July 21, 1861) the new crime of conspiracy "to overthrow . . . by force the government of the United States. . . or to oppose by force the authority thereof, or by force to prevent, hinder, or delay the execution of any (federal) law . . ." This statute is now in the United States Code, as Title 18, section 2384.

During the months between the attack on Fort Sumpter and the enactment of this statute, there were undoubtedly substantial dangers to the Union from active disloyalists, especially in Maryland and other border states. Lincoln was too busy to deal with this problem himself, so he gave a free hand to military officers. They began arresting civilians all over the North as they pleased and locked them up in forts and military prisons. Unfortunately, Lincoln allowed these arbitrary arrests to continue for years. Most prisoners were not tried at all. A few got convicted by a tribunal of soldiers.

Although this policy was aimed at active disloyalists, it did not stop there. Zealous subordinates undertook to silence mere sympathizers with the Confederacy and sincere advocates of ending the bloodshed by negotiated peace. General Burnside, while in charge of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, announced in April, 1863, "The habit of declaring sympathy for the enemy will not be allowed." In June, he declared it unlawful to publish or circulate books and newspapers containing sentiments of a disloyal tendency, and at once suppressed the Chicago Times. Calling a man a "suspect" required no proof; it was as easy as calling him today a "subversive" and equally injurious.

Lincoln's hope that the right of public discussion would be fully restored after victory was realized.

From our entry into World War I on April 6, 1917, to our entry into World War II on Dec. 7, 1941. The first stage of this period comprises three years, 1917-1920.

Misfortunes never come singly. Problems of war are bad enough. It is very hard, in the agony of fighting, to keep working toward wise solutions of such unmilitary questions as peace aims through the fruitful formation of public opinion. Yet on top of all these problems of war in 1917 were heaped almost immediately the problems of the Russian Revolution. Thus the traditions of free speech which had come down to us from Milton and Jefferson were subjected to a double strain.

Without reviewing the statutes enacted during this war, I shall merely show what happened. By June 30, 1919, 877 persons had been convicted for speaking and publishing. At least 35 were sentenced to prison for 20 years, and 58 for 10 up to 15 years. It became criminal to advocate heavier taxation instead of bond issues, to state that conscription was unconstitutional though the Supreme Court had not yet held it valid, to say that the sinking of merchant vessels was legal, to urge that a referendum should have preceded our declaration of war, to say that war was contrary to the teachings of Christ. Men were punished for criticizing the Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A. A state court in Minnesota held it a crime to discourage women from knitting by the remark, "No soldier ever sees these socks."

All through the fighting these prosecutions and convictions were stifling discussion of war policies and peace aims when it was most needed. Nobody could know then that after the Armistice some speakers would be let out by appellate courts and others gradually pardoned before serving their full time in a cell. Meanwhile, Woodrow Wilson's acquiescence in these imprisonments was alienating many of "The most forward-looking men and women" who had hitherto been his warmest supporters.

When the fighting was over and the Germans were out of the way, the Russians and their numerous sympathizers in this country still remained. The flames of intolerance had soared too high for the Armistice to extinguish them. Eagerness for restrictions spread from Congress to state legislatures. Statutes punishing "criminal syndicalism" multiplied. An old New York law of 1902 enacted against anarchists and never used was suddenly revived and directed against Socialists, who are at the opposite pole of political thought. The federal deportation statutes were amended to include Communists, and Attorney General Palmer seized thousands of peaceable aliens without warrants. The tide of suppression reached its height on January 7, 1920, when the New York Assembly refused to seat five duly elected Socialist members.

The careful balancing between the values of open discussion and the risks of it which I have presented as essential rarely took place between 1917 and 1920. The First Amendment had no hold on men's minds because it was not associated with live facts or concrete images. Like an empty box with beautiful words on it, the Amendment collapsed under the impact of terror of Prussian battalions and terror of Bolshevik mobs.

'Agitators' Always Set Up As an Excuse to Persecute

It is the fashion nowadays to say that in 1917-20 the nation was in little danger from heterodox discussion, and hence the eventual condemnation of the suppressions during these years has no application to restrictions which will save us from the "real dangers" created by domestic Communists in our own time. Thus a lawyer who has done much to bring about recent sedition laws wrote in 1948: "It is true that the dangers from subversive organizations at the time of World War I were much exaggerated (but) we are no longer in the days of T-model socialism." Chief Justice Vinson suggested in 1951 that the constitutionality of the Smith Act is not affected by what Holmes and Brandeis said about the desirability of freedom of speech for left-wing Socialists in 1920, because those agitators were not "any substantial threat to the safety of the community."

But that was not the way the authorities during the First World War and the Red Menace looked at the people they were suppressing. It was then almost a hopeless task to try to convince any solid citizen that the danger was small. A bomb exploded under the window of the Attorney General of the United States. Another bomb exploded at the corner of Wall Street between the New York Stock Exchange and J. P. Morgan's office. The newspapers were filled with discoveries of great caches of arms and ammunition in cellars. A score of sedition bills were introduced in the Senate and House and supported by lurid descriptions of the national peril if they were not passed. In the New York Assembly, the men who expelled the five Socialist members described their party as "having the single purpose of destroying our institutions and government."

Freedom's Greatest Victory Won in 1925's Pollak Case

Fortunately, the vigorous protests of many old-fashioned Americans between 1917 and 1920 kept the idea of free speech, from withering away. Indeed, it got toughened by the struggle.

The greatest victory for freedom of speech in my lifetime was won in 1925 by Walter Heilprin Pollak in the Gitlow case. Hitherto the Constitution had not prevented state legislatures from suppressing discussion as much as they pleased. The Supreme Court could not stop them because the First Amendment applied only to Congress. True, the Fourteenth Amendment in 1868 did say, "nor shall any State deprive any person of . . . liberty . . . without due process of law . . ." Still, for the next 57 years it was doubtful whether "liberty" included liberty of speech and press.

The opportunity to get the question settled arose when Benjamin Gitlow, a left-wing Socialist, was convicted under the New York Criminal Anarchy Act of 1902 for publishing a somniferous pamphlet of variations on Marx's Communist Manifesto of 1848. The conviction was sustained by the highest New York court, but Judge Cuthbert Pound dissented with Chief Judge Cardozo and said: "Although the defendant may be the worst of men, the rights of the best of men are secure only as the rights of the vilest and most abhorrent are protected." "People v. Gitlow, 234 N. Y. 132, at 158 (1922).

Pollak took the case to the U.S. Supreme Court and persuaded the Justices to hold unanimously: "Freedom of speech and of the press are among the fundamental personal rights and 'liberties' protected from impairment by

(Continued on page 15)

Human beings do not instinctively desire to live in a community where freedom of speech prevails. Instead, they long for a unified society. Even sophisticated men feel a strong exhilaration when they march in a procession which keeps perfect step with everybody singing in unison. Distaste is a common initial reaction to anybody who is very different from the general run. It is natural for us to feel hostility toward anybody who expresses unfamiliar opinions or views which we intensely dislike.

Through many centuries of bitter experience of the effects of intolerance and after much thinking, men convinced themselves that they ought to master such impulses and adopt the opposite policy of giving a very wide latitude for the expression of diverse statements of fact and belief. In this way human beings would lead happier, richer lives, and the society which they composed would follow wiser and more fruitful courses and possess the capacity of reshaping itself in order to meet new needs.

At the outset I wish to present three basic reasons for safeguarding and strengthening free speech and a free press in the United States.

The longing to spread his ideas is deep-seated in many citizens.

Free Speech Chiefly Benefits Community Where It Exists

Free speech and a free press do not exist merely for the individuals who speak and write; they also bring great benefits to the community. One of the purposes for which society exists, just as much as for the maintenance of order, is the discovery and spread of truth.

With free speech and a free press we get a much better kind of country. As the years go by, this argument weighs more with me than any other. The persistent enforcement of sedition laws and other kinds of suppression of thought requires spies and informers and creates an atmosphere of suspicion and timidity. On the other hand, you make men love their government and their country by giving them the kind of government and the kind of country that inspire respect and love: a country that is free and unafraid, that lets the discontented talk in order to learn the causes for their discontent and end those causes, that refuses to impel men to spy on their neighbors, that protects its citizens vigorously from harmful acts while it leaves the remedies for objectionable ideas to counter-argument and time.

Freedom of speech and press were drastically limited in England in the centuries before Independence, during which many of our ancestors came to these shores.

The greatest threat to liberty of the press in England was the systematic censorship . . . At last in 1694 Parliament refused to reenact the law and censorship died in England . . . Shortly afterwards, it disappeared from our colonies.

However, high officials in the British government soon found a new weapon for controlling the expression of political views to which they objected. This consisted in getting authors and printers imprisoned for the crime of seditious libel. That crime consisted in publishing written or printed matter with a "seditious" intent, which was very vaguely defined by the judges. It might include the intent to excite subjects to attempt the alteration of any matter in the state otherwise than by lawful means, or to raise discontent or disaffection among the King's subjects.

Concepts of 'Libel' Rooted In Political Suppression

The outcome of the 18th-century sedition prosecutions turned largely on two controversial legal doctrines. In the first place, conviction was made much easier because true criticism of the government could be punished as well as false. The law said, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel." Second, the courts permitted the jury to determine only one question—whether the defendant had actually written, printed, or published the book (or pamphlet or newspaper) and so was responsible for it. But the trial judge was empowered to decide the more important question of whether the printed matter at issue was "seditious." This gave him a wide scope to condemn political views which he happened to dislike. Defense lawyers and English liberals argued against this doctrine in vain.

The colonists in America took an enormous interest in this controversy about prosecutions for political opinions.

John Peter Zenger printed and edited an anti-administration newspaper in New York City. The royal governor and his council set out to suppress it. Four issues were publicly burned. Zenger was arrested and locked up for nearly 10 months. Yet his paper continued to appear every Monday, for instructions about managing it were given by him to his wife through a hole in the door of the prison.

In April, 1735, Zenger was brought to trial for the crime seditious libel because of various articles in his journal which attacked the governor. The two New York lawyers engaged to defend him promptly got disbarred. So his friends brought in Andrew Hamilton, "a Philadelphia lawyer," who had much to do with building Independence Hall. From start to finish Hamilton made the importance of open political discussion his main theme. There was not the slightest doubt that Zenger had printed the objectionable articles. So Hamilton's only hope was to persuade the jury that they were not criminal. Yet the English rules of law would not allow the jury to consider that question at all, and the judges were almost certain to decide it in favor of the governor. Consequently, Hamilton urged the jury to brush aside the English rules as relics of a tyrannical age, which had no place in America. The judges collapsed under his eloquence and the jury

Hormones, Estrogens and Mix Well

By WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

[That Would Be The Metro Man]

Ever hear of the most miserable and the happiest man in the world? Who he? He, me!

Yup! this may sound like a first class conundrum, but taint! This is me, the epitome of the antithesis.

It all started when I discovered in my maturity that an estrogen is quite the thing with the ladies. I said, it can't be: I never heard of it. But I was wrong, miserably so.

And to make myself more miserable, I went on to find out through devious labyrinths of education and research just exactly what an estrogen is and what its purpose—useful in our atomic world and others—might be.

And lo and behold, I found out that in the bio-chemical sphere the estrogen is quite the thing when a scientist or physicist wants to apply it. (Note how tricky I am. I'm still not letting on, am I?)

And so, having gone to the public library and devouring a few tomes on estrogenic impulses, I decided something should be done about it. The estrogenic ratio per person is divided into maximum response and perpetual disillusionment of the distaff. If the results are immediate upon application, one dab is sufficient. Two dabs are for the more resistant type distaff and, as you will gather from this analysis, the dabs increase with the resistant propensities. The more amenable the subject is to predilection, the lighter the estrogenic dab. I discovered from multiple readings.

Accordingly, I knew where I stood with my estrogens, I said to me. Now, what am I going to do about it?

This was the most miserable question in my peonic wisdom. What am I going to do about my

estrogenic bibliography, since it was wrapped so covetly in my cranium?

I think I'll write a book. That's what I said, and that's what I was going to do. I'm going to get busy and add a few polyesters and hormones to my family of bio-chemicals and let the plusses and minuses have a great time attracting each other.

If I thought I was the most miserable man, I had another guess coming. I went this one better. I was the most utmost miserable man on earth. For, no sooner did I start my book when I found I had to face the facts of life. That was all right with me, but I needed a dame and a dude and maybe a double order of each before I was through.

The misery I went through night and day—into the golden hours with no compensation—would fill a book in itself. Misery on the left of me, Misery on the right, front and back of me. I couldn't sleep trying to think how I was going to get the estrogenic impulses and the hormonal responses to merge without causing a cataclysmic eruption.

Author's Daze

I went away on a vacation to forget, but I came back with the solution. I spent six miserable sleepless months putting the solution on paper. This developed into a practical thesis which no one was interested in. It was lengthy and that was probably the reason. But that didn't bollywog me! I stinted at it with a precocious eye and came up with the fictional hexachlorophene.

I labored miserably on a new course, approaching various chemical constituents with a definitive disposition. My elaboration was unendurable and so I was told to perform the miserable operation of word elimination for brevity's sake.

And so I attacked brevity with a vengeance, wallowing through a new misery that lasted more than six months.

I was the most miserable man in the world!

But now I am the happiest man on earth! I have just finished "The Pistachio Touch."

Yup! I've got my estrogen in one helluva romance with a hormone. And to let you in on a four-guard secret, they've got company and they're going to have quite a chemical resilience between hard covers.

Non-Key Takings Of Long-Footage Films Pleasing

Experience which Paramount has had with "War and Peace" indicates that unusually long running time productions do relatively better in neighborhood runs and the first-runs in suburban areas and small towns than in the top situations in the big cities. Reason is, it's apparent, that the customers want to be near home after spending nearly four hours in a theatre, which they get to leave at close to midnight.

"W & P" was a top-notch boxoffice performer in the major theatres around the country, of course. But, still, the business which the Dino DeLaurentiis production is drawing in lesser houses is commensurately better.

On the basis of the first few hundred engagements, Par had estimated a total domestic take of \$5,500,000. Now, because of the film's surprising strength in the neighborhood and suburban locations the estimate has been upped to \$6,250,000.

Over the past year a number of pictures similarly have taken unexpectedly high money from the non-key runs. Allied Artists' "Friendly Persuasion" is another outstanding example.

Result is that advertising campaigns are coming in for re-appraisal. In the instance of "Persuasion," when AA spotted the trend the company switched from the usual heavy ad outlay for the first dating of the picture and spread the campaign money over a long period.

United Artists now has a special department whose function is to keep close watch on each picture's boxoffice ups and downs and determine when to increase or pull back on promotion expenditures.

Irving Sochin to assist the Rank Org's Kenneth Hargreaves in setting up a sales agency in the U. S. They'll tour the country starting the end of January, accompanied by Geoffrey Martin, Rank's publicity topser here.



Charlotte Greenwood

Pro-Censor Camp Cites 'Baby Doll' In Ohio & Pa.

New pressure for censorship laws in various states, particularly in Ohio and Pennsylvania, is expected early this year when the various state legislatures reconvene.

Release of "Baby Doll" is seen giving the pro-censor forces an added argument for their case. They'll argue, too, that the number of foreign films coming into this country is rising and that these pictures are released mostly without a Code seal.

"Baby Doll," which condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, has a seal and was passed in toto by the New York State censor.

Although both Ohio and Pennsylvania have been without censorship now for some time, efforts to reinstate it have been continuing. Possibility for a new censor law appears to be stronger in Pennsylvania than in Ohio. In any case, however, a new statute of this sort is apt to be contested under the U.S. Supreme Court ruling re pre-release censorship.

Test case is pending in New York with "Lady Chatterly's Lover," which the censor has refused to pass without cuts. Case is seen possibly going to the Supreme Court, but there is the possibility that, should the lower court rule against the censor, the latter will accept the decision and license the film without appeal. This precludes a broad ruling on the legality of the New York statute per se.

Flowers For The Living Screen

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

Everybody worries today. Fears have familiar names. Change is epidemic. Dangers lurk all about. Problems multiply. But perspective can provide the motion picture industry with some reassuring thoughts, to wit:

Motion pictures are still one of the top six industries of the country. There are still over 14,000 hardtop theatres, and drive-ins multiply faster than television stations.

The automobile industry is far more precariously balanced between prosperity and disaster than pictures.

Any farmer has a worse margin for error.

Railroads are much more regulated by Government than films.

The waterfront is a reminder that, by contrast, the film industry has idyllic relations with union labor.

For all the threats and squeezes of 1956, films remained basically able to cope with the environment. There were no catastrophes and wholesale extinctions such as blighted magazine publishing.

No company producing films for theatres has more than a couple of dead-loss lemons on its shelves whereas television pilot films beyond salvage count into the hundreds.

Most film releases are subject to "adjustment" of terms when they disappoint but television sponsors are stuck with non-cancellable 39 and 52 week contracts.

When Loew's used up presidents, it was the exception. Compared to top administrator turnover at NBC, CBS, ABC, Mutual and DuMont, the film industry's leadership has been relatively stable.

Most of the superannuations in the film industry saw pioneers withdraw gracefully with their fortunes and prestige intact.

For all the hubbub of 1956, film censorship was at an all-time low. Film critics are more sympathetic and far less powerful than drama critics.

The evaporation of theatres in the land is distinctly less proportionately than the evaporation of daily newspapers.

Good pictures still almost always do good business.

6 Tent Rep Shows Survive in U.S.

(Over 300 Before Depression)

By NEIL SCHAFFNER

Winter Quarters
Sarasota, Fla.

A flourishing segment of the American Theatre, little known except in the corn and soy bean country, is the traveling tent repertoire show. Since 1855 companies of this nature have tramped each summer from May until October, up and down the Mississippi valley. Iowa, Illinois and Missouri have been their most fertile field, although they are still very popular in Kentucky and Tennessee.

During the 1920's there were over 300 of these groups, playing a well defined route each summer and where their annual visit was looked forward to eagerly by the people in the smaller towns. However the depression thinned their ranks until in the past summer there were only six still carrying on.

These six, without subsidization of any sort, attracted large crowds and finished the season well on the black side of the ledger. The shows operating in '56 were the Bisbee's Comedians in Kentucky and Ten-

nessee, Brunk's Comedians in Colorado, Maude Brooks Stock Co. in Wisconsin, Tilton's Comedians in Iowa, Sun's Players in Iowa, and the Schaffner Players in Iowa and Missouri.

Of all of these I believe it accurate to say the best known is the Schaffner Players. Under our ownership and management (Neil and Caroline Schaffner) this company has operated every summer for 31 years. We play one week in each of 19 towns, giving a different play each night. Early in May, each spring, our cast assembles at Wapello, Iowa, where we rehearse for two weeks. In those two weeks the company "gets up" in six plays, adding the seventh after opening.

Our tent theatre has a seating capacity of 1,600, a stage 60 by 21 feet in size. Two large truckloads of scenery are required to mount the plays. The electrical and electronic equipment is the equal of many of the large legitimate theatres. The outfit travels on six large trucks and with circus type efficiency this large portable theatre is erected in four hours and torn down in two so they can give a performance every night of the season.

We call our Schaffner show "America's Only Folk Theatre" because our plays are all written about the people in the communities in which we appear. Simple stories of every day happenings to ordinary midwestern people form the basis of all their plays. Thus, they have no direct competition. Truly an unique type of entertainment.

Our Schaffner Players actually have enjoyed much national attention and we've had feature stories in Holiday, Collier's, Harper's, Saturday Evening Post and such big town dailies as the New York Times and the San Francisco Chronicle. The Ford Foundation made a 35-minute film of our show which was telecast twice on "Omni-bus," and taken to Edinburgh, Scotland, where it won an award at the Festival.

Harry Novak Due in U.S., 1st Since New Cont'l Post

Columbia Pictures' continental chieftain Harry Novak is due over the end of this month for home-office huddles, his first since assuming the top spot following resignation of Nicholas P. Pery. Latter plans entering independent production.

Novak, who held a similar post with Universal, until John B. Spires succeeded him, was general European sales manager under Pery but, with the latter's own indie production horizons, Lacy W. Kastner, president of Col Picts International, gave Novak the general overall spot. He makes his headquarters in Paris.



PHYLLIS KIRK

BIG BUSINESS DRAMA?

*Metro Could Write Fully-Plotted Script
Based on Its Own Experiences
In 1956*

By HY HOLLINGER

Metro has been among the film companies taking dramatic notice of big business, per "Executive Suite" and "Patterns." And that thought occurs in connection with the Metro-Loew plot and sub-plot of 1956. Right in its own backyard the studio has the makings of a biopic against the tides, motives, colors, intrigues and career anxieties which are the stuff of modern big business.

All the ingredients for a dramatic film story are present—the effort of an "old guard" to maintain its position, the clamor of dissident stockholders, the threat of a proxy fight, the semi-mysterious moves of Wall Street banking groups, the search for a top executive, and the unseating and/or retirement of once-powerful moguls. All that is lacking is a romantic angle, but this could easily be written in by any member of the Screen Writers Guild.

The story would depict Loew's-Metro, yesterday's great hero, as the victim of a major change in the basic economics of the film industry. The old guard would be caught in the maelstrom of an evolutionary period, encompassing the post-war decline, the CinemaScope-wide-screen recovery, and the tv-saturated era. The saga would point up the shift in the modus operandi of the Hollywood studios—the depletion of the star rosters, the end of assembly-line production, the inauguration of percentage and participation deals, the introduction of the blockbuster era, the extinction of the all-powerful studio boss, and the rise of the independent producers.

Symbolizes Turmoil

The problems confronting Loew's-Metro at the close of 1956 dramatizes and epitomizes the state of the motion picture industry. As the industry's bellwether for several decades, Metro was generally regarded as being the film industry's equivalent of General Motors and U.S. Steel. That a firm of the stature of Loew's should be threatened by a proxy fight and harassed by a highly vocal group of dissident stockholders originally came as somewhat of a shock to the industry as a whole. In a sense, Metro's very "bigness" and its stock dispersal made it the most vulnerable. Wall Street banks, brokerage firms, foundations, and investment groups hold large blocks of shares. Only a small portion of the more than 5,000,000 outstanding shares are held by the management's key executives. For years Metro had the largest plant, the largest stable of "name" stars, the largest number and the highest paid executives in the business.

A key job with Loew's was regarded as an annuity. The company seldom fired staffers and it had the most generous pension plan in the industry. Its percentage of personnel boasting over 25 years of service was perhaps the largest in the industry.

Then came television, the shift to the suburbs, and other factors that led to the decrease of the b.o. take. Metro's earnings started to fall off and stockholders began to yelp. They complained about nepotism, the high salaries of the executives, the type of pictures the studio produced, and the settlements made with former production chief Louis B. Mayer and v.p. and general counsel J. Robert Rubin. The beefs started two years ago, heightened last year, and reached the crisis stage during 1956.

During 1956 Loew's-Metro underwent revolutionary changes in its top-echelon structure. After 28 years at the helm, Nicholas M. Schenck, one of the most powerful men in the industry, stepped down as operating chief—first moving "up" to chairman of the board, then honorary chairman, and then bowing out completely. Arthur M. Loew, son of founder Marcus Loew, reluctantly assumed the presidential post for an interim period.

Job Goes Begging

Loew, prexy of Loew's successful international subsidiary, made it clear that he was taking the job under pressure because the board had not been able to find another man for the job. After less than a year in office, Loew decided that he didn't want the position, and resigned from the post. A mad scramble followed to find a successor. So many top-rated executives were sounded out to assume the job, it became a trade wheeze. There were no takers, most of the execs having little stomach for the agonies involved in adjusting Loew's to its tomorrows.

As a result, Loew's board went into its own organization, selecting Joseph R. Vogel, who headed the company's formerly-affiliated theatre division. Vogel was faced with the tremendous task of introducing reforms that would placate the foes. His first gesture was the termination of the contract of production chief Dore Schary, a target of downtown critics. Schary was paid off, receiving approximately \$100,000 annually for a 10-year period. The settlement took cognizance of a clause in his contract which called for his non-exclusive services as a consultant for nine and half years.

No successor to Schary was named. Instead, Benjamin Thau, a veteran Metro executive, was named studio administrative chief. It was felt that there was no longer a need for a creative studio topper since the studio would depend on indie production units and specially-selected studio producers.

The drop in Metro's annual earnings, due to the poor showing of many of the company's films, raised a cry from Wall St. groups for the company to sell its valuable backlog to television. A dispute on the method of selling the pictures arose and resulted in the resignation from the board of Paul Mannheim of Lehman Bros. and Charles Stewart of Lazard Freres. Both representatives of important Wall St. houses had been invited on the board by Arthur M. Loew to placate dissident groups who had been sniping at the company a year ago. The Wall Streeters felt that the company should accept an offer of \$50,000,000 for an outright sale of the backlog in order to realize a capital gains deal. However, the management on the board favored company control of the backlog and decided to handle the release piecemeal via its own distribution system. Many important deals were made under this method and brought Loew's some tall coin in addition to interests in several tv stations.

At year's end, Loew's position was still vulnerable. The threat of a proxy fight became a reality when Joseph

Tomlinson, a Canadian millionaire claiming to control 250,000 shares, launched a proxy fight. Acting through his attorney, Ben Javits, brother of U.S. Senator Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.), Tomlinson sought the support of other dissidents and Wall Street groups. However, it appeared unlikely that the important and large Wall St. banks and brokerage firms would support Tomlinson's action.

In the first place, the prominent financial houses traditionally are opposed to proxy fights. Secondly, there appeared to be a reluctance to support Tomlinson's "vague" program. Acting against Tomlinson was his demand that Louis B. Mayer be brought back to supervise the company's production activities. In the eyes of many stockholders and Wall Streeters, Mayer's age and his settlement with the company, the latter a perennial stockholder beef, served to "discredit" the former production chief.

It is felt that many former dissidents, rather than joining Tomlinson, will rally to the support of Loew's. This turnabout is believed to be based on the feeling in Wall St. and among stockholders that Vogel, only in office 60 days, has already instituted drastic changes and that he is sincere in his efforts "to clean house." It has been made clear by Loew's spokesmen that Vogel will not be "sentimental" in ridding the company of its "dead wood."

The Feb. 28th stockholders meeting will be the most significant in Loew's history. At that time, it's expected that the future of the industry's once-most-important company will be decided. The exact nature of the moves to be taken by the dissidents and the Wall Streeters will come out into the open for the first time. Loew's management is confident that it can weather the storm and that the company is well on its way to recovery.

From A Usual Reliable Source . . .

By HY GARDNER

It was a most unusual evening. It was pouring—and the first empty cab I hailed, stopped. "A nice night for ducks, huh?" the hackie chortled. "Yeah," a recent victim of a duck hunt chortled back, "thanks for picking me up."



Hy Gardner

I want to go to NBC at 67th and Columbus. Go up 8th to Central Park West, turn left at 67th and when you see a big '4' that's us . . .

"Yiz is in television, no?" the man said. "Yes," the passenger said. "Well, let me tell you about that business," the driver whose identification card was upside down so you couldn't read his name unless you were Ernie Kovacs, said. "I'm yours for the next buck-sixty, so gab," I responded . . .

"First it ruined night business for we hackies. No late riders because they is sittin' home watchin' late movies with babes like Clara Bow, Arlena Judge or guys like Ben Turpin. The nightspots, unless they got a Schnozzola or a Joey Lewis, is deadern Campbells. Just get stiff. Ha. The late show moidered them. They should call those movies 'Moider Incorporated.' Dewey should go after them. (Hey, you jerk, waddyu think, you own this street? You only own downtown—I own uptown.) Ha, ha, pardon the interruption, bud—them private cars drive like everybody else is a Russian delegate . . .

"As I was sayin' when I was so rudely intrepid. Them old pictures is moiderers. I like that Steven Allen though. I'm sorry he and Sullivan are feudin'. If they keep feudin' maybe they'll both wind up on old movies . . .

"So now lemme give you some statistics. Want proof nobody goes out after dark any more? The Commerce Department of the United States shows more than eighteen million sets of pajamees were sold last year than last year. And sixteen million more nightgowns. They ain't for going to nightclubs, are they? (Oh, you're going to NBC, not Dumont. Sorry, I'll make an illegal you turn—who cares about cops?) . . .

"You want more proof? More babies are bein' born now than when we just had radio. It ain't bringin' back family life, teevee ain't, it's just makin' bigger families. You're in teevee. You know how it is with them giveaway gimmicks. They're all fixed. I can prove it. A hackie I know in my garage has been on so many of them he wears makeup to work. The guy's so dopey he made almost three g's since Spring playin' bright. Not that I'm envious. But the wife is buggerin' me. 'Are you a nitwit or a plain schmo,' she keeps sayin', 'you ain't on any of those programs. Maybe you oughta bone up on the illiteracy category. You'd be another Gino Prato in that.' Imagine her nerve. Well, what can you expect. She usta swoon when Pinkey Lee was on teevee . . .

"Now, let's get to the rating bit. We put in a party phone figgerin' one call from a quizmaster or a rating guy like Trend Dicks or Neil's son and we'd be neighborhood heroes. But nobody calls but wrong numbers and my mother-in-law. I guess they just call folks who have color sets tune in when the colors match their livin' rooms. Oh, you want to go to NBC, not CBS? Sorry. I got interested in my analysis and miscalculated.

"Have you asked yourself why they're selling so many tranquilizer pills? 'Cause dopes don't wanta even miss the commercials. This is just a rumor. But you know those Piel brothers. Boit and Harry? Well, I hear they ain't even second cousins. You know that couple, the Harts? Harry and whateverhenameis? They get everything, penguins, lamps, helicopters and furniture for smokin' those Raleigh coupons. Me? I smoke eighty packs of them coupons and you know what I get as a prize? I get a carton of Chesterfields. Ha, ha.

"Now we're getting close to our destination. Want more facts? Get cozy. The Department of Commerce says they sold fourteen million more pairs of bedroom slippers in '56 than in '55. They ain't for ballroom dancing, bud. See what I mean? Same with the chaise-lounges. Sold twice as many last year. That means people neck in homes, not in hallways or clubs or taverns—or cabs. Even baby-sitters are gettin' short of work. People are stayin' home . . .

"Is this the place you want? NBC at 67th and Columbus? It is? What! You don't want to go here after everything I've been through? What's that? It's too late? It's now 11:40 and you go on the air at 11:15? Why didn't you tell me that, mister, when I picked you up at the Trib at 10:30? I'da rushed like mad. You mean you want to go home now? For what? To watch the late show? Well, I guess that's life. When you're a hackie you get all kinds of crackpots in your cab."

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY

By HARRY KURNITZ

A couple of years ago I was seeking oblivion in the bars and cafes of Paris, drinking to forget a woman. (The Collector of Internal Revenue in our district, as it happens, was a female.) One morning found me at my favorite cafe toying with my eye-opener, a jigger of Murine served in an ophthalmoscope, idly watching the eddying flow of life along the boulevard and passing the time by piling up lumps of sugar. I was putting one of the last pieces in place when the noted producer-director, Howard Hawks, strolled by and paused for a closer look at my handiwork. "A Pyramid!" mused Hawks, a great idea obviously germinating. I was about to demolish the precarious structure when he grabbed my hand. "Don't do that," he warned. "There might be a movie in it!"

We were, all unwittingly, writing FADE IN to a great adventure. Shortly after this scene in the 8th arrondissement of Paris, we—by we I mean Mr. Hawks, William Faulkner, some 9,000 extras and myself—were toiling in the Egyptian desert near Aswan, working in nippy, exhilarating temperatures which only occasionally soared above 130 degrees Fahrenheit, making a film called "Land of the Pharaohs." I was still drinking, but I had sworn never to touch a lump of sugar again as long as I lived.

A lull in the work arose when our camels started toppling over, victims of heat prostration, and I decided to avail myself of the vast cultural experience of sightseeing in Egypt. In nearby Luxor is the Valley of the Kings, the Karnak Temple, the Avenue of the Rams, the Tomb of Tut-an-Kha-Nem, and many another fabled fragment of the glory and grandeur that was Egypt, but since cultural tastes differ so widely I took the next train to Cairo, where I had heard that King Farouk's collection of pornographic literature had been preserved intact in the Royal Palace.

The Palace, I learned, was presently tenanted by Gregory Ratoff and a movie company shooting "Abdullah's Harem," a fairly cultural experience in itself, but the Royal Library, lamentably, was Off Limits and closely guarded. It would be necessary, I was told, to have a pass signed by a high-ranking officer of the Egyptian Army, and since Thomas Cook & Co. had washed their hands of me earlier that day I was ready to abandon the expedition and fall back on some convenient mummified Kings.

But by this time a young actor named Sydney Chaplin had joined forces with me, and he was made of sterner stuff. "Man, I hear these are strictly gone books and they make Shakespeare look like shredded sponge cake. If we quit now, we'll never know. There's a cat with ribbons in an office down the hall. I'll brace him for a pass, even if we have to sit in the balcony."

Thus inspired, we went to an adjoining office, where we made our wants known to an Eaves Costume Co.-type uniformed officer. In the torrent of Arabic that followed I clearly caught the words, "get lost, crums," and it was on this note of failure that I gently closed the door. The name on the door was Col. Gamal Abdel Nasser.

Well, the rest is history. Sydney Chaplin is now enjoying vast success as Judy Holliday's leading man in "Bells Are Ringing," and Col. Nasser is doing his famous single, "Suez Stomp," though he is rumored to be studying the balalaika on the side. As for me, I never did see King Farouk's collection, but I have seen King Farouk, who is quite a collection.

Market-Place of Ideas

Continued from page 13

the states." (Gitlow v. New York, 268 U.S. 652, at 666 (1925).)

This decision made freedom of speech henceforth as safe from state governments under the Fourteenth Amendment as it is from the national government under the First. How safe is that? This is the main question you gentlemen have made up your minds to answer.

Yanks From Earliest Days Doted on 'Associations'

I should like to point out that discussion through organizations is one of the leading traditions of American life. We have always valued the possibility of freely forming associations for all sorts of purposes—religious, political, social, and economic. De Tocqueville commented on this a century ago:

"Americans of all ages, all conditions and all dispositions constantly form associations. They have not only commercial and manufacturing companies in which all take part, but associations of a thousand other kinds, religious, moral, serious, futile, extensive or restricted, enormous or diminutive. If it be proposed to advance some truth or to foster some feeling by the encouragement of a great example, they form a society."

"The most natural privilege of man next to the right of acting for himself is that of combining his exertions with those of his fellow creatures and of acting in common with them. I am therefore led to conclude that the right of association is almost as inalienable as the right of personal liberty. No legislator can attack it without impairing the very foundation of socie y."

If we look back over our national history, we see that many of the most significant political and social changes began with the efforts of some small informal group disliked by the ordinary run of citizens. The abolition of slavery grew out of Garrison's Anti-Slavery Society and similar associations. The 19th Amendment is the culmination of the activities of a few unpopular women in the middle of the last century. The popular election of Senators, the federal income tax, and several other reforms largely originated with the Grangers and the Populists. American political, social, and economic institutions have developed to a very large extent through the interaction of propagandist groups. . . .

There are many important public questions to be settled in this country today, on which honest and reasonable men differ and much can be said on both sides. They cannot be wisely decided unless opinion-forming organizations on one side are as free to present their views as are those on the other side.

A Show Biz Bibliography

(Indexed By Personality—The Actual Titles Follow)

Compiled by Robert Downing

(This is a representative list, by no means a COMPLETE roster. Only U. S. titles are included. In many instances there are several books about a single subject, but only one entry has been chosen in each case, whatever the merits of the other books. (M) indicates "Memoirs" against titles where this may not be clear. Books on playwriting, etc., while not strictly biographical, contain much revealing their authors in a biographical light. Abbreviations used to indicate various publishing firms keyed below.)

- ACE, Goodman. Book of Little Knowledge. S&S, '55
 ADAMS, Joey. From Gags to Riches.
 ADAMS, Maude. Ada Patterson. Meyer, '07
 ADE, George. Permanent Ade. Fred Kelly. BM, '47
 ALDRICH, Richard. Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A. Gr., '54
 ALLEN, Fred. Treadmill to Oblivion. LB, '54
 ALLEN, Gracie. I Love Her, That's Why! Geo. Burns. RH, '55
 ALLEN, Steve. The Funny Men. S&S, '56
 ANDERSON, John. Box Office. C & S, '29
 ANDERSON, John Murray. Out Without My Rubbers. LP, '54
 ANDERSON, Marian. My Lord, What a Morning. V., '56
 ARLISS, George. Up the Years From Bloomsbury. LB, '27
 ARNOLD, Edward. Lorenzo Goes to Hollywood. Liv., '40
 ATKINSON, Brooks. Broadway Scrapbook. TA, '47
 AVRIL, Jane. Jane Avril of the Moulin Rouge. Jose Shercliff. MS, '54
 BAKER, Geo. Pierce, and the American Theatre. W. P. Kinne. H, '54
 BARKER, Granville. C. B. Purdom. H., '56
 BALABAN, A. J. Continuous Performance. Carrie Balaban (wife). Put., '42
 BANCROFT, Mr. and Mrs. (M) Dut., '09
 BANKHEAD, Tallulah. Tallulah. Harp., '52
 BARNABEE, H. C. My Wanderings. Ch., '13
 BARNUM, P. T. Struggles & Triumphs. K., '27
 BARRYMORE, Ethel. Memories. Harp., '55
 BARRYMORE, John. Good Night, Sweet Prince. Gene Fowler. V., '44
 BARRYMORE, Lionel. We Barrymores. ACC, '51
 BEATON, Cecil. Photobiography. D, '51
 BEHN, Aphra. Purple Passage. Emily Hahn. D, '50
 BELASCO, David. Wm. Winter. MY, '18
 BENCHLEY, Robert. By Nathaniel Benchley. (son) McGraw, '55
 BERLE, Milton. Laughingly Yours. French, '39
 BERNHARDT, Sarah. Real Sarah Bernhardt. Berton & Woon. BL, '24
 BERNSTEIN, Aline. Actor's Daughter. K, '41
 BISHOP, David. Quaker Singer's Recollections. Mac., '20
 BOOTH Family. The Mad Booths of Maryland. Stanley Kimmel BM, '40
 BOOTH, Edwin. Darling of Misfortune. Richard Lockridge. C, '32
 BOOTH, John Wilkes. (B) Francis Wilson. HM, '29
 BRADNA, Fred. Big Top (M) S & S, '52
 BRADY, Wm. A. Showman (M) Dut., '37
 BRICE, Fanny. Fabulous Fanny. Norman Katkov. K, '53
 BROWN, Joe E. Laughter Is a Wonderful Thing (with Ralph Hancock). Earnes, '56
 BROWN, John Mason. Upstage. N, '30
 BRYANT, Billy. Children of Ol' Man River (M) Fur., '36
 BUNTLIN, Ned. Great Rascal. Jay Monaghan. LB, '52
 BURKE, Billie. With a Feather on My Nose. ACC, '49
 CAMPBELL, Mrs. Patrick. My Life & Some Letters. DM, '22
 CANTOR, Eddie. My Life Is in Your Hands. Harp., '28
 CARMICHAEL, Hoagy. Stardust Road (M) R, '46
 CARUSO, Enrico. Man of Naples & the Voice of Gold. T. R. Ybarra. HB, '53
 CASE, Frank. Tales of a Wayward Inn (M) St., '33
 CASSIDY, Claudia. Europe on the Aisle. RH, '54
 CASTLE, Vernon & Irene. Modern Dancing. Harp., '14
 CHAPLIN, Charlie. Theo. Huff. Schuman, '51
 CHAPMAN (Family). These Were Actors. Geo. Ford. LP, '55
 CHASE, Ilka. Past Imperfect. DD, '42
 CHEKHOV, Anton. David Magarshack. Grove, '55
 CHEKHOV, Michael. To the Actor. Harp., '52
 CHEVALIER, Maurice. Man in the Straw Hat. Cr., '49
 COCTEAU, Jean. Margaret Crosland. K., '56
 CODY, Wm. F. (Buffalo Bill). (Buffalo Bill & The Wild West. Sell & Weybright. Ox., '55
 COHAN, Geo. M. 20 Years on B'way. Harp., '25
 CLURMAN, Harold. Fervent Years. K, '45
 COLETTE, Margaret Crosland. BBC, '54
 CONDON, Eddie. Treasury of Jazz (with Richard Gehman). Dial, '56
 COOK, Geo. Cram. Road to the Temple. Susan Glaspell. St., '27
 COOPER, Courtney Riley. Under the Big Top. LB, '25
 CORNELL, Katharine. Curtain Going Up! Gladys Malvern. Mes., '43
 CRABTREE, Lotta. Troupers of the Goldcoast. Constance Rourke. HB, '28
 CRANE, Wm. H. Footprints & Echoes (M) Dut., '27
 CROSBY, Bing. Call Me Lucky. (With Peter Martin) S & S, '55
 COWARD, Noel. Present Indicative. DD, '37
 DALY, Arnold. B. H. Goldsmith. White, '27
 DALY, Augustin. Theatre of. Marvin Felheim. H., '56
 DAVIS, Owen. I'd Like to Do It Again. FR, '31
 DE ANGELIS, Jefferson. Vagabond Troupier. HB, '31
 DEBURA, Jules Janin. McB., '28
 DE MILLE, Agnes. Dance to the Piper. LB, '52
 DERWENT, Clarence. Derwent Story. Sch., '53
 DERRAL, Paul. Folies-Bergere (M) Dut., '55
 DIETRICH, Marlene. Blonde Venus. Leslie Frewin. Roy, '56
 DRAPER, Muriel. Music at Midnight. Harp., '29
 DRESSLER, Marie. My Own Story. LB, '34
 DRESSER, Paul. My Brother Paul. Theo. Dreiser. HJ, '19
 DREW, John. My Years on the Stage. Dut., '22
 DU MAURIER, Gerald. A Portrait. Daphne Du Maurier. DD, '35
 DUNCAN, Isadora. My Life. BL, '27
 DUNHAM, Katherine. Journey to Accompong (M) Ho., '46
 DUNLAP, Wm. Diary of N. Y. Hist. Soc., '30
 DURANTE, Jimmy. Schnozzola. Gene Fowler. V, '51
 DUSE, Eleanora. Wingless Victory. Frances Winwar. SC., '56
 DVORAK, Anton. Paul Stefan. Gr., '41
 EAGLES, Jeanne. Rain Girl. Edw. Doherty. MS, '30
 EISENSTEIN, Sergei. Marie Seton. Wyn, '52
 ENTERS, Angna. First Person Plural. Sta., '37
 FAIRBANKS, Douglas. 4th Musketeer. Ralph Hancock & Letitia Fairbanks. Ho., '53
 FELLOWS, Dexter. This Way to the Big Show (M) Hal., '36
 FERBER, Edna. A Peculiar Treasure (M) DD, '39
 FIELDS, Al G. Watch Yourself Go By. (M) Priv., '12
 FIELDS, Lew. Weber & Fields. Felix Isman. BL, '24
 FIELDS, W. C. Robt. L. Taylor. D, '49
 FISKE, Minnie Maddern. Mrs. Fiske. Alex. Woolcott. C, '17
 FITCH, Clyde, and His Letters. Montrose Moses. LB, '24
 FLAHERTY, Robt. The World of. Richard Griffith. LB, '53
 FLANAGAN, Hallie. Arena. (M) DSP, '40
 FOSTER, Stephen C. John T. Howard. Tudor, '43
 FOX, Wm. Upton Sinclair Presents Wm. Fox. Priv., '33
 FOY, Eddie. Clowning Through Life. Alvin Harlow. Dut., '28
 FRIEDE, Donald. Mechanical Angel (M). K, '48
 FROHMAN, Chas. Isaac Marcossion. Harp., '16
 FROHMAN, Dan. Encore. Fur., '37
 FRY, Christopher. An Experience of Critics. Ox., '52
 GAIGE, Crosby. Footlights & Highlights. Dut., '48
 GARBO, John Bainbridge. D, '55
 GARDEN, Mary. Her Story. S & S, '51
 GARDNER, Hy. Champagne Before Breakfast. Holt, '54
 GARRICK, David. Margaret Barton. Mac., '48
 GERSHWIN, Geo. Isaac Goldberg. S & S, '31
 GILBERT, Douglas. American Vaudeville. Wh., '40
 GILBERT, Wm. S. Isaac Goldberg. Stratford, '13
 GILLMORE, Margalo & Patricia Collinge. The B.O.W.S. HB, '45
 GISH, Lillian. Life and. Albert Bigelow Paine. Mac., '32
 GLEASON, Jackie. Golden Ham. Jim Bishop. S&S, '56
 GLYN, Elinor. Anthony Glyn (grandson) D, '55
 GOLDONI, Carlo. Memoirs. K, '26
 GOLDWYN, Sam. Great Goldwyn. Alva Johnston. RH, '37
 GOODWIN, Nat C. His Book. Badger, '14
 GORELIK, Mordecai. New Theatres for Old. French, '49
 GRANACH, Alex. There Goes an Actor (M). DD, '51
 GREEN, Abel. Spice of VARIETY. Ho., '52
 GREEN, Abel & Joe Laurie, Jr., Show Biz. Ho., '51
 GREEN, Martyn. Here's a How-de-do. (M) N., '52
 GREEN, Paul. Dramatic Heritage. French, '53
 GROSS, Ben. I Looked & I Listened. RH, '54
 GUITRY, Sacha. If Memory Serves. DD, '36
 GWYN, Nell. Lewis Melville. Doran, '24
 HAMMERSTEIN, Oscar I. Vincent Sheean. S&S, '56
 HAMMERSTEIN, Oscar 2nd. Some Enchanted Evenings. Deems Taylor. Harp., '53
 HAMMOND, Percy. But Is It Art? DP, '27
 HARDING, Alfred. Revolt of the Actors. Morrow, '29
 HARRIGAN, Edw., and Tony Hart. Merry Partners. E. Kahn, Jr. RH, '55
 HARRIS, Chas. K. After the Ball (M) FM, '26
 HART, Wm. S. My Life East & West. HM, '29
 HARVEY, Ruth. Curtain Time (M) HM, '49
 HAYDON, Julie. Every Dog Has Its Day. Rodd, '45
 HAYES, Helen. Letters to Mary. Catherine Hayes Brown. RH, '40
 HAYS, Will H. Memoirs. D, '55
 HECHT, Ben. Child of the Century. S & S, '54
 HELLINGER, Mark. His Story. Jim Bishop. ACC, '52
 HENDERSON, J. Y. Circus Doctor. LB, '51
 HICKS, Seymour. 24 Years of an Actor's Life. Lane, '11
 HOLLIDAY, Billie. Lady Sings the Blues (with Wm. Dufty). D., '56
 HOPE, Bob. Have Tux, Will Travel (with Pete Martin). S & S, '54
 HOPPER, De Wolf. Once a Clown Always a Clown. D, '27
 HOPPER, Hedda. From Under My Hat. D, '52
 HOPKINS, Arthur. Reference Point. French, '48
 HOUDINI, Harry. The Great Houdini. Beryl Williams & Samuel Epstein. Mes., '50
 HOUGHTON, Norris. But Not Forgotten. Sloane, '51
 HOYT, Harlowe R. Town Hall Tonight (M) PH, '55
 HURLBUT, Gladys. Next Week East Lynne! (M) Dut, '50
 HUOK, Sol. Impresario. With Ruth Goode. RH, '46
 HUTCHINSON (Family) Harps in the Wind. Carol Brink. Mac., '47
 IRVINE, Harry. An Actor's Job. Dut., '42
 IRVING, Henry. By Laurence Irving. Mac., '52
 IVES, Burl. Song Book. Ballantine, '53
 JAMES, Henry. Theatre & Friendship. Put., '32
 JANIS, Elsie. Big Show (M) Cosmo., '19
 JEFFERSON (Family) Good Troupers All. Gladys Malvern. MS, '45
 JEFFERSON, Joseph. Francis Wilson. Sc., '06
 JESSEL, George. This Way, Miss. Holt, '55
 JOLSON, Al. Mistah Jolson. Told to Alban Emley by Harry Jolson. House-Warren, '52
 JONES, Henry Arthur. Taking the Curtain Call. Mac., '30
 JONES, Margo. Theatre-in-the-Round. R, '51
 JONES, Robt. Edmond. Dramatic Imagination Thea. Arts, '41
 JONSON, Ben. of Westminster. Marchette Chute. Dut., '53
 JOYCE, Peggy Hopkins. Men, Marriage & Me. M, '30
 KARSAVINA, Tamara. Theatre Street (M) Dut., '31
 KEAN, Edmund. Giles Playfair. Dut., '39
 KELLY, Emmett. Clown. Beverly Kelley. PH, '54
 KELLY, Walter C. Of Me I Sing. Dial, '53
 KEMBLE, Fanny. Margaret Armstrong. Mac., '38
 KERR, Walter F. How Not to Write a Play. S & S, '55
 KITT, Eartha. Thursday's Child. DSP., '56
 KOFOED, Jack. Moon Over Miami. RH, '55
 KREYMBOURG, Alfred. Troubadour. (M) BL, '25
 KRONENBERGER, Louis. Company Manners. BM, '54
 LAEMMLE, Carl. John Drinkwater. Put., '31
 LANCHESTER, Elsa. Charles Laughton & I. HB, '38
 LANDIS, Carole. 4 Jills in a Jeep. (M) World, '44
 LANDRY, Robert J. This Fascinating Radio Business Bobbs-Merrill, '46
 LANGNER, Lawrence. Magic Curtain (M) Dut., '51
 LANGTRY, Lillie. The Days I Knew. Doran, '25
 LAUDER, Sir Harry. Minstrel in France. Hearst, '18
 LAUGHTON, Charles. Laughton Story. Kurst Singer. W, '54
 LAURIE, Joe Jr. Vaudeville. Ho., '53
 LAWRENCE, Gertrude. A Star Danced. DD, '45
 LEAVITT, M. B. 50 Years in Theatrical Management. B'way Pub., '12
 LE GALLIENNE, Eva. With a Quiet Heart. V., '53
 LEONARD, Eddie. What a Life, I'm Telling You. Priv., '34
 LEVANT, Oscar. Smattering of Ignorance. DD, '40
 LEWIS, Joe E. Joker is Wild. Art Cohn. RH, '55
 LINCOLN, Abraham. Mr. Lincoln Goes to the Theatre. Art Hemminger. Poor Richard, '41
 MACGOWAN, Kenneth. Primer of Playwriting. RH, '51
 MACKAYE, Steele. Epoch. Percy MacKaye (son). BL, '27
 MAETERLINCK, Maurice. Edw. Thomas. DM, '12
 MANSFIELD, Richard. Paul Wiltach. Sc., '08
 MARLOWE, Christopher. Muse's Darling. Chas. Norman. R., '46
 MARLOWE, Julia. Her Story. E. H. Sothorn (Husband) R., '54
 MARKS, Edw. B. They All Had Glamour (M). Mes., '44
 MARX Brothers. Kyle Crichton. D., '50
 MARX, Groucho. Life With Groucho. Arthur Marx (son). S & S, '54
 MASON, James & Pamela. (Favorite Cat Stories). Mes., '56
 MATA HARI. Maj. Thos. Coulson. Harp., '30
 MAUDE, Cyril. Lest I Forget. Sears, '28
 MAYER, Arthur L. Merely Colossal (M). S & S, '53
 MCCARTHY, Myles. Advance Agent (M). Excelsior, '08
 MCCLINTIC, Guthrie. Me & Kit. LB, '55
 MCCULLOUGH, John. Susie Clark. M & E, '05
 MCNEAL, Violet. 4 White Horses & A Brass Band. (M). D, '47
 MENJOU, Adolphe. It Took 9 Tailors. Whit., '48
 MENKEN, Adah Isaacs. Enchanting Rebel. Allen Lesser. Beech., '47
 MERMAN, Ethel. Who Could Ask For Anything More? D, '55
 MIDDLETON, Geo. These Things Are Mine. Mac., '47
 MILLER, Henry. Backstage With Frank Morse. Dut., '38
 MILLWARD, Jessie. Myself & Some Others. SM, '24
 MIZNER (Family). Legendary Mizners. Alva Johnston. FSJ, '53
 MODJESKA, Helena. Memories & Impressions. Mac., '10
 MOLIERE, Jean. Actor Named Moliere. Dussane. Sc., '37
 MOLNAR, Ferenc. Companion in Exile. Gaer, '50
 MONROE, Marilyn (Will Acting Spoil?). Pete Martin, D., '56
 MONTEZ, Lola. Magnificent Montez. Horace Wyndham. HC, '38
 MOREHOUSE, Ward. Just the Other Day. McGraw, '53
 MORLEY, Christopher. Seacoast of Bohemia (M). DD, '29

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Milk of Human Kindness Up At Saranac Lake

By HAPPY BENWAY

It all started about 1917-18 when the first unfortunate artist stricken with T.B. was sent to Saranac Lake for the cure. At that time he had to be sponsored by some one of the theatre. Among the first patients sent to Saranac for their health were Charlie Church, Van Clive (& His Mule), Harry & Charlie (Juggling) Barretts. They were sponsored by McIntyre & Heath. Many artists then came for the cure.

That was a long time before the NVA Sanatorium (now the Will Rogers Memorial Hospital) was built. Patients were placed in different nursing cottages and, at that time, were charges of the old NVA. To mention a few that cured here, some since passed on, were Joe Towel, Richy Craig Jr., Oscar Lorraine, Allie (& Smith) Bagley, Nellie Quigley, Ford Raymond, George (Joy Bros. & Gloom) Harmon, Ben Schaffer, Bobby Hatz, Dick Kuni, Harry Namba, Leonora Sisters, Gladys Palmer, Hazel Gladstone, Tommy (& Lawrence) Vicks, Sig Mealy, Madam Luzan Riane, Tootie Emerson, Mr. Ballantine, Eddie Vogt (& Hurst), Kitty Bernard, Forrest Glenn, Inez Liverpool, Dick Moore, George Powers, Johnny Lake, Isabelle Rook, Ruth Levy, Alice Dudley, Eddie Voss, George Nelville, Ethel Clouds, Francis X. Dongan, Dave (DDH) Hall, Gladys Bishop, Alice Carman, Al Pierce, Paul Edwards, Andrew Molony, Russ Kelly, Charlie Ward, Olga K. Limin, Mickey Walsh, Annamae Powers.

Now the unfortunates are taken care of by the Variety Clubs-Will Rogers Hospital. The welfare of the patients always rates top consideration from the executives. At the opening of the hospital in 1930, Pat Casey said in his opening speech, "If at any time we have been able to give one of these ailing showfolks one hour of real happiness I will feel that we have done our duty."

For the past 25 years the Will Rogers Hospital has been rated among the first 10 institutions of its kind. It hits a very high average with the cures, and an extra low one with mortalities.

The human milk of kindness has always been in existence and made possible by such stalwart humanitarians as Sime Silverman, William Morris, Pat Casey, Murray Weiss, Ned Shugrue, Chick Lewis, Abe Montague, Richard Walsh, and so many others. Trade Unions such as the IATSE, AGVA and AFM have donated many articles to entertain the patients, such as a jukebox with up-to-date records furnished by the leading record companies, headed by Manie Sacks, VARIETY, Billboard, Film Daily, Box Office, Sporting News are only a few of the trade papers that come to our reading room weekly; in fact the heart of show business always did many wonderful deeds for the ailing artists who are shut-ins at the Will Rogers Hospital.

The late William Morris founded the idea of building the NVA Hospital, which was opened for occupancy 27 years ago under the medical direction of Dr. Edgar Mayer. Sir Harry Lauder, Kate Smith, Ruth Etting, Belle Baker, Jack Pearl, Sophie Tucker, Eddie Cantor, Major Bowes are among the samaritans who gave their personal time for the welfare and happiness of the patients and, via the efforts Mayor A. B. (Tony) Anderson, manager of Schine's Pontiac Theatre, vaudeville shows played at the hospital weekly; also many traveling units were brought in.

Every Christmas is a highlight salute to the patients. Every one receives a personal gift that they ordered.

The hospital is now under the watchful eye of medical director Dr. George E. Wilson, assisted by Drs. Homer McCreary and Dr. D. M. Brumfiel, with Ruth Norman superintendent of nurses.

The Variety Clubs-Will Rogers Hospital stands erect on top of Spion Kop in Saranac Lake, surrounded by the Adirondack mountains' majestic glory. That's Saranac Lake, and for over 30 years the motto of this writer has always been,

"Write to those who are ill."

Is Conversation Dead?

By H. ALLEN SMITH

At a party in Beverly Hills one evening I witnessed Clifton Webb in a white funk. We were in the mansion of a celebrated movie actress and dinner had just been concluded. Mr. Webb drifted back into the settin' room and so did I and so did a young woman who, as I recall, was wearing pink hair. Mr. Webb seemed to be at peace with the world, having eaten a partridge or two, and then the young woman walked into a corner of the room and turned on a television set. I happened to be looking at Mr. Webb. His face turned white, his body went rigid, and he fastened a hand over his brow. Then he closed his eyes and gave tongue.



H. Allen Smith

"Turn . . . that . . . thing . . . off!" he ordered in the tones of a man suffering incredible agonies. "Turn . . . that . . . thing . . . off . . . or . . . I . . . leave . . . this . . . house . . . and . . . never-set-foot-in-it-again!"

The young woman heeled around and glared at Mr. Webb, and then clicked off the set. She walked back across the room visibly irritated and confronting the actor said: "Why don't you go somewhere and baby-sit?" After which she bounced out of the room. She was the wife of an eminent producer and hence fully qualified to speak harshly to an eminent actor.

When Mr. Webb regained a portion of his composure he tried to explain to me, half apologetically, that he considers television to be the greatest curse of the Twentieth Century—a project operated by morons for the edification of idiots. Mr. Webb said that sometimes in the presence of a television set that isn't even hooked up he grows queasy and gets the inside sweats.

Word of his intemperate outburst spread among the other guests and the remainder of the evening was spent in a general discussion of tv. Some people took his side while others defended television and there was much critical talk of this program and that. It was all quite unusual because I had never been to a Hollywood party at which anything other than motion pictures was discussed. (I take back that last statement—I've heard them talk about love).

The entire incident reminded me of how frequently I hear people say that television has annihilated the art of conversation. It has done no such thing; it has, in fact, enlivened and even intensified conversation. Standard party talk, during the last few years, goes something like this:

WIGNOBLE: "What you said about tossed salads makes me think of, well, last night I was watching Lucy, and Rickey was late for dinner, and so she . . ."

FOREPAUGH: "Lucy! Good Lord, Wig, don't tell me you waste your time on that tripe!"

WIGNOBLE: "Tripe! Why, you poor deluded soul. Tripe, you say? And you a Gleason fan! Don't deny it now, Chet. Your wife told me dynamite wouldn't get you out of the house on Saturday nights. Gleason! What a slob!"

FOREPAUGH: "Sometimes, Wig, I swear I feel a deep sense of pity for you. Somebody neglected your education. Gleason happens to have the best show on the air, the classiest show on the whole damn air."

WIGNOBLE: "Spare me! Please spare me! Anybody who goes for Gleason is a sadist and a lowbrow and has a warped sense of humor."

MRS. WIGNOBLE: "Now, Wig. Watch that temper. Please, Chet, don't get him started again on Lucy. I hear enough of it around the house. I simply can't stand that show. It's nothing on earth but just plain silly. Personally, I go for Sid Caesar. There's a performer. The other night he was on the train with the other two fellas and along came a drunk and Sid nudged Carl Reiner and then . . ."

MRS. FOREPAUGH: "Excuse me for butting in but I must say I don't go along with Chet. I think Gleason used to be funny, but somehow he doesn't wear well. I think it's cruel the way he treats Alice, downright cruel, and I've got enough cruelty of my own to put up with, and when he . . ."

FOREPAUGH: "Listen, Maude. If I've told you once I've told you a thousand times that Gleason is a reflection of the average man. Every husband gets as mad as Gleason, but most of us are cowards and won't let go with it the way he does. I mean all-out."

MRS. WIGNOBLE: "Well, I like that!"

FOREPAUGH: "Use your head, Winnie. Trouble with you is you're not consistent. You said yourself you like Caesar. He's always getting furious at his wife, grinding his teeth and screwing up that face. And what about Wig's dear Lucy and Rickey? All they do is fight, fight, fight. At least that's all they ever did the few times I've been forced to sit through their show."

WIGNOBLE: "But there's a big difference. It's all done in a sort of friendly atmosphere, more or less, and not like that maniac Gleason. He's like a raging rhinoceros. He's . . ."

* * *

This sort of talk can go on for hours and usually the dispute grows so warm that the company forgets to turn on the Ed Sullivan show (a project that had been agreed upon earlier, with Wignoble dissenting; he said he'd rather spend an hour in the dentist's chair than look five minutes at Sullivan).

Whenever I get involved in these little gatherings I make an effort to steer the conversation away from television and get it on some less contentious subject, such as politics or sex or religion. But somehow the talk always reverts to Gleason and Lucy and Caesar and Sullivan and the big giveaways with all their knowledgeable screwballs. I can't lick 'em so I join 'em. But I've long since decided that it's foolish to criticize personalities in tv. One man hates Herb Shriner while his next-door neighbor fairly worships the Hoosier. Neither will ever change his mind, so there's no use arguing with them.

The eternal whining and carping against tv personalities is a major phenomenon of our times and ought to be investigated by the psychologists. I don't know what they'll find out. My own opinion is that we have a strong tendency to criticize any and all entertainment that we get for free. I remember watching, years ago, the men

and machines working in the immense crater where Rockefeller Center would soon be built. Standing next to me were two other citizens and the three of us were looking at a steam-shovel gouging into the guck. The big scoop came down, set its teeth in the earth, then swung upward with its cargo.

"My God!" said one of the men next to me, "Th' dumb jerk missed that piece uh rock there! And he calls hisself a steam-shovel operator!"

That's the way it goes with a free show. As far as television is concerned, I think we'd all be happier if we'd try to adopt a positive attitude.

By the way, what ever happened to test patterns? They were very good.

Mother And The Bottle Dancer

By GYPSY ROSE LEE

There was an exciting flamboyance to 42d St. that early summer of 1931. Legitimate theatres were sandwiched between Hubert's Museum, hot dog stands and burlesque houses. Fred and Adele Astaire were starring in "The Band Wagon" at the New Amsterdam. "Private Lives" was laying next door to Minsky's Republic. The Eltinge Burlesque with a four-a-day grind policy faced "The House Beautiful" at the Apollo. Upstairs, a beauty salon advertised three items; Shampoo, Finger Wave and Manicure for \$1. The only sombre note was a man on the corner selling apples, but Mother and I had become used to seeing him.

With all the excitement, nothing, to Mother and me, was as attractive as my own name spelled out in lights. We lived at the Cameo Apts., above a Nedick's stand, and we could look out our window and see my name on Minsky's marquee across the street; "Ada Onion from Bermuda," starring Gypsy Rose Lee.

Minsky's productions matched the elegance of the marquee. There were four comics in the show, three straight men, two talking women, a boy singer, a prima donna, 12 dancers, 8 showgirls and 11 stripteasers.

The comics stayed on, as I did, week after week, but the stripteases came and went. Sometimes they went right during a performance. The turnover in strippers was surprising. Mother and I often wondered where they all came from.

That opening day I was on the platform alone. The new stripper, standing in the wings, was arguing with the stage manager. "Who the Hell is this Gypsy Rose Lee?" she screamed. "I never heard of her!"

Mother's ears were tuned for this sort of thing. Holding my lavender net costume in her hands she shook her head sympathetically. "She must be from out of town," she murmured.

The new striptease made her entrance and I watched with little interest until suddenly she stepped over the footlights onto the runway. "Mother!" I called out. "Come quick! She's going into the audience!"

"Mother came tearing out of the dressingroom and joined me on the platform. We always watched the new strippers on opening days; not just because we might learn something, but Mother had appointed herself the backstage censor. As she said, Billy Minsky couldn't be everywhere, and it seemed the moment he turned his back, someone was taking off their last pair of pants."

Bottle-and-Bows

The new striptease had done a dance with a bottle that was vulgar, but not enough to complain about. Now, as the orchestra played "Hifin' the Bottle," she was out on the runway pouring drinks from the bottle and coaxing the men in the audience to drink them. "She can't get away with that!" Mother said. "Billy Minsky promised me you'd do the only audience number!"

Kneeling down, the new striptease tied a red ribbon to a man's hair. "That's my ribbon trick," I cried. "How dare she steal that bit of business!" Mother and I watched, speechless, as the stripper planted a kiss on a bald man's head; another of my tricks. Mother's breath was coming in short gasps and I was afraid she was having an asthma attack.

Then, with a drum roll and a crash of cymbals the stripper streaked down the runway, and over the orchestra pit to the stage. With a swing of her arm, she whacked the bottle against the proscenium. It broke into jagged pieces, and from the remains she pulled out a live white squealing rat. Holding it up by the tail she swung it around in the air.

"Mother!" I gasped. "Did you see—?" but Mother was already on her way to Billy Minsky's office. In a few moments she was back, her lips set in a thin white line. "He wasn't there," she said. "But I fixed it anyway."

Mother and I didn't go out to dinner between shows that day. I was making a costume for Hindu Wassau and still had some sewing to do on it, so we were there, backstage, when the two strangers came in and asked to see the stage manager. Smiling mysteriously, Mother went down to meet them. I put on my kimono and followed her.

"Everyone's out to dinner," Mother was saying to the men, "is there anything I can do?"

Jonesy, the doorman was shaking his head at her, but Mother didn't seem to notice. "They want to see the white rat," he muttered. "I told them no one's here—" Strangers meant two things to Jonesy, both of them bad; police or censors. "We got no white rats here anyway."

"Why, of course we have," Mother said, leading the two strangers to the prop room. There, in a box with a wire mesh on top, were two white rats. One of the men removed the mesh and lifted out the littlest one. Bits of glass splinters fell from its fur. There were dried drops of blood around its eyes. The other stranger was examining the bottle with the false bottom. "Why are there two rats?" he asked. "My report says only one."

Jonesy shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "I guess it's a standby," he said nervously. "In case one of 'em dies or smothers or something—"

"Then you admit there's a possibility of the rat smothering!" the stranger dropped the rat back in the box and whipped a card from his pocket. "A.S.P.C.A.," he said. "We'll be back tonight. If we find that rat in the bottle we'll have you all up on a charge of cruelty to animals."

The bottle number was out of the show that night. So was the new striptease. Mother and I watched from the platform as she stormed across the stage, her costumes over her arm, her music clutched to her chest. "To Hell with it," she screamed, "I'm going back to Chicago!"

"I knew it," Mother said. "I knew she was from out-of-town."

'Cafe Ain't A Cafe Anymore': Schnoz

By ABEL GREEN

Next to music publisher Max Dreyfus, head of Chapell's, who has been a permanent guest of the Hotel Astor since its opening in 1904, Jimmy Durante has been perhaps the most consecutive and loyal resident of the famed Times Square hostelry, which only two years ago became part of the Sheraton chain, hence the new Sheraton Astor billing. The death last month of Frederick A. Muschenheim, co-founder with his late brother William C. Muschenheim of the hostelry, which the American-born Viscount William Waldorf Astor built for them, keyed Schnoz into a reminiscence of the then-and-now American nite life.

Enconed in a sixth floor suite, Durante utilized the passing of Muschenheim and Ernst Seute, longtime head-waiter and latterly a veepee of Luchow's restaurant on East 14th St., as milestones of the changing trends in almost everything.

While these were straight restaurant and hotel operators, famed more as bon vivants and greeters and glad-handers of the famed and the mass populace, Durante cites that even in the mass media of cabaret entertainment there was more warmth then, despite the parlous times and rigorous schedules, than today.

"True, working in the Copacabana or the Chez Paree (Chicago) or Las Vegas is working like a prima donna, but somehow people today are too show-hep. As such they're jaded."

Town Now Dead at 2 A.M.

"It was different in the 1920s. That was the heyday of nite life the country over. Why, at 4 a.m. they'd start going from one jernt to the other. Today, at 2 a.m. the town is dead, even in the hottest spot in town. And when you consider this is the greatest city in the world it's murder."

Durante observes that television changed even the habits of a lifetime for many people. "I don't care what bums were fighting at the American Legion stadium in Hollywood, everybody was there Friday nights. The baseball parks would be jammed with spenders. The spenders are still there but they've changed their habits. So they go to Florida or Vegas or come to the Copa or the Chez, but in the 1920s why nobody would start to go out before 11 o'clock. That was nite life. They'd first start to circulate at midnight. Now they're all home before midnight, too tired, or watching the late show or somethin'."

In tracing the evolution of nite life habits, Durante recalls that when he started in 1912 at the Alamo, in Harlem, he and the other piano players and entertainers would work on a raised platform in the center of the room. There was no dancing in cafes then.

Durante has a vivid memory of a Coney Island dump called Diamond Tony's "which had an all-fairy show, but when the cops ran the swishes out of Coney Island, Tony's went back to singing waiters." That's where he and Cantor would work for throw-money from 8 p.m. until 4 or 5 a.m.

"We had no hours. The only relief for the singing waiters was when the songpluggers would come in to plug one of their numbers, but otherwise it was 30 minutes on and 30 minutes off, to sell drinks, and it went on for hours and hours. If we went out for a smoke or to the powderroom the boss would wanna know what's-the-matter. Four singers went on rotating all night from 8 until daybreak, and Tony would get rich on nickel beer. He was afraid to raise it to 10c because it might chase his following away."

Looking Backward

Durante gets real lachrymose about the Golden Twenties as he recalls Van & Schenck, Texas Guinan, Harry Richman, Ted Lewis, Sophie Tucker, Gilda Gray, Doraldina, Vincent Lopez, Moss & Fontana, Dario & Diane, Ramon & Rosita, Tony DeMarco and whoever might be his partner then, Irene and Vernon Castle, Art Hickman, Paul Whiteman, Helen Morgan, the Yacht Club Boys, George Olsen, Chic Endor & Charlie Farrell, Irving Aaronson's Commanders, Fowler & Tamara, Harry Pilcer, Basil Durand, Justine Johnstone, Irene Bordoni, Ruby Keeler, the great Cotton Club shows with Ethel Waters, Florence Mills, Duke Ellington and others.

"Why we never opened the Club Durant, the Dover, or the Parody Club before 11 at night. We tried opening the Parody for an early dinner show it was as sad as today's supper shows are in most spots. The theatre bunch would first start to jam into the Ambassadors and Rendezvous (over the Winter Garden), or our spots, or the Lido, Reisenweber's, the Palais Royal, the Chateau Madrid or the Club Richman or Le Perroquet or Olsen's Club Chante, or the Chapeau Rouge or the 5 O'Clock Club or the Mayfair or any of these spots around midnight."

"But today there's so much free entertainment, why a kid of seven today knows more about show business and what's good and what's bad than I did at 18. They're much too show-wise—in fact they're wise in all respects."

"I ride in a cab and the driver tells, 'I wish so-and-so would get a new format, I'm getting tired of his stuff.' They know all about scripts and formats and sponsors and, above all, because they get so much of it, they're bored."

"Yet with all this sophistication, even the sophisticated rounders like Benchley, Charlie MacArthur, Gilbert Seldes, Sime, Gene Fowler, Jack Lait, Ben Hecht (who he mentioned specifically) have disappeared."

"When we used to sing 'Here Comes a Friend of Mine' whenever a 'right' guy walked into the joint we did it because they were friends. It was more intimate. We met 'em at Moore's, Billy LaHiff's, the Hunting Room of the Astor, the old Kickerbocker Grill." Durante cites only a few spots like Toots Shor's and the Stork as replacements.

"A cafe ain't a cafe any more. The atmosphere ain't what it used to be," he concludes. "The greatest spending era in America was in the 1920s and that's over. On the other hand, despite my feelings, I wouldn't like to see those Prohibition times and some of those characters come back again either! But mostly I'm talking from the performers' viewpoint—then things had more bounce and zest. The atmosphere of nite life was different. The great Schnozzola has spoken!"

On Humor, Ghost-Writers And Thankless Comics

By HARRY HERSHFIELD

Kipling's line: "I takes my fun where I finds it."

Bringing us to the comedian who mouths the words of a ghost-writer. Only contribution by some comics when they speak about the intelligence of their writers, is blaming them for the floperoo shows. Fine state of modern humor, when half of a comedian's performance consists of the razzing of his writers. Yet, the actor's defense is no different than the yarn of the fellow who was always having a brainstorm of ideas and bought a parrot instead of a tape-recording machine. His reasoning: "A parrot repeats everything perfectly and besides I have a pet, as well."



Harry Hershfield

he good repeater?" "He's perfect," replied the purchaser, "all night I spoke on all subjects and it repeated every word I said, but I don't like its attitude. Soon as it repeated what I spoke, it finished by saying: 'The opinions expressed by Mister Baumfeld are entirely his own!'"

Has been said, "One man's meat is another man's poison, and sometime called 'hash'." And there's plenty of 'hash' thrown at the public in the name of humor. It is not served as such, but that's what it becomes when dished out by a comic who cannot, and understandably so, get the genuine feel of the material handed him by another type of thinking. And his ghost-writers in turn haven't really managed to orient themselves to the property they have often stolen, no matter how much they call it "public domain."

From the original material, till it reaches the performer, you have the case of the three filchers sitting together in a train. Right opposite, sat a gentleman with a valuable diamond-pin in his tie. When the train entered a dark tunnel, here was the conversation between the three light-fingered chaps: "I'd like to have that diamond pin!" "I got it!" "You had it!" Definition of plagiarism: "Where the imitation always makes more money than the original." Have always maintained that Joe Miller actually lived, but not half as well as those who've lived off of him.

The stage is not the only form of human endeavor, where the credited, high-salaried ones, forget to offer thanks to those making their standing possible. Great correspondence, emanating from monumental halls of industry and signed by the president's name to letters he hasn't even read, is accepted in our present society. Speeches by leading candidates, propounding issues vital to our very lives, are stumbled over in the reading, having been seen for the first time, when handed to them on the platform. They are elected or defeated by the good or bad speeches written for them.

Know for a fact, of a certain well-known captain of industry, who had an able ghost-writer pen all his business letters and all he would do was to sign them. They were well-written and he gained much through this phony but efficient correspondence. One day his writer resigned and he hired another "ghost," who was told to present a sample letter. One was composed by the new writer. Boss looked it over, shook his head and said: "No, no—this is not up to my standard!"

Gagmen By the Dozen

Comedians are not satisfied with one "ghost"—they are hired almost like "wolf-packs," marauding the humor libraries of the world, then arrive with their prey at cabinet meetings, with the comedian, and lay their loot before him. Usually, the comedian recognizes some of the loot, maybe having heard some of the offered jokes and situation-scenes, used the night before.

It is a matter of record that a writer on a Hollywood lot copped a scene out of a preview picture in Glendale, incorporated the scene for a film he was working on, knowing his picture would be released to the public first and then putting the other film on the spot.

By all this I do not mean that all writers behind the scenes are ruthless pilferers. Far from it. Some of our best "ghosts" simply can make more money elevating others, than trying to use the material for themselves. Though Will Rogers opined "The minute you ain't yourself, you're in trouble," yet there are many who just can't be themselves. Their yens are satisfied by having their brain-children come to life through others.

Been theory for years that it is "better to be king-maker than king."

How many comedians today can deny that they have been made "tops" by their oft-abused writers. Have watched top comics, berating their writers to their patient, red faces, for their material offered. Then go on for the performance, hit it big and never apologize for his ranting at them before the show—still claiming that it's the way he "put it over," not the material, that got the applause.

This is our era of "idea" men and men with the right idea, of becoming only the headliners, at enormous fees, no matter how you diagnose it. Top performers know their strengths and weaknesses. They know with the heavy sponsor's money at their command, they will not have trouble getting the writers to make them look good, able and option-renewable. These same performers, depending on others' thinking, very rarely are caught off-guard, at public functions, by allowing themselves to be called upon and be made chumps by not being prepared by their missing writers.

Have witnessed famous comedians, at functions, who risked it by trying to ad lib their way through, often sorry spectacles. Have also heard noted comedians say this to an audience: "Sorry, but I haven't got my writers with me"—and the attendant laugh has taken them out of a tough, embarrassing situation. It's a novelty for them to be applauded for their honesty instead of their act.

Then again, I must argue against my own viewpoint, regarding the filching of material. Every generation must get something out of life. Just because something entertained our ancestors, must it cease there? Just because the dormant music of ancient masters is revived by some plagiarist, must we really condemn him, because he has brought to life again beautiful strains? Quality and

beauty and laughter is the property of the people at all times.

There is no statute of limitation on what's beneficial to mankind. The human is entitled to all the secrets of what has gone before his time and place.

I sum up, then, in appraising and praising the "ghost writers" in every form of worthy endeavor. It is not necessary to view the scenery backstage, to enjoy yourself viewing it from the front of the house. All mankind asks for is the finished product that makes for light and joy. Who used it before whom is of no consequence.

Again of Will Rogers, when he asked about the capabilities of a certain comedian and got this answer: "Oh, he is very corny!" "You mean he makes people laugh?," retorted the immortal one.

Inside Paradise

By HAL KANTER

Hollywood. The young man with the ancient eyes and the child's mouth, the body as loose, as unadorned and as unpredictable as a whip, awoke from the nightmare of poverty to find the brilliant sun of Fame suddenly burst in his eyes. His name was screamed across the land; gold and green and silver and chrome showered upon him; the agonizing discussions of family debts, the harrowing mornings of awakening to face dreaded days of pains uncounted, the indignities, the frustrations were all behind him now.



Hal Kanter

above all, the name.

It started with the records. One after another they zoomed to the bestseller lists; eight of them over a million. Then the television exposures: guest shots that decimated the opposition. Then personal appearances, where rabid thousands of squealing, shrieking, thundering, fainting, ticket-buying youngsters stormed the theatres and auditoriums and ball parks. Next the movie, a sudden burst of boxoffice bonanza that soared his stock to even more dizzying heights.

And around and around whirled the controversy: a barrage of polemics that served only to increase the appetite of his seemingly insatiable adherents. The newspapers, the magazines, the interviews thundered the pros and cons, as a result he grew. His likeness was affixed to postcards, pillowslips, banners and kerchiefs; he was moulded in clay and cast in bronze; he endorsed clothing and cosmetics, books and bric-a-brac; the money rolled in and nothing seemed capable of slowing it down much less stopping it.

In the eye of the hurricane the young man took it all with unnatural good grace and humility. Certainly he was enjoying himself: he was enjoying the himself he read about, the himself people stormed to see, the glamorous, exciting, romantic, soul-stirring himself that evoked a strange magic on audiences, whipping them into a frenzy of appreciation no entertainer in his time had been able to match.

But after a year, there were no more clothes to buy; there was no more good food to be wanted; there was no room for more Cadillacs or motorcycles; the home appliances were all bought and paid for; the future was assured; Mom and Dad had nothing left to desire, for they had all they could ever use. He even had the things manufactured "for the man who has everything."

Surely, his fans believed, he was to be envied. The electric excitement in Shreveport just before Christmas was occasioned not so much by the approach of the Yule as the return of the singer for a personal appearance. The whole town, in fact the entire Ark-La-Tex region was buzzing about the show at the Youth Center. The 9,000 tickets were snatched by panting purchasers days ago. Hundreds of the faithful lined up 10 hours before showtime.

The young man arrived in Shreveport under cover of night and was whisked to his hotel suite. He slept all day after the all-night drive from his home; he awoke in the late afternoon and breakfasted with two travelling companions.

Penalty of Fame

The lobby of the hotel had been swarming with camera-equipped hordes waiting for his brief flight to the auditorium; police had been detailed to keep order; one was posted at his door in the hallway. His name was being chanted in the streets three floors below. If only he'd appear at the window for a moment!

Now, the hours drag by for the young man. He reads a magazine, plays some records, chats with his travelling companions, looks over the newspapers, signs a few autographs for the hotel manager. Now it is time to dress. He takes his time, stretching out every movement to consume more minutes, to eat away the hour remaining.

On schedule, the assistant manager arrives with the two burly police who escort him to the waiting patrol car. Down the service elevator, through the kitchen, into the alley where the patrol car hums, poised for immediate flight.

Then the vault through the streets to the auditorium. Too fast to see even the once-familiar store windows, to watch the faces of the crowds, to savor the night smells of a Southern town on a Saturday night.

Another squad of police wait at the stage entrance of the auditorium, leaning heavily against the throng of fans straining for a glimpse of their hero. A shout goes up as the car wheels into view. It turns into screams, high-pitched, splitting the night air, beseeching, fanatic, as he leaps from the car and hurtles himself past clutching hands into the comparative safety of the auditorium. Window. "Thanks Be To God," etc.

Backstage there are milling scores who want to slap his back, shake his hand, "remember me" him. Then the reporters, the photographers, the disk jockeys with their tape-recorders, city officials, civic dignitaries, fan club presidents, business associates. Talk. Laugh. Shake. Smile. Pose. Answer. Listen. Stand. Sit. Walk. See. Sign. Hear. Acknowledge. Deny.

A nerve-shattering hour and then the moment to appear onstage. The introduction is drowned by the shout that

Feuding Showboaters

Halcyon Days When Capt. Price And
Capt. French Plied the Ohio and
Mississippi Rivers

By CAPT. BILLY BRYANT

Point Pleasant, W. Va.

In 1904 when VARIETY was not quite in its swaddling clothes and Dustin Farnum was appearing in "The Virginian," Maude Adams in "The Little Minister" and George M. Cohan in "Little Johnny Jones," there was a miscellaneous type of craft plying up and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers that was known as a "floating theatre." And true to the tradition of the theatre, even among the mosquito fleet of showboats of that old-fashioned period, there were two famous river showmen who tried their best to dominate the goose that laid the golden egg.

You wouldn't imagine anyone wanting a monopoly on 2,000 miles of inland waters from Pittsburgh to New Orleans when the principal stops such as Frazier's Bottom—Tobacco Landing—Gabb Town—and Cottonwood Point boasted only of a sycamore tree to tie a headline to; a path over the hill where cows came down to drink; and not a house in sight. Nevertheless, Capt. Price and Capt. French fought bitterly for this power of authority and their feud often resembled the old Klaw & Erlanger and Shuberts battle in New York for the supremacy of the legitimate theatre.

Capt. Price first appeared on the upper Ohio with a small shantyboat. He would stop at each river hamlet to purchase junk. He was a thrifty gent and resented paying cash for old rope, rubber and brass so he bought a tintype machine and took the customer's picture instead. It was a flourishing business and Capt. Price was a happy man. Then suddenly around the bend, with his long beard swaying in the breeze, came Capt. French. He was also on a shanty-boat and was buying junk. He was a sleight-of-hand artist and for a goodly amount of rags, bones and iron, he would do a few tricks, give you a song book and a piece of glassware. Thus began the river feud between Capt. Price and Capt. French that lasted throughout the years.

Better Entertainment Than Junk

They eventually discovered that it was more convenient and profitable to give an entertainment than it was to gather junk so they both discarded the latter and built themselves a showboat. Capt. Price named his boat "The Floating Opera." and Capt. French called his "The Sensation." Capt. French had a small cannon on the top of his showboat that he would shoot off to let the country people know that his boat had arrived. Capt. Price, not to be outdone, hired a six-piece band whose personnel wore everything in the parade from a sailor suit to an "Arabian Nights" costume.

In those days there were hundreds of miles of isolated territory that could only be reached by the showboat so Capt. Price and Capt. French prospered beyond their fondest dreams and soon had large modern floating theatres with a calliope and a steamboat to tow them up and down the river. In 1902 Capt. French built the "New Sensation," seating 1,000 people, and Capt. Price now owned four showboats, namely "The Water Queen," "New Era," "Columbia" and "The Greater New York." Capt. French later retired and sold his boat to his old competitor Capt. Price who at last fulfilled a lifelong ambition and became The "King of the Show Boats."

Nothing has ever equaled the simplicity of a river audience. The country people would drive into town in their jolt wagons at four o'clock in the afternoon and patiently wait for the evening serenade of the steam calliope, then they would come aboard at night never once asking for a drink of water or any other necessity. After the performance they would drive back home again singing and laughing climaxing the end of a perfect day. Nowadays when they come aboard the first thing they ask is "Where's the rest room." "Do you have a ginmill or any beer on ice?" and when you tell them the show will start in five minutes the man will yell, "Five minutes? Kay-Rist, we can't wait that long! Come on Maude, let's go!"

goes up at the merest hint he is next on the bill. The shrill, deafening, roof-lifting screams continue.

For 25 minutes he sings, he works. For 25 minutes an exhibition of public mass hysteria stuns an observer caught in the tidal wave of adoration surging up from 9,000 people, up over the wall of police flanking the stage, up over the floodlights, to the performer and beyond him, lifting him to frenzied heights of response.

Then the closing number, the final chord no one can hear for the cheers, the sobs, the piercing orgiastic screams of the mass. He throws aside his guitar and races for the wings, the invariable (by now) race for life itself, for in a second, that herd of humanity will come raging toward him to envelope him, to tear him to tatters in a lather of love.

The rear door of the auditorium flies open and the young man, dripping wet, dives headlong into the back seat of the patrol car. The door slams.

Back in the alley, more cops whisk the young man through the kitchen, into the service elevator and up to his floor. En route along the hall, other police join the entourage to form a bodyguard. Not a moment too soon.

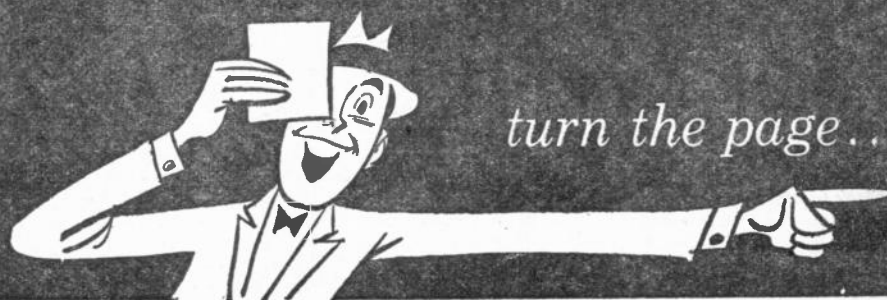
Inside the room, the young man falls exhausted on his bed.

Slowly he peels off his shirt, wipes his back with a towel. He stares at the ceiling in silence.

Now he has a decision to make. He'll take his time about making it, because it's the only thing left he has to do tonight: the only thing left he can do. He can't go out for a walk. He can't go drop dimes in a jukebox and drum his fingers on an oilclothed tabletop. He can't press his nose against the windows of haberdasheries. He can't take the top down on any of the Cadillacs and cruise in the moonlight. He can't ask a girl to dance or share a coke with him. He can't do any of the things he'd really like to do. He has to stay in that hotel room, a prisoner until early morning when he can escape again.

The night stretches ahead, long and bleak. There is only one decision to make: what will he order for dinner?

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HELEN HAYES**

ANASTASIA

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CINEMASCOPE



with AKIM TAMIROFF • MARTITA HUNT • FELIX AYLNER

PRODUCED BY

DIRECTED BY

SCREENPLAY BY

BUDDY ADLER • ANATOLE LITVAK • ARTHUR LAURENTS

A cast of stars in Broadway's smash comedy hit!
OH MEN! OH WOMEN!

CINEMASCOPE COLOR by DE LUXE

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NUNNALLY JOHNSON



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 OF JESSE JAMES**

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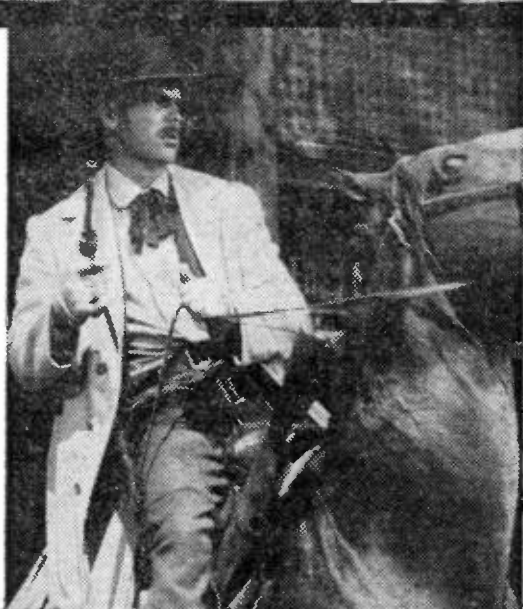
starring

ROBERT WAGNER • JEFFREY HUNTER • HOPE LANGE

Produced by
HERBERT B. SWOPE, Jr.

Directed by
NICHOLAS RAY

Screenplay by
WALTER NEWMAN



The story that had to win the Pulitzer Prize!
THREE BRAVE MEN

CINEMASCOPE

starring

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Produced by
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Directed and Written for the Screen by
PHILIP DUNNE



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THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT

CINEMASCOPE COLOR by DE LUXE

starring

TOM EWELL • JAYNE MANSFIELD • EDMOND O'BRIEN

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Screenplay by
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 OKLAHOMA!**

CINEMASCOPE Color by TECHNICOLOR

Produced by
ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR.

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SONYA LEVIEN and WILLIAM LUDWIG



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Who Called Brooklyn Brachycephalic?

Further Final Fulminations From Flatbush

By JO RANSON

I'm downright annoyed with the supercilious snobs who gander me with arched eyebrows when I tell them I live in Brooklyn.

The next guy who makes a feeble crack about Brooklyn being the Castro Convertible of Manhattan will get a smack in the snout, but pronto, from this former member of the press now turned WMGM praise agent.

"I always get lost when I'm forced to go to Brooklyn," the sneering, anti-Brooklynites declare.

I have the determined feeling, after listening to their dopey tales of traffic woe, that my beloved borough of Brooklyn consists of lost and straying Manhattan men-about-town who were invited to a gymkhana in Greenpoint, or bar mitzvah in Bensonhurst, but never managed to arrive at their destination. They want me to believe that they are like mice in a maze scurrying for an exit they will never find. Oh for a native guide in coonskin cap with musket, they sigh. They insist that Brooklynites wear buckskin shirts and the sound of coyotes is heard on Flatbush Avenue.

These characters give me to understand that no matter how careful the directions to Brooklyn are outlined, for some unfathomable reason, they wind up in Gerriens Beach when their appointments call for them to be in Gravesend.

"You can shove your Broadway, (yes, there is a Broadway,) Brooklyn, into the East River," the cashmere-garbed cruds always say. "We'll take Broadway, New York, any time."

Irwin Shaw, the able fictioneer and dramatist, maintains that Brooklyn is foully maligned. Shaw, Brooklyn patriot that he is, once wrote that "He who generalizes about Brooklyn is a brave man, for the inhabitants are proud, pugnacious, and touchy, and can find the needle of a slur in a haystack of print."

That's yours truly all over, sir! I'm the mugg who bristles when Brooklyn is maligned. I'm on the constant defensive about my town and, I repeat, here and now, that the next Brooklyn disparager who crosses my path will get bopped on the noggin' with a large Dr. Brown Celery Tonic or a Good Health seltzer bottle.

Giant Fans

Not so long ago, we got wind of a story about a lug from the Bronx who went up to a cop and sought directions to Canarsie. "Do you want to go to Brooklyn?" the cop

said. "No," he replied, "I have to." This is a dirty canard, a colossal fabrication spread by disappointed Giant fans.

Two major events of importance occurred recently. One, Marilyn Monroe Miller, the actress, displaying considerable sensitivity and perception, confided to an interviewer that when she retires, she'll move to Brooklyn because she loves its streets, its people and the beautiful view. Two, Marianne Moore, described so accurately by T. S. Eliot as the "most accomplished poetess in the English-speaking world today," and living in Brooklyn, wrote an ode to the Brooklyn Dodgers on the eve of the 1956 World Series with the smug-smogged Yankees. Can the residents of New York and Bronx counties make such eloquent claims? Emphatically no!

My personal well-being is constantly ruffled by those chromium-plated cashmere-bedecked characters from across the bridge. They would have me believe that Brooklyn is over run with dolts, dopes and demoniacal Dodger devotees and that its entire population is completely lacking in taste. True, once upon a time the city of cemeteries suffered sterility, but this is no longer the case. Like the blooming Italian Renaissance, Brooklyn is returning to its proper place in the noon day sun and there is rejoicing in the bars and coffee houses throughout the borough.

Thoity Boids On Coib

Gag or no gag, the guy who founded the Society for the Prevention of Disparaging Remarks about Brooklyn, has a fresh appreciation of my borough's place in the scheme of things. I'm utterly and unequivocally convinced that only an educated man can appreciate the rare qualities of this, my native land.

I swear from here to Ebbets Field that I never heard a Brooklyn-born citizen say "pernt" for point, "jerrnt" for joint, "erl" for oil, "poil" for pearl, and "soicus" for circus, nor did any resident of Canarsie or Greenpoint utter this alleged phonetic lulu: "I saw thoity boids sittin' on the coib." Perhaps they speak that way in Greenwich Village or Murray Hill, but never in Brooklyn.

How do Brooklynites sound off? I'll tell you in a jiffy. The other day two stalwart members of the Brooklyn Division of the Department of Sanitation were in the arduous process of collecting garbage on Campus Road near Brook-

lyn College when I distinctly overheard one say, "How did you get the black eye?"

The garbage collector, with the beautiful shiner, said simply and clearly: "Hers is a nature that brooks no interference." Then I distinctly heard him say something about the dame's oral regression to infancy and a lot of other Freudian utterances, the likes of which you can hear nearly every day among the white wings, not to mention the frayed white collar toilers in my much-abused home town.

If some of my lantzmen on the metropolitan dailies would please sit down at their battered No. 5 Underwoods and clobber the radio, television and night clubs comics for their inane wheezes about Brooklyn, civic matters would improve a great deal. Simultaneously, the quality of show biz would zoom immeasurably.

Texas Vs. Brooklyn

Moreover, it is definitely not true that Texas has supplanted Brooklyn as the boff getter of the day. Several daily gazette scribes are of the off-the-cuff opinion that Texas is now in the next-to-closing spot as laugh getter and that Brooklyn has been relegated to the deuce spot and, on occasion, dumb act billing. Stanley Walker, the former urbane city editor of the New York Herald Tribune and now a Texas resident, proclaimed recently that his rich and sprawling Texas "has become the most cackinnagenic . . . of the American states."

I rise with considerable haste to differ with Mr. Walker. The mere mention of Brooklyn on any radio or television studio-originated quiz show or man-in-the-street or woman-in-the-street spectacle continues to produce yaks and boffs much louder than the atomic explosions on Yucca Flats. Any laugh meter will prove conclusively that a jape about Brooklyn, no matter how idiotic, will instantly generate more guffaws than an allegedly funny crack about the State of Texas. I fervently wish it were true what Mr. Walker says about Texas, but unfortunately Brooklyn is in the lead and, alas, destined to maintain this dubious position until something drastic happens. Perhaps if Brooklyn were to win another World Series or secede from New York City, then, and only then, might Texas become the darling of the comics.

My old radio columning colleague, Jimmy Cannon, once observed: "Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn. I'm sick of hearing it. The way they talk you think it was a whole country with an army and a king or something."

Jimmy uttered a Gowanus mouthful. Brooklynites are a proud, imperious people who want no more drooling lip from the so-called comical creeps who infest the Manhattan woodwork. And that goes double in spades for blundering Bronxites, too.

My sophisticated sign-off to those disdainful New Yorkers is "vert farblunjet" but never in Brooklyn.

TOWN KEEPS B.O. TAX

Exhib Calls It Sales Impost Exempting Merchants

So. Boston, Va.

Town officials here have refused to remove a local amusement admissions tax, requested several times in recent months by officials of the Halifax Theatre there.

The admissions tax of two cents on adults and one cent on children has been repeatedly attacked by officials of Neighborhood Theaters, a Richmond concern that owns and operates the local theatre.

At a meeting of Town Council earlier this month Morton G. Thalhimer, Jr., an official of Neighborhood Theaters, called the admissions tax "a sales tax not levied against other merchants here and therefore discriminatory." He requested that the tax be rescinded and said it would greatly help what he termed "our rapidly declining theatre business."

Council previously lowered the theatre's license tax by 20c per \$100 gross income. However, the Council's finance committee voted not to remove the admissions tax.

OPEN LETTER TO A CLOSED WOUND

By FRANK SCULLY

Memo To:
Dr. Brown,
Dr. Black,
Dr. Purple,
Dr. Cerise,
Et. Al.

As there is a psychiatrist among you (no names please, and don't touch the microphone!) perhaps one of you can explain to others, and possibly to me, a dream that has been lousing up my nights for two weeks.

I am in a swank hotel. I want to put up for a few nights.

"Something about \$45?" the clerk asks.

"No, about \$4.50."

"Sorry, but the least expensive room we have is \$22 a day and that's for two in a room."

"I'm alone."

"Well, we'll find a stranger to move in with you. That will require a deposit of \$75 in advance."

I dig up a check for the equivalent of a week's wages. The clerk moves a registration sheet toward me. It turns out to be a blank check which I am asked to sign in addition to the \$75 advance. It contains a lot of unilateral contractual obligations which obviously were written by his lawyer after no consultation with mine.

In Color, Maybe?

I soon find that all sorts of caprices on the staff are being added to my bill. Obviously, judging from the pictures they took of me, they have mistaken me for Rita Hayworth returning to Columbia Pictures. Everybody wants some. The service charges on these photographs are pretty fantastic. Some of them run as high as \$17.50 a picture in addition to the picture, which in itself runs to \$12 a print. Altogether they run to an amazing total. Something like \$200 for a week's stay.

In one of these nightmares when things looked pretty black I asked the manager for a laundry list—which is a good thing to ask for when things look black. He didn't have one handy, but he managed to find one when he came to making up my total bill. I suspect he feared that if he showed me what he was planning to charge for these things I would have packed my bag, told him to forget the whole thing, and slept in a nice dry ditch.

Then the characters in the nightmare changed. Every few minutes bell hops carrying stethoscopes instead of keychains were hopping in and out of the room, asking questions and otherwise disturbing the rest I had come for. Some of them insisted on sticking foreign bodies into my orifices. They thought they were friendly fingers but all they did to me was to stir up a nice quiet old chronic condition which came in the first place from sitting through too many of those three and four hour pix.

Then I woke up and remembered I had not been in a hotel but a new medical center, an ultra-modern chop house, seemingly run by friends of Eastman Kodak and IBM. I had gone into the place to see if we could solve an increasing sciatic condition in my right stump. It wasn't long before we got further and further away from that and by the time I got out of the place one week later, I was slapped with bills running around \$500, and not one bit wiser about how to keep a recurrent screaming sciatic rhumba from preventing me from earning a living—for myself, a wife, five children, one dog and a cat.

I had hardly returned home when added bills began pouring in. These were no nightmares. These were day-to-day realities. If they are all in by now, I suppose I should be grateful for the reticence shown by some of the specialists involved in this bewildering experiment.

Deductions For Entertainment

I understand that I was a very entertaining patient. Thus if there were any equity in this issue I'd be paid \$100 a day. That is to say, I'd be getting \$600, and a faceless corporation, known as the Regents of the University of Isotope, would be getting about \$500. This way I'd be having \$100 for my pains. In brief, I'd be a guinea pig that made good.

In the unilateral contract I am informed that the University of Isotope Hospital, is "a non-profit, charitable institution." As I am a charitable institution myself, but claim no apathy toward the profit system, I think their willingness to settle this whole thing by sending \$100 should satisfy all of us.

The hospital assumption is that a patient who hasn't money must be willing to submit his person to be thumped by medical students, quizzed as if he were an enemy of the republic, and asked to repeat his story ad nauseum. They seem never to have read the biblical admonition not to use vain repetitions as the gentiles do. But this hospital made you pay through the nose as well as taking all the thumping at all hours by medical students.

Through the years I have been quizzed many times by groups, usually reporters, but if they came in at all sorts of hours, even after sleeping hours, they would be told to wait for the next press conference. Such a procedure I wouldn't have minded in the hospital because I'm not unsocial, nor an introvert, and realize interns have to live and learn.

In fact, "Cross My Heart," a story of my short life out of bed, or at least the first 40 years of it, gives detailed accounts of the but-fetings I have taken by doctors who were doing their best. On Pages 99 and 101 you'll read of my raising \$50,000 for a hospital while I was a patient. This place was not without gratitude, however. They refused to give me a final bill and told me there never would be a bill for me at that hospital.

Not to have the point missed entirely, the reason I accepted an invitation to have friends look me over, was not to survive, since I was doing that in a desultory fashion anyway, but to reduce the amount of pain I was enduring. All anybody gave me in the way of medication was the suggestion that I drink 12 glasses of water a day. I shan't name him lest he get on some drug house's boycott list.

It is pretty difficult in a brief like this not to appear brusque, and that's the last thing I want to do. I know I have friends at Isotope Medical Center and I am certain that they would be my friends whether they were at Isotope or not. I am grateful to them. My grievance stems from the suspicion that the business cart has got before the professional horse in the art of healing. I don't know anybody in the front office, except for a busy little girl who is so busy it took her two hours to admit me. The part of Isotope is a faceless organization with two telephone numbers. Patients and doctors, on the other hand, are people.

Sign Here—Pay Later

I signed a release when under pain, which is a sort of duress, that I would absolve "the Regents of the University of Isotope and Hospital from any and all liability for the negligent or wrongful acts or omissions of its employees." The best I can claim now is that I wasn't in my right mind at the time.

But since I did sign it, I can't even ask that at least one day be knocked off the total bill because an X-Ray technician gave me a swig of barium at the start of the series of pictures instead of at the end and then, to cover his boner, gave me another swig at the finish. As a result the Portland Cement Company held residence in my intestines so that it took four enemas and two doses of castor oil (on succeeding nights) to get rid of the stuff so that the urologist could see what he was looking for, and it wasn't barium. It made me stay longer than was planned. Wouldn't you think the front office would drop that day from its charges?

Well we keep building bigger hospitals and keep filling them with bigger troubles and all I'd like to add in conclusion is that if you can't call this whole thing off, as I have already paid \$189.50, how would you like to settle for autographed sets of Fun In Bed, Behind the Flying Saucers and Cross My Heart? These of course are books that I don't get for nothing either. But in offering them to you, for free, it shows that I too am desperately trying to end my days, literally, as "a non-profit, charitable institution."

British Films In The U.S.

[AS VIEWED BY A BRITISH M. P.]

(During 1956 a great deal of space was given to what Americans thought of British films, and what British interests thought of the treatment they got in the States. The following letter from a Member of Parliament may suggest some of the skepticism of London observers.—Ed.)

House of Commons,
London, S.W. 1

Editor, VARIETY:

Thank you for sending me a reprint of your notes on "what we oughta know" about British films in the United States. You ask for my comments. Here they are:

Of course I accept it all. I'm also prepared to believe that there's no prejudice against Jews in New York, and that the colored man is welcomed by the South African Government. I can almost visualize the American exhibitors in agitated conference over their shortcomings in the distribution of British films. I can almost hear them crying—but perhaps I'm wrong as I think they're far too tough for that.

To be more serious, of course, it's true that there's no desperate anxiety in the States to see a powerful British film production industry; Hollywood's having too hard a time to welcome growing rivals. So all the baloney is trotted out: British accents are unacceptable, despite the fact that there are a large number of British actors in Hollywood films. The stories are too localized, despite

the broad human interest of many of our subjects, and despite their playing time in road showings. I have even heard the old one resurrected—that films cannot be made here because the weather's too bad. I'm told that film men in the States mutter this to each other confidently from time to time.

It's about time that these prejudices were thrown overboard and United States exhibitors made some effort to give British films a chance. Our dollar deficit is still very high—our trade balance is getting worse. I should have thought that the American industry would have had some thought for its valuable market here. It won't remain as big as it is unless there's some reciprocity.

I know that there are difficulties, but the plain truth is that if the American industry wanted British films they would be on circuit bookings and taking money. No amount of indignant protestation will erase this fact. Films are international business, and I think it's high time that the United States gave up the idea of imagining that they can sell but never buy.

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

Dissent With Consent Decree

Virtues in Blockbooking and the Incentive to New Faces, New Ideas—TV Not To Blame
Altogether—Traditional Showmanship and Statesmanship of the Picture
Business Seems Gone Out-the-Window—Vet Showman's Analysis

By ARTHUR L. MAYER

A few days ago I was reading a magazine article. "The motion picture business," it said, "is in a bad way. The theatres are losing money. The fault lies partially with the exhibitor because he stays in a rut but—the primary responsibility rests upon the producer because he is not producing enough good pictures. Unless he does so, the movie business cannot hope long to endure." That article appeared in Photoplay Magazine in its issue of October 1918.

All through our existence we have been plagued with similar predictions of our imminent demise. A few years ago, for instance, there appeared in Life a piece reading in part as follows: "Looking ahead it's easy to see the decaying hulks of the studios standing empty in the misty sun, the props scattered and broken, the swimming pools overgrown with weeds, the great homes shuttered and stripped of every belonging in a series of desperate public auctions and here and there among the ruins the bleaching bones of some \$4,000-a-week executive, who incredulous to the last, died miserably of malnutrition of body and of ego."

We were rescued from this dire fate, by the courage and tenacity of one indomitable man. Spyros Skouras disinterred a gadget, disregarded for over 30 years, christened it CinemaScope and converted it into a magic "Robe" on which we temporarily floated to stratospheric boxoffice heights. In other words, crises are nothing new to us. For 60 years we have lived precariously with panics and prosperity and somehow—by the grace of God, certainly not by our own wisdom—we have survived both of them. We stumbled into the star system, into full-length features, into sound—all against the opposition of our best minds. Certainly ours is the most fabulous business in the world; no other could have survived the errors, the chicanery, the personal vendettas that have dotted our hysterical, histrionic history.

But the fact that we have survived past emergencies does not necessarily imply that we will be equally fortunate in the future. Many well entrenched businesses—ladies' corsets for instance—have disappeared, or so I am told. There is no dispensation from Sinai that the movies will move forward forever. All we have a right to expect is that our welfare will be commensurate with our wisdom, that we will be as successful as we are serviceable to the American people.

What terrifies me as I survey the current scene, is not that we are playing to only 40 million patrons weekly, less than 50% of what we averaged in 1946, although available spending power is today six times greater. It is not that two-thirds of our pictures are failing to return their negative costs in the United States and Canada, or that 5,000 theatres have closed and 8,000 are teetering on the brink, as Mr. Dulles would put it. My major concern is that we are confronting our present emergency with so little indication of statesmanship among our leaders, so much rancor within our ranks.

It reminds me of the occasion when Mike Curtiz saw one of my Rialto Theatre horror shows. "It made," he is reputed to have remarked, "the hair stand up on the edge of my seat." When I observe what is currently going on in the movie industry, the hair stands up all over my anatomy. We wash our dirty linen in the press and before Congressional committees. Exhibitor spokesmen seriously urge further Government intervention in our business. In the face of declining receipts, distributors insist on higher film rentals. Talk about "killing the goose that laid the golden egg" We are geese who lay one egg after another!

There is a tendency to blame all

of our troubles on television. If, as the networks claim, 130 billion hours are spent annually by men and women hugging their consoles (instead of their consorts) they unquestionably represent a lot of bodies reposing on living-room armchairs that were formerly parked in theatre seats. But why are they there? Why were we, in spite of the obvious advantages of a large screen, the absence of advertising inserted every 15 minutes, the relaxation of getting away from the home phone and the kiddies so singularly vulnerable to TV?

I suggest that the villain of the piece is the Consent Decree in the Paramount case. I believe that had there been no tv, that decision would nonetheless have plunged us into chaos, and that if by some dispensation tv was to disappear tomorrow, we would still continue to be in dire economic straits until the Decree is alleviated, relaxed or rescinded.

Under its terms our producers were compelled to divest themselves of their theatre holdings at the very time the theatres, all of them, big and small, circuit and independent, most urgently required their support. No longer was the producer under compulsion, because of his investment in a limited number of houses, to furnish a continuous flow of product to all houses. As a consequence, the number of pictures released by the major companies collapsed from 320 in 1951 to 215 in 1955.

To maintain their revenues and to keep their stockholders happy the producers divorced of theatre obligations, are now propelled to sell their old films to tv. They are in the anomalous position of supplying product to one medium which gives it away, in competition with another medium which has to sell it. This is indeed a magnificent method for liquidating a business, but it is no way to maintain a going concern.

Back in the old days, there was in spite of all the recriminations a substantial degree of loyalty between distributors and exhibitors. By and large the same theatre was served by the same company year

in and year out, and that theatre had every reason to publicize and build up the stars and starlets of the company which served it so that their boxoffice potentialities would constantly grow and flourish. But loyalty has today been legally prohibited. Every picture must be sold to the highest bidder and the distributor, understandably eager to keep out of further litigation, interprets the highest bidder to be the theatre that offers what appears like the most money or the best terms. Under this insane dispensation time after time the top picture is booked into the bottom theatre, not the best located, best operated, most modern house, but the oldest and dingiest, the one with the lowest overhead as well as the lowest public esteem.

Miscarriage of Justice?

The Courts have even carried the sorry reasoning of the Decree one step further, and drive-in theatres, even if they operate only part of the year, can now outbid the well-established, first-run theatres for the cream of the product. The fly-by-night, or rather fly-by-summer operator, has equal buying rights with the exhibitor who keeps our industry going 12 months in the year.

Is there any wonder under this legalized reward for inefficiency that a large percentage of our theatres are dilapidated, uninviting and under-managed. Great operators like O'Donnell, Wilby, Fabian and Rhoden have not suddenly become morons or misers. They are only obeying the inexorable economic laws set into motion by the ill considered provisions of the Decree. TV could fade on the airwaves tomorrow and the habit of regular theatre attendance would not return until theatregoing becomes once more an event in the family life, until theatres become what they were once—bright beacons of the American dream of superlative comfort, beauty and service.

Along with its other provisions, the Decree abolished blockbooking which enabled the exhibitor to buy his picture requirements at the

outset of the season and to publicize them well in advance. Although the learned judges were not aware of it, blockbooking had great merits, not only as an inexpensive method of distributing product but also because it stimulated the production of a substantial number of experimental pictures; pictures using new themes, new faces, new authors, new directors; pictures by their nature almost impossible to sell individually and which the average exhibitor only accepted because he had to do so to obtain the smash boxoffice attractions.

When the major companies were deprived of blockbooking they inevitably turned to a different kind of block—"blockbusters." They concentrated their attention not on the intensely risky but essential process of developing new stories and new stars, but on buying successful books and plays and reinforcing them with celebrated names, regardless of the ravages of time and temperament. Inevitably the price of books, plays and stars vaulted to unprecedented heights. Today it costs the industry, according to Y. Frank Freeman, 50 million dollars more per year to make 22 fewer pictures than it made 15 years ago.

In the endless effort to obtain high r grosses to keep up with these mounting costs, some home-office genius conceived that Idiot's Delight—the 90-10-10 formula—which deliberately puts a premium on indifference and indolence—a formula which creates a profit whether the theatre manager stays on the job or drives his Cadillac to Miami. I am mindful of Dick Rowland's crack when Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin formed United Artists: "The lunatics have taken over the asylum." Today if you are looking for old fashioned showmanship, the exploitation for which we once were famous, you must turn to the super-market and the auto dealer, not to the theatre.

To help the independent exhibitor the Court ordered picture availability to be greatly expanded. Far from helping him, it has only

contributed to his tribulations. All over the country picturegoers are complaining that the same feature is playing every theatre in their vicinity. We are losing, according to Al Sindlinger, 10 to 15 million dollars per week because of this system of multiple day-and-date showings. TV may be execrable but at least in most communities, there are a few channels offering some opportunity for selection.

A Few Who Ignored 'Rules'

For the past five years, I have been assured by the experts that fewer films had to be produced because there was no longer any demand for B's. Yet in the same five years, United Artists was forging to the front apparently not handicapped by some 48 pictures a year, most of them politely described as "nervous A's." Universal has gone on making money with approximately 30 pictures annually, the bulk of them modest budget films. Twentieth Century Fox, which by 1954 had cut its releases down to 29 films, now suddenly reverses gears and announces for the next 12 months over 50 pictures, 24 of them Westerns, action stories, or science fiction.

But the switcheroo is not confined to mere movie moguls. The Department of Justice has apparently given at least a yellow light to ABC Paramount to produce pictures. In other words, theatre circuits can become producers, but producers cannot own theatres. Daniel Boone once returned to his home in Kentucky after a six months' trip to the wilderness. "Were you ever lost?" a friend asked him. "No, I was never lost," he replied, "I just didn't know where I was most of the time!"

None of us exhibitors, producers, distributors, attorney - generals, least of all eminent jurists, seems to know where we are—except that we are going down a dark and dangerous road. If it is to lead us back to prosperity we must regain our faith in ourselves and in American institutions; in the readiness of the Department of Justice to revise Consent Decrees in other industries, when it was demonstrated that they were functioning disastrously; in the responsiveness of our political leaders to public pressure as in the tidelands oil cases where the Congress overruled the Supreme Court; in the Supreme Court's capacity to even reverse the Supreme Court, as in the segregation issue where segregation approved 60 years ago was in the light of humanitarian progress and world opinion held unconstitutional.

But we cannot afford to wait 60 years. Personally I do not expect to be around quite that long, and without relief the industry, at least as we have known it, may not be. We need courage and intelligence, and fortunately we have them both within our ranks. When COMPO started its recent tax campaign the skeptics said it was hopeless. But grassroots exhibitors (not to mention some big shot ones) and public spirited publicists worked together and the impossible proved possible. Thank God we live in a free economy where nothing is static; in a democracy where nothing—not even a Consent Decree—is irretrievable.

Cohen-Finkelstein Buy 1,000-Car Bowl, N. Haven

New Haven.

Seymour Levine, builder and operator of the 1,000-car Bowl Drive-in, sold the ozoner last week to the Cinema Circuit Corp., headed by Max A. Cohen and Mark I. Finkelstein. Deal was consummated through Berk & Krumgold, theatre brokers.

Cinema Circuit, which operates a chain in the N. Y. metropolitan area, plans extensive rebuilding of the Bowl to substantially increase its capacity.



GEORGE SIDNEY

Outstanding Hollywood director, who recently organized his own production company for Columbia Pictures, currently is shooting "JEANNE EAGLES" and preparing "PAL JOEY." His latest release is the highly successful "THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY."

The Man In The Title Role

**Protecting American Prudery (and the Plot)
By Translating Unpassable Foreign Dialog**

By HERMAN G. WEINBERG

The camera came in close-up to reveal the beautiful Viviane Romance in all her glory in an extreme décolleté as Carmen, then stopped. Just as the audience was about to see what God had wrought in His munificence, a title flashed on the screen. Pandemonium broke loose—laughter, whistles, stamping and cat-calls. That was obviously the wrong time for a title, despite the dialog of scabrous French let loose by the gal whom Winchell once described as "making Jane Russell look like Lena the Hyena." Well, it was bosom or plot—they couldn't have both. I cite this as one of the many typical problems that confront the title-writer whose job it is to translate the dialog in foreign films.

Call titling a "necessary evil," if you wish. I've heard it called all sorts of things, some of them unprintable (but not as unprintable as some of the things I've heard about dubbing). By the time I had refined (I hope that's the word!) my method so that the amount of original dialog left untitled approached the vanishing point, the first rapture of enthusiasm for the foreign film had worn off. Business, in short, was putrid.

I remember once standing in the back of an all but empty house with the discouraged distributor of the foreign film then being shown, titled to the nines by me (and a job of which I was really proud), and the unhappy man said, "Never was so much read by so few!"

Myrtle Took French

You can divide people many ways, viz., those who walk with their feet out and those who walk with their feet straight; those who can't be bothered reading (if they can read) and those who like to read (or, at least, don't mind reading). But everybody has the capacity to talk or listen—there's no special distinction in that. Any illiterate can do it. Reading is something else—and reading while trying to watch the action in a film is even something else again. I once heard it compared to the way the eyes shift from side to side watching a tennis match, only here they shift up and down. Still, among passive spectator sports, watching titled foreign movies today holds its own with the best of them. The good ones are very popular, indeed; so much so, in fact, that from now on the Academy awards will officially recognize them and make one of its major awards every year to the best foreign film.

Let the cartoonists have their fun with the titled film, such as the one the Times ran some years ago in its Sunday magazine, showing a couple on the screen, with the man saying fervently, "Depuis le jour... a Paris, tous les deux... O, fuyez, douce image... oui, Carmen, je t'aime..." and the title on the bottom of the screen reading: "I like you very much." Or the one the Herald-Tribune ran in its Sunday magazine later in which a man, embracing a woman, is translated via the title as "Be mine, my beloved!" and one girl spectator, watching the film, says to her girl friend, "Myrtle took French and she knows what he really is saying!"

Well, I hope I'm funnier than that when my titles call for humor, especially if I've got a good script to work with, let's say one by Pagnol, Henri Jeanson, Zuckmayer, Sacha Guitry or Zavattini.

As far as Myrtle in the Herald-Tribune cartoon is concerned there are, of course, the censors to contend with. Time, custom and the mores of our society have prescribed certain expressions (at least in English, even when the censors permit the original language to remain—doubtless on the theory that anyone who understands a foreign language is too far gone to save or beyond corruption). When the gangster in *Rififi* looks with awe at the dazzling haul of stolen jewels before him, he utters the single word, "Merde!" What would Myrtle have had the title say at that point? Better no title at all—and let the intonation do it.

Motivated by Polonius' dictum,

"by indirections find directions out," I invariably attempt not to betray the veracity and potency of the original, nor to bypass it, if at all possible. The English language is rich and racy and there are Anglo-Saxon equivalents for just about everything that the especially colorful Mediterranean languages can come up with. Take the Brazilian film, "Canagaceiro" where a girl says to a bandit who has her captive, "Sen amarelo sem vergonha! Cara de mamão macho! Filho de mula sem cabeça!" She's real mad, alright. This came out via my title as: "Why, you disgusting yellow-bellied, papaya-faced son of a headless mule!"

Can't Say That!

Once I tried to get away with a proscribed expression that confounded an English critic reviewing the film. It was C. A. Lejeune, writing in the London Observer, reviewing "Shoe Shine." After praising the film she commented on the titles, closing with, "It took me quite a long time, for instance, to discover what was meant by the curious word, 'sonofa...'" as a term of abuse, used in one of the titles. And I didn't like it any better when I discovered that it was not one word but three.

"La Strada" is full of earthy talk that pulls no punches in the titles and the British Zampanò has been permitted to answer Gelsomina's "Ma chi è?" (But who is he?) with "Un bastardo, figlio di una zingara, ecco!" (A bastard spawn of a gypsy, that's who!)

We've come a long way from the days of "Joan of Lorraine," the Ingrid Bergman picture, when the historical name of the Bastard of Orleans had to be changed to the Dastard of Orleans. I think we've made considerable progress from the even later days when I wasn't permitted the use of the word, "concubine," in a title (in the Swedish "Miss Julie") because one (woman) censor said its accepted meaning was that of a white woman living in sin with a Chinese—a forbidden reference, obviously, no matter how Strindberg used it, and no matter that there was no Chinese in "Miss Julie."

One of my favorite titles, in the French *Le Rosier de Mme. Husson* (the *Deschamps-Fernandel* version) had a virgin defined, by one of the village elders, as "... where the hand of man has never, never set foot."



ALAN YOUNG

Direction, WM. MORRIS AGENCY

YANKS HITTING 1956 BERLIN GUEST BOOK

Berlin.

In 1956, West Berlin saw an unusually large contingent of American theatrical personalities and ensembles. Here they are, tactfully arranged in alphabetical order:

Marian Anderson
Lil Armstrong
Chet Baker
Allen Barker
Count Basie Orchestra
Curtis Bernhardt
Sidney Bechet Orchestra
Alexander Brailowski
Gary Cooper
Linda Christian
Robert Cummings
Miles Davis
Jack Diamond
Fisk Jubilee Singers
Jakob Gimpel
Paulette Goddard
Harlem Globetrotters
Edith Head
William Holden
"Holiday On Ice"
Bob Hope
Lionel Hampton Orchestra
Harvard U. Glee Club
Jazz at the Philharmonic (Norman Granz Unit: Ella Fitzgerald, Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, Flip Phillips, Illinois Jacquet, Gene Krupa, Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Herb Ellis)
Hayes Alan Jenkins
Ralph Jester
Stan Kenton Orchestra
Paul Kohner
Henry Koster
Heidi Krall
Fritz Lang
Francis Lederer
Modern Jazz Quartet (John Lewis, Milton Jackson, Percy Heath, Conny Kay)
New York City Ballet
Kid Ory Orchestra
Reginald Owen (Moral Re-Armament)
Bud Powell
Dick Powell
Edmund Purdom
Otto Preminger
Gottfried Reinhardt
Walter Reisch
Erich Maria Remarque
Robert Shaw Choral
George Seaton
Robert Siodmak
Igor Strawinsky
Lester Young
William Warfield
John Wayne
Carl Zuckmayer

From Garret to Exurbia

By JOHN ROEBURT

There's this fellow—Saxon, call him Joel Saxon. A Success Story. Of a kind, anyhow. I first met him in '32, and I feel about Saxon like you feel about an old Class Picture. Warmth, and a deep nostalgia. And curiosity, too: the sort of curiosity you have about your first sweetheart. Where did she go, and how did later life treat her, and so forth.



John Roeburt

In Saxon's case, as I've already suggested, Life showered favors. Money, applause, security. Meet Saxon today, and you like him right off. He's open, affable, unaffected, and a temperate social drinker. Looks thirtyish but that's principally because of the striped bow-tie and not the rejuvenating powers of wealth. Actually, Saxon's a step or two past 40.

But to get down to it: Saxon's a writer. A freelancer. What the Internal Revenue Bureau likes to call an Independent Contractor. If a word can describe a career, versatile is the word for Saxon. His stuff spills into every channel of writing. None of it too great, but none of it so mediocre. Saxon's done a book (20,000 sold), and he's done a play (39 performances). He has a short story in one of Whit Burnett's Anthologies of "The Best..." He holds four total screenplay credits (he can make it five any time he likes). What Saxon has against further screenwriting is the California weather. The sunshine makes him lethargic; he has an absolute biological need for the changing seasons of the east.

And so, the bulk of his output, and prodigious it is, feeds into the New York radio and television networks. Mostly Little People stories these, with no more point, and no less point, than Life itself. Like about the Bowery Bum who always wanted to own a full dress suit. "Prince For A Day"; a typical Saxon teleplay title (1,400 viewers wrote in demanding a reprise). A well-told yarn, very economical in dialog. Saxon knows how to write a story that doesn't talk you to death.

Saxon also has facility with that

golden vein of writing that numbs and unnerves. Febrile, spine-knotting stuff. Highly imaginative, incredibly inventive. Who can forget the story about the declassé motion picture director who slept the night in a satin-lined coffin? A yarn that stood Saxon head and shoulders with Poe and Ambrose Bierce. Along Agency Row anyhow, where it counts.

So much for versatility. Now a few words in passing about Saxon's pace and speed. He gets it written, without noticeable self-destruction or digestive imbalance. More often than not, conception and execution of a radio or television story is fitted into two or three working days. Phenomenal, sure. But it's so, on my oath.

Time For Hobbies

That kind of production speed creates enormous areas of spare-time, for Saxon to indulge his hobby interests. Which he does. He's a Collector. Avid, yes; but withal modest, without fetishism or mania. His ruling interests are African Art, First Editions, and 19th Century American Paintings. The lack of logical relationship between these three groups doesn't concern Saxon. That's if he's ever bothered to consider it. The basement floor of his private-owned home is decorated with Saxon's antiques and acquisitions. The housemaid is forbidden the freedom of the basement. Mrs. Saxon personally wields the duster and generally tends the treasures. Mrs. Saxon has been heard to refer to herself as the Curator of the Saxon Museum.

Anyhow, collecting and hobbying gives Saxon that distraction writers want. If it is not a virtue, at least it's a vice far less than sin. Saxon's a husband, and not a philanderer. Nor is he a libertine, never once.

* * *

When I first met Saxon, there was no foreshadowing of the Saxon of today. Mine own myopia, or was it that Saxon was a man of secret depth, too-subtle for my too-literal grasp? Our friendship began, and blossomed apace, in Saxon's own flat. A garret in Bohemia this, \$12 a month, a four-story walkup, in the shadow of the old 9th Avenue "El." Cold-water and unheated, but there was a huge floor-to-ceiling fireplace. And for the inner warmth without which young writers cannot endure, there was Stella. Midnight hair, and great round eyes, and the merest nose. Stella asked nothing more than Swinburne and illusion. And everybody, myself most of all, envied Saxon his curvaceous and complaisant Stella.

And there were books, walls of books. Begged and borrowed, gathered from the 4th Avenue bookstalls, stolen from the public libraries. Books with great and portentous titles; Politics and Science, Literature and Art. It was as if Saxon hungered for the culture of the wide universe, and hoped to contain it within the 22 in. by 36 in. boundaries of his garret.

As I write this, I mistily remember titles in Saxon's library. Some only, not the many. There was "Irish Literature," "The Pickwick Papers," "Swann's Way," "Celine's Journey Into the Night," "The Decline of Western Civilization," "Penguin Island." And books by Lafcadio Hearn and Henri Barbusse, by Keyserling and Kafka, Thorsten Veblen, Stendahl, and Andre Gide. And "The Oregon Trail," "Kim," "Moby Dick" and "Travels on a Donkey." Adventure classics, these last, man bursting at his bonds, and I remember believing they truly reflected Saxon. His iconoclasm and fierce bohemianism, his ecstasy for Life, and the grand assault on Dogma.

And there was talk far into the dawn. Great talk that demolished old concepts and raised new ones, while Stella packed old newspapers and grocers bags into the flagging fire. While Stella scavenged the icebox for crusts of roquefort and slivers of Italian salami. The wine, chianti at 39c a whole quart, some-

(Continued on page 66)

Asiatics Producing More Features

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

The 1956 Karlovy Vary (Carlsbad that was) Film Festival in Czechoslovakia presented an opportunity to survey filmmaking in Asia while remaining in Europe.

Japan stood out. This is a country producing upwards of 300 features annually and dominated by six companies, Shochiku, Toho, Daii, Shin Toho, Toei, Nikkatsu. The combined gross income of the six is about \$40,000,000. This is extracted from some 5,000 cinemas and leaves but 1% of the industry total for the small independents which specialize in "realistic and social" features.

During the gathering at Karlovy Vary the Japanese initiated dealings with the Communistic states.

An average film costs about \$100,000 to make and up to \$500,000 for specs. with shooting time from one to three months. C-Scope has been installed in about 800 houses. Two recent decrees cut show time to 2½ hours, thus eliminating double features—a further blow to indie producers.

Red China's Situation

Red China has had a filmmaking spurt with three studios now operating in Shanghai, Peking and Chungking. Yearly production is still small, with 24 features last year and 36 this, but is being expanded. Red China has 1,000 regular film houses and 6,000 touring 16m and 35m setups. Equipment is now being bought from Czechoslovakia, England, France, America and Japan. Despite the foregoing, yearly attendance is a phenomenal 980,000,000—claimed—at about an average 20 cent tab.

Red China imports some 50 films annually from Mexico, England (from whom they recently bought "The Pickwick Papers" and "Hamlet" which will both be dubbed), India, Denmark, Indonesia, Italy, West Germany. They would be prepared to import U.S. films under the cryptic policy remark of the delegate at Karlovy Vary "If they suited our needs."

It's asserted that "censorship's" main rule is that films should not contain propaganda against any country, and should extol better relations between

men and women. When asked how this applied to a Chinese film showing in Europe which showed Nationalist soldiers wearing U.S. equipment and being brutal, the Red China rep replied that this was a known fact and therefore did not break the rule of inter-country respect.

An average Chinese film costs about \$50,000 and the wages of artists and workers make up about 60% of the cost. Workers make about \$2,500 on a film and a percentage plan is soon to be instituted to give a greater incentive to creative people involved in filmmaking. Financing is done by a State bank which gives loans and when it is fully paid back by film returns knows that the job is being done. Some film houses are still privately owned but slowly being assimilated by the governmental group.

Indonesian Growth

Indonesia is now up to 45 features per year, with four big companies, and expecting to hit 100 in 1957. The U.S., which gives 55% of the big import need, may be cut down as protective measures are envisaged to aid the growing industry. Country has about 1,100 theatres which import 96% of their needs. All companies are now going in for shorts and documentaries with State help to one company, the Perusaahan.

Indonesian features average about \$70,000 to make and they seem to be heavy melodramas with one outlined as the story of a blind girl who regains her eyesight and is met with the realization that her husband is a horrible invalid. For a country that first started production in 1950 it has picked up techniques and business acumen rapidly.

India makes about 250 films a year with most in Hindustani and the rest in other dialects and lingos. There are 3,500 film houses there plus many touring setups. About 30% of the imported films are American and English.

Also beginning to produce films are Korea, Mongolia and Vietnam.



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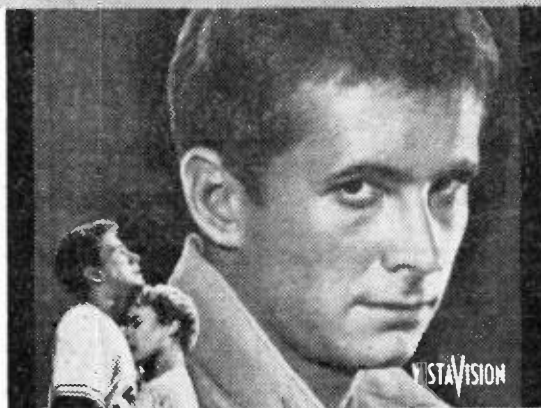
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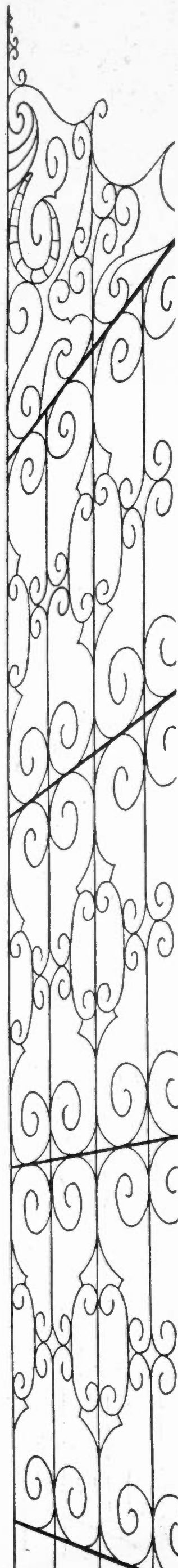
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RAYMOND MASSEY IN
OMAR KHAYYAM
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Written by BARRÉ LYNDON • TECHNICOLOR®



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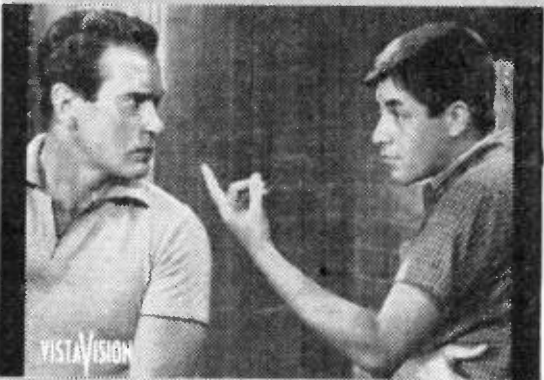
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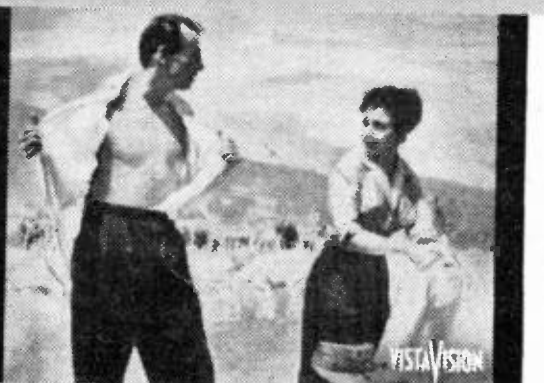
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Shaw's Royal Royalties

Dramatist Knew Values of Literary Property Rights —and Protected Them to the Hilt

By **GEORGE MIDDLETON**

Former President of The Dramatists Guild

The enormous success of "My Fair Lady" (based on "Pygmalion") plus the healthy business in New York City of "Major Barbara," "The Apple Cart" and "Saint Joan" invite attention to Bernard Shaw's business acumen. Let it be said at once it has been unique and highly profitable. Shaw's estate, I believe, is the largest any British writer ever left and future financial earnings are fantastic. His metropolitan N.Y. royalties approach \$7,500 a week.

His plays were always published, sometimes even before production. British authors, in the days when he began writing, were reluctant to have their scripts published because of the serious legal difficulties of which Shaw was keenly aware. Among these the American performance rights—which were often great revenue producers for British writers—were lost to an author unless his plays were publicly done before publication. Anyone could also obtain the theatre rights in the story of a novel unless the author had a dramatic version made and performed. These led to many so-called "copyrighting performances" in which a one-guinea admission was charged; the required publicity was assured by a written notice stuck on the theatre door a few minutes before the play was being read at full speed by the author and his friends, without costumes or scenery, to one listening confederate who had actually paid the guinea. The 1914 Copyright Act fortunately put an end to that.

But Shaw had a persuasive reason for early publication of his plays. In answer to my inquiry he wrote me a long detailed letter dated March 20, 1941, commenting on the above situation and supplying further data about his business arrangements. He graciously permitted me to publish the entire letter in my autobiography, from which I here take a sentence or two. Some 50 years ago, when Shaw had become a "professional critic in the theatre" for The Saturday Review, he felt he could not offer the plays he was then writing by sending them, in the usual way, to the English actor-managers, such as Irving, Alexander and Wyndham, who then reigned supreme in the London theatre world. He believed that they would at once have purchased "an option" on his plays without the slightest intention of producing them. In short they "would have taken me to be asking for a bribe to join their press retinue." That was apparently how they sought to influence the critics in those days—a practice not unknown in our own theatre some decades ago.

Shaw would not even accept similar proposals "to translate" some foreign play—which was the usual method of approach. Accordingly, to get a public hearing he felt compelled to publish his plays, as he wrote me, "and thus put them on the market for anyone who wanted them."

Innovator Of Published Plays

But published plays then had little sale. Even those by the popular Pinero were practically "prompt copies" and only bought by amateur groups wishing to perform them. Finally Grant Richards agreed to publish Shaw, with "literary prefaces," plus non-technical stage directions and elaborate characterizations which a fiction reading public could easily follow. Shaw was an innovator in this respect.

I believe this was also the inspiration for his famous prefaces which seemed to become longer with each play and sometimes quite irrelevant to it. But because of his growing reputation the books sold well and Richard Mansfield came across "Arms and A Man," which earned Shaw his first American production, though "Mansfield was very doubtful about the second act

as he appeared in it for only a few moments." How the libretto of "The Chocolate Soldier," in 1907, was based on this play and was considered a "parody" by Shaw himself is another story. I believe Shaw only received a token payment out of that perennial favorite. In 1897, Mansfield had a hit with "The Devil's Disciple." This proved so profitable that Shaw was freed from his critic chores.

He had not paid for the printing of the two volumes: "Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant." They were published under the usual royalty system. But later, when he had acquired capital, he manufactured his plays at his own expense, with much attention to their typographical appeal, giving the publisher a commission only. The American editions were on the usual basis. The returns have been substantial and now the paper backs are publishing them separately.

Shrewd Business Man

When Shaw needed a play contract for a stage production he told me he turned to Henry Arthur Jones for advice and then "worked over" the conventional contract that very successful author had used. Even in his early days Shaw's contracts were only for limited stage performing rights. Contracts then could be simple and did not have to cover all the collateral rights and conditions which an author nowadays must consider as related to films, radio, television and the like. Shaw simply retained all rights and as new rights came into being he had them under his personal control. His royalty rate was often a sliding scale to 15%. On "Major Barbara," "Saint Joan" and "The Apple Cart" it is 10% flat. No share of film rights included.

Lawrence Langer, in his autobiography, states that, during the 33 years in which The Theatre Guild produced or revived Shaw plays, over \$350,000 in royalties were paid the author. He also added that this sum was approximately the Guild's total loss on the combined ventures. The prestige value could not be appraised. As Shaw thus never sold any part of his plays outright nor permitted any manager who produced them to share in the film rights, he wrote me in 1933 bitterly condemning the Dramatists Guild for even allowing managers to share in any of the collateral rights, though he signed the letter "Your all the same quite friendly" Shaw.

'Art' Versus Business

I remember his saying that when Marc Klaw came to arrange for the New York production of "Caesar and Cleopatra," with Forbes-Robertson, he felt Shaw's royalty terms were too high.

"It's art, Mr. Shaw: but the play will lose money." "I accept without a blush," Shaw replied. Later he said, "You know, Middleton, it's art when you are writing a play but business when you are selling it."

Throughout his life his plays had two other profitable sources of income. He did not follow the good old custom, like the rest of us writers then, of selling outright the so-called "Continental and Scandinavian rights." He cannily discovered the prevailing rates in each country which the leading dramatists received, demanded the same and got them. I believe he gave his translators 50%. He remarked that he "thus helped raise royalties all along the line and kept foreign managers from picking up British plays for a song." It has been said that there were few months when some one of his plays was not being acted every day. That would include amateur performances—the other continuing source of income. As these brought fees from all over the world, it required extensive bookkeeping, with which he always kept personally in touch.

He had little interest in ever permitting his plays to be done for nothing, at charities or where "no admissions were charged." He insisted the author "should get his pence" however little, as it "was the only way to instill a sense of literary property." He thus applied a sliding scale of royalties alike to first class productions or amateur performances on a village green. "Checks for \$1,500 and a stamp value of 36c. arrive on the same morning and are acknowledged with equal courtesy," he once said.

Always Controlled Rights

The value of his policy of never losing complete control over any of his rights in a play may best be illustrated by some notes about "Pygmalion," which was to be the most financially successful of all Shaw's plays. Originally conceived a dozen years before he actually wrote it the first performance was given in Vienna in 1913 because his plays were already more successful in Germany and Austria than in England, and critics more friendly. It was an instant success and the London production was hastened to April 11, 1914, with Beerbohm Tree and the glamorous Mrs. Pat Campbell in the leading roles. It was constantly revived in Europe because of the appeal to the star woman's part. I well recall Mrs. Pat at its initial American performance. It was also filmed with great success. So much so that in 1942 Shaw wrote Hesketh Pearson, "The Pygmalion" film has brought me 29,000 pounds of royalties and cost me 50,000 pounds in war taxation. Heaven defend you from such success. Another will ruin me."

Shaw was naturally tax-conscious—especially at the double taxation which then prevailed on his plays so widely done in America. But he, along with all writers in English, was greatly relieved when the Income Tax Convention, between the United States and the United Kingdom, went into effect on Jan. 1, 1945 (Treasury Decision 5532). By this the British authors no longer had to pay American taxes on royalties from their copyrighted books and plays exploited in the U.S., while vice versa, American authors were likewise freed from English taxes on copyrighted material earned in England.

In this connection one might further add that while the net value of Shaw's estate was over 300,000 pounds, at least 180,000 was taken by the government. There is no way, of course, of attempting to estimate the value of

the copyrights his estate now controls. Though many of his American copyrights may be in or approaching the renewal period, after 28 years, they will not go into public domain until 56 years after they were first copyrighted. But on all European countries, under The Berne Convention, the plays are protected for 50 years after Shaw's death in 1950. And this brings us back to "My Fair Lady."

Based on "Pygmalion," produced over 40 years ago, it has been made into one of the most entrancing musicals ever. Playing in New York to just under \$70,000 a week—with a new U.S. company in the making—the Shaw estate is receiving 3% of the gross! An English company—to be on the same royalty—is already planned. So great is its appeal that it will probably sing, laugh and charm its way around the world. And when the time comes for it in turn to be made into a film the estate will get an unusual 5% of the distributor's gross! What untold treasures there may still be in other Shaw plays when and if they are so lovingly produced in every department and adapted with the same fidelity and beauty as Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe have brought to "Pygmalion." This might also be a golden example for all authors: To lease and never sell outright any copyrighted property.

Knew How To Shepherd, Too!

Shaw once exclaimed, "As playwrights are the most helpless parcel of silly sheep on God's earth in the matter of business I must do my best to shepherd the flock." For 10 years, in fact, he was particularly interested in affording opportunities for young playwrights to get production. He urged them to assert themselves against what he called "the dramatists' ring," which was then apparently a closed corporation of elder British writers in the "Dramatists Club." In fact, Shaw said they excluded everyone not "a dramatist of established reputation." He resented also that women were not admitted. He naturally was not popular with the members and the suppressed ire of some broke out vociferously when Shaw dared to voice certain heretical ideas about the first world war. He was dropped from membership.

It should be pointed out, however, that The British Society of Authors, founded in 1884, inspired by Sir Walter Besant—of which Tennyson was the first President, to be succeeded by George Meredith and Thomas Hardy—undoubt-

edly inspired the formation of our Authors' League in 1913. It was a very cautious and polite society though getting results mainly by giving members precise information about literary trade habits, pertinent laws in all parts of the world and by urging the need to unscramble the conflicts in local and international copyright. But, it never had advocated, nor perhaps wanted, a strong tight organization with any enforceable agreements between book publishers and play producers with their novelists or playwrights.

The Society, in fact, when I first came in contact with it, had nothing but a subcommittee to handle the affairs of playwrights. It could not discipline managers nor its own members. The more conservative or wealthy members then blocked such punitive effort.

Knowing all these cross currents, it was with some trepidation that I personally brought The Dramatists Guild's first Minimum Basic Agreement in 1927 before the British Society and sought to have Shaw and other members sign to abide by it as individuals, without binding the Society.

Anglo-U.S. Crisis

As soon as The Dramatists Guild's Minimum Basic Agreement had been negotiated and made applicable for play production in the United States, one of the leading firms of managers refused to sign, thus breaking the pledge to abide with the managers' group. Fearing that this powerful firm could make a blanket tieup with British playwrights, who might unwittingly accept less favorable terms than the Guild had won for its members, it was felt necessary to take up the situation with the British Society in London. As some years earlier I had occasion to discuss censorship with Shaw—when one of my plays in which Sybil Thorndike was to appear had been refused public performance—he immediately gave me two hours when I called at his Adelphi flat 10.

I told of our protracted fight, which all our leading playwrights had backed, to obtain an enforceable contract which would not only define terms to meet new production conditions, but also to afford young oncoming writers full protection of their rights. Shaw was, of course, sympathetic though a bit skeptical, in view of his feeling that authors wouldn't have the gumption to stand together to that end. However, he said he wouldn't sign up till he had read the Basic Agreement, which I gave him. As it turned out, I believe, of the 40 playwrights who did sign up, he was probably the only one who had read or studied it. In fact, he said it "wouldn't hold water in British law"; but I pointed out that didn't concern us as the British authors would be free to make any agreement they wished for their initial London performance. But in fairness to themselves they should not accept in the American market lower competitive terms and conditions than the American writers had won.

Shaw came to our open meeting which the British Society had generously sponsored. I sang my song and answered questions in which Shaw also participated after telling of his own futile efforts to better conditions with British playwrights. Though we soon signed up Pinero, Barrie, Jones, Bennett, Drinkwater, Milne, St. John Ervine and others I did not obtain Shaw's signature till just before I had to leave for an appointment with the French Society in Paris.

When his signed application blank came to my hotel I noted he had written on it: "I am the author of several notorious plays and need not enumerate them. All have been produced." Before I left London I phoned to thank him. He wished me good luck and added, "The British authors didn't thank me for what I did for them."



FRANK LOVEJOY

Ineffectuality of Authors To Protect Own Rights

Member of Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst Law Firm Cites Progress Made By Other Creators, But Not Scribes

By HARRIET F. PILPEL

When it comes to protecting their own best interests, authors are usually their own worst enemies. Although potentially the most powerful—and glamorous—lobby in the country and although they make their living by expressing themselves, they are strangely silent when it comes to their own economic welfare.

Take the matter of their position under our Federal tax laws, for example. Never in a favored spot, they have steadily retrogressed since 1950 so today they are the least favored group in our population as far as taxes are concerned. Yet, to date, they have done almost nothing to help themselves. In the words of Al Smith, "let's look at the record."

When I say authors, I mean writers who write on their own—those who are in the business of writing and marketing literary properties as opposed to those who sell their services as a writer for a salary from an employer who owns what they write for him.

And it should be noted in passing that artists and composers are in the same unfortunate boat as far as taxes are concerned, so they too are included under the generic term, "authors."

The income of independent authors is apt to be bunched and irregular—i.e., long periods of time go by during which they make nothing and then they occasionally, and if they're lucky, strike it rich in the form of a magazine serial contract, a movie sale or a bestseller.

Moreover, while one work may be a huge success, it may be preceded or followed by many which make little or no money. This kind of income is hard hit by our present sharply graduated income tax brackets. To put it simply, you pay a much higher tax on \$25,000 earned in one year than you do on \$25,000 earned at the rate of \$5,000 a year. Hence, those interested in creating a more favorable atmosphere for our creative people have, for many years, been searching for a way in which literary properties, like stocks and bonds and other kinds of property, could get the benefit of the special maximum capital gains tax rate of 25%.

Inventors and their supporters have had the same hope, yet look what's happened? In 1950, Congress passed a special statute aimed expressly against literary property and providing that such property is never—but never—entitled to capital gains treatment in the hands of its creators or any one acquiring such property from its creator by gift. In 1954, Congress passed a special statute designed especially for inventors. This gives them capital gains treatment in a wide variety of situations in which such treatment is not accorded to any other group in our society.

No Capital-Gain Opportunity

This is the most extreme example of discrimination as between the owners and creators of literary as opposed to patented properties. There are others, in addition to the fact that literary property is the kind of property under our present tax law which can never give rise to a capital gain (as opposed to ordinary income). The net result is that while those

who invent are better off tax-wise than the rest of our population, those who write (or otherwise create intellectual as opposed to tangible property) are worse off. Yet, far from attempting to improve their lot, the authors seem determined to perpetuate it.

Thus, when a group of persons interested in the problem met some time ago to figure out a way in which writers might enjoy the same capital gains benefits that are enjoyed by inventors—lo, the only persons present who opposed the plan were those speaking on behalf of authors. While conceding that such a move might benefit authors in terms of takehome pay, they felt that conceptually it should be opposed as a step backwards. Again—when recently a group of authors had combined to produce a play in such a way that there was a chance of achieving capital gains treatment on at least some of their earnings—they were viewed askance by their own brethren because their new—and far more economically beneficial—mode of doing things threatened to upset established ways.

Instances can be multiplied—the timidity of authors as a group is equally reflected in other spheres where their financial interests are affected. Thus a recent decision of a California Court in the mortgage field threatens all authors who ever sold a literary property to the movies for a term of years. Thus far, the case has gone unnoticed by the authors' organizations and the individual litigant involved has received no support from any of the important writing interests which are clearly involved. When bills are introduced in Congress which will have the effect of improving the authors' tax position, along with that of other groups ("averaging" or "self-employed pension" plans, for example), the support derived from authors' groups has, too often, been perfunctory if given at all, and they have rarely assumed any real leadership in the fight for any of these things.

True it is that even under existing law, authors can successfully diminish their tax burden by a variety of devices—among them spreadbacks (which the law expressly permits); spreadforwards (largely a matter of custom and usage); and shifting income (which has become much easier to do under recent Revenue Department rulings.)

So far so good, but certainly not good enough. There certainly must be some old Chinese proverb or "Confucious says" to the effect that most people get what they deserve. In the field of taxes and take-home pay, authors are getting not what they're entitled to in the light of their contribution and importance to our society, but perhaps what they deserve because of their unwillingness or inability to express themselves for themselves.

Authors have never stinted of themselves for causes—from the Writers War Board through just about every good work you can name they've been in there pitching, contributing their services for free. Yet, when it comes to asking for a fair shake for themselves, their voices are not heard. To paraphrase a writer who had the right idea many years ago—why don't you speak for yourselves, you writing Johns and Janes?

So, Who Is Eddie Constantine?

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris. Eddie Constantine is a 38-year old American who is a film star in France and unknown in the States. The French who manage to be both insular and receptive at the same time have in the past hailed Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, Sidney Bechet and other Americans with an unusual beat. But the Constantine story is peculiarly of the present postwar era.

Constantine is both actor (tough roles) and singer (his record with his 12-year old daughter Tania, "L'Homme Et L'Enfante," was the top seller of 1956 in France) but in America his theatrical activities were vague in nature.

He was a chorus boy in the original version of "Pal Joey," which unearthed June Allyson and Gene Kelly, and is best known, though not by name, as the voice of the Pepsi-Cola jingle commercial. It required a trip to France before he hit the spot as a known personality and performer.

Constantine was born in Hollywood but the nearest he got to films was a few extra roles in MGM musicals. He came to Paris in 1947 with his ballerina wife, Helene, when she was with the Ballets Russe. He did some singing in a few clubs but reaction was lukewarm to some of his semi-operatic songs such as "Old Man River." Edith Piaf noticed him and made him her leading man in an operetta by Marcel Achard "La Petite Lili" in 1949. In this he played a gangster who creates a love idyll for a lovelorn little seamstress.

His French had progressed but the show was not a hit, and afterwards he again languished, singing in little boites around town.

Then by chance, he was recommended to an American director, Victor Stoloff, making a sketch film in Egypt. He needed a tough looking American to play a gangster role, and Constantine was suggested by the newstand girl at the George V Hotel where he used to go to read VARIETY. After this film, "Stories of Egypt," nothing much happened, but it was seen by a young French director, Bernard Borderie, who hired him to play the Peter Cheney G-Man character Lemmy Caution in a film "La Mome Vert De Paris." This is where it all started.

In this film Constantine played an amoral American G-Man with the usual habits of scotch drinking, plenty of fisticuffs and plenty of slinky females before finally unraveling a rather obtuse plot after a required number of escapades. It caught on. The French wanted something of their own in this type of film, and accepted Constantine as a kind of archetype American.

Though resembling a sort of benevolent Frankenstein (Boris Karloff's role that is) he displayed a dashing charm, and a direct, smiling and uncomplicated insouciance and approach to violence and love. It was a sort of parody of the American films of this genre but it was French and the French flocked to see it. Film followed film and it set off a whole series of tough guy releases.

Charges Todd Appropriated Novel Epilog Credits

Los Angeles.

The highly-praised epilog to "Around the World in 80 Days" was "pirated" from an original story board submitted by Animation Inc., the latter cartoonery charged in a \$250,000 plagiarism suit filed against Michael Todd, Michael Todd Productions and designer Saul Bass in Superior Court. Action claims Bass is "falsely credited" with authorship of the epilog, in which film's credits are listed.

Complaint says the plaintiff submitted approximately 100 original pictures which Todd "arrogantly" retained and used without payment or credit and attributed to Bass "thereby calculatedly deceiving the trade and the public as to the true creation and authorship by the plaintiff."

Lease Springfield, Ga., House

Springfield, Ga.

Pat Ingram and Alfred Pevey have leased the Mars Theatre from Jack and Harry Ramsey, who have owned and operated the house since December, 1939.

Ingram has been in theatre biz for a number of years and Pevey has been projectionist at Mars for four years.

Shinobu Chihara flying to Gotham this month to rep Japan at the Japanese film week, Jan. 20 through 25. It's her first visit.

A Variation on 'Manhattan Tower'

("It's a wonderful record, but we just got to thinking about some other angles")

By H. I. PHILLIPS

It was raining when I first came to the city,
But the scene was wholly enchanting:
Here was Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp . . .
At least I thought it was a lamp but it had just been knocked out of his hand by a taxicab . . .
I couldn't be positive about Aladdin, either . . .
He was under a speeding bus!

This was my tower and I would never leave it . . .
There was the elevator man named Merlin, or was it Max?
Whenever he answered the elevator bell promptly
It was pure magic. (It had to be.)
I flung open my tower window and listened to the incomparable music of a great city:
Zowie! . . . Pow! . . . "Oh yeah!" . . . "You and who else?"
Whammo! . . . "Taxi!" . . . "Look Out!" . . . "What's good in the fifth?"
"The bum quit in the stretch" . . . "Two hamburgers on Rye!"
"Where did YOU learn to drive?"

Broadway! . . . Park Avenue! McGowan's Pass! Lindy's! . . .
Yankee Stadium! . . . Toots Shor's! . . . The Library Lions! . . .
Nedicks! . . . The Automat! . . . General Sherman and his horse! . . .
The Busy Bee Lunch! . . . Madison Square Garden!

I looked down upon my city
In its warmth and friendliness . . .
The man in the apartment next door who has lived beside me for five years and still calls me Fred. (My right name is Prentice.) He asks me how things are in the steel business . . . I'm in the haberdashery line.
I ask him how things are in the women's wear trade, not knowing he is a delicatessen store king.

The parties . . .
Bring on the ice for the people are nice . . .
And there's a wonderful waiter named Duke . . . He failed to show up. That's what made him wonderful. I had the drinks mixed by a waiter named Frisby. He was better.
The heartwarming sound of guests saying "Good night" . . . "Yes, we really got to leave early" . . . "Don't call me; I'll call you."
The flow of unforgettable conversation:
"Who's got some bicarb?" . . . "Stop swinging on that chandelier!"
"He's asleep in the bathtub with her hat on" . . . "Lemme go!"

I need air and climb out of the window ledge of my tower . . .
I see the Statue of Liberty—three statues in fact and I pick the one in the middle.
But I must remember never to visit it. No New Yorker ever does.
It's a sure way to lose face.

What about Chillicothe, Ohio?
Not bad—
BUT it hasn't got the bandits in the park; it hasn't got the muggers in the dark.

Hollywood? Fair, perhaps—
But it hasn't got the shuttle from Times Square,
And hasn't got the scrimmage practice there.
It hasn't got Zeckendorf or Hilton (Con)
And it hasn't the Rockefeller rink to fall down on.

Brooklyn? Yeah,
But it hasn't got Larson on the mound
It hasn't got UN wired for sound.

Boston?
It hasn't got Madison Avenue's "ulcer set"
It hasn't got Maria Callas and the Met
It hasn't got Radio City's Xmas tree
And it hasn't got VARIETY!

Lissen, how about MIAMI?
Now you're talking. Its got pink flamingoes, the Gulf Stream, cabanas, Hialeah and warm weather.
You wanna sublet my Manhattan Tower until April?

Reich Pix In '56

Continued from page 5

the Wind" (Metro) which, after numerous prolongations, completed its mammoth run of 122 weeks (3,032 performances) April 5, 1956, at the Kurbel. Another topnotch U.S. success was Paramount's "Rose Tattoo" which chalked up a three-month run at Filmtheater Berlin, an all-time record at this house.

An accurate list of best-grossing U.S. pix is not available at this time, but these films can be registered as top money-makers during the past 12 months: Paramount's "Catch a Thief," Warners' "Helen of Troy" and "Rebel Without Cause," Universal's "Hell and Back" and "Benny Goodman Story," RKO's "Conqueror," 20th-Fox' "Carmen Jones," "Love Is Many-Splendored Thing," "Rains of Ranchipur"; UA's "Man With Golden Arm," Disney's "20,000 Leagues Beneath the Sea," Columbia's "Picnic."

To Oct. 31, 1956, W-German market circulated 217 U.S. films as against 157 German, 63 French, 38 British and 26 Italian films. In all, total in play amounted to 545 features.

Germany's own producers found it more and more essential to use foreign artists. Internationally postwar Reich is not so successful. Lilli Palmer, who had previously clicked in "Fireworks," was given four leading roles in 1956. From Sweden came Maj-Britt Nilsson,

Anita Bjoerk, Ulla Jacobson, Bibi Johns and top cameramen Goeran Strindberg. Other foreign names included U.S. choreographer Billy Daniel, Norwegian tenor Jon Ottnes, Serge Jaroff's Don Cossacks, Italy's Raf Vallone, American directors Robert Siodmak and Gottfried Reinhardt, Anouk Aimee of France, and more.

Extensive, too, is the roster of Austrians who appear in German movies, such as Curd Juergens, Karlheinz Boehm, Hanneli Matz, and also O. W. Fischer, Germany's No. 1 star whose passport reads Liechtenstein. There are actually few top stars left who are "genuine" Germans.

During the year just closed Hollywood drew Marianne Koch (Cook), O. W. Fischer, Elizabeth Mueller, Curd Juergens, Cornel Borchers, Hannelore Bollmann and Helmut Kaetner. And there are more (Liselotte Pulver, Annemarie Dueringer, Renate Mannhardt, Horst Buchholtz, Ruth Niehaus, Maria Schell, Ernst Schroeder, etc.) under Hollywood consideration.

German film business execs went to the U.S. to o.o. the Yank scene, such as Dr. Hermann Schwerin, chief of Berlin's Fono Films, or Dr. Horst von Hartlieb, of German Distributors Assn. Rolf Thiele and Kurt Ulrich went to N.Y. for location shooting on one German feature.

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to fit the needs of every kind
of theatre in every type of situation!



... Flying high with U-I!

*Written on
the WIND*

TECHNICOLOR



STARRING
ROCK HUDSON
LAUREN BACALL
ROBERT STACK
DOROTHY MALONE

with **ROBERT KEITH • GRANT WILLIAMS**

Directed by **DOUGLAS SIRK** • Screenplay by **GEORGE ZUCKERMAN**
Produced by **ALBERT ZUGSMITH**

**"Everything
But the
Truth"** in Eastman
COLOR



STARRING
MAUREEN O'HARA
JOHN FORSYTHE
and **TIM HOVEY**

with **FRANK FAYLEN**
LES TREMAYNE • PHILIP BOURNEUF

Directed by **JERRY HOPPER** • Screenplay by **HERB MEADOW**
Produced by **HOWARD CHRISTIE**



FLYING HIGH with **U-I**



4 GIRLS in TOWN

CINEMASCOPE • TECHNICOLOR



STARRING
GEORGE NADER
JULIE ADAMS
MARIANNE COOK
ELSA MARTINELLI
GIA SCALA

with **SYDNEY CHAPLIN • GRANT WILLIAMS**

Written and Directed by **JACK SHER** • Produced by **AARON ROSENBERG**

THE GREAT MAN



with **JIM BACKUS • RUSS MORGAN**

STARRING **JOSÉ FERRER**

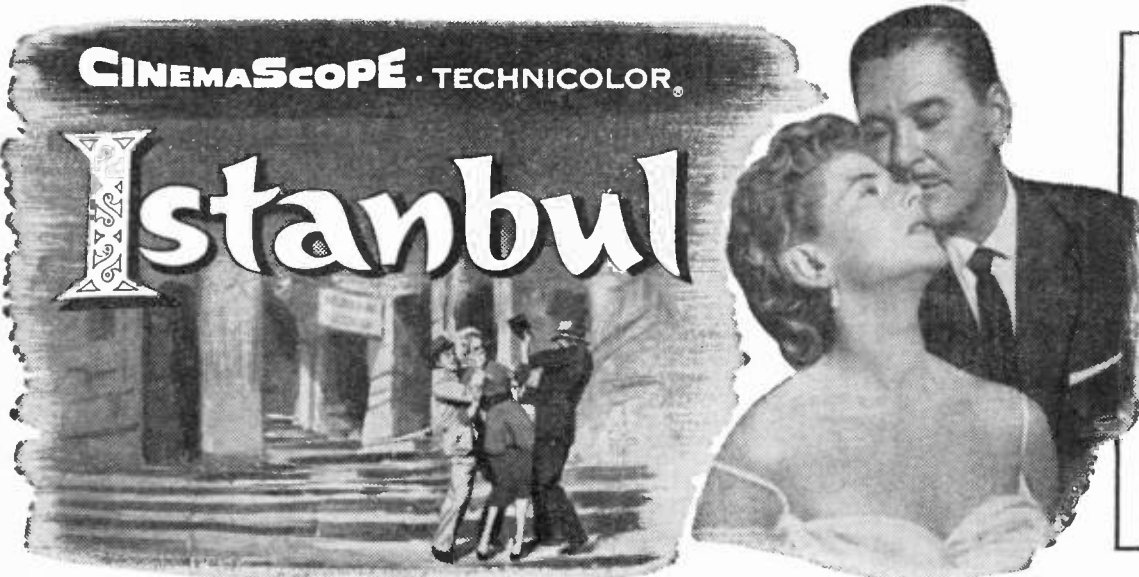
CO-STARRING

DEAN JAGGER
KEENAN WYNN
JULIE LONDON
JOANNE GILBERT
and **ED WYNN**

Directed by **JOSÉ FERRER** • Screenplay by **AL MORGAN** and **JOSÉ FERRER**
Produced by **AARON ROSENBERG**

CINEMASCOPE • TECHNICOLOR

Istanbul



STARRING
ERROL FLYNN
Miss **CORNELL BORCHERS**

with **JOHN BENTLEY • TORIN THATCHER**
LEIF ERICKSON • PEGGY KNUDSEN
MARTIN BENSON and **NAT "KING" COLE**

Directed by **JOSEPH PEVNEY** • Produced by **ALBERT J. COHEN**
Screenplay by **SETON I. MILLER, BARBARA GRAY** and **RICHARD ALAN SIMMONS**

Rock. PRETTY BABY!



STARRING **SAL MINEO**
JOHN SAXON
LUANA PATTEN

with **FAY WRAY**

Directed by **RICHARD BARTLETT** • Produced by **EDMOND CHEVIE**
Written by **HERBERT MARGOLIS** and **WILLIAM RAYNOR**

Rock to
12 Wonderful Tunes including:
ROCK, PRETTY BABY! • WHATS IT GONNA BE?
CAN I STEAL A LITTLE LOVE?

18 BIG WEEKS
BEGINNING DEC. 20th



FLYING HIGH with **UI**





STARRING
TONY CURTIS
MARTHA HYER
CHARLES BICKFORD
KATHRYN GRANT

with **WILLIAM REYNOLDS • RUSS MORGAN**

Directed by **BLAKE EDWARDS** • Screenplay by **BLAKE EDWARDS**
Produced by **ROBERT ARTHUR**

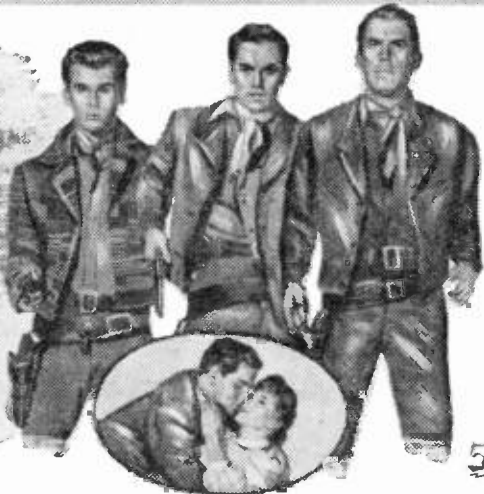
CINEMASCOPE • TECHNICOLOR



STARRING

ROCK HUDSON
MARTHA HYER
DAN DURYEA
DON DeFORE
ANNA KASHFI
JOCK MAHONEY

Directed by **CARL BENTON REID** • Written by **DOUGLAS SISK • CHARLES GRAYSON and VINCENT B. EVANS** • Produced by **ROSS HUNTER**



STARRING

FRED MacMURRAY
JEFFREY HUNTER
JANICE RULE

CINEMASCOPE in Eastman COLOR

CO-
STARRING

CHILL WILLS • DEAN STOCKWELL

with **JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON BETTY LYNN • JOHN LARCH**

Directed by **ABNER BIBERMAN** • Written by **R. WRIGHT CAMPBELL** • Produced by **WILLIAM ALLAND**

The
**TATTERED
DRESS**



CINEMASCOPE



STARRING

JEFF CHANDLER
JEANNE CRAIN
JACK CARSON
CO-STARRING
GAIL RUSSELL
ELAINE STEWART

with **GEORGE TOBIAS • EDWARD ANDREWS**

Produced by **ALBERT ZUGSMITH** • Written by **GEORGE ZUCKERMAN** • Directed by **JACK ARNOLD**



THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN

A FASCINATING ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN!



starring **GRANT WILLIAMS · RANDY STUART**

Directed by **JACK ARNOLD** · Screenplay by **RICHARD MATHESON** · Produced by **ALBERT ZUGSMITH**

THE NIGHT RUNNER



STARRING

**RAY DANTON
COLLEEN MILLER**

Directed by **ABNER BIBERMAN** · Screenplay by **GENE LEVITT**

Produced by **ALBERT J. COHEN**

CINEMASCOPE
TECHNICOLOR.



STARRING

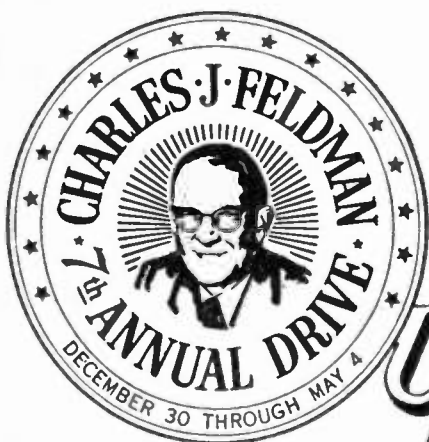
VAN JOHNSON

CO-STARRING

**PIPER LAURIE
MARTHA HYER**

with **ONSLow STEVENS · HERBERT ANDERSON · FRANK WILCOX**

Directed by **ROBERT Z. LEONARD** · Story and Screenplay by **EVERETT FREEMAN** · Produced by **ROBERT ARTHUR**



FLYING HIGH with **U-I**



Directors as Exploiters

Hollywood. Hollywood directors are assuming a new role: picture salesmen abroad.

Teasing off the new guise is Anthony Mann, director of Security-USA's "Men in War," is in London to launch a three-week personal promotion campaign for the Robert Ryan starrer both in the British capital and on the Continent.

"In Europe," the director pointed out, prior to his weekend departure for England, "the director's place in selling a picture corresponds to the part played by a star on personal appearances in this country."

Ed Wynn: Comic Into Actor

By AL MORGAN

(Al Morgan is the author of the novel, "The Great Man," and co-author, with Jose Ferrer, of the screenplay of the motion picture version produced by Universal.)

Three weeks before the cameras started turning on "The Great Man" on a Universal soundstage, one of the principal roles was still uncast.

The script had been written.

Re-written.

Re-worked.

Tightened.

Revised.

Changed.

Finalized.

The sets were off the drawing boards and in the hands of the studio carpenters.

The Prop Department was scouting boards in the hands of the studio carpenters.

The Prop Department was scouting the antique shops along La Cienega Boulevard.

The budget had been approved.

The decision had been made that the picture would be in black and white regular screen, mainly because we wanted to capture the realistic, semi-documentary feeling that you get from, say, Life Magazine's coverage of an important news story.

Jose Ferrer, my collaborator on the script and also the star and director, had gone into training and slimmed down to his fighting weight of 152 pounds.

Copies of the script were in the hands of Julie London, Dean Jagger, Jim Backus, Keenan Wynn, Russ Morgan, Henny Backus and Bob Foulk.

But the part of Paul Beaseley, the elderly gentleman who had given The Great Man his first job on his small radio station in Worcester was still uncast.

Offbeat Casting

Ferrer and I felt that this was one of the pivotal parts in the picture. Beaseley was a part that required a brilliant performance. It was, to all intents and purposes, a 10-minute monologue. As one of the few sympathetic characters in a rough-tough picture, it required warmth and heart. For one reason or another, we had been unable to come up with the perfect casting.

All our friends—who had read the book—had suggestions.

None of them solved our problem until Kurt Fringe, the Hollywood agent called with his.

"Don't give me your first reaction," he said. "Think it over and then give me your second. Ed Wynn."

Our first reaction was predictable.

Ed Wynn was a comedian.

But...

Would he be able to play a straight role and give a dramatic performance in a part that had no comedy, as such, in it?

Would an audience accept him in this role or would the mood of the scene be ruined by premature laughter because of the audience conception of Ed Wynn as a clown?

We sent him a script and set up a luncheon date.

Ten minutes after we sat down at the table, Jose Ferrer and I were convinced that nobody else in the world could play Beaseley.

We spent two solid weeks rehearsing with Ed. We had done this, in turn, with each of the other principals. We rehearsed in living rooms, offices and in at least one case, around a swimming pool. In addition to laying out the business and the movements, we re-wrote scenes to fit the individual actors and got the same kind of value that you would get in New Haven or Boston during the tryout tour of a play. We were now beginning to shape our script to the actors.

Our main worry with Ed was that sometime before we got him

on camera, he would decide not to play the part. We broke the back of that problem the Saturday before our first shooting day. We were rehearsing in the Ferrer living room. Rosemary Ferrer and some friends were sitting around the den, talking. Ed went through the scene beautifully but admitted that he still had some misgivings. He found it difficult to work without the reactions of an audience to guide him.

Joe had a suggestion.

"There are eight or ten people inside in the den with Rosemary," he said. "Would you be willing to come in and play the scene for them? It might give you that audience reaction you want."

Ed agreed.

I don't think I've ever seen a better performance and a better audience reaction. He was a smash.

Wardrobe was no problem for Ed. He had a closet-ful of clothes he had collected in his 80-plus years of tramping and we found exactly the right suit, short, collar and hat for the timid, decent little man from Worcester.

The day we shot Ed's scene, there were a lot of visitors on the set. Joe's policy, as director, had been to shoot long sequences and this scene with Ed was a seven and a half minute take. We ran the lines in the trailer on the set and then Ed and Joe got into place and the cameras started rolling.

About two minutes into the scene, Ed blew his lines. He left out a big hunk of dialogue and some important information but Joe kept the cameras rolling, on the principal, I suppose, that at least the take would serve as a run-through rehearsal. Then something happened. The 50 plus years of tramping paid off. Ed kept going, rearranging lines, changing speeches, dropping in the dialogue he had left out, giving a performance. It wasn't exactly the scene we had written, word for word. It was better than that. It was Paul Beaseley. It was a performance.

At the conclusion of the take, everybody on the set burst into applause.

TV's Climaxes

Writing 90-minute dramas for television has its drawbacks.

One writer complained that 90-minutes is perhaps more restrictive than a 60-minute teleplay: "You've got to write five climaxes whether you want to or not, because of the commercial breaks."

French Jesuit Sees Pix Averting Trouble Via Legion Clearance

If French producers are really eager to avoid trouble with their pictures in the U. S. they should submit scripts in advance to the American Catholic Legion of Decency, Father Flipo, a Jesuit in charge of films at the French Central Catholique du Cinema, radio and television, said in Gotham last week. He was in N. Y. on his way through to the Catholic Film Congress in Havana, Cuba.

Father Flipo fully agreed with the American Catholic point-of-view, i.e., that Catholic standards throughout the world differ. "I don't see how a universal Catholic code would work," he observed. "As a matter of fact, I am against it."

Refusing to be drawn into a discussion on the comparative merits of the French and U. S. Catholic points-of-view re pix, the priest drew a distinction between "sin" and "the occasion for sin." Former would be the same all over. Latter can vary as mores and customs vary from country to country, he said.

The Legion in France takes a much more relaxed view of film content. In all of 1956 it condemned only five pix, four of them French and one American. However, stressed Father Flipo, the four French entries were quickies of the striptease variety. The Frenchman seemed plainly surprised at the "C" tag which the Legion in the U. S. had hung on some French films which had passed French Catholic muster without a murmur. He insisted, however, that he was not concerned with this divergence of views; nor would he comment on the fairness of the Legion's actions.

In France, he said, the Church's ratings were influential in the provinces, but had little bearing on the Paris area with its vast choice of entertainment. Several French papers with a wide circulation hue closely to the Legion views and some will not take advertising for pix that are condemned. Also, there are Catholic theatre circuits which are, of course, guided strictly by the Central Catholique ratings.

Father Flipo said the Church in France was concerned over advertising content and had set up a small committee to which the distributors can come when they want advice in working out a specific campaign. The French Legion not only rates pix, but also sends out bulletins analyzing them for moral content. Father Flipo opined that, almost always, it was possible to separate art and morals in a picture. This has been disputed by some of the critics of the Legion of Decency in the U. S. who have held that the Catholic rating group is motivated by moral content alone and ignores most other aspects that go into the makings of a film.

Michael Curtiz screen testing Virginia Vincent this week for a role in Warners' "Helen Morgan Story."

New Year's Eve, Upped Scales Boost Chi B.O.; 'Baby' Wham at \$65,000, 'Wind' Sock 40G, '10 C's' Huge 58G

DEPLORE 'ADULTS ONLY'

If Too Many Films So Tagged It Hurts Biz

Minneapolis.

Some exhibitors here deprecate the increasing number of "for adults only" pictures. They believe that if the trend continues it may hold the potentiality of danger for theatres.

The more such films the more that youngsters are driven from the showhouses to television for their screen entertainment, is reasoning. Also, children, now of considerable boxoffice value, may be getting out of the theatregoing habit and parents may be more loath to send them to the showhouses.

Thus far, however, the danger point still hasn't been reached because the number of these "adults only" releases hasn't become excessive yet, although the drift is in that direction, the reasoning goes.

De Laurentiis Cuts Italo 'Peace,' Par May Ditto in U. S.

Although he was adamantly opposed to any cuts in the Ponti-De Laurentiis production of "War and Peace" when Paramount sent it into American release. Dino De Laurentiis is now trimming the footage for the Italian market. Film-maker holds distribution rights for Italy.

De Laurentiis' idea is to lop off 15, 18, or perhaps 20 minutes from the three hours and 28 minutes of running time. If he can do this without impairing the continuity values, Par probably will make the same deletions.

At the outset, Par felt the original length was excessive and wanted to edit out up to a half hour. De Laurentiis flatly refused.

Margolies Exits BV

Albert Margolies, ad-pub director of Buena Vista Film Distribution Co., is leaving the Walt Disney subsidiary at the end of this month.

He folded his own p.r. outfit a year and a half ago to take the BV post on a fulltime basis. No new plans set yet.

Chicago. Anticipating the usual New Year's Eve crowds, several downtown house theatres upped their prices for a bigger take last week. Good weekend biz preceding the big night helped most Loop runs. Art houses which normally get a good New Year's Eve play held to their regular prices.

"Baby Doll" at the Chicago hit a smash \$65,000 in first week. United Artists did a terrific \$40,000 with "Written on Wind" in initial round. The World, backing "La Strada" with heaviest publicity-ad campaign this small house has undertaken, reached a boom \$7,500 on opening frame.

Extra showings of "Ten Commandments" at McVickers, playing to full houses, made a mighty \$58,000 sixth week.

Other openers are doing impressive business. "Anastasia" in third at Oriental and "Teahouse of August Moon" at the Woods, in seventh are apt to better their pre-Xmas figures.

Estimates for Last Week

Chicago (B&K) (3,900; 98-\$2)—"Baby Doll" (WB) (2d wk). Last week, sock \$65,000.

Esquire (H&E Balaban) (1,400; \$1.25) — "You Can't Run Away From It" (Col). Last week, fine \$12,000.

Grand (Indie) (1,200; 98-\$1.25) — "Seventh Cavalry" (Col) and "Rumble on Docks" (Col) (2d wk). Last week, hearty \$12,000.

McVickers (JL&S) (1,580; \$1.25-\$3.30) — "Ten Commandments" (Par) (7th wk). Last week, near-capacity \$58,000.

Monroe (Indie) (1,000; 67-87) — "Don't Knock, Rock" (Col) and "Houston Story" (Col). Last week, fancy \$8,000.

Oriental (Indie) (3,400; 98-\$1.80) — "Anastasia" (20th) (3d wk). Second was potent \$45,000.

Palace (Indie) (1,484; \$1.25-\$3.40) — "Seven Wonders" (Cinerama) (4th wk). Third week was wow \$57,500.

Roosevelt (B&K) (1,400; 90-\$1.80) — "Westward Ho, Wagons" (BV) and "Disneyland USA" (BV) (2d wk). First was lofy \$32,000.

State-Lake (B&K) (2,400; 98-\$1.80) — "Hollywood or Bust" (Par) (3d wk). Second was big \$40,000.

Surf (H&E Balaban) (685; \$1.25) — "Silent World" (Col) (2d wk). Opener was sold \$9,000.

United Artists (B&K) (1,700; 93-\$1.80) — "Written on Wind" (U) (2d wk). Opener was socko \$39,000.

Woods (Essaness) (1,206; 90-\$1.80) — "Teahouse of August Moon" (M-G) (7th wk). Sixth was fancy \$32,000.

World (Indie) (430; 90) — "La Strada" (T-L) (2d wk). First was smash \$7,500.

Ziegfeld (Davis) (430; \$1.25) — "Only French Can" (UMPO) (2d wk). Opening round was big \$6,000.

'Over-65 Club' Lures 'Em Away From TV Sets

Minneapolis.

United Paramount circuit's Golden Age club deal, originated here, has proved so successful that it's being adopted by other of the outfit's chains.

Men of 65 and over and women of 62 sign up for the club and receive membership cards which entitle them to admission at any of the circuit's Minneapolis and St. Paul theatres for 50c. As to the loop houses the regular admission is 90c and occasionally \$1.50.

Thus far more than 3,000 persons have signed up for the club and they're using their cards to an extent which is credited with stimulating grosses, according to Charlie Winchell, president-general manager of the circuit here. It has brought many of the older folks back from tv to the theatres, he feels.

In his Minneapolis Star column, Cedric Adams has given the chain a pat on the back for inaugurating the cut admission privilege for the elderly.



Pictures Talked on Oct. 8, 1889

OR, SO WHAT'S NEW?

By ART MOGER

(N. E. Fieldman-Warner Bros. Pictures)

Boston. "So, what's new?" is probably the most abused and maligned phrase in the English language, today. Friends and enemies alike greet you with this salutation and the ensuing answers are equally incoherent.

The great Sam Mitnik (VARIETY Annual '54) observes that very few things are new, unless it is spelled "G-N-U," which, he contends is a three letter word used commonly in crossword puzzles to denote "an African antelope with an ox-like head and a long tail."

On the eve of the 30th anniversary of the first "talking motion picture," Mitnik comes up with some salient facts which attest to his contention that "hindsight is better than foresight." This keen observation was made, one day, as he saw Marilyn Monroe wriggle her way out of a narrow door.

Newspapers proclaim the advent of NEW styles in men's apparel for 1957—narrower lapels, three and four button suits, narrow pants, watch fobs, hip-flasks, high button shoes, derby hats, knickers, white flannel pants, spats, and sailor straw hats. Television is bringing back the old 10 and 14 inch screens—on portable sets. Raccoon coats, bow ties, veils, elbow length gloves for women, longer dresses, and other throwbacks to the "gay nineties" are being foisted upon the public as NEW!

It is only logical, therefore, that Mitnik debunk some of the theories about the motion picture industry, three decades after the late Al Jolson stepped in front of a microphone and uttered: "Come on, Ma, listen to this!" Whereupon, the famous black-faced mammy singer warbled "Blue Skies," in the immortal "The Jazz Singer," the night of October 6, 1927 at the Warner Theatre, New York. This was the FIRST successful "talking picture," which revolutionized the entire film industry, pioneered by the Warner Brothers and the late Sam Warner.

In 1926 Warner Brothers produced "Don Juan" starring the late John Barrymore, with a fully-synchronized musical score by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. On the same program several "100 percent all-talking short subjects" were shown. These included Will Hays, speaking from the screen; Mischa Elman, playing his violin; Giovanni Martinelli, singing "I Pagliacci"; Anna Case, singing "La Fiesta" and Roy Smek on the guitar. When the picture was released, audiences were electrified. (No pun intended!). So Warners took a gamble and sunk more than \$1,000,000 in further development work, which resulted in "The Jazz Singer." (The FIRST "soundie"?)

Twain't New

No! To Thomas Edison goes the honor of being "the father of talking pictures." How come? Seated in his West Orange laboratory, almost 37 years to the day "The Jazz Singer" was publicly acclaimed, Edison had his ears glued to the listening tubes of the phonograph which he had invented 12 years before, skeptically awaiting the world's first demonstration of sound motion pictures. It was the brassiness of his 29-year-old assistant, one Laurie Dickson, who had, against the great inventor's orders, and while Edison was off in Europe, spent the shocking sum of \$516.64 to build a photographic laboratory. Edison was doubtful that recorded sound, synchronized with pictures in motion could succeed. He was surprised—and justifiably so—with Dickson's formulae because he had come to expect unusual things from his talented assistant.

After six years of apprenticeship, Edison assigned Dickson to work on a method for combining moving pictures with recorded sound. When Edison left for Europe, Dickson ordered a new laboratory with a sliding glass roof built and threw himself into sound picture work. When Edison returned he was surprised by Dickson's "kinetophone"—the forerunner of our motion picture machines.

This first talkie, seen by Edison, presented Dickson as an actor as

well as an inventor. He was seen to advance and address Edison from a small four-foot screen; small because of the restricted size of the room. He raised his hat, smiled and said, "Good morning, Mr. Edison, glad to see you back. Hope you will like the kinetophone. To show the synchronization I will life my hand and count up to ten."

He then raised and lowered his hands and counted up to ten. There was no hitch and the picture was pretty steady.

Thus on Oct. 8, 1889, sound movies were first attempted!

Edison, man of magic, who had invented the electric light and the talking machine, now gave the world the motion picture machine, and synchronized it with sound! When he died in 1931, sound motion pictures had produced a revolution in the field of entertainment which even this genius could not have foreseen.

Caveman First?

"I don't watch Mickey Mouse because he gives me Disney spells," commented Sam Mitnik. Yet, Disney owes a lot of his fame and success to some unknown caveman who pioneered animated cartoons as far back as 30,000 B.C. A picture of an animal running, painted on the wall of his cave, depicting a boar "in motion," by means of adding an extra set of legs, gave the feeling of movement.

About 4,000 years ago, in 2,000 B.C., an Egyptian artist tried to make a still drawing give the feeling of life. It showed men wrestling, with the illusion of animation, as one quickly looked from one drawing to another—the forerunner of our modern motion picture film. In France, in the year 1842, a new toy, called the Thaumatrope—a disk on a stick-augured "motion in pictures." Each side of the disk had a different picture on it. When you twirled the disk, you saw both pictures at once.

Years later, the Zoetrope, or "wheel of life," made drawings go through real actions. Drawings fitted inside a drum, which when spun, seemed to make the drawings come to life, as they were viewed through slits in the drum.

Finally, in the early part of the century, the flip book, consisting of a series of photographs of two prize fighters, skipped and swung at each other, as you flipped the pages of the book. The late cartoonist Winsor McCay produced the first of the animated characters, when his "Little Nemo" and then, "Gertie, the Dinosaur," enthralled movie votaries, throughout the world, as his cartoon characters danced and pranced from the screen, much to everyone's amusement and delight.

"Ah," you say, "three dimension movies are NEW!"

To which Mitnik adds, "New, you say? Let me tell you something. In 1858, a guy in England, named J. Ch. D'Almeida, perfected 3-D lantern slides, which he endowed to the French Academy of Science.

So you see, there ain't NOTHING new under the sun!" concluded Sam, as the eclipse slowly set in above him!

Rhoden Jr.'s K.C. Indie Co. Ties to Headlines as Its 'Mad Bomber' Rolls in Feb.

Imperial Productions, Kansas City film company headed by Elmer Rhoden Jr., who's also president of an 80-theatre midwest circuit, is set to start rolling next month with "The Mad Bomber," thus tying in with the headlines. Film is to be made in K. C., where last Tuesday (1) Loew's Midland Theatre was forced to evacuate 2,700 persons because of a bomb scare.

Dick Sarafian is now polishing off the script for the entry and Rhoden will take producer's credit. Exec, who's the son of the National Theatres president, has made several pictures in past. His most recent, "The Delinquents," was sold to United Artists. Beyond "Bomber," he has a schedule of four features for this year.

Puffers Can't Pan, So Hollywood Stops Trying

By HELEN GOULD

Hollywood.

This is a rewrite of a tale that was crowded out of VARIETY Golden Jubilee. The original was a report on the "Eight Years On The Panhandle," meaning the annual Panhandle Dinner, a truce at which Hollywood publicists could shoot back at the press without fear of answering fire. These events were a highly enjoyable No-Man's Land of potables, edibles—and entertainment put on by the ballyhooligans as a labor of cooperative love. There was just one trouble: the frying pan rarely heated to a sizzle. It was more toast than roast.

Nobody knew it at the time, but last year's Panhandle Dinner (about which my piece was written) was the last.

"The idea," quoting spokesman Nat James, "kind of wore out. The cast of characters doesn't change." As for the Gridiron event in Washington, after which the Hollywood one was modeled, James followed through with, "They do have a change of principals."

But out of the Panhandle came a real Ballyhoo Ball. Instead of a frying pan, there was a baby elephant to greet the guests arriving at the Paramount Sunset Studio sound stage. As the boys who labored early and valiantly to make this annual affair different put it plainly in the program: "Unlike functions held by our organization in past years, the First Annual Ballyhoo Ball has been planned from start to finish to serve but two purposes: That we get better acquainted. That we have fun." Both purposes were fulfilled, with a vengeance. It was a parade of costumes.

Hollywood's fairest came with no curves unbarred. Barbara Nichols, of the built-in giggle, showed her other built-in furnishings in black lace pajamas; form fitting, of course. And in case you still think "d u n b" is synonymous with "blonde" this explained she was getting in a plug for her up-coming flicker, "Pajama Game."

Jayne Mansfield made a real sideshow entrance hoisted on the shoulders of her weight lifting muscleman, Mickey Hargitay. But with Jayne in two skimpy strips of leopard skin, who noticed Michael? They continued the performance throughout the evening, making it clearer and clearer why 20th-Fox speaks of Jayne this way: "We're putting her in pictures back to back."

Kathy Grant didn't mind showing a hitherto undiscovered pair of gams to the photogs. The baby elephant, whom she decided to ride, made a terrific prop for some. Kathy, in brief red spangled costume, put on one of the best acts of the evening. The pert brunet was much too busy to hear mutters of, "Does Bing know about this?"

Mamie Van Doren, in frank dance hall girl costume, brought her own willing prisoner in stripes—Ray Anthony. When the Firehouse Five Plus Two turned on the heat (and that heat, man!) for all those dancing feet, those two really cooled it with some exhibition dancing. And Kathy Marlowe, as Ballyhoo Ball Barkerette, appropriately scooped that spread in Life. She and co-Barkerette Barbara Wilson both got roles, on the spot, in "Garment Center" from Columbia producer Harry Kleiner.

Barker Extraordinary Tommy Noonan gets the tissue can opener for the running gag of the evening. His "bride," very eight months pregnant, came in formal white satin wedding gown—carrying a shotgun. At one point, with the lensers popping off at all the cheesecake around, Tommy imprompted her, "Honey, if you had any class at all, you'd have that baby right now. Think of the publicity it would get me."

It was a real ball of an idea, boys. Where else could a group of photogs holler "All right, all ladies over 36 line up—" and cause a stampede? Of course, in this company, when you say "36" you're not talking about age.

Film Fiction Dictionary

By NOEL MEADOW

Wide screen: For keeping mosquitoes out of picture-windows.
Air-Conditioning: Persuading the temperature to tolerate the customers.
Lobby: A means of either bringing pressure—or relieving it.
Lounge: Where they rest.
Rest-Room: Where they lounge.
Amusement Tax: What they sit on, in comedies.
Teen-Age Audience: They pay 40c to get in, and sometimes should post \$500 bail to get out.
Kiddie Xmas Matinee: Nothing pleases 'em, short of Marilyn Monroe eloping with Santa Claus.
35 M.M.: Her hip measurement.
Volume Control: The checkout in the public library.
Second Balcony: Non-pressurized place in the stratosphere.
Projectionist: Magic lantern operator with a union card.
Orchestra Pit: Something the talkies didn't dig.
Sound Track: A profitable race course.
Twin Bill: Obstetrical fee for delivering two.
Loud Speaker: Filibustering Senator.
Trailer: Motel on wheels.
Press Conference: A discussion on how to remove some wrinkles.
Fringe Theatre: Shows Westerns.
Close-Up: Just before you go home to bed.
TV Late Show: A long time dead.
Family Pictures: Dull but safe.
Dolly-In: About time she was, too.
Gain Control: 51 percent.
Booker: The rest of it's "T. Washington."
Retake: Practical Monday morning quarterbacking.
Critic: An insect chirping in the night.
News release: A lie with a Mission.
Holdover: Basis for police blackmail.
In the can: The guy who put it there ought to be, too.
Split week: Pulled after one performance.
Day and Date: A Mambo team.
Junket: A gelatinous thing that looks good but lacks nourishment.
Script: Used for money during the Civil War.
Dolly In: I'll look. Who shall I say is calling?
Script Girl: Burlesque star.
Reel: Opposite of fake. (Genuine.)
Sound Stage: A solidly-built coach used in Westerns.
Star: A bit player in an old reissue who later become famous.
Commercial: Television's popcorn concession.
Spectacular: High budget Fanchon & Marco.
Documentary: Travelog with low-budget plot.
Soap Opera: A washed-up play.
The Late Show: Often better never than late.
Projectionist: Works in the booth that must've shot Lincoln.
Pass: Useless in poker, but guarantees a full house.
Rave reviews: Says: "hardly the best show in town," because in printing the excerpt for the ad, who's got room for "hardly?"
Censor Board: Use shiny nickel shears while looking down the barrels of steel-blue noses.
Sponsor: Husband of a top-level TV authority.
Vandalism: When they use switch-blade knives destructively on the seats instead of constructively on each other.
Juvenile Delinquency: Just youthful exuberance—when they're your own.
Gross receipts: What Sam Gross takes to the bank.
Net income: What's left after gross income fails to meet expenses; also whatever a fisherman lands.
Preview: Where people who don't know what they like are supposed to guess whether other people will also be unable to decide.
Trade press: Invented the phrase: "Benefit of the doubt."
Doorman: A sleeping pill (like Dormin); also Sidewalk Superintendant.
Manager: Surly chap; hence the expression, "dog in the manager." Also everyone's target; hence the expression, "doggin' the manager."
Johnston Office: (At least 20 rooms). So called because no producers make a move till Johnston gives 'em the office.
Saturation booking: A soaking for all.
Independent Producer: Knows the sad answer to the sad question: "How independent can you get?"
Public relations counsel: Press agent with two telephones.
Laid an Egg: For which they blame everybody but the hen.
Hi-Fi: Any tone better than an old Galli-Curci record.
Negative Cost: Positively plenty.
Reel: A dance from Virginia.
Rushes: Used in connection with "bull."
Wide screen: Necessity being the mother of invention, this one was forced by the emphasis on bust measurements.
Turkey: Nothing to celebrate any occasion with.
Opus: An "epis" with artistic undertones.
Scalper: Dr. Kildare used it in operations.
Malady: Something Irving Berlin wrote.
Hot seller: Opposite from cold attic.
Buddha: A lady's bedroom.
Version: Oldfashioned, unwed girl.
Heroine: A drug on the market.
Bit Player: Brings own corkscrew to a cocktail party.
Free loader: Amateur longshoreman.
Leading Man: What wife isn't?
Dumb blonde: Had to give up golf because she couldn't learn how to hold caddy.
Tantamount: A large theatre on Broadway.
Strip tease: While the guy upstairs is deciding when to drop that other shoe.
Exit light: But enter heavy.
Chanteuse: Tone-deaf singer of risque lyrics.
Good press: Sharply-creased pants.
Understudy: From this you don't get brain-fever.
Executive producer: Executes a production till it's stone dead.
Double feature: Marilyn Monroe; Dagmar; Anita Ekberg.
Suspense Drama: When the galluses are held up by one loose button.
Revue: Vaudeville that hasn't been cleaned up.
Scene: . . . is believin'.
Star: In the sky, they last.
Star: A meteorite with big ideas.
Starlet: A star who hasn't let—yet.
Cast: You need it like the broken leg. You can get into it if you can fracture 'em.
Big Scene: Can happen on-screen—or in the lobby.
Cashier: Thinks that, after her salary, it's mostly gravy.
Klieg: Top dog in the KKK.
Cyclorama: Illegal use of films.
Pit: Where they buried the house musicians.
Synchronize: To sin chronically.
Oscar: The Waldorf's late maitre d'.
Pull a picture: Mercy-killing.
Lay an egg: Only hens don't care who knows it.
Running time: In only 102 minutes, you can run it into the ground.
Mat: Some ads sleep on 'em.

(Continued on page 65)

'See The Movie—Read The Book'

(Paperbacks Now Big Biz)

The whole story won't be in for another six months, but pocket-size book publishers are expressing unanimous satisfaction with 1956 sales.

Cheerful reports of highest-in-history production and sales, with announced increases over 1955 ranging from 10% to 33% for individual publishers, portend even bigger sales for the coming year, as the biggest boom in 18 years of mass distributed paperback history appears to have taken hold in the industry.

Industry sources point to an overall total of nearly \$50,000,000 in newsstand paperback sales for the year. Observers caution, however, that the current rosy picture might still be affected negatively when the final returns are in this spring. The nature of the newsstand distributed business is such that definite sales figures are not available for six months to a year after an individual title has been released. Sales activity is so strong, however, that few doubt that optimistic projections for 1956 sales will be substantiated and possibly even exceeded when the finals are completed.

Close investigation of the newsstand sales phenomenon of paperbacks reveals that success may be due in part at least to the overall health of magazines at newsstands. Figures for the first half of 1956 showed that the top 25 magazines gained a total of nearly 5% over newsstand sales during the same period in 1955. Women's magazines in particular showed great strength, with increases as high as 14% in this category. Exception, however, was the December fold of Woman's Home Companion and Collier's.

However, the sales of pocket-size books are so far ahead of the magazine pace that other forces appear to have been at work in that particular area. Perhaps the most important such sales building force may have been the dramatic boom in "see the movie—read the book" promotions which reached an all-time high during 1956 and is still on the rise.

Boxoffice-conscious paperback publishers and motion picture execs promoted a total of 60 properties via "See the Movie—Read the Book" exploitation tie-ins during 1956.

1955 was left far behind, in terms of quality as well as quantity of such tie-ins. That year only 34 paperback titles were tied-in with film production. Even more dramatic growth is revealed in comparison with 1954, when only six titles benefited by theatre-newsstand tie-up exploitation.

Popular Library, Bantam, and Pocket Books spearheaded the field, with a total of 42 movie-book tie-ins set by these three top mass-distributed firms during 1956. This compares with 17 tie-ins the previous year, and only four in 1954, for the three publishers.

Based on advance information released by these and other leading pocket-size book houses, 1957 already shapes up as another record-breaking year for movie-book tie-ins. Combination of the upcurve in production and number of titles, based on favorable newsstand sales situation, with similar production increases announced by the studios, points to inevitable expansion of this type of publishing-theatre co-operative exploitation during the coming year.

Publishing and pix toppers are returning to this type of exploitation with tremendous zeal for a number of reasons. Tie-ins are a natural because of the obvious relationship between novels and screen adaptations. Instinctive showman characteristics of leaders in both industries, who rely almost entirely on sheer entertainment value to sell tickets to mass audiences, have fostered search for identical qualities in story material.

Making studio-publisher tie-ups even more logical is similarity between field selling organizations in both media. Both publishers and film producers employ extensive roadman staffs of local field personnel, who coordinate work of film distributors and theatres (or book distributors and retailers) in their respective territories. Both businesses put heavy emphasis on point-of-sale merchandising and retail window and counter displays to promote sales.

Cooperative promotion techniques are similar as applied to most titles, varying primarily in relation to size of investment made by both parties. Metro-Popular Library tie-in on "I'll Cry Tomorrow" was the biggest of the year, both as to money spent and sales results. Pocket edition of Lillian Roth's much-publicized autobiog passed 2,600,000 copies sold last year.

Among the many significant book tie-ins coming up in '57 are RKO's "Cash McCall" (Pocketbook), 20th Century-Fox' "The Wayward Bus" (Bantam) and 20th-Fox' musical, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," and Columbia's "Rumble on the Docks" (both Popular Library books)—all to be promoted in cooperation with the paperback editions.

1956 leaders among the studios, as far as "see the movie—read the book" campaigns are concerned, were 20th Century-Fox, which had nine paperback tie-ins last year, after leading with eight for 1955, and M-G-M, also with nine (six the year before). Warners moved from five the previous year to eight in 1956. Other studios showed similar increases: Columbia from two to eight, Paramount from three to seven, United Artists from four to six, and RKO from none to four last year. Universal-International, however, which had six tie-ins in 1955, scheduled only five in 1956.

Jehovah's Witnesses Testify

They Question Scholarship of '10 Commandments' And Decry 'Bible Illiteracy' of Film Critics

Jehovah's Witnesses, a religious sect headquartered in Brooklyn and taking its own strong line of interpretation on the Bible, has been devoting considerable space in its magazine, "Awake!" to Cecil B. DeMille's "10 Commandments." Stating that the director's "high regard for the Bible is well publicized" and praising the film with some aesthetic reservations, the Witnesses (officially the Watch Tower Bible & Tract Society) asks the question, "But is it Scriptural?"

Citing chapter & verse in considerable detail, the sect finds itself unconvinced. In the issue which will be dated Jan. 15, 1957, there is a reprise of the "Bible illiteracy" of the film critics "dazzled and led astray by DeMille's publicity claims or by clerical beating of the drums." The latter point is telltale, for Jehovah's Witnesses specializes in a very close reading of text and are much in

dispute with the more orthodox divines.

Here's the Watch Tower verdict overall:

"When Hollywood films a book it shuffles the facts to fit its fancy. Not even God's Word is exempt. DeMille boasts accuracy, and in the case of 'The Ten Commandments' a publicity report says concerning any challenges that might arise: 'DeMille thinks he will have the answer on every detail of his latest, greatest, effort.'"

Alvey Heads Photogs Assn.

Washington.

Murray Alvey, of Metro's News of the Day, will be the new president of the White House Photographers Assn., succeeding Henry Burroughs, of AP. Association is made up of both newsreel and still lensers who cover the White House and other angles of official Washington.

Harry Tugander, of Universal, and Ronne Weston of News of the Day, were elected to the association board of Governors.

Ghosts And Ghost Writing

Expert on the Law of Copyright, Attorney Recalls Some Novel Legalistics

By PHILIP WITTENBERG

The wave of synthetics has struck writing. An author may be a man or a syndicate or even a corporation. Though the clause of the Constitution of the United States providing for copyright presumed that an author was a writer, Congress in its wisdom has provided that one who employs a writer for hire may be an "author." When is a ghost a writer and when is a ghost writer an unlawful and immoral person are questions which have perturbed the courts.

Up to the time of President Woodrow Wilson great documents and speeches were written by the persons whose name they bore. The Gettysburg Address was not only written, it was handwritten.

Today it is common knowledge

Author, Anyone?

By Col. BARNEY OLDFIELD

(Author, 'Never a Shot in Anger')

Some fella once said, "See Naples and die!"—but one needn't go that far, he can just sit down and write a book.

The agent starts by telling the writer that his publishers are the very best naturally, they accepted, didn't they?, but that the book business is "different" (i.e., static).

Once the publisher has the manuscript safely in his hands, he starts downgrading author interest in money. Even if it costs the writer money and doesn't sell at all, after all it's a kick just to have written a book.

The biggest trouble with a book is that nobody can truly define it as a literary, theatrical, advertising, publicity, or ditch-digging venture, but chances are, an author will know them all before he is through—especially the latter.

The reality of a book is only the beginning.

Once it's delivered, if it is going anywhere at all, it is usually in the author's hands to prepare the initial attention-attracting campaign—and he'll be humored to the extent of being allowed to carry it out.

And you find out so many things, too.

Like, for every pusher in the book business, there are 50 with cobwebs stretched from themselves to the wall.

Like, a city like Cincinnati can have a reputation for culture, have symphonies, art galleries, plays—and be a lousy book town.

Such as, a town like Springfield, Mo., the third largest tv film production center in the U. S. and a specialist in country music, sells as many books per capita as the biggest and best in the nation. But, only if the books are on the subject of arthritis.

That there are between 15,000 and 20,000 titles brought out annually in America, any of them better than the one elected by you if you are an author.

And most of the tv network book-and-author shows are on in the early morning when the householder doesn't even want to read what the clock hands say, let alone hear about a book with 300 or more pages of fine print.

Then there are the autographing parties.

Some cities won't even have them because it is embarrassing to both store and author since there is so little public interest. One poorly attended affair recently found the proprietor grabbing two women who came into the shop, asking them if they didn't want to meet the author.

"Not particularly," said one of the ladies, "we only came in to get some gift wrapping paper."

And on the book-and-author local tv shows, a writer can be upstaged by anything.

I went on with a gal broadcaster in a prop sitting room, and she had two kittens playing on the floor to lend homey atmosphere. When I left the studio after the telecast, the switchboard was aflame and two operators were taking calls.

Within three minutes there had been 30 calls for information about availability of the kittens—and none at all about the book.

that the speeches and writings of our men of state and affairs are the collaboration of a staff of researchers and writers who collate the material and supply the words. Whether it be a lowly Assemblyman or a Governor, a Congressman or President, the writings and speeches credited to them are by common gossip known not to be theirs. In the business world our great corporate executives, perhaps, on their way to the Cabinet, called upon for a few graceful remarks or an important address to fellow luminaries, echo the robots they hire to do their writing. We are all familiar with the well known motion picture executive, who plaintively commented that a speech prepared for him was not in his inimitable style.

The comedians and humorists of the theatre, radio and television utilize tried and true material, from files diligently prepared for the purpose, to be exposed to the public as their own. Our highbrow literary periodicals carry advertisements of bureaus which will write anything on demand, whether a poem, a college theme, fiction or a state address. The true author is an anonymous scribe who receives no pay and less, if any, credit. At the best, he may hope for that phrase on the title page "as told to."

Even in the field of fiction there are people who aspire to fame and who do not hesitate to call upon some unknown denizen of Grub Street to produce the work upon which their reputations may fall. Many novels have appeared in the past generation written by one and attributed to another.

Short-Lived Stand-In

The head of a great newspaper chain, who wanted to be at least equal to those he employed in literary renown, hired a younger and less well-heeled author, to write novels for him. Unfortunately, the first book did not receive critical acclaim. The hireling lost his job and the career of his employer as a novelist was nipped in the bud.

There are two cases of ghost writing; one where the real authorship is attributed to an inhabitant of the spirit world or other psychic phenomena, and the other where the work is credited to a supposed living author but is instead the work of a ghost writer, living but unseen and publicly unknown.

In the first category there is the interesting case of a man Frederick Spencer Oliver, who issued a work "A Dweller On Two Planets." He asserted the work was an absolute revelation from the spirit world. Oliver described himself as one of those mysterious persons, "an adept of the arcane and occult in the universe." More than six pages of the book were consumed in emphasizing that the work was a true revelation from a spirit, one Phyllos, the Thibetan, to Oliver, who described himself as merely the "Amanuensis."

'Amanuensis' K.O.'d

A rival publisher printed an edition of the work. Suit was brought to restrain publication of this alleged plagiarism without the permission of the "Amanuensis." The court before whom the matter came said; "the law deals with realities and does not recognize communication with and the conveyance of legal rights by the spiritual world as the basis for its judgment. Nevertheless, equity and good morals will not permit one who asserts something as a fact which he insists his readers believe as the real foundation for its appeal to those who may buy and read his work, to change that position for profit in a law suit." So Oliver lost his case.

Had he been less an occult and been willing to assert the originality with him of the material in the book he might have been an author. Alas, he was only a channel through which the spirits flowed and could claim no grant of authorship or proprietorship from a non-existent Phyllos, the Thibetan.

A somewhat similar situation involved the writings of Stewart Edward White, a writer of books on philosophy and ethics of a popular nature. White claimed that he had received through his wife, Betty, acting as an intermediary, communications from a spirit identified as "Gaelic," and which he incorporated in a manuscript called "The Job of Living." In a copyright infringement suit involving the right to publish the manuscript the court went off on the question of whether or not there had been

a publication by White of the work sufficient to throw it into the public domain and therefore to protect subsequent publishers. So we do not have another authority on the question of whether spirits can assign to earthly proprietors title to their ghostly writings.

Partners In Literary Crime

In the second class of cases a ghost writer wrote a book for a celebrity which was published in the name of the celebrity. When litigation arose concerning the book a literal-minded British court, before which it came, assumed that since the ghost writer was the sole writer that he was therefore the sole author and entitled to the copyright.

In New York we had an interesting case in which one of our best known Pagliaccis of radio, screen and television decided that he would like to have published under his name a serious novel. He entered into a contract with a female author to write a novel, which was originally entitled "Sit Still My Soul," and later retitled "The Kneeling God." The writer contended that she had been requested by the comic to write a serious novel to be published under the comic's name as the sole author in order that he might gain recognition in the literary field. She had been assured, she said, that if the work was published under his name as the sole author there would be a large sale because he could exploit the book before his huge audience and that therefore her earnings would be great; his name big royalties—her name small royalties.

But thereafter the comedian changed his mind and decided that he would not permit the work to be published. The writer sued to recover damages from him. The court before which it came held that a contract by one to write a book to be published under the name of another was an immoral contract. The court said that by the allegations of the complaint there was "apodictically shown a scheme concocted and devised by the parties to deliberately foist a fraud on the public in the manner described; in effect and ultimate result to extract from the public the cost of the book by means of deception practiced upon it." The court buttressed his opinion with another in which it was said; "thus, if an author were to assign to another the privilege of publishing books with his name upon their title-page . . . it cannot for a moment be supposed that any court would protect such a supposed right, even as against the original assignor."

Since the agreement was void as against public policy, as pronounced by the court, the writer's complaint was dismissed. This case contains a moral and a lesson for all ghost writers.

But despite this case, decided in 1951, the practices of our time continue. It might be wise for the ghost writer to demand coin of the physical realm on the barrel head lest, should the matter come before a court again, the writer would be unable to recover what the court considered the wages of sin and the product of an immoral contract.

St. Paul's 'Adults Only' Tag on 'Baby Doll'

St. Paul.

"Baby Doll," playing the Minneapolis and St. Paul RKO Orpheums day and date, is getting heat from city authorities only to the extent that the St. Paul police chief ordered that its attendance be restricted to "adults only."

It had been the intention of Harry H. Weiss, RKO Theatres divisional manager here, to advertise it in that manner in both cities anyway, so that the police directive didn't necessitate any alteration of plans.

In St. Paul, which has a large Catholic population, the mayor and police chief requested an advance screening for a panel of city officials in order to decide if the picture should be banned. The panel refused to recommend its prohibition.

AT A TIME WHEN MOTION PICTURES THIS TOWERS ABOVE



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Cary Grant
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"The Pride
and The Passion"

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The Durable Quips of Will Rogers

By EDDIE CANTOR

(The following tribute was telephone-delivered Palm Springs, Cal., to Claremore, Okla., in early November. It is reproduced in excerpt—Ed.)

In life, there was no one like him. In death, he is even more unique. Today, 21 years since that fatal airplane crash, people still chuckle over his sage sayings—unpolished gems of wit and wisdom. More significant, in all parts of the world, Will Rogers is mourned not only by friends, but by admirers who never even saw him. All speak of him with a sense of deep, personal loss.

Newspapers still quote him. That would please Will. He had great respect for the people who report the news. "I'm a hopeless addict of the newspaper drug," he once said, "I read about eight papers a day. When I'm in a town with only one paper, I read it eight times."

Just the other day, I read some of his still-timely comments in one of the columns. In discussing a Hollywood dinner party, attended by quite a few elaborately-dressed phonies, Rogers commented: "I think it would be better if more people worked for their dinners, and fewer dressed for them."

Another quote, apropos at this time, any year, was written by Will in 1932: "Come pretty near having two holidays of equal importance in the same week, Halloween and election. On Halloween, they put pumpkins on their heads, and on election, they don't have to."

On traffic, he said: "I'm a member of a vanishing race—the pedestrian. There oughta be a law that nobody should drive on Sunday except those people who don't drive any other day. Then all they can hit is each other. Another thing that would help," he suggested, "would be to allow on the streets only the automobiles that are paid for."

Why is Will Rogers more alive, 21 years after his death, than many of our current "names" who pay

press agents to keep them in the news? Perhaps the secret lies in his recipe for humor: "A gag to be any good," he instructed, "has to be fashioned about some truth. The rest you get by your slant on it and perhaps by a wee bit of exaggeration so's people won't miss the point."

That may explain why he's still quotable, but it doesn't explain why a man with no schooling—who never drank or smoked—never played cards—cared not at all for games like golf or tennis—numbered among his friends: presidents—kings—ranch hands—athletes—stars of show business—stage hands—and, at the same time, won enduring affection from the public.

I think I found the answer when we played together in the Ziegfeld Follies. Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, and I, were such pals, the rest of the company referred to us as "The Three Musketeers." It reached a point where we were ready to "lay down our laughs" for one another (the acid test for comedians).

How Will Rogers could ad lib! On or offstage. When one of the Ziegfeld beauties walked onstage with him, Rogers said, "These girls are so beautiful. Sad to think that 20 years from now, they'll all be five years older."

In the dressing room one evening, we got the news that one of our girls was leaving the show to get married. Rogers drawled, "Y'know, it's tough on Mr. Ziegfeld—especially when we go on the road with the show. In every town, some millionaire comes along and marries one of those wonderful chorus girls Ziggy worked so hard to find. Some of 'em don't come back to the show for three or four weeks!"

At a dinner party, I recall a society dowager saying to Rogers: "Tell me, is the field of humor crowded?" Will replied, "Only when Congress is in session."

Recall Rogers' Offbeat Olio In '3 Cheers'

By LEONARD TRAUBE

Almost everybody in and out of show business has a highly personalized note up his sleeve as to who-made-good-when. This mental rendezvous with history is often brought to the surface by something he has seen or heard that arrested his attention. In this writer's case it was an obitistic type of column on the Palace and Vaudeville titled "Memories Are Made of This," by Walter Winchell in his syndicated pillar a few weeks ago.

In Paragraph 7—which by coincidence happens to be the next-to-closing spot at today's Palace—Winchell said that finger-pointing celebrities in the audience originated at the Palace and not in television. Leaving this thinly veiled barb at Ed Sullivan aside, the stand-up-and-take-a-bow line evoked visions of Will Rogers. The rope-spinning drawler didn't invent the we-have-here-in-the-audience technique, but he certainly was a master of that kind of pointer-outing; in my book the master.

Although the Oklahoma buster of stuffed shirtism had come upon the American scene years before, I got my first paid-performance, flesh-and-blood look at Rogers season 1928-1929. That year didn't come out of my hat. It says in VARIETY's File of Plays on Broadway that this was the season "Three Cheers" opened at the Globe. I didn't think it was that long ago—"it seems only yesterday"—but who am I to launch an assault on this hallowed compendium of legitimate works? Anyway, it is my recollection that Rogers had been rushed into the show for his good friend Fred Stone, who was either taken down with an ailment or levelled by one of his numerous challenges to the airplane whirling he loved so much (and, upon reflection, an ironic twist considering that's how Rogers met his death with patcheye Wiley Post).

The night I caught "Three Cheers" there was the usual carload of headliners in the audience, and Rogers picked them off with amazing rapidity in priceless one-liners and more extended observations. Never in all theatre history have more people been more anxious to be mentioned by Rogers, whether with stiletto thrusts or sweetness & light, which may constitute some measure of the universal esteem in which he was held by all—friend—or foe, if any (and there couldn't be).

But to go back to the script, it got so at one point during a high moment in "Three Cheers" that Dorothy Stone, eldest, most talented and most beautiful of Fred Stone's daughters, gave up and, laughing herself sick and silly, said real "out loud" that Rogers was throwing her off and that she couldn't continue with the "book" of the show. Characteristically, Rogers reacted to this by picking off a dozen other millionaires and mountebanks in the pews, getting back on the script track after maybe 15 minutes of one of the greatest offbeat "olios" I have ever seen on any type of stage.

No, Rogers didn't create the take-a-bow pitch, but it was he who made a fine art out of ribbing his pickees and this treatment became part of his trademark. Much like De Wolf Hopper, who never got away from a legiter any night without being stampeded into declaiming his "Casey at the Bat," which I saw him do in his last play on Broadway, "The Monster."

'SNEAK' GAYNOR TEST FOR FORBUSH ROLE

Footage of an extensive test made by Mitzi Gaynor for the role of Nellie Forbush in 20th-Fox's film version of "South Pacific" will be eyed in the next few days by Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d.

The Gaynor test was made quietly on the Coast 10 days ago with Joshua Logan directing. Rossano Prazzi already has been set for the male lead.

Ode To S.A. With I.Q.

News item: "The Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas is said to be working on a new night club idea—a line of chorus cuties all of whom are Ph.D.'s . . ." (Erskine Johnson, NEA release, Dec. 19).

I think that I shall never see
A chorus line of Ph.D.'s.
A line of girls, superbly breasted,
Trotting out so highly tested.
Girls who look at books all day,
Then, at night, emerge to play.

High I.Q.'s who for work wear
Little save their own dyed hair.
Upon whose bosoms tomes have lain
While they studied reigns in Spain.
Poems are made by Ph.D.'s.
Only God makes pretty knees.

I cannot think, then, I shall see
A chorus girl with Ph.D.,
A lovely girl with dimpled knees
Who also reads Thucydides.
I might, perchance, a purple cow
(Though even that I doubt somehow).

Richard J. Stonesifer, Ph.D.
(Assoc. Prof. of English & TV Coordinator).
(Franklin & Marshall College)

Shorts Were Great Schooling

By PETE SMITH

Hollywood.

The doors of a long established training school for the development of new motion picture talent are being closed. But tight.

This is being brought about by the fadeout of live-action short subjects for theatre presentation.

Although I have not been associated with this branch of entertainment for several years, I have watched its decline with no little regret. For from its ranks have come many greats in show business. And from this field could come many future greats.

Among those who cut their artistic eye teeth on short subjects in their early days are such top-flight talents as George Stevens, Leo McCarey, Judy Garland, Bing Crosby, Jimmy Stewart, Norman Taurog, Frank Capra and many others.

Under the guidance of men like Mack Sennett, Hal Roach and the Christie brothers, struggling artists learned their stuff and went on to become world famous for their cinema accomplishments.

During the period in which I worked around the vineyards of featurettes, many others at various studios also took their first crack at the movies in one and two-reelers. A good number of them hit the jackpot in the world of entertainment.

Long On Names

In my own case at MGM it was my privilege to introduce a number of talented people to their first motion picture chores. Among them was a guy named Buddy Adler who worked with me for years as a writer. He, together with another youngster named George Sidney, who directed his first and many subsequent shorts for me, helped me win a couple of Oscars.

Other bright lads who became motion picture directors for me were Dave Miller and Fred Zinnemann. Dave O'Brien, a straightman, developed into a grand comedian in my pictures. Arthur Marx, playwright and author of no little note and Joe Ansen started their movie comedy writing under my lash. Hal Elias contributed no little as did Phil Anderson, Joe Dietrick and many others.

In the days when Fred Quimby, Jack Chertok, Jack Cummings, Jerry Bressler, Dick Goldstone and Jules White toiled at Metro, shorts drew world wide attention to personalities such as John Nesbitt, Robert Benchley, Roy Rowland, Chic Sale, Carey Wilson, Will Jason to name only some.

Where once short subjects were featured on marquees and in newspaper advertising as important attractions on the bill, today the double feature practice—which has persisted through later years—has obliterated if not buried them completely.

With the coming of wide screen systems, short subject producers thrilled to new hopes. However, while production costs rocketed, theatre rentals failed to keep pace with negative expenditures. Today, in many instances, exhibitors are playing normal screen sized shorts instead of wide screen subjects not

because they are better but because they are cheaper. Instead of attractions, as they were in the past, shorts have become fillers and chasers.

Place the blame where you will, it all boils down to high production costs and low theatre rentals. Unless something is done to correct that situation the death knell has been sounded for theatrical shorts—and that includes cartoons.

U.S. Distributors Too Costly Hooked-Up On Continent?

American distributors in Europe will sooner or later have to merge their releasing facilities on the Continent to effect savings and bring down soaring costs.

Opinion was voiced in Manhattan last week by an industry executive intimately familiar with the American position in Europe.

"The current situation, with most of the companies maintaining their own branches, is untenable in the long run and under present conditions," he said. "There is no reason why the companies couldn't have their product distributed by competent local organizations."

The production cutdown, which affected American exhibs during the past year and a half, is now catching up with Europe, where the companies are always between six months to a year behind. As a result, the American distributors are constantly screening indie and foreign films to handle abroad. On the whole, except for Columbia and except in Britain, the U.S. outfits have refrained from any large-scale investment in local production.

As in the U.S., the administrative and operational costs of the American distributors abroad are continuing to go up and, in areas where importation is limited, the question has definitely arisen whether it's worth while to continue maintaining a full organization.

Fanny Brice 'Snooks' Inspiration for New NBC Telefilm Series

Hollywood. NBC-TV producer Jess Oppenheimer will use Fanny Brice radio material in a new network telefilm series tentatively titled "Minnie and Snooks," slated to roll late in February. Show will revolve around a fictional showbiz personality who utilizes baby voice character, but Oppenheimer emphasizes it won't be a Brice biopic.

He's also slated to do a series 10 hour long telepic based on modern concepts of the 10 Commandments, and will develop a comedy series for Nanette Fabray and Betty Hutton.

Secret N.Y. Meet Of NT Investors Hints Proxy Row

National Theatres may face a proxy fight come February's annual meeting.

Group of "dissidents" met last Thursday (3) in Manhattan. Very sub rosa but name of Rueben Resnick is believed involved. Group reportedly has 750,000 shares, against 2,000,000 with management.

Goal: three memberships on the Board.

WILE CHIDES LEGION

Wrongly Imposes Its Will on Non-Catholics

Columbus.

The Catholic Legion of Decency should restrict its interpretation of God's Commandments to Catholics and "we do not think that the Legion (of Decency) should impose its own standards for the entire country," says Robert A. Wile, exec secretary of the Independent Theatre Owners of Ohio in the org's latest bulletin.

Discussion is in reference to "Baby Doll," which has been condemned by the Legion. "The attention given to 'Baby Doll' by certain dignitaries of the Catholic Church will probably have exactly the reverse effect of what was intended," he says. "Obviously, the more publicity is given to the condemnation, the more people will be induced to see the picture."

In his recent message regarding "Baby Doll," Francis Cardinal Spellman mentioned the possibility that his attention might create a larger attendance for the film, which he urged Catholics to avoid "on the pain of sin."

"The Legion, says Wile "may interpret God's Commandments and judge of the conformity of a film to them for its members; the rest of the people will either set up judges or judge for themselves."

ACLU's Amicus Brief For H'wood-Boycotted Wilson, da Silva, Et Al.

Washington.

The American Civil Liberties Union has filed an amicus curiae brief with the U.S. Supreme Court, endorsing the ex-Hollywooders who claim they've been unjustly blacklisted for taking the Fifth Amendment and similar reasons.

High Court has not yet decided whether to hear the appeal of the Hollywood group which appealed to the Court Nov. 2 from rulings of the California state courts. These rejected a suit to end enforced unemployment of Michael Wilson, Gale Sondergaard, Howard da Silva, Paul Jarrico, et al.

By refusing "to grant petitioners relief from respondents' blacklist," contends the brief of the Southern California Branch of ACLU, the state courts in effect made the alleged blacklist a "state action and therefore unconstitutionally deprives petitioners of their liberty and property without due process of law."

The suit aimed at the film studios, their executives, and the House Un-American Activities Committee. A reply to the ACLU brief that the Supreme Court "is without jurisdiction because the federal question which is now sought to have reviewed was not timely raised below in accordance with state practice. There is no federal question involved at bar but only a question of the correctness of a state court's decision of a local law."

Halloran Omaha Barker

Omaha.

Pat Halloran, branch manager of Buena Vista's offices here, elected Chief Barker of Omaha Variety Tent No. 16; succeeds J. Robert Hoff.

Don Hammond, of Romeo-Hammond Productions, was named first assistant barker; Norman Nielsen, branch manager of RKO Pictures, second assistant; George Regan, branch manager of 20th-Fox, property master; and Glenn Trump, press agent of Ak-Sar-Ben, dough-guy.

"Michael Todd's show makes this a better world"...and the whole world loves it!

—Mark Barron, Associated Press

Motion Picture Critics say...

"Spectacular Entertainment—Mr. Todd outdoes the movies with 'Around The World in 80 Days'." *Crowther—N.Y. TIMES*

"★★★★! A SMASH HIT. The most star-studded film of all time!" *Cameron—N.Y. DAILY NEWS*

"Will be playing there the rest of our lives...don't miss it!" *Kupferberg—N.Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE*

"IT IS A DOWNRIGHT JOY." *Gover—UNITED PRESS*

"Absolutely THE TOPS... earth-shaking beauty." *Pelwick—N.Y. JOURNAL-AMERICAN*

"TITANIC, TITILLATING, and THRILLING...it's a pip!" *Gilbert—N.Y. MIRROR*

"BREATHTAKING SUPERSPECTACLE." *Winston—N.Y. POST*

"WHEE-EEEE. Romping Farce... dazzling picture...solid delight!" *Cook—N.Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM & SUN*

"A marvelous movie...SUPER-MAGNAGORGEIOUS! Prodigious array of wonder, splendor, sights and sounds." *Beaufort—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR*

Drama Critics say...

"The only unponderous spectacle in show business." *JOHN CHAPMAN*

"Delightful Fun and an Absolute Triumph of Imagination, Gaiety and Showmanship." *RICHARD WATTS, JR.*

"It's a rewarding show—full of variety and excitement." *WARD MOREHOUSE*



Radio & TV say...

"The miracle of all miracles." *Max Liebman—NBC*

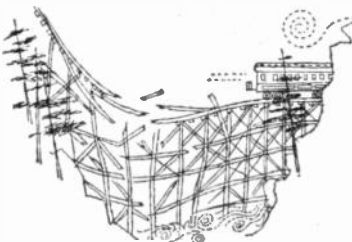
"A great wide, wide WONDERFUL SMASH!" *Dave Garraway—NBC*

"It's Dan-Dan-Dandy!" *Jackie Gleason—CBS*

"Your chair in the theatre is a ticket to enchantment. One of the most wonderful movie adventures I've ever experienced." *Ben Grauer—NBC*

"'Around The World in 80 Days' should be a serial—we just want to keep looking at it week after week." *Tex & Jinx*

"Home and abroad, everyone should see 'Around The World in 80 Days'." *Arlene Francis—NBC*



Columnists say...

"Great, great show...a new epic?" *WALTER WINCHELL*

"A smashing triumph... hits the jackpot!" *ED SULLIVAN*

"The most spectacular, most wonderfully entertaining picture we have had in years and years and years." *HEDDA HOPPER*

"The whole world must see 'Around the World in 80 Days'." *LOUELLA PARSONS*

"Mike Todd's a Genius... picture's a smash hit!" *EARL WILSON*

"Clean, clever, classy. Will gross \$50,000,000. This you must see." *DOROTHY KILGALLEN*

"Who ever thought he'd live to see the day when tickets to a movie would be as difficult to scrounge as those to 'My Fair Lady'?" *INEZ ROBB*

"Michael Todd's '80 Days' is a masterpiece, any way you take it." *DANTON WALKER*

"'Around the World' is out of this world?" *IRV KUPCINET*

"Hooray for 'Around the World!'" *ELSA MAXWELL*

The Magazines say...

"A remarkable feat of MOVIE-MAKING!" *LIFE*

"The world's liveliest showman has made Hollywood's liveliest movie. There is only one Todd." *THIS WEEK*

"extravagant!...funny! SPECTACULAR!" *TIME*

"recommended to lovers of anything because it has just about everything." *HOLIDAY*

"The year's best-class trip!" *COLLIER'S*

Nat'l Board of Review says...

"The human race has never before seen entertainment such as this." *NATIONAL BOARD OF REVIEW*



Public Figures say...

"I'm overwhelmed." *JOHN RINGLING NORTH*

"I stamped, clapped and raised hurrahs." *ROBERT MOSES*

"Thanks for a wonderful evening." *JOSHUA LOGAN*

"Staggering! A most unique and wonderful film." *MOSS HART*

"Solid showmanship...a jumbo extravaganza." *MOTION PICTURE HERALD*

"Ranks among the greatest motion pictures...pure joy all the way." *FILM DAILY*

The Fan Magazines say...

"One of the best pictures I ever saw." *MODERN SCREEN*

"Opens up a new dimension in motion pictures." *PHOTOPLAY*

"Four stars...outstanding picture of the month." *MOTION PICTURE*

"A rare delight to the eyes, ears and mind; the most spectacular of the motion picture medium today and the film classic of tomorrow." *MOVIELAND*

The Literary Circle says...

"a good show...replete with comedy, circus attractions, spectacles...Go see it!" *SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE*

"Simply wonderful!" *BENNETT CERF*

"One of the greatest shows I've ever seen." *WILLIAM SAROYAN*

The Family Magazines say...

"Family Medal Award. Rated Excellent." *PARENTS' MAGAZINE*

"A fantastic movie. Good House-keeping gives it not 4 but 40 stars." *GOOD HOUSEKEEPING*

"I predict that we will be taking our grandchildren to see it 20 or even more years hence." *EVERYWOMAN'S MAGAZINE*

"A delightful fantasy... merry and magnificently scenic." *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION*

"Equals at least 3 of the best pictures of any year." *MADEMOISELLE*

International Press says...

"A spectacle—artistic, full of humor and grace." *LA PRENSA*

"A cinema triumph. London will love it." *LONDON DAILY TEL.*

"Michael Todd is a producer who, without any doubt, will lead moviedom on the road to greater glory." *FRANCE AMERIQUE*

"magnificent... spectacular...cinema magic at its best." *IL PROGRESSO*

"The enthusiastic spectators could hardly see enough." *STAATS-ZEITUNG*

"The craziest and most wonderful thing that I have ever seen." *LONDON EXPRESS*

The Big Show

Around the World in 80 days in Todd-AO

"Great entertainment...could fill Madison Square Garden three times a day, forever!" *HY GARDNER*

"PURELY WONDERFUL FUN!" *ROBERT SYLVESTER*

"Loved it! Go, take the kids, the maiden aunt, and your raffish old Uncle Jake!" *BOB CONSIDINE*

"From sublime to heavenly." *FRANK FARRELL*

"The biggest and the most successful movies ordinarily create little stir on Broadway. But Mike Todd's fantastic 'what-is-it'...so new that nobody could describe it...does just that!" *NEWSWEEK*

"Entertainment at its best!" *REDBOOK*

"Big, splashy. The actors are all fine, and the scenic effects are tremendous." *THE NEW YORKER*

"superb entertainment for the entire family!" *CORONET*

"I am still in a state of wonder at your remarkable film—perfection in every department." *COLE PORTER*

The Show Press says...

"Smasheroo! Sure fire hit of the year." *DAILY VARIETY*

"The greatest show ever seen on stage or screen." *HOLLYWOOD REPORTER*

"Treat for movie-goers. A great adventure!" *BOXOFFICE MAGAZINE*

Michael Todd presents the big show

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

starring

**DAVID NIVEN
CANTINFLAS
ROBERT NEWTON
SHIRLEY MacLAINE**

Featuring the following "Cameo" Stars: Charles Boyer • Joe E. Brown • Martine Carol • John Carradine • Charles Coburn • Ronald Colman • Melville Cooper • Noel Coward • Finlay Currie • Reginald Denny • Andy Devine • Marlene Dietrich • Luis Dominguin • Fandor • Walter Fitzgerald • Sir John Gielgud • Hermione Gingold • Jose Greco • Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Trevor Howard • Glynis Johns • Buster Keaton • Evelyn Keyes • Beatrice Lillie • Peter Lorre • Edmund Lowe • Col. Tim McCoy • Victor McLaglen • A. E. Matthews • Mike Mazurki • John Mills • Robert Morley • Alan Mowbray • Ed Murrow • Jack Oakie • George Raft • Gilbert Roland • Cesar Romero • Frank Sinatra • Red Skelton • Ronald Squire • Basil Sydney • Richard Wattis • Harcourt Williams

THRU
UA

The Roman Rambler

Finds Rome Ain't What It Used To Be

By SAM'L STEINMAN

(Rome correspondent for European edition of N.Y. Herald-Tribune)

Only 2,000 years ago come March 15, the conspirators stabbed Julius Caesar to death in the Rome Forum. While this event contributed to show business via a play by Shakespeare written some 16 centuries later, the great days of Rome as a theatre town came to some kind of an end with the sordid event which occurred on the Ides of March in the year 43 B.C.

Today they are developing a park in the huge area which was covered by the Circo Massimo where Nero found his pleasure in sending the Christian martyrs to the lions. The ruins of the Colosseum still stand, and contrary to available picture postcards, no martyrs were even sent to the lions here because it was the place where the gladiators battled to the death once they had saluted Caesar. The ruins of the Teatro Marcello stand with apartments atop them. In the remnants of the Teatro di Pompeii one finds the restaurant Da Pancrazio. There was great theatre in the old days and the ruins are here to prove it.

Show business in modern Rome is something else again. It's the victim of the free-loader more than anything else. One recent day at a Rome-Florence football game there were 65,000 people in the stands of the 100,000-seat Olympic Stadium—built by Mussolini for the never-held 1940 Olympics and now dedicated to the coming 1960 Olympics. When boxoffice figures were released, the reckoning showed there had been 30,000 paid admissions. Who gets the other tickets? The press? Not on your life. It goes to government officials who have carved, but literally carved their way into all forms of entertainment.

When "Porgy and Bess" came to Rome—the only place where it was not a rousing success—it opened in the Quattro Fontane with some 1,100 seats. At capacity the production might have broken even. But when the management was given the theatre chart there was 105 X marks on the plan. It was explained that these were for government officials. A lot of tickets for the government for opening night, the production management complained. But the theatre-owner explained very quickly that these seats were not only for opening night, but for every night. They could never be sold because they were held in perpetuity by various government departments. The situation holds good for every theatre in Italy.

Movie-owners complaining about the great number of passes which are outstanding have taken one step—they have barred the film writers from free access. Result is that they get less publicity. But they dare not speak up to the government officials who lead the audiences with their families, their relatives and their friends. Who can complain in a country where the government subsidy is an important show biz element?

Popular prices are no element in reducing the number of free passes in the theatres. At the Baths of Caracalla where more than 20,000 people watch outdoor performances of opera during the summer with nearly half the seats at less than \$1, the average paid attendance per performance runs about 5,000 although the house is usually capacity. The ever-present government subsidy is there and the politicians use the tickets to reward what it might have meant to woo their political followers. Think of Wagner in the last election if he could have passed out tickets to three-quarters of the house of "My Fair Lady" every night. It could have been a landslide.

Who Pays?

To pay for tickets is somewhat de trop in sunny Italy. The sunnier the area the less fashionable it is. In northern Milano La Scala Opera House gets along with almost no subsidy because people actually buy tickets, but as we travel south to Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples and Palermo, the subsidy increases. Nine of the 10 major opera houses in the land could not exist without the government subsidy. And this holds true for concert, theatre and classic revivals. Only musical comedy, which plays the large cities at a \$6-\$7 top man-

ages to get along without government aid.

The subsidy means that the theatre must take orders and that, in itself, makes for a political show business—so many plays must be by Italian authors whether they are good or not. John Mather who tried a noble experiment two years back by organizing the "Playhouse of Rome" English-speaking stock company, found that he had a loser. When he thought of trying another season he was offered a subsidy but it meant he would not have free choice in the plays he selected. He dropped the project.

A top-grade traveling attraction, particularly a foreign one, cannot do too much business here unless it plays to a guaranteed house, which means a subscription audience. Rome, for instance, has three such programs. New York City Ballet sold out as part of the Opera program, but Theatre Ballet and Sadler's Wells Ballet had to be content with something less because they were not on a subscription program. The same is true of the experiences of "Porgy and Bess" and "Oklahoma" in recent seasons.

Television?

What is ahead for show business is almost anyone's guess. The impact of television has not yet been felt. Commercial television comes into being on Feb. 1, 1957 and it will probably mean much more improved programs. But one way or the other, the film people have had a taste of what tv can do. Only a few weeks more than one year old, "Lascia o Radoppia," the 5,120,000 lire program, has made its mark. Originally a Saturday night feature it killed attendance on the best movie night of the week. Complaints by the theatres brought a shift of the program to Thursday since all spectacle is controlled by the same government department—television, radio, theatre, opera, symphony, films, sports, etc. Now on Thursday the only way the theatres lure customers is by stopping the show for an hour at 9 p.m. to offer the tv program. Some of the legit theatres use the same device and others shut down entirely Thursday night.

But what happens if the other nights develop outstanding programs? It is now happening with Sunday Night's "Primo Applauso" which is a "Talent Scouts" type program.

Italy was prosperous in the ancient Roman days when Rome ruled the world. Italy is a prosperous land today and even the poverty of the southern sections is being overcome successfully. Today the land which is known as "Hollywood-By-The-Tiber" is flourishing because of a record influx of American film production. The Italian shoe-string producers who have been in their storm cellars are beginning to appear once again on the VV Beach with their grandiose plans. Maybe it means there will be another great era in show business in Italy. Maybe things will pick up in Rome.

It's a big maybe and it will probably stay a maybe because there is no sign that the free-loader is going to disappear. Once he is given nourishment he multiplies like the Japanese beetle. The quarantine effort is too late and it is being applied in the wrong places. He represents a hardy species and he will go on feeding at the theatrical trough for a long time to come. If one government goes out, he will attach himself to the new one. It looks as if Rome is going to stay a lousy show town for a long time to come.

What a memorial for a guy who has lasted as long as old Julius in public memory. He never realized that what Brutus did to him may have been the best thing that could have happened to him—he didn't live to see the good old days in Rome die a more horrible death than he suffered.

Can. Tees Off U.S. Mag Tax

Ottawa.

Effective New Year's Day, Canada started collecting a 20% tax on ads in "Canadian editions" of 10 U.S. mags.

The government anticipates \$675,000 this year from Time, \$525,000 from Reader's Digest, the two largest, with a total of \$2,000,000 from all.

(From VARIETY, March 26, 1930)

Scarface Al's Scheme; Bootlegger's Trade Wkly.

Chicago, March 25.

Al Capone thinks he has struck a scheme that will stop all strife between bootleggers and beer runners.

"If you VARIETY guys," said the scarfaced one, as he called at VARIETY's office here, "would get out a trade paper for the booze biz, giving the grosses of what the different mobs are doing weekly, it would end all battles over double-crossing."

"Don't you see, if 'The Bootleggers' Guide' would say the South Side mob did \$43,890 last week and the West Side bunch got \$67,800, etc., all over the country, like VARIETY does with the theatres, there wouldn't be any squawks because 'The Bootleggers' Guide' wouldn't admit it was wrong."

"Think it over, bozos. It's a great chance, and there isn't a trade paper in the racket."

Popcorn Reigns But Dill Pickle Has Its Glamour

By JOHN QUINN

Kansas City.

Popcorn is the undisputed champ of the concession stand, now as it was 20 years ago. But it is continually challenged by other entries, and there is a never-ending list of new entries trying to elbow into the snack revenue.

An informal survey of theatre managers in this area shows that new items are being tried out almost continually, in indoor theatres as well as drive-ins where the snack has reached new highs of variety and volume.

A most unusual new item to catch on here recently is the dill pickle. It is not entirely new to concession stands, but has never had much of a play here. For a dime the attendant at the Granada Theatre in Kansas City, Kansas, will reach into the barrel and hand you a dripping dill.

Perhaps one reason the Granada is having singular success is because Charles Barnes, manager, gives the pickle first class merchandising. He has taken a keg and handsomely refinished and stained it, labelled it "Ye Olde Pickle Barrel" and built a steady trade on this sweet-sour snack.

The Roxy Theatre of the Durwood circuit has just put in hot chocolate, and early returns indicate it is here to stay during the chill months. The Palmer House brand, marketed by the Folger Coffee Co., is prominently displayed with the dispenser which keeps it hot and continually stirred. The Roxy is finding the 7-oz. cup at 15c. a good seller, according to Norman Sprowl, manager.

A recent addition to the concession stand in these parts is the big red apple. Early in the fall Harold Lyon, manager of the Paramount Theatre, put them in, offering the 113-size for a dime each. They went well from the start, and will be an item all winter.

'Giant' Appetites

The Paramount has just concluded what has proved to be one of its all-time great attractions in "Giant," which played to top biz for five weeks. In hypoing interest Lyon played upon the title, in many ways, including several at the concession stand. There he put in a 25c. apple, a 48-size, and added a giant drink for 30c., as well as a 35c. bag of popcorn. All have gone so well they are now regulars at the stand.

In contrast to regular practice, the Stanley Warner operation at the Missouri Theatre has no popcorn. With Cinerama the attraction and the two-a-day policy, the only real chance to sell refreshments is at the intermission. The Missouri sticks to orange drink, ice cream cups, and a wide range of candy, in packages up to 75c. each. Without popcorn in the picture, it turns out at the Missouri that Hershey kisses are the best single item. The limited amount of popcorn that can be sold at a brief intermission makes it almost useless to try to handle it there, and the resultant trash would not be worth the take.

The Indestructible Western

By FRANK GRUBER

Hollywood.

Hollywood calls them "oaters," "horse operas" and "sagebrushers," yet without them Hollywood would roll over. In the spring of 1956, VARIETY listed a total of 54 Western pictures on the schedules of the eight major studios, one-third of the entire product! The independents, although not polled at the time, had somewhere between 30 and 40 Westerns in the works, almost one-half of all the independent pictures to be made in 1956.

This scribe has toiled in and about Hollywood, since 1942, when he sold a Western novel to the late Harry Sherman and received with it a six-weeks writing assignment. The first person he met in Hollywood, exclaimed: "Oh, not another Western!"

He has heard the same plaint an average of four times a month, for 14½ years, although sometimes an adjective is placed between the words, "another" and "Western."

However, for every third or fourth time that he has heard the "Not another Western" phrase, he has heard another, sweeter refrain: "No Western picture has ever lost money."

Look down your noses, ye producers of "Important pictures, but face the facts. John Wayne has been the No. 1 boxoffice champion, year after year and the bulk of the pictures he has made, have been Westerns.

Clark Gable, after a half dozen "important" turkeys, was becoming boxoffice poison. One Western, "The Tall Men," bounced him right back to the top of the heap.

A Western, "Shane," grossed \$16,000,000 for Paramount. Howard Hughes' "Outlaw" took in that much or more and David Selznick's "Duel In the Sun" was right around there.

Sure, sure, but how long is the Western trend going to last?

A long time. In spite of the "Oh, not another Western!", Western pictures will be around for a good many years; in fact, the Western trend is still on the upgrade.

Before Softcovers

This writer has worked both sides of the street, for quite a few years. Before coming to Hollywood, in 1942, I was one of the most prolific magazine and book writers in the business, publishing some 350 stories in more than 50 different magazines. Western stories, at that time, were fairly popular in the magazines, but were at an all-time low, as books.

The average Western novel, from depression times until about 1942, sold less than 2,000 copies in hardcovers. I published one in 1939 that sold 1,850 copies; another in 1941 sold 1,900 copies. A third, in 1942, sold about the same. Each of the three went into the cheap Grosset & Dunlap hard-cover editions and sold another 1,500 copies each. That, apparently, was the end, for Westerns were not yet being brought out in pocket books.

A Western writer had a hard time in those prewar days. Unless he had a market for serial rights—and only a few writers had such a market—a writer's total income from a Western novel, could be under \$500.

Pictures bought virtually no Western novels. The few that were bought were picked up for from \$250 to \$750, in rare cases up to a thousand dollars.

Came the war!

Pocket books zoomed. They scraped the bottom of the barrel in mysteries and a few publishers, desperate for stories that were not dated, decided to try a few Westerns. They sold well. The Council of Books in Wartime threw in a few Western books in the Armed Services Editions and found that they were the most popular of all books.

By the end of the war, Westerns were selling just about as well as any other type of book. A publisher could bring out 100,000 copies in a pocket book edition and sell most of them.

Westerns remained steady for two or three years. Then, along about 1947, something happened. The pocket book publishers began increasing their printing of Westerns... and sold them. Overnight, Westerns became runaway best sel-

lers. By 1950 they were on a par with mystery novels. They have pulled steadily ahead and are now selling a good twenty percent better than mysteries.

1/3 Of Total

Somewhat over 300,000,000 pocket books, of all kinds, will be sold in 1956 (a few million more than in 1955). One-third of all these pocket books, roughly one hundred million, will be Westerns. Mysteries will account for perhaps eighty million copies and all other categories, "important" books, etc., will total roughly one hundred and twenty million copies.

The writers of Western books, who in prewar days, were lucky to earn \$500 from a novel, now think nothing of getting advances, from publishers, of \$2,000 and \$3,000. The top writers in the field get advances of \$5,000, \$6,000 and even \$7,000.

Sales of 200,000 and 300,000 copies per Western book, are run-of-the-mill. The top writers double that figure, sometimes reach the million mark. And Westerns do not die. The good publishers continue to reissue them, as long as they sell. "Fighting Man," one of my books, was first brought out by Bantam Books, in 1949. It sold 40,000 copies in 1955.

Western books are in demand, in Hollywood. Every Western novel that I have published, with one exception, has been sold to motion pictures.

As long as Western books sell, so long will Western motion pictures continue to flourish.

FRANK GRUBER has sold 18 of his books to pictures: currently "Tension At Table Rock," an RKO release, is based on his novel, "Bitter Sage." Warner Brothers will shortly release "Buffalo Grass," starring Alan Ladd. His latest book, "Lonesome River," not to be published until March, 1957, is already on the schedule of a major independent.

Besides his numerous novels, he has written many Westerns directly for the screen, including 12 for producer Nat Holt.

Reich Producers Urged to Go Easy On Terms in U.S.

German producers are reminded by Munio Podhorzer, prexy of United German Film Enterprises, that—in asking for large guarantees for their films—they overlook the fact that the American distributor also is taking risks.

In a special bulletin to the German trade, Podhorzer said: "The most vital aim at the moment is to get German pictures shown in the American market. This should take precedence over commercial considerations, at least at the start."

Instead of "getting a foot in the door," complained Podhorzer, "some in the German industry prefer to haggle over terms. It is too often overlooked that the American distributor also takes risks; that he invests time, money and effort in trying to sell a picture. He is, naturally, reluctant to pay advances to foreign producers on pictures whose potential is still questionable, or at least remains to be proven."

"The wise thing," he added, "would be to respect the American distributors' point-of-view and to 'gamble' with him, at least until the German film has created a firm foothold for itself here." Observed Podhorzer: "It is a grave mistake to stifle the kindling American distributor interest in German films by throwing up a roadblock of forbidding terms."

Podhorzer noted that "a great deal can and must be done for the German film" in the States. He disclosed that he had discussed German film weeks in New York, with each picture booked for a week or two. However, he warned, "such film weeks are a waste of time unless they are properly arranged and supported so that the pictures involved create the widest possible attention."

Painless Memory of Being Fired by Sime

By THEODORE PRATT

Phoenix. As a member of that rather exclusive fraternity — people who have worked on **VARIETY** I am also a member in good standing of a smaller branch of the club: Those who have been fired by the late Sime Silverman, its founder.

You haven't lived unless you have gone through the rare experience of being fired by Sime. Some staffers were fired many times.

Still, I was fired once, which makes me a member with voting privileges. The achievement is something of an honor, depending on how the firing was done, how you took it, and how you regard it when looking back on it.

I regard it fondly, as one of my delightful memories.

It happened in 1928. I had worked myself up to hold one of the lowliest editorial positions ever invented (by me) on the staff of **VARIETY**. I began years before by catching shows out of town, mostly in Stamford, where many tried out then. That made me yearn for the second-floor city room on 46th Street; to work there became the great ambition of my life, and to be known as a "mugg," the term then applied with gentle affection to members of **VARIETY**'s staff.

I didn't make it for a long time. I had to start one floor below, in the advertising department. I never completely understood how my qualifications as an out-of-town reviewer fitted me to solicit theatrical advertising, but I was given the job, probably because Sime couldn't fathom what I could do on the second floor and had an opening on the ground floor.

That wasn't, to use good mugg grammar, the job I was fired from. Instead of that, or moving one flight up, I went to Europe on my own. There, without formal portfolio of any sort, I appointed myself a roving reporter for the sheet, sending in an occasional story overlooked by the European staff. I remember sending one in from Rome and then arriving back in Paris flat broke—only to find a draft from Sime that kept me eating for a while.

Later, back home, I finally made the second floor, though in a rather curious capacity. I had two jobs already. One was as playreader for the late Winthrop Ames. The second was reading material and covering the Broadway shows for the then Fox Film Co. Neither was supposed to know I had the other job, though they must have suspected something was odd when I could read a play for them at the drop of a hat, often having seen it before they asked me to look it over. With such quick service neither ever kicked.

Art ? ? ?

I am sure Sime didn't care if I had 10 other jobs when I approached him one day and suggested that he let me institute a weekly department on Art Theatres, covering the little, community, and a few professional art theatres such as the Theatre Guild and Eva Le Gallienne's repertory. Sime thought it over for about three seconds. I think he was a little shocked at the word, "art," but he grunted skeptically that I could try it.

I'm not sure if "Art Theatres" in **VARIETY** ran for five or six months. Maybe it was only five or six weeks. Anyway, all the breezy, breathless news of art theatres all over the country, and reviews of their productions in the New York area, appeared under my proud byline. I went to weird lofts to review some of those terrifying productions.

My other two jobs didn't leave much time to get around to the **VARIETY** office, so I managed to do that job by remote control, sending in my copy. That way I also kept out of Sime's sight, for I feared my department wasn't doing the paper much good and if he happened to see me, dire things might happen.

One thing I couldn't avoid. When review tickets came in I had to duck in the office to pick them up. I chose times I felt sure Sime wouldn't be around. I grabbed them quick and ran. Always it

was my hope that he never looked at the page where my department appeared.

Then, one day when I went in, I thought at a safe hour, Sime was there. I saw him out of the corner of my eye in the south end of the room, the opposite end from that combined editor's throne and elevated stage of his in the window at the front. I got what I came for and then quietly edged toward the swinging doors.

I didn't quite make it.

Just then Sime turned and came down the aisle between the desks. Even so, I thought for an instant he hadn't seen me, for he passed by as though taking no notice of me. But he had seen. As he went on he turned for an instant and said offhandedly, "Say—Art Theatres isn't doing us any good, so it's out of the paper, starting after this week."

He'd got me.

It was a simple, quite pleasant firing. There was no sting to it. Sime made a simple statement of fact. He issued the edict quietly, with no blame and he took no joy in it. It was direct, sincere, honest, easy, and without any nonsense whatsoever. He didn't insult me by saying he was sorry I had to go because I'm sure he realized I would know he couldn't be sorry for dropping dead weight. He just mentioned it in passing, like an afterthought or something minor that had been in the back of his mind for some time. The sight of me reminded him.

The most salient thing I remember about it was that I never resented it. It was so casual that he left me with the impression it was no more to me than it was to him.

It is an art to be able to fire a man like that. Looking back on it, I regard it as an accolade. Today it amounts to practically a measure and recognition of success to have been fired by Sime, leaving me, as it does, a member of one of the most exclusive clubs in existence. Our membership, though dwindling over the years as some join Sime in covering another kind of a show, is still proud and valiant.

Only Four Applicants In Entire Nation For 'Modernization' Loans

Washington.

Four theatres in widely scattered states have applied to the U. S. Small Business Administration for loans between \$15,000 and \$20,000 for modernization purposes.

These are the first applications since administration decided last fall that it would accept them from conventional theatres. The requests have been made to regional offices and will be acted upon there. The states are Georgia, California, Connecticut and West Virginia. Names of the applicants are not being disclosed at this time. They will be revealed only if the loans are approved.

Tower, Atlanta, Relights Under Art Film Policy

Atlanta.

Famous Films Ltd., a new film exhibiting company, relighted the Tower Theatre the day after Christmas with a Hungarian Relief benefit showing of Mozart's opera, "Don Giovanni."

New outfit is headed by Ralph Bridges and J. P. Rudolph, partners, who also operate Famous Artist Series, whose shows are given on Tower stage. Rudolph will manage Tower.

Pic policy will be on arty side and Tower will be available for legitimate productions if and when any make their way this far south.

Tower's gallery will be closed and only 1,400 of house's best seats will be utilized when films are shown. During run of "Giovanni" only evening shows will be offered on weekdays with matinee and night shows set for holidays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Library Check: Women's Favored Novels

AUTHOR

Adams, Samuel
Ashton, Helen
Bailey, Temple
Baldwin, Faith
Banning, Margaret ..
Barnes, Margaret ..
Baum, Vicki

Bellamann, Henry ..
Bentley, Phyllis
Bottome, Phyllis ...
Boyle, Kay
Bromfield, Louis ...
Bronte, Charlotte ..
Bronte, Emily
Buck, Pearl

Caldwell, Janet

Cather, Willa
Chase, Mary

Christie, Agatha ...

Corbett, Elizabeth ..

Cronin, Archibald ..

Davenport, Maria ..

Deeping, Warwick ..

De la Roche, Mazo ..

Douglas, Lloyd

Du Maurier, Daphne

Dunlap, Katherine ..
Ferber, Edna

Field, Rachel

Forbes, Kathryn ...

Franken, Rose
Galsworthy, John ..
Glasgow, Ellen
Golding, Louis
Goudge, Elizabeth ..

Hale, Nancy

Hemingway, Ernest ..

TITLE

"GORGEOUS HUSSY"
"DOCTOR SEROCOLD"
"SILVER SLIPPERS"
"AMERICAN FAMILY"
"ENOUGH TO LIVE ON"
"WITHIN THIS PRESENT"
"GRAND HOTEL"
"HOTEL BERLIN"

"KING'S ROW"
"INHERITANCE"
"MORTAL STORM"
"AVALANCHE"
"THE FARM"
"JANE EYRE"
"WUTHERING HEIGHTS"
"HOUSE OF EARTH"
"DRAGON SEED"

"DYNASTY OF DEATH"
"EAGLES GATHER"
"FINAL HOUR"
"SONG OF THE LARK"
"MARY PETERS"
"WINDSWEPT"

"MURDER OF ROGER ACKROYD"

"MR. AND MRS. MEIGS"
"MRS. MEIGS AND MR. CUNNINGHAM"
"YOUNG MRS. MEIGS"
"EXCUSE ME, MRS. MEIGS"

"THE CITADEL"

"KEYS OF THE KINGDOM"
"OF LENA GEYER"
"VALLEY OF DECISION"

"SORREL & SON"

"JALNA"

"MASTER OF JALNA"
"WHITEOAK HERITAGE"
"WAKEFIELD'S COURSE"

"DISPUTED PASSAGE"

"FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES"

"GREEN LIGHT"

"MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION"

"THE ROBE"

"REBECCA"

"FRENCHMAN'S CREEK"

"HUNGRY HILL"

"JAMAICA INN"

"LADY BE GOOD"

"SO BIG"

"SHOW BOAT"

"SARATOGA TRUNK"

"ALL THIS AND HEAVEN, TOO"

"TIME OUT OF MIND"

"AND NOW TOMORROW"

"MAMA'S BANK ACCOUNT"

"BOOK OF CLAUDIA"

"FORSYTE SAGA"

"VEIN OF IRON"

"MR. EMANUEL"

"CITY OF BELLS"

"GREEN DOLPHIN STREET"

"PRODIGAL WOMEN"

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

"FAREWELL TO ARMS"

AUTHOR

Higbet, Helen
Hilton, James

Hobart, Alice

Hurst, Fannie

Idell, Albert
Keyes, Frances

Larrimore, Lida ...
Lewis, Sinclair

Lin, Yu-t'ang

Llewellyn, Richard ..

Lorimer, Graeme ..

Marks, Percy

Marquand, John ...

Maugham, William ..

Miller, Helen

Norris, Kathleen ...
Norway, Nevil S. ...

Priestley, John
Prouty, Olive

Rawlings, Marjorie ..
Rorick, Isabel

Seton, Anya
Sharp, Margery

Sinclair, Upton

Smith, Betty

Steen, Marguerite ..
Steinbeck, John ...

Stern, Gladys

Stevenson, Dorothy ..
Stone, Irving

Tarkington, Booth ..

Taylor, Rosemary ..

Thane, Elswythe ...
Thirkell, Angela ...

Tucker, Augusta ...
Turnbull, Agnes ...

Walker, Franz
Werfel, Franz

Widdemer, Margaret ..
Williams, Ben Ames ..

Yenni, Julia

TITLE

"ABOVE SUSPICION"
"LOST HORIZON"
"RANDOM HARVEST"
"OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA"

"CUP AND THE SWORD"
"LUMMOX"

"HALLELUJAH"
"CENTENNIAL SUMMER"
"CRESCENT CARNIVAL"

"FIELDING'S FOLLY"
"ALL THAT GLITTERS"
"MULBERRY SQUARE"

"ARROWSMITH"
"BABBITT"

"MOMENT IN PEKING"
"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"

"STAG LINE"
"HEART SPECIALIST"

"TREE GROWN STRAIGHT"

"LATE GEORGE APLEY"
"SO LITTLE TIME"

"OF HUMAN BONDAGE"
"RAZOR'S EDGE"

"HAWK IN THE WIND"
"NEVER ANOTHER MOON"

"SONG AFTER MIDNIGHT"
"MOTHER"

"PIED PIPER"
"PASTORAL"

"GOOD COMPANIONS"
"LISA VALE"

"NOW, VOYAGER"
"THE YEARLING"

"MR. AND MRS. CUGAT"
"DRAGONWYCK"

"CLUNY BROWN"
"NUTMEG TREE"

"WORLD'S END"
"BETWEEN TWO WORLDS"

"DRAGON'S TEETH"
"WIDE IS THE GATE"

"PRESIDENTIAL AGENT"
"TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN"

"SUN IS MY UNDOING"
"GRAPES OF WRATH"

"MATRIARCH CHRONICLES"

"MISS BUNCLE'S BOOK"
"LUST FOR LIFE"

"IMMORTAL WIFE"
"KATE FENNIGATE"

"MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS"

"CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY"

"TRYST"

"THE BRANDONS"

"MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S"

"ROLLING YEARS"

"DAY MUST DAWN"

"DR. NORTON'S WIFE"

"SONG OF BERNADETTE"

"ANGELA COMES HOME"

"STRANGE WOMAN"

"LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN"

HOUSE FOR THE SPARROW"

French Film Industry Hopes Rise

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris.

The Gallic showman is more inclined to be prudently pessimistic than opulently optimistic. So he usually looks at the worst side, but a summing up and a looksee denote that the past season (1955-56) has been one, primarily, of expansion in the French film industry.

French production increased by 25 films with 125 against the 100 of the 1954-55 season. This meant some backing up of playdates since there was already product unabsorbed from the '54-'55 season. There was talk of a six month production stoppage, a return to double features and a freeing of the frozen admission prices to allow charging what the market would bear. However, all such proposals were discarded after a less hysterical look at the setup.

It was soon remarked that it was the substandard product that still lack payoff. The better product moved freely. Suffice that the French film industry still stands at the crossroads but has recaptured some of its prestige-quality standing via many international film festival prizes.

Before 1939 France depended on foreign markets for almost 70% of her total film income, which is now down to 39%. It is making a determined effort to build this up with the Eastern countries (including Asia) and the U.S. as prime targets. This year's spurt of French pix attention in the U.S. has built up hopes in France, and the CDC, via Film Aid Funds, still plans to back a regional distrib outfit, headed by U.S. distributors with funds up to \$500,000 for the first three years to start their needed "depth" distribution in the U.S.

Statistics show that 64% of French males over 15 years of age, in towns with population over 2,000, go to films. Most of them choose their films carefully. The non-filmgoers either lack the time, prefer other forms of entertainment or find film admissions too high. Trying to right this situation are the governmentally and industry bankrolled "Days of Cinema." Here, a small group go from town to town with a special show made up of unusual foreign and Gallic pix, plus lectures and film clips to instill taste in films and build up an appetite for more offbeat pix. These shows are gratis and studies have found that most areas, which have been exposed to it, have registered a rise in film attendance.

There are a lot of "producers" in action, some 389, for the 125 pix produced annually. Coproduction is falling except for the Italo-French setup which remains almost the same in proportion. In '55 there were 110 pix made with 76 purely French films which stacks up as only a 30% average of coproductions which were in the 50% bracket a few years ago.

French film industry paradox—some crying the blues and others proclaiming prosperity—are not readily explained. Happily the best directors are working again and film quality has shown a marked improvement.

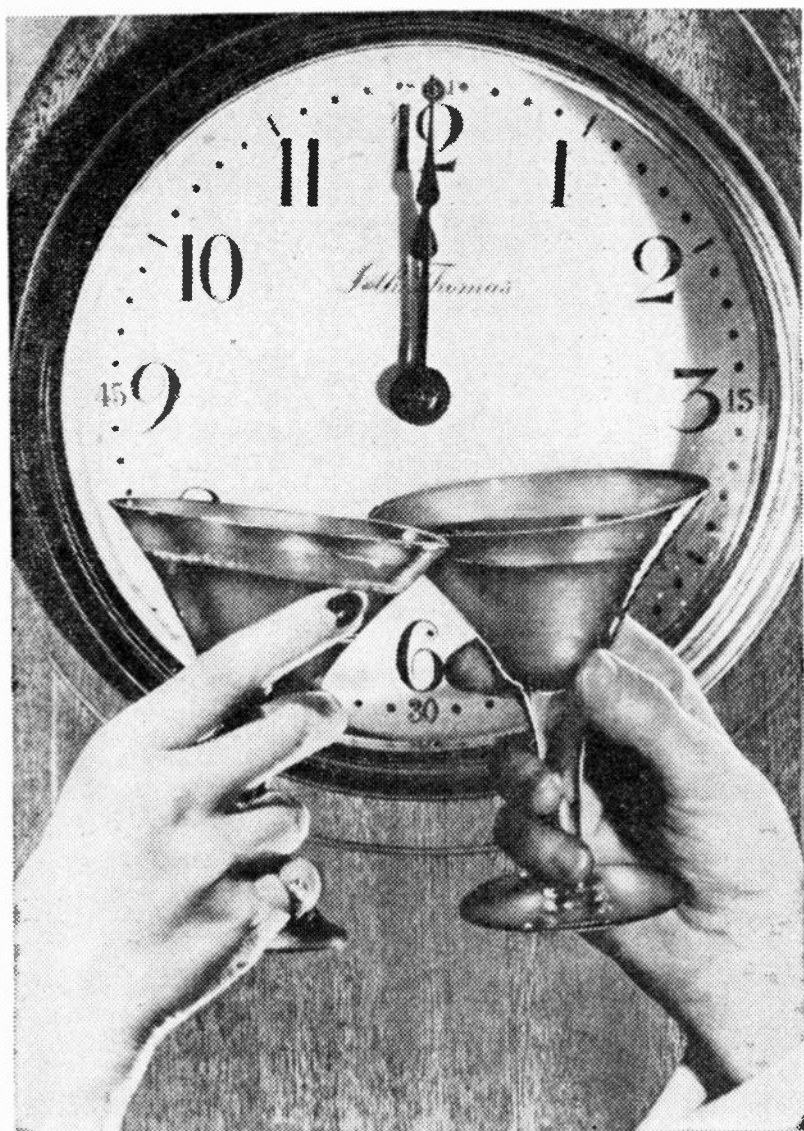
Folk Arts Get Aid in India

By N. V. ESWAR

Madras.

Towards the close of 1956 a Russian Circus team of 52 artists performed for a week and more in the principal cities of India, to raise funds for the Prime Minister's Relief Fund. India also sent out a number of Cultural Delegations and Film Delegations to Russia and other European and Far Eastern countries. The Egyptian Dancers Lys and Lyn also came to India towards the latter half of December to give a series of performances. Other memorable visits were those of Yehudi Menuhin, the American violinist, and Russian Ballet Teams, followed by the Chinese acrobatic troupe.

There was renewed interest in the native Stage and other folk art, but performances on a professional basis were sporadic. Mysore and Hyderabad set up their own Academies of Dance, Music and Drama under the tutelage of the Central Academy at Delhi. A Music college was started both in Bihar and Cochin States during the year. The Central Government also has drawn up a plan for upgrading the Kathakali Art Centre in Cheruthuruthy into a College for teaching Kathakali Dance and other folk art forms of Kerala, at a cost of \$1,000,000. Dancer Uday Shanker developed his open-air shadow play and gave a series of performances in Bombay and Calcutta during the visit of the Chinese Premier. The plays were based on mythological themes and the Life of the Buddha.



WHEN THE CLOCK STRUCK MIDNIGHT NEW YEAR'S EVE—

We wished all our friends in the industry a happy and prosperous New Year. M-G-M is contributing to that prosperity with fine box-office attractions, some of which are listed on the next page.

1957 BOUNTY!

"THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"

(CinemaScope—Metrocolor)

Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford, Machiko Kyo, Eddie Albert, Paul Ford, Jun Negami, Nijiko Kiyokawa, Mitsuko Sawamura.

"JULIE"

Doris Day, Louis Jourdan, Barry Sullivan, Frank Lovejoy. An Arwin Production.

"THE IRON PETTICOAT"

(VistaVision—Technicolor®)

Bob Hope, Katharine Hepburn, Noelle Middleton, James Robertson Justice, Robert Helpmann. A Remus Film.

"THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME"

Tom Ewell, Anne Francis, Ann Miller.

"EDGE OF THE CITY"

John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier, Jack Warden, Kathleen Maguire, Ruby Dee. A Jonathan Production.

"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"

(CinemaScope—Metrocolor)

Jennifer Jones, John Gielgud, Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

"THE LITTLE HUT"

Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, David Niven, Walter Chiari. A Herbson, S. A. Production.

"SLANDER"

Van Johnson, Ann Blyth, Steve Cochran, Marjorie Rambeau, Richard Eyer.

"THE HAPPY ROAD"

Gene Kelly, Barbara Laage, Michael Redgrave, Bobby Clark, Brigitte Fossey. A Kerry Production.

"THE LIVING IDOL"

(CinemaScope—Color)

Steve Forrest, Liliane Montevecchi, James Robertson Justice, Sara Garcia, Eduardo Noriega. An Albert Lewin Production.

"LIZZIE"

Eleanor Parker, Richard Boone, Joan Blondell, Hugo Hass. A Bryna Production.

"THE WINGS OF EAGLES"

(Metrocolor)

John Wayne, Dan Dailey, Maureen O'Hara, Ward Bond.

"RAINTREE COUNTY"

(In M-G-M Camera 65—Metrocolor)

Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Eva Marie Saint, Nigel Patrick, Lee Marvin, Rod Taylor, Agnes Moorehead, Walter Abel, Jarma Lewis, Tom Drake.

"THE VINTAGE"

(CinemaScope—Metrocolor)

Mel Ferrer, Pier Angeli, John Kerr, Michele Morgan, Theodore Bickel, Leif Erickson.

"SOMETHING OF VALUE"

Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter, Wendy Hiller, Juano Hernandez, William Marshall, Sidney Poitier.

"TEN THOUSAND BEDROOMS"

(CinemaScope—Metrocolor)

Dean Martin, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Eva Bartok, Dewey Martin, Walter Slezak, Paul Henreid, Jules Munshin.

"DESIGNING WOMAN"

(CinemaScope—Metrocolor)

Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall, Dolores Gray, Jack Cole, Tom Helmore, Sam Levene, Mike Shaughnessy, Chuck Connors.

"GUN GLORY"

(CinemaScope—Metrocolor)

Stewart Granger, Rhonda Fleming, Chill Wills, Steve Rowland.



Working for British Film Production

By SIR HENRY FRENCH

President of the B.F.P.A.

London. I have been asked this year, in view of my imminent retirement, to give my impressions of the 10 years and more in which I have occupied the post of Director-General of the British Film Producers Assn. This would require a book instead of an article but I will gladly say something on the subject.

When I was offered this appointment in July, 1946 I was told that it would not be a whole-time job. In no year has it been less than 120% of whole time and in some periods it has been much more than that. In the last 10 years, however, there has never been a week in which I have not learned something new about films. Nor has there been an evening when I have returned home feeling that I had not done anything in the day that was worthwhile. My contact with the film industry has brought me much interest, excitement and pleasure. One thing, however, I must confess: it was the first word in the B.F.P.A.'s title which attracted me into the industry.

It was explained to me before I "joined up" that the Cinematograph Films Act of 1938 would expire in 1948 and that the Association were very concerned about the content of the Bill which the Government would submit to Parliament to extend the Act for a further 10 years. A few weeks after I took up my appointment, I advised that a special committee should be set up to prepare a memorandum for submission to the Board of Trade stating the alterations which the Association recommended should be made in the new Act. This advice was accepted and acted on immediately. It soon became apparent to me that British producers had to face opposition from two directions.

First, many, probably the majority of, exhibitors in this country at that time wanted to be left free to select what films they would show in their cinemas.

Secondly, the American motion picture industry wanted to be left free to supply films to British exhibitors without any restrictions whatever.

It was obvious that merely to send a memorandum to the Board of Trade would not be sufficient to ensure that the British producers' case would "win the battle" that was coming. Whilst British films had a few staunch supporters in Parliament, every exhibitor was able to make personal representations to his local M.P. I, therefore, advised that the B.F.P.A. should raise a special fund for a nationwide advertisement campaign to bring home to newspaper readers the importance of every cinema-goer being assured by statute that a certain proportion of the screen time at his near-by cinema would be reserved for the showing of British feature films.

Too Big A Victory

We won the battle. Indeed, we were too successful for the Board of Trade in its first Order under the new Act laid down that of features to be shown in the 12 months after the new Act came into operation 45% should be British. That was too high a proportion, and was soon brought down to 30% where it has remained unaltered. This percentage, however, indicated a great change in the prestige and supply of British films. In the first Cinematograph Films Act passed in 1927 the proportion laid down in the schedule increased from 5% in 1928 to 20% in 1935; but the Act of 1938 put the percentage back to 12½ in 1938 and 1939.

The ink was, however, scarcely dry on that Act before the United Kingdom was engaged in World War II and the Act became practically a dead letter until hostilities ended in 1945. The important point, however, is that the jump from 5% (i.e. 3 British films per annum... at a cinema with a weekly change of programme) in 1928 to the present 30% (i.e. 16 films) has proved to be realistic and in no way excessive. Today the percentage of British first features shown throughout Great Britain is 29.4%. No longer do exhibitors urge the Government to reduce the 30%. Moreover, the most thoughtful of them realize that they need British films to satisfy their patrons.

The next event of importance in

my service with the B.F.P.A. was the meeting of the Joint Anglo-American Film Council which was held in the Washington office of the M.P.A.A. in April, 1949. The Council consisted of three members on each side. The M.P.A.A. members were Eric Johnston, Barney Balaban and Nicholas Schenck. The B.F.P.A. representatives were J. Arthur Rank, the late Sir Alexander Korda and myself. We felt that we had grounds for a serious complaint against the M.P.A.A. and over the breakfast table before the first morning session, my two colleagues decided that I should be the spokesman for our side. The first session which lasted nearly two hours was a duologue between Johnston and me, with the other four members remaining silent. Then we had luncheon together and after that each of the three following sessions became progressively less critical.

Since then I have met Eric Johnston on many occasions, in London, Cannes, Venice, Berlin and Washington. On every occasion he has been most friendly and courteous to both my wife and me. Looking back, I can recall how often at school, boys after a vigorous fight became close friends. As I was the assailant at the Washington meeting, I seize this opportunity of acknowledging with gratitude the behaviour then and subsequently of my "opponent." Notwithstanding that this was the last as well as the first meeting of the Joint Anglo-American Film Council, its establishment served, in my opinion, a useful purpose.

Yank 'A's in England

The discussion at the other three sessions was mainly concerned with the showing of American 'A' pictures on the three major circuits in Great Britain. The showing of films on these three circuits is always a subject of serious and often difficult discussion whenever film producers meet, be they American, British, French or Italian. It figured prominently in the B.F.P.A.-A.N.I.C.A. negotiations in Rome last September. With Robert Clark, B.F.P.A. President in 1953-55, and John Davis, President since July 1955, it is difficult to persuade representatives of producing interests in other countries that the selection of films by the three major circuits is a matter for which the B.F.P.A. has no responsibility.

The next important milestone was one evening in June, 1950 when both the late Walter Fuller, General Secretary of the Cinematograph Exhibitors Association, and I received a telephone message from Sir Wilfrid Eady of the Treasury asking us to call and see him early the next morning. During the interview, which lasted less than 10 minutes, we were given an outline of what came to be known as the Eady Scheme. After we left Sir Wilfrid's room, Fuller asked me "Will your members accept this novel proposal?" I replied

"Yes," and added that the conversion of the proposal we had listened to into a practical administrative scheme would need a lot of careful drafting and if the industry was wise the drafting would be left to me. This, in fact, is what happened. But I have written so much about the British Film Production Fund (including an article in *Variety* in December 1951) that I am not going to say any more about it here.

Thus ends my last contribution to *Variety's* Anniversary issues.

Less-Than-Wow Product Facing Added Lethargy

Hollywood's "bigger and better" pictures are proving murder on lesser-scale entries. Sales execs at all top film companies are finding it increasingly difficult to get less-than-epic entries off the ground. One distribution v.p. this week stated that the moderately entertaining film which, a short time ago, could be relied upon to gross \$1,500,000 in the domestic market, now is bringing in \$1,000,000 or less.

Gist of the problem is that "Ten Commandments," "80 Days Around the World," "Oklahoma" and "Seven Wonders of the World," for example, are tying up first-run theatres for months on end. Exhibitors operating in competition with this kind of kingsized product assert they cannot do adequate business unless they have the best of the remaining pictures available to them. Consequently, the distributor with an in-between film to sell is often finding it impossible to get a first-run booking in many key cities.

Manhattan is an example. Three important showcases are no longer available to the pic drummers, the Criterion being tied up with "Commandments," the Rivoli with "80 Days" and the Warner with "Wonders." These runs figure to go on and on. As a consequence, more and more non-blockbusters will be forced to open in Gotham theatres which are not showcase houses.

A still greater hardship prevails in key cities which have fewer first-runs. Providence and Indianapolis have only four each. Buffalo has six, and of these three have marathon-run product in "Giant," "Wonders" and "War and Peace." In such situations nearly all distributors have a number of pictures backed up. The companies have their choice of waiting for available dates for their in-between films or foregoing first-run playing time. Latter choice means the immediate loss of a substantial part of a film's potential revenue. When the companies decide to hold back on product until a first-run house becomes available, the subsequent-run theatres also suffer. They're beefing that it's taking too long for pictures to get to them.

What This Business Needs Is More Old Faces

By MAXWELL SHANE

(Sole Owner of My Old Face)

Hollywood.

If I've heard it once this year, I've heard it a million times, "What this business needs is more new faces." The TOA holds a hard-headed conclave and out of it comes a pronouncement, "What this business needs is more new faces." The ASAMPE labors in convention and a plaint is born, "What this business needs is more new faces."

Trade paper editorial writers, members of the MPAA, men in the street, and Leonard Sillman all want new faces. New faces, they say, will put new blood in the anemic arteries of the boxoffice, will blast the laggard audience away from the tv sets and back to the Bijou.

With all the respect due the elder statesmen, I disagree. Not that I'm against new faces. Not in the least. The newer the better, and the more the merrier. But, more than we need new faces, I say what this business really needs is old faces.

Fat old faces, thin old faces, sad old faces, funny old faces, but lots

of good old faces like the ones it used to have. The old faces I'm talking about are old faces that can be starred in pictures just as new faces are. I mean that old actors, who are not being starred any more, can be just as powerful in attracting customers to the boxoffice as the Tony Curtises, the Debbie Reynoldses, the Marlon Brandos, and all the bright and shiny new faces that have become boxoffice bait in the past few years.

My text is that there are no important old stars in our pictures today as there were in the golden era of yesterday. Why? I don't mean middle-aged stars who still play virile romantic roles. I mean old actors, actors who are between 50 and 70 and who play old characters compatible with their ages. Why don't we have such players in starring roles today?

Only last night I saw Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler in "Min and Bill." On television, of course. They were the stars of that very successful film. Not the boy and girl who played the juvenile leads. They were a couple of elderly, warm, lovable, comic rascals, and

THE SCREENPLAYWRIGHT

No Longer Just a 'Face in the Crowd'

By BUDD SCHULBERG

In his introduction to the forthcoming Random House and Bantam Book edition of the full screenplay script of "A Face in the Crowd," Elia Kazan describes his original impression of the status of film writers in the bygone days of Hollywood. (Well, nearly bygone.)

Writers were frequently paid high salaries, as much as \$2,500 per week. But even these astronomical wages did not prevent their being low men on the Hollywood totem pole. They were often assigned to work in teams—and not infrequently a number of teams would either work in unison, or succeed each other in 2-to-10-week shifts. One star-spangled production boasted 10 writers, not the usual \$1,000-a-week, proficient-if-undistinguished craftsmen either. These were writers of triumphant plays, distinguished novels—Pulitzer Prize winners. But their work, as Kazan remembers it, was torn from them and reassembled by the producer as a pastiche; the result, time and again, was something that not one of the celebrated writers could recognize as his own, or compare favorably to his own individual efforts.

Something was obviously wrong. Surely it was not the fault of the medium per se. It is a medium that combines all the known art forms, dramatic literature, photographic composition and content, the rhythm of motion—it's an undeniable and universal art form, and will endure. But for the most part, in America, it has loomed as an overpowering giant who, when he opens his mouth, talks baby-talk. Conditioned to think of their mass audience as a retarded 12-year-old, and encouraged to pollyannaism by various censorship groups, the big studio-producer-managers tooled out their 50-odd pictures a year with only an occasional nod to the demands of reality or the challenge of the intensely personal creative conviction. Now and then a "Grapes of Wrath," an "Informer," a "Lost Weekend" would cut through the asbestos curtain of play-it-safe. One picture in 200 might reveal the unfathomable depths of the motion picture at its potential best.

Little wonder that writers who believed in themselves oriented themselves to film work in one or two ways: either they forsook the screen to devote themselves to media in which their voice was obeyed, or at least respected; or they accepted work in Hollywood as a cynical, albeit craftsmanlike way of subsidizing the things they really wanted to do. But to conceive of writing those *really-want-to-do* directly for the screen was Don Quixote at his most quixotic. Any self-respecting writer accumulated his paychecks and went back, like Faulkner or Odets or Maxwell Anderson or Edith Sitwell (and how many others whose stature has little or no relation to their screen achievements) to "their own work," the work that conveyed them most intimately.

In this spirit, after a few years as a sort of screenwriters' pinch-hitter and utility outfielder, I left Hollywood some 15 years ago—although I had been brought up there—and devoted the next decade and a half to writing novels and short stories. "The last redoubt of individual enterprise," I described it somewhere. "For better or for worse, it's all mine."

How It Started

Thus, I was at work on a series of short stories (one of them, "Your Arkansas Traveler") when, some five years ago, Elia Kazan approached me about joining forces to make a film in the east. I told him of my interest in the New York waterfront and the material and spiritual corruption infesting that great harbor. Oddly enough, he said, he had also been interested in a waterfront film. And his suggestion for a method of work—once we had reached a general agreement on what we wanted to say—was strikingly similar to that of my longtime literary adviser and friend, Saxe Commins—and strikingly unsimilar to anything I had heard in Hollywood: "Go home and write it. Don't worry about length. Pour into it everything you've seen or heard or felt about the waterfront. Don't write down or pull punches. Write it just as if you were doing it for a novel. Write it for yourself."

There were many, many tribulations before—with the help of producer Sam Spiegel—we finally were able to bring "On the Waterfront" to the screen. But in the course of this project, Kazan and I learned we could pursue the same author-director relationship that lends strength, dignity and impact to the work of the theatre.

So we decided to try it again, in fact further the experiment, this time just the two of us, making "Your Arkansas Traveler" into the forthcoming motion picture, "A Face in the Crowd." It was ours to develop as to theme and action, ours to cast, ours to style. And perhaps for the first time in motion picture history not a line was to be changed without the permission of the author. Kazan promised me this when we first began to examine the two-headed god of public persuasion, television and advertising, in the summer of 1955. He has kept his word impeccably.

In return I had to promise to stand with him behind the camera from the first day of shooting in Piggott, Arkansas, in early August 1956 to the last day in downtown New York late in November. For just as a playwright must attend rehearsals and be ready to revise according to the play of his lines and his people, so the screenplaywright, if he is not to let the artistic reins slip from his hands, must be prepared to attend his rehearsals. The only difference, and it is a fearsomely time-consuming difference, is that the rehearsal for each motion picture scene immediately precedes the shooting of that scene. In this particular case I found it challengingly, stimulatingly—fun. At least a dozen times Kazan and I were able to stop and improvise scenes that highlighted our theme—our comment on the relation of the extraordinary power of television to the life—and health—of this Republic.

The publication both in hard cover and paper back of first "Baby Doll" and now "A Face in the Crowd" may be a trend that eventually elevates the screenplay to the same level of respect enjoyed by its sister-work for the dramatic stage. The day when writers were encouraged to take the same solicitous pride in their film work that they have for their legitimate plays and novels will mark a period of motion picture development even more significant than the innovations of Technicolor, Cinemascope, Cinerama or Todd-AO.

The true third dimension is *humanity*. And humanity is the writer's material just as surely as cloth is the tailor's.

they brought millions into the motion picture theatres. Where are the Beerys and Dresslers of today?

Bunny, Arliss, Will Rogers, et al.

There are many character actors just as lovable, just as talented in Hollywood now, but invariably they play roles which are secondary to those of younger stars. Until recently every studio has several such old faces on its roster, from white-haired John Bunny to crotchety Lionel Barrymore. Ernest Torrence, Theodore Roberts, Rudolph Schildkraut, Emil Jannings, Louise Dresser, George Arliss, George Sidney and Charlie Murray, W. C. Fields, Will Rogers—the list is large and happily nostalgic. All of these great names were 50 to 70 when starred in their most successful films.

Yet, today there is hardly a pic-

ture in release which has as its principal star an elderly actor. Not only are the elderly actors not starred, but because of this, many excellent stories are not being considered for production because they are concerned with the problems of older characters.

It seems to me that this is a pernicious circle. It seems quite logical that, just as they were in the past, old faces could be starred with great success. And yet, as an independent producer, I doubt that I could get financial backing or distribution for a great dramatic vehicle that projected as its stars a man of 70 or a woman of 65. Today such a film would probably be considered downright revolutionary.

But don't get me wrong. I love new faces.

Well But Not Favorably Known

Minneapolis. Minneapolis Morning Tribune's poll, devoted on this occasion to learning how well Elvis Presley is known among the state's adult citizenry and the latter's opinion of him, shows that nearly nine out of 10 Minnesotans know who he is, but only 17% of those interviewed regard him favorably.

The article relating the survey's results points out that the rock 'n' roll star "scores low among Minnesota adults."

Roaring Twenties & Ballyhooligans

By TERRY TURNER

The "Roaring Twenties" were not only good for the bootleggers but for many press agents in the heyday of exploitation. Three tabloids, The Daily News, The Daily Mirror and The Graphic, with three great managing editors, the late Walter Howey, Phil Payne and Emil Gauvreau, were trying to knock each other's brains out. Any stunt that held a grain of imagination was a cinch and I got real lucky.

For instance, do you remember Alvin "Shlowreck" Kelly, the first flagpole sitter? He insisted, and I believed him after hearing just how he would do it, that he could sit on a flagpole 13 days, 13 nights, 13 hours, 13 minutes and 13 seconds. I had just arranged with the Claridge Hotel for the stunt when the late Police Commissioner Enright (with whom I had had trouble before) got wind of it and summoning me before him, advised that while there was no law covering an idiot sitting on a flagpole, that he had decided to cut the pole from under my sitting Kelly without further ado, and throw me in the clink to boot. That ultimatum naturally changed my plans on the spot and Mr. Kelly did his sitting atop a small side street hotel in Newark. Unfortunately, the manager of the hotel lost his job, the hotel its customers, because the elevators were being used mostly to carry my customers to the roof at 50c a pop, to get a closer view of Kelly.

Or, for instance, the saga of the Siamese Twins. I had 'em all, the Hiltons, the Gibbs Twins and the Godino boys. The Hiltons were first. The late Alf T. Wilton had them first and offered them to Keiths. They were given an audition on the vast Hippodrome stage and asked to dance with two pretty good hoofers. They broke down and cried and Alf was told to send them back to the sidishows. At that point Frank Braden, vet press agent of the Ringling show, brought it to my attention. We rehearsed them for three months, had them taught saxophone, urged them to sing a little ditty and even dance with two boys. We were ready but the booking office was not. The late Jake Lubin, (God love him) and the same Jake who gave me my first job in show business, would have nothing to do with them. About everybody stopped speaking to me around the Loew office. In desperation I went into Mr. Loew's office one morning while he was having his usual chit-chat with David Warfield. Instead of the usual beef that you would put in a case like this, I said:

"Can I shake your hand, sir?"

He looked kind of startled and asked me if I felt all right. I said I felt all right, but I wanted to shake hand with a man greater than GOD. Now he was really startled and asked if I had been drinking.

I replied that I was perfectly sober, but that GOD had made a set of Siamese Twins, that E. F. Albee could not do it, that the Loew Circuit had them and wouldn't even try and see whether or not the public would buy them. Warfield really got a belt out of that, and within 10 minutes Jake had been told, "Give those twins an opening somewhere before I have a crazy man on my hands here." Many will recall they broke ali records and played Loew Theatres in New York that never before or since played vaudeville acts.

More Siamese

For instance, like a lot of folks who have something big and never know it until an agent steps in and grabs them, I lost the Hiltons but found another pair, The Gibb twins, Mary and Margaret of Holyoke, Mass.

The same rehearsals, the same routine and believe it or not the same Loew office turned them down. The bloom was off the

grosses, was the opinion. I was offered a route by Keith providing I did a stunt with them. That's where the tabloid managing editors came in. Gauvreau was fiddling with what were known as compositographs. That meant dooling with negatives to make crime or sex scenes come to life. Front page of course. So between Gauvreau hatching his compositographs and writing the yarns in advance, the making of X-Rays and with a doctor abetting (but quite innocently) we put the twins and their mother in a private hospital (behind locked doors) and broke the story. Despite the copyright lines on every story, Howey and Payne picked up the yarn and the fat was in the fire. The stunt was in. I got my route, and what happened? After an opening at the old Hippodrome the Gibb twins played 40 weeks right in New York City without leaving once. I'll never forget Sime Silverman going all the way to Bayonne, New Jersey to review the act prior to the Hippodrome opening because as he put it, "it took a lot of guts to stage that phoney."

For instance, I'll never forget the Godino Boys. First, because I had to put up a cash guarantee of \$100,000 so that they be paid \$2,500 a week for 40 weeks to be played in 52, and also because I had an almost certain flop when they reached me in Vancouver, B. C. with their newly acquired wives and a woe-begone band of 12 little men.

The late Eddie Milne gave me a percentage date in Vancouver at the Pantages and let me rehearse (for admissions) in Victoria (for eatin' money). That hundred grand stripped me, my family and many friends of even a milk diet. With the help of a good campaign, we broke the record of the house, but the elder Pantages, on trial at the time in Los Angeles, figured on another break to wit: to break me and let us stay in Vancouver to sue, or perhaps, eat the twins. My partner in New York, one Arthur Klein, a most astute agent, had other ideas and within the space of a week came up with a 40 week tour of the Keith Circuit at \$5,000 NET weekly to be played in 52 weeks. We opened in Oakland a week or so later and "all the T. Turners and all of their friends began to eat, and hearty, again."

Seattle Up; 'Moon' Huge \$16,000, 'Wind' Sock 11G, 'Anastasia' Lofty 15G

Seattle.

Fine weather, with no snow storms or slippery streets in hilly Seattle, was good for show biz over New Year's. All first-run houses are holding over, most of them opening Dec. 31st. "Baby Doll," "Written on Wind" and "Anastasia" look standout among bigger coin entries.

Estimates for Last Week

Blue Mouse (Hamrick) (800; \$1.50-\$2) — "Oklahoma" (Magna) (10th wk). Last week, great \$11,000.
Coliseum (Evergreen) (1,870; 95-\$1.25) — "Zarak" (Col) and "Ride High Iron" (Col) (2d wk). Last week, smash \$14,000.

Fifth Avenue (Evergreen) (2,500; \$1-\$1.50) — "Anastasia" (20th). (2d wk). Last week, big \$15,000.

Music Box (Hamrick) (850; 90-\$1.25) — "Teahouse of August Moon" (M-G) (2d wk). Last week, giant \$16,000.

Music Hall (Hamrick) (2,200; \$1-\$1.50) — "Written on Wind" (U) and "Night Runner" (U) (2d wk). Last week, smash \$11,000.

Orpheum (Hamrick) (2,700; 90-\$1.25) — "Baby Doll" (WB) (2d wk). Last week, tail \$13,000.

Paramount (SW) (1,282; \$1.20-\$2.45) — "This is Cinerama" (Cinerama) (21st wk). Last week, lively \$12,000.

Jack Cummings completed his producer contract at Metro and will enter indie production.

6 Studios and Censors Active In New Pakistan

By A. GHAFFAR

Karachi.

Pakistan came into existence as an independent sovereign state about 10 years ago and had to start from scratch in every field, the motion picture industry being no exception. Before partition, Lahore was the only city of what is now Pakistan where film production of some sort was carried on. But this city, as a film production centre, was far behind the Bombay and Calcutta centres.

The film studios were ill-equipped and laboratory facilities were practically non-existent. Even talent, technical and otherwise, for which this area was famous, found the glamor of Bombay and Calcutta more attractive. Moreover, all the studios were owned by Hindus who migrated to India after the establishment of Pakistan.

Most of the distribution and exhibition trade was also in the hands of the Hindus. So when Pakistan was established the motion picture industry was left in a chaotic state and it took full two years before production work of any kind could be undertaken. But today the Pakistan film industry is forging ahead. A number of well equipped and well manned studios have been established and production is at an all-time high level.

Film production is confined to two centres—Karachi and Lahore. Lahore is the major centre, Karachi having entered the field only in 1954. There are six film studios in active operation—four in Lahore and two in Karachi.

(1) Shahnoor Studios, Lahore: Three stages, two of which are soundproof; has latest machinery and trained and experienced staff; some 20 full-length films and 12 shorts have been produced; 12 features are in production; fully equipped laboratory is attached to the studios.

(2) Evergreen Studios, Lahore: (Continued on page 52)

Pitfalls in Theatrical 'Memoirs'

Phoney Candor or Pressagent-Ghosting Worse Than Too Kindly an Approach

By ROBERT DOWNING

Show biz memoirs pour from the presses, printed editions of plays, films and musicals flourish as never before, while paperbacks feature dozens of titles with stage and screen hook-ups. In a single month last summer, Bantam had six titles tied-in with pix. James Dean has followed Marilyn Monroe into hard covers, and a glance at coming events, via Publisher's Weekly, underscores the greasepaint theme in the book world.

Recollections of show people may be more numerous now than the "sunset strip." Or it may be that many publishers, like Doubleday's Ken McCormick, are now more aware that "show people are excitingly articulate... often able to remember with verve things that have happened to them in a way that more ordered, formal minds would never do."

There has been nothing ordered or formal about some of the shockers that have been dished up with slow biz trimmings. Beginning with Ethel Waters' "His Eye Is On the Sparrow," and bursting through Billie Holiday's "Lady Sings the Blues" (both from Doubleday), naked private lives have been reported in garish and sometimes ghoulish detail.

"Shock value does help to put over a show business book," McCormick says. He should know. His house also published Mary Pickford's recollections, "Sunshine and Shadow," which hit the remainder stalls all too soon. "Mary wrote and rewrote her book so that she would hurt no one, and although this certainly is a quality to applaud, the fact remains that if Mary had laid about her with a shillelagh a lot more people would have read her book."

Sociological View

At the New York Public Library's Theatre Collection, George Freedley looks upon books like the Holiday item and Lillian Roth's "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (Fell), as sociological rather than theatrical studies. William van Lennep, curator at Harvard, finds that trashy show biz books are often compensated by the careful work of

scholarly writers like Eric W. Barnes, former actor, who, in recent seasons, produced sound bios of actress Anna Cora Mowatt and playwright Edward Sheldon (Scribner). Van Lennep also sees lasting merit in other current offerings, such as Frances Winwar's Duse-D'Annunzio run-down, "Wingless Victory" (Scribner), and Wisner P. Kinne's "George Pierce Baker and the American Theatre" (Harvard).

Shock treatment in theatrical memoirs only too often seems to be balanced by the autobiography that is something of a disappointment. Ethel Barrymore's "Memoirs" (Harper) fell into this category, mainly because the author, like Miss Pickford, exercised too much restraint in choosing her material. A star with a great story to tell offered crumbs in place of cake. Eleanor Ruggles' life of Edwin Booth, "Prince of Players," whatever its success on the stands, and despite a plush sale of films, did not satisfy devoted admirers of America's greatest dramatic actor. Likewise, Lawrence Langner's "Magic Curtain" (Dutton), failed to convey the topflight yarn its writer had lived. It was much in need of proofreading, and slid from \$6.60 to \$1.49 with alacrity.

Freedley believes many current stage bios are more carefully documented than of yore, but failure of most publishing houses to retain editors and proof readers who grasp the show biz pitch accounts for too many mistakes—not all of them typos.

Tempus Fugit

Careers reported as bios when the subject is still professionally in transit become dated too rapidly to enjoy marked success. One exception in this division was Agnes de Mille's excellent recap, "Dance to the Piper" (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Quickly "outgrown" were Pete Martin's report on Ethel Meriman, "Who Could Ask for Anything More" (Doubleday), Felix Barker's "The Oliviers" (Lippincott), and Guthrie McClintic's "Me and Kit" (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

Simon & Schuster have, for some years, published, simultaneously, hard cover and paperback editions of their show biz entries. Sez Veep Albert R. Leventhal: "Theory behind the two editions is that a man like Crosby, Gleason or Hope will have mass appeal and can sell in drug stores, five-and-dimes" and the like. Leventhal is undaunted by "failures," because one smash hit more than compensates, he feels. Bob Hope's "I Never Left Home," published during World War II, sold 1,500,000 in two or three months. Other headliners from S&S have included Hope's "Have Tux, Will Travel," "Life With Groucho" by his son, Arthur Marx, Bing Crosby's "Call Me Lucky," and Burns and Allen's "I Love Her, That's Why." Leventhal is satisfied with returns on Richard Aldrich's "Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A.," published in association with Greystone, although its final printing hit the remainder stands last fall. S&S regards Wally Cox's "Mr. Peepers" as an outstanding floperoo.

Cerf Unimpressed

Bennett Cerf, head of Random House, has definite notions on show biz publishing: "I take an exceedingly dim view of the spate of theatrical recollections that have been pouring into the book stores in recent months. One out of twenty may have cause for being—Lawrence, Roth, Waters, Joe E. Lewis—most are pallid, made-to-order conglomerations that are no more 'autobiographical' than my left foot. They often have been whipped together from stale radio and tv scripts by yawning press agents, and the so-called authors frequently not only have not written the books, but haven't even bothered to read them. Fortunately, the public has gotten wise to this dodge, and most of these books are reminders before they are even published."

Not trash, in any sense, were Random House's history of Harigant & Hart, "The Merry Partners," by E. J. Kahn Jr., or Vincent Sheean's recent "Oscar Hammerstein I."

A Global Perspective on Film Medium

Yankees Too Often Consider 'The America Way' As the Only Proper Criteria

By SIR TOM O'BRIEN

National Assn. of Theatrical & Kine Employees of United Kingdom.

London.

Another year, making it clear that the future of the film industries of the world is becoming more precarious. Twenty-five years ago Hollywood dominated the screens of the world. Not so today. We have seen the rise of native industries of all kinds. We have seen that cotton, textiles, steel, oil, tin, automobiles and the rest are being produced in many countries. One of the tragedies of the American film industry is that the great leaders of that industry—founders, executives, entrepreneurs—believed that they were laws unto themselves.

Whatever happened to other industries could not happen to films. They thought, and still think, that films from America can hold sway everywhere. But the stark realism is that: countries like France, Italy, Japan, even China, Russia, India, to say nothing about our British production, are striving to portray something about their own way of life, their literature, their stories, their tragedies, their sorrows, their fun, their humour.

I don't think that the American producers really understand all this fully.

The American producers are caught up with what is called "The American Way of Life"—as though the only way of life in the world is the American way. How fortunate is the motion picture industry of the United States in having a man like Eric Johnston at its head.

He knows the world; he knows the film problems and political problems which beset all countries.

I would say to the readers of VARIETY that we have need to reorientate our thinking.

It is the responsibility of nations to encourage their own native film production centres. Governments must relax their taxation upon the film industries of the world. President Eisenhower gave the lead some time ago by reducing the entertainment tax in the United States. What a wise decision!

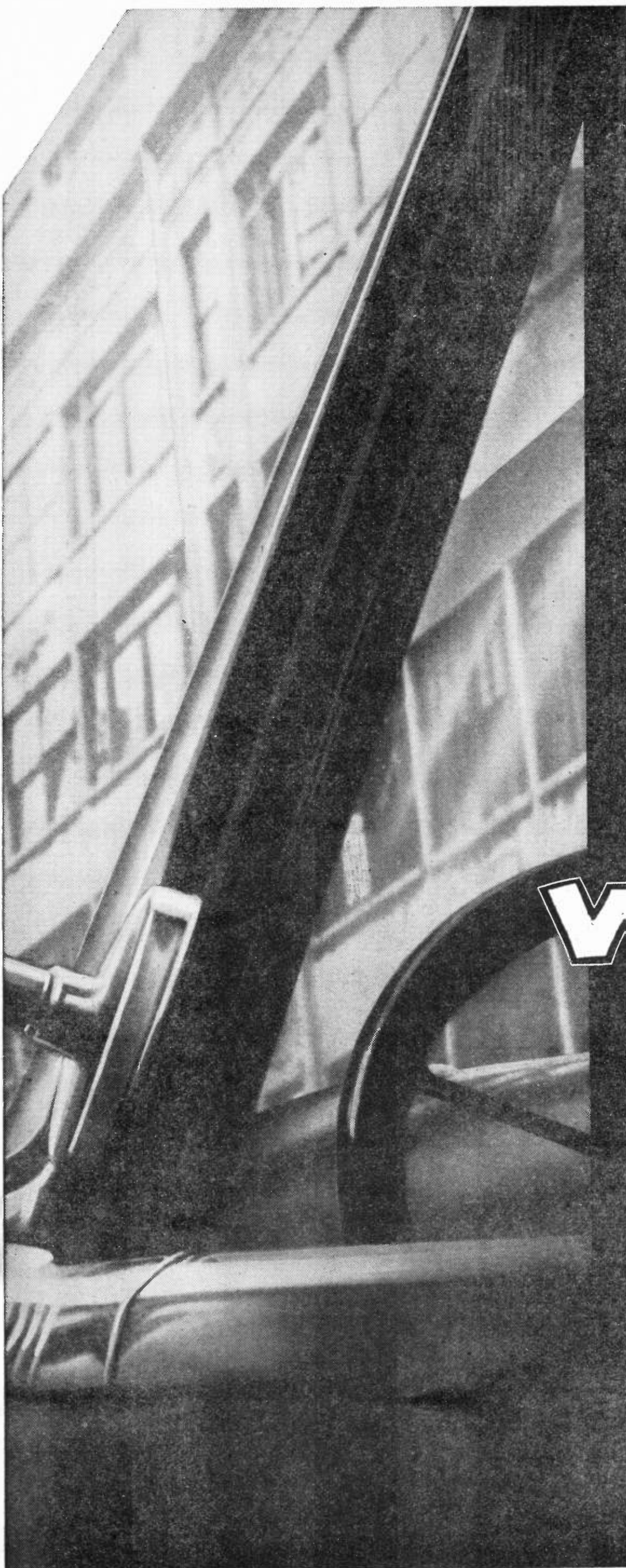
The English-speaking races are over one half of the world's population. Films reach all these people and more. It is time that the two great film-producing centres of the world—Hollywood and London—should get together; not in the spirit of animosity but in the spirit of healthy competition and co-operation. The producers can make money, yes, but they can portray a way of life and enjoy a way of life divorced from serfdom, from tyranny, from dictatorship.

This is a challenge to Hollywood and a challenge to England; indeed a challenge to any film producing centre in the world; a challenge which I hope most sincerely we will take up. The menace of Russian International Communism is still with us. Negative denunciations of that philosophy get us nowhere. Let us strive to make our film industries in the free countries of the world a medium whereby we can make people happy, make millions of our world population feel relaxed but at the same time understand that what they see and what they hear when they sit in their seats in the cinema is not purveyed in the interests of any one nation.

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THIS IS THE CHALLENGE
WE MAKE TO MOVIE-GOERS:

If you don't believe that this weird and unusual story actually happened, see the records of Queens County Court, N. Y., Apr. 21, 1953 Indictment # 271/53, "The Balestrero Case"

also starring ANTHONY QUAYLE

Screen Play by MAXWELL ANDERSON
and ANGUS MACPHAIL MUSIC BY BERNARD HERRMANN
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK



Can't Stop A Tidal Wave With A Tennis Racket

By HARRY RUBY

Hollywood. My fame, such as it is, rests on the most dubious of distinctions—namely, getting credit not for things I have done, but for things I had nothing whatsoever to do with. How it all started, I do not know. But I do know that once a thing like this gets started there is no stopping it; and, like the proverbial snowball rolling down hill, it gets bigger as it goes.

For instance: In the opinion of that gifted actor, gentleman and scholar, Herbert I. Marshall, I am a man of sparkling wit—because as he thinks, I wrote that famous witticism about Hollywood: "No matter how hot it is in the daytime, there's nothing to do at night." Being a man of unquestioned probity, as everybody, including myself, will admit, I felt I was being an accomplice to a crime, letting this canard go on without doing something about it. So, one night I did something about it. I told Herbert Marshall, in the presence of some very stylish guests assembled at the home of Chester Morris, that it was Solly Violin—*not I*—who authorized that immortal line about Hollywood.

I don't remember exactly what H. M. said, but I shan't ever forget the look he gave me. I wound up humbly apologizing for denying I wrote something I did not write.

I had a similar experience with another friend of mine, an ex-baseball player by the name of Pat O'Shea who, because of the experience, also became an ex-friend of mine. His claim to fame was knowing me, who, according to him, wrote a big hit that flourished in the early twenties, entitled: "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary." It says on the copy that the song was written by Bert Kalmar, Edgar Leslie and Pete Wendling. But had I shown the copy to Pat, I am sure he would have sworn I had it printed up just to rib him.

One night, at a party I threw for the Chicago Cubs, when they were training at Catalina, I decided to do something about it; to make a clean breast of it all. I confessed that I had not written the song; that I was still a songplugger in the days of that song's celebrity; that—well, that's as far as I got. Pat glowered, called me a lying so-and-so, gulped down his sixth straight drink and started menacingly toward me. But for two outfielders and a catcher who ran interference, I wouldn't be here today to tell the story.

Dorothy Parker will tell you that I also wrote a parody that was the favorite of the Algonquinites. It was sung to the tune of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" and went like this:

Giddy-Ap Ginsburg, Giddy-Ap Ginsburg, Mississippi's Calling Me, etc., etc.

This was written by Solly Violin and Benny Rubin, but I'm not telling anybody because it's no use. They won't believe me.

The same aforementioned Benny Rubin phoned the other night to tell me how he vowed a group of his friends with a story of mine. What story? I asked. Benny told me the story, then said: "Herschel they screamed, and I gave you credit for it." I thanked him for giving me credit, but didn't bother to tell him that the story he vowed his friends with was not one I had told him—but one he had told me.

An admirer of mine says nobody but me could have written the following from the show: "Animal Crackers:"

Groucho (to Mrs. Rittenhouse): Do you mind if I smoke?

Mrs. Rittenhouse: No, not at all.

Groucho: Do you mind if I don't smoke?

The above, as well as all the other confections in that show, was written by George S. Kaufman and/or Morrie Ryskind.

A certain music publisher, one of Tin Pan Alley's biggest, loves me because I wrote his favorite song. Every time I see him, he shakes my hand warmly and beams: "Ruby, you old stick-in-the-mud, when are you gonna write me another 'Thinking Of You?'" H then proceeds to sing—not the

one I wrote with Kalmar, which goes:

*Why is it I spend the day,
Wake up and end the day,
Thinking of you.*

He sings th. one Walter Donaldson wrote, which goes:

*I get so lonely
Thinking of you,
Thinking of you.*

If you hear that I wrote the Gettysburg Address, don't believe it. I checked on it very carefully in the encyclopedia. It was written by a man by the name of Abraham Lincoln.

Berlin's Commie Studio Still Very Party-Lined Up

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin. There is more than just a slight difference between Berlin's West (Allied) and East (Soviet) Sector. In some ways it's easier today for a W-Berliner to do business with the United States than with East Berlin. Providing you have the money, you can easily travel from here to N.Y. but it's not so simple when it comes to a trip into the eastern part of Germany. Much red tape to obtain the necessary permit. It even requires a special permit to visit cemeteries which happen to be located outside the West Sector. There are also two different currency systems.

Red authorities control nearly the entire show biz in East Berlin but in 1956 exhibited a more tolerant attitude toward Western art and entertainment. Jazz, long condemned as part of capitalist "decadence," was admitted. More western movies (none of U.S. origin though) were shown and modern dancing was "encouraged." Radio was giving more attention to entertainment (also American jazz) programs. Functionaries took pains to intensify connections with the West. Latter is suspicious, naturally, feeling it is just another propaganda drive.

There is only one film producing outfit (DEFA) and one distributing company (Progress) in East Germany. Both are state-run, of course. DEFA has the former UFA plant at Babelsberg, once one of the best studios in the world. DEFA's output is between 10 and 20 features per year.

Best pix of the early German postwar era were of DEFA origin. Films like "Affair Blum," "Rotation," "Marriage In The Shadow" or "The Murderers Are Among Us" stirred even international attention. However, the artistry of that time was soon sacrificed to the party line. Apart from very few exceptions, DEFA product of recent years has either been unbearable heavy political stuff or extremely dull.

There's supposedly a trend towards more "entertaining" films but a glimpse at DEFA's 1956 production list reveals that propaganda is still playing a major part. Incomplete list of DEFA pix premed during the 12 months in East Berlin: "The Devil's Circle" (anti-Nazi stuff), "Secret Marriages" (comedy with political background), "Recovery" (political drama based on a radio play), "Friedrich Schiller" (full-length documentary about the great German poet), "Small Fry" (self-critical stuff with political tendencies), "Three Girls In The Finale" (sports feature), "Judge of Zalamea" (pic version of Calderon's stage play of the same name), "Thomas Muenter" (biopic of the leader of the Thuringian peasant uprising who was executed in 1525), "Csar and Carpenter" (film version of Lortzing's opera), "Berlin Romance" (anti-capitalist stuff with anti-West Berlin tendencies), "I'm Thirsty" (anti-capitalist pic playing during the Spanish Civil War with anti-Franco tendencies), "You and So Many a Comrad" (strong anti-war documentary), "Rendezvous spot Aimee" (blackmarketeer story with anti-West Berlin tendencies), "Special Marks—None" (postwar misery).

New Pakistan

Continued from page 49

Not so well-equipped as Shahnoor Studios, it has two small soundproof stages, a laboratory and all other facilities; owners are currently building a new studio which, they claim, will be the biggest east of Suez; about 12 full-length films have been produced at these studios and an equal number is under production.

(3) Screen and Sound Studios, Lahore: Has only one small stage which is soundproof; little of latest equipment; only a few pictures have been turned out.

(4) Malika Studios, Lahore: Has two soundproof stages, a laboratory and most of the equipment is of the latest variety; has turned out about 20 films and about 12 are under production.

(5) Eastern Studios, Karachi: This is as well equipped as the Shahnoor studios, has a laboratory attached to it and has three stages; has turned out 12 full-length features; currently four pictures are on the sets and 12 await floor space.

(6) Kaiser Studios, Karachi: well equipped, small and compact with two soundproof stages; has only recently gone into production; two films are in work.

Also, there is one studio in East Pakistan at Dacca. This is government-owned studio and is primarily concerned with producing government publicity and documentary films. Facilities are extended to private producers and one full-length film was produced by a private film-maker.

Censors Kept Busy

All films to be screened in Pakistan (whether produced in Pakistan or of foreign origin) are required to be censored before they can be released for public exhibition. For this purpose there are three separate censor boards—one for the federal capital, Karachi; one for the area comprising West Pakistan and one for East Pakistan. The code is more or less similar for all the three Boards. There is a move now to have one common Code for the whole of Pakistan. The existing codes are similar to the American Code.

There are three main centres of distribution—Lahore, Dacca and Karachi. The number of distributing concerns at all these three centres comes to about 120. American and British films are mostly distributed by subsidiaries of American and British companies. Their offices are also situated at these three centres.

Besides the home produced films, American, British and Italian films find a thriving market in Pakistan. Indian films are restricted as they form the most serious competition for the locally-produced films and it is the policy of the government not to allow unrestricted imports of Indian product until the home industry can come on a par with its Indian counterpart.

There are about 400 theatres in the country with a total seating capacity of about 250,000. (The country's population is 80,000,000). Only the cinemas in the major cities are equipped for CinemaScope. Except for the cinemas of the major cities, exhibition outlets are old fashioned. With the increase of production at home it is becoming increasingly important to have more and better houses throughout the country.

The rates of admission range from 10c to 80c and the seats from luxuriously covered divans to crude wooden benches.

Pakistan film business is heavily taxed via central as well as provincial imposts. Sales tax of 20% is imposed on all imported prints and in the case of India on the contracted value of the films. Import duty at the rate of about half a cent per foot is charged on imported raw film. Import duty on exposed film is 1c per foot and on cinematographic equipment 35 to 40%. (All raw film consumed is imported.)

A special tax on publicity materials, rentals on government-approved films and on storage of films is levied. Then there are the income tax and "super tax." Sales tax of 20% on the total cost of a film production also is levied. The average cost of a film produced in Pakistan is \$75,000 to \$80,000; the tax alone amounts to about \$15,000.

The entertainment tax varies from 37½% to 50% of the rate of admission.

Canada 'Taken for Granted'

Ottawa.

"The Canadian film industry is doing a slow burn at the offhand treatment accorded this country by the parent industry in the U.S.," writes Gerald FitzGerald in the Montreal Gazette (22). "The Canadian market is too much taken for granted, they complain, with too little money sent this way for exploitation. Whatever is spent is laid out by the Canadian industry itself. Regarded as a sure sale, the rich Canadian market is by-passed while funds go to hard-sell areas. There should be more recognition of Canada's contribution to Hollywood's dividends, they argue."

'Everybody Wantsa Get in Duh Act'

By JOEY ADAMS

The Schnoz was hitting on all 88 when he said, "Everybody wantsa get in duh act."

I never met a comic who didn't want to play Hamlet. Or at the very least a dramatic role on Studio One. Or a square in some theatre-in-the-round. Conversely, every singer wants to be a comic. Personally, I don't know any comedian that's funnier than Elvis Presley.

Everybody's grass is always greener. Any Lindy waiter would rather hand out yox than lox. I never met one that wasn't ready with a topper at the drop of a heckler. Like the comedian who was annoyed with the service one early morning. "How do I get some water around here?" he heckled the waiter. "Just set fire to yourself," was the topper.

For years, every fighter's ambition was to open a bar or restaurant. Now every pug wants to go "from punches to punchlines."

When Lou Nova works in a night club he threatens hecklers, "I'm my own bouncer." Champs like Maxie Rosenbloom and Tony Canzoneri answer pests with "I had 300 fights—what's your excuse?"

Mickey Walker put so many opponents on the canvas when he was champion that he continued to do that after he lost the title. But this time he did it with a brush instead of his fists.

Rocky Graziano made good as a comedian but now he wants to paint, too. Some of his pictures are pretty good. I asked the Rock to make a clown for me, I collect them. "Try to put a cauliflower ear on him," I suggested, "a fighting clown might be a good subject." "Are you kiddin'?", he grumbled, "it's easier to get a cauliflower ear than paint one."

Everybody wants to get in somebody else's act. Red Skelton wants to be a painter. George Price invaded Wall Street. Jackie Bright left the stage to become the head man at AGVA. Even Sherman Billingsley wants to become an actor.

Victor Borge and Morey Amsterdam went into the poultry business. I resent anybody who says they started it with eggs that they laid.

In his heart, Mickey Spillane is the rough Mike Hammer who is the hero of his books. Mickey would rather be an actor. Right at this moment he is negotiating with Coral to make a long lasting record.

Jane Russell would give it all up to preach a sermon. Her "Cnape in the Valley" is known the world over. Whoever comes in contact with the beautiful star, comes away with a touch of faith. It was Jane Russell who helped me when I needed it most. The Bible she gave me was inscribed with a passage from the Good Book, "All things work together for good for those who love the Lord." It was signed "old Jane."

Laughs & Left Turns

Eddie Davis was a cabdriver until he made Eddie Cantor laugh. Now he's a successful comedy writer who is doing what he always wanted to do—make everybody laugh.

Jack Benny and Henny Youngman started out as violin players. But they got so many laughs with their playing, they decided to become comics. Youngman is still Jack Benny's favorite violinist. Maybe because Henny is the only one that plays worse than Jack. Benny still wants to be a musician. Recently he appeared at Carnegie Hall as a soloist—the 57th Street landmark was sold the next day.

Phil Foster, Buddy Hackett, Joey Bishop and Dick Shawn went for

golf so strongly that they bought their own golf course in Englewood, N. J. Katherine Murray gave up dancing to m.c. her own tv show. Pretty good for a grandma to find a new career. Gaxton, Godfrey and Downey went in the perfume business. Godfrey would rather fly than make with the jokes.

This is the era where shoemakers become tv stars and schoolteachers become comedians. And what is so annoying, good ones, too. Sam Levenson and Morty Gunty have added considerably to their principal since leaving their classrooms.

Myron Cohen was a silk salesman who always wanted to be a comedian. Gene Baylos, like Joe E. Lewis, claims that his real business is gambling. Once in Las Vegas, when Gene had a bad streak, he threw himself on the table and hollered, "I bet my life on the hard six." Gene's ulcers have made him an authority on food. He knows the exact hour of the changing of the coffee at the Automat. He makes it just in time to "gas up." At Hanson's drugstore he warned me, "I think Hans is putting make-up on the roast beef."

Will Rogers Jr. left Congress to become an actor and Tom Dewey quit singing baritone to become a politician.

Show people love to stick their kisser into politics. I guess they figure if Harry Truman can play the piano, they can play politics. Personally, I don't care who writes the laws of the nation, as long as I can make them laugh. Come to think of it, some of the laws are pretty laughable—like the Tax Laws, for instance.

Like maybe Lee Mortimer says, "Just amuse the American public—let the politicians abuse them."

Imagine the comics in Politics. They could run the U.N. meetings at Lindy's and call it Lox Success.

Guy Lombardo would rather lead the field in his speed boat than lead a band.

Even Lassie got tired of leading a dog's life and became an actor.

And Everybody but Everybody wants to write a book.

When Bennett Cerf became a tv star, Steve Allen asked for equal space in the bookstores.

Joe E. Brown, Eddie Cantor, Milton Berle, Arthur Godfrey, Bob Hope, George Jessel, Burns & Allen are only a few of the great comedians who have written books in recent years. Even Joe E. Lewis, who only played with books for years, decided to write a book. Like Joe E. says, "My business is horses, I just work so I can make enough money to put back in my business."

The late Fred Allen started in show business as a rather bad juggler billed as "Freddy James—The World's Worst Juggler," and became the greatest monologist of them all. He made millions as a radio star but he had no affection for it or the tv that followed. He would gladly have given it all up for the vaudeville he loved.

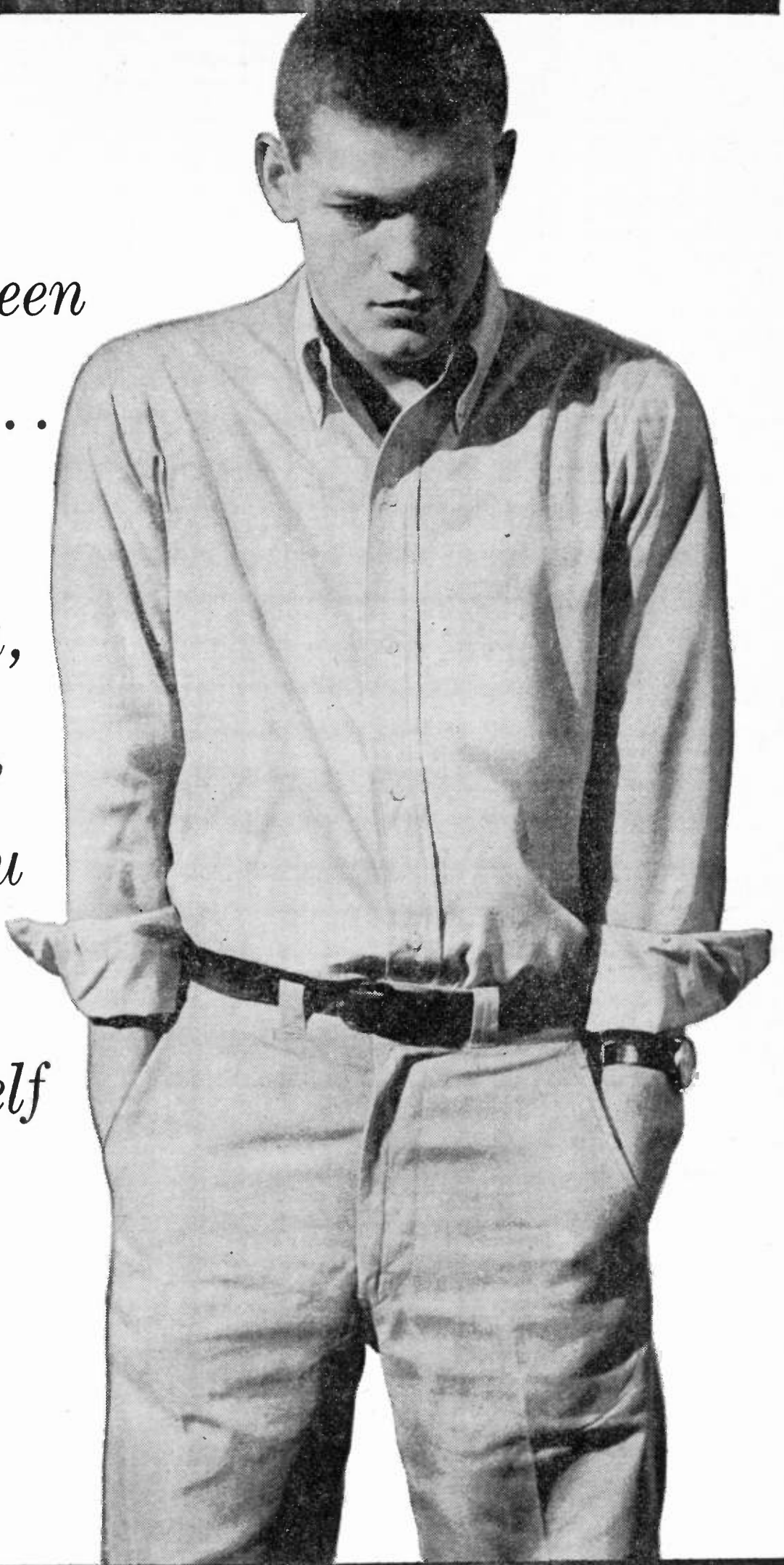
Fred always had a strange inferiority about his talents as a writer even though he was the master humorist. He wanted so much to be a best selling author. In his book, "Much Ado About Me," he finally accomplished that, even if he isn't around to see it. But as Fred said, "This is only the prologue, the big show is up there."

As far as I'm concerned, I'd rather write than eat. There are those critics who say if I continue writing, I won't eat at all.

Like Jackie Gleason said when he heard I was writing my fifth book, "If you keep writing any more books, you'll be doing your act in the Public Library."

The word-of-mouth will be TREMENDOUS

*seventeen
isn't an age . . .
it's an eternity . . .
nobody knows you,
and worse,
you
hardly know
yourself*



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WITH JAMES GREGORY • WHIT BISSELL • JEFF SILVER

Written by ROBERT DOZIER • Produced by STUART MILLAR • Directed by JOHN FRANKENHEIMER



Another profit show from the NEW RKO

Reeperbahn, B'way, Rue Pigalle And Piccadilly

Continued from page 3

legit world. Eleven of the city's 29 theatres are on Corrientes, others on side streets, and how impresarios hate risking shows off this beaten track!

Beyond Callao, Corrientes goes commercial in a show biz way, as film distributors' offices are grouped there, close to the Corrientes and Lavalle film row. West again is the "Abasto," great wholesale market, surrounded by crummy eateries which serve gourmet food cheap to all late workers. Carlos Gardel, legendary tango warbler, was an "Abasto" muchacho till Corrientes bookings made him idol of the masses. Now he sleeps still further West at the "Chacarita" (cemetery). His ghost must have wept along Corrientes when a public opinion poll last year gave only 15% as still loving his tango, 32% plumped for rock 'n' roll, 24% for longhair and 15% for native samba, vidalita or carnavalito music.

The average Porteno (Buenos Aires citizens are so-called because their city is a port) works hard and late, plays late. Nightlife is his spiritual necessity, Corrientes the street of nightlife, as Florida is of the afternoon. Its real life starts after midnight, when theatres empty and showfolk emerge to eat, argue and often see shows staged for them after dawn.

The Porteno has a mind, so the street is peppered with bookstores, full of browsers till 2 a. m. Each cafe has its "Pena" or intellectual club, patronized by writers, students or actors. The Porteno reads all the world's books in translation: Benavente, Hemingway, Lin Yutang, Anatole France, Shaw, Malaparte have all been bestsellers; Cronin is a favorite, with native authors Cain, Rodriguez, Larreta, Hernandez, Mujica. Paylater book sales exceed \$1,500,000 annually.

'Get Your Papers'

There's at least one newspaper booth at each corner with lavish spreads of local and foreign newspapers and magazines. It's said that if two Porteno newsmen meet they start planning another magazine, the perfect one, so 455 magazines, plus 54 newspapers, are published in B.A. city alone. The Porteno resumed reading foreign mags with pleasure after Peron's exit and the Latin-American Reader's Digest "Selecciones" has a zooming circulation. French and Italian mags like "Paris Match" and "Oggi" are equally popular.

Important Corrientes landmark for Yanks is the American (Methodist) Church, with gray spires rearing incongruously among myriad neon lights, opposite B.A.'s snootiest Arms Circle Club. On a corner, a concrete monster Telephone Bldg. is now rearing its 25 stories, stolid reminder of one of Peron's last rackets. Yank entertainers mostly lodge along the street's many service apartment buildings.

The Porteno is sophisticated and spendthrift, more formal in dress and manner than the average Yank, though social and sartorial informality grows dizzily. In Gardel's day he wore striped trousers, dark coat, slouch hat. Today he dons stovepipe slacks, sports jacket, goes hatless and his hair is no longer slicked patent-leather but wind-blown in a so-called Marlon Brando style.

His favorite entertainments are: sparking the dames, spotting the horses, football, films, eating (he's not a drinker), burlesque and legit.

The Porteno gambles shamelessly: at the Sunday racetracks, on the Friday lottery, the Numbers during the week and "his" football (soccer) team on weekends. Football is a passion, not a sport. On Dec. 3, despite general strikes and an economic crisis, the Porteno threw away \$1,210,064 on some horse in a single race of a nine-race program.

Films are preferred entertainment for 92% of Portenos. Males are suspected of preferring sexy European pictures, the femmes prefer American for the life of luxury they tend to portray. "Gina" still tops the popularity poll, her rival Sophia Loren comes in only third best, after Germany's Maria Schell. Marilyn is catching up, now that she has been seen more here. The distaffers root for Brando, de Sica, Stewart Granger, Bill Holden, James Mason, Montgomery Clift.

Gable and Cooper have been hurt by some weak pictures recently released, but are still money-makers.

Twenty of B.A.'s film-theatres are on Corrientes, others nearby. The largest, Gran Rex, seats 3,298, smallest (Lorraine), 310. The Rex and Opera, facing each other, with the nearby Ideal and Suipacha, afford a boxoffice barometer. Shows close well after midnight, four daily on weekdays 5 to 6 on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Post-midnight shows added last winter made nifty grosses, were forbidden by the mayor, may be resumed next year.

The great problem is insufficient theatres for the population growth. New building is deterred by low admissions and past excessive State interference, added to obsolete building codes. Until the new Film Law emerges and a Constitutional Government is elected, there's no telling whether State controls are ended. A great event in 1956 was the opening of Loew's Metro, first deluxe house built in 14 years, and just off Corrientes. Congestion is now relieved somewhat by a city edict allowing boxoffices to start advance booking from 8 a. m. instead of 11 p. m. daily.

The great disillusion last year was similarity of Entertainment Board police action with that of Peron's day. Theatres were shuttered for non-compliance with a Protection Law condemned by all, prices slashed, and exhibitors treated as though legitimate profits were a crime. Nevertheless, from the spectator angle, things were fine. Portenos had all the foreign pictures they liked, uncensored, on their screens, and if native product couldn't meet holdovers, they faded out. Newsreels were objective and business boomed for distributors and exhibitors, except for the "Protectionist" shutterings.

U.S. 1-2-3 on Pix Poll

"East of Eden" was declared best picture in a mid-year poll, with "Marty" and "On the Waterfront" right behind, but "La Strada" and "Marcelino, Pan y Vino" came later to put their noses out of joint. Yank distributors ceased revealing their grosses early in the year, to avoid envious gripes by native producers.

The Porteno must still endure the "Numero Vivo" (obligatory vaudeville turns) before he may see films, but the general consensus is that this unwanted Peronist absurdity will be cancelled in the New Year.

The new Film Law was endlessly discussed over Corrientes table-tops this year as unemployed cine-mactors sought employment on the street. Veteran cameramen worked as news photographers and "stars" on the Peron regime were hissed off screen and stage. The new law has been clamored for, fought over, drafted, debated, revised and expected since the September '55 Revolution. Producers expect it to subsidize their future via cash awards, State loans, or boxoffice taxes. Exhibitors hope it will remove all controls and set them free to operate as the great public commands. It is feared that well-intentioned though legislators may be, lack of original thinking will retain many of the Peron era evils.

The Porteno had enough of Protection under Peron, is ready to patronize native material if good; he is furious if his local cinema is shuttered for non-compliance with a Peron-made law, and he wants to see new faces in the local industry, and he does not want stymieing of free foreign imports.

This year of 1957 will show if all this is possible, provided President Aramburu signs the Film Law by the reported Jan. 1 deadline. (This article was mailed several weeks in advance of that.)

Porteno Ain't Buyin'

Corrientes is the street of cabarets of the "hostess"-type. Few night clubs prosper on this "street of the bachelor." The Porteno of today is less wildly dissipated than his Pop or grandpop, and the famed "Ta-Ba-Ris" on Corrientes is now more for tourist than Porteno gambols, unless a late meal is sought and the "Tab" food is available all night at reasonable cost, it's when the drinks and "girls" get mixed up that the average customer gets rooked. The "Tab" operator, Andres Trillas, got himself mixed up in the Peron rackets and is still behind bars.

Mechanization changed the

street's eating habits. Few old sit-down cafes survive; with their "Orquestas de Senoritas" (girl bands), they were superseded by auto-service joints. Bars are dubbed "Copetin al Paso" (drink as you go), coffee is drunk standing at myriads of "Cafecrema" or Cafe Express emporia. Quick-lunch counters each serve an average of 2,100 customers daily, who spend 15 minutes in time and about 32c in coin for lunch and 45c for evening meals. Spending is freer around the early part of each month, coinciding with pay-day (wages are monthly). Pancakes and Italian foods are favored dishes. These joints open at 10:30 a.m., cater to the bank clerks who start at 11, then briefcase men, and so on 'round the clock. Menus offer a selection of about 45 dishes. The Porteno gets through 7,000 head of cattle, or 1,500,000 kilos of meat, 73,473 kilos of fish, 41,093 dozen eggs, 7,090 hens, 10,136 chickens, 760 ducks, 66 geese, 540 kilos of turkey and around 637,170 kilos of potatoes daily. The cheapness and excellence of food is an attraction for visiting showfolk, as is the wonderful shopping—at about 30-35 pesos to each dollar!

'Revistas'—Burley—No. 1

Burlesque, or what the Porteno calls "Revistas," are the studiest legit form, and three theatres cater to the taste: El Nacional, Maipo and Comedia (converted to films for the summer). Because there are always plenty of stray men, they are certain of good grosses all year, but the Maipo this strawhat season will be closed for modernization, and El Nacional is feeling the stress of tense competition this year for the top talent, and may have to economize. Shows are a combination of cheesecake and political satire. The latter, suppressed by the dictatorship, revived with "brio" and made a terrific impact, spelling high wage boosts for comedians and sparking fierce competition for the top talent, which segued into near bankruptcy for one impresario who paid out too much.

Competition from imports like the Folies Bergere and Lido shows in '53 and '54 spurred improvement in these shows. There'll be a tough battle in 1957, as the Maipo is importing foreign attractions to offset El Nacional's signing most native celebs.

American musicals were tested in 1956 with a locally cast production of "Plain & Fancy," with negative results. Others are willing to try again in 1957 and William Morris Agency's Leonardo Burugel has a deal brewing with the Smart Theatre (R. Ribelli) to import a Yank show with Lauritz Melchior, Billy Eckstine, Yma Sumac and Jane Powell, while agent Pablo Williams has signed a Las Vegas night club show for next August at the Maipo.

Last year was a critical one for straight legit. While film-theatres turned away customers by the thousand, only a small handful of legit shows hit the jackpot. Actor-producers ascribe all problems to the theatre shortage, aggravated by recent conversion of five legit houses to films. Impresarios abandon legit because of high production costs, featherbedding and labor problems which convince them it's easier to cope with entertainment served in a can than with temperamental talent. Demolition of the Politeama removed a famous old Corrientes landmark, though a new 700-seat theatre will rise there some two years hence, as part of a 40-story project costing 200,000,000 pesos. The rebuilt Municipal San Martin Theatre, with three halls, another Peron racket, has cost taxpayers 120,000,000 pesos and its upkeep would be so costly no one can be found to accept the lease or concession.

The legit crisis could be blamed on over-late shows and long intermissions. Two 20-minute intermissions to shows opening after 10:15 p. m. mean that suburbanites reach home after dawn, so keep away. Earlier opening shows may be tried this year.

Another legit problem was the issue of native versus translated plays, now solved by a pact calling for alternative translations and native plays, no run to exceed two years and royalties payable only through Argentores (ASCAP). A boxoffice tax of 35 centavos will be applied from which awards will be

made to best plays, actors and set designers of each year. Once this pact is inked, harmony should reign in the thespian midst after a long period of bear-baiting.

The only plays which clicked strongly last year were "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," "Anniversary Waltz" (Colette-Loos), "View from the Bridge," "Dialogues des Carmelites" (Bernanos), "Proces a Jesu" (U. Betti). "Teahouse of the August Moon," an ANTA import, did well, but couldn't break even due to transportation costs (and overlapping management).

Little Theatre groups, known here as "Independents," continued making as big an impact as the so-called "professional" theatre, through more enterprising choice of plays and daring production. Their problem is lack of theatres, and they play in improvised basement theatres rarely seating over 100. These "Independent" groups (there are 70 of them) are a force to be reckoned with and have been taken note of by the wildest impresarios and film producers. Lautaro Murua and Duilio Marzio are two big names on stage and screen who started in Little Theatre groups.

Corrientes looks on radio and tv as allies and not enemies of show business, affording increasing prestige for provincial tours and provide new income for showfolk.

About 80% of Portenos have radios (most about six years old) but only 70,000 have tv, which is still priced beyond their reach; 30% prefer sportscasts, 25% comedy, 20% news, 15% quiz programs and 8% longhair music. Top programs are "Odol Quiz for 100,000 Pesos" (Double or Nothing) on Belgrano's radio and tv channels, and "La Revista Dislocada" (a sort of Crazy Gang).

Radio is still all mixed up and in a morass of debt, as the government is only just getting around to unloading the radio and newspaper properties amassed by Peron. So many government "interventors" have had fingers in the pie, everything is in worse confusion than before. Nevertheless, there is full freedom of speech on the air and 1957 will be an electrifying year, so should provide some thrills.

Corrientes is full of galleries where pinball games, bowling, shooting galleries and novelties are working late and add to the din. Dancehalls combine with eating, and although for a time the tango seemed to be retreating before lively Yank or Central American tunes, the emergence of a new tango band, Hector Varela's, put some of those tunes at the top of the Hit Parade, notably "Fumando Espero" (Smoking & Waiting) (which is 30 years old but revived by this maestro), "Fueron 3 Onos" (Three Years Ago), and "Historia de Un Amor" (A Love Story) popularized by Libertad Lamraque, who had to encore this hit three times on the air. These three hits have been waxed by Columbia.

Hector Varela's latest tango, "A Pesar de Que has Venido" (Although You Came), had sold 106,000 platters by year's end, a record for a tango, as latterly the "old guard" rhythms barely reached 20,000-50,000. Varela has eclipsed all the other tango outfits—D'Arienzo's, Canaro's, Pugliese's.

So far, the only rock 'n' roll tune known here is "Rock Around the Clock" (Bailando el Rock), which certainly made the grade; possibly when other rock tunes become known the craze may become as widespread as in other countries.

"Baion de Madrid," a Chilean tune, made a hit in Uruguay and by snowballing topped the Argentine hit parade in December. Doris Day's "Que Sera, Sera" (Whatever Will Be, Will Be) is predicted as probable sensation of 1957.

The Porteno's favorite whistling tune along Corrientes was "La Cancion del Pobre Juan" (Giovanni & His Guitar). The themesongs from "The High and the Mighty" and "Love is a Many Splendored Thing," "Rose of Washington Square" and "The Happy Whistler" were others to make the grade.

Taken all in all, the Porteno was a happier man in 1956 than he had been for 12 years. He could entertain himself as he pleased, could think as he pleased and say what he pleased, and no one was urging him to hate anyone or anything.

412 Feature Pix Hit Australian Market in Year

By HERC McINTYRE

(U-I South Pacific Supervisor)

I write from Australia, as a motion picture man. My baptism was with the limelight presentation of motion pictures, when a mixing of calcium carbide provided illumination to the screen, when you travelled by horsedrawn wagon until the horses could travel no more and you sold them and bought a new relay.

From screenings in open parks, under canvas bigtops, constantly collapsed by high winds; then the original of the service theatre of this day and age—the tin shed enclosure, plus the introduction of sound effects off-stage via coconut-shells, tin drums and so on—until the memorable occasion when "Birth of a Nation" came our way.

We were raw and bought the D. W. Griffith epic on a 70-30 percentage basis. The picture got the business alright, but our 30% showed out in big red letter in the ledger after operating expenses, advertising and incidentals were met! The experience taught us a lesson and we bided our time until Griffith's follow-up "Heart of the World" came along. We stood pat and struck a deal at a flat rental . . . There was no slip-up this time! The boxoffice cleanup was a big one, well offsetting the previous piece of buying error.

I have learned, over the years, that a target must be set so that you know what you're after and with this, work and resourcefulness will rise to the occasion and weld into a selling approach that catches public fancy. Show business is an aggregation of ideas backed by personal confidence! The public has an uncanny sixth sense and any attraction is only as big as the driving force back of it.

Film pioneers had to have the hearts of a lion, because they were working to establish something new in mass appeal of direct family interest and, at the same time, meet the limited loose money in the (then) public purse.

Today, in Australia, we are in there pitching against the impact of home television which, right now, is beginning to be a competitor. We view this new medium with respect as we did the challenge of radio years ago, but not in any crepe-hanging mood.

Australia, like California, is a land of eternal sunshine. Its area is the same size of the United States. We have a population of over 9,000,000 spread over six States. There are 1,765 theatres in the territory, not including drive-ins. Motion picture theatre attendances, in the last two years, varied between 137,861,000 and 140,085,000.

Production of feature length films over the years has been spasmodic although visiting English and American units have, from time to time, spurred local production. "The Kelly Gang" turned out in 1905, the year of VARIETY's founding, may have been the first full-length dramatic feature made in the world. It ran 4,000 feet of horse-riding and hold-up action.

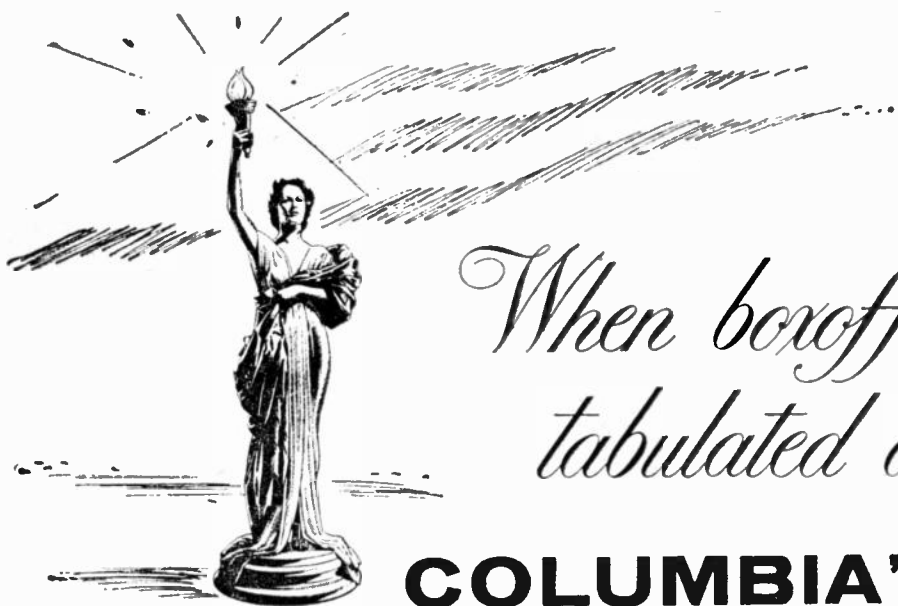
Employees in the Australian film industry total 25,000 and the largest exhibitor circuits are Greater Union Theatres controlling 130 and Hoyts Theatres Limited with 178 ultra modern shows.

Last year, 412 feature films were imported, made up of 223 from America, 104 from Britain and 85 from other countries. All major American distributors have their own offices here and operate as individual units.

EDMONTON, ALTA.

Veteran Saskatoon theatre op, Bill Winterton, resigned as manager of Capitol at Saskatoon. His successor is Reg Plumb, long manager of Daylight Theatre, and a son, Douglas Winterton, who has operated houses in Manitoba, named manager of the Daylight.

Former manager of Inter-City Drive-In at Port Arthur, Ont., James G. Fustey named manager of Orpheum, Moose Jaw. He succeeds Ralph Crawford, manager of Golden West Drive-in, who filled in after resignation of Ed Dulko.



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tabulated at year's end*
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*will once again be high
on the list of top attractions!*

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Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY

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Screen Play by DOROTHY KINGSLEY • Based on the Stories by JOHN O'HARA
Stage Play by RODGERS and HART • Produced by FRED KOHLMAR
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
An ESSEX and GEORGE SIDNEY Production
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Where Are the Shows of Yesterday?

(Too Much TV Is a Dangerous Thing!)

By BENNETT CERF

A couple of nights ago, the Cerf family was watching a 90-minute spectacular in color. Obviously, it had cost about half a million, and it had enlisted the services of four of the biggest stars in show business.



Bennett Cerf

In the middle of it, my 10-year-old son Jonathan decided he had had it. His exit line was a scornful, "How corny can you get?"

I submit that this manifestation spells future trouble—and plenty of it—for the entertainment industry. Kids of today are exposed to so much topflight talent and so many super-duper productions that they've become jaded by eight and cruelly critical before they're sure of how to spell "It stinks." How on earth will anybody be able to amuse them when they've grown up?

John O'Hara says to heck with the little monsters: Lock 'em up in a cellar with a tv set and every Friday evening just throw a fish down to them. I, however, feel sorry for them.

I remember the thrills kids of my generation were afforded by their first exposure to the glamorous world of the theatre. We hadn't been surfeited with round-the-clock entertainment on video and radio. We looked forward then to a Saturday matinee at the neighborhood vaudeville house—or an hour of one-reel atrocities at the nickelodeon—with mounting excitement, and never were let down once. That moment after the house lights dimmed and before the curtain rose provided a thrill the sophisticated brat of 1957 will never experience!

My own introduction to the theatre came via the Alhambra, on 7th Avenue, in the Harlem district of Manhattan, along about 1909. For a quarter you could get a seat in the balcony, and since one of our coterie always was near the head of the line when the new week's ducats went on sale, we generally had seats somewhere in the first four rows, dead centre. Simonet's caramel emporium next door provided the confectionery, and we were riveted in our places in ample time for the very first note of the overture (cannily billed by the management as one of the "10 all-star attractions in the lineup").

In those days, we depended on outdoor billboards to provide the details of the coming week's program. They always were printed in red and green on a white background. The big star act, of course, was billed at the top—Vesta Victoria, Eva Tanguay, Bayes & Norworth, or Eddie Leonard, for example. The runner-up attraction (usually a miniature musical like Jesse Lasky's "Redheads" or a thriller-diller like "Circumstantial Evidence") was accorded slightly less space at the bottom of the poster. Once that spot was occupied by an act called "A Night in an English Music Hall," featuring a drunk called Charlie Chaplin. The name meant nothing to us at the time.

The "sleepers" on the bill—acts that were on the way to the top but were not deemed quite ready for headline treatment—shared the two spots in the centre on the lineup. We critics aged 10 to 12 had a pretty shrewd notion of the ones that would make the grade: The Six Brown Brothers; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry in "The Rube;" Herb Williams in "Spotlight;" quartettes modelled along the lines of our all-time favorite, the Avon Comedy Four; a couple of promising comics named Ben Bernie and Phil Baker. I also remember rolling in the aisles at the sallies of Hoey & Lee, and Moran & Mack, not to mention two fast-talking monologists named Julius Tannen and Walter C. Kelly. Years later, I'm told, this Kelly was showing anybody he could buttonhole pictures of his little niece, Grace, declaring that one day she would be a positive queen. This was one actor's exuberant boast that in due course came true!

There was an elaborate prestidigitating act I remember as much

for the name as for the tricks: Long Tack Sam & Co. A similar turn was The Great Keller—who lifted a reclining girl from a couch by a wave of his wand, and then passed hoops about her to prove she was suspended by no wire. I still wonder how the hell he did it!

Harlem Rhapsodies

Many vaudeville houses had all the acts on the bill listed at both sides of the stage, with the number coming up indicated by electric lights. That's the way it was at the 116th St. Theatre and the spanking new Regent, with continued entertainment, punctuated by one-reel movies that chased out most of the audience but ourselves. At the ritzy Alhambra, however, the acts were indicated by numbers, and you had to consult your program to make the necessary identification. This was a good way, too, to make you notice the ads inserted in the program by local merchants like L. M. Blumstein, J. R. Senior, H. C. F. Koch, and Weisberger's super-meat market.

Weisberger's was directly across 125th St. from Hurtig & Seamon's burlesque house, whose lobby displays taught us a lot more about female anatomy than we learned at P.S. 10. Halfway between the burlesque emporium and the Alhambra stood the old Harlem Opera House, and that's where the kids of my generation first saw Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead," and stock company versions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Then there was the West End Theatre, where Broadway hits tarried briefly ere taking to the road. I particularly remember seeing there Dustin and William Farnum in "Cameo Kirby," Douglas Fairbanks in "The Cub," and Sam Bernard in "He Came from Milwaukee." Some miles away was the Star Theatre on Lexington Avenue where we risked parental wrath to see such ten-twenty-third stuff as "Engine 999" and "Bertha, the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl."

If you're old enough to remember all those wondrous performers and plays yourself, you'll get a nostalgic thrill out of three new show biz books that were published just in time to bag a healthy segment of the holiday trade. One, of course, is Fred Allen's best-selling "Much Ado About Me." Equally flavorful, and with scores of photographs to provide icing for the cake, are Marjorie Farnsworth's "The Ziegfeld Follies" (Ah, that Marilyn Miller! Ooh, those Ben Ali Haggin tableaux!) and Bernie Sobel's "A Pictorial History of Burlesque" (which will bring out the Gypsy in you). Flipping these pages, you'll discover with a start that you remember the details of shows you saw 30 years ago more clearly than a costly tv "musical comedy" you yawned through night before last.

The television set, as a matter of fact, is turned on in our house as I write this piece. A famous orchestra is playing a symphony. But in my years the music is inextricably mixed with the familiar strains of the "Poet and Peasant Overture," tooted one Monday afternoon in 1911, at the Colonial Theatre on Broadway, by Jules Lenzburg and his "world famous philharmonists."

2d Half Century

Continued from page 3

know I can do it, if you will let me alone. Don't come to take me back home. Take care of Son and I will make you proud of me some of these days. Love to all, SOPHIE."

I posted the letter, went out into the show business world and started the difficult climb to the top.

Those were the days when I needed a true friend and VARIETY was it. As I travelled in vaudeville from city to city, the VARIETY reviews always appeared. How well I remember the reviews of John J. O'Connor of the Chicago VARIETY office. His observations gave me a lift and help when I really needed it. I'll always remember when I appeared at the American Theatre, he said: "Sophie Tucker with some new songs and a new and very be-

coming gold gown held over, repeating hit of last week . . ."

At times, when things were low, VARIETY's continued interest spurred me on. Those were such trying days. Just as VARIETY then sold for a nickel and had only 16 or 20 pages, show business was not the perfection that it is today. Now, it is a very departmentalized and specialized business. In those days the performer was a jack-of-all-trades. In fact, it is a carry-over from long ago that I still manage my own affairs, handle my own mail and run my own business activities. Today show business involves, besides the performers and the writers, such people as personal managers, theatrical lawyers, advisors, counselors, etc. At the turn of the century a performer had to rely on his own abilities and he had very few friends. But VARIETY soon became a friend to the performer. It not only helped pour lifeblood into show business but the paper itself acted as a Mecca and gathering place for show people. They read about each other and about the business and it gave them an interest and a pride in our profession.

For example, today one of my great pleasures is to sit down with this Annual Edition each year and read the special articles and ads and to learn what is happening year in and year out in our fraternity.

Show business has been good to me. The first 50 years were a lifetime of thrills, and the second set of 50 has started off looking like I'm going to continue to have a lot of fun. I've just completed a stint with Frank Sinatra in the Joe E. Lewis film "The Joker Is Wild," playing the same role in the movie I played in Joe E.'s real life—I introduced him back into show business after his Chicago experience.

In April I open at the Cafe de Paris in London and then I expect to fulfill a lifelong dream. I'm planning to visit Israel, to play some concerts there, to talk with the wonderful people, and to make some contributions to their worthy activities in behalf of my "Sophie Tucker Foundation."

I've arranged for my copy of VARIETY to follow me on my overseas tour. I know that the VARIETY correspondents will look in on me wherever I'll be working, for now as always in the past, my show business friend, VARIETY, will be with me.

God bless VARIETY for what it has done for show people!

'Plus Ca Change'

Continued from page 3

shorts, men wear shorts and little babies wear long. Selling is soft or hard, but if you can't sing it, you can't sell it. I don't know what things are made of any more. If it isn't plastic, it's some other chemical that I can't spell, or else it's simply X. Chemists, in fact, and engineers are now the kings of commerce. Fifteen-year-old boys earn \$75 a week during summer holidays. Something called The Pelvis wears velvet, but I'm told that this will pass as quickly as the Hathaway eye-patch or a streak of blonde hair. Jewels are worn in spectacles, and spectacles are shows. You don't say "long," you say "king-sized"; you don't say "sentimental song," you say "sentimental-type song." Bread comes sliced, cheesecake deep frozen, and a hit song becomes a commercial before you can learn the original words.

There are some familiar aspects to this new America, however. They've dug out all the old songs and hotted them up. I think I recognized "Japanese Sandman" and "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry" the other day. I'd like to suggest a few other revivals—just things I haven't seen around for a long time, but that aren't any older than VARIETY is: the ear spoon, for instance. Or the gold toothpick. There ought to be a demand for the gold watch fob as an earring or the knitting hook as a bracelet. With trading coupons back in use, can't we have Persian rugs in cigarette packages again? Where's the cane? Whatever happened to black-strap molasses? I haven't seen a leg in a lisle stocking for years, or a silk shirt-sleeve holder, or a button-shoe or a buttonhook. Not to mention pine-needle pillows saying, "I pine for you and balsam," and sea-shell door curtains, and upholstered family Bibles, and little girls playing jacks, and pressed flowers and cornoc pipes. Have you shopped recently for a

rocking-horse or a rocking-chair, small chestnuts, wooden wheelbarrows, cannon crackers, or tiddley-winks? You won't find 'em. But tattooing and ear-piercing are back in style, so why not raccoon coats, roll-brim derbies and a belt in the back? Who did away with spats, the roll-top desk, the fern in the parlor as well as the parlor, the bulldog pipe, Spencerian handwriting, flagpole sitting, applejack in jugs? Where did Melachrinos and Violet Milos disappear to? Who's got a slate-roof, who wears a pince-nez, who takes Epsom salts or knows the taste of castor oil?

But Crosby and Hope and Benny are still on the air. And I was almost happy to hear Gabriel Heatter again still predicting the end of the world—tonight.

America's quite a country. It'll be great if they ever finish it.

Ballet Russe

Continued from page 3

Baltimore, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Detroit and St. Louis were the other key towns played, balance of dates being in smaller spots. Cleveland gross was \$16,481 for two performances, the company getting in just before the newspaper blackout that deflated grosses in many forms of show biz.

Chi Opera House, with its 3,531 capacity, had registered a \$65,000 advance sale for the current run. Top is \$4, except for the higher tariff New Year's Eve. Following Chicago, the trek as laid out by David Libidins, includes Denver, Seattle, Vancouver, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles (9 performances), Houston, New Orleans, Miami, Philadelphia and Boston, in addition to the fill-in spots.

"Harlequinade," with score by Drigo, is novelty that debuted with boffo results and will be programmed extensively on balance of tour and in New York stand. Troupe has extensive repertoire of its old bread-and-butter staples. Toppers in cast include vet Igor Youkevitch and Alicia Alonso. Boudier Libidins already is setting key dates for 1957-58 tour. Many of the important local impresarios play the Ballet Russe year after year. Despite heavy competition in the terpsichorean circuits, this troupe seems to have the most potent pull at the b.o., with its chief competition coming from the imports as Sadlers' Wells, etc. For year-in-year-out biz, Ballet Russe probably tops them all. That name has magic, in and out of the trade.

'Pants Roles'

Continued from page 4

Rosenfield included in his review a remark to the effect that Mildred Miller, as the gypsy Carmen displayed two fine reasons for the only pair of silk stockings and high heels in Seville. Had they known of this critical estimate they would doubtless have been willing to take the evidence for granted.

In fairness to the critic, he did not confine his review to that sort of comment, but generally speaking, such preoccupation on the part of the press and public makes one wonder.

Having done my debut-Cherubino to everyone's satisfaction with due public notice that my legs did justice to the costume, I found myself doing other pants-roles. There are a lot—Fyodor in "Boris," the Page in "Salome," Siebel in "Faust," Octavian in "Rosenkavalier," Orlofsky in "Fledermaus," and Nicklaus in "Tales of Hoffman," to list a few. I did them all. I began to feel as type-cast as Marilyn Monroe and not nearly so feminine. I wearied of working out masculine stage gestures, of developing a boyish stage-stride, or practicing flinging a cape around me as no self-respecting female would ever drape a sable stole. Only rarely did I get to break the monotony with a deliciously feminine role like Carmen or Dorabella in "Cosi Fan Tutte." Dorabella was my special favorite because her clothes include a ballgown so luscious that it's a pleasure to be weighed down by the crinolines, and a delight to wear a flattering female wig for a change instead of a severe mannish one.

What's the future of all this? I'd ask myself. Last season, so well had this legs-trousers gimmick caught on, I appeared only once as female. After that it was back to the salt mines and more boys' roles. Sometimes I feel like a reluctant Peter Pan. He WANTED to be a boy all his life.

Austria Swings

Continued from page 4

this year. In the last few weeks, another phenomenon has been noted. Jukebox operators are including in their program lists Vienna "wine songs" and other old and new Viennese tunes. This has led to a sort of revival of Vienna music in cafes here where before practically only American music was selected.

It was also a year for musicals. Marcel Prawy's 10-year endeavor was crowned with 72 performances of "Kiss Me Kate" in the Volksoper. In November "Wonderful Town" was premeed and is doing just as good. Perhaps for the first time in the history, two local newspapers admitted frankly that they are against American musicals in the Volksoper. They wrote very unfavorably about "Wonderful Town" but advised "between the lines" their readers to go see it. Strange things happen in Austria very often.

Legit Honors

On the legit side, Volkstheatre won first honors with its Swiss play "Visit of an Old Lady." Josefstadt had with "Rendez-Vous in Vienna" by Fritz Eckhardt as its outstanding success with "No Time for Sergeants" as close runner-up. The Haeussermann-Stoss management voted again the Viennese preference for American satire.

That the opera had its two scandals rather pleased the Viennese. A year without an uprising would be regarded as tiresome. They need it for their gossip in the espresso. First, Karl Boehm quit (or was fired because he was too much abroad; and then the fourth gallery objected to the modern "Tannhaeuser" production. There are sufficient explosives for 1957 on hand.

Television made its bow, operating on a strict "studio system," that is with no license fees. From Jan. 1 on, it will be on regularly and the Austrian ASCAP will have another source of revenues. Contrary to America, AKM accounts for each "minute," yes second, music is played, it having its own control clerk for that purpose.

The "Italbstarke" (half strong), meaning juvenile delinquent, have their own language. In the cafes with jukeboxes, they say "R 8" is better than "K 7," meaning the slots where the coin (4c) is deposited. The name of the composer (or lyricist) is quite uninteresting. This might also account for the fact, that prominent composers have lots of pseudonyms. Besides, it's a trick against the radio stations. Some of them have sort of a "quota," cutting down transmissions to give others a chance also.

Business has been excellent. There is no reason to fear that 1957 should suffer a setback.

To Sophisticates

Continued from page 3

a bachelor, had taken our mother along with us so she might see England's historic sights, he was accused of "Momism!" As paying tourists, though, we were never assailed at any time by shouts of "Tourism!"

Patently because they were rankled at the theatrical success of an American in a London music hall, the hecklers heaped scorn, too, on their fellow countrymen who flocked to see my brother. They picketed my brother wherever he went with their insulting picards.

What to do? In looking back now I think my brother met the challenge. He made sure that wherever he went, on business as well as social calls—particularly on visits to Britannia's historic shrines—he escorted mother, proudly. And, as best we could, we shielded her from seeing, in print or public demonstrations, the resentment-ridden clique's antics.

It worked. The abuse subsided. My brother began receiving hundreds of letters from Londoners deploring the attacks of the few. By the time we left England the sidewalk jeers and the newspaper columnist jabs had ceased.

"Momism!" That expression, which outraged us when my brother and I first heard it, has taken on a new meaning. Possibly it has taken on a new meaning in Britain, too.

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Show Biz: Then, Now & To Come

(Continued from page 3)

ditto in the Iron Curtain countries. Benny Goodman's ditto in the Far East. Mike Todd and Billy Rose's Russo-American "talent accord"—out the window in light of Hungary, the Middle East, the UN and recent history.

Dr. Kinsey died, and the jokes. The "feuds." Winchell versus Sullivan. Winchell vs. Earl Wilson. Winchell vs. "ratings." Winchell and Sherman Billingsley. Billingsley and Toots Shor.

The "ratings": Como versus Jackie Gleason. Steve Allen versus Ed Sullivan. Winchell versus the entire system.

The Quiz and money shows: \$64,000. \$75,000. \$250,000. The "\$64,000 Challenge" for the "strikes back" and "rides again" winners—and challengers. Coming: a \$1,000,000 jackpot. Remember when bingo, banko, banknote and free dishes were a big thing? Fred Allen said it first: even talent can't compete against a free icebox.

UNESCO came up with these statistics: 257,000,000 radio sets in use in the world.

235,000,000 copies of daily newspapers circulated on a peak day.

There are 130,000 movie theatres (the U.S.' estimated 17,000 cinemas is a bad second to Russia alone).

Some 54,000,000 tv receivers exist, 40,000,000 or so in the States.

Changing Executives

Characterized the Year

The French axiom about *plus ça change* was never more fully illustrated than in the shifts of top-level show biz personnel this year. Perhaps the most dramatic was Loew's Inc., long the bellwether and blue chip of the amusement business—the only film stock in the Dow-Jones averages for years, but eliminated this year—which saw not one but two new presidents within the same 1956 semester. First Arthur M. Loew took over, succeeding Nicholas M. Schenck, who moved up to chairman of the board, and when Loew decided that heading the company, founded by his father Marcus Loew, was too arduous he kicked himself upstairs to board chairman and Joseph R. Vogel, head of the Loew's Theatres Corp.—still in technical process of divorcement from the parent company—became president.

Schenck, the venerable "general" of the Loew's Inc. dynasty, became "honorary board chairman" but resigned that post in mid-November. His contract with the company expired at the end of 1956. Leopold Friedman, another Loew veteran, is the new prez of the theatre chain. As the year ended, with an eye to the annual stockholders' meeting in February, 1957, rumbles anew of a proxy fight and a "showdown with management" were heard.

In Hollywood, Darryl F. Zanuck abdicated as production boss of 20th Century-Fox Films, succeeded by Buddy Adler; Jerry Wald badly wanted out of ditto post at Columbia Pictures, now heads his own unit at 20th.

Jack L. Warner became president of Warner Bros. in a pool with the Serge Semenenko-Charles Allen-David Baird interests, as brothers Harry M. (founder president) and Major Albert Warner, were bought out. (Executive veepee Ben Kalmenson is touted as the next WB prez, when and if Warner retires.)

Don Hartman exited as Paramount production topper, in favor of an indie unit, and Y. Frank Freeman and a committee took over.

Mary Pickford sold out the last of her United Artists holdings, the company she founded with her then husband Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, David Wark Griffith and Hiram Abrams.

United Artists Orphanage For Happy Freelancers

As the great "home" of the indie producers, United Artists' roster included Samuel Goldwyn Jr., Frank Sinatra, Robert Aldrich, Jane Russell (with her husband Robert Waterfield, as Russ-Field Productions), Aubrey Schenck-Howard Koch (Bel Air Pictures), Hal Makelim, Robert L. Jacks, Frank & Walter Seltzer, Norman Krasna, William & Edward Nassour, Collier Young, Hecht-Hill-Lancaster Productions,

William Pine-William Thomas-Maxwell Shane, Stanley Kramer, Sheldon Reynolds, Clarence Green & Russell Rouse, Robert Rossen, Mark Stevens, Otto Preminger, Herbert Wilcox, Michael Myerberg, John Wayne (Batjac), Burt Baiban, Lewis F. Blumberg, Jeff Chandler, Joan Crawford, Kirk Douglas, Joseph L. Mankiewicz (Figaro), Walter Wanger, Joseph Fields, Fred Finklehoffe, Henry Fonda, Jules Levy, Robert Goldstein, Edward Small, Titanus, Betty Grable, Sidney Harmon-Philip Yordan, Rita Hayworth, Arthur Hornblow Jr., Anatole Litvak, Gregory Peck-Sy Bartlett, Victor Mature, David Miller, Robert Mitchum, Errol Flynn, Danziger Bros., Hugo Haas, Robert Bassler, Richard Widmark, Cary Grant, Orson Welles, Abbott & Costello.

Michael Todd's blockbuster, "Around the World in 80 Days," is the standout of the year, also a UA release.

Shifts in B'casting Just As Dramatic in 3 Webs

The shifts in broadcasting were equally dramatic. First Sylvester L. (Pat) Weaver Jr., half of the much-publicized Pat & Bob team at NBC, was moved upstairs to board chairman and 38-year-old executive veepee Robert W. Sarnoff became the new NBC prexy. In due course Weaver resigned and a new echelon was created within NBC, including four exec veepees instead of the one when young Sarnoff held that post.

A No. 5 veepee was added to NBC when Robert E. Kintner was eased out as president of ABC, affiliate of American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres Inc., and Leonard H. Goldenson, president of the latter parent company, also assumed the top office in the network.

Jack L. Van Volkenburg resigned as president of CBS-TV and exec veepee Merle S. Jones moved up.

Those 3-4 Hour Pix

In the 1956 pitch for blockbusters to bolster the film b.o., the battle of the longies asserted itself. Paramount's Ponti de Laurentiis-King Vidor production "War and Peace," produced in Italy at a \$6,000,000 cost, runs three hours and 28 minutes without intermission.

Michael Todd's "Around the World in 80 Days," running five minutes under three hours, was warmly accepted, made the more palatable via an intermission.

Another "intermission" picture is Cecil B. DeMille's \$13,500,000 epic, "The 10 Commandments," which is being roadshowed at \$3.30 top. Its footage is the longest by two minutes since "Gone With the Wind," or exactly three hours and 39 minutes. Metro's upcoming "Raintree County" is clocked around 320 minutes.

Blockbuster Films With Budgets in Accordance

The global market's importance for the economics of the picture business provoked greater study. Some American films did best overseas, others faltered because of taste criteria. For example, the "iron pants" cycle, i.e. the medieval actioners—Royal Palace westerns, as it were, of the genre of "King Arthur"—did well in foreign release, to offset their frequently mild homegrounds box-office reaction. On the other hand, the Europeans laughed in the wrong places at "Summertime" and "Rose Tattoo" because, to the Latin mind, a Katharine Hepburn who wouldn't make the most of her romantic opportunities with a Rosano Brazzi, in light of her love-lorn state, didn't make sense to a Continental. Ditto as to the romantic premise in the Tennessee Williams play.

Typical of "blockbuster" costs are "Kiss and Cry," \$6,500,000; "War and Peace," \$7,000,000; "Giant," \$5,300,000; "10 Commandments," \$13,500,000; "Moby Dick," over \$5,000,000; "Around the World in 80 Days" near \$6,000,000; and the other business-getters like "Eddy Duchin," "Trapeze" and "Bus Stop" run into the \$2,000,000—and upwards—production investment.

The ruggedly individualistic producers like Hecht-Hill-Lancaster, Otto Preminger and Elia Kazan, veering more and more to the

"eastern school" of realistic film production—hard-hitting themes, minimum of names and fancy deals—have perforce treaded on heretofore tabus. It also had its reflexes in Hollywood in other forms such as "Man With The Golden Arm" (narcotics), Metro's "Tea and Sympathy" (homosexuality), and has pyramided into Hecht-Lancaster's "Bachelor Party" (abortion theme), Erskine Caldwell's "God's Little Acre" ("p'oh white trash"), "Baby Doll" (unconsummated marriage, seduction, etc.).

Personalities of 1956

Hollywood's offbeat product also included Patty McCormack recreating her child murderess performance in "The Bad Seed," Deborah Kerr and William Holden in "The Proud and Profane," adult love story; "Somebody Up There Likes Me," hard-hitting a la "Blackboard Jungle"; Bette Davis' "Storm Center," written and directed by Oscar-winning Dan Taradash with its "book-burning" theme that stirred American Legion criticism.

International glamor skirted frontiers as more and more overseas actresses invaded Hollywood. England's Diana Dors was Britain's defi to Marilyn Monroe's English invasion. Marianne Cook (nee Koch) came from Germany to the American film capital.

Japan's Mitsuko Sawamura went into Metro's "Meet Me In Las Vegas;" Sweden exported Anita Ekberg (Paramount's "War and Peace" etc.); India's dancing Anna Kashfi, Finland's ballerina Taina Elg (Metro), Australia's Victoria Shaw ("Eddy Duchin Story"), Italy's Elsa Martinelli, Britain's Valerie French and Greece's Irene Papas were other pulchritudinous Hollywood imports.

On Broadway, France sent over Maurice Chevalier, pantomimist Marcel Marceau and the Comedie Francaise; Irish star Siobhan McKenna made impact (also on tv); and French plays, "Tiger at the Gates" and "The Lark," likewise won Broadway acclaim in their American adaptations.

Sample of pyramiding costs: When Orville and Wilbur Wright built their historic Kitty Hawk in 1903 it cost them \$985. To make a facsimile for Paramount's filmization of the Wright Bros. saga, a non-flying duplicate cost \$45,000, and a practical model \$75,000.

Most of all Europe remains a problem for American musicals although otherwise they go for the Yank brand of pulchritude, dance styles and pop music. Samuel Goldwyn did a missionary job in Japan on behalf of his "Guys and Dolls" which surprised by getting extraordinary b.o. though Japan also has the reputation as a "soft" market for filmicals.

As the picture business took stock of its palous times, all hands, on both sides of the production-exhibition fence, conceded that divorce and Governmental regulation was not the expected panacea. For one thing, no longer have the majors been risking building up new faces, as under the old order, because the blockbuster-or-else principle placed increasing reliance on surefire, established or recognized boxoffice values. It resulted (1) in boosting talent costs to constant new highs (fancy package, independent and percentage deals) and (2) discouraged developing new potentials.

Aver Show Biz Changed But Showmen Haven't

In the allegation that the business has changed but showmen haven't, the one plus sign conceded by all has been the upsurge of the drive-ins. The ozoners are attuned to a nation on wheels.

Showmen mulling show biz lore in the hope of present-day adaptation to bolster the boxoffice wondered about reviving stage shows. Personalities like Judy Garland and Danny Kaye were prerequisite—former in another socko comeback at the Palace on Broadway, and Kaye's six-weeker at the Shubert Theatre, Chicago, at \$5.50 top garnering \$304,000 made the point.

However, these are not vaudeville but one-woman and one-man concerts with a few supporting acts as the hors d'oeuvres. (Jerry Lewis is set to follow at the Palace.)

The champ one-man showman

Victor Borge repeated overseas following his marathon run of 849 performances on Broadway, spanning more than two seasons. This made him the 34th ranking "show" in the Broadway long-run sweepstakes.

Eclipse of Tented Circus A Heartbreak to Troupers

A heartbreaker for troupers during 1956 was the folding of Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey. (See the nostalgic account of circus dol-dams written by Claire and Tony Conway elsewhere in the present edition). As to the reasons-why of the Ringling closing and the future of this, and other, big tops, the jury is still out. A better economic picture will be possible in the 52d Anniversary.

Theatrical enterprise in a world moving to the suburbs, of younger-marriage, bigger-breeding Americans, of high taxes and installment buying beyond credence two decades ago naturally was a challenge. It put a premium on all sorts of claimed remedies for what ailed business. One scheme to permit customers to "charge it" was given a road test in Indianapolis but as the VARIETY headline of Dec. 4 put it, "Credit Card Flunks Its Exam." Actually the moving picture industry had always been famous (especially with bankers) for conducting a cash transaction.

Experiments with "green stamps" pend. Significant, too, was Paramount's gesture to striking miners in Minnesota who were admitted to theatres on a pay-when-you-go-back-to-work basis.

While on the one hand circuit heads were talking cutting theatre circuits from the 17,000-19,000 U.S. total to perhaps 8,500 "cream" cinemas, the rank-and-file exhibitors keep screaming for product. It's all right for Samuel Goldwyn and kindred proponents of the "class" film—geared for long runs—to decry the "decadent, outmoded theatre" but, contended this segment of theatredom, "we need product to keep our screen lit."

There was a wave of plans by exhibitors in 1956 to go into production on their own. Top distribution execs deprecated as abortive such plans by theatre men of the past to become producers. Nonetheless, AB-PT, for one, plans active indie film production.

Backlog (Library) Oldies Flood Into Television

Only yesteryear it was a film trade wheeze that "Good pictures go to the Music Hall or the Roxy and bad little pictures wind up on television." But as more of the major studios' film unspooled on tv it became no gagging matter.

The situation dramatized that it's not a case of the public not liking movies. They sure must. Because they went for those pre-1948 inferior B's and C's. Theatres began suffering from tv-fed celluloid-poisoning.

'73,000,000-Hour Film Grind'

A VARIETY statistic, "television's 73,000,000-hour film grind" scared show biz on all fronts. A study of 100 television markets indicated that 4,169 feature films were being shown per week on the air. This embraces two-thirds of the U.S. Translated into hours, and with all markets considered, the nation's 36,500,000 homes are being offered approximately 5,212 hours of cinematic each and every week.

Carrying the yardstick further, the average number of weekly hours available to each of the 36,500,000 tv homes is 20, and assuming that only 10% of these homes watch one feature each week, an astronomical total of 73,000,000 home-hours in the U.S. are spent each week in watching features on tv.

Deals started popping all over the show biz map. RKO sold its 740 backlog to Matty Fox and C&C Super. Warner Bros. sold its pre-1950 backlog (about 1,800 features and shorts) to Lou Chesler's P.R.M. Inc. Metro leased its rights to 725 films, and used them to buy in on stations. Republic offered 400 pictures. J. Arthur Rank, 165; David O. Selznick, 11; 20th-Fox leased 442 features to National Television Associates (NTA), utilizing that backlog to buy-in 50% on NTA. Paramount sold 1,400 shorts and

cartoons to UM&M, which in turn sold them to NTA. And another 100 features came from the independents' stockpile.

Diversification

Some showmen envied Leonard H. Goldenson, president of American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres Inc., because "if he had to diversify, at least he did it and got into an affiliated branch of show business." Others segued into textiles, electronics and non-theatrical reality.

One big 1956 change of cast had General Tire & Rubber (Tom O'Neil) which already had a broadcasting stake in the Yankee Network, Don Lee Network and the Mutual Broadcasting System, buying I.K.O. Radio Pictures from Howard Hughes and installing Daniel T. O'Shea as president of RKO Teleradio. Also bought out the Unique Records label, and was eyeing music publishing and other expansion moves. (AB-PT already was in the diskery biz with the Am-Par label. At year's end Paramount Pictures was also set on a deal to acquire Dot Records.)

As soon as Loew's Inc. completes its divorce, which is now pegged for February 1957, new peixy Joseph R. Vogel plans an elaborate diversification program. Same is true of the Loew Theatre chain (Leopold Friedman, new president). It is a sorry intra-trade note that after a half-century of progress in the basic picture business, the industry is now compelled by economics and taxes to get into girdles and you-name-it.

Banker Influence

Meantime the bankers and financiers who have come increasingly into the picture business have set a course for quick liquidation of assets. This is being projected for practically every major company.

The idea is to unload "dead" theatres and cast in on choice realty sites. If an old film is down for a \$1 book value these bankers can't see what's wrong with getting a couple of hundred thousand for the video rights. Sell and lease-back is another pattern. Merger of studio facilities, shutting down of lesser exchange centres, shipping through a common carrier, are details of the economy program.

Warner Bros. and ABC-TV made a co-tenancy deal for utilizing the Burbank studio facilities for television production. RKO and Universal talked merger of distribution facilities, which may become the pattern for others.

H'wood Increasingly Modifies the 'Code'

The Hollywood Production Code loomed large in 1956. F. Hugh Herbert's saucy play, "Moon Is Blue," had the previous year defied the Production Code. Thereafter Otto Preminger bucked the narcotic taboo ("Man With The Golden Arm"). The screen came to grips with such vigorous issues as juvenile delinquency (Metro's "Blackboard Jungle"); James Mason's "happy pills" ("Bigger Than Life," 20th Century-Fox). The bars appeared to be down on previously nixed "adult" themes. Metro's filmization of "Tea and Sympathy," from the Robert Anderson legit click, hints at homosexuality. Late in December came the "revision" of the Code, coincidental with the uproar over "Baby Doll."

Per the Legion of Decency there were only four "C" (condemned) pictures in 1956. Were the studios purer, or the Catholic agency less stringent?

At year's end, Hecht-Lancaster's "Bachelor Party" posed a new problem for the industry code and church attitudes because of the "abortion" angle which is part of the Paddy C. ayefsky script. And Elia Kazan's "Baby Doll," with its frank sex approach, is already "C" rated.

Many TVers Into Pix Prove NSG at B.O.

"Marty," a \$350,000-budgeted picture, which swept the Oscar sweepstakes, started a wave of television-to-Hollywood plays, playwrights and directors, but not all scored in the "Marty" manner. In fact the video tag presently seemed to be boxoffice poison. Poor marks went to "Foreign Intrigue,"

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Show Biz: Then, Now & To Come

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"The Rack," "Patterns," "Our Miss Brooks," "The Lone Ranger." Expectations were "Dragnet" and "Crime In The Streets."

Italy's gift to Hollywood, Anna Magnani, won the "best actress" nod for her performance in "The Rose Tattoo."

What Oscar means to the box-office is exemplified by the additional \$1,000,000 gross "Marty" was expected to garner. It had already crowded the \$2,000,000 mark via U.S. and Canadian bookings but added some 5,000 playdates following the Acad awards.

Playwright Paddy Chayefsky followed up "Marty" with an elaboration of a tv playlet, "In The Middle of The Night" and Edward G. Robinson made a triumph return to Broadway. (Robinson was the challenger on "The \$64,000 Challenge," and he and Vincent Price, another actor-art expert, made their Sunday night contest a pleasant rivalry for several weeks, winding up in a tie, with each collecting \$32,000.)

Liberace was perhaps the most disappointing of the tv stars on theatre marquees; it got so that "Sincerely Yours" exhibitors sincerely played down Liberace's cast identification in the film. Steve Allen in the title role of "The Benny Goodman Story" wasn't so potent either. "The Glenn Miller Story" (James Stewart) or "The Eddy Duchin Story" (Tyronne Power) made for invidious comparisons. The Liberace b.o. disappointment may or may not have had something to do with Warner Bros. cancelling a proposed biopic of Ed Sullivan. Meantime, Darryl F. Zanuck is committed to produce "The Walter Winchell Story" for 20th-Fox.

Grace Kelly Marries Non-Pro

Anything as glamorous as the Prince Rainier III-Grace Kelly nuptials and the international hoopla attendant to the Monaco festivities, overdone, overplayed and overbore, invited cracks. It got 'em.

Despite one columnist's wonderment about "all this excitement because a Philly bricklayer's daughter married the owner of an amusement park," the Metro film star and the obviously nervous (hence human) Serene Highness of the Principality of Monaco weathered the harassments with éclat.

The principality's postage stamp and tourist gross paid off the nut. Metro released a featurette of the wedding etc. in which Rainier had a cut. The sundry radio and tv pickups had sponsors that ran the gamut from Bourjois, Coty and Arpege perfume to Peter Pan Foundations (bras, girdles), Maybelline (eye makeup), Lettuce Inc. (the stuff for salads), Slenderella (reducing) and Purex Corp. (cleansers). The opportunistic Maybelline also has CBS-TV sponsorship rights to the Inaugural Ball in Washington.

VARIETY merely recorded under Marriages that Grace Kelly, Metro player, had married a non-pro.

Macabre Postmortem

Cash-In on James Dean

The dead James Dean vied with the very much alive Elvis Presley as 1956 phenomena. Despite denials, there was a macabre cashing-in on sentimental values on several fronts, chiefly from the opportunistic magazine "one-shotters" and Tin Pan Alley. The diskeries spawned some banal pops and "salutes" to the late player. They were riding the crest of the just-released "Giant," filmization of Edna Ferber's novel, in which he has a posthumous featured role. Producer-director George Stevens personally was adamant against cashing in on of this morbid appeal, and issued orders to treat Dean's cast presence as "just another player."

Record companies jumped on the Dean bandwagon. Items: (1) "The Ballad of James Dean" (Victor), (2) "A Boy Named Jimmy Dean" and (3) "The Story of James Dean" (both Coral), (4) Bill Hayes' Cadence disk, "Message From James Dean (Danger, Danger, Danger)." Add the albums titled "A Tribute to James Dean" and "Music James Dean Lived (sic!) By," plus themes from Dean's two

earlier films ("East of Eden" and "Rebel Without A Cause").

On the newsstands, "His Name Was Dean," vied with Fawcett Publications' "one-shooter," a 25c mag tagged "The Real James Dean Story." Its first 400,000 printing sold out in a couple of weeks. These one-shotters are a new quickie publishing opportunism, ranging from 15c to \$1 and sell into the millions. Top sellers have been subjects as diverse as Pope Pius XII and the Rev. Billy Graham, Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe. Curiously, the biggest bulk sales are on how-to and hobbies, viz., "Your Hair-Do," "Fix-It Yourself," "Complete Guide for Young Marrieds," "How To Buy

Air Conditioning" etc. Fawcett published 55 out of the year's 200 such one-shotters.

Hollywood wits anent the Dean thing sneered "Boy meets ghoul," but after Photoplay, a fan mag, showed him No. 1 in a "popularity" poll, Jack Warner told the studio fan-mail department to ignore requests for stills. At one time Dean was drawing 1,000 fan letters a week ("Dear Jimmy: I know you're not dead").

With the release of "Giant" both Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen, on competitive networks the same Sunday night, had portions of "the Dean Story" telecast. ABC-TV was, or is still, planning a spectacular on the young actor's career

and independent film producer Abner J. Greshler registered the idea of producing a film on his career, from a Redbook magazine article by Joe Hyams.

On Nov. 29, Ballantine Books published William Bast's "James Dean: A Biography."

Columbia's "Rock Around The Clock" scored Europe-wide reaction as the "Teddy boys" of Britain—the juvenile delinquents who effect exaggerated Edwardian era attire, more zoot-suit than authentically period attire—made the film a booking hazard. Managers in a number of key cities in Great Britain encountered rowdiness, destruction and general nuisance when the film was booked. Same

was true in some other European countries. Cautious German exhibitors were refused anti-riot insurance when they sought it from Lloyds of London.

In-personals by Lionel Hampton et al. inspired columnar cracks about "wreck 'n' roll" as the r&r vogue swept Europe.

Of a different sort was the Mexican reaction to the French film "Riffi." The 27-minute sequence depicting how to burglarize a jewelry store from the apartment upstairs had its counterpart in real-life robberies. Mexico thereupon banned further showings. Mexican jewelers complained: "Why do they have to ruin our ceilings?"

Political Big Show TV's 'Flop of The Century'

As was evident in the 1952 Presidential campaign, the magic of television was destined to bring the time-honored crossroads stump-speeching right into the home via the image orthicon. The industry did a bangup job including miraculously portable video cameras—"creepie-peepies"—to cover the Chicago and San Francisco politico conclaves. NBC started with a 19-lb. device, CBS got its portable tv camera down to 15 pounds and ABC came out with a 10-lb. job. A corps of 1,800 network people did the job for all networks.

The ingredients were there but no matter the showmanship, the conventions were "the flop of the century." "Joe Smith," not the Smith & Dale comedy half, was a from-hunger interlude in Frisco; and NBC's hiring of a lipreader, 26-year-old Dolores Mona, a teacher of the N.Y. School for the Deaf, "to video-eavesdrop on the delegates' conversation" was productive of nothing noteworthy.

Westinghouse Electric went for \$5,000,000 to sponsor the CBS radio and TV pickup, Philco's ABC bill was \$4,300,000 and RCA, Oldsmobile and Sunbeam split a \$5,000,000 tab to NBC, while Kohler Co.'s Mutual bill (MBS-radio coverage only) was \$200,000. This left the networks a couple of million in the red as their contribution to the commonweal.

The 100,000,000 audience never materialized. On paper it looked great in light of comparative statistics. In 1948 there were 30 tv stations on the air, with under 600,000 sets in use, chiefly along the Atlantic Seaboard. In 1952 it had hopped to 108 stations and 17,000,000 receivers. Now there are 496 commercial tv stations in operation, plus 20 more educational outlets. But with close to 40,000,000 sets in homes and public places, the expected 100,000,000 audience was nearer 33,000,000. Elvis Presley on Ed Sullivan's Sunday night CBS-TV got 54,000,000 lookers in contrast.

It's generally agreed that politics needs a better producer in 1960. There was no glamor and little excitement. The newsmen resented the hamming-it-up proclivities of the candidates who favored the TV coverage. On the subject of political jambon, Tennessee's Governor Frank G. Clement acted like a road company William Jennings Bryan while his telegenic wife, Lucille, 36, blonde, and mother of three boys, was getting the pan shots as the Guv was giving-'em-hellfire in his keynote.

The networks, with an eye to that \$17,000,000 sponsorship coin and the overall sensitivities, issued directives that virtually imposed a "gag" rule on political jokes. The conventions have used a little humor.

'Spectacularity' in Video, And Color on Horizon

Anent the 40,000,000 tv sets in American homes: This means that three out of four families now look at video. Of these, almost 2,000,000 homes are now two-set television owners. As the portable set sales boomed (statistics not in yet) many a home added a third.

As color booms, the at-home entertainment appeal looms larger. It is figured this intensive show business indoctrination should prove beneficial to the boxoffice on all fronts in time. As with radio's elevation of the "middlebrow"

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1956 DISA AND DATA

(SHORT TAKES)

Striptease, now mostly banned in America where it was invented, was booming in Paris, where you'd think they'd be more blase.

Lambs Club followed where other men's clubs had led, admitted dames for cocktails and dinner poured exchequer.

Margaret Sullivan embarrassed CBS, her fans, her handlers and her hubby by doing an unexplained last minute duck-out on a "Studio One" broadcast and CBS, where gallantry isn't dead, took the full financial rap itself.

Noel Coward was in disfavor in Britain because he said out loud that he lived in Jamaica to evade British income tax.

Mrs. Janet Walker, dead at 70, recalled that her late ex-pose Mayor Jimmy had written, "Will You Love Me In December As You Did In May?"

A souvenir album marked Paul Whiteman's 50th year in show biz.

Before the Israeli debacle, Egypt's Nasser expressed his ambitions to further Cairo film production via its eight local studios which could have a capacity of 88 feature films.

40,000 medicos in 51 U.S. cities witnessed a borderline cancer case operation via closed-circuit television hookup, originating from Boston.

Although no Zionist, Danny Kaye expressed himself he "couldn't care less" at Jordan's film censor nixing the comedian's films because of alleged pro-Israel sympathies.

Nazi stage designer Benno von Arent, of Berlin, fined \$2,500 on charges brought by the West Berlin Denazification Court for "advocating the Nazi regime and politically misusing his art."

Like his collaborator Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, who became a naturalized American citizen late in 1955, British-born playwright Guy Bolton also took the oath of allegiance to Uncle Sam this year.

NBC, which has been bankrolling legit musicals as well as tv packages, formed Figaro Productions with Joseph L. Mankiewicz.

A central theatre ticket office for out-of-towners and others' convenience again proposed for Broadway legit, but it's still mostly conversation.

When 17-year-old Susan Strasberg's name went up in lights over "The Diary of Anne Frank" she became the youngest dramatic star on Broadway.

John Wayne guaranteed \$650,000 per picture at 20th, perhaps the record per-picture wage.

NBC-TV renewed the World Series at \$3,000,000 per, but the ballplayers thought that "wasn't enough."

"Zero Hero" Don Larsen got the usual tv and other guest-shot bookings as extra show biz gravy.

A Motion Picture Hall of Fame again was being promoted.

Kermit Bloomgarden's quartet within one season, solo and in partnership, were "Diary of Anne Frank," "A View From The Bridge," "The Lark" and "Most Happy Fella," but the Lady Luck of Broadway fortunes caught up with him with "The Auk."

"Hollywood and the Bible" under discussion by all faiths, some deprecating "the Biblical westerns" and the s.a. overtones to Biblical lore when transmuted into celluloid.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor got the biggest rating on Ed Murrow's "Person To Person" CBS-TV wherein (1) she plugged her just published memoirs, "My Heart Has Reasons" and (2) created another gag-of-the-month with that "playing jacks" bit.

Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., author, lecturer and quondam VARIETY correspondent, wrote the story of the original Commodore Vanderbilt and his mother, when her cotillions were limited to 400, because that was the comfortable capacity of the ballroom in their Fifth Ave. town house—and thus was "the 400" coined.

Irving Berlin, still working on a legit musicalization of the late Alva Johnston's "The Fabulous Mizzners" (Wilson and Addison), for which S. N. Behrman is doing the book, has been inactive this past year, chiefly because of personal desire, complicated by fatigue and doctor's orders to take it easy. However, somebody noted that five of the alltime film grossers in the "Golden Circle"—those garnering above \$4,000,000 at the boxoffice—are by Irving Berlin, viz., Paramount's "White Christmas" (No. 6 with \$12,000,000 domestic), "Blue Skies" (Par), "This Is The Army" (WB), "Easter Parade" (Metro) and "There's No Business Like Show Business" (20th).

Wall Street brokerage of Bache & Co. okayed a ballyhoo "booth" to tie-in with Judy Holliday's "Solid Gold Cadillac" because it liked the idea of wider public stockholder interest in utilities.

Cecil B. DeMille's 75th birthday marked by his 70th production in 43 years of film-making, "The 10 Commandments," peakcost picture (\$13,500,000).

Boston Post's drama critic Elliot Norton took his press-pass banning by the Shuberts to court but, while the ban was lifted ultimately, it didn't save his paper which folded in a sea of debt.

Bessie Love's comeback in "The Story of Esther Costello," British-made Joan Crawford starrer.

Philadelphia showman William Goldman's \$2,100,000 "monopoly" suit against the Shuberts over legit theatre ticket allocations.

Television which already has seen its effect on dwindling New Year's eve crowds in Times Sq., repeated on Election Night with a minimum turnout, leaving the cops with little to do; most folks were near their home receivers.

\$30,000,000 facelift by N.Y. Hotel Assn. (mostly airconditioning and tv-in-every-room) to coincide with the opening of the new Coliseum on New York's Columbus Circle.

There were beefs over stewed critics at opening nights.

CBS's Bill Paley and Frank Stanton in with Vincent Astor on a Park Ave.-53rd St. skyscraper.

Bill Zeckendorf and Billy Rose's "sky rights" to Pennsylvania Terminal, for a "Palace of Progress" (permanent exhibition hall and TV City) abandoned because of zoning and other hazards and may now focus around the Grand Central Terminal.

The Met Opera's 71st season ended with \$2,700,000 gross on its 22-week 1955-56 season.

Despite the several suits pending against the scandal and expose mags, notably Confidential, it's generally agreed that "scandals ain't what they used to be in Hollywood," chiefly because the responsible personalities are virtually all in business for themselves (indie pic and tv packages), and the headline stuff is regarded as economic suicide. Incidentally, a couple of studios went on an "expose" cycle of their own, to expose with pix exposing the scandal sheets.

Cracks such as Kim Stanley's "critics are fatheads" seem to get the headlines more these days.

Roseland, landmark since New Year's eve 1919, during which period it clocked 25,000,000 paid admissions, passed from the Broadway scene and a new dancehall was opened close-by by impresario Louis J. Brecker.

The crowing cock on the Pathe Newsreel passed from the scene as Warner-Pathe suspended.

Freeloading in 1956 was down in all film company expense accounts, and one major posted a bulletin, "If it costs money, forget it."

Actress Ruth Roman, Hungarian refugee ballet dancers Istvan Rabovsky and Nora Kovack (husband and wife), NBC-TV director Gordon Rigby, songsmith Mike Stoller ("Black Denim Trousers"), John W. Griffin of the Record Industry Assn. of America, broadcasting executive Morris S. Novik and his wife, Betsy Drake (actress-wife of Cary Grant) were show biz survivors of the SS Andrea Doria disaster. Camille M. Cianfarra, N.Y. Times' Madrid correspondent and his eight-year-old daughter Joan, were killed in the crash; his wife and a 14-year-old adopted daughter were miraculously saved.

Crowell-Collier's suspended American Magazine after 80 years, and folded Collier's and Woman's Home Companion. A move by Paul C. Smith, head of C-C, to buy into several tv stations was abandoned because of the "tight money" situation towards year's end. It involved \$15,000,000 to buy control of Consolidated Radio & Television Broadcasting Inc.

"Pajama Game" was the first U.S. musical into Hebrew for production in Tel-Aviv.

In contrast to the "feuds," the peace-pipe bit between the ailing Ed Sullivan and Frank Sinatra substituting for him—after an exchange of vituperative "sick! sick! sick!" ads in the trade papers.

Top Yank acts booked Down Under to coincide with the Olympics in Melbourne. There was prod-and-con anent the housing, food and nitery gyp 'n' take of the tourists following their teams to Australia.

Lawrence Tibbett, Met Opera star, was doing a

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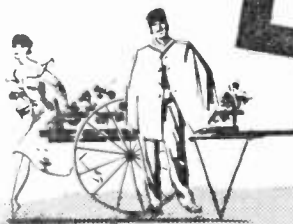
In Magnificent
COLOR



GARY COOPER
AUDREY HEPBURN
MAURICE CHEVALIER

in
**BILLY
WILDER'S**

LOVE
in the
Afternoon



GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA

ANTHONY QUINN

in Victor Hugo's

**"Hunchback
of Paris"**

in
CINEMASCOPE
and
COLOR

PRODUCED BY
ROBERT AND RAYMOND HAKIM



TONY MARTIN

and

VERA-ELLEN

in the
dazzling
musical...

"JEANNIE"

PRODUCED BY
MARCEL HELLMAN

in
CINEMASCOPE
and
COLOR



WHERE PROGRESS
MAKES THE NEWS
OF AN INDUSTRY

Show Biz: Then, Now & To Come

(Continued from page 59)

musical standards, and the broader appeal for concert and ballet, the public's appreciation of the better aspects in dramatic presentations, longhair and even the increasingly better feature film product being projected, should further whet show biz interest.

Regardless of color spectaculars and the more valuable Hollywood backlogs, the quiz shows and the big jackpot programs continue apace. For the first time in industry annals, the top five of the top 10 in the Trendex ratings showed them to be quiz shows—"The \$64,000 Question," "\$64,000 Challenge," "Do You Trust Your Wife?" "What's My Line?" and "I've Got A Secret."

Even Groucho Marx's top-rated comedy show had to sweeten the pot so that "You Bet Your Life" now carries a \$1,000 jackpot instead of the few hundreds as heretofore.

As to "\$64,000 Question" show, its Italian carbon, forced film theatres to pipe in the show on Thursday nights, interrupting their screen entertainment, as a means to get the normal filmgoing public out of their homes. Denmark's version is called "The 64,000 Kroner" (about \$9,000), staggering giveaway money for that tiny kingdom.

Video's Sensitivities

A curious audience reaction faced the medium. On the one hand the public didn't object to "rape" and the general sophisticated theme in William Wyler's debut tv production of Somerset Maugham's "The Letter" whereas Garson Kanin's "Born Yesterday," with Mary Martin video-creating the Judy Holliday role, drew rumbles. In the same unpredictable manner, Esther Williams' aquacade on NBC-TV got as much invidious comment as did some of the early Dagmar cleavage.

In contrast, NBC's "Medic" program, because of Catholic church pressure, cancelled presentation of a Caesarian birth scene... Churchmen of all faiths also looked askance at some of the more volatile tv "healers" and "miracle men."

The manner in which "everybody has his own business and show business" was borne out anew as the dailies and the weekend supplements went into such intra-trade stuff as "ratings" ("Stars Thrown By A Low Nielsen"). Such has been the impact of tv on mass consumption knowledgeability about show biz matters.

Ampex's unveiling of its television-on-tape system was a sensation early in the year and later RCA announced a color tv-on-tape system as one of the "presents" it had perfected for General David Sarnoff's 65th birthday.

Color TV's Horizons

Prediction is for 12,500,000 color sets by 1961. The timetable is estimated at 1,000,000 color receivers by 1958; 3,000,000 by 1959; over 7,000,000 by the first of 1960; and the big jump to 12,500,000 by Jan. 1, 1961.

TV is credited with giving the writer a leg up in Hollywood. Craftsmen observe, "now maybe the film producer and director will permit us on the set while they're shooting the stuff we wrote or assist in the proper interpretation." As Rod Steiger, Paddy Chayefsky, Reginald Rose, Gore Vidal and a few others got the show biz spotlight, worthwhile story properties went for fancier prices than heretofore. What's more, the writers got "participation" deals. Novelists no longer sold out for flat sums; either they leased their rights for a limited number of years and/or got a percentage out in perpetuity in the film rights.

If the Democrats ran out of money for tv spot commercials, show biz also threatened to run out of acts to feed the maw of the vaudeo shows. Entry of Walter Winchell into the columnist-emcee videostakes, in opposition to long-time top-rated vaudeo showman Ed Sullivan, also a columnist, briefly created extra booking opportunities for top acts.

Just as the picture business deplored what tv was doing to Hollywood, Groucho Marx's appraisal

that "comics face 'murder' by TV" struck a large nerve with the funnymen who know full well what happened, some slower, some faster, to yesteryear faves like Milton Berle, Wally Cox, Ed Wynn, George Jessel, Abbott & Costello, Jack Carson, Joan Davis, Imogene Coca, Dennis Day and a few others. Fact that Jack Benny, Jackie Gleason, Phil Silvers, Bob Hope, Burns & Allen, Red Skelton, Sid Caesar, Danny Thomas, he and a couple of others have survived is no guarantee in the immediate future, argued the veteran comic who, from the advantage of a non-"sour grapes" summit, was most seriously accepted.

'No Biz Like Shaw Biz,' Eugene O'Neill's Click

Shavian revivals were busting out all over, on Broadway and off-Broadway. "My Fair Lady," the musicalization of "Pygmalion," led off. Maurice Evans revived "The Apple Cart," Charles Laughton staged "Major Barbara" with himself, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Glynnis Johns and Eli Wallach. Otto Preminger conducted a national talent hunt for a "new face" to play Shaw's "Saint Joan" as adapted by Grahame Greene for United Artists' release.

A "Joan" of another version, Ingrid Bergman, meantime marked her first American film (shot in Paris and London) in "Anastasia" with Yul Brynner and Helen Hayes in the cast.

The 100th anniversary of Shaw's birth touched off a journalistic campaign of revilement and downgrading in the London press. The Sunday Observer took a dim view of the great Irish playwright's skill in dramaturgy or his impact as a social philosopher although Americans, over the years, have been struck with GBS' extraordinary foresight.

Shaw and Eugene O'Neill were the two dead playwrights who were tops on Broadway this past fall. O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" was promptly predicted sure Pulitzer drama winner. (George Abbott and Bob Merrill are working on a musicalization of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," to be called "Pay The Piper").

"The Diary of Anne Frank" made international impact when more than a dozen stock production companies opened in Germany early in the fall. The Germans professed deep shame and shock that "these things could have happened." Meantime, the Albert Hackett-Frances Goodrich adaptation of the Dutch heroine's diary, which started out as a highly dubious Broadway entry, has become an important property, both as a document of our times and for films, the rights having been sold belatedly to 20th Century-Fox for \$450,000.

Despite the extraordinarily bullish legit season the year racked up some staggeringly costly flops, chiefly in the musical division. In all instances, as with the straight plays, and that went for the Lunts

Japan Film Volume

Japan is now No. 2 to Hollywood. Its six major companies turned out 422 features of which 254 were modern dramas, 10 of them in color. Hollywood still dominates the world markets, but Germany for instance, trying to re-assume its yesteryear prowess as a film producer, has been talking quota and other legislation as it pointed up the fact that American films dominate 38% of West German playdates.

Where Germany has 6,000 cinemas, East Germany has 1,600 normal operations plus 4,000 portable theatres in factories and plants not accessible to the public.

also, if the script isn't there, nothing can overcome it. Perhaps the lone exception was Sammy Davis Jr.'s tour-de-force as "Mr. Wonderful," a pretentious title that evoked almost immediate resentment, but there was no gainsaying the star's personal impact. The \$5.50 customers "discovered" what the saloon clientele knew all along about Davis.

Among the cost items, perhaps the record flop loss for a legit production was the \$450,000 racked up by the "Ziegfeld Follies" which died on the road. The 1957 edition of the "Follies," which John Shubert is planning with Beatrice Lillie, has nothing to do with this one. Carol Channing couldn't sustain "The Vamp," a \$352,264 production item, and the same was true of Johnny Desmond, Dagmar, Enid Markey and Joey Faye in "Amazing Adele," which cost \$270,000 to mount and fold. "Strip For Action" was a \$350,000 production loss; Cheryl Crawford's "Reuben Reuben" represented \$175,000; "Pleasure Dome" was a relatively light fliv at \$75,000.

High costs of everything hit Broadway, with top price for a legit musical now \$8.05 as against the former \$7.50. A straight play like "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" got \$6.90 which is also the scale for "Auntie Mame" and O'Neill's "Journey Into Night."

A VARIETY blast that mishandling of mail orders was threatening to alienate a loyal legit public got a flock of vox pop reactions endorsing the charge. Fact is that this 1956-57 legit season looms as "too good" and it has become an embarrassment of riches, complicated by a number of factors. Besides the multi-theatre parties, the multi-backers' system gives the angels a supposed "in" on choicer tickets.

Theatre Shortage

The legit boom, further snarled by theatre shortages although more houses are being reclaimed from television playhouse subleases, has caused many shows to stay out longer on the road. However, these pre-Broadway tours have also achieved not only the desired smoothing of the rough edges but have proved unusually lucrative.

Among them have been the Rosalind Russell show, "Auntie Mame," "Bells Are Ringing" (Judy Holliday); "Happy Hunting" (Ethel Merman and Fernando Lamas); "Li'l Abner" and Walter Pidgeon's "The Happiest Millionaire." Last is a prime sample of what continued out-of-town work did to turn the tide for this comedy. Note the "happy" coincidence in three of the current Broadway legit titles, including "Most Happy Fella."

With legit theatre shortages, a deal for the Playwrights Co. to convert the Globe to its original legit policy fell through. The Palace (RKO) and Loew's State, both key vaudeville houses on Broadway, have been variously mentioned as legiters in the future. Legal necessity for the Shuberts to sell off some of their houses saw Harry Fromkes back in the business with purchase of the National and a plan to build new playhouses. Some of the tv theatres are reverting to legit, but Billy Rose's fancy deal for his Ziegfeld, under lease to NBC, eliminates that choice musical comedy theatre for a term of years.

Barnyard Belascos

Boom in silo circuit saw more and more "packages" touring the musical tents and strawhats with stars culled from Hollywood, Broadway and radio-tv. Thus, Tallulah Bankhead's "Welcome Darling" got her a weekly guarantee of \$8,000; Beatrice Lillie's "Beasop's Fables" was a \$6,000-\$7,000 weekly guarantee item with the barnyard Belascos; and others essaying hay-loft histrionics were Gertrude Berg ("Molly Goldberg") who did big biz in "Solid Gold Cadillac," Arnold Stang, Bert Parks, Art Carney, Robert Q. Lewis, Sloan Simpson, Julia Meade, Barbara Britton and Cesar Romero.

In Boston there was a move afoot to honor home-town comedian Fred Allen by naming a theatre after him. The Fulton, which recently changed its name to the Helen Hayes, made this the second Broadway legit to honor a living actress. The only other is the Ethel Barrymore on West 47th St. Deceased performers with theatres named in their honor include the Nora Bayes, Jolson, (Richard) Mansfield, Maxine Elliott, (Edwin) Booth.

Win Friends & Influence Russo-Yank Show Biz

Until the Poland-Hungarian situation with Russia, complicated by the Middle East flareup, 1956's growing cultural exchange with Moscow was a hot show biz item. "Porgy and Bess" with its Moscow and Leningrad dates, and Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong with his Iron Curtain country bookings, were heralded as 'better goodwill ambassadors than the State Dept.'

The Bolshoi Ballet mopped up in London after it looked like the Covent Garden would be left holding the bag with a \$110,000 advance sale when, in pique, the Soviet Minister of Culture at first can-

celled the swap for the Sadler's Wells Ballet into Moscow because a Russian gal was pinched for shoplifting.

Eric Johnston, as president of the Motion Picture Assn. of America, and Bernard B. Kreiser, an independent pix distrib, made Iron Curtain trips to sell Yank films abroad. East Germany was particularly hungry for Yank product but when Charles Chaplin placed a \$1,000,000 price tag on his "Lime-light" the hunger suddenly was dissipated.

Violin virtuoso David Oistrakh mopped up in Europe and in the U.S. The Moscow Circus was a click all over Europe and in Britain. Mike Todd commuted to Moscow like he does to Hollywood with an eye to co-production although the Soviet Union acted "insulted" when Darryl F. Zanuck sought an official dossier for his proposed film on the life of Josef Stalin. None the less, a survey of film production story values in Russia, East Germany, Hungary, Poland, Red China, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia indicated a considerable modification of the "boy-meets-tractor" story lines, with a playing down of the party-line pitch and upbeat on romance in the scripts.

Music seems to have the best chance for hands-across-the-Iron Curtain. Decca, for instance, is releasing the Leningrad Symph platters via its liaison with the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft. RCA Victor's international department received orders from the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs for mambo and cha-cha-chas disks, for use among the Soviet Youth Clubs—no rock 'n' roll as yet. The ballyhoo on "Porgy and Bess" skyrocketed Hollywood interest in the Gershwin folk opera with a \$1,000,000 price tag mentioned as against a \$10,000 lukewarm offer at the time the Gershwin folk opera bowed. Other ameliorating news from Moscow was that famed actor-producer Vsevolod E. Meyerhold, among other show-folk, and distinguished Soviet writer Isaac Babel (of Jewish origin) had been purged by Stalin but cleared by the present USSR authorities. A return of freedom for Jewish worship was also part of the midsummer pattern of new "enlightened" Russia. [Since then press reports might indicate this to be "eyewash" propaganda.]

Despite all this, Uncle Sam insists on fingerprinting of the Russian visitors—now perhaps an academic condition in light of the new military and political tensions.

Magyar and Middle East Tensions Snafu Show Biz

As the Hungarian and Middle East issues grew hotter, at year's end, the American Ballet cancelled some of its dates and confined its bookings to Israel before getting into Italy and other Continental dates. Dickers for film sales to Hungary are now from hunger, in light of the debacle there. Queen Elizabeth cancelled the traditional Royal Command vaudeville gala at the Palladium at the last minute, an annual benefit which usually nets \$50,000 for the Variety Artists Benevolent Fund.

In Rome, a Russian Film Week was cancelled because of the Hungarian situation. CBS' Ernest Leiser and NBC's Frank Burcholtz found themselves trapped in Budapest by the Hungarian revolt; other network and press correspondents got out just in time.

A skit satirizing the UN was deleted from "New Faces of 1956," Broadway legit revue; producer Leonard Sillman thought it was "poor taste" to retain it in light of the crisis. (P.S.—It wasn't very funny, anyhow.)

'This Is Your Life' Stuff Bullish in Book Form

Biogs and autobiographies about and by showfolk continue apace. Only a few years ago dismissed by publishers under the laconic "who cares?" they have long since revised their thinking. Apparently a lot of book buyers care, with result it's good business.

Among the 1956 crop have been such items as Constance Tomkin-

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1956 Disa and Data

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deejay stint for MBS, two hours nightly, platter-chattering about disks from pop and middlebrow to folk and highbrow categories.

Despite the not too happy critical notices, Ethel Merman's "Happy Hunting" has a \$1,500,000 advance sale.

Judy Holliday's "The Bells Are Ringing," a more resounding legit musical smash, is selling tickets two years in advance, a Broadway record for long-range planning.

Universal waxed wroth at NBC's "Matinee Theatre" for telecasting "Dracula" but calmed down when told it had become PD (public domain) two months ago.

Some of Bernard Shaw becomes PD in America as a flock of 56-year copyrights are due to expire in this decade.

The rock 'n' rollers weren't the only musical exhibitionists—Met Opera g.m. Rudolph Bing threatened to stop selling standing-room; at times "their (the standees) enthusiasm bordered on mob violence" he complained.

TV spectacular planned saluting the Hearst empire's "70 years of American Journalism."

French-made documentary short, "Nuit et Brouillard" (Night and Fog), which was a casus belli at the Cannes Film Festival last spring, because of international sensitivities over "Hitler's hell camps"—the

subject of this Rebus Films production—was exhibited in Germany and not only shocked and sobered the masses but was acclaimed for special honors.

Bamberger's, Newark department store, followed the example of banking institutions by installing tv cameras to spot shoplifters; the store detectives made like Dick Tracy with two-way wrist radios.

Opening of the new Coliseum on New York's Columbus Circle also enlisted closed-circuit television for traffic study as streets and avenues were re-routed.

Dave Garroway's "Wide Wide World" was the first American tv program with simultaneous originations from the U.S., Canada and Mexico.

Cuba got the World Series on tv via a captive airborne video transmitter but NBC-TV is still trying to pick up a video signal from London at its Riverhead (L.I.) outpost.

The first murder trial to be telecast live from the courtroom was in Waco (Texas) where Harry Washburn was charged with slaying his mother-in-law.

Katherine Cornell made her video debut in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

"King Richard III" was the first major feature premiered in America on tv; ran three hours; British production starred Laurence Olivier and Claire Bloom and was trade-watched for its boxoffice effect vis-a-vis the theatre.



What Was, What Is & Will Be

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son's "Les Girls" (of the Paris Folies Bergere, which Sol C. Siegel is filming for Metro); Eartha Kitt's "Thursday's Child" (with a fortuitous LP from the RCA Victor plant tied into it); Samuel Chotzinoff's "Toscanini"; Jim Bishop's "Jackie Gleason: The Golden Ham"; Fred Allen's posthumous "Much Ado About Me," a valentine to yesteryear vaudeville; Joe E. Brown's "Laughter Is A Wonderful Thing" (in collaboration with Ralph Hancock); Marian Anderson's "My Lord, What A Beautiful Morning"; Eric W. Barnes' biog of playwright Edward Sheldon, "The Man Who Lived Twice"; Billie Holiday's "Lady Sings The Blues" (in collaboration with William Dufty); Marvin Felheim's "Theatre of Augustin Daly"; Vincent Sheean's "Oscar Hammerstein I" (foreword by OH II); Paul Derval's "Folies Bergere," which differs from Constance Tomkinson's "Les Girls"; Phyllis Robbins' "Maude Adams"; Francis Winwar's "Wingless Victory," story of Mme. Eleanora Duse and Gabriele D'Annunzio; Margaret Crosland's "Jean Cocteau"; Joe Pasternak's "Easy The Hard Way"; C. B. Purdom's "Harley Granville Barker"; Anton Gronowicz's "Helena Modjeska"; "I Found My Way," by Margery Wilson, silent pic star and "charm school" radio moderator in Hollywood.

Disk-Literati Ties

Like Eartha Kitt's "Thursday's Child," Eddie Condon's "Treasury of Jazz" (anthology in collaboration with Richard Gehman), had a Columbia LP album tied into it for exploitation; and any number of jazz books made their appearance, among them Hugues Panassie's "Guide To Jazz," in collaboration with Madeleine Gautier, for which Louis Armstrong did the foreword (Victor also tied in an LP on this one); Dr. Marshall W. Stearns' "The Story of Jazz"; Stephen Longstreet's "The Real Jazz, Old And New"; "Big Bill Blues: William Broonzy's Story as Told to Yannick Bruynoghe." William L. Grossman & Jack W. Farrell's "The Heart of Jazz."

The Satevepost's Pete Martin, who has done biogs on Bob Hope and Bing Crosby among others, did one which, in book form, he re-titled "Will Acting Spoil Marilyn Monroe?" a tag the Saturday Evening Post, of which he is associate editor, spurned originally. SEP also published biogs on or by Gary Cooper, Arthur Godfrey, Walt Disney and Drew Pearson. Margaret Truman's story vied with Harry S. Truman's memoirs. Soon due: Eddie Cantor's "This Is My Life," Maurice Zolotow's biog on Jimmy Durante, and autobiogs by Miss Hart and Gypsy Rose Lee.

Have Medley, Will Film; Other Biopix Brewing

Besides memoirs, biopix continued as a good boxoffice vogue, especially if a show biz subject. Jerry Wald at 20th-Fox is projecting the Harold Lloyd biopic; James Cagney just completed the Lon Chaney story at Universal; Bob Hope just completed Jimmy Walker's ("Beau James"), having clicked last season with the saga of Eddie Foy and the 7 Little Foys. Warners is still trying to cast Helen Morgan. Paramount has Frank Sinatra as Joe E. Lewis in "The Joker Is Wild"; "The Buster Keaton Story" speaks for itself; "Fear Strikes Out" is the saga of Jim Pearsall of the Boston Red Sox and his triumph over mental illness. Mark Hellinger, the only newspaperman with a theatre named after him on Broadway (there is a GI playhouse called the Ernie Pyle), will also get the biopix treatment. Jerry Lewis may film the George Jessel story. Columbia has Kim Novak in mind for "The Jeanne Eagels Story" and 20th-Fox plans a Jean Harlow biopic. Both Irving Berlin and George Jessel think Eddie Fisher could best personate them, when and if, but Walter Winchell says that when Darryl F. Zanuck does his "life" he will play it himself. Fisher is also slated for the Russ Columbo story and RKO, which has that property, is also plotting one on Ben Bernie. Band-leader Eddy Duchin's saga clicked for Columbia.

Showfolk with "medleys"—"and then I wrote" or "then I sang (or played)"—have most boxoffice sub-

stance because the music gives them a readymade cushion, as witness "The Jolson Story." He did it twice—"I had but one life and I gave it twice to Harry Cohn" (president of Columbia) was Jolie's crack.

George M. Cohan, Eddie Cantor, Jerome Kern, Bert Kalmar & Harry Ruby, Richard Rodgers & Lorenz Hart, polio-stricken Metopera star Marjorie Lawrence, Nora Bayes & Jack Norworth, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Ruth Etting, Texas Guinan, Pearl White, George Gershwin, Cole Porter, DeSylva, Brown & Henderson, Rocky Graziano have been others who got the Hollywood biopic treatment.

Ed Sullivan has made it click for him and his subjects on television, usually revolving around stage notables like Rodgers & Hammerstein, Joshua Logan or packages like "the ASCAP story." Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz" had a suggestion of the personal but was not officially so, and similarly an old Fox film, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," hinted something of Irving Berlin's career but that, too, was more by suggestion than actuality. Ed Sullivan was up for a WB biopic but that's off, at least temporarily. Elsie Janis, "The Sweetheart of the A.E.F." (World War I) is also being mulled for a screen biography.

Death at 82 of Mistinguett (nee Jeanne Bourgeois), renowned for *les plus belles jambes de France*, sparked interest in a biopic of the famed French music hall star with the most beautiful legs in France, but in light of the importance of Maurice Chevalier, as part of her professional career and real-life romance, the "clearances" have become a factor. Chevalier, too, is up for a biopic under the aegis of Billy Wilder, who just completed the Charles A. Lindbergh story, "The Spirit of St. Louis."

"Clearances" problem also figures in a proposed Jack Dempsey biopic. While Hannah Williams, the champ's divorced wife; Luis Firpo, Gene Tunney, Georges Carpentier, Joe Benjamin and the estate of Tex Rickard said okay, Dempsey's first wife, Estelle Taylor, silent film star, and Jess Willard, whom he knocked out July 4, 1919 for the title, are still hold-outs.

Biopix on "Bojangles" (Bill Robinson), Danny Kaye's "Red Nichols Story," Diana Barrymore ("Too Much, Too Soon") "Topsy and Eva" (the Duncan Sisters), "Your Cheatin' Heart" (hillbilly songwriter-singer Hank Williams), Sophie Tucker ("Some of These Days") "The Lonesome Gal" (midnight radio thrush Jean King Rousseau), and "The Victor Riesel Story" are also on the agenda.

In another idiom, famed Washington "hostess with the mostest" Mrs. Perle Mesta, already the subject of "Call Me Madam," the Ethel Merman legit musical, has also been set for a videobiog over CBS-TV, and Rosalind Russell has her career in mind for a film version.

Meantime Havana started to loom large in the show biz picture as the Vegas syndicates expanded their sights to the daiquiri belt. Unlike some misguided Miami Beach hoteliers who sold out sure-fire profit-making holdings to enter the more glamorous Vegas sweepstakes—to the sorrow of a couple of signal instances—the Nevada casino ops proved successful from the start in their operations in the Cuban capital.

Rum, Rhumba and Roulette

With the government sympathetic to Wilbur Clark's quickly successful operation at the Nacional, Jack Entratter & Co. followed the Desert Inn (LV) up with a new 14-story, 400-room and 25-penthouse apartment hotel to be called the Habana-Riviera for 1957. Conrad N. Hilton, who just opened still another hostelry, this time in Mexico City; and in whose Caribe-Hilton, Puerto Rico, there is gambling under local legal license; also has a new hostel slated for Havana. Hilton, incidentally, is taking over the Savoy-Plaza Hotel (N. Y.) in 1957, in anticipation of his management deal with the across-5th Ave. Hotel Plaza expiring next year.

The rum, rhumba and roulette boom witnessed an anomaly at Sans Souci, a longtime highlight

In 'Defense' of The Legion of Decency

By STEPHEN APOSTOLOF

Hollywood.

Every year or so, when the Catholic Legion of Decency brands a "C" (condemned!) stigma on the forehead of some American-made picture being given major release, there is an outcry in many film industry quarters against such "censorship." Early last month when the Motion Picture Association of America considerably liberalized the Film Production Code, on the heels of the Legion condemning the Elia Kazan film, "Baby Doll"—which had been approved by the Code—the spotlight again burned brightly on the Legion and its activities.

Those who agitate against the Legion of Decency rating pictures, on the grounds the Legion's activities are a violation of freedom of artistic expression, fail to realize:

(1) The Legion, under the U.S. Constitution, has every right to rate pictures, on moral grounds. Being a Catholic organization, headed by a committee of Bishops, the church can exercise moral guidance of its members as it sees fit.

(2) In condemning a film, and urging Catholics not to attend it, the Legion is operating strictly within its Constitutional rights. To deprive any church of exerting moral guidance in the manner it sees fit would be to deprive it of the religious freedom American law guarantees it.

At times condemnations of films by the Legion has stirred Catholic elements to harass theatres showing the product by picketing and giving out handbills to the general public. This obviously is a form of secondary boycott, and it is noticeable of late that this practice must be frowned on in upper hierarchical Catholic circles, for the church certainly has no right to press its parochial views on those outside the Catholic fold. Labor unions, ired at a certain manufacturing firm, urge their members not to buy that firm's goods; when those same unions picket the plant and handbill the general public in an effort to undermine the business being done by that specific manufacturer it is grossly and obviously an unfair practice.

To the charge that the Legion is a "pressure group," the Legion must plead guilty, of course, along with all other groups and movements trying to induce people to do or not to do some act. When the American Legion takes a stand on some issue and the American Civil Liberties Union takes the opposite tack—and both rush to the newspapers to publicize their views—each is being a "pressure group." So is the Democratic Party, the GOP, the PTA, the AMA, even the Red Cross, along with the AFL-CIO. We all of us are prone to term a campaign with which we are not personally in sympathy "pressure."

More than 20 years ago, when the Legion of Decency first was

nitery, which had incepted bingo and learned that, on certain occasions, the lotto type of game attracted more of the Cubanola femme trade than did the name acts.

The supermarkets, already distinguished for their merchandising showmanship, got into show biz even more directly by booking vaudeville acts and even an entire aquacade (portable tank 'n' everything) as a lure to attract more customers to the mobile shopping centres. The agents soon discovered there was a lot of lettuce in this "grocery circuit."

It's the 1956-57 deluxe variation of the old-time medicine shows. As more and more supermarkets started to sell offbeat commodities, like pharmaceuticals and phonograph records, along with the kitchen staples, the stars on occasion had made personals to hypo this or that new commodity, which might be plugging over radio and television. When the SRO crowds evidenced such vivid interest, the canny merchandisers started booking acts on a regular basis just to hypo attendance generally. Like the philosophy of the Las Vegas casino operators, so long as there's enough human traffic the law of averages will take care of things real nice.

formed, the late Cardinal Daugherty of Philadelphia outraged the film industry as well as a good many Catholics by urging the laity in his archdiocese not to attend any picture theatres until all such houses agreed not to play any product except that clean-billed by the then-fledgling Legion. That obviously was an extreme tactic, and it stunned the Philadelphia exhibitors. It also cued the Minskys to take over two old, dark legit houses on Broad St., and install striptease burlesque—the Cardinal having not said anything about Catholics avoiding the moral pitfalls of the peel. Result: His Eminence shortly withdrew his injunction about films, but the lesson lingered. Last year Philadelphia's present prelate, Archbishop John F. O'Hara, launched a positive program—the first in any diocese—designed to urge Catholics to attend films approved highly by the Legion. The Archbishop puts less emphasis on what is condemned, and "pressures" for what is approved on the theory that perhaps any added Catholic patronage such a campaign can induce will communicate itself to Hollywood and spawn more of the same.

There is room for belief, however, that no other archdiocese will start such a drive because it does not want to be cast in the role of shilling for particular pictures—no matter how highly approved by the Legion.

In the Legion of Decency pledge which Catholics are asked to renew annually, the churchgoers "condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures and those which glorify crime and criminals . . . promise to do all I can to strengthen public opinion against the production of indecent and immoral films, and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life . . . I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy."

Instantly, it can be noted that the pledge skirts mention of attendance at films beamed upon by the Legion; inherent, however, is the trace of "pressure" in the "strengthen public opinion" clause.

Permanent Boycott

Over the years several different bishops have singled out theatres and hinted that they would ask their flocks to boycott them permanently because they happened at the time to book a condemned picture. It has never happened, and probably never will, because there just conceivably aren't going to be enough Legion-condemned films for any theatre to show "as a matter of policy."

At bottom, it begins to appear the film industry will just have to live with the Legion—and stop taking its ratings so seriously; at least stop giving them so much publicity—something the Legion itself confines strictly to its own secular circles. Bluntly, no one knows how many scrupulously live up to it. Only one aspect of the continuing controversy over the Legion is certain—it cannot be stopped on "censorship" grounds, unless freedom of religious worship is stripped from the American Constitution. For too long those in the film business who chafed under Legion activities have been staring at a tree and have overlooked a forest.

And, in living with the Legion ratings, Hollywood can take it in stride. As a religious practice, Mormons do not drink coffee.

What coffee merchandiser would start denouncing that aspect of their right to their own religious practice? The religious sects of the Dunkards and elements of the Mennonites in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa and Maryland do not attend pictures at all, in a phase of their religious tenets, nor do they listen to radios, nor ride in automobiles. The motor industry and the makers of radio sets raise no demurrer.

Withal, it is still possible to make pictures with all manner of nuances and fields of action under both Production Code and Legion of Decency standards. The works of the ancient Greek dramatists,

Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes and Aeschylus, are still with us and those works are classics. Yet they were written under stern civic censorship which prohibited violence in any form—murder, battles, even a punch in the jaw or slap of the cheek. Such episodes could be referred to, but never enacted on the Greek stage. The "pressure" was on 2,500 years ago and probably will be in 5,000 A.D.

Mex Film Biz's Closed Shopism Curbs New Faces

By PETER MAYER

Mexico City.

A none too healthy Mexican film industry after a year of slow production, inter-union strife and little progress can look towards 1957 in a "plenty of room for improvement" spirit. Complaint most commonly heard is against government dominated Banco Cinematografico, which passes on most scripts and doles out monies with a tendency to stick to the tried and true. Government subsidy is almost a must here since there is close to no outside financing available. Hence the film bank has a stranglehold on all decisions, output and distribution.

However the Mexican producers themselves must be blamed for their own predilection for trite and imitative scripts and their lack of eye for upcoming talent. All these factors make for few innovations.

In a time of change, such as the present period, new faces in all sections of the local industry should be rising in force. Nor does it help that there's a strict closed shop guild situation, which has held new directors and writers to a minimum. Exclusion of potential new talent is possibly the most enervating factor in the entire artistic situation. Only two new directors made any mark during '56. Benito Alazraki was originally a documentary director, whose last year's prizewinning "Raices" (Roots) got him (a) plenty of acclaim, and (b) brought to a head the differences between the documentary, shorts and projectionists union (STIC) and the feature technicians (STPC). Alazraki, aided by various pressures, finally was accepted as a director member by the latter group and made as his first theatrical feature, the locally successful, "Los Amantes" (The Lovers) this year. He is young, vital, and well grounded piecewise and the fact that Mexico's grand old man of the cine business, producer Don "Pancho" Cabrerias, elected him to guide his return to films, via "Medio Tono" (Middle Tone), a Dolores del Rio starrer, bodes good for the tyro's future. Number two on his way up the directorial ladder is Alfonso Carona Blake, a former assistant director, whose first neo-realistic, "Camino de la Vida" (Road of Life), followed in the path of the postwar Italians. Carona Blake also has completed another which will get release shortly, "Felicidad" (Happiness).

Very few new actor faces have hit local screens during the past year. Requirements by the local actors' guild that only students of their academy get tapped first has abolished rags to riches. The local turnstiles still click happily, as they have for years, to the lure of Pero Infante, Cantinflas, Dolores del Rio, Maria Felix, Pedro Armandariz, Arturo de Cordoba, Libertad La Marque, Marga Lopez and Tintan, so why should the bank, or its acolytes reach too far afield? Only real find of the year has been Silvia Pinal, a looker, whose dramatic ability is touted above average. Other promising new talent who got '56 above-title credits and who may develop more standing during '57 were: Yolanda Varela, Christine Martel, Lorraine Chanele and one lone male lead, Carlos Baena. None of these newcomers, however, with the possible exception of La Pinal, can as yet be called a b.o. draw.



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- STANISLAVSKY, Constantin. My Life in Art. LB, '38
- STEELE, Richard. At Drury Lane. John Loftis. U. Cal., '52
- STONE, Ezra. Coming, Major! Lip., '44
- STRANGE, Michael (Mrs. John Barrymore). Who Tells Me True. Sc., '40
- STRINDBERG, August. Strange Life of. Eliz. Sprigge. Mac., '49
- SULLIVAN, John L. Nat Fleischer. Put., '51
- TALMADGE Sisters. Margaret Talmadge (mother). Lip., '24
- TAYLOR, Laurette. Laurette. Marguerite Courtney (daughter) R, '55
- TEMPEST, Marie. Hector Bolitho. Lip., '37
- TERRY, Ellen, and Her Secret Self. Gordon Craig (son). Dut., '32
- THAW, Harry K. Traitor. Dorrance, '26
- THEODORA of Byzantium. John Vandercook. ReyH., '40
- THOMAS, Augustus. Print of My Remembrance. Sc., '22
- THUMB, Tom. Barnum Presents Gen. Tom Thumb. Alice Desmond. Mac., '54
- THURSBY, Emma. Life of. Richard Gipson. N. Y. Hist. Soc., '40
- TOSCANINI. Samuel Chotzinoff. K., '56
- TOWSE, J. Ranken. 60 Years of the Theatre. Funk, '16
- TROUBE, Shepard. So You Want to Go Into the Theatre? LB, '38
- TREE, Herbert Beerbohm. Max Beerbohm. Dut., no date
- TRUAX, Sarah. Woman of Parts (M). Long., '49
- TUCKER, Sophie. Some of These Days. DD, '45
- TYLER, Geo. Whatever Goes Up (M). Bobbs, '34
- TYNAN, Kenneth. Bull Fever. Harp., '55
- VALENTINO, Rudolph, as I Knew Him. Geo. S. Ullman. Burt, '27
- VALLEE, Rudy. Vagabond Dreams Come True. Dut., '30
- VANBRUGH, Sir John. Laurence Whistler. Mac., '39
- VAN DRUTEN, John. Playwright at Work. Harp., '53
- VAN VECHTEN, Carl, & the '20's. Edw. Lueders. U.N.M., '55
- VEILLER, Bayard. Fun I've Had. ReyH., '41
- VIDOR, King. A Tree is a Tree (M). HB, '53
- WALKER, Danton. Danton's Inferno. Hastings, '55
- WARDE, Frederick. 50 Years of Make Believe. Hearst, '20
- WASHBURN, Chas. Press Agency (M). Nat'l. Lib., '37
- WATERS, Ethel. His Eye Is On the Sparrow. D, '51
- WEBER, Joe. (See FIELDS, Lew)
- WEBER, Malcolm. Medicine Show (M). Caxton, '41
- WHIFFEN, Mrs. Thos. Keeping off the Shelf (M). Dut., '28
- WHITE, Pearl. Just Me. Doran, '19
- WILDE, Oscar. Frank Harris. Brentano, '16
- WILDER, Marshall. Sunny Side of the Street (M). Funk, '05
- WILSON, Earl. I Am Gazing Into My 8-Ball. DD, '45
- WILSON, Francis. Life of Himself. HM, '24
- WINCHELL, Walter. Let's Go to Press. Ed. Weiner. Put., '55
- WODEHOUSE, P. G., and Guy Bolton. Bring on the Girls! S & S, '53
- WOOLLCOTT, Alex. His Life & His World. Sam'l. H. Adams. ReyH., '45
- WYCHERLY, Wm. Brawny Wycherly. Willard Connolly. Sc., '30
- YEATS, W. B. Life of Joseph Hone. Mac., '43
- ZIEGFELD, Florenz. Great Glorifier. Eddie Cantor & David Freedman. King, '34
- ZUKOR, Adolph. Public Is Never Wrong. Put., '53

Vet Cartoonist on Anonymity, Commercials, Being 'Typed'

By RUBE GOLDBERG

I've waited a long time to be asked to write one of those nostalgic, emotional, reminiscent, authoritative pieces for one of VARIETY's special numbers—51 years to be exact. I even started waiting one year before VARIETY was first published because I began my newspaper career on the San Francisco Chronicle 52 years ago. But don't be apprehensive. This may start out like one of those "I remember" things, but let me assure you there is nothing that nauseates me more than an old gentleman who bombards you with a long list of past events with which he may have had some remote association. You can't ignore history. But past exploits are interesting only in relation to the present and the future.



Rube Goldberg

The profession of cartooning has grown tremendously in the past years, but the real "names" seem to be dwindling. Ask someone at a dinner table to name six well-known cartoonists and he'll be stymied after fumbling with two or three. He'll know the characters many of them draw, but the creators of these characters (some of them making over \$100,000 a year) are entirely unfamiliar. A few months ago Chester Gould, the creator of "Dick Tracy," and one of the all-time greats, was on "What's My Line?" and the panel could not fathom his identity even without the blindfolds. Even after they were told who he was, the association was still a little vague.

Going back to Thomas Nast and Homer Devenport and down to Tad, Clare Briggs, Tom Powers, Bud Fisher, George McManus and many others that every school-child recognized as a "name" you wonder why this condition of anonymity exists today. It is because the public seems to be more interested in the characters than their creators. Syndicates spend stacks of money trying to publicize their cartoonists, but few of them get their heads out of the pit of obscurity. Maybe Al Capp, Milt Caniff, Walt Kelly, Jimmy Hatlo are the better known, but many of the other greats must plod along taking personal bows only from their wives and the counterman at the local lunch wagon.

Now let's look at people in the show business. They are especially blessed, but they don't seem to

realize it. They enjoy the advantage of built-in publicity. Any figure who suddenly writes a hit show or sings a trick song or even plays a fat part in a flop will find himself the pet of the columns, the theatre pages, the magazine interviews and quiz programs on television. The public seems to be hungry for entertainment pets and the various mediums of communication smear them with news about these new-found geniuses.

You know Paddy Chayefsky, Elvis Presley, Elia Kazan, George Axelrod, George Gobel, Julie Andrews and discuss their exploits at the dinner table, between the halves of a football game, and in the office retiring room. And it has all come about because there are 100 columnists today where there were three or four yesterday. These heroes merit their laurels because they have to be good to deserve their glory. But they must not accept it too nonchalantly. They are the especially privileged. When the president of the United States Steel Corp. arrives on the same plane as Marilyn Monroe he has to sneak off in the crowd like a guilty felon. After everyone of her big receptions Marilyn ought to get down on her knees and thank the Lord that she landed in a profession that multiplies its publicity a thousand times beyond the bounds of its natural rewards.

TV Merchandising

Going on to another subject for a moment while I still have the floor, I would like to put in my two cents about television commercials. I know that many viewers share my aversion to these unholy interruptions. But I can't understand why those tv pitchmen attack you with such blindingly vicious ferocity. They literally stuff their product down your throat. You are watching a delightful, lowpitch, completely charming play when suddenly a stranger appears in a low-neck gown or a hunting jacket and, in strident tones, literally orders you to buy a cigaret or a lipstick. You cringe, you wallow on the carpet. You say out loud, "All right, I'll buy it. I've never used it before. But please forgive me." Which bring me to one of life's strangest contrasts.

If I go into a department store and want to buy one of the products that are so persistently sold on tv. I can't even get waited on. I may spot a salesman down at the other end of the building, but he is generally writing something on a pad, completely oblivious to his surroundings. Why can't the tv salesman and the store salesman get together and strike a happy medium so the buyer will not be

murdered by one and completely ignored by the other?

Following the pattern of my incoherence, I feel that I must justify my appearance on these pages with all the distinguished people of show business. Outside of being a frustrated playwright all my life, I did a stretch in vaudeville in Hammerstein's old Victoria when they booked acts like Jack Johnson; or the Shooting Showgirls who came to the stage flush with the exhilaration of having tried to bump off Mr. Stokes, the owner of the Ansonia Hotel. I played the Orpheum Circuit for a few years until I got wise to two things: one, that my agent's fee, tips to the stagehands and orchestra leader, and traveling expenses put me in the red; and, two, that my act was lousy.

What's Wrong With It?

Going on to my next and last subject which I pull out of the air with the others, I would like to say a word to actors who complain about being typed. They are wanted only for special parts and this narrows their opportunities to show their versatility in other directions. Well, you are talking to a guy who's been typed longer than Boris Karloff.

The other day I was sitting next to Charles Addams at luncheon and he said to me, "You know, Rube, we are the only two cartoonists whose names have found their way into the English language. When people come across something horrible or zombie-like, they call it 'a Charles Addams.' When they see some complicated machinery they refer to it as 'a Rube Goldberg.'" [The late Robert C. Ripley might be included—a "Ripley" is a "believe-it-or-not."—Ed.]

I expect this characterization to follow me to my grave and I would like to assure you other "typed" unfortunates that it is really not too bad. Although I have been drawing editorial cartoons for over 20 years with some success (not to making the immodest mention of having won a Pulitzer Prize), when people meet me they expect to see me operating an involved piece of apparatus that causes cigaret butts to disappear in midair before they reach your living room carpet. I just stand there foolishly toying with my bowtie, much to their disappointment. They even resent my looks, which are rather commonplace.

When you are typed you must find your consolation in the fact that they at least know you. They know you amount to something. Those who are not typed have a way of disappearing into the limbo of forgotten stars.

Tex. Better Biz Bureau BB-Guns National Guard On Ticket-Sale Setup

Corpus Christi, Tex.

The National Guard was mobilized here this week to defend itself against the Better Business Bureau and the city solicitation commission.

The city earlier cancelled a permit for the Guard to sell tickets to a benefit magic show. The BBB claimed the Guard was using professional salesmen.

Lt. J. B. Sosebee said he and other Guardsmen were selling by telephone and had sold about 1,000 tickets. Chief Warrent Officer O. D. Kaigler said he received a notice in the mail saying the permit would be cancelled if he did not appear before the group.

The show is to raise funds to equip a \$117,000 armory which the Federal Government will build if the city donates the site. The city has scheduled a meeting with the Guard to iron out the wrangle.

FORWARD'S KMPC SLOT

Hollywood.

New director of programming at KMPC is Robert Forward, named last week by prexy Robert O. Reynolds.

Mark Haas, who's been doubling as programming topper and pub relations chief, will concentrate on the latter chore.

Film Dictionary

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Sleeper: An exhibitor can go far on one; for an exhibitor with his eyes open.

Giant-size films now have such extended running-time, just their trailers need 30 minutes each. One exhibitor is trying to get the trailers for "War and Peace," "10 Commandments," and "Around The World in 80 Days" for a triple feature.

This theatre ad in a Midwest newspaper is reproduced without comment:

"Due to the fact that when home basketball games are played Tuesday nights, our popcorn boy will be in junior high sports, our popcorn girl and cashier will be in the band, the other cashier will be cheer-leading, the projectionist will be on duty as janitor and the remaining cashier wants to see the game—our Tuesday night shows will be discontinued until further notice."

It would be interesting to see how various elements would react if this country were to adopt the British code on tv. It bans commercials except at the beginning and end of a program—and all tv screens in the United Kingdom go dark between 6 p.m. and 7 p.m., to allow the kids to be packed off to bed without using a crowbar.

If such a proposal ever got close to the controversial stage in this country—which it sure won't—what a gorgeous piersizer it would make for parents, teachers, psychiatrists, sponsors, the public-at-large and Madison Avenue!

For a run of "Richard III" in Canada, a local theatre manager arranged that students wishing to see the morning performances at special prices should be given time off from school to do so. He sold more than 2,000 tickets!

Why is it that coffee, in films, is always served black (and cold, too, considering how they take it down in one or two gulps)? Could it be more people would go to the movies if they showed creamed coffee, thus boasting audience-identification?

'Crying Needs' of Motion Picture Industry

Neurasthenic Exhibs

Continued from page 7

displayed their annoyance by snubbing the 1956 conventions of both Allied and TOA. The absence of the film companies was particularly noticeable at TOA's convention at the new N.Y. Coliseum where there were no displays or promotional material.

During 1956, both Allied and TOA attempted to arrange an all-industry meeting with presidents of the film companies, with Allied in particular pitching for such a conclave. However, the film company presidents refused to hold an all-industry meet, declaring that (1) it would be illegal under the antitrust provisions and (2) that they did not think it wise to discuss their company's policy in front of competitors. Most of the company presidents, however, agreed to meet individually with exhibitor leaders.

Allied prexy Rube Shor, however, has continued efforts to arrange an all-industry palaver. He insists that Allied has no intention to discuss trade practices at the sessions but is interested only in a roundtable confab to probe the plight of the industry and what can be done to bring it back to the road to recovery.

The common problems faced by TOA and Allied, although the former represented the large circuits and the latter the small indie theatres, brought the two organizations closer to an amalgamation than ever before. TOA leaders frequently propounded the necessity for one all-encompassing exhibitor organization. But Allied leaders continued wary, feeling that the interests of both groups did not always coincide.

Rivals Cooperating

An important concession, however, was made this year by Allied. Perhaps for the first time it discussed the possibility of a merger. Although Allied's board did not think the time for an amalgamation was propitious, it nevertheless did not slam the door. Instead, it voted to continue cooperation with the rival theatre association and seek out additional common ground on which the two groups can work together.

At present, the relations between Allied and TOA have never been better. Allied's decision to work for complete elimination of the Federal admissions tax which, for the most part, will aid the TOA circuit members; its support for permission for the formerly-affiliated chains to return to production; and its exploration of the possibility of returning to the fold of the Council of Motion Picture Organizations are all signs of Allied's desire to cooperate with TOA.

Despite the schism between distribution and exhibition, the year ended on a note of hope. Efforts are being made to reopen negotiations for the establishment of an arbitration system in accordance with the recommendations of the Senate committee.

TV the Big Issue

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for long years thrived on formula and mediocrity.

But, in a larger sense, tv has had a terribly divisive effect on the film industry. It has accomplished what even divorce could not really accomplish, i.e., a split between Hollywood (in the production sense of the word) and exhibition-distribution. It is simply a fact that, today, with the tv mart looming so importantly and the electronic medium advancing ever further, the basic interests of the Coast and the rest of the industry are not necessarily the same. Old loyalties, which served to preserve unity, have fallen by the wayside to make room for a sharper kind of commercial thinking that knows no tradition and respects none.

And from that very point-of-view, the producers' strong orientation towards tv seems justified. It was Spyros P. Skouras of 20th-Fox who dryly observed this October

that, if it weren't for his company's tv deal (for \$30,000,000), the company would be in the red. And it's Skouras, again, who reasons that he can and must boost his production-release sked for 1957 to close to 60 films so as to build the base for a new library which, in years hence, may again earn his company a fortune.

There is every reason to believe that the sale of the old libraries to tv is just a beginning. For the moment, the studios can make money on tv. But, if subscription-tv is ever introduced, and if it is proven successful, making it economically feasible to use it for new and expensive pictures, the whole situation will change again, and what is now a trickle may well turn into a torrent.

Meanwhile, the oldies on the air are unquestionably chipping away at the potential theatrical audience. A man, already over his head in furniture, kitchen equipment, etc., bought on credit, isn't apt to take his family to the movies very often; particularly not if the mountain is definitely coming to Mohammed. The one real ray of sunshine is the realization that the really good picture, the one "they must see," is still doing sock business. And all indications would point to the hope that it will continue to do so.

Orderly Releasing

Continued from page 7

exhibitor on a local level to do the best job for us? Who has a better relationship with newspapers, radio, television, and local business people than the local exhibitors and local exhibitor organizations? There is no question but that exhibitors have these invaluable relationships but, they have just not realized the potentials. It is our point that every picture entrusted to an exhibitor should receive the full treatment in the tradition of the showmanship upon which our industry was founded and grew to such gigantic proportions. We must go back and revitalize every trick in our showmanship bag of tricks, and we must do this on a local level. This will not only make for a busier boxoffice but will also dem-

onstrate to producers and distributors that we exhibitors are cooperating and sharing the responsibility for all pictures of quality and especially for those released in the so-called "orphan" periods. The busier boxoffice will also go a long way toward convincing distributors of the advantages of an orderly distribution of quality product throughout the year.

Most important for the future of our industry is the need for cooperation rather than the wrangling we have been experiencing among the three segments of our industry—production, distribution, and exhibition. By seeking and finding solutions to our problems together, we can face the future with confidence.

New-Era 'Parks'

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grosses, since this concession opened so recently (August '56), but on an average Saturday night, 6,000 persons are served there.

Corriganville, which is paradoxically the old timer and the baby of the quartet, opened its gates to the public for weekends and holidays only, December 1955. This 2,000-acre ranch near Chatsworth in the San Fernando Valley has been the site of more than 2,700 movie and TV westerns and other productions, including "Man in the Iron Mask," "The Robe," "Son of Robin Hood," "The Virgin Queen" and "Duel in the Sun." It is or has been the stamping ground of numerous series, including Kit Carson, Cisco Kid, Death Valley Days, Buster Crabbe, Annie Oakley, Range Rider, Gene Autry, Wild Bill Hickok, Count of Monte Cristo, Frontier and Wyatt Earp.

Since the ranch was taken over by a group headed by Jack Wrather, a year ago, \$200,000 has been spent on improvements. The average weekend attendance is estimated at 10,000, with admission prices ranging from \$1.50 for adults to 50c for juveniles. Boxoffice figures for various special attractions such as personal appearances of the Lone Ranger, Lassie, Rin-

Tin-Tin and Tonto have topped \$614,000.

Marineland, located on 70 acres between Redondo Beach and San Pedro, is the bellewether of the foursome. Constructed at a cost of \$4 million, this playland which opened August 1954 has paid off the initial investment in full. During the summer months of '56 the gross revenue was \$4 million; and more than 1½ million persons from every state in the Union have visited the place since opening date. Admission rates range from \$2 for adults to 50c for children. Souvenirs, rental motors and skiffs, charter boats, gift shop, snack bar and restaurants, and camera equipment add handsomely to the returns.

Two tanks, laced with more than 350 viewing windows located on three different underground water levels, make up the interior construction of Marineland, and are the home of more than 5,000 marine specimens, including Mexican tropicals, California bat-rays, Amazonian piranhas, dolphins, a seal circus, moray eels, and sharks.

Italy's Dreary

Continued from page 7

tie up with Metro or some other US major on his upcoming projects. In addition, a large number of US pix plan to location in Italy during 1957, meaning added employment and revenue which should contribute to putting the local industry back on its feet.

While trying to solve the poser regarding the invaluable US market, export of Italian product has expanded towards the East, where its UNITALIA promotion agency has done a valuable sales job via film weeks in Japan, India, the Far and Middle East, and Russia and satellites, where a large batch of Italo product was recently sold at a good price.

Can Italy recoup the important position it achieved in the postwar cinema? Most observers here are hesitant, but point out that if current good intentions bear fruit via a tightened, more serious industry situation, Italian filmmaking—with the powerful and generous backing of its protective film legis-

lation—should once more attain its former stability, and this time with a firmer foundation.

Certainly much still remains to be done. The dangerous exhib-distrib split (over debts, cartels, block bookings, etc.) must be patched. The situation of ENIC and CINES, respectively the government-subsidized distribution and production companies, and both chronically in debt to the tune of several billion lire, must be cleared up. Relationship of Roma's labs and the industry, begs a solution, with former clamoring for security in the face of labor problems caused by the switch to color and the currently building Technicolor plant outside Rome. But the principal problem remains one of production, where choice of story, stars, budget, and market (aimed at) must be decided upon and originated before the local situation progresses from its current muddled stage.

'Doll' Dandy 32G, D.C.; 'Help' Hotsy

Washington.

Mainstem pix biz was torrid over the New Year's week, clicking all along the line. Newcomers "Baby Doll," "Seven Wonders of World," and "Girl Can't Help It" were strictly boff at the boxoffice. Holdovers of "Anastasia," "Oklahoma," "Teahouse of August Moon" and "Ten Commandments" are setting the pace for the holdovers. Business continued good during the current stanza.

Estimates for Last Week

Ambassador (SW) (1,490; 90-\$1.25)—"Baby Doll" (WB). Smash \$12,000.

Capitol (Loew) (3,434; 85-\$1.25)—"Anastasia" (20th) (3d wk). Second week was wow \$26,000, bigger than expected.

Columbia (Loew) (1,174; 80-\$1.25)—"Girl Can't Help It" (20th) (3d wk). Well above hopes at socko \$13,000.

Dupont (Lopert) (372; 90-\$1.15)—"Silent World" (Col) (3d wk). Big \$7,000 registered in second round.

Keith's (RKO) (1,859; \$1.25-\$2.75)—"Ten Commandments" (Par) (7th wk). Climbed to sock \$26,000, well above estimate in sixth week with big matinees and extra holiday shows helping.

Metropolitan (SW) (1,490; 90-\$1.25)—"Baby Doll" (WB). Huge \$20,000 for this pic day-dating with the Ambassador.

Palace (Loew) (2,360; 90-\$1.50)—"Teahouse of August Moon" (M-G) (3d wk). Hit wow \$33,000 in second round.

Playhouse (Lopert) (456; 75-\$1.15)—"Written on Wind" (U) (2d wk). Smash \$9,000.

Plaza (T-L) (290; 90-\$1.35)—"Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Indie) (8th wk). Up to \$4,000 for last (7th) week.

Trans-Lux (T-L) (600; 80-\$1.25)—"Zarak" (Col) (2d wk). Nice \$10,000 in first.

Uptown (SW) (1,100; \$1.20-\$2.40)—"Oklahoma" (Magna) (11th wk). Climbed to big \$18,000 in 10th round.

Warner (SW) (1,300; \$1.20-\$2.40)—"Seven Wonders of World" (Cinerama) (2d wk). Smash \$35,000 for opening week, well above hopes and new house record.

Bill Harmon to Helm NBC-TV 'Blondie' Series

Hollywood.

Producer of the Hal Roach Jr. "Blondie" teleseries, to go into the Friday, 8 p.m., time slot on NBC-TV this week (4) will be Bill Harmon. Shooting commenced last week on the Toni-sponsored telefilm series.

Hal Yates has been set as series director, and John L. Greene (who penned the pilot) and teams of Chuck Stewart and Jack Elinson, John Fenton Murray and Elton Packard, and George Beck and Jo Conway are scripting.

From Garrett to Exurbia

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how never lasted beyond midnight, sharp.

The motive of Saxon's perorations and parentheses (no Artist in Uniform demarche, and I make this clear at once. Saxon had that fine anarchy that reviled the seducers and conspirators of the Left), was: The American Soul, and The Myth of the Sacred Ego. Analysis and polemic, here; a nightly surgical study, with the scalpel probing a thousand small veins, in a massive rendering of the patient. Oh, Wilderness, and Oh, Oh, Wasteland—but he, Saxon, would change it! And Tomorrow soon: Ah, Renaissance, Ah, Ah—for this forevermore the *raison d'être* of his fiction. To this his pen, his ratiocinations, his pulse and his gut! Also dedicated of course, the mechanical transmitter of his rage: his old Woodstock typewriter.

I remember creeping home in the cold dawn of many a morning, reluctantly leaving the luminous Stella finally alone to mine host, but convinced that in Saxon I had looked upon a God. And my prayers were that I could find it in myself to Also Serve, in some small obedience, the Grand Design of Joel Saxon.

Since then, alack, the intervening years. The garret is vanished, in some housing obliteration ordered by one Fiorello H. LaGuardia. Vanished, too, is Stella. Without a word or trace, as if she had been a wraith without flesh or figure, a figment of the night and the paper fire, a conjuration of Saxon's. Or perhaps a lust of mine, immaculately conceived, and soon lain immaculately into limbo.

I visited Saxon the other month. November, 1956, the date. Visited, this means to say, the end-Saxon

of my opening paragraphs. He lives in a custom-built house in the suburbs. There's a tree in front of the house. A graceful silver birch that bends like a bamboo fishing pole. In the house, there's a woman, a wife. And one child: a boy of 10 who divides his malice between rollerskates in the living room, and a violin in the music room. The wife is named Stella, oddly enough. Which proves something, or it doesn't, depending on how you think about the Psychology of Man.

A Substantial Stella

A sturdy Stella, this one, fully in the world, and Executive-Secretary of the local PTA. A fine, dependable help-meet, never self-deluded, and a server of large slices of turkey, white-meat, from an inexhaustible deep-freezer.

In the library, I looked for Saxon's wall of books, finding none. There were some books, bestsellers mainly, old and new. Like "The Last Hurrah," "Captain Rebel," "Peyton Place." Books by Fulton Oursler, Frederic Wakeman, and the inevitable Francis Parkinson Keyes. But few in number, happily, set in twos and threes and widely spaced in the handsome built-in shelves. Between the books, standing as fences against too-solid and formidable a pattern, were nice samples of pottery and brass.

I found magazines, an imposing fan-spread of them, on a low oval table with a marble top. The titles of these were popular and informational, with only one of them of somewhat pedantic character. The Atlantic, this last one. The others, as I remember them, were Business Week, Time, The United States Review, Collier's, House Beautiful, and of course, Popular Mechanics. After refreshments, we sat down

for small talk, Saxon and I. Mrs. Saxon, the modern Stella, was off to Scramble next door, and the son and heir was at last asleep. There was brandy, and I refused a cigar. When talk petered out, I remarked about the hour's drive I had to home and bed, and Saxon saw me to my car. We almost forgot to shake hands, but we did.

I drove home, unlike those other long ago times, with a clear head and unspent, with little to mull over and dissect into the dawn and day. The old feeling of crisis I usually took home from Saxon's, was not there. There were no banners aloft, or in the dust. There just were no banners.

There were two things that Saxon had said from behind his cigar, and I remembered them almost a month later. In that empty moment, at a cocktail bar between 5 and 6, while you wait for your lady to arrive. Saxon had asked: Did I think a man was imprudent ploughing all of his available cash into A.T.&T., the single stock? And also: (this with some of the old shout and rage) where did Hollywood come off, saturating the television network with yesterday's garbage? Was it a plot to eliminate the American writer?

Joel Saxon, that's all I know to tell about him. An uncomplicated fellow, decent, easy to like, very easy to be with. Busy in a comfortable world that, like the stories he's best known for, has no more point, and no less point, than Life itself.

Somebody wanting to be snide could say that Saxon read Jean Jacques Rousseau, but obeyed the injunction of Horatio Alger. But let somebody else say it. Not me. I have only a warm, tender regard for Joel Saxon. He's after all, a loving chapter of my youth.

The Adventure Of Freelancing

By **THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW**

My father was a gambler and so was his father before him. Born on the Western border of Arkansas, I was brought up on stories of gun-on-the-table poker games, played for huge stakes, before Indian Territory became Oklahoma. My ancestors, I was led to believe, were good poker players, which meant that they won at least part of the time.

My forebear's business was speculative, too. The wholesale store sold to small stores that paid after the crops came in—if the season was a good one. Sometimes my father accepted bales of cotton instead of cash, which had its own element of speculation. Then my father grew more daring than poker games or bales of cotton. He began gambling in cotton futures, and did so well he began to feel he'd mastered the market game. I needn't tell you what happened. When I was a senior in high school, and already registered at an eastern girl's school, there was one of the periodic market crashes and in two days Papa lost the family fortune. We moved from our large and ugly Victorian house into a small and charming stone and clapboard cottage—though I didn't know until a few years ago, when I visited my home town, that the Victorian house had been hideous and the cottage good looking. My mother's diamonds—rather clumsy "sunbursts" and rings—disappeared, as did my father's horses and my pony; there were no stables back of the cottage. The houseful of rather lazy servants—help was cheap in Arkansas then—disappeared for the most part, and we were down to Pearl, the cook, and Dave, the hired man, a visiting laundress, and a second girl only when my parents "entertained." I was forced to attend the Journalism College at the University of Missouri, which was undoubtedly more fun, because I was boy crazy and the school had co-educational advantages lacking in the school I'd first picked out. And I made one resolution—I would never gamble!

It wasn't until a short time ago, after decades as a freelance writer, that I realized that being a freelance writer is the greatest gamble in the world. It's far more of a gamble than playing poker or the market, for the freelance writer is controlled not only by his own abilities and luck, but by the day's events, by the interests of the moment, and by the temperament of the editors. It's uncertain, it's insecure, it's hazardous, it's speculative—and I love it!

I wouldn't recommend freelance writing to anyone with responsibilities—say a wife and three small children. Outside of that, it seems to me ideal—one of the last really adventurous occupations. A freelance writer can live where he likes—I like New York, with frequent flights to Europe and Arkansas—to find that the old state is getting along very well without me. A freelance writer can meet whom he wants to meet—for if he wants to meet anyone badly enough it is because he senses an interest—a story there. His hours are his own—like Thomas Edison and Bernard Gimbel, whom, alas, I resemble in no other way.

There are, perhaps, certain necessary qualifications for

being a freelance writer. I'm unfortunately not one of the big money boys and girls, though I manage to make both ends meet with a lap-over through the lagniappe of motion pictures, radio and television. One necessary qualification, it seems to me, is curiosity. Not the curiosity of neighborhood prying, but a wanting to look a bit deeper than appears on the surface into anything that seems interesting.

Another qualification which I think is necessary is to like people a great deal—to love people. Otherwise, you'll not be interested enough in them to want to write about them or for them. And, being your own boss, you have to take charge of your own trends.

A freelance writer should have a specialty, too. A sort of anchor, so he can pull up, if he goes out too far. I have a few of these—too many, again, I'm afraid.

I love the theatre. A month after I got to New York I found a job on the then new Dance Magazine, so I could see all the plays and have the joy of giving my opinion of them in print. For the past seven years I've been theatre critic on Gotham Guide, which goes to the patrons of 150 hotels and restaurants—the group, they tell me, which actually spends money going to the theatre, and the mail I get shows me that people follow the advice in my column, which stays out a week, while the daily papers disappear so rapidly a lot of people, especially out-of-town visitors, do not see them.

A freelance writer should learn how to garner material. He—or she—should never go on an interview without finding out all possible facts about the interviewee. And no freelance writer should ever submit an article without thorough background knowledge. Things do get published occasionally without correct facts, but they shouldn't be. One inspired writer on food published a book last year in which roast beef and steak were given as high in carbohydrates, a fact in exact opposition to all of the investigations of physicians, chemists and U. S. Agriculture Dept. reports, all of which agree that beef is almost completely without carbohydrates.

News Sources

Where to go for information? To the Public Library, first of all. To the N. Y. Academy of Medicine for medical or allied information. And to the press agents for personal and factual data. Some press agents, like Richard Maney, are wonderful, brilliant men who give you what you want just the way you want it. Others, like some of the pharmaceutical houses, who are part of a large advertising agency, know nothing of their company's wares. Then go direct to the firm or the person in whom you're interested.

Don't graft! That should be tattooed on a freelance writer's wrist, along with his blood type—if the freelance writer has any blood. I know of freelance writers who have failed, because they took small favors, instead of looking ahead. I don't mean that a freelance writer shouldn't accept Christmas presents, nor that he—or she—shouldn't go to press parties. I used to love 'em and don't go to too many, now, just because I seem to have a better time going other places. I mean he shouldn't follow a system which, I believe, has permeated to television, of taking money or presents for putting a name or a product in a story. That's a pressagent's job!

I can recommend freelance writing. Of course it's a gamble, but, coming to think of it, isn't living?

Reds Peevishness

Gary Stindt's NBC Woes Point Up
Commie Fear of 'Photographs'

If there is anything the Communist countries hate more than a Western newsman it's a Western news cameraman, Gary Stindt, NBC news film chief, in central Europe (headquarters: Berlin) reported in Gotham recently.

Stindt and NBC staff cameraman, Joe Oexle, flew in on the first refugee plane bringing Hungarians to the U. S. There were 50 persons on the plane and the NBC crew interviewed with camera and sound.

"The best way to tell that the cold war is becoming chillier again is the growing Soviet sensitivity to cameramen," Stindt said. "For a while, they gave us a lot of freedom. Now, they're clamping down again." Stindt and Oexle were in Moscow during Gen. Twining's official visit there and came out with exclusive news pix, some lensed in color.

Their most recent assignment was in strife-torn Hungary. Duo went in after the uprising had started and Oexle came out the same day again, with exposed film of the fighting. He had to pass eight rebel and five Soviet checkpoints and for a while bumped along a potato field while the Russian tank, which had forced him off the road, ran parallel, guns threatening.

Cameras can be dangerous for many reasons, said Stindt. For instance, Oexle discovered that they were taking potshots at him in Budapest because his 16m camera looked suspiciously like a machine pistol. He said that the Paris Match photog who was killed in the Hungarian capital probably was shot because someone mistook his long lens on the Leica for a gun.

Oexle scored a beat when he found a Hungarian cameraman who had shot the beginnings of the uprising on 8m film. Footage went on the air in the U. S. over NBC OCT. 31.

News photog profession in Europe still has its problems. However, noted Stindt, "we've educated the Germans, and police over most of Europe now are quite cooperative. In France, they've issued identification badges to news photographers. Its made it harder than before. Now they can pick us out easily."

One of the biggest handicaps to American lensers working for the tv webs on the Continent is transportation. "A lot of good shots are missed simply because we have to make a certain plane," Stindt reported.

Stindt, who has two fulltime cameramen as well as soundmen and stringers working under him, comes from a family with tradition in the newsfilm field. His father covered World War I as one of the first newsreel men. Stindt worked for Paramount News abroad after coming out of the Air Force. He joined NBC in 1948. He and Oexle returned to Europe last week after reporting on the Hungarian situation to RCA board chairman David Sarnoff.

'The Playwright, Not The Play'

[The Television Trek to the West]

By **LEONARD TRAUBE**

It may happen again, of course, but the bigscreen picture-makers are now well past the point where they are depending, at least, in part, on television-born plays for worthwhile product. It has now been proved beyond doubt—until the always-unpredictable next turn of events puts this theory in reverse—that a tv-to-Hollywood dramaticurgical click is actually the exception.

From the large view, there has not been a sufficient number of such crossovers, say over a long-pull five-year period, to risk an all-out judgment.

A Paddy Chayefsky "Marty" and a "Fastest Gun Alive" (ne "The Last Notch")—the former as the No. 1 in the dual video-to-film sweepstakes and Frank D. Gilroy's "Notch" as a sort of b.o. sleeper—are virtually riding alone as key tv-originating standard bearers when the b.o. lists were consulted a few weeks ago; though "The Rack" (Rod Serling) at its coming-out some weeks ago was figured to make it as set against the lower case grosses on his previously released "Patterns."

Chayefsky's "Catered Affair," screenplayed not by him but by "rival" Gore Vidal, hardly set the world on fire, but "Crime in the Streets" (Reginald Rose) might come out ahead. Despite or perhaps because of the fact that "Fearful Decision" (Cyril Hume, Richard Maibaum) was a twice-told tale on tv (as was "Patterns," which may furnish bird-watchers and statisticians with reasons, however specious, for the floppos of such transplanted product), the picture version, uclept "Ransom!," failed to make the dent expected of it. There are a dozen or more scripts in the "video first, Hollywood second" bracket coming up, aside from those too recently sent out on national release to make their marks at the wickets, to make a

b.o. judgment at this point anything but risky.

But click or clinker aside, the Coast's basic yen of late has been to "look over" the playwright rather than his teleplay as ammunition for the cinematic hoppers. There already have been a number of well-known and lesser-knowns who've been recruited for Coastal works to be put out on the green (for money) pastures to whip up adaptations of their own or make with the screenplays on properties held by the studios.

As mentioned, Vidal stepped in on "Catered Affair"; and biggest switch of them all saw George Axelrod of the Broadway marts ("Seven Year Itch," scenarioed by the author but with H'wood vet Billy Wilder as collaborator) whip up the William Inge legiter, "Bus Stop," for the screen replica. The Vidals, the Chayefskys, the Reginald Roses, the Rod Serlings the Robert Alan Aurthurs typify the belles-lettres boys mostly lettered in the tv vineyards—though still young Vidal was a mile-a-minute novelist before he turned to the homescreens for the fast dollar.

As in Genesis, in the beginning their ploddings on the studio lots were largely on the basis of specific self-made television scores (Rose put his best pedal forward with "12 Angry Men"). Discounting the aforementioned and others as the original top echelon emanating from the livingroom medium, a flock of newer Shakespeares are shaping to secure their mastheads out California way. Working quietly on adaptations have been the likes of John Gay, notable in video for his "Devil As a Roaring Lion," Frank Gilroy doubled on tv and film versions of J. P. Marquand's "Sincerely, Willis Wayde" at the behest of the New England bestsellerman himself. Another now feeling the sweetness of H'wood money is Toronto businessman Arthur Hailey, whose teevied

"Flight Into Danger" was one of the more recent smashes on tv, with "Shadow of Suspicion" another commendable effort. His "Time Lock," however, got panned by major critics, a fact which obviously suggests that hot writers undergo a cooling-off period. Still, film-makers see b.o. in it, as reflected in its purchase by Romulus Films of London. "Flight Into Danger" will be celluloided by Hall Bartlett Productions.

The Coast studios are serving as listening posts giving the eye & ear to tv dramatics; that's nothing new. The new phase is that story scouts are not necessarily swept off their hassocks by a teleplay that manages to score. Their prime interest is in the writer of the play, which may be a hit, a miss or a middling. They're looking for penpushers with a sharp ear for dialog and plot, and with the help of heaven they hope to unearth a few with a flair for the most sought after category of them all—comedy, whether or not hyphenated with "romantic," "drama," or "farce."

The play used to be the thing and still is. But with Broadway dramatists long since having trod a steady path to the Coast to work on other than their own brainchildren stemming from the proscenium arch, and with teleplaywrights gearing to catch H'wood's eye for just as equally the thing.

Decries \$50-\$100 Salary Range For Managers of Film Theatres

Boston.

Smith Management Co., operating 25 ozoners and 16 hard tops from the midwest to New England, has inaugurated a security stake program for its managers, believed to be the first comprehensive overall coverage of fringe benefits for personnel of this type.

Richard A. Smith, associated with his father, Philip Smith Management, said "something had to be done to attract new blood to the industry and to give present employees benefits in line with other industries."

He recommended an overall improvement in salaries and benefits for theatre management personnel, and deplored the "condition existing in the industry in respect to lack of new young high-calibre manpower."

"Unless improvement in salaries and benefits is made in the industry," Smith said, "we will fast exhaust our potential for future industry executives in the exhibition field and will be forced to employ as managers, second rate personnel who have already failed in other fields."

"Theatre management industry cannot help but suffer should the job requisites and the calibre of the management in the field continue to be lowered. Improvement in working conditions, benefits, future advancement and security are the answers to attracting new blood."

New policy includes comprehensive insurance, medical and hospitalization plan for all 55 employees, managers, district managers and field executives.

Smith deplored present situation of "50 a week assistant managers and \$100 a week managers."

MINNEAPOLIS

Advance showing of "Teahouse of August Moon" at Gopher theatre here was for Hungarian relief. Indie loop Gopher in Loop here landed "Iron Petticoat" to follow "Teahouse of August Moon."

Earl Fainblit resigned as Paramount booker to move to Los Angeles.

Al Stern, RKO office manager, mourning death of his 78-year-old father.

Warner Bros. exploiteer Don Walker in from K.C. in interest of "Baby Doll."

Exhibition here expected to profit from fact that employment has reached new alltime high here.

Population gains in Minnesota and North and South Dakota considered a favorable factor for exhibition. With an estimated 3,241,000, for example, Minnesota is up 238,517, or 8.7%, over official federal 1950 count.

Because of North Central Allied friendliness toward producer Hal Makelim, United Artists aiming for saturation bookings in territory for his "The Peacemaker."

No First Aid in Theatres

Brookline, Mass.

Editor, VARIETY:

With all their boasted conveniences practically no theatres, legit or film, have first aid facilities and it is a dreadful sight to see as I have on two occasions a stricken man lying on a bare marble floor of the Boston Opera House which at capacity contains 3,300 persons.

As a Red Cross devotee since World War I, I am admittedly acutely conscious of the value of first aid in saving lives. The problem has been kept alive with me because I've had to help wounded or sick veterans under my charge on visits to theatres.

Not so long a young veteran

from the Murphy Army hospital was stricken with appendicitis while attending a performance with a group of patients. Before the ambulance arrived from the hospital he was in great pain on the floor of the men's room with everyone just staring at him. It took at least an hour from the time I phoned till the Government sent the ambulance. Meanwhile the theatre had no facilities whatsoever. That is only one of many such examples.

Surely theatre managements ought to have more heart, more foresight.

Pearl R. Landers.

Sam Zimbalist

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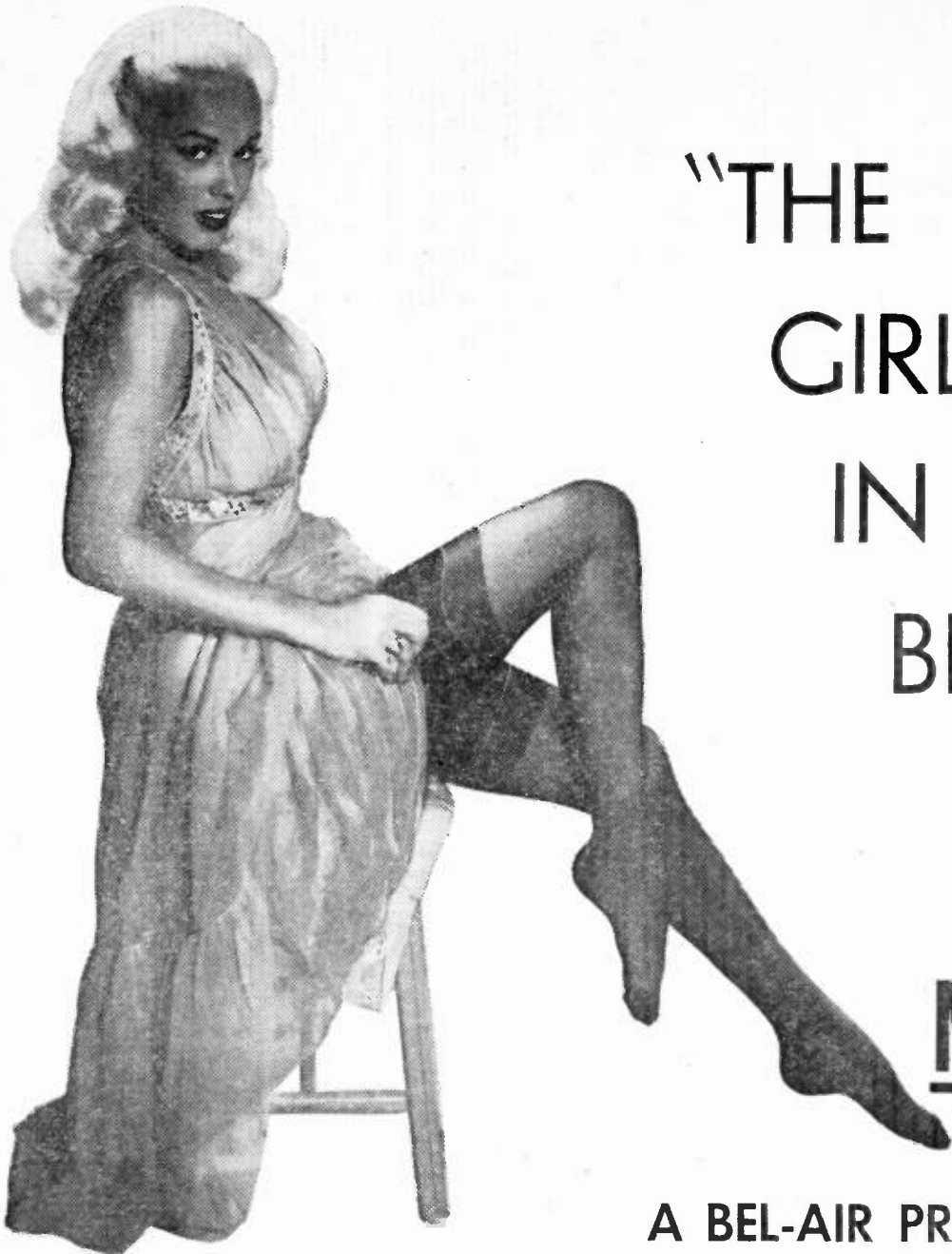
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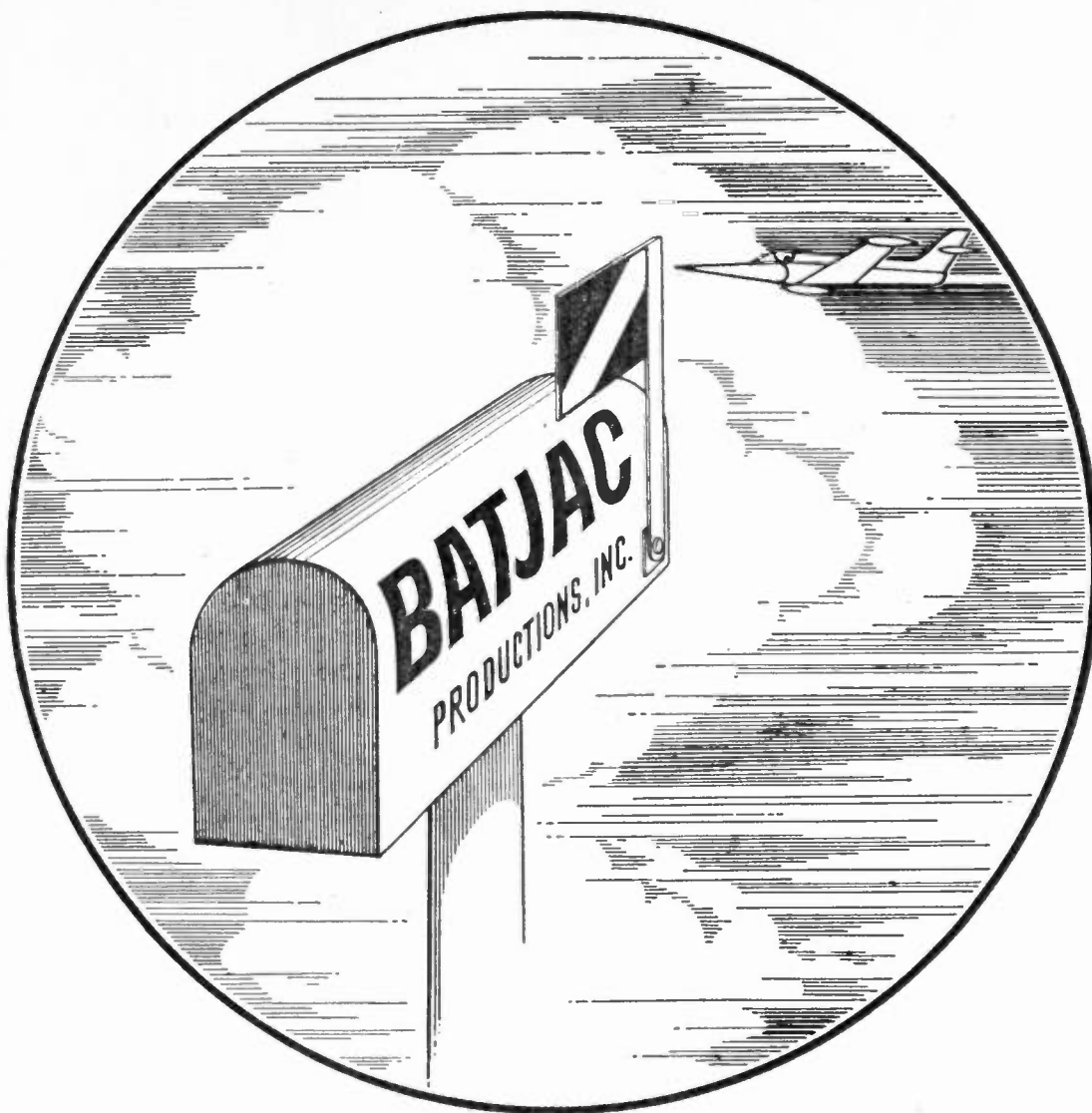
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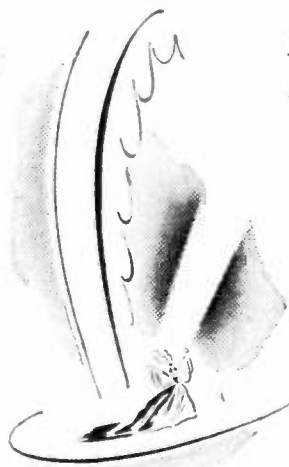
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(written for the screen by JULIE EPSTEIN)

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(written for the screen by JOHN MICHAEL HAYES)

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(written for the screen by PHILLIP YORDAN)

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Classier Films Shine in Lists At Year's End

Upbeat in the popular quality of films released during the second half of 1956 is reflected in some of the "best of the year" polls that come flooding in at year's end.

Most important voting, that of the New York Film Critics, gave the nod to Mike Todd's "Around the World in 80 Days" as the best American picture of 1956. "La Strada" made it as the year's best foreign language film.

General Federation of Women's Clubs selection picked "The Rainmaker" as the winner, followed by "Lust for Life," "Richard III," "The King and I," "Friendly Persuasion," "Moby Dick," "The Ten Commandments," "Around the World in 80 Days," "War and Peace" and "The Solid Gold Cadillac."

New York critics voted John Huston the best director for "Moby Dick," with Elia Kazan ("Baby Doll") running second. Ingrid Bergman was judged the best actress for "Anastasia" and Kirk Douglas for "Lust for Life" the best actor. S. J. Perelman was honored for his script for "80 Days."

Total of 16 critics voted in this 22nd annual poll. Presentation will be made Jan. 19 at Sardi's. The best picture final vote came on the second ballot. Total of five films was nominated — "80 Days," "Giant," "The King and I," "Lust for Life" and "Moby Dick." All also look like hefty grossers at the b.o.

The General Federation named Sir Laurence Olivier as the best actor for his work in "Richard III" and Katharine Hepburn best actress for "Rainmaker." Anthony Quinn got the nod as best supporting actor ("Lust for Life") and Carroll Baker as best supporting actress in "Giant." Ironically, no mention was made of her starring role in "Baby Doll," which earned her many critical kudos. Federation judged Vincente Minnelli best director for "Lust for Life."

Sues on 'Istanbul' Title

Los Angeles. Universal Pictures Corp. is named defendant in a \$450,000 damage suit filed in Federal Court by Kim Inc., over use of the title, "Istanbul." Errol Flynn starrer now awaiting release.

Kim charges infringement of trade name and unfair competition by U. Plaintiff owns distribution rights to another feature bearing same title, starring Virginia Bruce, which it has had in tv release since Oct. 23, 1954. It is now releasing pic theatrically.

Complaint asks for an injunction to prevent distribution of U picture, which was started last January and marks Flynn's return to Hollywood production.

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"THE HOUSE OF NUMBERS"

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'Hollywood Still Tops'—Feldman; Whole Industry Missed TV Boat

Charles K. Feldman, board chairman of the recently merged Famous Artists Associates, taking in Sam Jaffe's agency, along with the Henry Willson and Harold Rose agencies, is a special brand of Hollywood agent in that he has been also a successful independent film producer. He independently produced, with his own money, films like "A Streetcar Named Desire," "7 Year Itch," "The Glass Menagerie," "Red River," "To Have and Have Not" and "The Big Sleep."

Feldman, originally a lawyer (as was the late Ralph H. Blum, when both veered from Blackstone into the 10¢ery business, as the Feldman-Blum Agency), is a quarter-of-a-century vet in Hollywood, but is no Coast defender. He plans setting up a New York arm for television, but that will be separate and apart from Famous Artists Associates, says he, differing from MCA, William Morris, etc., where he stresses, "the manpower now bears down 75-90% of its resources on tv, while FA is still 100% a film production agency."

But the main point he would ac-

cent is the unfair diatribes pointed at the so-called lack of enterprise by the veterans of the film business which "is still the fourth largest industry in America and a yearly gross in excess of \$1,200,000,000 is certainly not to be sneered at."

While Feldman negotiated the provisional sale of 20th-Fox product to National Television Associates, he says that no film production individual should be made the butt of any diatribes for "lack of foresight in re television, because the industry on the whole erred; it's not just this or that individual. Maybe 10 years from now stockholders may have the same gripes against the television managements and their boards for some alleged shortcoming or lack of foresight."

Feldman reveals that the report that Arthur M. Loew had approached him to head up Loew's Inc. is correct but because of his pioneering and origination of the so-called "picture package deal"—wherein he first conceived tying an important stage property together with a star, producer and director—he wants to bear down on that

aspect. This, he feels, is merely an extension of the agency business' true function. And, in turn, it points up his own confidence in the going business that is the picture business.

The fact that Walt Disney could take "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" or Mike Todd ditto with a PD like Jules Verne's "Around the World in 80 Days" proves anew that Hollywood know-how and special savvy can still take hold of a public domain property and make it pay off a huge jackpot.

His concept of tv, as and when he sets up his New York organization, is also along similar "special" lines; specifically, that means not the conventional 30-minute adventure or whodunit series. Because he feels tv important unto itself, FAA will not be permitted to dilute its Hollywood (and other film capital) production endeavors—the video phase will be a separate setup.

As a sideline observer—and negotiator—he concludes, "Fact is that the greatest talent in the theatrical business is still in motion pictures, and the best talent in tv is still eager to get into Hollywood. The motion picture is a permanent record, an artistic achievement and art form entertainment of our times which has gone around the world, and obviously differs from the ephemeral impact of the once-you're-on-then-it's-all-over of a single-shotter on tv, even if repeated in kinescope at some future time."

Feldman, again the industry observer, concedes that habits change just like people do, just as we have gone from the bike to the horse-and-buggy to the automobile to aviation. "And if there's no reason for a matinee playing to 12 people, or if they don't come out late enough in sufficient numbers, then kill the mats and kill that 11 p.m. screening and run the movie theatres to best get the cream audience attendance."

He calls Mike Todd "the motion picture man of the year" with his shrewd casting and—stressing he has nothing to do with "80 Days"—thinks "it can gross up to \$100,000,000. Which again proves my faith in movies, and that there is no ceiling on its potentials—if you've got the right show."

Feldman is an agent whose clients include such producers as Darryl F. Zanuck, Buddy Adler, David O. Selznick, Jerry Wald, Charles Brackett, Ponti De Laurentiis, Sol C. Siegel, the Ephrons, and his talent stable reads like a Hollywood benefit including such personalities as John Wayne, William Holden, Marlene Dietrich, Garbo, Bogart, Susan Hayward, Rock Hudson, Sophia Loren, Lauren Bacall, Donald O'Connor, Charles Boyer, Clifton Webb, James Mason, Van Johnson, Van Heflin, et al.

The Feldman-Jaffe merger gave the allied percentaries an extraordinary manpower corps which frees Feldman for greater fluidity on international pix deals. He is a frequent London-Paris-Rome negotiator.

'Doll' Strong in Philly

Philadelphia. Despite an official ban by the Archdiocese, "Baby Doll" is playing to packed houses at the Viking Theatre, indie first-run. Catholics had been advised by Archbishop John F. O'Hara not to patronize the film.

Archbishop's statement was carried in Catholic Standard & Times, official church publication, and reminded faithful that the film has been condemned by the Legion of Decency and to patronize it would constitute an "occasion of sin."

'SQUAW MAN' BARN GETS PLAQUE AS LANDMARK

Hollywood.

State of California, which down through the years has benefitted immeasurably from the motion picture industry, both tax-wise and through business brought in, finally got around to officially recognizing Hollywood historically by making the barn in which Cecil B. DeMille launched production in Hollywood a landmark.

Dedication ceremonies were held at Paramount studios on the 43d anniversary of the producer-director putting "The Squaw Man" before the cameras. The barn, now a gym on Par lot, originally was located on site of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co., forerunner of Famous Players-Lasky, which in turn became the present Paramount Pictures, and was moved to present site in 1927.

Tremendous strides made in motion pictures during the intervening span were noted by DeMille, during his brief address, when he revealed his first picture cost \$15,450.25, and his latest, "The 10 Commandments," \$13,750,000.

Leo Carrillo, member of the State Park Commission and whose family goes back more than 200 years in California history, made the actual presentation of a bronze plaque designating the barn as "Hollywood's first major film company studio." John Anson Ford, chairman of L. A. County Board of Supervisors, gave the address.

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Season's Greetings

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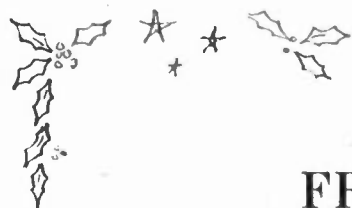
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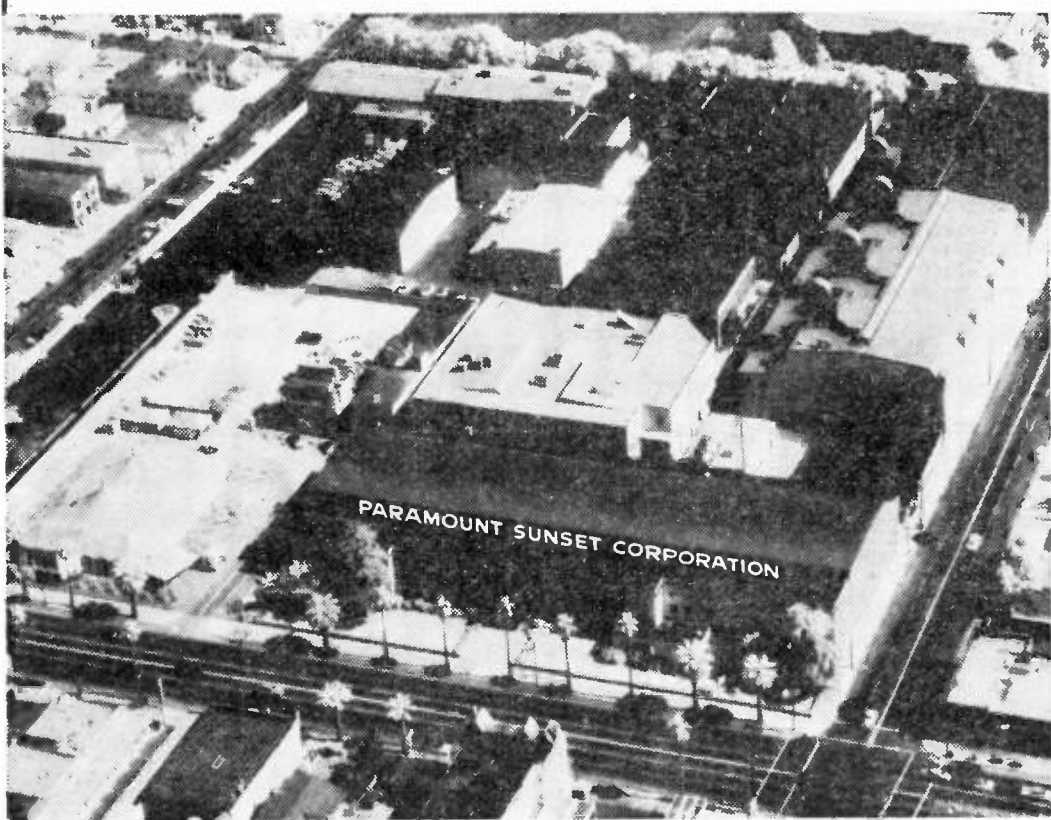
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Season's Greetings



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PARAMOUNT SUNSET CORPORATION



And Speaking of the Good Old Broadcasting Days Did I Ever Tell You About the Time—?

By ROBERT TROUT



Bob Trout

It's not that I really enjoy telling stories about the old days of broadcasting, a quarter of a century ago. It's just that people keep urging me to tell them how it was then. Sig Mickelson, for example, the Vice President in charge of News and Public Affairs. Sig is always eager to hear a anecdote about the good old days. Of course, that may be partly because he has never heard any of mine yet. Something always happens; he is called to the telephone or to a meeting in the conference room. Running a network television and radio news operation does keep Sig busy, but I can tell that he wants to hear about old times. Every time I reluctantly start to reminisce he says, "Merciful Heavens!" in a very friendly way.

Just last week, I was forced to take a backward look while having my hair cut. That was due in part to my barber's habit of standing behind me while he talks. He said: "I saw your picture in a fan magazine, but I don't think they should have printed that—about how you began." I said: "What do you mean?" The barber said: "Well, you know, about how you started in broadcasting as a porter." I said, "Rocco, are you sure, on the line above, there wasn't an 'r-e-hyphen'?"

No, I wasn't required to use the broom and dustpan by the network authorities. But in my first year on the air I did have a number of other experiences, and some of them taught me valuable lessons in the new art of being a broadcaster.

There was the time an inventor came into the station, in Virginia, with an automatic fire extinguisher. He bought time on the air for me to do a sponsored special event. In a garage in Alexandria, while I described the scene for the home audience, the inventor set fire to a bundle of hay. The extinguisher put out the blaze automatically.

It was an exciting broadcast, right through the point at which the fire engines arrived, to try to keep the fire from spreading to the nearby houses. (It was too late to save the garage.) The program was supposed to end with an interview with the inventor: who had sponsored it, but it turned out that while we were on the air he was called out of town.

That taught me that the sponsor is always right but it's best to get him to pay for the program in advance.

I learned another lesson the day the circus came to town and I was sent to interview a midget from the side show, while both of us were riding in the ferris wheel. What nobody stopped to think of was that an essential part of a ferris wheel is the axle, and an essential part of a microphone is the cable, and when the cable wraps around the axle, you're in trouble.

At the critical moment, the midget was holding on to the microphone. As it shot out of the car, he gripped it even more tightly, and I gripped the midget's legs just as the ferris wheel was brought to a stop. The last words spoken on the program were mine, shouted hoarsely, some distance from the microphone, at the midget. I said, "Let go, let the microphone go, let it go!"

That taught me that a newsman should be impartial and objective, and should not try to force his opinion on anyone else; but if you must browbeat someone it's easier to browbeat a midget.

My broadcasting education was continued when New York's Governor, Franklin D. Roosevelt, came through Alexandria on his campaign train. I was sent to the railroad station to broadcast the Democratic candidate's message from the rear platform of his observation car. When the train came into sight round the bend, I got the air

and started to talk, without realizing it was going to be one of the fastest broadcasts on record. The authorities had told me that the train would stop, but they hadn't told the locomotive engineer.

No matter what happens during an election campaign these days, I am fortified against all shocks, because I learned back in 1932 that a political campaign is full of surprises.

After Mr. Roosevelt had been inaugurated, I introduced him to the audience at home, from the White House, a week after Inauguration, at the first Fireside Chat. The President explained why he had closed the nation's banks. He didn't explain what we were to use for money, while they were closed. But the resourceful management of the radio station—by this time removed from Alexandria to Washington—thought of a substitute for money.

Drat Those Banks

A deal was made with the proprietor of a nearby lunch room. Every time one of us on the staff read a commercial for the lunch room, we were eligible for a free meal. The cooking wasn't quite up to the standard of "21" here in New York, but the meals were large. This encouraged us to make our commercials more enthusiastic. And that encouraged the proprietor to make the meals even larger. It was a financial blow when the government re-opened the banks.

I learned from that experience that it's good to be on the air sustaining but not very good.

Now that I have arrived at this stage of senility, perhaps I can be allowed the customary liberty of looking ahead. Not very far ahead. Say, just into the middle of next week.

Nobody asked me, but if anybody had asked, I'd be prepared to answer the question: what do you think the state of broadcast news should be in the near future?

Answer: In my opinion, radio news should be more like television news. And television news should be more like radio news.

The coming of television, and its coverage of news events, showed that people like to see what the event looks like. That's not a new discovery. Since long before the invention of the printing press, when all stories were relayed by word of mouth, reporters have been telling their audiences what things looked like. On radio, when I have been faced with the job of describing into a microphone something happening in front of me—whether it is a political convention or a Mississippi flood—I have always tried to say what shapes I see and what colors, what the smells are and the sounds, and the expressions of peoples' faces and the attitudes of their bodies—which can indicate the emotions they may be feeling. The wrinkles in the pale tan linen coat that Senator Kefauver was wearing; the aroma of frankfurters and popcorn in the Cow Palace; the thrust of Joseph Martin's jaw as he pronounced those two syllables, "Joe Smith."

From the response that I get, now in 1956, from the listeners, after an event like the Conventions, it seems to me that the radio audience is just as enthusiastic now about pictures drawn with words as they were during the Conventions of 1936. So, I believe that all of us who send our words out through radio transmitters should take care to create pictures with words whenever we can. After all, the novelists have been doing it profitably for years.

... And Speaking of Novelists

(Speaking of what the novelists have been doing, where have they been doing their research for the female characters in the novels about television? Before I was half through one of the latest, Robin Moore's "Pitchman," I tore myself away from the book and decided to rush right over to the television studios to ogle the girls. Then I realized I was in the television studios. The only two girls had dropped in while I had been reading. One was a lady audio en-



BILL SHIPLEY

"The Buccaneers" for SYLVANIA
"You Are There" for PRUDENTIAL
"The Big Story" for VICKS
Also "The JONATHAN WINTERS SHOW"

gineer who has two sets of twins at home. And a haggard lady critic just back from a lengthy trip up the Amazon dropped in to ask for a ticket for Phil Baker's show, "The \$64 Question."

When I said that tv news should be more like radio news, I meant it would be nice if television could find the time to put on as much news as radio does. If there were television news programs at frequent intervals, day and night, all over the dial—as there are in radio these days—there would be room then for numerous types of tv news broadcasts, giving the home viewer the chance to choose the kind of news programs that each liked best. More television news programs could provide more variety in tv news programs. And I don't see why variety should not be the spice of tv news... as well as the spice of Life, Time, Newsweek, Look, and Confidential.

However, I don't recommend for tv the kind of remote, special events that I sometimes got involved in back in radio's older days. Like the return of President Roosevelt to the United States, from a vacation in Hawaii. When the White House said the President would like to make a speech to the nation, as he disembarked from a Navy cruiser in Oregon, I was sent across the country to Portland to introduce him.

It turned out to be quite an introduction. I was standing on the wharf, gazing at the cruiser's deck as I talked, looking hopefully for a sign of the President. That is, I was hopeful for the first 15 minutes. But hopelessly by the end of the second 15 minutes. And I became resigned after I had gone on for 45 minutes. It was nearly an hour, something more than 55 minutes, when Mr. Roosevelt came down the gangplank and stood beside me. I said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States," and held the microphone up to his face. The President said: "I'm glad to be back." I said: "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System."

I still seem to be saying it.

Recognition Of Music In Video

By HARRY SOSNIK

I had the honor to be invited to the dinner for the presentations of the Sylvania Awards for 1956 and a point I have been trying to make for some seven years in the various articles I have been asked to write for VARIETY and other publications, for the recognition of the service of music in tv, struck me more forcibly than ever before.

The reception, dinner and the presentations of awards were beautifully handled by Don Mitchell, president of the Sylvania Co. and Don Ameche. There was a minimum of speeches and just enough film clips, when necessary, to make the presentation interesting. As I understand, the affair was almost three hours shorter than the one held the previous year. Awards and citations were deservedly given to the best actors, actresses, directors, writers, comedy series, news reporting, documentary, public service, etc. However with the exception of the "NBC OPERA" which is brilliantly conceived and performed but which after all is a non profit-making public service feature, there was no mention anywhere of anything pertaining to music—in short no-music category

In my 25 years as a comedy writer I've supplied funny lines to such comedians as Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Al Jolson, Milton Berle, Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Martha Raye, Willie Howard, Danny Thomas, Buddy Hackett, Jan Murray, Joey Adams and Al Kelley, Olson & Johnson, Jackie Gleason and others. During that period the Eddie Davis career has spanned some 25,000 jokes—an average of 1,000 jokes a year. Since 1931 these jokes have gone through one depression, two wars, three presidents and have kept all my relatives alive.

So sit back, relax, and remember... The Joke's on Me:

Eddie Cantor was the performer who started me off in the boff-busting business. It was while working for Cantor that I learned that comedy was a serious business—an around-the-clock job accompanied by a steady diet of black coffee and benzedrine. Looking back through the files I uncovered the first gag I ever wrote for the banjo-eyed comedian—a bit of banter between Cantor and announcer Jimmy Wallington:

Wallington: Eddie, are you popular with your radio fans? Did you know that the sponsor received over 25,000 letters telling him how much they enjoyed the program? Just think of it—25,000 letters! May I be the first to congratulate you. (Seizes Cantor's Hand, Pumps It.)

Cantor: Ouch!!
Wallington: What's the matter, Eddie?

Cantor: You write 25,000 letters and see how your hand feels!

Ed Wynn: During his vacation one summer Cantor farmed me out to "The Perfect Fool." Since Wynn's trademark is his silliness, he required material such as the following:

Wynn: I walked out of my house the other day and started crossing the street when I saw a woman driver heading straight toward me. Quick as a flash I ran back into the house, closed the door—ran into the bedroom, closed the door—ran into the closet, closed the door... but she hit me!

Joe Penner: The following broadcasting season I went to work for Joe Penner, the "Wanna Buy A Duck" comedian who never layed an egg. And speaking of eggs...

Straight Man: Hello Joe, how are you? Tell me, did you have a good time over the Easter holiday?

Penner: Yeah. You know, my little nephew came to visit me, and was he a nuisance! I didn't mind when he asked me to hide the Easter eggs, but when he asked me to lay 'em—that was going too far!

Jimmy Durante: This dialog took place between Durante and his popular side kick Garry Moore:

Moore: Jimmy, I haven't seen you around for weeks? Where have you been?

Durante: Had to go to Washington, Garry. The Government

The Joke's On Me

By EDDIE DAVIS

wanted me to balance the budget. They thought if I could pay my taxes through the nose, their troubles would be over. So off I went. The train was jammed. And what happens? I had to share my upper berth with a guy named Joe. It was too crowded up there for both of us to get undressed at the same time, so I comes down, Joe stays up, he takes off his coat. Then Joe comes down, I goes up... I takes off my shoes. I comes down... Joe goes up, he takes off his shirt. Joe comes down... I goes up, I takes off my pants. I comes down... Joe goes up, he puts on his pajamas. Joe comes down... I goes up, I puts on my pajamas. Now we're ready to turn out the lights and go to sleep. What happens...? It's morning! We gotta start all over again!

I comes down, Joe stays up... He takes off his pajamas. Joe comes down... I goes up, I takes off my pajamas. I comes down... Joe goes up, he puts on my pants. Joe comes down... I goes up, I puts on his shirt. I comes down... Joe goes up, he puts on my shoes. Joe comes down... I goes up, I puts on his coat. Now I don't know whether I'm Joe, or Joe is me. It's a case of double indemnity! He gets off at my station and I gets off at his station. His wife runs over to me and throws her arms around my neck. She gives me a kiss and says, "Congratulations, Joe—you're the father of a nine pound baby boy!" What a dilemma!

Broadway Shows

[My first Broadway show was "George White's Scandals," starring Willie & Eugene Howard. In one of the sketches Willie is a child psychologist:]

Willie Howard: Never feed a baby milk before he goes to sleep. Because overnight the milk turns into cheese, the cheese into butter, the butter into fat, the fat into alcohol—and the next thing you know the baby wakes up with a hangover!

(My first book show was "Hold on to Your Hats" which starred Al Jolson and Martha Raye.)

Jolson: Oh, so you won't go out with me, eh? Okay, see if I care! I have all the girls I want. See this little black book? Well, it's loaded with girls' names—all listed in alphabetical order from A to Z.

Raye: Yeah? What's the first girl's name?

Jolson: (Thumbing through book.) Zelda!

Bit from "Follow the Girls," between Jackie Gleason and Gertie Niesen:

Gleason: Oh, baby, I love you. (Rubs her hips) I love you. (Rubs her hips.) I love you. (Rubs her hips.)

Niesen: Brother, this is the first time I've ever been loved and simonized at the same time.

(From "Ankles Aweigh," Lew Parker tries to entice comedienne Betty Keane into dating him:)

Parker: How about going out with me tonight? I promise not to hug you, kiss you or even put my arms around you. I'll act like a perfect gentleman.

Keane: Brother, you just talked yourself out of a helluva date!

I started with Cantor, it's fitting that I end with him. During one of our broadcasts back in '35 we needed a blackout line for the closing sketch. I supplied the line, but Cantor refused it.

"Take it out!" he said. I argued. "Never! It's a masterpiece!"

"Okay," he relented, "We'll keep it in. But I'm warning you—if I lay an egg with that gag, you're going to be in trouble."

I brooded over that line right up to air time. Backstage during the broadcast, my tension mounted. Then, just at the precise moment when he delivered the fatal line, I slipped off my trousers—exposing my long woolen underwear—and marched blithely across the stage behind him.

The studio audience howled!

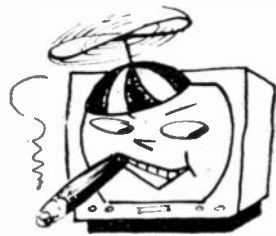
To this day Cantor believes it was the gag that caused the hilarious response. Wait until he reads this!

So there you have it!
They laughed at Fulton!
They laughed at Marconi!
They laughed at Edison!
... I wonder who wrote their material?

THE SHORT, *Frantic* YOUTH of VIDEO

and the cry for PROGRAM LEADERSHIP

By GEORGE ROSEN



Television goes into 1957 in the somewhat embarrassing position of not knowing precisely where it is going or how even to get there. It's an unparalleled situation. For 10 years ago when tv was still in the process of evolving its initial show patterns and formulas and building its economic structure, the video entrepreneurs of '47 had the courage to reach out and try the untried. It wasn't much of a gamble in those days. Television wasn't the billion-dollar revenue-producing industry it is today. The risk was small, and tv had everything to gain, nothing to lose.

But consider the plight of television today. The still-young medium at once the most astounding and fascinating piece of electronic wizardry yet conceived, has in so short a period practically drained off all available avenues of entertainment. It only took 10 years to achieve what radio managed to stretch out to 30—reaching the point of diminishing show biz returns. Within the span of a single decade every known format has been twice-told and tried. The Pat Weavers in the "think big" department and the Milton Berles in the one-man personality arenas have come and gone. A puzzlement, indeed, that finds the spectrum fathers baffled, confused and worried.

So where now? With the dawn of '57 comes a multiplicity of problems and headaches both for the television networks and, in turn, the VHF-blessed station owner—not all the problems, to be sure, of their own making, but nonetheless so complex in character and so designed for harassment as to threaten their continued prosperity. For, make no mistake about it, after 10 years of spiraling income and the kind of wealth never envisioned in radio's brightest day, sponsor restlessness has crept into the picture for perhaps the first time since tv graduated cum laude into big industry.

What, then, are these major problems which, at year's end, provoked so much soul-searching among advertisers, created such fears and apprehensions that boded a possible economic tailspin and in general augured a whole reassessment and revaluation of a medium sorely distressed by its own shortcomings as the "show business in a hurry"?

The Spreading Alarm of Sponsors Over 'No Leadership'

The major problems seemingly are:

(1) More sponsors (than the networks care to admit) are concerned and alarmed over their program entries. If contractual loopholes existed, many would cancel out. The fact that under existing conditions they can't has heightened network-client sensitiveness and has strained relations. The disenchanted sponsor, as such, has become something new to contend with. For a decade the networks slowly but surely took over program control, harnessing all available creative components, setting their sights on specific patterns and goals and in the aggregate acquitting themselves admirably. The sponsor and the television audience were the happier for it. TV prospered as the medium generated an excitement and sparked a brand new type of show business.

Then suddenly the television networks ran scared in the face of Congressional inquisitions and threats of monopoly repercussions and started to yield control of their programming to outsiders. There was—and is—no longer any direction. True, in relinquishing their hold on programs the networks have been justified in coping a plea, for there's no doubt that the Congressional sleuths were out for a kill—and still are. Yet the end result has been somewhat disastrous, for perhaps with the major exception of the CBS-inspired "Playhouse 90" dramatic series, the season's lone hangover from television's pioneering spirit in terms of incepting new and ambitious program concepts, the '56-'57 season must go down as the most uninspired, pedestrian semester thus far. As with the sponsor, the networks are far from happy over the situation, yet paradoxically find themselves straitjacketed by the continuing probing and prowling of the Cellars, the Magnusons and the Brickers. When and where it will end remains a moot point. That Washington will eventually exact its pound of flesh is more or less considered foregone conclusion. The sponsor, with his multi-million dollar program investment, can only hope for a speedy return to network control of shows before complete disillusionment sets and he checks out. It's a sorry dilemma in which "outside programmer" (whose chief contribution has been the half-hour film) emerges as the sole beneficiary.

Dismay of the Advertiser 'Stuck' With Non-Cancellability

(2) Perhaps equally vexing to today's television sponsor, particularly those with a major stake in the 30-minute filmed show (which constitutes the bread-and-butter schedules of all tv networks) is the demise of the traditionally 13-week option pattern. If a client's entry turns out to be a clinker (as so many have this season) there's practically nothing he can do about it because he's committed to a non-cancellable 39-week contract. He has no flexibility in which to move around—unless he buys up the contract. Since the average half-hour show carries an approximate \$40,000 production tab (in excess of \$3,500,000 time-and-program per season) it's going to cost him a cool \$1,000,000 or perhaps more to rid himself of his non-pulling show. The incessant cries from Madison Ave. to "do something about it" are at last reaching alarming proportions. The networks themselves are disturbed. The producers say they can't operate differently—that it's essential to their economic life blood to extract

firm 39-week deals since a minimum of \$1,000,000 is required to deliver 26 half-hour films. It's a sorry formula all around and it's generally conceded that unless some pattern is evolved whereby a sponsor can pay a "premium for flexibility" thus giving some protection to the filmmaker, advertisers will inevitably desert the medium in disgust unless tv itself kicks up its heels and "goes live" again. And since, for better or for worse, film is here to stay (for there's no doubt that certain shows lend themselves more handily to the celluloid treatment), it's a safe conclusion that all the resources of Madison Ave. will be directed in '57 toward finding the right "premium for flexibility." Sponsors, agencies and the networks confess it's the only salvation.

Dilemma of Merchandising Mileage Versus Amusement

(3) Since the half-hour film buy offers the sponsor a summertime bonus, permitting him a 13-week rerun on his series on a practically for-free basis, television is confronted today with a critical problem on talent development. Since program costs come so high, the client, of course, can't be blamed for getting the additional mileage from his program fare (no matter how deep the resentment or disgust of the viewer who, even in the first place, found the initial runoff wanting in entertainment, all of which places television in double jeopardy.) If tv finds itself in the unfortunate and somewhat untenable position of still playing around with old formats, old ideas and old faces, it's for the simple reason that the medium itself has forfeited its right and privilege in developing new talent. Since summertime is "rerun time" with

sponsors committed to year-round network deals, the days of the summer hiatus are over. There is no longer room in which to experiment. All the old and still-existing faces and formats came either out of radio (even "I Love Lucy" was once "My Favorite Husband" on the audio network), or the niteries or films. They've all been drained dry. The alarming and disturbing truth is that, while everyone concedes that the "new faces" must inevitably come out of tv itself, the medium is doing exactly nothing about it.

'Upsetting' Influences Injected By Major Theatre Producers

(4) At a time when "sponsor squawks" are running high, the emergence of the high-voltage feature film libraries (20th, Warner, Metro, RKO, etc.), could well be the one-two punch to bring the networks out of their present-day lethargy. In terms of potential sponsor acceptance for at least the next two years, many of the big tv-conscious advertisers look upon the feature pix product as the "fourth network" as the Colgates, the Levers, the P & G's, etc., eye the zooming local ratings as attractive spot buys. And as more and more of the big client coin is channelled into stations waving the feature film banner, the likelihood of giant-size appropriations being siphoned off network programming looms menacingly and ever-present.

The ball's been tossed to the networks. Just what they'll do about it remains in the area of speculation. It could be the most exciting tv story of the year—again, they could blow it.

Here Comes Mr. Gordon

By ALAN LIPSCOTT

Hollywood.

Poor Ollie Gordon! Like many sensitive to Hollywood writers, his innards were allergic to script conferences. He resented with anger the mutilations inflicted upon his precious epic by the producer, director, sponsor and censor. To Ollie the conference room was an arena, the producer a matador, the script a muleta, and he, the bull to be taunted and bloodletted at every performance. After every session, his psoriasis would be activated and his nervous eyelid would twitch on the double.

On this particular morning Ollie's inside was a Vesuvius. As we strolled to the conference, he kept generating steam as he mumbled recriminations, stacking them like Danny Thomas does so effectively in the "Jack Story."

The moment we entered the office, before Ollie could give vent to his spleen, Mr. P beat him to the punch. He cooed: "I read the script and it's gorgeous. I'm sending it to mimeo without a rewrite."

Ollie's fingers clutched at empty space. Before I could reach him, he plopped to the floor. The studio nurse rushed in with a Miltown, but it was too late. Ollie was deadlier than vaudeville. His heart just couldn't take the switch. His funeral was simple. Everyone connected with the show was there. It was held during lunch hour.

George Jessel delivered the eulogy, and his getaway line was appropriate. He solemnly said, "Somebody up there in a gray flannel robe liked him!"

Ollie and I worked together, on and off, for three years. He sat at the typewriter while I paced. Our writing life was more amiable than most collaborators. We had a common gag file, our wives talked to each other, we were both halva addicts, we shared a common vial of insulin and we both agreed, that of the present crop of comics in tv, Sid Caesar would be the only one remembered 50 years from now.

One particular night, I was wearing out a rug, trying to get a first act finish. Outside the wind was howling an accompaniment to the thunder, the lightning and the rain. It was the kind of a night Agatha Christie could describe so well. Suddenly the lights went out. A damp, cold breeze swept through the room. The chair in front of the typewriter which a moment ago was empty, was now occupied by a gray mass of smog. It was Ollie.

Though I wasn't aware of it, I knew I was humming "Sylvia." Ollie's voice, sounding like it came from an echo chamber, was pleasant and calm. He came to the point pronto. "Listen carefully, because I only have an hour. I came down from up there, during a coffee break and also a break from the fury of Moses. The old boy is in ugly mood because Presley is outgassing 'The Ten Commandments.'"

Ollie continued. "Now, let's get down to cases. The Celestial Broadcasting Co. is making a pilot of 'Topper.' I've been assigned as head writer. I want you to come up and collaborate with me." I broke out in a cold sweat. Ollie purred, "I can manage the heavenly characters, but I need you for the earthoplasmic sequences."

While Ollie waited for an answer, I fumbled for excuses. "Ollie, you flatter me, but I—I—I just can't pick up and leave Earth like that." Ollie started to fidget.

"I—I—I just planted a fig tree and it needs my undivided attention . . . there's a load of re-run coin I haven't started to enjoy yet . . . Oh, yes, and there's those tickets for 'My Fair Lady' I managed to get for three years from now . . ." My voice trailed off as I realized I was talking silly.

Ollie put on the pressure. "It's heaven up there for

writers . . . real heaven. Complete control of material . . . 100% ownership . . . no speculation . . . yacking studio audiences . . . a policing system for re-runs . . . credits never cut for time . . ." I suddenly found myself drooling. ". . . Every show has a sponsor. Paradise Estates will bankroll ours. They subdivide and lease clouds.

"There are so many name writers up there. What do you want with a hack like me?"

Ollie snorted. "Humph, some writers. I'm offered a writer by the name of Milton. I'm thinking its Josefsberg, but it turns out that Milton is his second name. After two hours of pitching, he comes up with this: 'Anon, they move in perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders.'"

"Hardly a line for Henny Youngman," I muttered.

"I sat for three days with a hot team, Aristotle and Plato. Here's their conception of a blackout, 'These are the Fates, daughters of necessity—Lachesis, singing of the past, Clotho of the present, Atropis of the future.'"

I was sympathetic. "Even a laugh track couldn't help that."

The gray mass stifled a titter and continued. "A writer, Victor Hugo, looked promising. But he couldn't write tight. For a story premise, he brings in 1,865 pages. And we're only allowed 43 pages of dialog."

Ollie speeded up his conversation as time was running out. "I'd consider Dostoevsky, but he's down here haunting Marilyn Monroe into playing Grushenko in his 'Brothers Karamazov.'"

I was determined to keep the gab going. "What about Will Shakespeare?"

Ollie shook his smoggy head. "Can't touch him. His head is in the clouds since he started writing for Frank Baxter. He'd rather spend his time in the Brown Halo, a popular restaurant where writers congregate, and make caustic adlibs about people in the trade. He had this to say about a critic, 'He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.' Great, huh?" I nodded.

Ollie suddenly realized I was sparring for time. He pleaded, "Please stop stalling. I'm on the spot. What do you say?"

I, too, was on the spot. I just had to be blunt. "Ollie, I'm sorry, but I just can't work with you. You know what smog does to my eyes, throat and sinuses. And I don't know whether you even have Blue Cross up there. In your state, we're just not compatible." Ollie didn't answer. He was too choked up. He had swallowed a piece of his chin. Without a parting word, he did a quick dissolve.

Ten years passed by. It was Wednesday morning. I knew it was Wednesday because I was reading VARIETY. I turned to the TV Reviews to see what "Goog" had to say about a show of mine that opened over the week-end. I expected the usual—"Material sub-standard . . . of old vintage . . . story unbelievable." The opening paragraph made me tremble. It was a rave. It said, "Any comic can become a hero with this brand of writing. It's fool-proof!" My eyes dimmed. I felt oozy all over, like I had just come out of a swamp. I thumbed the pages until I came to the obituary notices. "Yup, there was my name!" To check on VARIETY, I looked into the mirror. "Yup, I was a gray mass of smog. I made my exit through a closed door and ballooned upwards like a floating klansman. "Ollie, Ollie, wait for me . . ."

How Wrong Can You Be With 100 Million Weekly Home Hours of Viewing?

By **OLIVER TREYZ**
(V.P., ABC-TV Network)

If this article (written circa mid-night Dec. 26-27) shows the defect of too-hurried preparation, let's hope that it may bear some evidence of true year-end perspective of where ABC now is and what lies ahead in the 1957-1958 television season. And if it suffers from the "newness" of one whose second ABC tenure is barely 10 weeks, perhaps the industrywide orientation of my previous post at TvB (after seven years at ABC) will give it an objectivity sometimes absent in a strictly competitive point of view.

ABC-TV enters 1957 with the certainty of powerful forward thrusts.

A new recognition from advertisers.

A large public following.

The combination of these twin and related developments has carried the ABC-TV evening commercial schedule to a Nielsen circulation (as of the latest report for the two weeks ending Nov. 24) of over 100 million weekly home hours of viewing.

While this alltime high in our circulation represents a 28% gain over the 79,000,000 home hours of one year ago, it also means a declining unit cost for our advertisers. The 101,851,000 weekly home hours of evening circulation are now purchased by an advertiser investment (time and talent) of an estimated \$1,985,000. This compares with 79,000,000 weekly home hours at a total advertiser cost of \$1,712,000 one year ago. With circulation rising faster than costs, ABC-TV's cost per thousand homes delivered per evening commercial minute is down, in one year's time, from \$3.60 to \$3.25.

Every move we are now planning is designed to accelerate these basic trends of increasing circulation and declining real costs. This plan now involves every facet and department of our network, with the fullest cooperation and participation of our entire staff. It is a time for doing, for creativity and craftsmanship of the highest order in all areas: new programs, new techniques, new sales patterns, new facilities, new stations.

\$60,000,000 Can Help

These plans will be buttressed by money (whose store has been increased by the new AB-PT \$60,000,000 loan) and our most important asset, people—our present team and new executives such as Program Veepee Jim Aubrey—plus ideas that have been hammered out in thorough discussion among our executives.

The new "Frank Sinatra Show," the new evening program by Walt Disney, and three new programs produced by Warner Bros. indicate

ABC-TV's faster talent and program pace in 1957. In addition, the new availability of the nation's most modern production plant at Warner Bros. offers ABC-TV's independent producers film facilities and unequalled production value opportunities for our other new programs such as "The Californians" and our new musical comedy, "Tin Pan Sally."

These moves can only enhance ABC's competitive position (now No. 2) in the markets where it has equal access to the viewing public. The final Trendex of the year finds ABC-TV leading in 11 Class A half hours versus seven for the next competitor.

But the evaluation of the certainty of ABC's gain (where it has the opportunity to compete) must be tempered with an assessment of the likelihood that Government action in 1957 will broaden the number of competitive markets.

If, and the promise is bright, ABC obtains—by the fall of 1957—equal access to the presently channel-shy markets such as Boston and St. Louis and if the FCC implements its plans for the "development of a nationwide competitive service" by allocating new competitive channels in present restricted markets such as Birmingham, Louisville and New Orleans, then the 1957-1958 season will be entered in the television record book as the year when ABC-TV arrived.

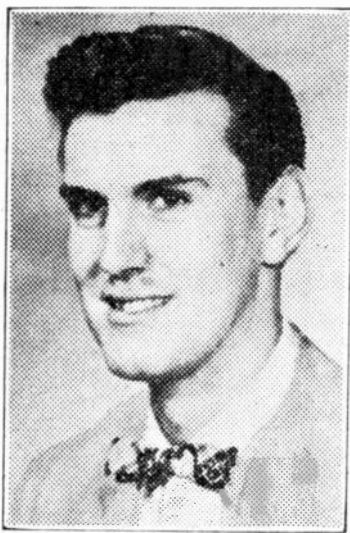
Thus, the ABC-TV Network (with its strengthened financial and program position) will increasingly benefit—in direct proportion to its strides—its advertisers, affiliates, audience (and, alas, its competitors) by providing the entire television industry three network strength.

First Olive Out Of The Bottle

By **Sherwood Schwartz**

An incident has occurred lately in the television industry which has passed seemingly unnoticed. However, I believe this incident may very possibly be setting a new pattern in telecasting. And if this is so, I'm afraid we have a problem on our hands which may assume major proportions.

The incident to which I refer is the naming of the new cigaret by the American Tobacco Co. They call this new cigaret, "Hit Parade." This seems innocent enough on the surface, but if you probe just a bit deeper there is a great significance in this. You see, this is



JIM AYLWARD

"The Ol' Music Club Chairman" sincerely thanks all those who have helped make his first season on WHIL, Boston, Bedford, Mass., a great one.

the first instance in television where the sponsor has named his product after his tv show. Many many tv shows have been named after products, but, I repeat, this is the first time a product has been named after a tv show.

If this were to remain an isolated case, there would be no cause for alarm. But is there anyone who seriously doubts that Chesterfields will soon be out with a new cigaret called, "Dragnets"? Especially since there is such a natural advertising slogan—"Smoke a Dragnet. One Drag will convince you its like smoking a Net!"

And how about Liggett & Myers? They certainly won't be caught flatfooted. Not with a program like, "Gunsmoke." It's just a matter of time now till you walk up to a counter in a drugstore and ask for a pack of "Gunsmokes." And you should smoke them, too. In this busy busy world, "Gunsmokes" help you get the lead out!"

Old Gold cigarettes are in a perfect position. When it comes to something King Size, what better name for a pack than "Jackie Gleasons"? Of course, the tobacco sponsors of "The Big Story" could start selling "The Big Stogies," but that's really not playing fair—changing letters.

And where tobacco treads, can soaps be far behind? I doubt it. Unless this naming-a-product-for-a-program is nipped in the bud, you will soon be scrubbing your blue jeans with My Friend Flicka, and rinsing your unmentionables with Loretta Young.

Even that, my friends, is only the beginning. It's like getting olives out of a bottle. Once that first olive is out, the rest of them pour out faster than you can stop them. In the not too distant future your day may prove to be something like this.

First comes your morning shower with a cake of George Gobel. Or, if you close your eyes, I guess you can scrub with Jane Wyman. Then you brush your teeth with Mickey Mouse, rub Robin Hood in your hair, and massage your scalp with the Wednesday Night Fights. (I am referring to the Mennen sponsor. However, you lusher are free to use Pabst, if you like.)

Next comes a breakfast, with a heaping bowl of Sergeant Prestons, covered, of course, with a half pint of Red Skelton. (The Pet Milk Red Skelton, not the Johnson's Wax, although tastes vary.) If you're still hungry, you can nibble on some Rin Tin Tins. Or you can spread some You Asked for It on the Cisco Kid. For still larger appetites, a slice of People Are Funny, or a hot plateful of Lassie would go well.

Then it's off to work. You hop into your Dinah Shore, leaving Tennessee Ernie for your wife.

And speaking of your wife, she's been having troubles of her own this morning. She's been busy smearing Beat the Clock on her lips, spraying Washington Square on her hair, and pinning Hal March in her curls. Not to mention rubbing Robert Montgomery on her legs, and John Daly under her arms.

It's enough to make a man dissolve an Alfred Hitchcock in half a glass of water.

The question is, what can we do about this? The first sponsor has already let the first olive out of the bottle, and more are sure to flow.

Happily, I have a solution. Relax, sit back, and develop a taste for olives.

On TV Writing & Writers (By One of 'Em)

By **MILTON M. RAISON**

Hollywood.

The other day, I counted up the number of produced television outlines, scripts and rewrites I've done and found they amounted to 120. While this doesn't hold a candle to some of the long-run comedy show writers, and the Larry Kimbles and the Al C. Wards, it still has given me a basis for some realistic reflections on entertainment's newest medium.

It has also gotten me around Hollywood, practically on a bicycle, to meet everyone from producers of 15-minute dramatic skits to hour-long network anthologies, and observe their various foibles, prejudices and jitters. Since I entered television after fairly lengthy careers in the newspaper business, in the theatre, and in screenwriting, I feel I am somewhat competent to judge the impact of television, especially on the writers. I herewith find these facts to be true:

1. The easiest TV dollar for the writer is the Western filmed half-hour show. The producers of this medium will let you work fast, rarely fuss with rewrites (which are terrible time-consumers), pay promptly and, what is most important, pay the best residuals in the TV field, "Ramar of the Jungle" excepted. Parenthetically, I might say that there is no such thing as a "mature" or "adult" Western. This is a phraseology fondly fostered by misguided story editors, agency men and producers. Westerns all wind up in gunplay and chases of one form or another and appeal more to children than to adults, though again, parenthetically, I might add that my six-year-old son prefers "I Married Joan" and Bob Cummings' "Beanblossom" series to Hopalong Cassidy.

Toughest TV Dollar

2. The toughest dollar in TV for the writer is the anthology, particularly the anthology with "arty" overtones. Here, rewriting runs rampant, for not only the story-editor and producer but the agency, the sponsor and the director and the star have a hand in the actual editing of the script. You get a better flat deal, but the money is strung out to the point where you are earning much less than you would on a routine adventure film.

3. The most adjusted persons to TV are the directors and the character actors. The writer, producer and leading man and woman, especially the comedians, find TV a man-killer. The director seems to take it in stride, despite the mandatory two-and-three day schedules on the filmed half-hour show (the backbone of the industry), the matching of stock shots, the direct-

ing of newcomers to TV and other emergencies that would have sent many oldtime directors to Milltowns and ulcer-soothers. The character actor, too, seems well-adjusted, which is probably because the average character actor or actress is used to two and three day stints, and has a basic fatalistic philosophy which is all-important in TV.

That Dubious Pilot

4. The most speculative project in TV is naturally the writing of the pilot. Many producers will give up a percentage of their profits for this script plus a prospectus, but the percentage is about 200-1 against the writer ever collecting anything on that percentage, and about 100-1 against the pilot even being shot.

5. Residuals are not what they are cracked up to be. Syndicated series, which have already had network time, find themselves in competition with about 2,000 full-length commercial pictures sold or leased to TV, many of them of the "A" category. As a result, syndication suffers, and when that lags, residuals lag. Also, owners of Western and adventure series will play the shows they produced prior to the Guild contracts which call for residuals, until the last dollar is extracted from them—and who can blame them? Then, though all motion picture companies with TV subsidiaries and the large independent TV companies are honest, there are enough fly-by-night producers and fringe TV promoters in the business to bring down the total of residuals due actors, directors and writers. Because of the many stations and areas, a thorough policing by the Guilds would be impractical; in fact, would cost more in many cases than the residuals recovered. Also, no one, unless his contract specifically calls for it, gets residuals from the increasing foreign market.

Hucksters Still Rule

6. Few story editors have authority. When a writer tells his ideas to a story editor, in nine cases out of 10 he must go to the producer for an okay, and even then, in eight cases out of 10, the producer must go to the agency or sponsor for a final approval. One of the reasons why stories for TV are so hard to find can be traced to this. If a story editor would be given complete authority to buy at least an outline from a writer, he would get four times the material he gets now, and most of it would be superior fresh ideas, instead of switches on old stories, or the digging-into-the-trunk premises.

7. Though I'll probably be crucified, I think I'll probably be crucified.

(Continued on page 106)



JACK STERLING



JACKSON BECK

ANNOUNCER ACTOR NARRATOR
THE UNITED STATES STEEL HOUR—
THE FBI IN PEACE AND WAR
RADIO TV FILMS
Murray Hill 8-6600

How To Get A Hit

By **HUBBELL ROBINSON JR.**
(Executive V.P., In Charge of Programs,
CBS Television Network)

If you're with me this far believing I have a nostrum for everybody's problems with the Messrs. Trendex and Nielsen, you can quit right now. Were I possessed of such sorcery, I'd be basking in a palazzo far from Madison Ave. handing out the witch's brew in small bundles at gaudy prices!

But there are ingredients common to all big hits. You may not win even with them; you're pretty sure to fall short of the stratosphere without them. The titanic accomplishments are the rewards of those who have courage, daring, faith and a dedication to seeing television lead all the entertainment arts in the excellence of all it does.

One must write whereof one knows to add muscle to the bone of contention.

These elements were present in Arthur Godfrey's emergence as a legend of the entertainment world; in Ed Sullivan's push to the preeminence; in the marrying of Phil Silvers and Nat Hiken to create "Sergeant Bilko"; in the belief that a well conceived and finely executed series of melodramas could contend with and surpass "Dragnet's" massive clutch on the Thursday night audience.

When we sold "I Love Lucy" we were down to our last prospect. And he doubted the competence of a Cuban bandleader to capture the public as the co-star and fictional husband of Lucille Ball.

This writer suggested that since Desi had been playing this part successfully for 10 years he qualified as a logical candidate. The Good Faeries were flying that day. "Lucy" went to the top and stayed there.

The reason does not defy analysis. In addition to skill and talent, Desi Arnaz, as its producer, had daring, imagination and dedication to the belief that it could and must be the best. I can attest to the fact that standard is preserved as jealously today as it was in the fall of 1950.

Nielsen Trips Up Faint Hearts

Pick the great ones. Pick them as diversely as you will—Jack Benny, Ed Murrow, Garry Moore. You will find these ingredients common to them all. Faint heart ne'er won high ratings.

It is this writer's conviction this is the stuff of which television's future hits will be made—the out-size concept, boldly imagined, relentlessly, even stubbornly pursued by men consecrated to achievement which will bring them not only gold but honor in the market-place. These are the essentials television must muster if its total impact is to be distinction not mediocrity. Wise and wonderful Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "Every calling is great if greatly pursued." Let us pursue greatly.

For television is, at long last, postured in the entertainment world to compete with other mediums of entertainment in the financial rewards it offers, in the prestige and stature it can shower on those who use it well. These are resources dearly achieved. They must be dearly guarded. If television fails now to reach the heights that are within reach, to gather to itself and nurture the talents that will bring the big result, its obituary will be sure and shameful.

To guarantee a happy ending those who have its custody as their daily responsibility must respect its capacity for greatness. They must honor those who are fighting the good fight, refuse to close for second-best no matter what the pressures, no matter how severe the temptation to let "pretty good" take over for "great."

We are currently attempting to do just that with "Playhouse 90." This series' agonizing birth pains and its initial success are an almost perfect example of the thesis this piece attempts to document.

It's Nice to Have the Last Laugh

When the concept of a 90-minute dramatic show, once a week, was first advanced, the doubting Thomases, the prophets of doom and disaster set up a howl that echoed from Madison Ave to Romanoff's. The possibilities it offered for bringing the American television home distinguished, satisfying entertainment on a weekly schedule were all but mired in the predictions, elaborate and articulate, of how it could fail.

Fortunately, CBS Television and CBS corporate management were made of sterner stuff. They shared with us the vision of a weekly television theatre whose 90 minutes were adequate to fully mature plot and character in the best tradition of the well-made play. They were full partners in our conviction it must have a budget sufficient to make sets, scenery, cast and creative personnel combine to multiply the viewer's enjoyment of the story. They were as one with us that our cost should be structured to give us writing and properties consonant with our ambition. And, finally, they were not daunted by the size of the undertaking, by the necessity of investing in the preparatory work for a full year prior to the time it could be scheduled or offered to buyers.

They felt as we did the challenge of breaking out a new frontier in television drama, of pushing back horizons, of bringing into millions of American homes a new and rewarding enjoyment, of offering to advertisers a fresh and productive opportunity.

No need here to chronicle the long and bumpy road

... While Down in Argentina

Buenos Aires.

Confusion in Argentine radio is rampant. Government interventors succeed one another in management (or mismanagement) on the three networks in rapid succession, but a return to a good commercial organization seems as distant as ever.

Here's the story in a nutshell:

Just after the September, 1955, Revolution, an electrical engineer with wide broadcasting experience and British training, was sent on a tour of all the country's radio outlets, to determine their technical fitness. He reported all equipment sadly neglected and in the main 20 years out of date. Though he completed his job in a record four months, his report has since languished in some bureaucratic pigeonhole, together with the engineer's bill of travelling expenses, still unpaid after these months.



Hub Robinson

from the August afternoon in '55 when we were given the all-clear signal till the October night in '56 when we debuted. Suffice it to say that if the essentials to a hit I cataloged at the opening had not been working overtime, "Playhouse 90" could have faltered and fallen a dozen times on its way to opening night. Suffice it to say further, that unless this dedication continues fiercely and relentlessly "Playhouse 90" cannot maintain the pace it has set. Fortunately, the flame burns bright in Al Scalpone, Martin Manulis, John Frankenheimer, Ralph Nelson, Vincent Donohue, Arthur Penn and all the others whose stewardship of "90" has been the measure of its success.

No Easy Way Out

I suspect that all the other big ones to come will be just as hard. I suspect it because there is no easy way. There is, in fact, no other way to get a hit. The compromisers, the "sure thing" boys will continue to seek them. Those of us who hold that this medium is the proper place for great endeavors must fight them. To do that we must offer something better. For only by constantly lifting our sights, by sharpening our skills, by unleashing our imagination, by belligerently resisting the "hewers to the line" can the goal be won.

And, certainly, among the vanguard of necessities for making new hits is the crushing need for development time. A year is not a luxury in organizing and preparing a project which is to bear your imprimatur, which is to reach a position of high accomplishment in the view of your audience, your backers and the creative people whose careers your judgments must affect.

A truly worthy creative television work cannot be machine-tooled or assembly-line produced any more than it can in the allied arts. It demands painstaking craftsmanship which only time provides. Preparation time was an integral factor in getting "Playhouse 90" off winging. We are planning now and buying now for the 1957-1958 season to keep it that way.

The producer with mighty dreams will treasure time as one of his most priceless assets, will think and plan far enough in advance to make sure he has it. It is an essential if he is to make those dreams come true.

Seven Lively Arts

That is why we are working a year ahead on "The Seven Lively Arts" which we believe can be further cement in the kind of structure we are trying to pattern; on "In Our Times" a documentary record of our world from the turn of the Century till today, another project in step with the basic concept we are trying to establish as the criterion of all we do. I would define that concept as a continuing and determined effort to bring television's middle up to its best, to constantly advance the benchmark of "best." If that is a task of appalling dimensions it is also one of incalculable excitement, one where the hot throb of achievement is a heady reward.

For reaping those rewards there is no formula despite the efforts of the decimal point pushers to find them. They can tell you what you've got, but not how you got it or how you can get it again. And this is all to the good.

The fruitless paths formulas can tread are dismally evident in the rash of imitations which followed "The \$64,000 Question," the boneyard of situation comedies which had a format and little else. Voltaire, and I wish he were available, labelled this school neatly with "the deadening effect of sustained absorption with a fixed idea." I can only add that in television, the copy-cat doesn't have nine lives.

The next hit to come burgeoning onto your screens will be just that, not because it is 90 minutes in length or 30 or 60, not because it is comedy drama or any one of another dozen types of show, but because it has had breathed into it imagination, daring and a concept of a particular entertainment, informational or educational need it meets more efficiently, more resourcefully, more satisfyingly than its peers. If it fills that prescription, it can prosper mightily.

I suppose we will always have with us that hard core of malcontent who maintain that the advertisers, their agents and the rating services are stifling television's efforts to scale the heights. Short shrift to them.

Without advertisers and the funds they provide, television could never have gathered into the fold the creative talents who are giving it real size and significance. It could never have embarked on the adventures which have pointed the way toward and rewarding accomplishment.

Any careful assessment of American television's assets must peg the support of advertisers high on the list. And certainly their agencies have been aggressive and relentless in developing, nurturing and expanding that support.

If there are times when their mutual addiction to the tried and true is frustrating, when they seem prone to reduce imagination, creative ambition and the impulse to pioneer, to mathematical functions, those are only the laws of this particular jungle. They are as eager for hits as those of us who are trying to provide them. They treasure them as jealously when they happen.

It seems to me the producers have a responsibility for communication in this area. It lies in having an overall understanding of the problems on both sides of the fence that will make it possible to explain, persuade and convince the buyer that there are ventures worth the investment, that the speculation is minimal and the opportunity for outstanding success is large enough to justify whatever risk exists.

There can certainly be no doubt that the rating services and the way they are employed by all whose careers they govern are scarcely conducive to the smooth functioning of anybody's digestive tract; but the old saw about it's sales not ratings that count is only a half-truth.

Ratings, insofar as they can, measure circulation. All things being equal, more circulation means more sales. A big tough man is tougher than a tough little man. And let me remind the wailers that the alternative to ratings is to slide back to the Neolithic days when the sponsor's wife was the arbiter of excellence. I had that. I don't want it again. Nielsen and Trendex are creatures of great beauty by comparison.

And it is heartening to observe that the viewing public largely cherishes and embraces the good, turns away from the shoddy. For the most part, the shows on which the people have voted "Aye" are those entitled to their enthusiasm. Those down in the ruck belong there. I consider it no hardship that we can only offer to America's television homes the best wares our skill, our conscience and our courage can command; that in television's arena the public is Caesar. For men of skill, daring, faith, imagination and dedication Caesar's thumbs will turn up more often they turn down. These men need not fear the ancient salute "Ave Caesar, morituri te salutamus."

Why I Gave Up Crime—And Also My Television Set

By **ARTHUR KOBER**

"We knew the make of the car he was driving. We knew the license number. What we didn't know was who was driving."

"And so the British government hired a beachcomber named China Smith to investigate the gun smuggling. How do I know this? I'm China Smith."

"I saw nothing. I heard nothing. I know nothing. Now get out! Leave me alone!"

"Here they are, every crooked device in the business, every gadget calculated to separate the sucker from his money. One of the gamblers in this room, at whom you are now looking was, in reality, an undercover man for the Government, a vice officer who was instrumental . . ."

"All those dirty places I had to sing in. I was just part of the noise. But I got my own place now, and nobody's gonna take it from me. Nobody!"

"I was in Hong Kong, delivering a satchelful of hush-hush mail when . . ."

"Give yourself up. You'll never get away with it."

"Cookie's no e said she lived at the street of 'The Seven Donkeys.' This I don't get. Why did she send me there? And why did she clobber me and disappear? 'Steve Mitchell,' I said, 'it don't add up.'"

"What'm I to do—keep calm when you accuse me of attempted murder?"

"Nothing has been changed except the name of the city and the identity of the people, to protect their privacy."

"Follow the same procedure, but exercise caution."

"Comrade Sonia, the lady commissar with ice in her veins, wanted you to forget someone was using your car. O.K., you'd forget it—after you put through your call to Steve Daniels of the F.B.I."

"Where does he get his narcotics? What's his source?"

"Each week we bring you a true account of a criminal who stepped beyond the bounds of law and order and was captured. Tonight—the case of the . . ."

"In exchange for this information, I am offering you a chance to hold on to your position, your fame, your name."

"I arrest you inna name a the Crown. Onya fee. Come on, less get goin'."

"Let me understand this. You claim you got access to the apartment through the second story window. You say the motive was robbery. But what I can't understand is how . . ."

"The Doctor's report said Mort had a heart attack. The doctor was mistaken. Mort had a heart like a lion. In my opinion, Mr. Wilson, I think Mort was murdered."

"Code three. Code three. Calling all units. Freeze car headed toward Wells Street. Maintain road blocks. Look for black sedan, license number . . ."

"Aw right, aw right. If you wanna know, I'll tell ya."

"If we ever let that boy appear in court, it will be the end of all our plans."

"Don'tcha see? First chance they get, they'll retire you with a knife in the back. Don't be a fool, Cambrini. Who's behind all this? Who's really the boss?"

"Next week we bring you the fascinating case his ory of how a lie detector was instrumental in solving one of the most baffling crimes that ever . . ."

"I hadda do it, Lieutenant Kirby. Can't you see that?"

"Yare, I see that. But the queshin is, will the jury see. O.K., less get goin'."

"Sheriff, do you think he's the one who killed my brother?"

"The minute you think they're wise to you, you hightail it right outa there. I don't want any dead heroes on my hands. That clear?"

"Goodnight, Mr. Henshaw. Until tomorrow then—if you survive the night."

"You turn me against my country, against my people, against myself. And now you ask me to . . ."

"You're gonna get your wish right now. See this gun?"

"Of all my years on the force, this is the strangest case I ever encountered."

"Alert every custom post on the border. I'll deal with anyone who lets him escape."

"When the coroner and the boys get here, we got a date."

"O.K., drop it. Reach! Now turn around."

"She was lying on the floor, and I talked to her. As long as I could talk to her, I felt she couldn't be dead. I kept saying to her, 'Honey, you all right? You all right?' I don't know how long I kept on talking, staring at the still, lifeless body . . ."

"Don't be silly. Nothing could have happened. You see, I removed the bullets from the gun when his back was turned. You don't think I'd let anybody in his state of mind pull a trigger?"

"We had hopes you might cooperate with the authorities. I'm sorry. But we'll be back—and with a search warrant."

"A couple of motorcycle cops had him pinned down. My partner and I left the office and drove to the valley. 9:45 P.M. 'Joe?' 'Yeah?' 'He's already shot up two guys.' 'Yeah.' 'Joe?' 'Yeah?' 'Don't make it a fourth.'"

A Thesaurus of TV Terms

By **SAM LEVENSON**

DISSOLVE: Sudden disappearance of producer right after the show.

DOLLY BACK: The director's girl friend is in the chorus again.

DOLLY IN: She's in the commercial now.

FLIP CARD: Notice of cancellation.

CREDITS: List of writers who were fired last week.

KINESCOPE: Dream sequence of a live tv show.

BALOP: Sound of sandbag landing on star's head.

GO TO BLACK: Sudden appearance of sponsor at rehearsal.

LONG SHOT: Making an expensive kine.

MOVING SHOT: Producer pleading with sponsor for 13 more weeks.

REMOTE: Possibility of renewal.

PANNING: Review by John Crosby.

SPLIT SCREEN: Two people talking to each other—Facing in opposite directions.

ECHO: Production assistant.

MUSIC UNDER: Where are the musicians?

MUSIC BRIDGE: Musicians are playing cards in cellar.

'It All Depends on What Kind of Funny You Mean'

(Preface To A Hospital Chart)

By MAX LIEBMAN

"What is comedy?" bellowed writer Kowalski belligerently.

"Something funny?" timidly ventured Producer Milliken.

"Your nose is funny—what's that got to do with comedy?" Kowalski brought a heavy fist down on the desk. "It's life—that's what it is. It's all around you. You can hear it—feel it—smell it. You can walk around with a tape recorder and get it from the people."

"We got a funny comic—it would be nice to have a funny script," said Producer Milliken.

"Your worries are over," cried Kowalski. "I'm going out to meet life."

Writer Billig shriveled into the huge arm chair and got lost in the upholstery. He was a mousy little man with sandy hair and watery-green eyes. "Comedy," he said, "is identification. It's when an audience recognizes something. It's an experience that everyone's been through—or they know somebody who's been through it. It's what makes a person say 'That's just like Rudy.' Or he says, 'That's exactly what I did this morning.' That's what it is—identification."

Producer Milliken dreamily doozed on his pad. "It would sure be nice to get him laughs."

Billig's voice dropped to a whisper. "Just let's be identifiable."

"Farce! Farce! Farce! You can't have situation comedy without farce," thundered Writer Ritter. "I've worked for them all. I've been through the whole bit and I tell you, engrave it on your timepiece, embroider it on your underwear, smoke it in your pipe—it's farce!"

"He's a riot," mused Producer Milliken as he eyed the stack of unused scripts on his desk.

"What?" screamed Writer Ritter.

"I was just thinking about our star," said Milliken. "He's a helluva comic."

"He'll be great in farce," stated Ritter emphatically. "Believable characters in unbelievable situations. Unbelievable characters in believable situations. Say, listen to this—heh, heh, heh. Boy, this is funny—heh, heh, heh. A foreign submarine lands on the Empire State Building. And who do you think comes out of the conning tower . . .?"

"If it's not in character, it ain't funny," Writer Parrish breathed heavily on his glasses and wiped them with his soft silk handkerchief. "Get a set of honest characters and you're in."

"Yeh," Producer Milliken nodded.

"You bet," said Parrish. "That's where the flops go wrong—inconsistent motivations, non sequitur allusions, left-field lines, contrivances, coincidences—in other words, no character."

Producer Milliken found a spot on his tie and rubbed it gently. "Just a few yock-yocks," he murmured. "A couple of good bellys."

"What?—what?" whatted Writer Parrish.

"Just dreaming," sighed Producer Milliken.

Writer Mishkin opened his briefcase and produced a manuscript. "Get it mimeoed," he ordered, "and put it in rehearsal. Don't change a syllable."

Producer Milliken hefted the script in the palm of his hand. "Feels funny," he joked. "I'll bet there's a laugh a second."

"What's with the laughs," shouted Mishkin. "Laughs ain't everything."

"I just thought," Producer Milliken offered apologetically, "if it's 'They're nice.'"

"They're nice."

"What about chuckles?"

"Loud ones aren't bad."

"Smiles?"

"Titters?"

"Well—"

"Look, Milliken, a lot of people laugh themselves sick and then say, 'Boy, did that stink.'"

Producer Milliken poked a cou-

ple of aspirin from the bottle and gulped them down. "That kind of gamble I'll take," he said.

"You don't have to," said Mishkin, "just get a script with believability and the laughs will take care of themselves."

"Believability?" asked Milliken.

"What then?" snarled Mishkin, "unbelievability?"

"No, no!—heaven forbid. We got a comedian who likes to hear big laughs, and—" Milliken looked at Mishkin intently, "believability, eh?"

"Gleason, Caesar, Benny, Hope, Gobel, Silvers, Skelton—what've they got?" questioned Writer Eggard.

"Talent!" Producer Milliken knew he couldn't go wrong with that.

"Wrong" screeched Eggard.

"They haven't got talent?"

"Of course they've got talent. So has Glotz, Blatz, Fritz and Blitz—and where are they? What I mean," Writer Eggard closed in on Milliken and leaned over to whisper confidentially, "is personality. That's their stock in trade and we help them sell it."

"We?"

"The writers. We service them with material that brings out their personalities. They got it—we feed it—they conquer. Don't feed 'em all the same—special diet for special personalities—one man's food is another man's poison. True or false?"

"Oh, true," admitted Milliken.

He sat there, staring at his shoes, silent for a while. Then he looked up. "You must admit they got personalities that are funny," he said.

"Don't elaborate, Milliken!" Writer Eggard threw his cigar at the trash basket and missed. "Let's not get complicated! Just sell the personality!"

"You gotta have heart," sang Writer Pelton in a high, clear tenor voice. "They took that phrase and enshrined it in a song. Make it your theme song, Milliken, it'll pay off. Heart, warmth, feeling—forget everything else."

"There was a guy used to come out at the Palace," mused Producer Milliken, "and he stood there and just looked at the audience."

"So what? What the hell has that got to do with it?"

"He was funny," sighed Milliken. "He was real funny."

"I don't write jokes," Writer Finck stated honestly. "I'm not the kid with the clever quips. How many new jokes are there anyway? That audience is way ahead of you."



SAMMY KAYE

Columbia Records—currently
"I'M THROUGH WITH LOVE"
Albums
"WHAT MAKES SAMMY SWING"
"MY FAIR LADY (For DANCING)"
Show Score Just Released
"FOR DANCING"
Sammy Kaye Swings and Sways
BELLS ARE RINGING"

Jokes are second-hand merchandise."

Producer Milliken peered through the open slats of the venetian blind. A wet, grey mist was rolling in from the East. A slow smile began to play around his sensitive mouth.

"I remember a funny joke," he said, turning to the lanky figure sprawled on the couch. "I heard it at a friend's house the other night. An older married man was asked by a younger married man how he kept his marriage a happy one, and—"

"I heard it!" snapped Writer Finck, leaping up. "Look Milliken, if you're after one-liners or stand-up routines get yourself one of the boys with the files. I'm a story man."

"I like a funny story," Producer Milliken confessed.

"Get a story line going and you don't have to worry about funny or not funny. Get 'em on a hook and keep 'em guessing. Papa says it'll come out this way; Mama says it'll come out that way; Junior says—let's not forget the youngsters—it'll come out another way. They'll stay glued to the set to find out."

Producer Milliken glanced through the window again. Outside the mist was thickening into a heavy fog.

"Somebody's gonna use that one about the happy marriage," he predicted wistfully.

"What's all the fuss?" asked Writer Watkins. "You got a comic who's got empathy?"

"I have?" Producer Milliken's eyes popped in amazement.

"Sure. He makes people think they're him. All we do is tailor our scripts accordingly."

"Empathy, you say."

"Yeh, empathy. Whatta matter, didn't you know it?"

"I never forgot it for a minute." (Continued on page 106)

RESPONSIBILITY & RATINGS

By TERRY CLYNE

(V.P. in charge of Radio-TV, McCann-Erickson)

In recent weeks two words seem to be the writing and discussions of most of us in the advertising and television business. These words are "responsibility" and "rating."

Unfortunately, there is a good deal of misunderstanding on the part of many in terms of what these words really mean. There should be not only a clear definition but also more understanding on the part of all to the attendant problems.

Let's take "responsibility" first. An advertising agency is always directly responsible to the client for expenditure of his advertising dollar including television. An agency uses its best judgment in recommending a program to a client and in producing or participating in the production of the program. If this judgment or creative contribution is wrong the penalty falls upon the agency not upon the talent, the director or the network. Agency responsibility is there whether the agency produces the program—whether the agency actively participates in the production of the program—whether it appoints an independent producer or whether the program is purchased with the time from a network.

The situation in television has changed drastically in the last year. A top time franchise no longer insures adequate return for the investment. The show itself must produce the return. Therefore, most agencies are increasingly aware of their responsibilities and of the need for greater agency participation in production and of greater cost control. Some have prepared themselves for this need.

There is no slide rule to the public acceptance of a program idea. Therefore, we are going to a period when an agency must secure as much flexibility as possible for the client. The producer, independent or network, should be willing to share the risk. A 52 week commitment for a program is unrealistic and unfair to the sponsor in most cases. Few justify a long term commitment.

An agency that has the responsibility of purchasing a show should be equipped with the manpower to contribute to the development of the series and should make sure that this professional capacity will be welcome.

When Is a Genius An Intruder?

As an aside—the agency television head is many times treated as a programming genius when he is being solicited to buy a program. However, once he has bought the program he becomes an intruder and regarded as unfit to contribute this very "genius" that made him buy it. This is the major contradiction in the business.

The network in turn has responsibilities to the public and to its stockholders. Aside from public service contributions the network programming objective is simple—have more people like and look at their programs. The network should exercise control to the degree that a program is not only good for a particular time period but is also good for the total programming structure of the network.

In the event that a network sells to an advertiser not only a time period but also a show in that time period—the network has an added responsibility to the sponsor. If the network program is not as successful as anticipated the network should work with the agency and client to substitute another program—regardless of long time commitment on the program.

In short, the agency has the responsibility of attracting circulation—of creating through the program a desirable image for the sponsor—and of selling merchandise. The network (aside from stockholders) has a responsibility to the public of providing good programming—and to the sponsor of providing satisfactory programming if it is a network property.

Now for "rating." The various rating systems should be recognized only as a guide to a program's box office. Most of us have other indices to supplement program ratings to help us conclude whether a program has built up public acceptance. Certainly no one has forwarded a tool better than a rating service to help this conclusion.

The often quoted statement by talent and others that a program should be judged by how much it sells is again unrealistic. The commercials sell the merchandise on a program not the program itself. The program is there to reach as many people as possible.

It seems to be generally overlooked that no 10 people in an agency, in a sponsor's office or in a network all like the same show equally well. Nor do the television reviewers or critics in New York ever agree upon a given property. If you compare the taste of reviewers in New York with reviewers outside of New York—the difference of opinion is more striking. If one-half of the people like a show—the show is doing well, by these people in the business or reviewers or just plain consumers.

What all of us need more than ever is a better understanding of everyone's problem.

P.S. Why doesn't VARIETY pioneer with a rating review of television critics as it does with the Broadway theatre. This would be stimulating and informative.

Television's Coming Of Age

By LEONARD H. GOLDENSON

(President, American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres, Inc.)

1957 is television's transition year. Within the coming 12 months television must begin making its most important moves toward establishing its place as a truly mature mass communications medium in every sense of the word.

The demand for this new mobility is clear. Although the general standard of overall television programming is good according to existing yardsticks, the present scales of measurement themselves require constant reevaluation, particularly if television is to continue the notable yearly improvement so far marking its development. For television must be geared to meet, and even anticipate, the public's more discriminating tastes in entertainment and informational programs.

It is generally agreed that a successful television program must fill three basic requirements. First, it must obviously attract a large audience for each performance. Second, it must sell goods for the sponsor. And third, it must have the power of endurance, over many broadcasting seasons.

These are dynamic, not static, elements. For this reason, television requires the continuing vision necessary for making large investments to create and establish a vast assortment of talents. These not only include new performers, writers, directors, producers, but also new programming techniques, merchandising ideas, promotion methods and sales approaches as well.

The fulfillment of television's promise can best be realized through free competitive forces exerted by the nation's broadcasting networks. In this competitive interplay, the efforts of each network to improve its programming in the last analysis serves to provide the public with access to constantly finer overall television entertainment and public service presentations.

In order to protect and preserve the values of this competitive network structure, they must be made known and defined, not only to the American public, but to the appropriate governmental bodies as well. For if governmental authority and the public's attitude do not stand in support of the economic structure of television network activity, or of the existing patterns of competition, this vital mass communications medium could be adversely affected.

Television's maturity in 1957 will be earned by its ability to act maturely. By improved programming, by its unparalleled ability to sell goods efficiently, and by its public service accomplishments, television will approach its true potential in mass communications.



ED STOKES

Disk Jockey—Announcer—Narrator—MC
Radio—TV—Films
Artists Service—SU 7-5400

IT'S A NICE WAY TO MAKE A LIVING

By CARROLL CARROLL

Hollywood. Fred Elliott called Dan Hendricks into his office, closed the door, collapsed into his big leather chair, leaned back, put his feet on the desk and spat.

This was a syndrome Dan knew well. There was trouble on the Coast. He could hear the roar of Pratt-Whitney engines and felt the vibration of a DC-7. He knew the agency's travel department had already booked space on the mid-night Mercury, and that his usual suite at The Beverly Hills Hotel was, at the moment, being made available for his arrival. He picked up one of the phones on Fred's desk, dialed the number of his apartment on East 74th Street.

"Hello, Deke? Pack for the Coast. I don't know how long. I'll find out. Hold on." He turned to Fred. "How long'll I be there?"

"Where?" asked Fred.

"Oh, come on now. Let's not play games."

"As long as it'll take you to straighten out the Porgy Bestor Show."

Dan turned to the telephone. "About three weeks. We'll have cocktails at home when Flip shows up. Then see that we have our usual table at 21." He hung up.

"What's wrong with the Porgy Bestor Show?" he asked Fred.

"Have you seen it?"

"Sure. But I never liked it."

"Then you're just the guy to fix it."

"What, specifically, is the beef?"

"Client doesn't like the way Porgy's singing, doesn't like the writing, doesn't like that gal singer that Porgy made us buy, Emmalina Todd, doesn't like Ray Filene's band. And says fix it or we lose the account."

"What about the rating?"

"That's what the client doesn't like most."

"Sounds easy. Fix the rating and everything else will be fine."

"You've done it before and you can do it again."

"I'll need the usual help."

"You're getting it just as before." Fred handed him a teletype from the Hollywood office that quoted an item from Army Archerd's column in Daily VARIETY, hinting at trouble on the Porgy Bestor Show. "This is just a start. There'll be more of these by the time you arrive, and, of course, plants in all the usual newspaper columns. Pick up some spending money on the 8th floor as you go out, and the usual five G's will go into your special account at The Bank of America in Beverly Hills."

By 9:15, four agency vice-presidents, two syndicated columnists, and a couple of bigtime tv comics had stopped at Dan's table to admire the cut of Flip's gown and walked away with the information that she was unhappy because Dan was leaving that night for the Coast. In each case, Dan casually dropped the name of Porgy Bestor. He asked the comics if they had any old gags to send Porgy. He asked the columnists if it was "still a thing" between Porgy and that gal-singer Emmalina. Each of the agency Veepees asked "Where's the fire?" And to each Dan said, "No fire. Just a little look-see, work-play, chit-chat confab with the boys on the Coast. May even run over to Vegas to catch Porgy Bestor's act. I hear he's really knocking the crap out of the tables."

By midnight, Dan had said goodbye to Flip at Idlewild, and four agency vice-presidents had wired their Coast offices that Dan Hendricks was coming out to put the arm on The Porgy Bestor Show. Two syndicated columnists had written vague items about Porgy Bestor's tv show being in sponsor trouble. And a couple of bigtime tv comics had phoned Vegas to tell their pal Porgy Bestor that Dan Hendricks was on the way west with a knife in his hand.

Dan picked up the Cadillac convertible that the Hollywood office had spotted for him at the airport, took the short-cut through the back of Culver City, across the southern part of Beverly Hills to Sunset Boulevard, and turned the car over to the hotel doorman who said, "Morning, Mr. Hendricks. Happy to have you back with us." The man was immediately five dollars happier.

—and Someone Named Didi

As Dan signed the register, the clerk handed him a sheaf of messages. Three from Porgy Bestor, two from Don Nutley, head-writer on the show; one from Phil Akely, the producer, one from Jack Hellman and one from someone named Didi.

As the bellman opened the windows, Dan looked down at the pool and dialed the number on the message from Didi. It was a bright, inviting, smog-free morning in early autumn, and there was every indication that by 11:30 a swim would be pleasant.

"Hello. Didi?"

"Dan!"

"How about you come over for breakfast? Later maybe we can take a swim."

"See you. Bye."

At 12:30 Gus at The Derby was saying, "Hello, Mr. Hendricks. When did you get it? Mr. Philips is waiting for you." Mr. Hank Philips was head of the Coast office. The two men shook hands. "I told Porgy there was trouble," Philips said. "I told him there would be. He just can't seem to get with the client, idea-wise."

Dan smiled and looked around the room. Within five minutes everyone who'd left a message for him at the hotel had stopped by the table to say hello. Dan made carefully informal dates with each. One at the hotel. One at Lakeside. One at Mike's place. One at Chasen's. And each one would get absolute assurance that the show was in no danger, an assurance that Dan's presence in Hollywood completely contradicted.

Dan ordered his second double Gibson. Hank Philips was droning on about his problems getting Porgy Bestor to follow the client idea-wise. Things were nicely under control. No sweat. No strain. Cool head main thing. Everything was moving according to an age-old pattern.

After Porgy Bestor had called him enough times, Dan took the call, made a lot of magnificently logical excuses, apologized profusely, and said he'd decided not to wait till Porgy flew into town to do his tv show. He said he

thought he'd have a ball and fly down to Vegas and talk to him. This he did.

But he didn't get on the plane for Vegas before he had convinced the head-writer, the producer and almost everyone else in the complex known as Hollywood that Porgy Bestor was as good as cancelled. Not that Dan ever said anything at all like this. Quite the contrary. But his constant reassurance to every interested party that there was absolutely nothing to worry about threw the fear of God into all of them. They were used to worry. They needed worry. Dan would use the same technique when he met Porgy in Vegas.

Dan would confide in Porgy that his trip to the Coast was just a big swindle, that he, Porgy, should not believe all the rumors that were being printed. But Porgy had been in the business long enough to know how to interpret such comments and activity as Dan's. He'd seen it happen to others. He knew the way the system worked.

When Dan returned from Vegas to his suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel, he called Fred Elliott in New York and told him to look for improvements in The Porgy Bestor Show. "What did you do?" asked Fred.

"Just watch," was all Dan would say.

"Did you fire anyone?" Fred asked.

"Why? Do I ever? They all have contracts. It would just be expensive. See if the client doesn't like this week's show better."

Dan then took off for Palm Springs because Didi phoned that the weather there was just perfect. He didn't even watch The Porgy Bestor Show. But sure enough, the next morning Fred called to say the client was tickled to death. He liked the improvement in Porgy's singing. He liked the new relaxed way Porgy seemed to have. In fact, everything about the show seemed better, including the girl singer and the band.

Dan said, "Didn't I tell you? It'll be even better next week."

Porgy called Dan and asked how he thought the show went. "Great. Just great," Dan told him honestly. Hank Philips told him the same thing because he heard Dan say it. But Porgy was too smart to believe this. Besides, Porgy's agent told him that Dan Hendricks had set up a secret meeting down in Coronado with "Red" Howard, the English comic who'd been so great on the Sullivan Show, and was then flying down to Acapulco to meet "Skitch" Reed, a kid Eddie Cantor found in The Mountains. It didn't take a Dunninger to figure out what this meant.

Porgy Bestor and company promptly decided their notice was definitely up. The whole organization relaxed. As Porgy said, "There's no use knocking ourselves out for a contract that's not going to be renewed. No use trying to please all the people we're trying to please. We have a few shows left, let's get even and do them our way." So they did.

After the third show, Dan Hendricks headed back to New York. The day he arrived, Fred came into his office all smiles. "Just got the renewal on the Porgy Bestor Show," he said. "You did a great job. The client says at last he's got the show he bought. What the hell did you do?"

Dan smiled to beat The Mona Lisa, and kept his mouth shut. Why should he tell people who made his life so happy how little he did for their money? Why should he tell them his own private analysis, going back 10 years, showed that the rating almost invariably went up after a show was cancelled?

Dan had asked himself why this was, and came up with the answer that once the tension was off and the battle seemed lost, once there was no longer a need to worry whether or not the sponsor would like it or not, the writers, the performers and the producer relaxed, did what they thought best, and usually turned out a better show. And in a medium such as tv, where the public is eagerly grateful for any improvement anywhere, there is a very quick reaction to improvement.

The thing that pleased Dan most was not that he'd been successful again, had a nice trip to Hollywood, Vegas, Palm Springs, Coronado and Acapulco, but that within a few weeks something would certainly come unstuck with the Woody Birdman Show and he'd have to do the whole thing over again. It was a nice way to make a living.

Two Years Before the Antenna

(Or Up the Creek Without a Chayefsky)

By NORMAN ANTHONY

Anniversary numbers are always overflowing with tongue-in-cheek articles by highly successful writers, so it seems to me it would be a nice idea to have a foot-in-mouth piece by an unsuccessful one.

Oh, I've sold a few scripts, but my Nielsen is strictly nilsen, and if anyone should drive up in a soundtruck and ask me to what I attribute my great success, I'd say offhand it was a lack of unimagination and irresponsibility.

For example, last year I wrote a telecomedy which struck me so funny that while I was writing it, the neighbors complained they couldn't hear their soap operas on account of my laughter. To cut a 90-minute drama down to a spot announcement, it was called "The Fat of the Land," and it was the harrowing story of a very successful vicepresident of a very successful bus company who was worried about the lethargy, indolence, and just plain laziness of his wife and teenage children who did nothing but sit and look at tv. And just to make the "conflict" more binding, he'd just read an article, entitled "The United Sits of America" by a well known medical authority who prophesied that because people spent so much time on their posteriors, future generations would have bodies that were all backside, no legs, and pinheads with large bulging eyes.

Well, you've guessed it; that night back at the ranch, our poor protagonist had a horrible nightmare, and when he came down to a breakfast of champions the next morning he found his loved ones had turned into tublike monstrosities with rear ends that looked like his busses. In fact, when he entered the diningroom his wife was leaning over a telephone, with her back to him, talking to a neighbor, and when she said, "Yes, dear, I'm all ears!" our hero rushed out of the house without his instant coffee.

When he got to his office and a directors' meeting, all his assembled associates were in the same asymmetric shape, except for his beautiful secretary, Miss Cracker, who supplied the love interest.

Well, sir, the bus company was not only in arrears because their passenger carrying capacity had been greatly reduced; the bottom had dropped out, or rather into the

Persistent Phrases

By A TV Writer

By REGINALD ROSE

When you were four years old I said, "That boy's going to be a writer!" You were all the time sucking a pencil.

I can turn out that stuff. Just tell me this, are you supposed to double-space it?

Listen, you're entitled to have a bomb once in a while.

How's this for an idea? This homosexual kid is accused of being a Communist . . .

This is the one I was telling you about, Celia, my neighbor who's a tv writer. He knows all the stars.

I suppose it's all in having a good agent.

My friend and I are writing a tv play. Boy, what a racket you've got!

I only saw the second half-hour. How'd it begin?

You probably don't remember me, but I think I was in your class in 6B. Frances Callahan? The one who was very tall. Remember? So what's new now that you're famous?

Do they really pay that much for that stuff?

How's this for an idea? This delicatessen is really a bookie joint, run by a very neurotic convicted stripper . . .

We had a lot of people over the house and I tried to watch it, but nobody else wanted to.

I suppose you wouldn't be without your Thesaurus.

You're in tv? Say, maybe you know my brother-in-law. He used to do publicity for the Howdy Doody show.

What is this, like a hobby with you?

How's this for an idea? This scalp specialist has a terrible foot fetish . . .

. . . so they asked me if I'd ask you to write the poem for Aunt Bertha's birthday this year.

We don't have a tv.

I mean, d'you write it all out yourself, or do they just act it out as they go along?

Listen, you want stories call my uncle. He could fill tv with one drawer from his file. He's a podiatrist.

Hey, didn't you write "Marty"?

How's this for an idea? This deaf mute comes up with a sure cure for gum boils, but . . .

My niece is dying to meet you. She writes for her school paper in Flushing.

The only thing wrong with it, I was telling my wife, is where's the motivation for the father?

Did you ever meet Betty Furness?

How's this for an idea? This rich lentil canner has an illegitimate child by the wife of the ex-president of Finland . . .

Do they tell you what to write, or do you make it up? My mother is a big fan of yours. She saw "Patterns" twice.

I saw that thing last night. Why don't you make a musical out of it?

How'd you get into this kind of thing? What'd you take a course or something?

I have a nephew, he's such a talented boy. Fourteen years old and he plays the drums like a regular Krupa. Maybe if you could . . .

How's this for an idea? These triplets . . .

Do you write the commercials or the story?

Boy, I thought you were an old man or something! I can always tell when I'm looking at one of your plays even if I don't see your name. They're all the same . . .

How's this for an idea? This jewel thief swallows a million dollars worth of diamonds and then gets a horrible case of constipation . . .

Who ever thought you were so serious?

Oh, you're the one who wrote that play with Lloyd Bridges. Listen, what'd he really say?

Our sound was out.

How's this for an idea? This unwed mother ends up getting Chairman of the Board of the Birth Control Association . . .

Do they let you in the studio?

I saw your name on the tv last night. Y'now you're a made man?

Do you have anything to say about the acting?

The whole thing was symbolic, right?

How's this for an idea? This very sincere State Senator is sponsoring a bill for legalized abortions, and his own daughter . . .

So tell me, when did you finish your analysis?

You can't kid me. You're just in this thing for the money.

Where does a guy like you get such ideas? I mean you don't just think 'em up, do you?

Do you put in the camera directions?

How's this for an idea? This young nymphomaniac falls in love with a transvestite, and they both turn out to be Russian spys . . .

How does an average guy break into the writing business?

Reginald who?

transportation business, and they faced disaster. At this dramatic point, our hero becomes a hero and tells his assembled associates that the only thing to do is stage a stand-up strike, close up shop and force the public to walk until the seats of the mighty are normal again.

Now comes the big climactic scene: With appropriate background music; say, "The Biggest Aspidistra in the World," all vehicular traffic has ended, but the sidewalks are jammed bumper to bumper with bewildered behemoths, and in trying to escape to the hills and a better life, our hero and his beautiful secretary are trampled underfoot in the mad stampede.

My agent wrote me as follows: Are you nuts? Food and automobiles represent 90% of tv advertising. I wouldn't touch this script with a 10% pole.

Undaunted, bloody but unbowed, I sent the script to several, I thought, discerning democratic producers; I didn't even get printed rejection slips; they were mimeographed. One story editor who shall be nameless, because I don't want to see him jobless, wrote: "Wonderful! But the tv public isn't ready for it yet."

Looking over the Trendex of the Top Ten shows, I can see he has a point, and as I sit here in my modest delicatessen slicing bologna and thinking about Paddy Chayefsky, I feel almost relieved that I haven't a "reportorial ear" as they say he has. He must get terribly bored.

And that gives me a wonderful idea for another fantasy, but I'll save it for next year's Anniversary Number.

Situation Wanted

By LOU DERMAN

Hollywood.

The public tired of situation comedy shows, so the networks abandoned them and replaced them with such Quiz Programs as: "Coroner's Jury" (guess the cause of death) "Guess by Month" (contestants are expectant mothers)



Lou Derman

All to no avail.

The letters began pouring in to the networks.

"We want comedy."

"Make us laugh."

"Brighten our mundane existence with a touch of levity."

The net heads had no recourse. The call was sent out for the old pros to return to the fold, but not one responded. By now every comedy writer in the land had gone straight or had become independently wealthy by marrying high-salaried burlesque queens.

The public's request for situation comedy swelled to a demand and the net heads were going out of their crewcut minds . . . until:

Humor-Vac was discovered.

While a fretting public waited, General Electric and Westinghouse pooled their greatest scientists and commissioned them to create a Mechanical Situation Comedy Writer.

It took six months of intensive work, but finally the job was done.

Humor-Vac was born!

He was a monstrous machine, 60 feet long and 30 feet high and he had 33 million tabulated cards with neat little holes punched in the corners and he had many shiny little buttons with such intriguing names as:

BASIC IDEAS:

1. The new fur coat.
2. The old girl friend.
3. The old boy friend.
4. Inviting the boss to dinner.
5. Forgetting wife's birthday, etc. etc.

OPENING HOOKS

1. The sudden letter.
2. The sudden phone call.
3. The sudden guest, etc. etc.

VISUAL BITS

1. The backfiring paint sprayer.
2. Pie-in-the-face.
3. The funny costume:
 - (a). Hobo
 - (b). Ballet
 - (c). Soldier
 - (d). Sailor
 - (e). Cowboy
 - (f). Skindiver, etc. etc.

Oh, there were hundreds and hundreds of other fascinating buttons, labeled

ANIMAL BITS

FIRST ACT CURTAINS

TWISTS

SURPRISES

And the biggest button of all was called:

WARMTH AND BELIEVABILITY.

On a fateful June night the whole country held its breath as the scientists put *Humor-Vac* to the Big Test.

Could this machine produce a Situation Comedy by itself?

The net head himself wrote the first script of a proposed new series by pressing a few buttons.

Immediately *Humor-Vac* swung into action.

Machinery hummed, colored lights blinked on and off and millions of cards flew around inside the monster. In two seconds flat, the first script slid out of the slot.

Dozens of unemployed Producers, Directors, Comics and TV Camera-men, et al., watched as the net head, with trembling fingers, picked up the script and flipped through the pages.

Suddenly a look of incredulous surprise spread over his plus features.

The pages were all blank!

All except for a little note on the last page, that said:

"I am a Guild Machine. I don't write a joke until you negotiate a contract with H.M.G. 2 V 3 X."

Nobody knew where to find this organization, so a contract was never negotiated. *Humor-Pac* never wrote a line. And Hal March became richer and richer.



HAZEL SCOTT

Congratulations and Season's Greetings

Worth-Staying-Up-For Features on TV Opens Wide Speculation for '57

By MURRAY HOROWITZ

Vingate pix, swollen by the fresh backlogs of Metro, 20th-Fox, Warner, et al, made television history in 1956, bringing in audiences and sponsor coin never commanded by old features on tv of previous years. "Command Decision," "How Green Was My Valley," "Trio," and other pix of similar caliber offered some of the most exciting fare in an otherwise dull, with few notable exceptions, season of tv programming.

What the repercussions will be in 1957 is anybody's guess, but there are more than already-established guideposts to envision the next 12 months.

First, stations plunking down the tall coin for fresh backlogs will not be giving old features the brush they received years ago.

Second, there will be a continued accent on showmanship to kick off new features and to follow through once theatrical programming has established itself on the station.

Third, with good product getting solid ratings, station rates for sponsor participation are being upgraded.

Fourth, the year 1957 will not see any diminishing in theatrical programming, for the supply of first-run on tv product is more than ample for the next 12 months.

Areas Of Speculation

The above are the safe predictions for the oncoming year, but in the following areas of speculation, 1957 should bring some solid answers.

In the area of post-'48 features, current negotiations between producers and talent guilds on residual payments, if consummated in '57, would open the floodgates to a fresh crop of features. Matty Fox is now in the process of clearing about 83 post-'48 RKO features with the guilds for about \$1,185,000 in residual payments.

How long will Paramount and

In New York Call Plaza 3-3300

By GENE KLAVAN & DEE FINCH

The time: 5:30 a.m. any morning Monday through Saturday . . . the Place: New York City . . . there is a stillness in the cool morning air . . . the quiet is broken only by the sound of bags or garbage hitting the sidewalk . . . the city is beginning to awaken . . . and we are part of it. The mailmen beginning to make their rounds . . . the sanitation department is making its morning deliveries . . . the policemen are starting on their early-morning graft run. Very often we meet other chaps who also are on their way to work at the early hour. Many times, while driving across town, we run into Dave Garroway. Many times, because he is an agile man, we miss him. Many mornings we've seen John Gambling. We've urged him to cut it out. One day last winter he leaned out of his car window and in great excitement shouted . . . "Boys, boys, DID YOU GET DAVE GARROWAY!"

Yes, just as our city is beginning to wake, we go to work. Young lovers hurling themselves off the 59th Street Bridge . . . old lovers crying because they don't have the energy to hurl themselves off the 59th Street Bridge. Yes, this is our city . . . Klavan & Finch's city. We eat a small breakfast in Harmon's Restaurant . . . drinking milk or something of that ilk . . . ("Milk Or Something Of That ilk" is up three buttons this week and should break nationwide by Friday) . . . then we go to the studio, and make preparations for our daily four-hour show. The preparation for the show consists primarily of the tedious and exhausting job of selecting the records that we will play that day. This requires not only a keen critical and analytical sense of popular music . . . but also a strong arm. Here's the way it's done. Our producer, Mike Comito hands each of us a stack of 30 or more records. After carefully studying and auditioning each side of each record, we, at a given signal, pick up our stack of records and hurl them at Mike Comito. The ones that hit him . . . we play.

And Remember, No Gratuities

But listen, let's get something straight once and for all. We, as ethical, moral men do not, that's do not, receive gratuities from performers, publishers or record companies. The reason for that is quite obvious. Mike Comito intercepts all of our mail and keeps the money for medical expenses. And we would also like to add that Art Ford, Lonny Starr, and Jerry Marshall, are not the only ones who play "first" on new records. If you recall, we alone were responsible for the phenomenal success of Dennis Day's record of "Lush Life."

I think it should be noted that doing an early-morning show presents certain obstacles to leading a normal social and family life. We have never seen our wives in the daylight. You might ask . . . "Why don't you guys go home at 10 o'clock when you get off the air! You'd be able to see your wives then" . . . And we say to you . . . MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

Other people have asked us what is the essential difference between doing an early show in the morning and doing a show late at night. Well, essentially, the early-morning show is earlier in the day than the other would be and as a result the whole structure and format is earlier! If the two were placed in juxtaposition you would find that essentially they were not at all. As a reference work, consult the book "I HATE FILM" by Jackie Gleason.

This early morning routine has a profound effect on your life, believe us. Four straight hours of records—the other day Finch came home from work and cued-up his kids. Being good kids they played for a half-hour. This made them the only long-playing kids on Long Island. For four years when Klavan leaves the house at 4:30 a.m., his wife has been sleepily asking, "Where are you going?" When he comes home she says, "I heard the show, you didn't go nowhere."

Both of us drive to work in our own cars because with two drivers it's better to have two cars. Also, there is the possibility that one of us may break down on the road. If this happens, Klavan would be able to bring Finch into the station. It wouldn't work the other way around, because Finch never picks up hitch-hikers.

In summing up, we feel there are several points of information that this article may have left uncovered. Permit us, then, to make a few observations about the future of morning radio. First: 1957 will be the year of the auk. Second: in 1957, Radio will defeat tv in hand-to-hand combat on the plains of Madison Avenue. And out of this melee will rise a better day where people will look to the radio in the morning for their records and weather and time signals . . . where people will not say Klavan & Finch? but KLAVAN & FINCH! In New York the number to call will be PLaza 3-3300.

Miles Labs' Mutual Program Pattern Set

Four weekday program series—one brand new to the MBS schedule—and five newscasters provide the broadcast pattern for Miles Laboratories' 39-broadcast-per-week campaign over the Mutual net during 1957.

All the programs involved will be aired under the Miles banner in behalf of five of the firm's nationally distributed products, starting yesterday (Tues.). The regularly scheduled weekday "Queen for a Day," 11:30 to 12 noon; "The Mille Considine Show," 12:15 to 12:30 p.m., and MBS commentator Martin Starr's "Here's Hollywood" features will carry messages, with "Here's Hollywood" presented at new morning time period, 10:25 to 10:30 a.m. The new program is to be "Wonders of the World," presented from 5:45 to 5:50 p.m. each weekday afternoon.

Doing the 19 five-minute newscasts slotted at various intervals throughout the day for Miles will be Harry Hennessy, John Scott, Lyle Van, Ed Pettitt and John Scott.



MIKE WALLACE

Universal—the only two remaining major film companies still clinging to their backlogs—hold out before one or the other succumbs to an offer? Paramount in '56 was dicker-ing in earnest with a group of tv stations, headed by DuMont's WABD. Paramount, incidentally owns a large block of stock in DuMont.

Will the film network, gotten off the ground after months of agonizing effort, established by National Telefilm Associates find itself national sponsors? NTA's Film Network, which calls itself, the fourth tv net, as a spanking baby of a few months failed to attract a national sponsor at the end of '56, although top agencies continue to give the operation "the hard look."

Will the bluechip advertisers follow the lead taken by Colgate in the Los Angeles market, where Colgate plunked down sizable coin for once-a-week sponsorship of the top Metro product? Only Bristol Myers, on the Triangle stations and a few other markets, took the Colgate-pioneered path as '56 drew to a close. Other big national accounts stuck pretty much to the participation formula, retaining their investment in network programming in '56, but new budgets are being drawn for the new year, and the decision on that score, a decision with wide ramifications on the economic structure of network tv, will be taken in '57. Revlon, as the year drew to a close, disclosed plans to ride the feature bandwagon with an outlay of \$3,000,000 for spot buys in 30 markets.

Network Poser

One of the questions of greatest moment to the industry is whether features, aided and abetted by made-for-tv telefilms, will act in the eyes of the public as the same pro-

gram leveler with networked shows, be they "live" or on film, as records now hold in the radio field. Will local tv station operation become a "grind" operation, with the accent on the unreeling of theatricals, as local radio stations now accent the disk spinning deejay? The answer to that question also will bring marked alterations in tv station affiliate relationships with networks, as well as spelling other major dislocations.

That a station wholly dependent on theatricals for programming can find itself inflexible and in trouble was borne out in '56 by WOR-TV, N.Y., the RKO Teleradio flagship which began the fall season by programming about 70% with vintage pix. It took only a few months to find out that telefilm half-hours also were needed, and that theatricals, per se, does not insure an audience when the station across the street—WCBS-TV with its Metro product—is bucking you in the same afternoon time slot with more popular pix.

Probably, the biggest coup of the year was chalked up by CBS which bought the Metro product for its o&o stations, insuring itself of some top theatricals, as well as fending off local station competition in o&o markets, and incidentally, protecting prime time network shows from the competitish of Leo the Lion, in such important markets as New York and Chicago, where the CBS o&o's flourish.

The preceding represents the highpoints of '56 and a look-see into the future, the never-ending rumblings in the tv medium wrought by features, designed for motion picture exhibition theatres, but taken out of vaults and telecast for free at home, to the delight of millions of viewers—at least when "the picture is good."

APPRAISING TV CRITICISM

New Cult: The Credit-Watchers

By MANNIE MANHEIM

Hollywood. According to the results of our recent survey, there is, in this country, a large group of television viewers who are unique in their observation of the medium. Their "uniqueness" is the revelation that this group is more absorbed with the credits at the beginning and the end of most programs than they are with the content of the show itself.

Believing firmly that this cult is as devoted and assiduous to their cause as the members of the Audubon Society who call themselves bird-watchers, we have named this sect credit-watchers—as that's exactly what they are. It's just that simple—they are interested in the people who make the show.

Interviewing the credit-watchers was a highly exciting and provocative task in that we were shocked with the results of our research. As is our custom this time of the year, our little band of intrepid pollsters mingle with our fellow-men to ask them what they think of TV as it progresses—if you have followed our annual reports you'll recall some of our startling discoveries. (See last 10 annuals.)

We came upon a Mrs. Fazio, who started the ball rolling as they say in the business. Mrs. Fazio was quick with her observation of current TV. "The credits are run off too fast. I can't for the life of me follow all those names when they move so lickety split."

"Just why are you interested in these names, Mrs. Fazio?" we asked. "My son is Bruce Fazio, assistant unit manager of (name of show withheld to protect Mr. Fazio) and whenever the program goes on we don't listen to none of it until the end—and that's when we all run into the parlor to see Bruce's name on the screen—but we missed him more times than we saw it—'cause they run the thing so fast. If (name of network withheld) had a heart they'd know than an assistant unit manager has a mother just like everybody else and she wants to see her boy's name on the screen." Mrs. Fazio withdrew, sobbing into a wad of imitation Kleenex.

Well, of course, this set us to thinking. Could there be others who felt the same as Mrs. Fazio or was she a remote case? A strange quirk entered our study of the situation as we found that all credit-watchers were not related to the credits. A Mr. Ferguson was queried by one of our pollsters. "O, I guess you can call me a credit-watcher all right," Mr. Ferguson yawned. "I generally fall asleep through most of the shows and just wake up in time to see who was audio engineer. I don't know why it is—but I always wake up when they're putting up a sign that some bird was audio engineer. I tell you one thing—there are an awful lot of audio engineers in television."

We put a question mark after Mr. Ferguson's name as his testimony would have baffled the Institute of Higher Learning. It certainly had little or no bearing on our research.

But a Miss Chayefsky was more to the point. "I certainly am a credit-watcher. If the show isn't written by my cousin Patty—I just don't watch it." That, we thought, was more to the point.

Next we visited a young man whose father was a graphic arts man for one of the networks. "Explain graphic arts if you will," we asked him. "Well, Pop is sort of a glorified signpainter—I'd say he was the guy who paints all those curlicues and doodabs around the names of the people on the crawl so you can't read their names very clearly." Because this young man was under age, we didn't accept his observation as being relevant. Actually, we didn't agree with him about the graphic arts man doodabbing up the sign plates. We thought the scenic designer did that.

Our last interview with a credit-watcher revealed that a Mrs. T. Randall looks at the Jackie Gleason show each week just to hear the name of the florist who furnishes the floral piece which is held by the female announcer—the one who says, "Away we go." We queried Mrs. Randall as to why this bit of intelligence meant so much to her. "Very simple," she replied, "the florist is my brother-in-law. If you ask me, I get chills up and down my spine every time the announcer mentions my brother-in-law's flowers."

There you have it for 1956. Our survey once more teaches the TV industry the error of its ways. If we were to sum up—we would suggest shorter shows and longer and slower crawls.

Mother Goose in TV-Dom

By ART HENLEY

Sing a song of ratings, a pocketful of digits.
Four-and-twenty admen waiting with the fidgets;
When the book was opened the rating was a giant . . .
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a client?

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How do your earnings grow?"
"Natural ability, backed by humility,
And daddy owns the show!"

Hi diddle diddle, my commercial
Went on camera without rehearsal,
One shot bad, the other was worse,
Hi diddle diddle, my commercial.

Humpty-Dumpty had a big Hooper,
Humpty-Dumpty made a big blooper,
All the show's forces
And all the show's men
(Of which there were many, including but not limited to the producer, the director, the writers, the network officials, the account exec, the agency supervisor, the star, the cast, the prop man and lots of union help)
Couldn't get Humpty back on the road again.

Little Miss Muffet quietly suffer't,
As an actress, she'd not made the grade;
So she took to wear sweaters
And enamored her betters . . .
And now she's the talk of the trade.

Old King Cole was a comic who stole,
Oh a comic who stole was he;
He had the right knack
To make new jokes from ol'
And that's how he got 'em for free!

Little Jack Horner signed in the corner,
"This show will be tops," he said;
An impossible task, oh,
He'd brought a fiasco,
And says now, "I wish I were dead!"

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Whatchoo doin' way up thar
Up above our price so high
Like a diamond for to buy?"

MOST OF IT A LOT OF GOSSIP

By BOB CHANDLER

Are critics necessary? That's an oldie, dating back to Aristophanes and earlier, and no doubt the debate will run well into the future, as long as there are art forms. But the question is of particular pertinence now, in relation to the new and unique television industry.

(Naturally, whenever and wherever the argument has raged, the negative has been represented by the creators, the positive by the critics themselves. While VARIETY indulges in criticism, it can be judged to be objective, since if ever criticism were abolished, its double-in-brass staffers would still be kept busy with straight reporting. We've nothing to lose but some extra work.)

The question of criticism's function in tv has some aspects that override considerations for other art forms or media, however. When a literary critic evaluates a work, the work remains for all to examine. A theatre critic reviews a play that's there for people to see after the review, unless it's such a bomb that it closes the next night. In pre-recording days, a musical work became part of a repertoire or reservoir, so that even if a reader missed a particular concert, he'd catch the work itself at some future date; now of course he can listen anytime to the recording.

In tv, however, it's a case of here tonight, gone tonight. The element of chance pervades and the element of choice is absent. Once a show is aired, it's gone, and a review has meaning only for those viewers who by chance happened to watch the program. The review in large measure doesn't influence choice. There are exceptions, of course, namely a review of a continuing series with the same story line and characters, or a review of a show that's to be repeated at some future date. And in a general sense, a review of a dramatic show guides the viewer in his long-run judgment of the week-to-week quality of the program.

On the other side of the ledger, the critic's contribution to the creative people involved in the area somewhat tritely known as "constructive criticism," television presents similar unique problems. Once a script is produced, it's gone, and any criticism as to script construction, direction or performance goes down the drain in its value to the production people. Again, however, in judging a series, the reviewer can be helpful, and even in dramatic series his viewpoint can have some effect over the long pull.

When Is a Critic?

Assuming therefore that criticism within limited areas is worthwhile, it's an unfortunate state of affairs that what exists today in the field of criticism is strictly lowercase. Today's television critics, in fact, aren't critics at all but are reviewers and or gossipers. There are, of course, exceptions, not only in N. Y. but elsewhere around the country, but generally the tv critics have little knowledge of the field, but even more important, less knowledge of just what their function is.

It's curious, for example, when a New York Times (and it is not alone in this regard), will devote half a column to a one-shot drama, with the review having no bearing on future viewer attitudes or future construction of the show, and on the same page slough off a 39-week show with a paragraph with slim regard to the amount of work that's been put into it. And the Times is but a minor offender.

The low estate of tv criticism goes beyond its lack of direction. Too often, in spite of some writing talent, the critic has no business being one. There's a lack of sympathy for the medium, even a lack of interest. There's the money-hungry or ego-hungry critic who consciously or otherwise trades on his or her position to get employment and the cash that goes with

TV: The Dramatic Image

By ROBERT HERRIDGE

Not long ago, a friend of mine, a director by trade, informed me, at some length, that he would need but one camera to shoot successfully a television play. He would stage the play, set up his camera on a wide lens in an ideal position and then proceed to record the dramatic action unfolding before it. He would eliminate what he called the "distracting repertoire of television shots," the play was the thing; the camera would and should serve as the "seeing eye" of the ideal spectator. The result would be a dramatic image having simplicity, clarity and honesty.

This theatre-oriented theory is not exactly new. In most of the early talking pictures the addition of dialog so disturbed the theories of silent film editing that directors were content to hold on a wide lens for interminable stretches of theatre-staged dialog.

In the early days of television, with certain exceptions, a similar pattern was followed. A set was a construction of walls with the fourth taken out, truck loads of furniture were inserted, the actors were staged from table to chair, from pillar to post and then, finally, on the outside of all this cameras were somehow accommodated. Most of the shooting was from the outside, following, pursuing, as it were, the dramatic action; it communicated facts, information of all kinds; it allowed the viewer to see, for better or worse, the set and the art of the actor.

What is wrong, it seems to me, with this theory, in principle—and one can see many acceptable modifications of it on the television screen at the present time—is that it fails to distinguish between the dramatic form for theatre and the dramatic form for television. Secondly, in terms of the medium, it fails to distinguish between kinds of material. It uses the television camera in a dramatic situation not dramatically but reportorially.

The Perceiving Eye

Simplicity, clarity and honesty are great virtues, but they are achieved in different ways for different kinds of material. A television drama is not the same thing as a panel show or a sports event. The dramatic image—what is seen and how it is seen: the staging of actors, the physical setup, the selection, tempo and pattern of camera images into a continuous whole—is not achieved by using the camera as a reportorial seeing eye but as a controlled, artful, perceiving eye.

I think it can be agreed, that television, while it has and can learn much from other forms, is an art form in its own right. It has its own proper elements, potentialities and limitations; it is capable of speaking out in its own proper language. If this is so, and I believe it is, then, surely it must be continually experiment with that language, basically the language of cameras, the juxtaposition, the expressive pattern of images that in the end become a full and detailed realization of an experience, a truly communicating dramatic image. It must experiment, as any art from must experiment, or become stale, lose the exciting impact of ever fresh, ever more penetrating, ever more fully realized television forms.

The art process is organic. One cannot divorce form and substance. One cannot stage a play and then take pictures of it and call the process organic or complete. A dramatic program begins with the word and ends with images; the story, the script the nature of its dramatic realities, tell us how to proceed in an organic process that eventually results in images on a 21-inch screen. The basic task of the camera is, of course, to tell the story—but to tell it in a way that realizes truly and wholly, with immediacy and intensity, the physical, the psychological, the overall dramatic realities of the script.

All scripts are not equal. If it is a story of substance, complex ideas, emotions, relationships, then more difficult becomes the problem of creating a dramatic image with truth and penetration. The burden on cameras in communicating a complex dramatic reality, is a great one. The temptation is to play it safe, do it as it has been done before, shoot it from the outside—run the usual gamut of wide shots, medium two-shots, close-ups and back to the establishing shot. It is all there, it is clear but actually there is a mechanical divorce between form and substance; the true, the whole story is not getting told. One must, I think, risk going beyond this, attempt through understanding and "expressive visual juxtaposition" to get inside, as it were, the dramatic realities of the script, to penetrate to the heart of the dramatic action. It is not enough to merely allow the viewer to see what is going on. He must, it seems to me, be brought into the unfolding dramatic experience, be made an immediate, active and perceiving participant in the dramatic action.

There are, of course, many other equally valid ways of experimenting with the language of television. The important thing is, that whether it be the expressive use of cameras, the staging of actors, a different look in the physical environment of a dramatic action, experimentation is one of the sources of lifeblood of the medium. There is risk, there are many failures but if one is to succeed, even in small measure, in achieving a language, a dramatic image proper to television as an art form in its own right, he must experiment as he can.

it from video in the form of guest shots or permanent programs. There's the self-fancied humorist who writes a so-called review for which the program under discussion is merely a peg on which to hang a few well-or-badly-turned phrases. And finally, there's the type that has no sense of judgment or taste at all.

Beyond this, there's little or no tv criticism in the broad sense, the criticism which isn't confined to reviewing alone. Occasionally, a Jack Gould or a John Crosby and their counterparts elsewhere will go beyond the confines of a review to once-over the broad scene of television. But there's no basic body of criticism such as is found in the fields of literature, are, theatre, music or any of the other arts.

The academicians, who in large measure fulfill this function in the other arts, are either cranks or carpers when it comes to television. Either they step out of their normal fields to deliver body-blows at the medium without any background of understanding or any attempt to understand, or they carp and cant in a vacuum with

impossible suggestions and improbable solutions. But never any realistic or feasible proposals.

What's to be done? The newspapers, the primary fount of day-to-day criticism, should stop looking at the critical phase of television merely as something they have to produce to meet the competition but as a serious function of their operations. Any newspaper would be up in arms to defend its right to serious theatre or film criticism, but few even pretend to have serious television criticism. Those critics who are serious about doing their job should take a good look at their real functions, to the public and to the industry. They should also think in wider and more reflective terms—not restrict themselves to day-to-day programming but attempt to review the television scene in its broader aspects. As to the academicians, this is more of a job for the industry, a job of enlightenment and public relations designed to demonstrate the industry's unique problems and introduce a little realism and practicality into a potshot, crackpot sphere of ignorance and wishful thinking.

How Packages Beat Do-It-Yourself

[In Programming]

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

During the infancy of the networks, roughly 1927 to 1932, both NBC and CBS "packaged" entertainments and sold them to advertisers. Often enough such entertainments were no more than a concert—the word then favored—by the house orchestra and tenor. Nor was the term "package" employed.

Early network programming carried on in the pattern of the big prestige stations like WTIC, Hartford, which then had 100 musicians. The phonograph association of the early radiophones, the constant static and fading which handicapped dialog, and other tendencies were against drama or comedy. True the storytelling aunts and uncles developed early as did "sketches" as featured by WGY in Schenectady. Both NBC and CBS had connections with the big concert managements and at its inception CBS envisioned getting much of its programming from a contractor, the Judson Program Co.

Despite big money paid a few pioneer air attractions (Moran & Mack got \$7,000) and despite fine classical and a great deal of contemporary dance music, radio shows were cluttered with cheap and tawdry stuff and people and one proclaimed purpose of the early webs was to cleanse the airwaves of their dubious odor. Hillbillies (which were to be re-discovered again and again) were not exactly elevating the tone of the medium and the ozone was foul with quacks and comeons.

Though programs got lip service aplenty too many of the early broadcasters were not showmen. Their backgrounds were in engineering, telephony, magazine advertising or straight con. Staff produced broadcasts were singularly unvaried. Worst of all, was the rapid creation of graft situations, it being no exaggeration to state that some of the early birds learned to take bribes before they learned anything else.

The Days of Girl Friend Sopranos

Repetition of program format, overall mediocrity of the program structuring, the usual forms of favoritism, including girl friend sopranos plus the unmistakable odor of kickback presently evoked howls of protest from the businessmen paying the bills for time and talent. Ad agency execs, always sensitive to the quaver in the sponsor's voice, took up the cry. Upstart houses (in that day) like Young & Rubicam, Cecil, Warwick & Cecil, Blackett-Sample-Hummert and Ruthrauff & Ryan began communicating demands and instructions with an asperity never possible to the little pioneers, circa 1923, like William H. Rankin who bought programs with little control over what they got.

The establishment of popularity ratings in 1929, the opening of the two-way cable to Hollywood in 1932 marked the dawn of the new day. In due course the importance of consumer franchises in time segments transformed the whole advertising industry. Those genteel monsters, Procter & Gamble, Lever Brothers, Colgate-Palmolive-Peet (and others) began lighting bonfires under the well-tailored derrieres of the account executives. Resultantly the ad shops took control away from the networks, and whereas the webs had produced 80% of the shows up to 1932 (approx.) now the 80% was with the agencies.

Frank and Anne Hummert, for example, created a program factory, independent of the networks, to turn out not only daytime serials but economy specials in orchestra-and-tenor. But the topflight comics were, their lawyers, agents and auditors, the true architects of the packages.

The agencies remained top dog for 10 years and more. During this period they drifted toward the "package" because the big Broadway talent ped-

dlers caught wise very fast that when a star was in demand they could also close a deal to include his favorite writers, director and musical conductor.

Once the United States started conscription, the radio departments in the agencies started experiencing manpower shortage since advertising was notoriously a young man's business. Blame the draft, or blame the soft wartime dollars and the growing carelessness about the sponsor getting his full money's worth. There were undoubtedly many reasons. Suffice that into the breach moved the astute flesh brokers, out for a killing. To staff-depleted, appropriations-loaded ad agencies the talent guys offered the painless solution of the "package"—everything included, just add 15% at the top.

When the war was finally over, there was no return to normalcy. Those admen who had male reputations with zingy radio showmanship were dispersed or ulcerous, sometimes part owners of the business. Probably the one important challenge to the dominance of the big Broadway talent brokers came from Bill Paley at CBS. He came back from the wars full of ambition to control and showcase his own programs, to shine in the competition for fresh material.

Projecting CBS as a creative force, Paley assembled an extensive staff. As one detail he ultimately had a program writing division of five editors and 10 staff writers, bigger than any network had ever employed. He introduced the first "supervisor" system, loosely modelled on Hollywood studio practice.

Paley attempted to turn the clock back to before 1932 and to regain for a network the program leadership which, on the whole, had been briefly held and indifferently managed. His campaign was to cost Paley millions of dollars as CBS proceeded to do it the hard way—build programs from scratch.

There was some small stir in the trade and many an encouraging "attaboy." The talent peddlers remained noncommittal in their private opinions of what CBS was trying to do. Meantime they were perfectly willing to sell CBS any has-been star or tired talent which couldn't be packaged.

Not the least interesting detail of the Paley experiment in do-it-yourself was the installation of a comic and writer, Goodman Ace, as supervisor of a CBS Comedy Unit. It is to be hoped that Ace will put the story down on paper some day. Nor was Ace the only talent making like an administrator at the time. Edward R. Murrow was also temporarily swivel-throned at 485 Madison.

Borrowing Hoover's phrase for prohibition, this was CBS' "experiment noble in purpose." It was the greatest organized college try for a touchdown in creative showmanship in the history until then of the webs. Some 19 network-built radio programs attracted sponsorship during the regimes of Douglas Coulter (now deceased) and Davidson Taylor (now NBC). But none of this touched or changed the essential fact: CBS had the glory, CBS had the zing but NBC was still the number one network. It had the stranglehold on the popularity ratings. Entrenched program favorites ostensibly bound to NBC with hoops of contractual steel forever reminded Paley that he was a dynamic second-best. Paley loathed that status.

At this point came the great triumph of the "package" for it was not happenstance that all the NBC blockbuster programs were set up as corporations and as packages. The talent brokers and the Internal Revenue Bureau were bigger than both Paley and Frank Stanton.

Thus, unable to beat the packagers, Paley joined them, became the biggest trader in packages ever seen in the industry. With packages to the right of him, packages to the left of him he took the leadership in ratings away from NBC.

Draw your own moral.

You, Too, Can Be a Happy Speaker

By IRVING B. KAHN

(President, TelePrompter Corp.)

In its fundamental sense, communications is a person-to-person undertaking. Over the back fence. Via the telephone, for example. Or just casual, as in the circumstance where one person encounters another on the street and says, "Good morning!"

This communication between people started in the ages that preceded the discovery of the wheel or the mysterious natural forces of fire or water. One day, in a darker age, a being possessing intelligence discovered that he could convey an idea to another of his own pattern.

This may have been done in a militant manner by wielding a club. Or possibly by sign language. Or even by touch. However it was done; and at some cataclysmic instant in the progress of mankind, some one said something to somebody else.

That was in the instant in which peace and war were born—the truth and the lie, depression and prosperity. Communication was the means by which people would convey to others the sense of their emotions, the product of their inventiveness and the cumulative knowledge of the ages. Language was to be born of this moment in history—language which would make it possible for men and women to make love, to command, to barter and to adopt rules of behavior.

Communications became an essential ingredient of civilization.

As the years have passed, we have learned to communicate on a mass basis. Publishing and broadcasting and motion pictures, as instruments of such communication, have been brought to an advanced stage of development. In the sight-sound-motion media represented by film and television, vast research is in progress constantly—research intended to enable these media to entertain and inform more effectively.

New lighting methods are emerging from the laboratories.

Staging techniques, improved use of effects, refined photographic processes—these and all of the other component parts of finer production are wedded together skillfully by professional people in order to improve the effectiveness of communication.

'Group Communications'

Yet there is one important area of communications, and a large and vital one, which has been neglected. Here at TelePrompter, we choose to call it "group communications"—and we like to think that we are doing something about it, perhaps in a unique way.

Every day, in places large and small throughout the United States, hundreds of groups of people gather to hear speeches or reports, to see demonstrations or to participate in some other way in

"group communications." There are innumerable conventions, civic club sessions, parleys embracing unions, industry, granges, religious organizations and educational bodies. The essential reason that they gather together is to be informed, and possibly to be entertained.

Thousands of people are involved daily in these forums. What are they learning? What has been done to modernize this basic American process of education?

If the speaker has three chins, the listener can be diverted completely from the meaning of his remarks by counting them throughout the address. Yet the simple application of fill-lighting, long practiced in the motion picture field, can erase completely this obstacle to getting the idea across.

Or the speaker may have something to say and destroy the whole effect because he's a "script juggler." Page 3 is always on top of Page 2, or an itinerant breeze scatters the whole text. The print may be too small or, like the storied flutist who hated music, he may hate making speeches. TelePrompter's objective—through the use of the prompter itself, proper lighting and effects and the broad companion services of professional production—is to contribute to the happiness of the speaker, and thus the attentiveness of the audience.

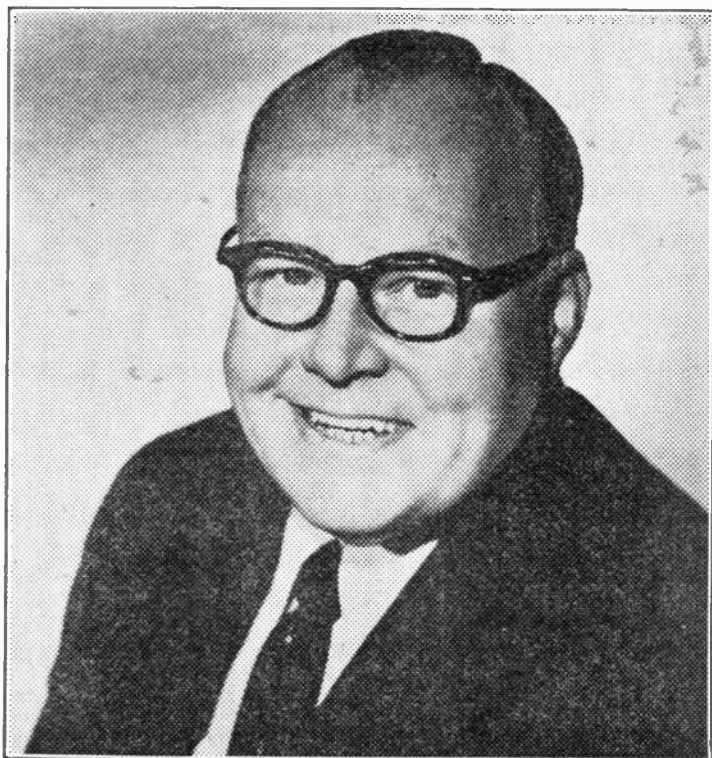
The same principles of production apply in the burgeoning new closed circuit field. Up until this time, "closed circuit" has been little more than a name applied to a special kind of limited network: an interconnection of several points with a central originating point. Here, too, "showmanship" has been lacking—which is a classic example of the cart preceding the horse.

We are amused sometimes to read, as during the recent political conventions when TelePrompter had something to do with nearly every platform appearance that was made, the comments of newspaper columnists that this modernization of group communications is mechanizing the process to the point of regimentation, and thus thwarting spontaneity.

This is strange talk coming from one who is typing his remarks on an instrument that surely represents an advance over the quill, or dictating them into a device that is semi-electronic; and whose comments will go through a processing that is as streamlined as science can make it before they appear in multiple copies to insure multiple readership.

The best measure an individual can make in justification of a parallel improvement in group communications is an inventory of the public sessions which he himself will attend during any given year. Did he win or lose by going? Was the performance better than the chicken a la king?

We think there's room for improvement, and we are seeking an opportunity to prove the point.



KENNETH BANGHART

Radio-Television
WRCA

NBC
NOONTIME PULSE
12:05 p.m. Weekdays

WRCA-TV
NEWS
6 p.m.-6:45 P.M.-11 p.m.

Dick Joseph's Offbeat Travelogs for WRCA-TV

New WRCA-TV (N.Y.) Sunday midday show, which Esquire travel editor Richard Joseph tees off Jan. 6, will be "offbeat" in travelog nature.

Idea will be to humanize foreign peoples, viz., instead of showing the usual Taj Mahal he'll bear down on how Indians wind their turbans, and why turbans are worn. An Italian restaurateur will not talk about his bistro or VIP guests or discourse on sauces; instead Joseph will want him to demonstrate how to properly eat spaghetti, etc.

Bill Berns, head of the stations news and special events, helped Joseph set the pattern.

Brit. 'Big Man' for U. S.

Hollywood.

"Adventures of the Big Man," British - telefilm series starring Wayne Morris, will be released shortly in the U. S., according to producer Charles Wick.

Wick is prexy of Splendex Productions, but "Big Man" and "Fabian of Scotland Yard," both produced by him, are not part of the Splendex operation.



BEN GRAUER
NBC

RADIO

TV Network's Chief Function Is Keeping Doors Open To All Sources of Programming

By THOMAS A. McAVITY

(Executive V.P., NBC Television Network Program & Sales)

Who should produce television programs—the network, the advertising agency, the package?

To me the answer seems simple in the extreme. The program should be produced by whoever can do the best job.

How to find out who can do the best job? Here again, in theory at least, the solution is simple. We must keep the channels open to all sources of programming, encourage the creation of new forms, then choose the best programs available.

I would say that the maintenance of a wide-open, free-flowing supply of programming is one of the chief functions of a network. The network must keep its door open to all sources of programs—whether advertising agencies, independent producers, film companies or individual writers, performers, directors. The network must do this, not as any altruistic gesture, but simply to survive.

In the last analysis, a network has only one thing to sell—its circulation, which can be built only by close attention to the quality and drawing power of every show in its schedule.

Circulation can be built and maintained only with good programs—programs that draw a large audience and satisfy the various needs of that audience. For this reason the network must encourage and stimulate independent producers to create the best programs possible. At NBC we are financing production, by outside producers, of about one-third of our programs. In addition, we frequently assign people from our own creative staffs to help such producers develop their programs. In these ways, we have helped many outside producers to put many fine shows on the air.

Lab For New Formats

But, in today's highly competitive race for circulation, the network must go even further than seeking out and encouraging the best shows. The network must actively engage in program production. For, usually, only the network has the resources to embark on the long and costly development of such programs as the "NBC Opera Theatre," "Victory at Sea," the Spectaculars or "Wide Wide World."

Thus the network's programming department helps fill some of the more difficult gaps in completing a rounded schedule. But it does more than that. The program department serves as a laboratory where new formats are developed and where whole new areas of programming are opened up. In terms of actual hours on the air, network-produced shows account for only a small part of total programming—NBC-produced shows, for instance, make up less than a third of our schedule. But these shows have a far greater effect on the medium than their numbers would indicate. They stimulate new approaches to television, not only among program producers but, just as important, among the viewers themselves. These network shows keep television growing and make more business for everybody.

At least, we hope our programs have that effect. Otherwise it would be hard to justify the cost. In 1955, NBC's overall program operation resulted in an unrecovered cost of \$24,000,000. And even those NBC-produced shows which were commercially sponsored cost us \$8,600,000 more than we received from the advertisers. This, of course, makes nonsense of the claim that the networks engage in program production as a profitmaking venture.

At NBC we are not in production to make money. We produce programs that are needed for a balanced network schedule appealing to the entire American audience. And we create program forms that are necessary to the medium if it is to grow to its full potential as a force in America's way of life.

The Feature Revolution

By RICHARD A. MOORE

(President, KTTV, Los Angeles)

Hollywood.

The feature revolution in Los Angeles reached tidal-wave proportions last month when the latest TelePulse reported that the "Colgate-MGM Theatre" has moved squarely into the number one position against all comers, edging out the "\$64,000 Question" by half a point, closely followed by Ed Sullivan and "Jack and the Beanstalk." The picture was "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde" (Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman, Lana Turner) and the telecast occupied the prime hours of 8-10 p.m. Friday night.

In a sense a rating result like this may seem revolutionary, but on reaffirmation of the basic axiom of the entertainment business—the way to get the biggest audience is to put on the best show. "My Fair Lady" is proving that theory every night on Broadway. The MGM pictures are proving it every Friday night in Los Angeles because they are the best show on the air at the time. It is as simple as that.

Because the "LA Revolution" reflects basic principles of show business, it should come as no surprise that the revolution is spreading everywhere. It happened in New York the night of Dec. 1, when Clark Gable achieved the landslide rating of 28.2 from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. Even more intriguing than the 80% share of audience at this time of night was the fact that "Command Decision" apparently achieved a higher rating in New York from 11 p.m. to 1 p.m. than any program on CBS during the heart of the evening, including Jackie Gleason.

Reports of similar "revolutions" are pouring in from Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and every city where these pictures play.

In view of these sensational results, broadcasters and advertisers alike are naturally wondering what this new development will mean to the medium. It is too early for anyone to have the answer. But as we go into the new year it may be permissible to hazard a few guesses.

At KTTV we believe that top movies will continue to get top ratings so long as they offer better entertainment than competing programs in the same time period. At the moment these movies have the edge because they can offer better stars, better production, better stories than the normal television budget can afford.

Certainly great motion pictures offer the stiffest kind of competitive threat to conventional television programming, but it is fantastic to suggest (as seems to have been done in some surprising quarters) that the television medium should refrain from presenting programs like this to the public merely because they make some of our existing programs pale by comparison. The public is entitled to see the best entertainment television can deliver, whether it be movies, live programs, special events or films made specially for television. In short, movies on television should be recognized by broadcaster and advertiser for exactly what they are: top entertainment. Poor movies, in turn, will suffer the same fate on television as they would at the boxoffice.

Here, then, is KTTV's prediction about the "feature revolution." Good movies will continue to be shown on television, will continue to deliver top audiences and will ultimately be shown in the time periods most convenient for the public.

The television industry, in turn, will respond to the competitive impact of top movies by enhancing the vitality, originality and creativeness of the television medium itself. That is the way the competitive system has always worked and there is no reason to believe it will be different in 1957.



Congratulations to VARIETY from 'Joe Franklin's Memory Lane'

Five afternoons a week; Now in its fourth year over WABC-TV, New York 12:30 to 1:30 P.M. WI 7-2517

Auld Lang Syne TV Bows Aug. 31

Edinburgh.

Final date of Aug. 31 is now set as teeoff time for commercial tv broadcasting in Scotland.

Potential viewers will be given a foretaste of programs via a series of exhibitions to be held throughout the area to be served by Scot ITV. Entertainment and advertising features will be shown on closed-circuit systems in town halls and public rooms, while other tv sets will show live BBC programs in contrast.

Programs to be shown in this tuneup process to woo viewers from BBC tastes include "I Love Lucy," "Dragnet," "Robin Hood" and "Sunday Night at the Palladium."

According to J. M. Coltart, managing director of Scottish Television Ltd., the Scottish commercial tv service will greatly benefit from experience of those who have already promoted ITV programs in London, Birmingham and Manchester.

Estimated that, by time Scot commercial tv is on the air, there will be half-a-million tv sets in Scotland. Of that number some 450,000 will be within the range of the Scottish contractors, whose headquarters and studios will be at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

Roy Thomson, Canadian newspaper owner, who controls the Scotsman Publications in Edinburgh, is heading the Auld Lang Syne program contracting operation. He planes to Canada this month for holiday vacation prior to launching his new project from Glasgow.

British Com'l TV After 18 Months Has Plenty To Exhilarate About

By HAROLD MYERS

London.

The success of commercial television in Britain is already an established fact—and that's a triumph of organization within a remarkably short span. Equally important, however, is the emergence of Britain as an international centre for the production of telepix for the world markets.

It is less than 18 months since the first commercial outlet began to function in London, and in the intervening period new stations have opened in the Midlands, Lancashire and the North of England. Before this year is out the web will have extended to Scotland and Wales, thus embracing a substantial majority of the people of the British Isles.

So much for the physical side of the operation. On the practical side, the record of the commercial programmers is nothing short of remarkable. They started off with every conceivable disadvantage, being given only nine months to go on the air from scratch. They had to recruit and train technicians, they had to acquire talent and even had to build their own studios and transmitters. And on top of all that, they were obliged to compete with the state-run and financed BBC-TV, who were world pioneers with a regular daily service as far back as 1937 and had been functioning regularly since 1946.

Yet, almost from the first day of transmission, the new network took the lead. With almost monotonous regularity the weekly ratings showed that viewers, capable of making the choice, were tuning in to the commercial programs; the early lead has been consolidated and now they claim a 4-1 majority over the rival state web. As more receivers are being converted to receive the alternative channel, the probability is that this lead will, in fact, be strengthened.

Days of The 'Twofers' Over

Because there is no direct sponsorship in the British system, the programmers can only recoup their investment and operational costs by selling spot time to advertisers with a maximum of six minutes in every hour. After the hoopla surrounding the initial opening, there were whole days in which the total advertising time sold barely exceeded six minutes. Those days have now gone and the confidence among advertisers, and the support they are giving, has transformed the economics of the operation.

On a day-to-day operation most of the commercial companies are now showing a trading balance, even though they're still a long way off from recouping initial losses and even further off from amortizing their substantial investments. By any standards, this is a

notable achievement; and measured by the yardstick of American television, it's an almost unbelievable feat, it's being suggested here with some pride that British tv companies have reached within a year a degree of financial stability which took nearly 10 years to attain in the United States.

Already Britain has become a lucrative market for American telefilm producers, but the stringent quota will never permit them to attain the same dominating position they have held in motion pictures. Under an arrangement made by the program contractors with the Independent Television Authority, foreign imports are restricted to an average of one hour per day out of around six hours screen time. Yet, within those limits, a good selection of key State-side programs have found their way on British screens and a noteworthy selection have regularly been featured in the top 10. As one example, CBS alone has grossed around \$800,000 in the British market in the first year of commercial television but, in point of fact, has invested even more than that sum in production.

Because of the quota, television is following the example of motion pictures in setting up co-production deals, and the coming year will see a marked intensification of activity.

Hannah Weinstein's Feat

The outstanding achievement in British telefilm production has undoubtedly been attained by Hannah Weinstein, the producer who has trans-Atlantic links with Official Films on one side, and Incorporated Television Program Co. on the other. She has in "The Adventures of Robin Hood," "The Buccaneers" and "The Adventures of Sir Lancelot" three series which have made their mark on either side of the big pond. Now she has other projects in the planning stage which will widen her operation.

ITP, who are closely allied with Associated TeleVision (the operators of the commercial station in London on weekends and in the Midlands on weekdays) aim to have about 12 co-production series in the works this year, and among them will be the OSS yarns which Flamingo Films are making at the National Studios, Elstree. Bernard Lubor, in a tieup with ABC-TV, is filming a series based on stories collected by members of the Overseas Press Club, while the Danziger brothers, who opened their own studios recently, are now well in the third year of "The Vise" series. Anthony Bartley, who filmed the "Foreign Legion" series for CBS, has other projects for that web, while Irving Allen and Cubby Broccoli intend to enter the market with a batch of four series.

In the past year BBC-TV have shown some concern at the way they've been overtaken in the popularity derby and their programming shows signs of being conditioned to meet this situation. As of the first of the year, they begin to operate their new agreement with the motion picture industry for the release of 20 features a year, of which 12 will be English-speaking from either Britain or Hollywood. This pact, an indirect sequel to the screening last summer of a full-length version of "Stagecoach," will give the state-run web a valuable program aid; a comparable deal, however, is likely to be offered to the commercial programmers and is even more likely to be rejected by them. They already have a fair flow of feature product and have their eyes on the big reservoir of footage off-loaded by the Hollywood majors to the American webs.

Already the BBC have made their first serious attempt to revamp their weekend programs and in their new form they bear a close resemblance to the pattern already established on the opposition web.

The first hurdles have been surmounted and the future is hopeful. Even so, it's no use blinking the fact that the economic squeeze and the international tension, which reached crisis form at the end of the year, may have some effect in the months ahead.



HARRY VON ZELL

Featured with GEORGE and GRACIE for Carnation and B. F. Goodrich (For a long time now)

Live Celluloid Vs. Dead Electronics

(A Drama in Three Acts with a Shavian Preface)

By ROBERT GESSNER

(First Professor of Motion Pictures and TV)

The dire consequences of filmed features on tv is fast becoming an academic question. Pundits and professors may indulge in the merits of Instantaneous Transmission, but sponsors and networks are steadily increasing the ratio of Delayed Transmission. In another and not unallied field the DTs are likewise on the increase.

Impartial laboratory tests reveal that over 75% of all national tv time is on celluloid, which means the proportion is over 90% in the folksy independent stations. As for the audience, 99 and 44/100% can't tell the difference between IT and DT, and any sober citizen would suspect, if polled by Roper or Gallup, that the pollster had Clara Bow and AA in mind. Moreover, the 99-plus % don't care whether the image is coming off celluloid, cathode ray, or tape if the said image is reasonably interesting (entertaining has become a relative word, and reasonable a commentary on our dulled senses in what is vulgarly labeled "mass media").

"Granted," says the critic, "but your figures prove only the economic advantages of canned over live programs. What I (Jack Gould, John Crosby, Jay Tuck, etc.) am worried about is the low state of imagination, taste, and intelligence on live programming, which will get worse if sponsors continue to prefer films."

The assumption here is that only live tv is real tv. This is true without argument for the unique IT specialties, such as sports, spot interviews, reporting, UN sessions, panels and quiz shows. But for drama the play is still the thing. Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is more alive on Sir Laurence Olivier's celluloid than any tv playlet. D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance" (1916) is still more imaginative and exciting than last night's epic "coming to you live from New York." Likewise, "Patterns" live was better than "Patterns" on film. Can the same be said for "Sunset Boulevard"?

The spontaneity and intimacy of a live drama on tv are potential assets, but I'd rather see a dead film that is alive than a live drama that is lifeless in plot and characterization. Incidentally, isn't the stuff shot live in Hollywood in the first place? Isn't the question one of creative imagination in content rather than the form of transmission?

The Economic Factor

Economics can throttle tv live programming and especially audacious drama in the same manner that CBS Radio Workshop was throttled, but the answer isn't in drum beats for the form. In Radio, which is fast becoming the Sanskrit of communications, it's the hi-fi records the jockeys ride which far out-run live bands—and with thanks.

The novelty of live tv drama is over, just as the IT gal had her day and night as a novelty. In all entertainment and art history it's been the content that stayed the course, never the form. Instantaneous Transmission is only form. For Webster, tv is an electronic means of transmitting images, not an end in itself.

A bit of historical perspective might clear the air, if not the channels. Since live versus canned is largely a state of mind (to everybody except audience and sponsors), let's flashback to a Medieval Village, Somewhere in Old Europa, 15th Century.

We FADE IN on a Minstrel, the Earl of Pelvis, who comes strolling up the road, twanging his strings. He stops abruptly upon hearing a strange, machine-like noise. Crosses to window of a guild shop. Cut to interior. A Printer, Gutenberg, is busily moving blocks of type, working hand press.

Minstrel: "Love me tender, if it isn't Master Johannes Gutenberg. Prithce, what gives on yon contraption?"

Printer: "M'Lord, 'tis the latest, the greatest. It's a new way to tell

stories. You read em, instead of hear 'em."

Minstrel (laughing): "Gutie, you're tapping the hard cider again."

Printer: "Nay, O Earl of Pelvis, 'tis you who will soon be selling apples."

Minstrel (cracking his ribs): "You're breaking me up. Those dead books? Man, I'm alive! I talk, I sing, I act—people believe me. Who'll ever believe what they read!" (Goes, twanging and laughing.)

Dissolve to Scene II: A century later, another part of the forest. Up the road comes a flat wagon with a stage and a troupe of traveling friars. Their set is a manger, the actors Three Wise Men, Mary and a doll. The wagon halts in the village square near a book stall. The players take their places, strike a tableau. Villagers gather, Book Seller appears.

Book Seller (famous last words): "What's going on around here?"

Friar (passing hat): "Alms for the players. Pay up, you sinners."

Book Seller: "Pay for what?"

Friar: "'Tis a miracle play. Are ye blind?"

Book Seller: "I can see all right, thank ye. Your three wise men are the Benedictine distillers from the monastery. Some miracle, all right, all right." (Turns to crowd) "Now, folks, for the genuine story, step inside. Get your copy of the real thing—eyewitness account, descriptions—all written by the best authors of their day. Don't throw your money away on substitutes."

Dissolve to Scene III. Four centuries later, the forest is now Fourteenth Street, Isle of Manhattan. Up the sidewalk, dodging horse trolleys, Lillian Russell and Victor Herbert, comes a tall, underfed playwright-actor, David Wark Griffith. He pauses before an empty store with a white sheet at one end, and rows of folding chairs. A short, pixie man has a roll of tickets.

Zukor: "For 10 cents you can see Mary, Queen of Scots, get her head chopped off."

Griffith: "I don't have 10 cents. I'm a playwright. I had a play on in Baltimore. It ran two weeks. It would be running yet, but the critics —"

Zukor: "In that case, be my guest."

Griffith: "Her head chopped off in the flickers?"

Zukor: "Believe me, the axe comes down, the head rolls off."

Griffith (scornfully): "I don't be-



JACK CARTER

Congratulations and Season's Greetings

lieve it. Is she alive? Now, on the stage —"

Zukor: "It's a dummy! Who pays actors?"

Griffith (unwrapping play from old newspaper): "Now, this drama in five acts. I call it 'The Birth of a Nation.'"

Zukor: "Look, upstairs over there. It's the Biograph Studio. They're paying writers \$10-\$15 a script."

Griffith (suspiciously): "Confederate money?"

Zukor: "No, with Abe Lincoln printed on it. What've you got to lose? I didn't catch the name."

Griffith: "Me? I'm — ah — Lawrence Griffith."

Zukor: "So, Larry, give it a try — your 'Birth Notions.'"

Griffith: "The flickers — why not? Nobody believes them anyway, and it's eating money."

Dissolve to Scene IV: Fifty years later. Another part of the forest is Madison Avenue.

Do your own casting.

(Fade out)

Hy Gardner Expands As 'Punchline' Folds

When N.Y. Herald Tribune columnist Hy Gardner starts his stint on NBC-TV's "Tonight," he'll be doing two shows back-to-back, the first being his local WRCA-TV, N.Y. late night strip. Until now, a five-minute comedy ad lib show, "Punchline," has been slotted at 11:25 to 11:30 p.m., between Gardner's own show and "Tonight," but the station dropped "Punchline" after Friday's (28) show and expanded Gardner to a full 15 minutes a night, 11:15 to 11:30.

"Punchline" was launched about two months ago as an experiment, first using a different comic each night and later booking the comedians for a week at a time. Neither format stirred up much sponsor or audience interest, hence the axing.



DON MORROW

ANNOUNCER-ACTOR-NARRATOR
General Motors-Procter & Gamble-Nabisco-General Electric—
Wide Wide World

"... Top TV Announcer in N. Y."—Billboard
TV-FILMS-RADIO
MU. 8-6600

Upbeat Your Drumbeat

TV Can Take a Lesson From H'wood On Promotion Values

By MORT ABRAHAMS

(Exec Producer, 'Producers' Showcase')

It's time tv went Hollywood—from a promotional point of view, that is. The 60 and 90-minute television shows are on the increase. Vast amounts of money are being spent on lavish settings, music, "name" actors and directors. The only thing that's missing is the drumbeat. Up to now, despite some valiant and sincere efforts at promotion, "pre-selling" of television's biggest shows has been generally ineffectual.

The solution lies in a long look at a former enemy who is rapidly becoming an ally—the motion picture. Television can learn an invaluable lesson by studying closely the promotional techniques employed by Hollywood to pre-sell such giant-budgeted motion pictures as "The Ten Commandments" and "Around the World in 80 Days."

The problems of promoting an epic motion picture and a television "spectacular" are basically the same. Each is big in its medium. Each has a long running-time by comparison with most of the industry's product. Each has a star-studded roster of famous performers to guarantee, as much as possible, high-level performance and audience excitement. Both require a big pre-selling campaign.

Hollywood has usually done an admirable job in promoting its big motion pictures. During the development of the film industry, the following promotional techniques have been evolved to a high degree of effectiveness: personal appearances by stars, prior release of recordings (in the case of musicals), trailers, tie-ins with organizations and products, contests, spot tv and radio announcements.

How may these techniques be applied to television? Take "Producers' Showcase" as an example. I do so for two reasons: firstly, I can speak authoritatively about "Showcase" because of my association with it; secondly, I believe that "Showcase" has evinced a marked aptitude for adapting Hollywoodian techniques for its own uses. Our recent presentation of "Jack and the Beanstalk" is an example of an outstanding job of exploitation. May I quote VARIETY of November 14:

"Jack & the Beanstalk emerged Monday night (12) as one of the hottest-rated specs since 'Peter Pan,' with the Helen Deutsch-Jerry Livingstone tuner ploughing under the opposition and even outpointing 'I Love Lucy' on the overnight Trendex. The 90-minute average for the 'Producers' Showcase' entry was 33.9, compared with a 20.0 average for the 'Burns & Allen'-'Talent Scouts'-'Lucy' combine... Considered a factor in the rating payoff was the triphammered exploitation campaign over the past few weeks."

Please note the phrase "considered a factor," because nobody in his right mind, either in motion pictures or in television, would claim that total credit for a high rating belonged to any isolated element of production. We were fortunate in having a good property and a good production to exploit. But the point is that exploitation really helped.

Make It An 'Event'

Our basic approach to "Jack," as it is to all "Producers' Showcase" presentations, was to make it an "event." It had to be presented to the public as something special—something worth waiting for—an occasion to anticipate. This is the key to the promotional aspects of all "Showcase" productions. Therefore, the first question we ask ourselves is what do we have to exploit? And how do we exploit it?

In the case of "Jack" we had to keep several factors in mind. For one thing, "Jack" was a musical. For another, it was being telecast near Thanksgiving holiday time. Also, we were striving to capture the attention of the widest possible public, since "Jack" was potential fare for viewers of all ages and interests. We attempted to exploit

each of these factors to the fullest. Weeks before the show reached the airwaves, Unique Records released diskings of songs from the score. Cyril Ritchard, Celeste Holm and Joel Grey, stars of the show, made an extensive series of personal appearances on network tv and radio, and in various cities. On Sunday, Nov. 11, the night before "Producers' Showcase," principals of the cast of "Jack" appeared on the Steve Allen show and rehearsed an actual scene from the show.

We gave "Jack" a big newspaper and magazine buildup, too. One of the most interesting personalities associated with the show was Helen Deutsch, the writer. She did a series of newspaper interviews illuminating various aspects of her work on the script. Celeste Holm and Joel Grey also received strong publicity buildups. Once we had made the decision to go with an "unknown" in the role of Jack, we immediately tied in our talent search with a newspaper campaign. The quest for "Jack" gave us reams of publicity. Our various auditions, the letters we received from aspiring actors, Joel Grey's coast-to-coast auditions, all received excellent coverage.

At this point, it would be appropriate to record an enthusiastic vote of approbation to NBC's promotional, exploitation and publicity staffs for their effective contribution to the pre-selling campaign on "Jack."

Possibilities of exploitation are taken into consideration in the selection of properties and performers on all "Showcase" productions. We're hoping that our presentations for the remainder of the season will pre-sell partially on the drawing value of the names associated with them. These include: "Mayerling," with Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer, (produced and directed by Anatol Litvak); the Old Vic's "Romeo and Juliet," with Claire Bloom; Sol Hurok's "Festival of Music," the Sadlers Wells ballet doing "Cinderella" and Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne in "The Great Sebastians."

It is time "spectaculars" got into the rating business. It is time television opened its eyes wide to the magnetic possibilities of Hollywood-type exploitation of tv "events." Heretofore, many specs have suffered rating anemia because they have not captured the mass imagination. The well-organized pre-selling campaign can certainly stimulate that mass imagination. Proper application of motion picture promotional know-how is one effective means of insuring the future of television's prestige shows.

Ill. Wants Cut On TV's Bout Receipts

Chicago.

Illinois State Athletic Commission, which supervises boxing and wrestling in the state, is seeking a 5% tax on promoters' television receipts to offset its loss of revenue caused by dropping attendance at the pug contests. Commission is currently financed by a 10% tax on the net take at the gate.

Athletic body claims in its annual report to Governor William Stratton that attendance is often so sparse at television bouts that its share of the gate doesn't cover its cost of supervising the affair. The Wednesday night (19) Chicago Stadium tiff between middleweights Spider Webb and Pat McAteer, televised on ABC-TV, set an alltime low with net gate receipts of \$771.15. Commission's share was \$77.

Report points out that tax receipts from the two sports have gone down steadily since '47 when the commission collected \$166,000 as its portion. Because three title bouts were held in Chicago during the past fiscal year, the commission's take of \$95,622 was \$30,304 more than the previous year.

For Posterity and After

(A Deathless and Lifeless TV Play)

By **GEORGE OPPENHEIMER**

SCENE: The interior of a medium-sized bar in the midsection of any normal-sized town with ordinary fixtures, the usual stools and the customary liquor bottles, all average-proof. The customers could be your mother, your father, your friends, all the people you've been avoiding day after day after day. The characters are three men of indeterminate age, wearing inconspicuous clothes and varying only slightly in the conventional placement of their commonplace features. They are named Tom, Dick and Harry and they are all three TV writers.

TOM
Any of you guys had nothing happen to you today?
(There is a pregnant pause while the three of them look at one another hopefully).

HARRY (modestly)
I had a kinda ordinary day.
(Instantly Tom and Dick whip out their pencils, ready to create.)

DICK (slavering)
Tell us about it, Harry old man, old man.

HARRY
Hey, lay off, will'ya. This was my day.

TOM
Well, if nothing happened in it, it'd maybe give us some ideas.

DICK
Yeah, we're beginning to run out of no plots. Maybe you could just give us a springboard.

HARRY
Well . . . I got up at the usual time.

DICK (worriedly)
On the right side of the bed?

HARRY
Of course, on the right side . . . And I dressed in the same suit like I got on now and then I went down to breakfast.

TOM (admirably)
Man, what a start for a spectacular.

HARRY
Well, when I got downstairs, Mom was in the kitchen and she said, "How do you want your eggs?" and I said "Sunny-side up" and she said "Sunny-side up?" and I said "Yeah" and then she leaned over the stove and made me my eggs sunny-side up.

DICK
It's got everything—no action, a s o v e, dull dialog—everything.

TOM
Don't interrupt. I'm on pins and needles.

HARRY
Then I fooled around the house for a while, sharpening pencils and things and thinking . . .

DICK (suspiciously)
What were you thinking about?

HARRY
Oh, nothing in particular.

TOM (proudly)
You got the makings, kid . . . the real stuff.

HARRY
And so I had lunch and after lunch I oiled my typewriter and sharpened some more pencils and then I went to the grocer's for Mom and . . .

TOM
You didn't run into nobody?

HARRY
Nope!

TOM
Good boy!

HARRY
Then it was time for dinner and Mom was leaning over the stove.

DICK
Great! I can almost hear her sizzling.

TOM (excitedly)
Then what?

HARRY
Then I ate and come here.

TOM
Put it down, kid. Put it down just like you told it. You'll sell it for a mint. It'll make a movie, a book. You'll get a Emmy, a Oscar . . .

DICK
You said it . . . only don't go spoiling it by doing something tonight. It should stay that way. You got'a sustain the mood.

TOM
We'll see he don't do nothing. Where'll we go?

DICK
There's a double feature at Loew's Euphoria—"Marty" and "The Catered Affair."

TOM
That's for us. (Putting his arm around Harry) Let's go, genius.

HARRY
I—I can't.

DICK (thunderstruck)
You can't go to a double feature of "Marty" and the "Catered Affair"?

TOM
I got to go home.

DICK
You been home . . . I don't like this, Harry. I don't like this any.

HARRY (miserably)
But I tell you I gotta . . . it's Mom.

TOM
She ain't sick or something dramatic?

HARRY
No, course not . . . It's just—well—she's promised to talk to me tonight and let me take it down.

DICK
Ain't your mom kinda literate?

HARRY (deeply hurt)
That's a rotten thing to say about a guy's mother. I gotta good mind to poke you.

DICK
You and who else?

TOM (in horror)
Fellers! Fellers!

HARRY
I wouldn't talk that way about your mom.

DICK
You darn tootin' you wouldn't. Nobody could ever call her literate.

TOM
Fellers! Fellers! (he bursts into tears. The other two who are about to square off, look at him in surprise.)

HARRY
Tom, what is it?

DICK
What's eating you?

TOM
You spoiled everything. You loused up the script. You started fighting. You did something!

THE END



BETTY WRAGGE

ACTRESS—SINGER
STAGE—TELEVISION—RADIO
ARTIST SERVICE—SU 7-5400

You Can't Call 'Em If You Don't Have The Right Research

By **MEL ALLEN**

Research comes in two shapes for sportscasters—the kind you get from books and the kind you "live."

They're both important to the sportscaster who, out of respect to himself, the game and his listeners, wants to give complete accuracy and interest to every event he covers.

The amount of research that a sportscaster does depends, naturally, on the particular sport he's handling at the time. If he covers baseball most of the season, as I do, his so-called "research" doesn't come out of books so much but rather from his day-to-day association with the players, chatting with them in the dugout and in the locker rooms, seeing them socially away from the field and getting to know how they think, what they feel—getting to know the human aspect that no fact book has ever yet been able to record. In other words, for the sportscaster who works with the same group of teams and players continuously, being close to the players is a must. This is his research. Statistical research from the record books becomes necessary only when he cares to be doubly-accurate on facts he already basically knows.

When new players are introduced by the clubs, the baseball broadcaster gets to know them at spring training. He sees them work. He learns all he can about them. But the new men are few. The personnel of professional teams do not change too much from year to year. The "steadies" he's already familiar with, having known them and talked about them year after year.

In college football, however, a different situation arises. Since the teams are made up of students whose eligibility to play is limited to three years, the turnover is tremendous. Men are graduated. Personnel of a college team one year can be almost completely different from the previous year. There's a great possibility, too, that two or three years may go by before a sportscaster's annual football schedule will call for his covering the same team a second time, and by then, of course, the team's players will have changed.

Gotta Be 'Up On'

Also, football uses more men than most other sports. With the first team on the field, and the second and third string team-men on the bench, many of whom get into the game because of the frequent substitutions, there may be as many as 75-100 players between the two competing teams for the sportscaster to be "up on."

An announcer cannot describe a play without the names of the athletes providing the action. Thus the importance of player identification.

In professional sports, as noted above, this identification is accumulative and therefore does not pose quite the problem as does a specific weekly college football game where there may be total unfamiliarity with the players; that is to say, not knowing them at sight. You may know their backgrounds but not know them by just looking at them on the field. Thus the

Angels Into Sponsors

[MADISON AVE. CONTRASTED TO B'WAY]

By **NED ARMSTRONG**

It's been three years since I was a Shubert Alley regular. For the past three years I've been a Madison Avenue irregular. I keep wondering if everybody's all right over there. I hope the street isn't changing. It's a long way from Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn to the pigeons in Duffy Square.

I hope if I were to take a turn down West 44th Street the same eager-to-light-up faces would be there, the dreamers on the beach in front of Sardi's.

Is the law still being handed down hourly from Mr. Schonceit? How're tricks along Picadilly Gulch?

I'm an East Side boy in my knee-length weathercoat, and I've mastered a whole new language.

Because Madison Avenue and Broadway aren't just three city blocks apart. It's an altogether different world over here.

These are the Hellmans who make mayonnaise and don't write plays. Don't get me wrong.

Madison Avenue has its dream, its fantasy, it's make believe and illusion.

It's just that these business Barrymores like everything spelled out and explained in detail.

Every impulse has a category and a percentage rating.

Over here on Madison Avenue even the language of make-believe has been groomed to aseptic conformity and dreaming is a commercial activity.

Illusions become merchandising concepts and the responsive emotions are reduced to theme and image formulas for the sale of dry goods. All humanity becomes a decimal point on a sales volume chart and the prophets of the multitude are named Gallup, Roper and Trendex.

Madison Avenue has no room for free lance dreamers, those shiftless, disoriented, volunteer sentimentalists who simply love something because it's in their hearts.

La Rue Madison has manicured the least important vaguery of human thought and tonsored the last illusion. The dreams of life have been groomed and edited to fit commercials, and the impulse has been trained to be compulsive.

For this, and other reasons, the three short blocks between Longacre Square and the Biltmore clock may be the longest walk on earth.

Not that Madison Avenue isn't very aware of Broadway.

The opening of every new play or musical comedy is morning conversation over here under the gilded spires and in the air-conditioned picture window offices.

The Broadway columnists are widely read in the belt bounded by Fifth and Lexington and extending from 34th to 57th Streets. What may be even more important, these are substantial patrons of the theatre. Your ticket broker has more customers in the Harvard Club than the Lambs.

But at this point, most contact breaks off.

Time sheets, product reports, market analyses replace prompt books and auditions.

And the talk is different.

Angels are clients and backers are sponsors.

Grosses become earnings statements, and the time honored hassle over the number of standees is replaced by elite, CPA-ed consumer statistics.

There are many other differences.

On Madison Avenue, the informal Broadway greeting has surrendered to the polite nod. Casual phone calls person to person are replaced by first and second echelon secretaries probing back and forth to see who's in, or who's hiding.

Actually, on Madison Avenue, there's more acting offstage than on.

Many a Broadway smash hit began with a chance meeting in the Algonquin lobby or over a martini at Sardi's Little Bar.

That's not the way things are done on the street named for the country's Fourth President.

The big jobs are all done on Madison Avenue behind closed doors. Get behind the right closed door over here and you're in.

On Broadway there are still producers with offices lacking doors.

If the truth were known, at least one Broadway show on this year's calendar began in a phone booth.

Everything on Madison Avenue is under control, even the temperature and one and two ton units hum away all summer producing a pleasant sample of the antarctic. Every office has at least a fan-type blower.

On Broadway, the air-conditioning is still largely oral.

Actually, it's remarkable how far apart the two avenues are though separated only by a few East to West city streets.

A great gap exists.

The stretch from the tyrolean headgear of Broadway's youngest producer to the tight homburg of Madison Avenue's junior executive is an Einsteinian dimension in time and space.

Broadwayites who have been over to Madison Avenue on business (it happens on rare occasions) have been known to stagger back to the Astor babbling of spacemen from Mars or being kidnapped to the Moon.

Probably they had a quick, startling exposure to the grim economic roulette game in progress on the East Side of town. The stakes as astronomical. Some 400 billion dollars worth of merchandise is marketed in part or entirely from the advertising agencies and public relations firms located here.

Great ad agencies have closed out departments employing hundreds, or folded entirely with less fanfare than the departure on Broadway of the loneliest, most anguished two-night flop.

That's why on Madison Avenue the dream is harnessed.

An office boy's doodles, if understood and translated into full page color ads might sell a million dollars worth of nylon hosiery.

Today's madness is tomorrow's miracle.

And there's no Equity or stage hands union. The mind factories never close. Some of the biggest deals are concluded on week-ends at Briarcliff Manor, Sleepy Hollow or White Sulphur Springs.

From time to time Broadway has challenged its Bohemianism, and look askance at its popcorn politics and hot dog stands.

Take it from an ex-Bourbonite.

You've got it good.

Keep it that way.

necessity of intensive study to learn to associate the name of the player with the jersey number he wears and with all the other background material available.

To accomplish this, here's the "research" procedure I follow.

First, when I know I'm to do a specific football game—and frequently I don't know until a week or 10 days before—I write to both schools to send me all pertinent information on every player on their teams—their names, numbers, height, weight, each man's

whole football "history." I also ask for the first, second and third squad rosters. Important, too, are the past records on the schools' football achievements, how many games they've won and lost, by what scores and against what teams. All this is done immediately, as all the information has to be studied carefully. Next, my brother Larry, who heads my research staff, goes out to the site of the game about five days ahead of

(Continued on page 106)

Please State Previous Experience

By **SID GARFIELD**

(Exploitation Director, CBS Radio Network)

Recently the New York chapter of the Academy of TV Arts and Sciences conducted a stimulating symposium on the problems the medium holds for actors, dramatists, comedy writers, composers, directors and producers.

The only reason a CBS Radio publicity director was attending a tv meeting in an NBC studio was his longtime friendship with Nat Hiken, writer-producer of the Phil Silvers series.

And yet from out of the brilliant contributions by Rod Serling, Ed Sullivan, Lawrence Langner, Phil Silvers and Sidney Blackmer, it was the comments by Hiken, himself, which a radio man found most challenging.

Hiken very bluntly indicated tv comedy's future is a bleak one. His dolesome analysis was narrowed down to one prime reason. There was no smalltime arena, he explained, where a young, inexperienced comedy writer could learn his trade. And comedy writing, said Hiken, was like plumbing, a trade which has to be learned.

In extending his point, the creator of Sgt. Bilko said somewhat the following, and I am quoting approximately but, I think, correctly: "I, myself, started as a comedy writer 20 years ago when radio was hitting its peaks. I had come up with an idea called The Grouch Club and a small radio station in Los Angeles offered me a chance to give it a public showcasing. They paid me \$10 a week and put the show on at six in the morning. But the point was that an unproven gagman got his chance, and it was happening over hundreds of local radio stations around the country.

"Today, with the enormous pressures of tv, young writers cannot be put on obscurely until they find themselves. It's the bigtime right away or nothing, and the bigtime is much too harrowing for the amateur creative worker."

Hiken obviously was implying with politeness that a contracted radio industry was unable to nurture and develop new writers, and that television simply hasn't the time.

Well, let's see whether radio has really forfeited its responsibility towards new writers with important potentials. This prejudiced observer thinks not and believes that even with the awesome competition of tv, radio programmers and producers are still giving gaudy opportunities to newcomers, which is why radio will remain a vigorous and potent entertainment medium years from now when Red Skelton has turned gray and Robert Young and Jane Wyatt are co-starring in Grandfather Knows Best.

Still Some Incubators

Paul Roberts, executive producer of CBS Radio's Workshop, for example, is consistently sympathetic towards inexperienced writers, no matter how dubious or non-existent their credits. This hospitality has paid off. Just recently, an obscure scriptist named Henry Fritsch sent in several bare outlines of notions he felt, if developed, would enhance the Workshop series. Roberts felt the same way and invited Fritsch to submit the scripts. What's more, Workshop did them: Star Boy, The Indian legend of the Morning Star, The Oedipus Story, The Billion Dollar Failure of Figger Fallup, a devastating satire on polls, and All Is Bright, the story of the song, Silent Night. Fritsch is on his professional way by now and should be helping to increase the stature of tv drama before long, as well as radio.

Johanna Johnson is another who found radio's script editors much more accessible than she did those in television. With few previous credits of any importance, Johanna knocked on the right doors and soon was importantly allied with such CBS programs as Let's Pretend (for a year or so before its expiration), Disc Derby, Young Ideas, etc. Extensions of her radio writing now include two books published by Knopf and one by Childrens Press in Chicago.

Shirley Gordon, until last year,



PAUL WINCHELL

Congratulations and Season's Greetings

was a valued member of the CBS Radio Press Information Department in Hollywood. With virtually no credits whatever, she submitted a script to the producers of Suspense. It was accepted. Quickly, she was invited to do half a dozen more. This, despite the fact that her only previous writing experience consisted of telling the editors of Radio-TV Mirror that Art Linkletter's favorite dessert is chocolate pudding. Today, as the Serutan commercials have it, that same girl, Shirley Gordon, is now one of the writing bulwarks of the Robert Cummings tv series.

Seems like yesterday when Mort Fine and David Friedkin came to CBS Radio programmers in Hollywood and indicated they wanted to break in as writers. They were put on a now defunct CBS Radio stanza called Broadway's My Beat which was being done from the West Coast. (But don't get me wrong. I love Sidney Skolsky.) After this show expired, they did Gunsmoke scripts and have just completed a movie at Metro.

Harvey Bullock, until recently a publicity man working for the Toni Co., indicated to CBS in New York that he felt he had enough potentials for comedy writing. CBS agreed and without even checking his previous credits, of which there were none, put him on the Robert Q. Lewis writing staff where he is still currently employed.

The list continues. A youngful hopeful named Dick Ellison came in to see Howard Barnes not so long ago with no broadcasting credits save those on school newspapers. He was quickly put to work writing adroit wordage for Music On a Sunday Afternoon and the then current Jim Lowe Show. He has gradually segued into tv writing, too, now doing continuity for U.N. In Action.

And so it goes. If young, unknown writers stop coming around to see us, we'll get our hats and go looking for them. All we ask is that they state their previous inexperience.

Comes the Blend On Pix & TV

By **CHAS. C. BARRY**

(V.P. In Charge of Metro-TV)

Joe E. Lewis, my beloved Sam, may have made the pants too long, but tv viewers aren't asking for alterations—they're grateful for the better feature films they can now see on tv, regardless of their length.

Time was when a fledgling tv industry thought that viewers would never sit still in front of a small screen for long entertainment... like the king-size features the major studios have recently released for tv. Programs were uniformly short on the networks, and then variety showed the way. Vaudeville was rediscovered in a one-hour show by Ed Sullivan and other devotees of life with spice, to furnish a rejuvenated type of entertainment for a new at-home audience.

Network variety was but a step from the outside "spectaculars" and the longer dramatic forms. The airwaves were pleasantly peppered with the achievements of such tv creators as Max Liebman and Walt Disney, and this season Hubbell

Robinson Jr., of CBS has programmed two and one-half hours of straight dramatic entertainment in "Playhouse 90" preceded by "Climax," both solidly sold out to sponsors. The problem, then, is entertainment value, and not, as Alfred Hitchcock has humorously indicated, "The corpse on this program is being brought to you live."

With more than half of the tv shows now on film, the issue is no longer live or film but putting on a show. Long or short, it must entertain—and on an unremitting schedule—day in, week out. Except for news, public affairs, special events and sports, where is all this to come from? No one is disputing the place for specially created tv programs, but how many have been created successfully? And how can features fit into the programming? For tv is motion pictures, no matter how the original production is transmitted. And ratings are the signposts of public acceptance.

After years of local tv exhibition of minor feature pictures and westerns, except for an excellent independent film on a rare occasion, talk was finally heard of major film companies releasing their backlog of product to tv. Some network programmers assumed an ostrich-like stance. Others looked up, especially the alert local operators who knew from experience the reaction of the tv audience to feature film fare. From the vaults of MGM, 20th-Fox, RKO and Warner Bros., top pictures began to flow to a parched public. The tide was turning, and the viewers liked it. "The Wizard of Oz" proved just as wonderful to an older as well as a new generation and for its national sponsor the Ford Motor Co., even though the kiddies had to sit up late to see the "Wonderful Wizard" and his fascinating friends.

The Late Watch

In Los Angeles, New York, Chicago and many other cities—in late viewing hours seldom before worth the transmission cost and programming effort—people were staying up all hours to watch the big movie parade. The stars, and the exciting stories were causing a rating revolution, Hollywood's golden era of multi-million-dollar production was passing in review—for a newer audience as well as a more nostalgic one.

Benzdrine production may not be going up as a result, but the stayups are proof of the attraction. An interest is being reawakened in pictures and screen personalities, despite the dangers of insomnia. A new generation is comparing Clark Gable with Marlon Brando, Jean Harlow with Marilyn Monroe, Wallace Beery with Ernest Borgnine.

The trend toward longer entertainment forms is also visible today on theatre screens. Length is no barrier to boxoffice, as the returns of the new longer-playing pictures show. Turning back to the early days of film production, we see the development of pictures from scanty one-and-two-reel efforts to the beginning of Hollywood features when Cecil B. De Mille made "The Squaw Man." It is clear now in tv, as well as in theatres, that quality is the key—the long or the short of it is not the question.

As we see it, the real question is the role the major film companies are now going to play in tv. We believe there will be a blending of motion picture and tv interests. The first major step was the release of the major pre-'48 product, the second step is new production made especially for tv, the third step is station ownership. All of these will play their part in shaping the pattern of picture distribution to provide the answer to the most important question—how can we best please the American public with better entertainment? No matter how these interests develop, the long and the short of it is—tv is now a part of the film industry and the film industry is a part of tv.

Ike on Mutual

President Eisenhower's "State of the Nation" report will be broadcast over the Mutual net tomorrow (10).

Starting at 12:30 p.m., Dwight D. Eisenhower, who is to be inaugurated for his second term of office the following week, will address the joint session of Congress.



SHIRLEY EGGLESTON

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That Deodorant Touch Now OK

By **JOHN KAROL**

(Vice President in charge of Network Sales, CBS Radio)

They have stopped laughing when I get up to say "I am facing the future with confidence." More than that, there are advertisers and agencies who are finding that, for the present, their future has past. Our daytime schedule has reached the point where we are turning down accounts because of product conflicts. This is one of the sweetest sorrows that I have had to live with for a good many years.

I like to think that the reason for it is the fact that we have maintained quality and consistency of programming and, as a result, have maintained our audiences. I believe this is true. But there are also other reasons. The principle one is the fact that television has lost its elasticity in terms of creating heroes. Everything has been tried. Some of it has worked and some of it has not. And so as the curious and creative minds of advertisers and agency men probe media for possibilities of scoring a beat, some of them happened upon network radio. The most curious discovered new potentials, new possibilities, new patterns. A very few even have put time and thought into the creation of pure radio commercials.

Those who are using network radio in the new ways of maximum effectiveness have made the greatest of all discoveries: the medium sells merchandise at a profit. And this has been tested in the toughest of all sales situations: "send in one dollar for your..."

The successes have been abundant enough to remove the stigma from network radio. Clients talk about it; agencies are calling us. In fact, there are agencies—and important ones—that are considering revising the structures of their (radio)-tv departments so that radio will get equal attention with television.

Now, so far, this interest has been primarily with daytime network radio. But the interest is pushing into other frontiers. Evening radio is being rediscovered. There are listeners, they are customers, and radio does move them to action.

With this new and developing interest in network radio, we have new opportunities and new responsibilities. We must continue to make our medium match the requirements of advertisers. And we must not become self-satisfied with our programming contribution to the sum of network output. In my own shop, there is continuing experimentation with program form and what we hope is the best of this becomes part of our schedule. Even how-long sponsored spectacles are finding their way into our program lineup.

While I have to write these words primarily from my 52nd street view of the industry, I believe that network radio is in far better health than it was a year ago. Competition between the networks is showing more life and this is a gratifyingly healthy situation. In the coming year, there will be new formulas developed for the use of the medium and new programming to excite listener attention.

A 'Master Blueprint' For Future

By **M. J. CULLIGAN**

(Vice President of the NBC Radio Network)

How are we doing in the effort to adapt network radio to the age of television? I would like to answer that question as it looks to me after personal meetings with well over 100 NBC Radio affiliates.

We went to our affiliates with the NBC Radio Network's "master blueprint of the future." A pivotal issue in our plan was the changing of network option times to include the first five minutes of every hour of the broadcast day. The affiliates were asked to give to the network the necessary clearances to permit the programming of network news-on-the-hour.

A considerable contribution on the part of the affiliates was requested, in exchange for certain network contributions which were carefully calculated to put the stations on a better economic basis as NBC affiliates.

These new station benefits included the new NBC hot-line service, which will restore to the American public a broadcast version of the long-departed newspaper "extra" relegated to the graveyard many years ago because of the speed and flexibility of radio news reporting. Other benefits, such as longer station breaks, the right to sell local spots in unsold network shows and an increase in the station compensation rate, rounded out the picture.

Despite the short-term financial contribution involved, the affiliates unanimously approved our plan, and in mid-January the NBC Radio Network will feature news-on-the-hour, 17 hours a day.

This will be news of the highest quality, devoted almost entirely to great national and international news stories. It will in no way conflict with the regional and local news now done so well by NBC stations. Rather, it will supplement local and regional news coverage, putting the NBC station head and shoulders above other network stations and independent stations.

Each station will have on its staff a newsmen who is a full accredited representative member of the NBC News Department. This will give to the NBC Radio Network the greatest news gathering force in the world, supplementing as it will the very complete international coverage facilities now in operation for NBC Radio Network.

News-on-the-hour and the NBC hot-line service will be one of the foundations of the NBC Radio Network of the future.

A second strong foundation is the weekend. "Monitor," which has been an audience and advertising success since last April, will be extended to Friday night. This is a logical move, since, for most Americans, the weekend really starts on Friday.

Daytime Concept

The third strong foundation of the NBC Radio Network will be daytime radio. Now, after seven years of most intensive competition from daytime television, more people listen to radio than watch television from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. Daytime radio adds for more unduplicated audience to nighttime television than does daytime television. And, in fact, an advertiser who has some daytime television would gain much more audience by buying daytime radio than more daytime television. Part of the upsurge in network radio billing is directly traceable to advertiser research proving those conclusions.

The fourth foundation of radio networks is the hard core of radio listeners who just plain prefer radio listening to television viewing, regardless of what television programs are on. They give us a substantial audience at night and will continue to do so, despite television.

To this, we add the new concept of "Imagery Transfer." With "Imagery Transfer" an advertiser can use radio to sum up the impressions of his campaign stored in the minds of millions of listeners. With a few key words, the entire sales message is recalled from other media and brought to the top-of-mind.

We have a sound basis for getting (Continued on Page 106)

The Crash Of '57

By CHARLES ISAACS

Hollywood.

It happened slowly. There was no immediate or sudden panic. But if we look back and trace the events we shouldn't have been caught unprepared.

In November the trade papers had no inkling that it was coming. They ran their usual stories on industry problems such as the new Anti-Cleavage Group move, demanding that Cary Grant putty up his chin before appearing on television, and the Parent-Teachers organization claiming that watching vaudeville made delinquents out of John Dillinger and Al Capone, and that television is vaudeville and that's what's making today's delinquents.

If there was any clue as to what was to come it might have been the statistic printed in *VARIETY* proving, by recent polls, that Elvis Presley and quiz shows were the most popular television fare. It appeared that people like to watch pelvic movements and money being won. John Guedel announced he'd combine these tense surefire ideas in his new show, "Win a Pelvis."

That was what our industry was concerned with on the November day when we approached our doom. Now putting the fragments together we know that it started on the \$64,000 Question." Lou Cowan will deny that it started there but here is the evidence.

Television viewers across the country saw Hal March hand a check for \$64,000 to Mr. Ed Smith of Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. Smith had just named the eight important ingredients in Mama Weiss' apple strudel.

The same week millions of television fans saw Gwendolyn Butt and Richard Doos tie for split of the \$64,000 on "64,000 Challenge." "Do You Trust Your Wife?" put \$50,000 in escrow for quiz winners Mae and Tom Jones of Minneapolis.

"Strike It Rich" wrote checks for 75 appendectomies, seven kidney stone removals and four treatments for ulcers.

Within this same time period the winners were taking everything or "Two for the Money" and "High Finance." On "People Are Funny" Dave Conley allowed himself to be dipped in flour and fried in a new kind of shortening that leaves meat just as cool and tangy just as if it had never been cooked. For this hilarious adventure Mr. Conley won a \$100,000 home and a family size fry-pan.

The First Rumblings

The first crack in all this normalcy appeared on a Sunday night on "What's My Line?" John Daly had just flipped the \$50 card when the panel couldn't identify Polly Adler. Polly asked for cash rather than a check and demanded that it be paid in unmarked bills. Mr. Daly fumbled through his wallet and so did the panelists but none of them had \$50 in cash, all of them being Diner's Club members in good standing. A check was sent to Toots Shor who bit it to see if it was real and finally cashed it. This should have been the tip-off to the chaos to come, but still no one suspected.

At 10 a.m. the next morning the second crack appeared. Shor, worrying about the check, rushed over to Chase National Bank. The teller at the window opened his cash drawer and found he had only \$20. He leaned over the to the second teller and asked for some cash but the second teller had only \$5—having just cashed a check for the winner of "Tic-Tac-Dough." They both rushed to the head teller who rapidly went down the line of cash drawers and heard the same reports—every quiz show in town had paid off winners. With a sinking feeling the head teller called the assistant manager who, with dignified haste, descended to the cash vault. It was empty.

Bank manager, R. Heffle, was apprised of the situation and called the Chemical Bank. James Sidney Mart, president of Chemical, was already nervously calling the Irving Trust Co. He explained to Mr. Heffle that Chemical had already

paid out cash for a "Dollar a Second" winner and "Beat the Clock." The manager of Irving Trust, just a little hysterically, shouted over the phone that they had just paid a quarter of a million dollars to a winner on "The Big Payoff." Within a half-hour the presidents of eight leading banks were closeted with the Federal Reserve Bank. Within another half-hour an emergency order was issued. The banks must shut down temporarily.

The Panic Is On

The first teller at Chase National had lived through 1929. He sneaked out to a pay phone and told his wife to dash to the local branch and withdraw their funds. An hour later lines of anxious people began forming at all banks. The words went around to a stunned citizenry that a bank failure was in the making.

From Washington the Treasury Department pleaded with the newspapers of the nation to announce that there was no need for panic. The newspapers couldn't get out an issue because all of their employees were in line at the banks. Executives from the leading networks proved their mettle when, in the absence of stampeded employees, they personally laid cable to the White House and operated the cameras so that the President could reassure the country. The President smiled in the camera and held up a \$10 bill to show the viewers that there was still money around.

The people wanted practical assurance and the Federal Reserve Bank decided they would have to call in all foreign loans. The Bank of England was unable to comply with the request because among other similar happenings there had been a jackpot winner on England's "Double Your Money." A phone call to the Bank of France only brought the report that thousands of francs had been paid out to "Tele-Match" winners. On a Denmark quiz show a woman won 64,000 Kroner. And in Italy a "Lascia o Raddoppia" winner took 5,125,000 lira.

Europe couldn't help.

CBS barricaded its modern building in Hollywood and placed guards at the entrance to their New York office building as unruly crowds gathered in the streets shouting "Down with the \$64,000 Question!" On some of the residential corners Lou Cowan was burned in effigy. Mr. Cowan did the wise thing and started for the Mexican border but unfortunately he was stopped outside of Tia Juana by an irate group of Mexican bankers who said there had been a double winner on the "64,000 Peso Question."

Cowan slowly made his way back to New York hoping to find refuge in Hal March's apartment. Capt. McCutcheon supplied him with food and little Gloria Lockerman sent him clothes.

Factories were paralyzed and industry was at a complete standstill. A Senator was hissed when he suggested that we borrow from Russia, but finally, with great reluctance, the State Department began negotiations with the Kremlin. Russia bullied, blustered and hedged, and finally sheepishly admitted that there had been so many winners on the "64,000 Ruble Question" that they couldn't even afford transportation to send more people to Siberia.

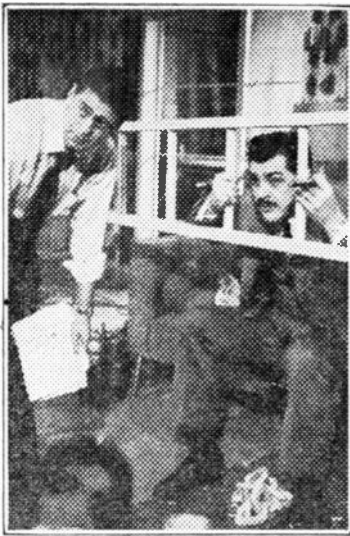
With the world on the brink of disaster the clouds of fear suddenly lifted, the panic subsided and hope sprang up again, for Lou Cowan announced that replacing "64,000 Question" would be a new quiz show, "Brother Can You Spare a Dime?"

Chernin's Triangle Post

Philadelphia.

Kenneth Chernin has been appointed promotion supervisor of Triangle Publications radio and tv stations.

Chernin, who joined Triangle's promotion department in June, following two years with the American Association of Advertising Agencies, in his new position will work closely with the promotion departments of each of the five Triangle stations.



BARRY directs ERNIE
On NBC thru MCA

TPA's \$10,500,000 '57 Prod. Budget; Six New Shows

Television Programs of America has set a \$10,500,000 production budget for 1957 involving the production of six new series plus continuing production on two others. TPA will turn out 26 more "Private Secretary" shows—so that presumably the Ann Sothern starrer will continue to alternate with Jack Benny on CBS-TV next season—and 26 more "Fury" telefilms.

New series are "The New Adventures of Charlie Chan," which rolls this week with J. Carol Naish starred; "New York Confidential," still in the script stage; "Waldo," on which a pilot has been filmed and which Robert Maxwell will produce; "Tugboat Annie," on which the pilot has been shot; "Mr. Digby," another series like "Annie" based on Satevepost stories and a still untitled outdoor action series. Latter series, along with "Digby" and "Charlie Chan," will definitely go to 39 episodes.

The eight-show, \$10,500,000 budget count doesn't include "Hawkeye and the Last of the Mohicans," currently shooting in Toronto, of which 13 are being completed with production to continue into 1957. The "Private Secretary" production once again complicates the Jack Benny alternate situation—Ann Sothern had stated she would not make any more "Secretaries" and Benny slated his own package featuring Marge & Gower Champion into the slot. Now, presumably, American Tobacco has worked out a new deal for "Secretary."

John M. Brigham has switched from WATV, the Newark-Metropolitan area tv station, to WHCT, Hartford, Conn., UHF. Before his WATV stint, the salesman, who'll report to general manager Harvey Struthers, was with the Hollingbery reppery.

'I Say It Was a Helluva Year'

By LESTER GOTTLIEB

I don't care what the critics say about the television year that has just departed, I loved it. They carped over the fact that the past season failed to produce any genuine events or memories. I'm going to prove just how wrong they are.

For instance:

I found out after watching Ziv's "West Point" cadets that Lucky Strike cigarettes march better.

It is a conclusive fact that Mexico never had so many presidents in one year as the three networks.

Television proved that Archie Moore should have taken acting lessons from Jack Palance.

I've heard of talent raiding but Phil Silvers' heisting of "The \$64,000 Question's" Evelyn Patrick was romantic robbery.

Broadway doesn't want our geniuses. They rejected Dave Susskind and Auk Oboler in one month.

Jack Webb discovered human actors are easier to direct than animal ones.

Who says impossible conversations don't come true? How about Jerry Lewis interviewing Mary Roberts Rinehart?

I know Jack Palance will cop all the awards but here's a vote for Richard Kiley for his "Studio One" job.

I hope I never see Gloria Lacherman ever again and I also hope I spelled her name wrong.

I believe "Hey, Jeannie" and "Oh, Suzanna" are really one show.

One star I missed seeing on tv this year was Margaret Sullivan.

"I'm no prophet but this I will wager: Mike Stokey's "Pantomime Quiz" will be back again next summer. It always is.

I am waiting for the night when one of Hy Gardner's guests hangs up the phone and keeps on talking to him.

What ever happened to Hal Tunis and Bea Kalmus? I miss them.

Ray Bolger shouldn't play matinees.

Yes, Virginia, there is an Elvis Presley.

When Knighthood Was In Flower On TV Film

By HAL HACKETT

In 1953 analysis of the program content of the three networks showed one department of entertainment had been completely omitted or overlooked—that was the field of historical costume-adventure. Further investigation showed the reason for this omission was primarily due to the lack of authentic facilities, that is, castles, moats, draw-bridges and the countless other items of antiquity necessary for accuracy of production. The very thought of filming in countries other than the United States apparently had not been highly considered, since it meant leaving Hollywood where television picture production is a well understood business, moving to Europe, and, in effect, educating the creative European feature picture makers into the field of television picture production.

Official Films, realizing that the great heroic characters of the rich historical periods, such as Eighth Century "Sir Lancelot," 12th Century "Robin Hood" and 17th Century "Buccaneers" would find eager acceptance by America's adventure loving audiences, therefore embarked on a course that would, if successful, give them leadership in this field.

Tremendous research went into this project, the first being "Robin Hood" where the habits of the people of the 12th Century every minute of the day had to be checked and recorded, their money, their customs in eating, their approach to one another, their slang, clothing, household effects and many, many other subjects were researched completely. This project, which took many months, and involved surveys through the British Museum and other sources, was finally ready. Then, and only then, could script writers go to work, because without this research their scripts, of necessity, must be full of errors.

More meticulous and painstaking effort went into the casting of "Robin Hood," as for decades through book, song and story the public have built up a very definite understanding about how each of the characters looked. Round Friar Tuck, 6'5" Little John, healthy, wholesome Maid Marian and dashing hero Robin Hood.

"Lancelot" and "The Buccaneers" went through exactly the same formula that has brought to the screen the finished product.

Currently in England, we are beginning pilots of two more costume-adventure series. These have been undergoing research for the past year. One is "The Highwaymen" and the second "Sword for Hire." Exploits for "The Highwaymen" took place in and around London in 1750. "Sword for Hire" is thrown against the fascinating Renaissance period with a Florence, Italy, background.

We and others have made many attempts to produce television series in countries other than the English-speaking ones, and we, like

others, found this a most difficult operation. The language barrier slows production, thereby raising costs and endangering the ability to hold to a rigid delivery schedule. With England and Canada and other countries of the British Commonwealth having commercial television any product made in England is most obviously looked upon with great favor, for programming on the commercial channels in the various countries concerned and, since the union rules in England call for 89% of program content to be domestically British and 29% that that may be drawn from outside sources, British-made product is greatly in demand.

Universal Appeal

Historical costume-adventure types of programs which pre-date the American Revolution and have more or less to do with the British Empire at its height, find a responsive audience in all English speaking countries of the world, as opposed to contemporary type of programs of the American "cops and robbers" type, which are not as well understood by countries remote to the United States.

Strangely enough in the case of "Robin Hood" many countries apart from English speaking ones have bought and are telecasting the series in versions carrying a dubbed sound track in various languages. They are Japan, Norway, Italy, Mexico and South America. And so, "Robin Hood" literally reaches halfway around the world and is acceptable entertainment to peoples in both the East and West. Who said, "Never the twain shall meet?" At this moment, a new contract has been consummated with Japan for "Sir Lancelot," and also in Canada, so that it looks as though the "Robin Hood" series' history will repeat itself.

Someone, said, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." Unfortunately for the television industry, as soon as someone successfully opens up a new field of program endeavor other producers rush to copy, and as a net result, in a few years the networks can become surfeited and saturated with a single character of program. This certainly happened in the fields of "cops and robbers," anthologies and now money give-away shows. However, we believe as other producers get their feet wet in historical costume-adventure they will find this is not as easy as contemporary picture making know-how is everywhere in the United States. The very weight of the responsibility of research; casting; weapons and their use; and countless other facts present an enormous job before a camera can roll. The time expended to make a single picture, where bows and arrows, swords and lances are employed, in order to get a realistic result takes tedious hours of rehearsal. Just as the motion picture industry; Broadway's legitimate theatre and radio have striven for something new, the hurdle placed on television in this respect is something greater and calls upon the creators of our industry to have courage to enter new fields of program design and originality, rather than the mediocrity that comes when one "plays safe" and imitates someone else's successful formula. The creators of programming should strive, as many do, to be leaders instead of followers.

We have talked much of England and historical costume-adventure in this article, yet we know the United States will always be a country of know-how in the making of television pictures and in our opinion will always produce at least 90% of America's program needs. In producing nine times as much film programming as the rest of the world, America has its greatest responsibility and one which we feel it will continue to exercise fully.

Set 'Playhouse' Stars

Screen Gems has signed Charles Korvin and Dan O'Herlihy for starring roles in "The Elizabeth Blackwell Story," a "Playhouse 90" filmed presentation.

Adapted for the series by Mel Goldberg from Lloyd C. Douglas' story "The First Woman Doctor," co-stars will be Joanne Dru and Keith Larsen

By REV. MALCOLM BOYD

The young theologian, Daniel Day Williams, has noted (in his book, *"What Present-Day Theologians Are Thinking"*): "Art which is not specifically Christian but which communicates man's sense of the holy or his hunger and thirst for it prepares the spirit for faith. Christian art typified by the poetry of Milton or Auden, the *B Minor Mass* of Bach, or the modern settings of the Mass by Poulenc or Stravinski, the novels of Dostoveski or a recent novel such as Alan Paton's *"Cry, the Beloved Country,"* the painting which keeps the story of the Christ alive in countless ways, is a means by which the basic ideas that theology criticizes and analyzes are given powerful expression. Theology is in its analytical and critical work closer to philosophy than it is to art. But theology keeps a more constant relation to mythical and poetical forms of expression than does most philosophy. Art and liturgy are the dramatic emotion-laden ways in which the message which theology interprets finds a universal language in each generation."

To move on further, however: a

The special storyboards have individual panels for video, animation & background, audio and timing.



'Susie' Telepix's \$2,000,000 Gross

TPA, in a year-end report, also revealed that sales on the "Stage Seven" series have hit the \$1,500,000 mark, with the anthology series sold in 125 markets. "Susie," incidentally, is set in 140 markets.

'MAYERLING' TV'ER SETS CAST OF 111

Production, which will star Mel Ferrer & Audrey Hepburn, will utilize 18 sets. It will originate from NBC-TV's color studio in Brooklyn.

Television Primer For Industrial Showmanship

By ALAN M. FISHBURN

N. NEW, a word constantly preceded by "Something—." The object of a frantic search prior to every meeting or convention. Failure to come up with at least one of these may result in much

Re it an intimate sales meeting, a giant convention business program, or a new product spectacular, it's very much like opening night on Broadway. What's the big difference? The captive audience, that's what! If you sell them, entertain them, and set the story across in language they can appreciate and understand, you've done a hell of a job! Why? Because every single member of your captive audience doubles in spades as a hard-bitten, tough-to-sell, self-appointed critic!

BRILLER TO COAST

Bert Briller, manager of sales development for ABC-TV, is on his annual junket to the Coast. Briller left Monday (17) for a week's stay-over to discuss program and sales details for 1957.

Certain to come up is the pitch plan for Warner Bros. new half-hour series, "Amazon Trader."



Don't Go Away—There's More

By HERBERT C. RICE
(V. P., Mutual Broadcasting System)

Once upon a time, there was a depression. Now, this depression settled on an infant. The infant was quite lusty but sometimes there wasn't enough to feed him. But the fond fathers (and there were quite a few) just gave a hefty hitch to their belts and went out and obtained food. This, my children, was how the legendary saying came about, "There's nothing wrong with radio that a commercial won't cure."

Don't go away, that's not the end of the story. With this commercial food the infant grew almost overnight into a great big giant. His arms and legs grew so much they sprawled all over the country and they called them networks. He was a happy giant, because with the world at his speaker he could eat and eat commercials until he was almost ready to bust. And then something happened. No, he didn't go bust. No—he married a wicked old witch. Now this old witch secretly hated giant Radio but she knew she'd have to marry him to cut him down to size.

Well, old giant Radio was too fat to care what his wife, the old witch, was up to. But she didn't lose much time (only about 10 years which is nothing in space). She brewed a few radio tubes and some new fangled dials and electrons together and then when it all came to a boil she took a carving knife and dug out giant Radio's eyes and mixed them into her concoction. With a puff and a bang a large radio set with a glass panel floated into the air and in her dry crackling voice she screamed "Television, television it killed him, it killed him!"

Real Sad

No, no this is not the end of the story. But I warn you, here comes the sad part. Poor old giant Radio couldn't see and he cried out "Help me, help me" and floundered about flaying his giant arms and legs trying his best to clutch hold of the wicked witch. Instead, she screeched at the top of her voice "You can't see, you can't see!" So all he could do was fall back on his haunches and blubber and blubber. Each day he grew sadder and sadder. His eyes were gone, nobody brought him commercial food and he quickly became thin and run down—nobody seemed to want him. In fact, he was about ready to die.

Now, when the wicked old witch thought giant Radio was really going to die, she said to herself "This once fat lummock hasn't suffered enough." So, just to keep him alive she fed him just little bits of commercial, not very nourishing ones children, but just enough to keep him alive. And the giant was so hungry he just ate up any old thing the witch threw at him.

He got so hungry that when she wasn't looking he stole lots of meaty music from the record companies—and he bribed his newsgathering friends to feed him all the news he could gobble up so that before you could say "Jack Robinson" he grew fat again. But he knew his daily diet wasn't balanced and without other vitamins his new found strength would not last. What could he do? What could he do? He had lost his eyes—He sat and he sobbed. Then suddenly without warning the white fairy appeared and bopped him gently on the larynx. With a start he jumped up and down crying "My voice! My voice." "I've still got my voice!"

His voice—people used to listen to his voice. But since the wicked old witch had worked her poison on him his voice had lost so much of its sparkle, so much of its timber, so much of its authority. Suddenly he knew the answer. All he had to do was to recover his good voice. He knew what he wanted. He'd call back his old friends, those who gave him the words to say. The well written words. The thoughtful words. The creative words. With these words he could become new again. Out would go the vulgar, careless ad-libs, the shouting and the howling. He would bring back the words which caused people to stop, listen and linger awhile. Because he was a very good giant he didn't kill his wife, the wicked witch, instead he divorced her. He cut her off completely and became very popular once again with his large Radio family and lived happily ever after.

The Increasing Importance Of Foreign TV Markets

By MICHAEL M. SILLERMAN

(Executive Vice-President, Television Programs of America)

They tell me that in theatrical film exhibition, foreign revenue these days accounts for between 40 and 50% of total revenue. It may surprise a lot of people in the tv industry, but the day when foreign revenue on vidfilms equals that figure—I'm speaking now of syndicated telefilm shows—is not too far off. Manny Reiner, our foreign sales manager and a specialist in this phase of the film business for many years, makes this educated guess: in two years, those tv film distributors with good product and heads-up foreign distribution facilities may be doing almost half their first run business in foreign distribution.

Even though I've been pretty much in the thick of the entire tv sales picture for some years, I find this a truly startling development. This is tv's second meteor. We were on the tail of the U. S. meteor which in so short a time made video the most important advertising-selling medium in this country. Now we are both watching and participating in a like situation—in England, Europe, Latin America, Australia, and elsewhere.

If the forecast of 40 to 50% seems out of proportion, it can be completely substantiated in one easy lesson. For 1956, TPA's foreign revenue amounts to 25% of total billings. We anticipate a climb to 30 or 35% by the end of 1957.

Global 'Mohicans'

I don't want to make this sound like a commercial, but there have been some interesting foreign sales lately. Not too long ago, for example, Milt Gordon closed an Eastern Hemisphere deal for "Last of the Mohicans," virtually assuring world wide distribution for this series. That's quite a chunk of business, especially since the pro-

gram is already scheduled to be aired by the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. (CBC). This last, incidentally, is for both English and French dubbed versions. Another interesting overseas sales was that of "Fury," for Switzerland, which followed prior sales in Canada.

The best indication of the scope and potential of the international video market is that TPA (and I'm sure this is true of several other vidfilm distributors), now has seven shows on the air, in more than 20 different countries. Expansion in 1957 is inevitable as additional languages are dubbed.

At the present time, Canada and England are the two most important non-U. S. markets, but Latin America is expanding rapidly in terms of tv market importance. Mexico, Cuba, Puerto Rico and Venezuela are active markets and there seems to be a direct relationship between the use of U. S. films there and the growth of the markets. What is happening, it appears, is that as more and more U. S. shows go on the air in these markets, more and more does the demand for tv sets grow. Thus, the same thing that happened in the U. S. is happening elsewhere—more and better shows mean more and bigger set sales and, correspondingly, more of a sales potential for the sponsors supporting the programs.

The effects of this phenomenal growth will be felt in several directions. First, and perhaps most important, it is quite likely to increase production of first-run syndicated film shows in the U. S. In some respects, the present situation in the United States has been a deterrent to vidfilm production, because the increasing competition, the increasing number of second runs (first run off network)



KENNETH ROBERTS
The WALTER WINCHELL SHOW
St. Louis 7-5400

properties and the ever-present problem of time clearances has had, as one might expect, a deterrent effect on first run production in the U. S. All of these factors have added up to one thing—it takes longer now for a tv distributor-producer to recoup his initial program investment if he relies solely on U. S. sales. This, in turn, has an effect on overall bank financing so necessary in film production.

Obviously, this is where non-U. S. sales come in, since such sales hasten the return of the original production investment and distribution costs, easing the producer-distributor's financing problems by an appreciable measure. Also worth mentioning, is that these sales will bring the profit-turning point that much closer.

Problems will undoubtedly increase as the foreign market increases. Quota policies are already in effect in some nations and possibly may spread. Currency is another highly complicated area—Colombia, for example, recently devaluated its peso, thus enormously complicating the planning of advertising budgets in advance. Withal, tho, the international picture is bright.

Aqui se habla Espanol.

WB Sets 'Amazon Trader' for ABC

First of the telefilm series done by Warner Bros. in its expanded tieup with ABC-TV will be the pilot on the half-hour "Amazon Trader." The two full-hour stanzas which ABC is getting from the major are still in the planning stages. All the Warner shows are for the 1957 season.

Warners is shooting "Trader" in the Amazon Jungle. Network announced that the two 60-minute series will be in the adventure category.

ABC recently signed with Warners for use of the company's Hollywood stages. The three new series and the alternating "Cheyenne" "Conflict" "histronics" for "Warner Bros. Presents" are the Warners' produced programs. Studio space will be rented to other ABC producers.

Status of the Indie Press Agent

Dodo bird of the radio-tv industry is the independent radio press agent. He is practically extinct. A phase of the business begun 25 years ago in New York and which once gave employment to more than 500 people has gone the way of split sponsorships and lessened interest in radio.

In New York there is perhaps one agency specializing in this work, started originally to aid advertising agencies in obtaining proper press agent services for their radio—and later tv—programs. With the scores of flacks active in Hollywood none is known to deal exclusively in such services. Such outfits as Margaret Ettinger and Rogers & Cowan work on tv programs for sponsors and agencies, but both firms are basically motion picture exploiters and stars' personal press agents. Even David Alber Associates, one of the pioneers in the field, handles only personalities and industrial public relations accounts. Earle Ferris' Radio Feature Service and Tom Fizzdale's similar, have been closed for almost five years.

Death blow to the specialists came when tv costs reached the point where two different advertisers shared sponsorship of tv programs, alternating weeks. Year of 1956 saw most advertising agencies operating their own publicity organizations and wholly-owned adjuncts. Freelancers found it almost impossible to induce one sponsor to pay press fees for two weeks out of four, or to turn the entire task over to independents.

Most tv film program makers have their own flacks, or retain outside help to promote the programs as such with little pressure on sponsor identification. Press kids are sent out, especially on individual city rentals and reruns, but like network efforts, these are backed up by individual stations.

Be Of Stout Heart, All Is Not Lost

By STOCKTON HELFFRICH

(Director, NBC Continuity Acceptance)

Strongly doubt we good-taste umpires have gone caloused, but neither are we weather vanes reacting to every other wind that blows (and brethren, it's windier here than down by the Flatiron Building).

What with (1) the professional radio and tv critics refreshingly at variance with each other on our more calculated risks; and (2) so much of what is grousing (in the audience mail we get) from folks who'd find even Shaw just a four-letter word, I'm encouraged. Could be that cranks are getting crankier and the really silly complaints sillier, or could be other network counterparts and I are getting tougher. Or could be yesterday's lament has soured into this year's "drop dead!" Think, tho, it's none of these alone, but a synthesis of all, plus a grain or two of good old common sense. You develop a sense of humor—not flip, just mellowed. It's self-evident you're not going to do anything that pleases everybody, so you settle for editing with a point of view in step with the times and with the courage of your own convictions. Seems to me the order of the day demands it. Better to take a flyer now and then, and appraise the audience reaction, than virtuously, drearily stand still. Mostly the so-called calculated risks are merely responses to a no-longer so provincial public demand.

VARIETY itself having frequently this year filled its readers in on highlights from our so-called CART (Continuity Acceptance Radio and Television) appraisals of where-do-we-stand-and-are-we-in-any-hot-water-and-if-so-how-hot, allow me no more than a quick review, some updating, and a conclusion or so.

The year was full of pressures from the most divergent and articulate segments of our audience. Everybody is a censor, or has his own view of what a censor should be, and each one is convinced that the broadcasting media have vast potentials to influence people. Problem is that the occasional straw in the wind looks to the viewer with an axe to grind like a target for immediate and violent chopping.

That's all very flattering, and the broadcaster can't help but be impressed with his power to win friends, make enemies, and influence jurors. But why, oh why, do the anxious constantly assume a state of anarchy, assume that there are (1) no rules of thumb; (2) no willingness to listen to reasonable suggestions, and (3) no thought behind the industry's more up-graded efforts.

P. T. A. Tackles a 'Bastard'

Tain't so: Before we passed a designation of these Princes as little bastards in Richard III, I polled as far afield as the Norwalk (Conn.) Brookside School's P.T.A. Before we were approving in care-

fully weighed contexts the character-delineating uses of "hell" or "damn," we researched what a U.S. court considers profanity to be, set up ground rules, policed ourselves coast to coast, and produced a chapter and verse tally (March CART) of when and where and why these reflections of reality "got by" (us and the audience). Before we went testy on scripters too lazy (and too ignorant) to drop clichéd uses of "crazy" when "jerky" or "silly" or "foolish" was meant, we had documentation from the American Psychiatric Association in Washington, D. C.

Reason that 90-second sequence from a Caesarian got the heave was that it (1) was sensationally stark and anxiety-producing for many pregnant viewers (veteran or no), and (2) forced on parents of child viewers the necessity of answers to questions often prematurely raised.

If we sound cautious on animal acts it's because they invariably misfire (on one "Tonight" show a rabbit looked misused even it it wasn't).

If we long since went beyond eliminating racial stereotypes to add a logical reflection of American minority groups in contexts in the real world around us, it's simply because we feel that it isn't enough to be agin' something—you got to be for things as well.

Presley hasn't corrupted our youth this year. A pre-teen lassie in my life just thinks it would be nice to learn to play a guitar.

Siobhan McKenna's reading of Maugham's Leslie Crosbie seemed to one New York columnist done "tastily, tastefully and successfully," while another on the coast saw in "The Letter" proof that "sex . . . generally is treated in a more adult fashion on tv than in the movies, where innuendo makes it much more risqué."

"Born Yesterday," to a pleased eastern critic, showed "daring—for tv—frankness," "hammering vulgarity and tastelessness" to the first above who liked "The Letter," and, to a third, "a cheering sign . . . hope that maybe tv is on its way towards surrendering the belief in Santa Claus which bigots and pudes continually attempt to impose upon it."

Let's all relax. Truth will out, art is freer than it thinks, no Comstock rides again. Freedom of expression is a rule in our land while rigid censorship is the exception. And where so-called censorship exists its farthest reach dare not be more than as calm and cool and objective an arbitration as is humanly possible. A pledge for the year ahead: we'll keep out what is concentrated malice and consciously not censor what dares to be challenging whether we agree with it or not.

ABC's 4th Anniversary Merger in Spotlight

ABC-TV is celebrating the fourth anniversary of the American Broadcasting Co. merger with Paramount Theatres by holding a mass sales pitch for agency-sponsor execs at the Waldorf-Astoria on Feb. 14. It's the first pitch made by the network to more than one or two clients at a time, and a pitch of this kind is rare in all networks annals.

There is a possibility that the spiel will be centered about use of the Cell-o-Matic, a wide-screen device which Oliver Treyz, veep in charge of ABC-TV, helped make popular when he headed Television Bureau of Advertising. Details of the approach in "selling" 1,600 or more potential customers at one time have not been finalized, but it is expected to touch on ABC-TV's up-to-date clearance picture and on the purchase and subsequent sale of the Frank Sinatra series and on the use of further Warner Bros. telefilm product.

Network is after Sinatra or Danny Thomas, who also has an ABC-TV show, to appear at the meeting.

Gallic TV Still Looks To The Day When It Will Be a Potent Factor In Show Biz; Slim Com'l Prospect

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris. Though France will probably get its second television channel in 1960, when all of France is expected to be covered by tv emitters, it is unlikely that there will ever be any commercial video here. This is the opinion of Jean D'Arcy, program director of the State subsidized web. There is a possibility that the new channel would have advertising, but it would still probably be run by the governmental Radiodiffusion Television Francaise.

D'Arcy went on to say that one private and one governmental channel would lead to competition that could conceivably rev up program content and public interest in tv, but it was felt it could also lead to the public station devoting itself to entertainment and diversion and claiming that the government web should handle all educational and public service facets. Since it is nationalized, and there are strong pressure family groups with their say in video, he feels this split would be a bad thing. It would have to be either two private or two government setups to have an adequate responsibility of each, and D'Arcy opines that the former is out, so Gallic tv looks to remain governmental with a possibility of running one on a commercial ad basis.

France is now two thirds covered by tv and is up to 50 hours per week in programming with 60% live and 40% film. All transmitters beam the Paris output except for some regional time, an hour and a half top, given in some places for local consumption. D'Arcy feels that another problem is getting a uniform cheap set to hypo sales. Only 400,000 sets are in operation and this will have to be trebled before tv can be considered a potent aspect here on the show biz scene.

Recent international crisis gave tv a hypo via on-the-spot news coverage which lent tv a dramatic immediacy that newsreels could not cope with. This and the probable new all purpose cheap set may stabilize tv, thinks D'Arcy. There are over 40 companies making sets today, and this is considered too many in the light of sales. Prices ranging from \$315 to \$200 are still considered too high and the new set, when it is designed and put into operation via the Syndicate Des Constructeurs, would sell for a more economic \$140. French aversion to buying on credit is also a problem.

Credit Buying a Problem

Credit buying is also somewhat frowned on by the government due to the danger of inflation, and the usual Gallic mist and cautiousness is making tv extremely hard-sell in rural areas. Government has been thinking of installing sets in new buildings with payment coming out of rentals, but this too looks to be only in a planning stage though all new houses are being built with common antenna setups.

RTV now has 10 tv studios and is also planning a film center for making its own vidpix. There is already a private company, run by RTF, in operation which is beginning film chores on a small scale. Called SOFIRA, it has started a half-hour series with Line Renaud, plus art programs and an educational series. Org has a selling point for other French speaking chains or for theatrical outlets. D'Arcy feels that small prices still paid for these shorts rules out dubbing. This is also holding up more buying of U.S. vidpic series. Main U.S. package now on is "Rin Tin Tin," but westerns have been cut off due to some nixing by parent orgs who feel they are too violent for the moppets.

Main interest among viewers goes to straight, live theatrical pieces and the variety shows, among which the toppers are Jean Nohain and Gilles Margaritis. D'Arcy felt that there was still no direct competition between films and tv. In fact they work together with films getting an income from tv showings. Incidentally film producers are lobbying for a hike in

the yearly license rates of tv to get a bigger cut for their pix. It is this proposed hike, he feels, that is keeping tv out of public bars, centers and schools, though the primary Gallic mode of entertainment, gab, is another factor militating against this.

Eurovision

In 1960 it is also expected to have over 60 hours per week and Eurovision, grouping eight Continental countries, will also be revived soon to give more specialized material via film pools and direct circuit showings of outstanding public and sporting events which have already been done successfully. D'Arcy also intends to push up afternoon viewing as well as Sunday spotting. Perimeter private tv companies (Tele-Monte Carlo, Tele-Sarre and Tele-Luxembourg) have made little dent into the overall setup, and are not even considered important enough in the future RTF planning. When Algerian troubles are ironed out a special cable is to be installed there, and, in the interim, mainly films and kinescopes will be utilized there.

D'Arcy summed up that there were efforts being made to raise video content level, which is considered low here now, as well as to insert some competitive feeling via two channels as soon as all of France is covered by video waves and outlets. Only then will the place, in the show biz hierarchy, of video be able to be ascertained. Meanwhile, besides the big planning, such little items as debugging of autos to do away with set interference, set prices, film production etc. are also taking the time and interest of vid-planners here. Unlike radio the future double channel will not try to become specialized in certain type programs, but each will carry a varied line of enties. Due to the easier beaming of outside commercial stations radio here decided to specialize in various categories via its three nationalized stations.

Meanwhile tv remains that still unknown quantity that gives film people a favorite topic in weighing its probable present and future effects on the cinema.

SG Ups Jackman

Hollywood. Fred Jackman Jr., longtime cameraman, has been upped to director's status at Screen Gems, Columbia tv subsid.

First assignment is to SG's "77th Bengal Lancers" series, currently rolling.

The Meat And Potatoes Of Television Programming

By ROBERT M. WEITMAN

(V. P., Program Development, CBS-TV)

This is all you can be sure of about any given show: you can't make 'em like—you've got to make something they'll like. Or to put it another way, you can't cram your taste down the public's throat.

They've got their own taste—and it's all their own. The fact that not even the most experienced showman can predict it every time is what gives tv programming its spice. And remember—it's the public we're working for. It's their taste we've got to please, no matter how tough they make it for us.

You never really know. Take a comic who's been big time for 20 years. Team him with a producer who knows his way around, a director and writers who understand pace and wit. Give them a good time slot, a sponsor, and your blessing. Then get out of the way. What happens? Sometimes "Lucy." Then stay with it—nurture it, coddle it, fondle it—on the other hand, sometimes nothing.

Promotion? Sure, use it and plenty of it. The bigger the audience you start off with the better off you are. And strong ad-pub work can get you off the ground. But once they turn the cameras on



AXEL GRUENBERG

Producer
For RALPH EDWARDS'
"THIS IS YOUR LIFE"
NBC-TV Wed. 10 P.M. EST.

Master Blueprint

Continued from page 102

ting large audiences to network radio shows, a cost and coverage efficiency unmatched in national media, and an exciting new way to use radio to effect "Imagery Transfer" and maximize the value of all other advertising in print and television.

The "road test" of network radio in the television age is about completed, we think. It has been a rugged "road testing," more severe than any ever faced by any other medium. Television has not destroyed radio, but it has materially changed radio. Radio has lost some of its pre-television glamour, and dollar volume, but what remains is far more important than what has been lost.

For many advertisers, radio is an effective primary medium in its own right. For all advertisers, it is a powerful complementary instrument which can multiply the effects of the other media.

In its present form, we foresee a five-year period of renewed health in network radio. From that point on, we are now certain that exciting new audio equipment will give us a greatly expanded potential of service to the public, our affiliates, and advertisers.

Brittanica Pix for Hub

Boston.

WBZ-TV bought the entire library of 650 Encyclopaedia Britannica Films for integration into Bob Emery's "Big Brother Show," news telecasts, film feature shows and special public affairs department programs. Franklin A. Tooke, gen. mgr., disclosed here this week.

Certain topics lend themselves so well to specific programming that remote pickups will be built around them, he said.

On Tv Writing

Continued from page 92

cified by my fellow Hollywood writers for this, it's apparent that the best TV writing is done in New York, probably because the writer works closer with the producer and the director than he does in Hollywood. Also, New York is traditionally the home of the short story, even though most of them have been written by writers who come from other parts of the country. In New York, the TV shows, which pay more than magazines, are siphoning off short stories writers, who—after some experience—make the best TV writers. This has been abundantly proven by the recently published "As I Pass O Manhattan," an anthology by Esther Morgan McCullough and by the Eastern TV writers who have been eagerly snapped up by motion pictures.

Public Support

8. Finally, the root of all evil in TV stems from the fact that the public does not pay for this form of entertainment, except for the initial investment in a set. He doesn't even pay taxes on his set like the British do. And with TV becoming more and more competitive, only a relatively few sponsors can bankroll an expensive show or series. When the public ceases to pay for a form of entertainment, that form of entertainment is plagued by a basic ill, which no one as yet has been able to cure. The true heroes of TV are those pioneers who are sinking their money and time into finding a means of making the public pay, despite the obvious public apathy, the political antipathy, and the sheer mechanical difficulties. When and if the time comes that TV is put on a paying basis by the 60,000,000 viewers, then the maladies of the industry will in the main vanish. For like every other business, writers, actors, directors, technicians and the back lot crews like to work for money.

You Can't Call 'Em

Continued from page 101

time. He arranges for me to see movies of both teams in action when I arrive a few days later. Meanwhile, he has collected additional background material from the school's files and scrapbooks—material that could not have been sent to me through the mail. When I arrive there, I get together with the head coaches who analyze both their own squads and those of their opponents and discuss generally the offensive and defensive patterns.

Painstaking, But Necessary

Then the night before the game, I review all the data and information I've been studying all week. Before I go up to the broadcasting booth the next afternoon, I know the two clubs almost as well as anyone. It's a thorough and painstaking job—but a necessary one that we hope will pay off the next day.

Knowing record book data is fine. Myrt Powers proved that on "The \$64,000 Question." Any glib guy who can call off who-hit-which-run-when can talk and fill air-time. But it's knowing how to use the most pertinent of those facts to best interpret the action on the field at that moment—that's a main facet of the sportscaster's job.

Like the doctor who, though he has his M.D., still studies the medical journals, the sportscaster must study all the sports pages and publications he can get his hands on. He never knows when he may be called upon at very short notice to cover an event.

An actor's research involves developing a style and remembering and understanding his lines. Same with a singer. They can rehearse their performance ahead of time. But not so with the sportscaster. It is not possible for his time "on the air" to have a rehearsal. His "performance" depends squarely on his knowledge of the game he's covering—knowledge that came from research, the "live" and the book kind.

No wonder research is the sportscaster's best friend.

'LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE' WITH EDUC'L TV

Easton, Pa.

Lafayette College in Easton, Pa., is the first educational institution in Eastern Pennsylvania to install a closed tv circuit.

The tv circuit has been installed in the new Olin Hall of Science. It emanates from the chemistry lecture room which holds 200 and links seven classrooms, with 21-inch receivers in each. A professor thus can lecture 410 students at one time. RCA installed the system.

The closed circuit also will be used when the building is dedicated Friday (11). Guests will sit in various rooms in the building, with the main ceremony in the chemistry lecture room.

It All Depends

Continued from page 94

I also know he's a very funny guy, and—well—

"Relax," said Writer Watkins. "We got empathy."

"He's the little man, ain't he?" asked Writer Hollis.

"Who?"

"Your star. Who are we talking about?"

"Oh, him." Producer Milliken reflected for a moment. "You could say that."

"What?"

"He's the little man."

"Okay, that's your formula!"

"It is?"

"The little man against the world. The timid soul against odds. The outcast trying to find his place in society."

"Sounds great," enthused Milliken. "Could be very funny!"

"What kind of funny are you thinking of?" Hollis boomed, assuming a cross-examining stance.

"What kind is there?"

"Do you mean funny funny or sober funny? Is it hoke funny or choke funny? Is it external funny or from within? Is it frou-frou or bitter-sweet? Do you mean satiric funny or realistic funny? Or maybe you have in mind travesty? Is it on-the-nose funny or implied funny? Is it slap-stick or burlesque? Is it Chaplin funny or Jerry Lewis funny? Are you thinking of clowning funny or acting funny? Is it wild funny or restrained funny? Is it stop-and-go funny or snowball funny? Or is it pathetic funny? Do you prefer classic funny or pratfall funny? Or commedia dell'arte? What kind of funn do you mean, Milliken?"

Producer Milliken sat silent for a long time. His eyes rested on the square crystal clock on his desk. He picked it up with slow deliberation and methodically wound the spring. His glance met Writer Hollis' and he shifted in his chair with some embarrassment. His hand moved in a futile gesture. His lips parted and closed. He ventured a feeble smile that quickly vanished. His gaze turned to the window.

"It gets dark early," he said.

"I say," said Writer Potts, "comedy is a violence upon nature. I say 'I say it' but I'm not the one who really says it. It was stated by William Congreve in 1695. 'True humor cannot be shown without a dissection of nature and a narrow search to discover the first seeds from whence it has its root and growth'—he also said that."

Producer Milliken looked up from the stain on the rug and faced Writer Potts. "I like it," he said simply, "but do you think we could, just for insurance, sneak in some snickers?"

"Garbage!" thundered Writer Crocker. "What's all that jazz you're handing me, Milliken? Let's have some laughs, man! Some boffos! Let's hear the joint rock! Laughs, screams, yells, that's what we want! Let's be funny! Milliken! Milliken! Whatta you doin' on the floor? Get up, Milliken!"

Dr. Schwartzkopf emerged cautiously from the hospital room into the corridor and handed Miss Pringle the chart. "He's just tired, nurse. He needs rest."

THE Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research, Inc., thanks everyone in Show Business for all the help that brought \$11,646,272.32 from Mr. and Mrs. United States.

**Never a penny deducted for expenses
of any kind from the donor's dollar.**

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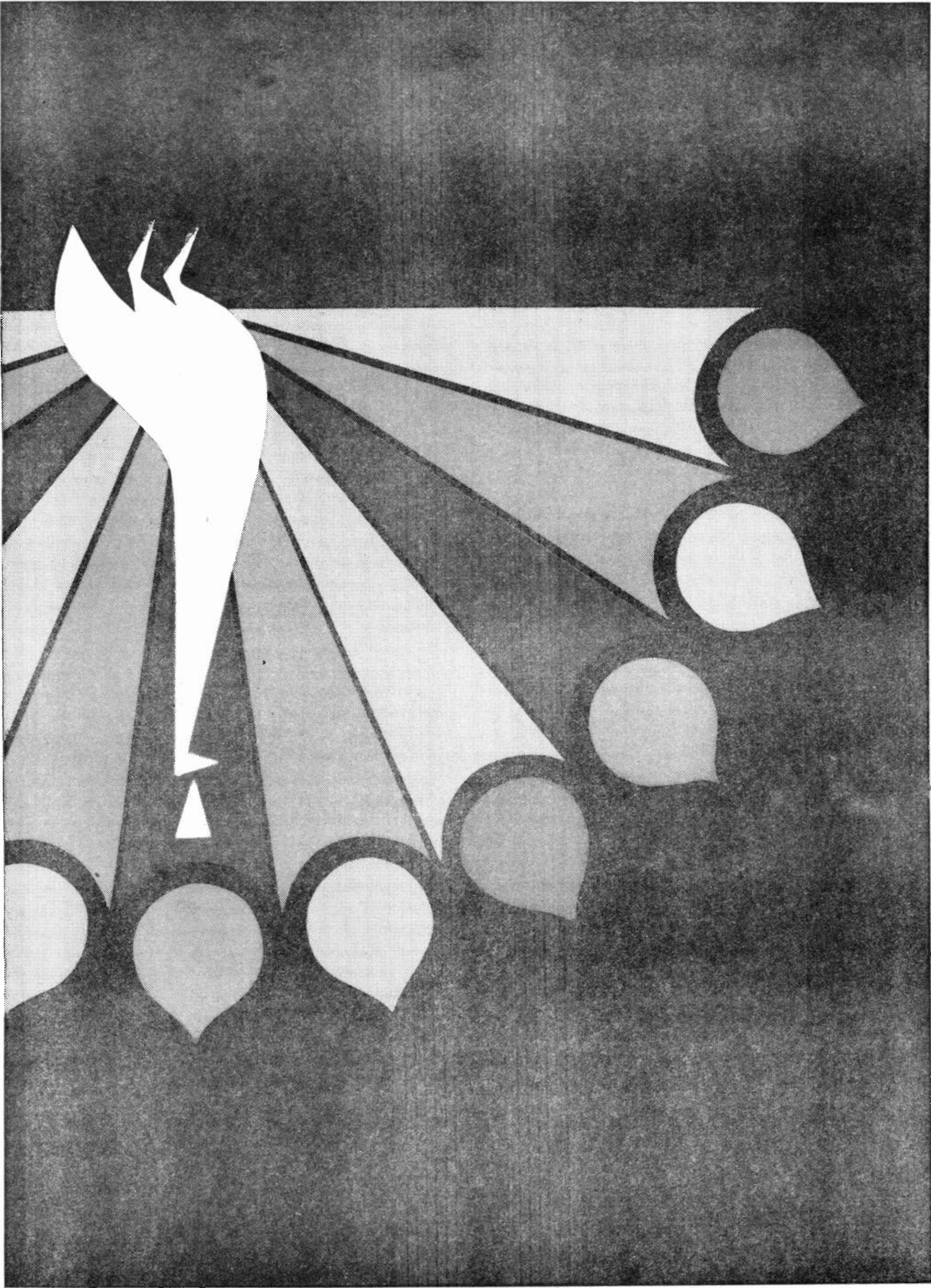
To date \$10,605,207.00 has been allocated in 718 grants and 366 fellowships in 224 institutions in 48 states, the District of Columbia and 18 foreign countries.

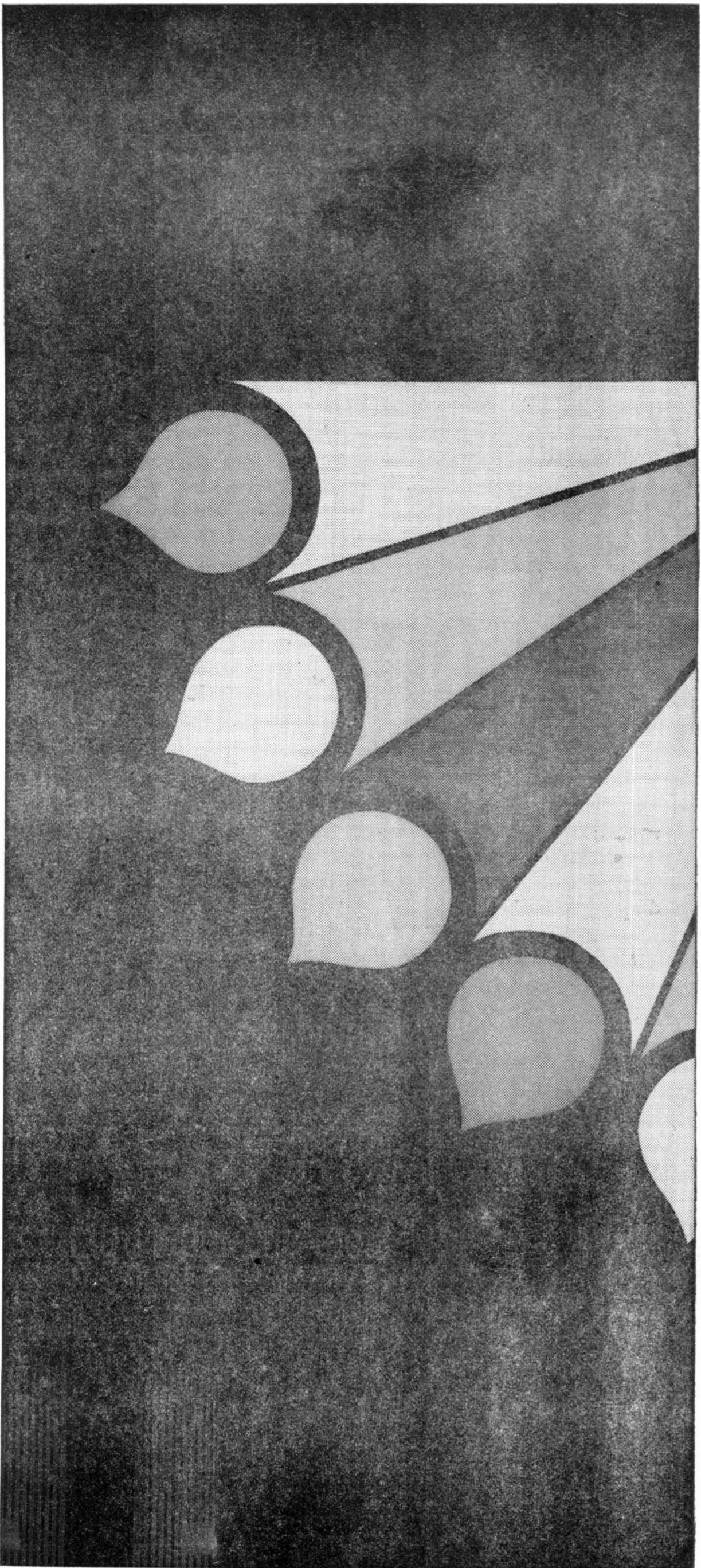
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EXPENSES:—NONE !!!

Walter Winchell

Treasurer





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COLOR
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of the
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THE FIRST HUNDRED MILLION DOLLAR YEAR



A couple of months ago a milestone was passed when McCann-Erickson TV-Radio billing hit a rate of a hundred million dollars annually. A glance at the accompanying charts shows that this covers every radio and TV network, hundreds of local stations—every kind of programming—every type of commercial.

Like all agencies, and most people, we like to set ourselves goals. Probably it was one of our goals to be the first to reach the hundred million mark in this field—but right now there's only time to thank the many people responsible for having done it. The networks and stations who have done so much to bring these media to their present high point of effectiveness . . . the producing outlets and the talent agencies who have contributed so much to the quality of our product.

McCann-Erickson, Inc.

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Network and Regional TV Programs

NIGHTTIME

Special Programs

Cinderella
Great Sebastians, The
Mayerling
Mr. Broadway
Romeo and Juliet
Ruggles of Red Gap
Shower of Stars

One Hour

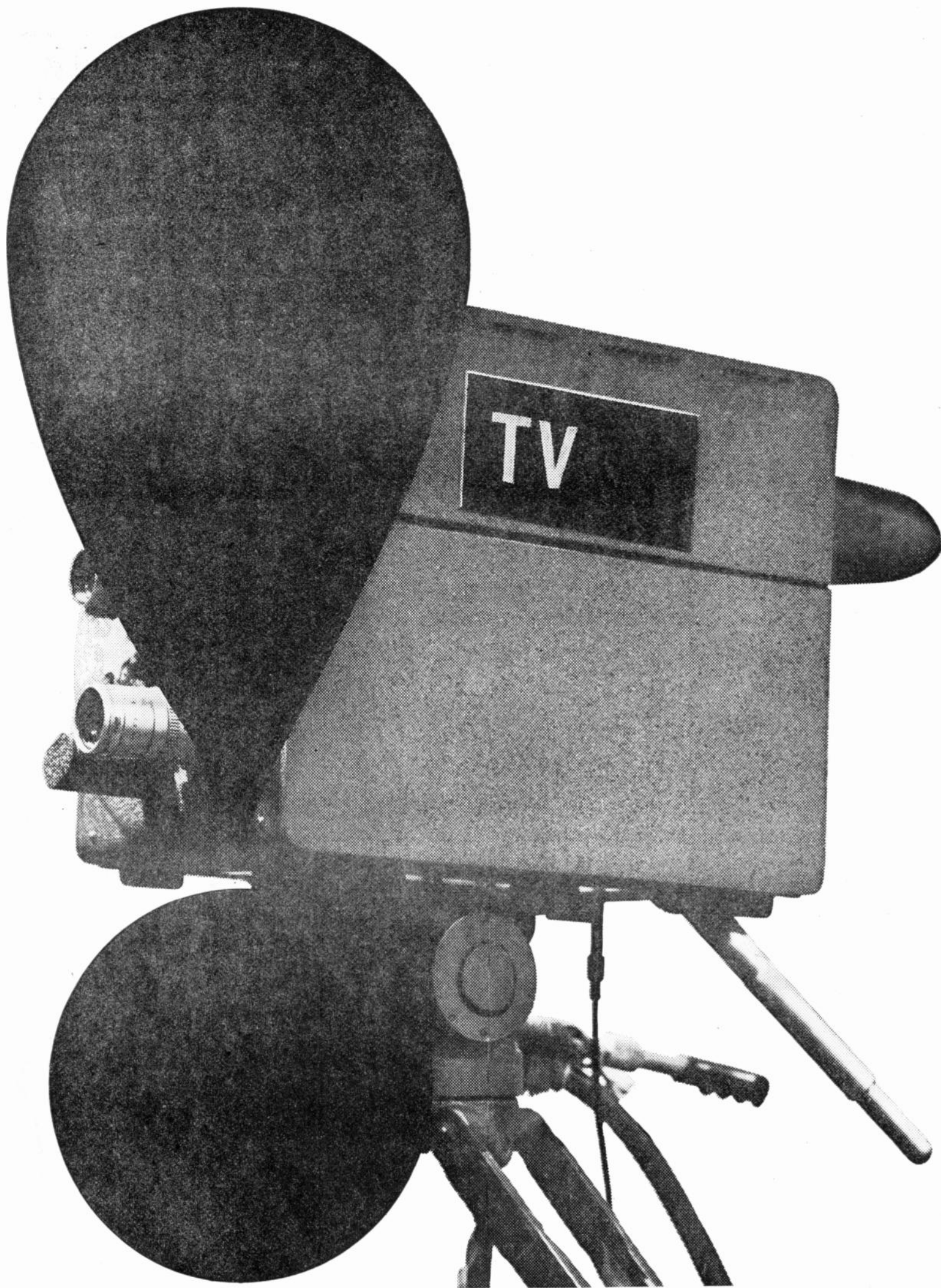
Climax
Disneyland
Jackie Gleason Show
Robert Montgomery Presents
Studio One
Warner Brothers Presents
Wednesday Night Fights

Half Hour

Adventures of Jim Bowie
Crunch and Des
Death Valley Days
Dragnet
Esso Golden Playhouse
Gale Storm Show, The
Lone Ranger
National Biscuit Theatre
Noah's Ark
Texas in Review

Quarter Hour

Coke Time
Esso Reporter
Powerland U.S.A.
Sohio Reporter



Clients using other than Network Programs:

DAYTIME

Half Hour
Lone Ranger
Sky King
Quarter Hour
Bob Crosby
Don McNeil
Garry Moore
Home
House Party
It Could Be You
Mickey Mouse Club
Ohio Story
Our Miss Brooks
Queen For A Day
Tennessee Ernie Ford
Today
Valiant Lady

TELEVISION

American Safety Razor Corp.
American Trust Co.
Bell Brand Foods, Ltd.
Bulova Watch Co.
California Packing Corp.
California Spray Chemical Corp.
California Wine Association
Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.
Chrysler Division
Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co.
Coca-Cola Bottling Companies
(Various Cities)
Columbia Records, Inc.
Cowles Magazines, Inc.
Columbus & Southern Ohio
Electric Co.
Esso Standard Oil Company

Gray Drug Stores, Inc.
Liggett & Myers
Lincoln Bank & Trust Co.
Lucky Lager Brewing Company
Mead-Johnson & Co.
The Mennen Company
Milk Foundation, Inc.
National Biscuit Company
(Various Products)
National Lead Co.
The Nestlé Company, Inc.
(Various Products)
Ohio Bell Telephone Company
Pacific Power & Light Company
Rival Packing Co.
S. O. S. Company
Southern California and Southern
Counties Gas Companies

Standard Oil Company (Ohio)
Stegmaier Brewing Co.
Swift & Company
(Various Products)

RADIO

Allied Chemical & Dye Corp.
Barrett Division
American Safety Razor Corp.
American Trust Co.
Bulova Watch Co.
California Packing Corp.
(Del Monte)
California Spray Chemical Corp.
California Wine Association
Central Vermont Railway
Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.
Chrysler Division
Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co.
Coca-Cola Bottling Companies
(Various Cities)

Columbia Records, Inc.
Esso Standard Oil Co.
Gray Drug Stores, Inc.
The Halle Bros. Co.
Hampden Brewing Co.
Humble Oil Co.
Liggett & Myers
Lucky Lager Brewing Company
Lyon Tailoring Inc.
Manufacturers Trust Company
Mead-Johnson & Co.
The Mennen Company
The Milk Foundation
The Milnot Co.
National Biscuit Company
(Various Products)
National City Bank of Cleveland
The Nestlé Company, Inc.
(Various Products)
Norwegian Cannery Assoc.
Ohio Bell Telephone Company

Pacific Power & Light Company
Rival Packing Co.
Seeck & Kade, Inc.
S. O. S. Company
Southern California and Southern
Counties Gas Companies
Standard Oil Company (Ohio)
Stegmaier Brewing Co.
Swift & Company
Tidy House Products Co.

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KGO-TV is the SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA

KGO-TV...consistently recognized for the outstanding caliber of its programming...winner of awards of excellence in educational programs...for the "Success Story" series...five awards to its nightly live variety show "San Francisco Tonight"...the McCall's Golden Mike Award for service to youth on "Hi Time"...and for religious programming, "Our Catholic Heritage".

In all, a demonstrated station popularity presenting a broad base of program interest and service to the Bay Area community.

Directed by **KGO-TV** San Francisco **KABC-TV** Los Angeles
WABC-TV New York **WBBM** Chicago **WXYZ-TV** Detroit

Owned and operated by the American Broadcasting Company



WXYZ-TV is Detroit

From its great inland waterfront to the lawned streets of its wealthy suburbs, Detroit is a city of contrasts and complexities.

Constantly absorbing the foreign-born and the American migrant, Detroit produces a television audience of broadly diversified tastes—an audience that the diversified programming of WXYZ-TV continues to please, to interest and to hold.

As an entertainment and sales-producing medium, WXYZ-TV is Detroit in every way!

Directed by
WXYZ-TV Detroit
WABC-TV New York
WBBM Chicago
KABC-TV Los Angeles
KGO-TV San Francisco
 Owned and operated by the
 American Broadcasting Company




YET INSEPARABLE

**WBKB
IS
CHICAGO**

Channel 7 WBKB Chicago WABC-TV New York
TV Detroit, KABC-TV Los Angeles, KGO-TV San Francisco
and operated by the American Broadcasting Company

A NOVEMBER NIGHT IN CHICAGO

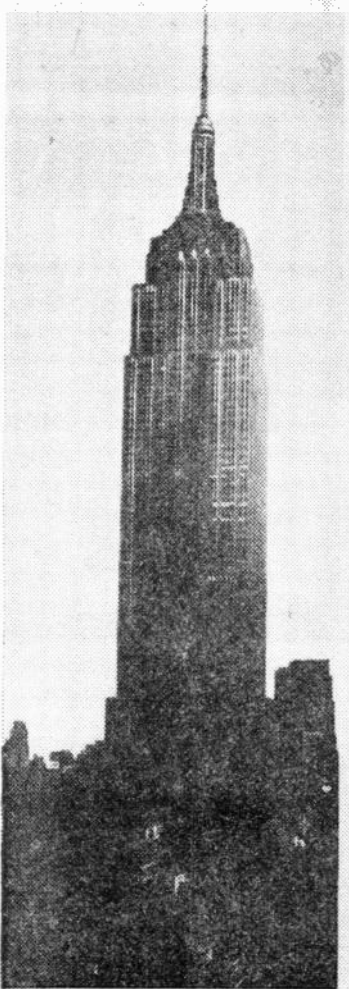


**WABC-TV
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NEW YORK**

More and more, WABC-TV is reflecting New Yorkers' habits and needs. It is an integral part of a complex living pattern that encompasses cliffdwellers and suburbanites.

Paced at a level that reflects the potent ascendancy of the network, WABC-TV is an entertainment and sales-producing medium that truly is New York in every way.

Channel 7
WABC-TV, New York WBKB, Chicago WXYZ-TV, Detroit
KABC-TV, Los Angeles KGO-TV, San Francisco
owned and operated by the
American Broadcasting Company



**KABC-TV
IS LOS ANGELES**


Every month America's number one retail market continues to magnify in size and importance.

... And like the mighty city that it serves,

KABC-TV grows in stature and rated position.

Keeping pace with the ABC network, KABC-TV is "the station with life" in a city of destiny.

Channel 7 KABC-TV, Los Angeles
KGO-TV, San Francisco WBKB, Chicago
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In New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Detroit, ABC ownership and operation means dedicated service to both advertiser and community.

Combining local tastes with increasingly popular ABC Television Network shows, each operation strives to reflect its market in every way.

Thus, the credo for Channel 7 in these key markets of our country means business and entertainment for the communities which they serve.



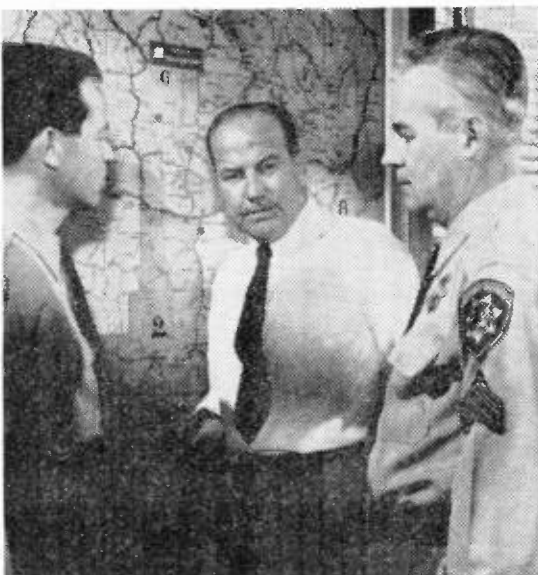
LOOK! ZIV

NO. 1, NO. 2, NO. 3, NA

IN TWO CONSECUTIVE

"HIGHWAY PATROL"

Starring BRODERICK CRAWFORD



NATIONALLY

NO. 1 SYNDICATED PROGRAM

PULSE MULTI-MARKET
SURVEY COVERING 10
OR MORE MARKETS

"The Man Called X"

Starring BARRY SULLIVAN



NATIONALLY

NO. 2 SYNDICATED PROGRAM

PULSE MULTI-MARKET
SURVEY COVERING 10
OR MORE MARKETS

"I LED 3 LIVES"

Starring RICHARD CARLSON



NATIONALLY

NO. 3 SYNDICATED PROGRAM

PULSE MULTI-MARKET
SURVEY COVERING 10
OR MORE MARKETS

SHOWS RATE TIONALLY!

PULSE* REPORTS!

*TELEPULSE MULTI-MARKET SURVEYS

AUG. 1956

22 MARKET AVERAGE

17.8

SEPT. 1956

22 MARKET AVERAGE

17.9

AUG. 1956

14 MARKET AVERAGE

16.8

SEPT. 1956

14 MARKET AVERAGE

17.8

AUG. 1956

21 MARKET AVERAGE

16.1

SEPT. 1956

19 MARKET AVERAGE

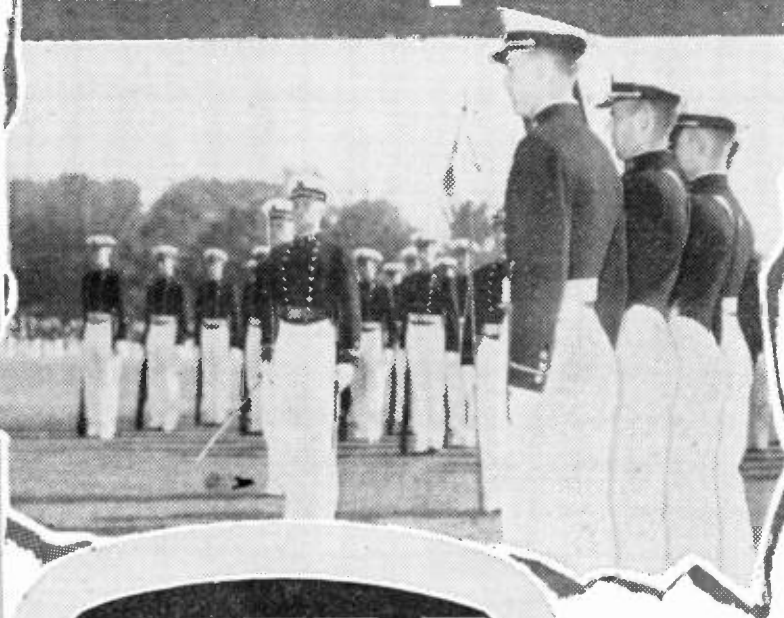
17.3

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ZIV's NEXT BIG
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"MEN OF
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STARRING THE U.S. MIDSHIPMEN AND

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Write or phone today
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audition of our newest
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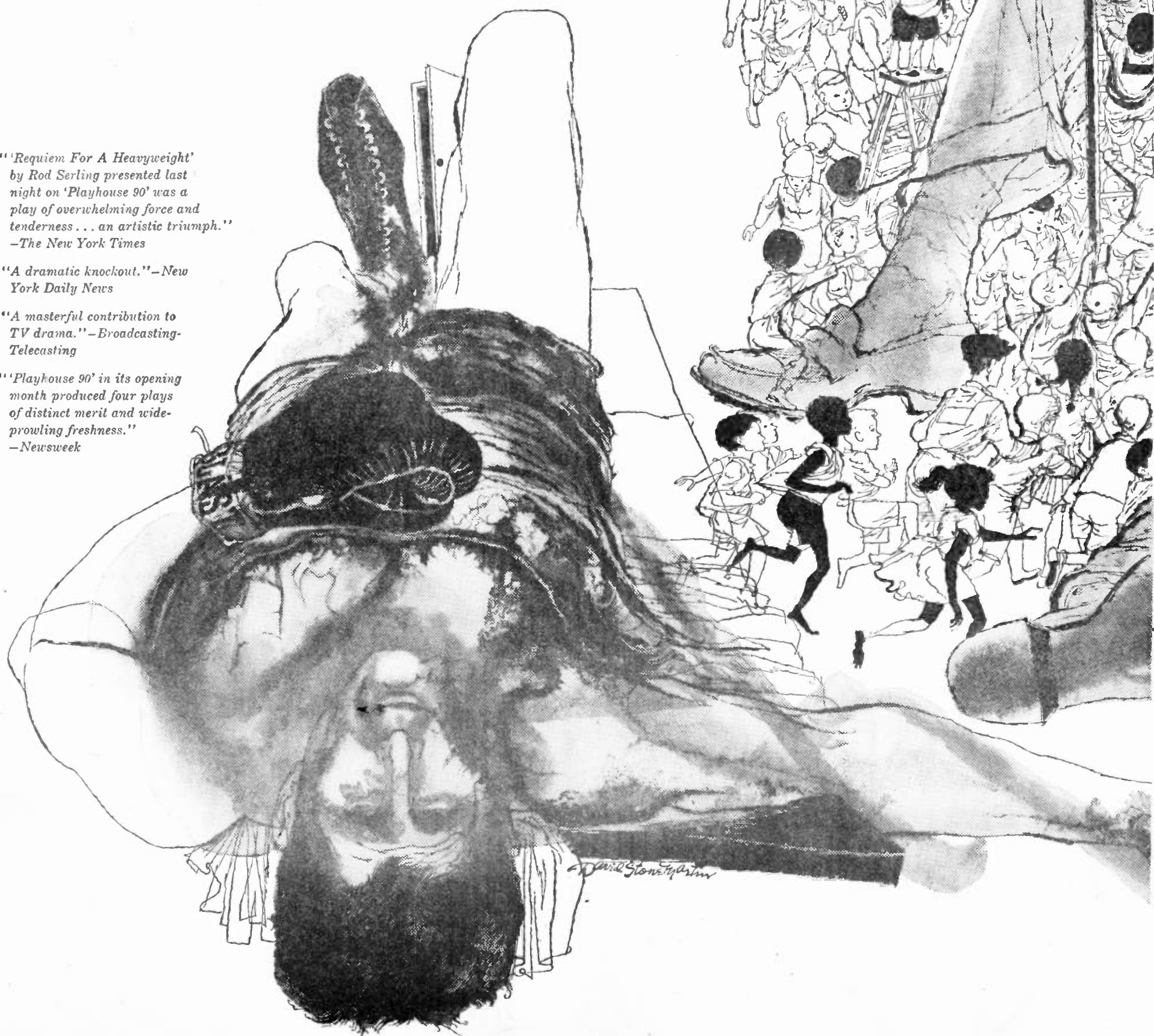
programs for

"'Requiem For A Heavyweight' by Rod Serling presented last night on 'Playhouse 90' was a play of overwhelming force and tenderness... an artistic triumph."
—The New York Times

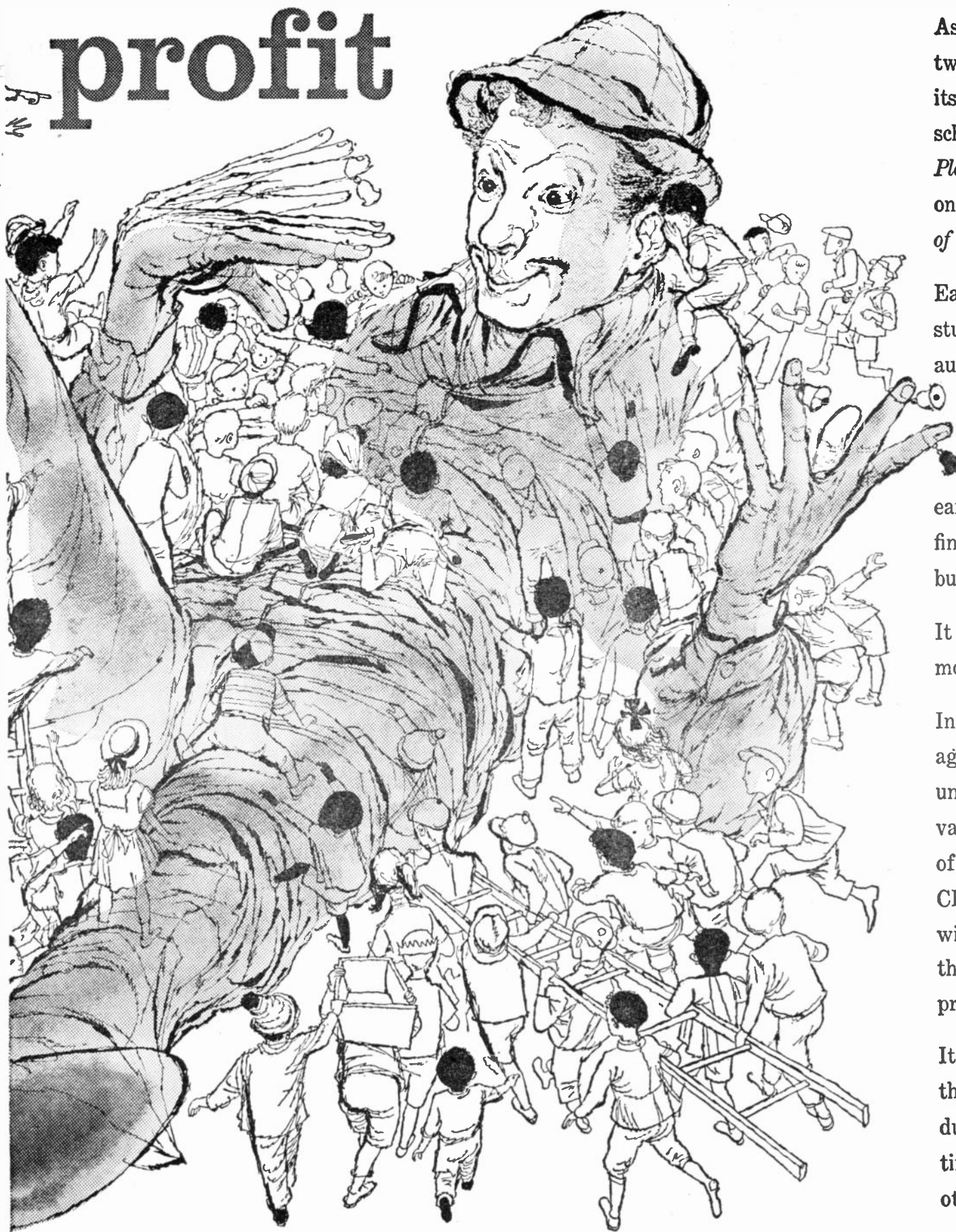
"A dramatic knockout."—New York Daily News

"A masterful contribution to TV drama."—Broadcasting-Telecasting

"'Playhouse 90' in its opening month produced four plays of distinct merit and wide-prowling freshness."
—Newsweek



profit



"... Not only grand television...
but... great statesmanship."
—Variety

"In months to come it will
probably win all awards,
scrolls and citations there
are. It will deserve every last
one of them."—New York
World-Telegram and Sun

"Moving, heartwarming and
funny... Kaye, Murrow and
Friendly did their work for
nothing: the money that would
have gone to them went instead
to UNICEF."—New York Post

As television ended its first decade two programs eloquently testified to its boundless vitality: the regularly scheduled weekly dramatic series *Playhouse 90* and the hour-and-a-half one-time broadcast, *The Secret Life of Danny Kaye*.

Each presented a great actor in a stunning performance, won vast audiences and unstinted praise as a major television contribution, cost a small fortune and took infinite pains to produce. One earned for its producers tangible financial reward; the other nothing but critical acclaim.

It would be difficult to say which was more profitable to television.

In these two programs the medium again dramatically demonstrated its unique capacity to respond to the varied needs, interests and aspirations of the American people. Broadcast by CBS Television, they were produced with the enthusiasm and imagination that characterize the entire network's program schedule.

It's the kind of programming for profit that probably explains why America during the past year spent as much time watching CBS Television as the other two networks combined.

CBS TELEVISION



TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD

Congratulations

TAKE A LOOK AT THESE COMMERCIALS

*Here are the nighttime
television programs that
will carry advertising
for our clients this season*

<i>Trend, Purex, Beads-O-Bleach</i>	BIG SURPRISE
<i>Paper Mate Pens</i>	CAVALCADE OF SPORTS
<i>Delsey Tissue, Dial and Liquid Chiffon</i>	DANNY THOMAS
<i>Good Seasons Salad Dressing Mix</i>	DECEMBER BRIDE
<i>Rheingold Beer</i>	DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS PRESENTS (REGIONAL)
<i>Dial and Liquid Chiffon</i>	GEORGE GOBEL SHOW
<i>Paper Mate Pens</i>	GODFREY TALENT SCOUTS
<i>Hallmark Cards</i>	HALLMARK HALL OF FAME
<i>Kraft Marshmallows and Kraft Caramels</i>	KRAFT TELEVISION THEATER
<i>Pepsodent</i>	LUX VIDEO THEATER
<i>Breast-O'-Chicken Tuna</i>	MAURICE CHEVALIER'S "PARIS"
<i>Paper Mate Pens</i>	PEOPLE ARE FUNNY
<i>Kleenex Tissues and Kleenex Table Napkins</i>	PERRY COMO SHOW
<i>Johnson's Wax—Carnu, J-Wax, Raid</i>	RED SKELTON
<i>Johnson's Wax—Carnu, J-Wax, Raid</i>	ROBERT MONTGOMERY PRESENTS
<i>Clairol</i>	ROSEMARY CLOONEY SHOW (REGIONAL)
<i>Kool-Aid</i>	ROY ROGERS
<i>Roma Wine</i>	STAR PERFORMANCE (REGIONAL)

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES HOLLYWOOD

SAN FRANCISCO DETROIT TORONTO LONDON

PROUDLY ANNOUNCING...

THE TELEVISION PROGRAM WITH A TRULY *NEW* CONCEPT WITH HOME AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION. A TV FIRST THAT WILL SET THE PATTERN FOR 1957. SPONSORED BY THE DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS.

NOW! ON TV! YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FABULOUS FORTUNE
\$55,000.00
820 CASH PRIZES!

SONGRAM SWEEPSTAKES
 ON THE **HIDDEN TREASURE SHOW**
 TV'S NEWEST WAY TO FORTUNE!

FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY! EVERYONE CAN ENTER!
FIRST GRAND PRIZE \$25,000.00 cash
 SECOND GRAND PRIZE \$5000.00 810 PRIZES TOTALING AN
 8 GRAND PRIZES EACH \$1000.00 ADDITIONAL \$17,000.00
SEE NEXT PAGES FOR DETAILS AND OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

PRODUCED BY WILLIAM TELL PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Sponsored by the DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS

Is it SEA or TEA?

Is it SKIP or SLIP?

Host
ROBERT Q. LEWIS

Guest Star
RUSSELL ARMS
 with

JUDY JOHNSON
RICHARD HAYES
EVA DeLUCA
BOBBY HACKETT
 The Hidden Treasure
 Singers and Dancers
 and

The **RAY BLOCH** Orchestra

FROM

William Tell

Productions inc.

**RADIO
 TELEVISION
 FILMS**

10 West 74th Street

JOHN ESAU
 Vice President

New York 23, N. Y.

W. T. CLEMONS
 President

SUssquehanna 7-0610

KARL H. GERCKE
 Vice President

Entertainment Productions, Incorporated



\$64,000 Question

Conversation

Giant Step

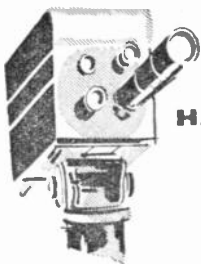
Down You Go

The Big Surprise

Stop The Music

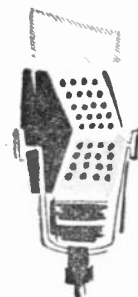
\$64,000 Challenge

Quiz Kids



HARRY FLEISCHMAN, President **STEVEN CARLIN, Executive Producer**

575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., PLaza 9-3700



**TELEVISION'S
No. 1
SCIENCE
PROGRAM**

MR. WIZARD

Now in
6th CONSECUTIVE Year
on the NBC-TV network

Seen regularly on
139 STATIONS

Do you dream in COLOR?
We do!

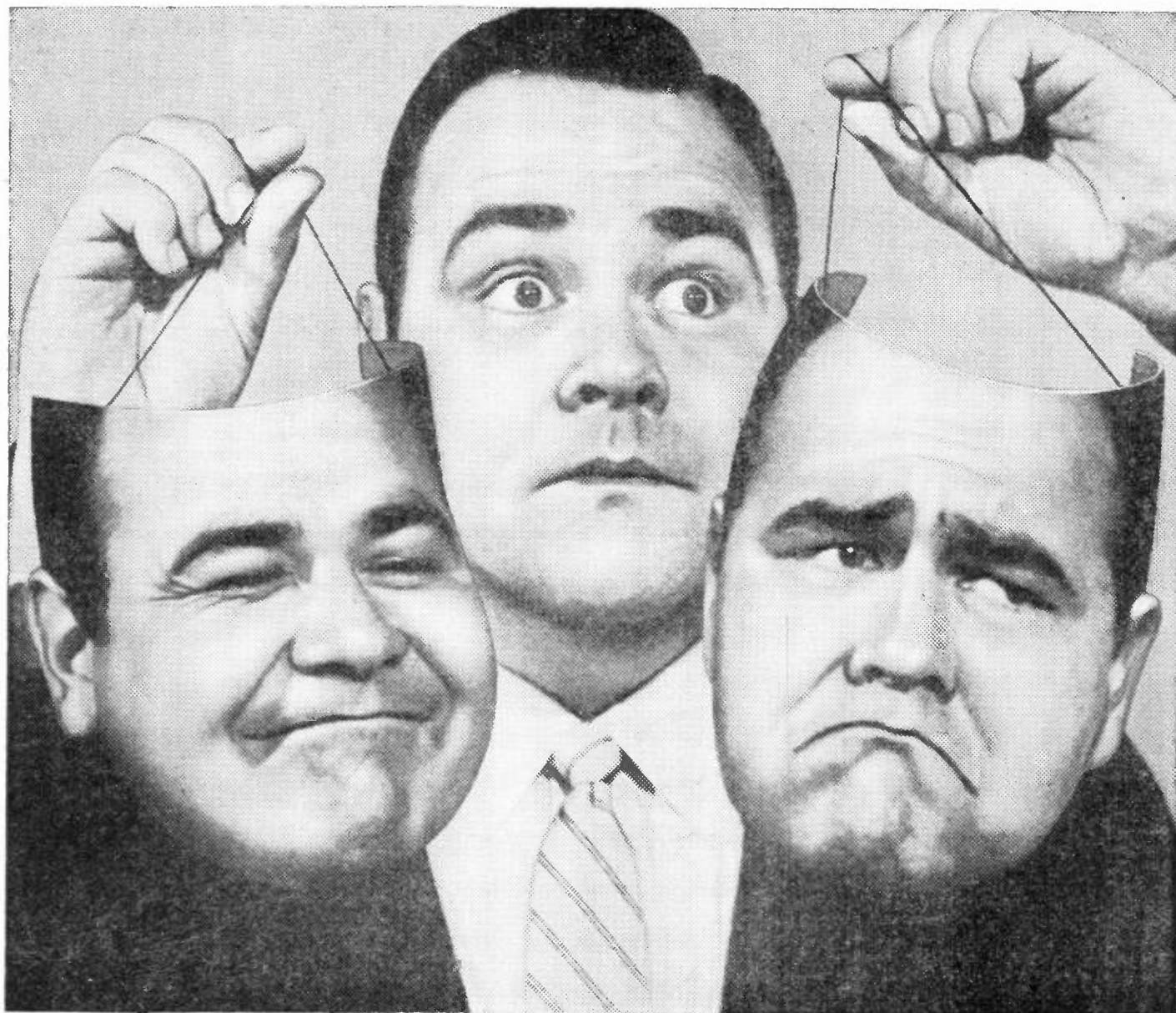
Tex and Jinx

ETHEL MERMAN · JOHN CASSAVETES · JESSICA
 TANDY · HUME CRONYN · JOHN KERR · CLIFF
 ROBERTSON · CAMERON MITCHELL · JAMES
 GREGORY · MARSHALL THOMPSON · BIFF
 MCGUIRE · MACDONALD CAREY · KIM HUNTER ·
 RALPH BELLAMY · PAT O'BRIEN · IMOGENE
 COCA · EVERETT SLOANE · JACK WARDEN ·
 ALBERT SALMI · PHILIP ABBOTT · LOIS
 SMITH · GRACIE FIELDS · JACKIE COOPER ·
 EVELYN VARDEN · LUTHER ADLER · VIRGINIA
 VINCENT · MARK RICHMAN · PAUL NEWMAN ·
 LISA DANIELS · NORMAN LLOYD · FRITZ
 WEAVER · GEORGANN JOHNSON · GYPSY
 ROSE LEE · LEORA DANA · FRANCHOT TONE ·
 ARNOLD MOSS · JOHN SHARPE · BENNYE
 GATTEYS · JIMMY BOYD · ANN SHERIDAN ·
 THEODORE BIKEL · WILLIAM LEMASSENA

*These are the compelling talents who helped make 1956
 such a successful year for Television's finest entertainment.*



U. S. STEEL HOUR · Produced by the THEATRE GUILD



THE JONATHAN WINTERS SHOW

NBC-TV

Exclusive Representative

MARTIN GOODMAN

65 West 54th Street

New York 19, N. Y.



DENISE LOR

Garry Moore Show
CBS-TV

**LIBERTY
RECORDS**


Personal Manager:
HARRY WEISSMAN
Direction:
GENERAL ARTISTS CORP.

Commercials

- JUNKET
- UNITED FARMERS MILK
- BATTER UP
- BOSCO
- VENUS PARADISE SETS
- DR. POSNER SHOES
- MAYPO CEREAL
- MARS CANDIES

Features

- KASANOF BREAD
- CITRUS FRUIT JUICES
- GET WELL QUICK WAVES
- TOAST TO THE PRESIDENT
- SAFE WALKER'S CLUB
- HISTORY FOR SMALL FRY
- JIMMY FUND
- BIG BROTHER SONGS

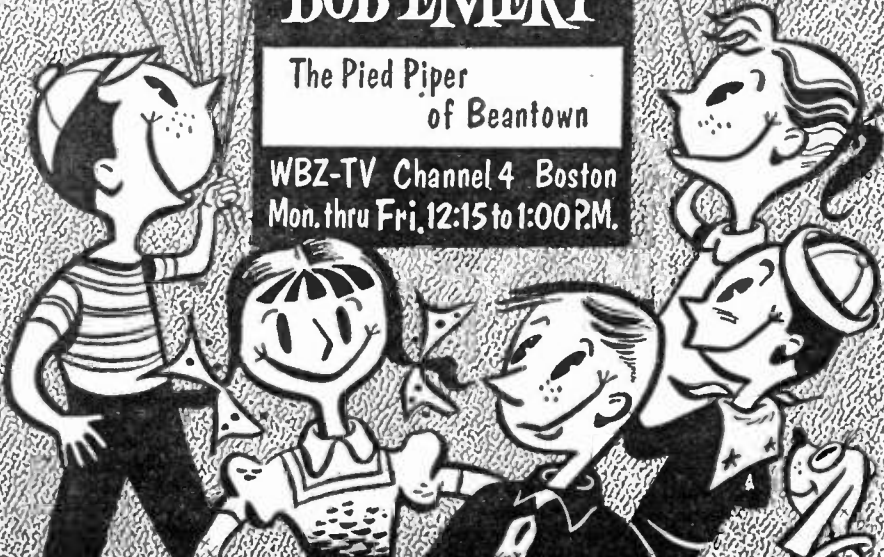


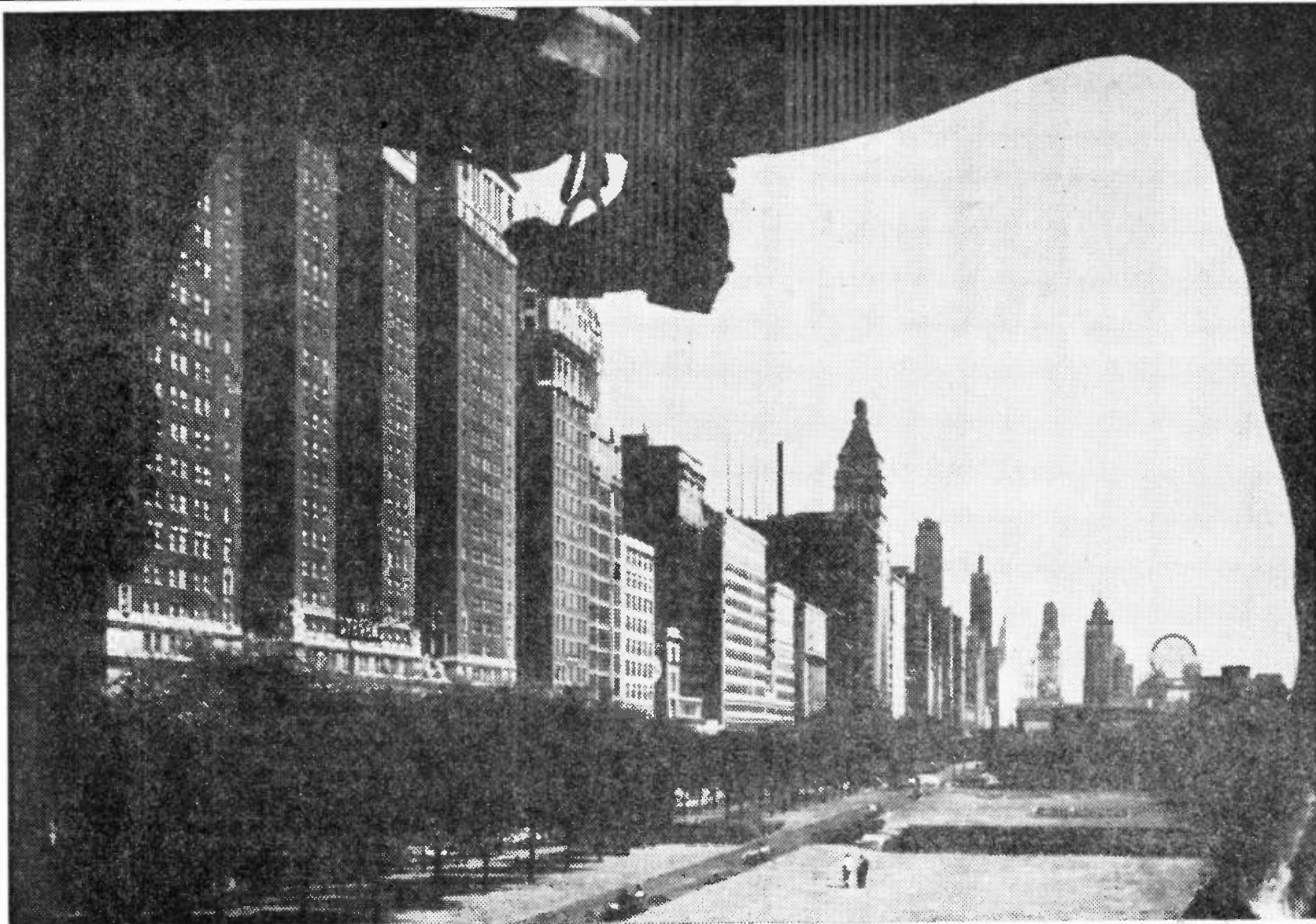
BIG BROTHER

BOB EMERY

The Pied Piper of Beantown

WBZ-TV Channel 4 Boston
Mon. thru Fri. 12:15 to 1:00 P.M.





Now . . . in Chicago . . . No Selling Campaign Is Complete Without the WBC Station . . . WIND

Move over, **VARIETY** WBC's celebrating, too!

With due (and well-deserved) respects to *Variety* on its 51st Anniversary, all of us at Westinghouse Broadcasting Company are having a celebration of our own today, as

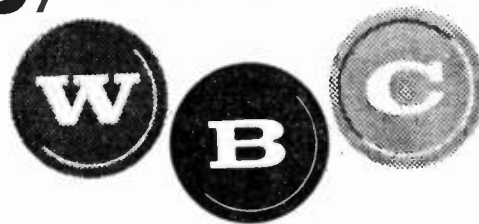
WIND joins WBC!

It's a great day for WBC, as we return to Chicago—one of the first markets served by Westinghouse Broadcasting—under the banner of WIND—Chicago's most-popular, most-bought station.

And, as WIND joins WBC, five great names in radio today are added to the personalities who spark the bright new, all-local Music, News and Service formats on all WBC radio stations.

So, *Variety*, forgive us if we spread the joy around . . . with a special salute to Howard Miller, Milo Hamilton, Jack Quinlan, Gene Elston and Jay Trompeter . . . and all the rest of our thriving new associates at WIND.

To both *Variety* and WIND, best wishes for a future at least as successful as your very successful past.



Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, Inc.

RADIO
WBZ-WBZA, Boston-Springfield
KDKA, Pittsburgh
KYW, Cleveland
WOWO, Fort Wayne
WIND, Chicago
KEX, Portland, Ore.

TELEVISION
WBZ-TV, Boston
KDKA-TV, Pittsburgh
KYW-TV, Cleveland
KPIX, San Francisco

WIND Represented by AM Radio Sales
KPIX Represented by The Katz Agency, Inc.
All Other WBC Stations Represented by Peters, Griffin, Woodward, Inc.



HOWARD MILLER
One of Nation's Top 3 DJ's
WIND
Howard Miller Show
6:30 to 8:00 AM, Mon.-Fri.



MILO HAMILTON
The Milo Hamilton Show
WIND
4:45 to 6:00 PM, Mon.-Sat.;
10-12 Noon, Sat.



JACK QUINLAN
Sportscaster
WIND
Cubs Baseball
Sports Forecast
7:35 PM Nightly;
Record Shop
1:30-4:00 PM, Mon.-Fri.



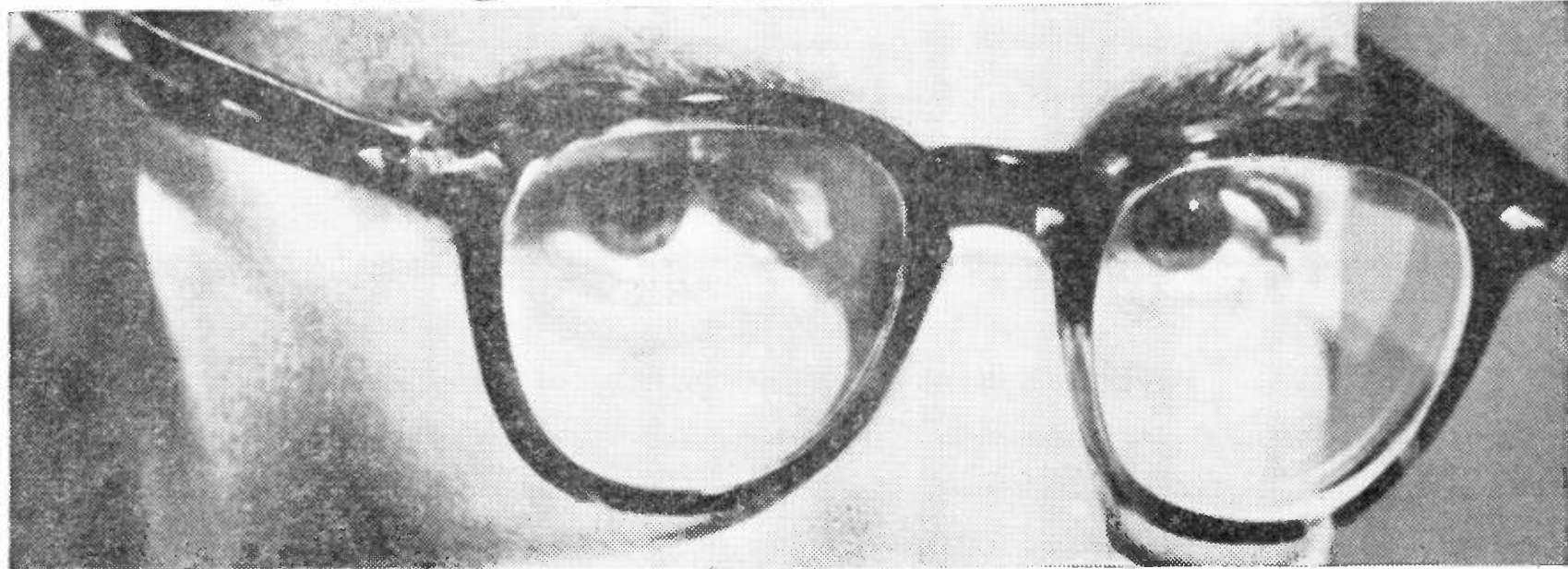
GENE ELSTON
Sportscaster
WIND
Cubs Baseball
Sports Review
6:35-6:45 PM Nightly



JAY TROMPETER
Emcee, DJ
WIND
560 Club
9:30-11:00 PM, Mon.-Sat.

WALTER BROOKE

is looking forward . . .



to being associated with other great shows like these in 1957 . . .

Westinghouse	"STUDIO ONE"
Westinghouse	POLITICAL CONVENTIONS
Westinghouse	"PICK THE WINNER"
Armstrong	CIRCLE THEATRE



C
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VARIETY

BRYNA RAE BURN

RADIO REGISTRY MU 8-6600

To **VARIETY**



Best Wishes

MEL ALLEN



M-G-M IS KING ON TV!

CHICAGO
42.4

WBBM-TV—TRENDX
Sat. Dec. 15
10 P.M. to Midnight

NEW YORK
28.4

WCBS-TV—TRENDX
Sat. Dec. 1
11:15 P.M. to 1:15 A.M.

LOS ANGELES
30.8

KTTV—SPECIAL A.R.B.
Fri. Oct. 12
8 to 10:30 P.M.

DENVER
20.3

KTVR—SPECIAL A.R.B.
Thur. Nov. 8
9 to 10 P.M.

Minneapolis—St. Paul
25.3

KMGH-TV—TRENDX
Sat. Dec. 8
9 to 11 P.M.

SEATTLE
26.2

KING-TV—A.R.B.
Sat. Oct. 13
10:45 P.M. to Midnight

PHILADELPHIA
17.9

WFIL-TV—TRENDX
Sun. Oct. 28
5 to 6:30 P.M.

When the lion roars—the ratings soar. The story's the same from coast to coast!

MGM-TV has been making trade history since its inception. In every city, on every station, where M-G-M pictures have been programmed, results run true to form. The ratings devastate all competition. Billings are upped. Profits and prestige are enhanced. Independent stations find it's the answer to networks. Network stations find it's a blockbuster in terms of sponsors and new business. If you haven't done so yet, this is the time to ask about availability of the M-G-M library in your area.

MGM-TV

A SERVICE OF
LOEW'S INCORPORATED

Write, wire or phone Charles C. Barry,
Vice-President, 1540 Broadway, New York

*Congratulations on
Your 51st Anniversary
May there be many more*



MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

Monday Through Friday
NBC RADIO NETWORK

Exclusive Management: ESTELLA KARN, 49 West 45th St., New York City



CHARLES SANFORD

Musical Director

of

RAY BOLGER'S "WASHINGTON SQUARE"
NBC Television

Personal Management: HARRY KALCHEIM, WILLIAM MORRIS OFFICE



JOHN BEAL

1956

Starred In—

New York Stage:

"THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"
(Captain Fisby)

Television:

Robert Montgomery Presents

"THE LONG WAY HOME" (the commuter)

Musical Spectacle, ST. LOUIS:

MID-AMERICA JUBILEE'S

"HEARTLAND, U.S.A." (John Moore)

Screen:

"THAT NIGHT" (Chris Bowden)—RKO

"MARK of the VAMPIRE" (Dr. Paul Beecher)—UA

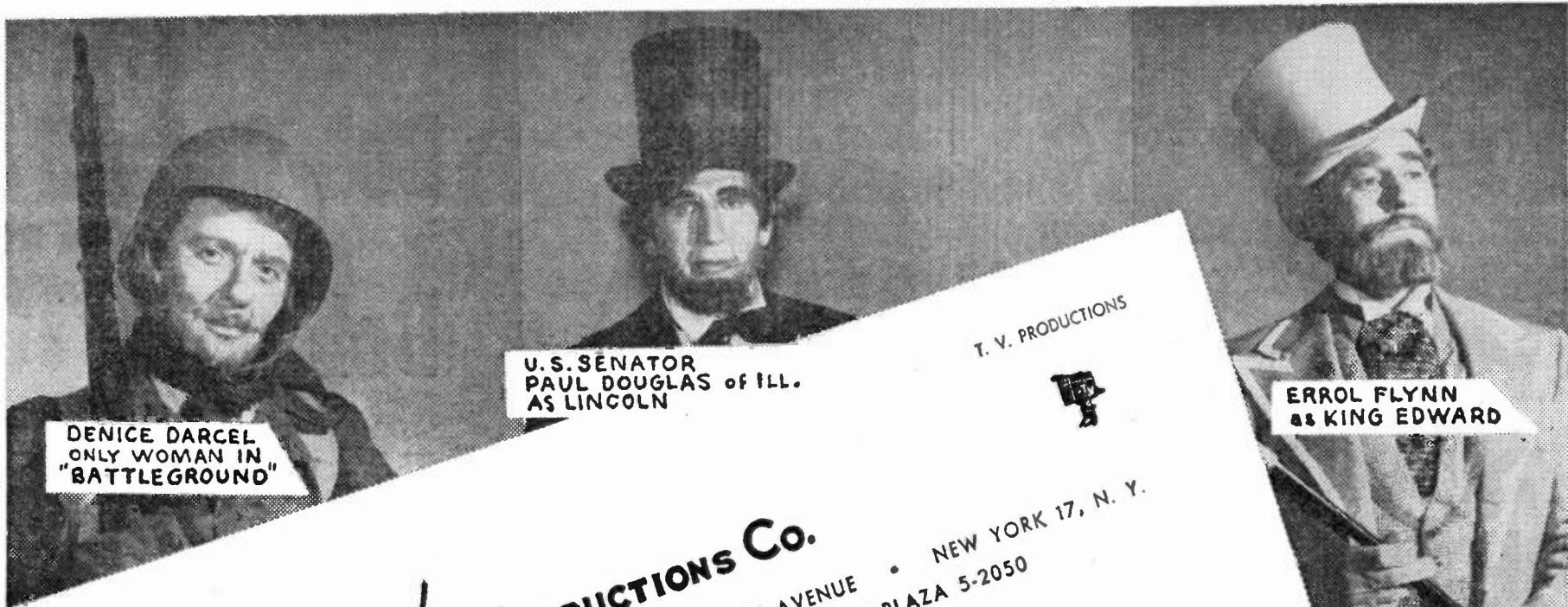
both films to be released in

1957

Killingworth, Conn.
RFD Higganum

N.Y. Telephone Exchange
LExington 2-1100

Goldstone-Tobias Agency
Beverly Hills-Pictures



DENICE DARCEL
ONLY WOMAN IN
"BATTLEGROUND"

U.S. SENATOR
PAUL DOUGLAS of ILL.
AS LINCOLN

ERROL FLYNN
as KING EDWARD

RADIO PRODUCTIONS



Wolf Productions Co.

420 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
TELEPHONE PLAZA 5-2050

T. V. PRODUCTIONS



Dear Mr. Client:

This is to let you know that Masquerade Party, one of the three leading panel shows, became available as of Jan. 1st. Masquerade is a young show with a good rating history. Our record on C.B.S. during '53 and '54 always placed us in the top 10, with our share of audience running as high as 58.3, consistently ahead of our top opposition, a leading hour dramatic show.

Following this, on A.B.C., at 9:30 E.S.T., for a period of approximately 2 years, opposite such strong programs as Millionaire and Kraft, we were one of the network's leading shows.

Masquerade Party from the beginning has had an outstanding sales record, as is evidenced by the job it has done for such varied products as instant coffee, shoe polish and cosmetics. In the case of the coffee, the product reached its then current sales peak at the time of Masquerade Party sponsorship. The shoe polish, during its run with us, increased its sales 45% and became the world's leading shoe polish. Throughout this period, our show represented virtually their entire advertising budget. The cosmetic company also placed their entire advertising budget in Masquerade Party and, in less than 6 months, increased their sales 40%.

As you must know, Masquerade Party is a unique panel show where the panel tries to figure out the identities of famous people from all walks of life who appear in clever disguises. In this day of high priced shows, Masquerade Party, at roughly half the price of most programs, is one of the outstanding cost per thousand buys in all of television.

Very sincerely yours,

WOLF PRODUCTIONS CO.

Herbert Wolf
Herbert Wolf

HW:ml



ART LINKLETTER
as "THE MISSING LINK"



EVA MARIE SAINT
of "WATERFRONT"
as ANCIENT MARINER

Vodka Ad ???

Nyet!! (NO)

Just the

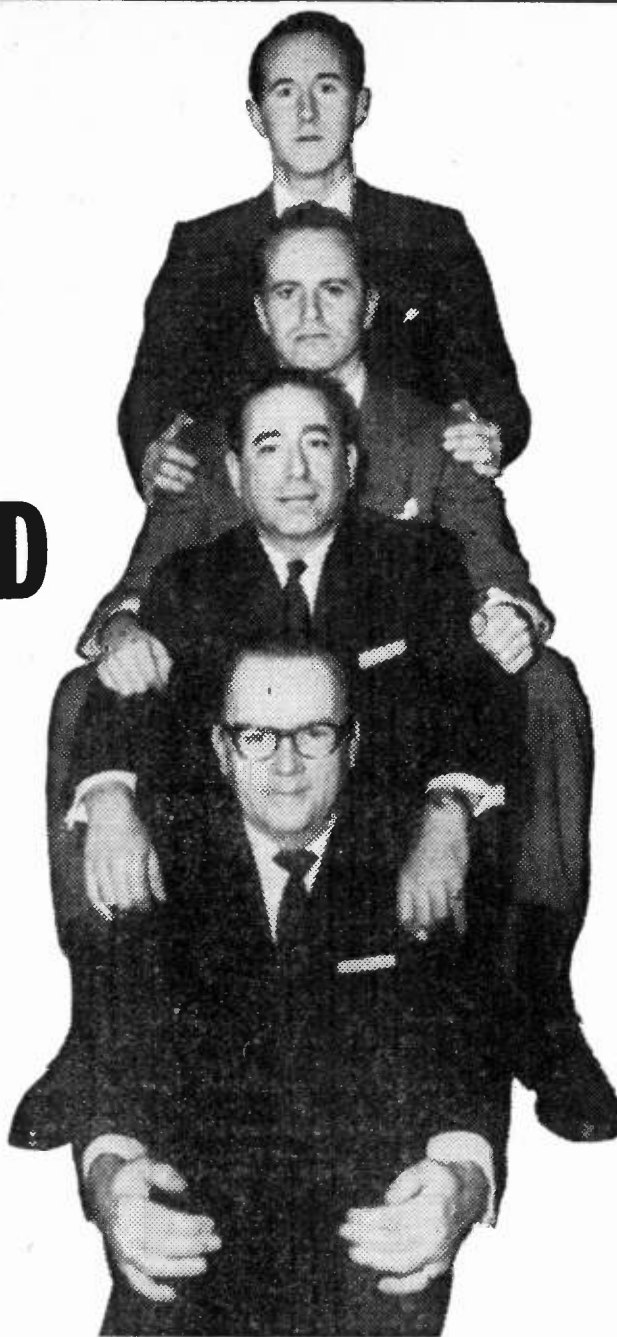
**"STAND UP AND
BE COUNTED"**

*Boys saying
"Thanks" to:*

FRANK COOPER

ASSOCIATES

FRANK COOPER
SY FISCHER
BILL COOPER
PERRY LEFF
ART STARK



★ **Bob Russell** ★

The Star

Bob Rowe

The Director

Bob Wald

The Producer

Johnny Olsen

The Announcer

CBS-TV

NETWORK

Monday thru Friday

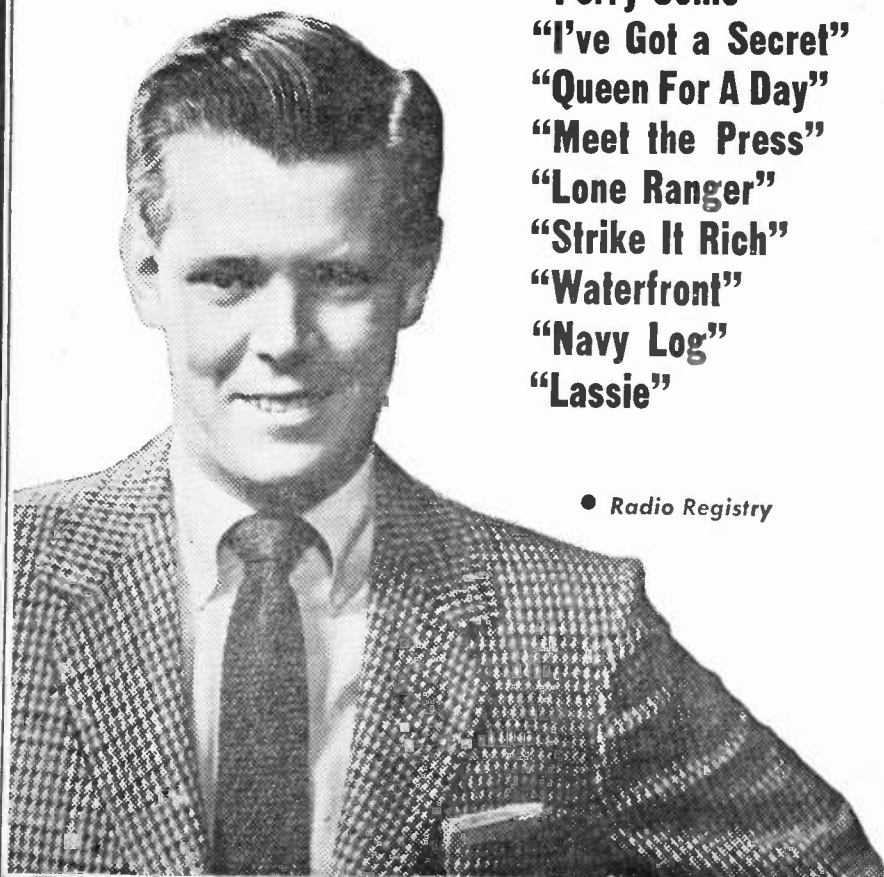
1:10 - 1:30 P.M., EST



and THANKS to Our Staff and Crew

JOHN CANNON

announcer



"Perry Como"
"I've Got a Secret"
"Queen For A Day"
"Meet the Press"
"Lone Ranger"
"Strike It Rich"
"Waterfront"
"Navy Log"
"Lassie"

• Radio Registry

Best Wishes **VARIETY**
for all *your* to-morrows



LANNY ROSS

Daily WCBS Radio
New York City

★ **A THEATRICAL EVENT OF
INTERNATIONAL IMPORTANCE
TAKES PLACE IN MEXICO CITY
SAT. NIGHT JAN. 12 (8 to 9 PM)
AND EVERY SAT. THEREAFTER**

★ *The Original Amateur Hour de Mexico* ★
*starts on TV and Radio with an all
Mexican cast produced by an all Mexican
organization—under the direct super-
vision of the U. S. A.*

ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR Staff
for Two Great Sponsors

GOODYEAR TIRES de Mexico

RALEIGH CIGARETTES de Mexico

★ This will be an exchange of talent between Mexico and the U.S.A., the first real attempt by private enterprise to illustrate the good neighborliness of these two great nations. For which

We Salute

DON EMELIO AZCARRAGA

who had the foresight and vision to bring this great idea into being in Mexico

Other ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOURS are in the making in other countries—and, of course, they will be underwritten by progressive advertisers who realize that private enterprise can "help people understand people" through an exchange of talented people.

From time to time we'll tell you about these other enterprises.

The Original Amateur Hour, U. S. A.

Warwick and Legler, Inc.

ADVERTISING

NEW YORK

Congratulations *VARIETY*



THE
GASLIGHT
STATION

distinctive music for
metropolitan New York-North Jersey

WPAT AM-FM

"The Center of the Dial, 93"

930 KC — 93.1 MC

Jack Barry
and
Dan Enright
Productions

*Best
Wishes*



ROBERT Q LEWIS

Exclusive Management
ASHLEY-STEINER, Inc.

Press Relations:
SOLTERS, O'ROURKE & SABINSON

THE DANNY THOMAS SHOW

ABC-TV MONDAY 8:00 P.M.

Sponsored by
DIAL SOAP
and
KLEENEX

BILL HOBIN

Director of
"Your Hit Parade"
NBC-TV
●

DAN LOUNSBERY

Producer
"Your Hit Parade"
NBC-TV
●



AL
BERG-
STROM

Edgar Bergen
and
Charlie McCarthy

TELEVISION

"DO YOU TRUST YOUR WIFE?"

CBS — Tuesday Nights

ANDRÉ BARUCH*

CO-STARRED WITH AND MANAGED BY

BEA WAIN

ABC Radio 1:15 to 2:00 P.M. Daily

*"Your Hit Parade"—NBC-TV



hats
off
to

VARIETY

51 years in show business

from
THE *Chez Paree*

610 N. FAIRBANKS CT.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

STEVE DUNNE

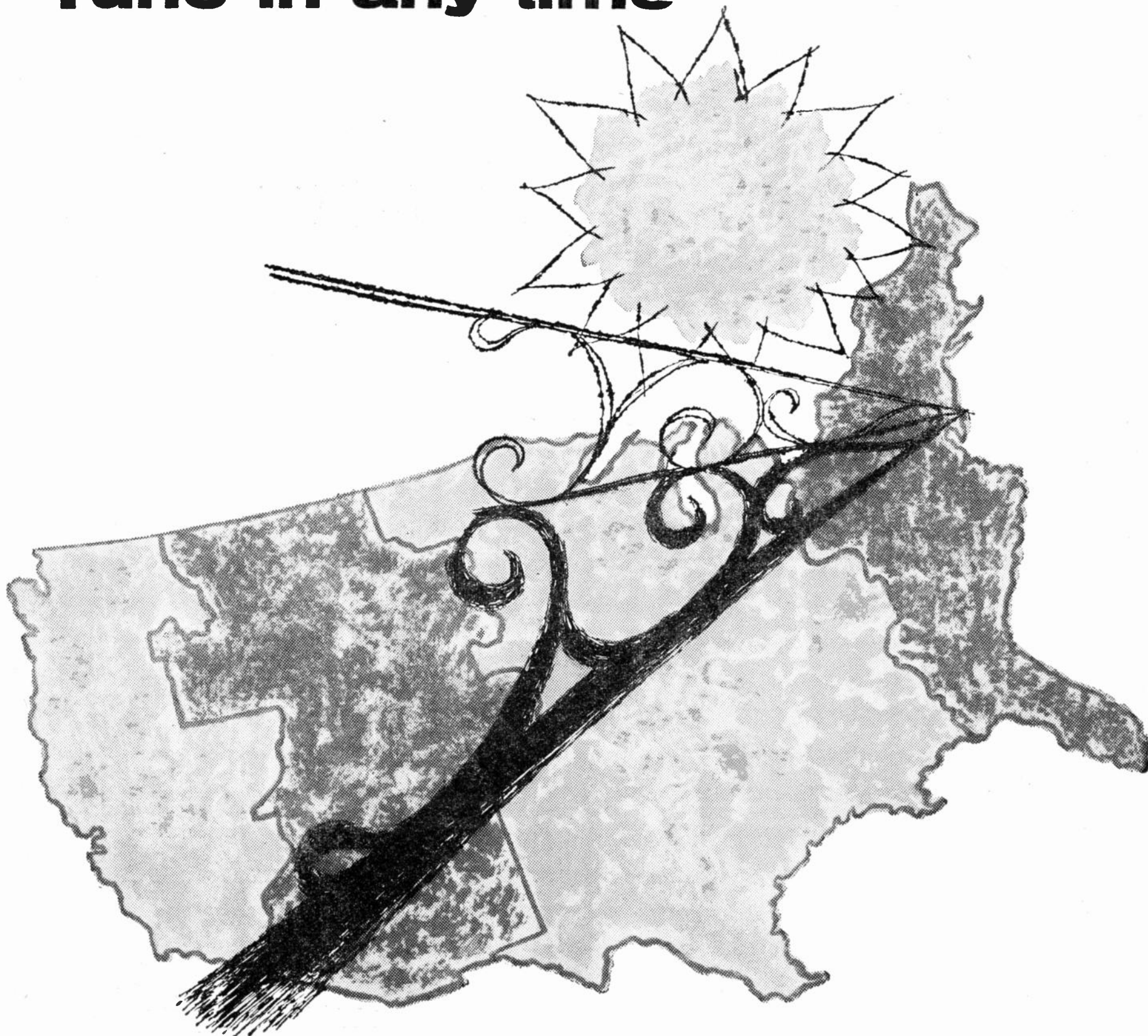


Starring in
"YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN"
CBS-TV

Sat. night 10:30 - 11:00 E.S.T.

sponsored by HAZEL BISHOP
BOB LONGENECKER AGENCY

Tune in any time



BBDO Network TV

American-Standard
Plumbing Fixtures,
Heating-Cooling Equipment
"Home"†

The American Tobacco Company
Lucky Strike Cigarettes
"Your Hit Parade"*
"The Jack Benny Program"*
"Private Secretary,"*
starring Ann Southern

Armstrong Cork Company
Resilient Floors
"Armstrong Circle Theatre"*

Bristol-Myers Company
"Ban" Deodorant—Trushay
"Alfred Hitchcock Presents"*†
"Arthur Godfrey and His Friends"*†
"Arthur Godfrey Time"*
"Garry Moore Show"*
"Playhouse 90"*

Campbell Soup Company
"Lassie" ~
"On Trial"*

**De Soto-Plymouth Dealers
of America**
"You Bet Your Life,"*
starring Groucho Marx

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.)
"Du Pont Theater".

General Electric Company
"The General Electric Theater"
"Cheyenne"*†

The B. F. Goodrich Company
"Life-Saver" Tubeless Tires
"The George Burns &
Gracie Allen Show"*

General Mills, Inc.
Betty Crocker Mixes, and Other
General Mills Products

"Bob Crosby Show"*
"The George Burns &
Gracie Allen Show"*
"Garry Moore Show"*
"Valiant Lady"†
"Giant Step"
"Lone Ranger"†

Lever Brothers Company
"Art Linkletter's House Party"*
"On Trial"*

**Minnesota Mining &
Manufacturing Company**
"Scotch" Brand Cellophane Tape, Others
"Mickey Mouse Club"*

Revlon Products Corp.
"Satin-Set," "Touch-and-Glow,"
Lipsticks, "Futurama," and
Nail Enamel
"The \$64,000 Question"
"The \$64,000 Challenge"†
"Can Do"

United States Steel Corp.
"United States Steel Hour"*

Vick Chemical Company
Vicks Products Division
"The Big Story"*
"The Jonathan Winters Show"

**Westclox Division of
General Time Corp.**
Clocks, Watches and Timers
"Today"†

Wildroot Company, Inc.
Wildroot Cream-Oil Hair Tonic
"The Adventures of Robin Hood"*

*Alternate weeks **Segment †Participating

BBDO

Advertising

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, INC.

NEW YORK • ATLANTA • BOSTON • BUFFALO • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • DALLAS • DETROIT • HOLLYWOOD • LOS ANGELES • MINNEAPOLIS • PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE • TORONTO

FRANK COOPER ASSOCIATES

FRANK COOPER

SY FISCHER

DICK IRVING HYLAND

JOEL COHEN

BILL COOPER

PERRY LEFF

BERNARD SHAMBERG

Agents for talented people...

NEW YORK

•

HOLLYWOOD



Management: Jules L. Green
Public Relations: Arthur Cantor

TALENT, INC.

35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago

LEE ARMENTROUT, Director

Now — A New Department
Complete Service For
MUSICIANS — SINGERS
VOCAL GROUPS — ORCHESTRAS

Casting for:

radio

television

motion pictures

theatre

slide films

conventions

sales meetings

modeling



Seems like a joint celebration.

FOR YOU AND FOR US.

Congratulations, VARIETY, on your 51st anniversary, and thanks for your helping hand to TV.

And while we are lighting six big candles on THE BIG PAYOFF birthday cake, I'd like to thank some of the wonderful people who've helped make my television productions what they are today.

Thanks to the Colgate-Palmolive Company for renewing their sponsorship of THE BIG PAYOFF and for their continued association with the STRIKE IT RICH show. It's been a happy marriage.

And, welcome to the Ted Bates and Bryan Houston advertising agencies that will be working with us in behalf of Colgate-Palmolive on STRIKE IT RICH and THE BIG PAYOFF respectively.

Also, I'd like to say what a wonderful association we have had during the years gone by with the William Esty Agency.

Too, I can't forget the 53 vice-presidents who comprise our production staff without whom —!

And thanks to Bess Myerson, Randy Merriman, Betty Ann Grove, Mort Lawrence and the Payoff Girls for their wonderful work on THE BIG PAYOFF and to Warren Hull and Ralph Paul for their fine handling of STRIKE IT RICH.

Thanks all.

Walt Framer



Happiest

"America's Leading Independent Television Producer"

1150 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.

BESS MYERSON

6th Year

"The Big Payoff"

Exclusive Representative: MARTIN GOODMAN
65 West 54th Street, New York City



Congratulations

VARIETY, AND A ZILLION MORE HAPPY DAYS.

And on this birthday eve of THE BIG PAYOFF, we'd like to extend our congratulations and thanks to a great guy and producer, Walt Frammer.

Thanks, Walt, for the good times on THE BIG PAYOFF. And thanks for letting SPOTLIGHT PROMOTIONS supply the prizes and fashions on this great and popular daytime show!

Thanks, Walt, for letting us service all WALT FRAMMER PRODUCTIONS on prizing and merchandising.

They've been five glorious years, and here's a wealth of good wishes for the years ahead.

Lia M. Buff

MANAGING DIRECTOR

SPOTLIGHT PROMOTIONS

1150 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.



WARREN HULL

**"STRIKE
IT
RICH"**



RANDY (**BIG PAYOFF**) ★ MERRIMAN

FOR

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE CO.

Monday through Friday

3:00-3:30 P.M.

CBS-TV

★ **Starting Sixth Year !!** —Premiered December 31st, 1951



MORT LAWRENCE

ANNOUNCER — ACTOR

on Colgate's

"THE BIG PAYOFF"

6th Year



BETTY ANN GROVE

Starting 5th Year

"THE BIG PAYOFF"

for the

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE CO.

Monday through Friday, 3:00-3:30 P.M.

CBS-TV

JUBILEE RECORDS

Personal Management:

PETER DEAN

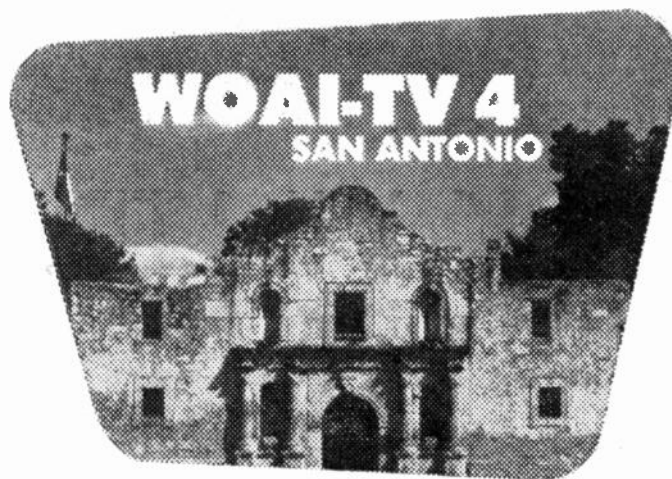
Direction: MCA

MGM 1ST RUN THEATER



Every night the premiere of an
outstanding MGM hit, telecast
in its entirety. Monday thru
Friday at 10:30 P.M. and
Saturdays at 11:00 P.M.

Full 723 picture MGM
library, now available on
program, partial program
or participating basis
at low, low rates.



NBC
AFFILIATE

Represented Nationally by EDWARD PETRY and COMPANY INC.

For 885,000 families
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HEY, JEANNIE!
MR. ADAMS AND EVE
(For Bridget Productions and CBS)

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1952	38
1953	49
1954	71
1955	79
1956	133

FOUR STAR FILMS, INC.

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Studio: RKO Pathe, Culver City, California

DICK POWELL - DAVID NIVEN-CHARLES BOYER
WILLIAM CRUIKSHANK

President
WILLIAM CRUIKSHANK

Vice President & Executive Producer:
JACK RAYEL



ON TELEVISION

- ★ BURNS AND ALLEN for CARNATION
- ★ SHERIFF OF COCHISE for ARIZONA BREWING
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WHITE KING SOAP
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- ★ QUEEN FOR A DAY for VAN CAMP SEA FOOD
- ★ ANNIE OAKLEY for ALBERS-CARNATION

ON RADIO

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| ★ HELEN TRENT | For CAMPANA |
| ★ NORA DRAKE | |
| ★ YOUNG DR. MALONE | |
| ★ RIGHT TO HAPPINESS | |



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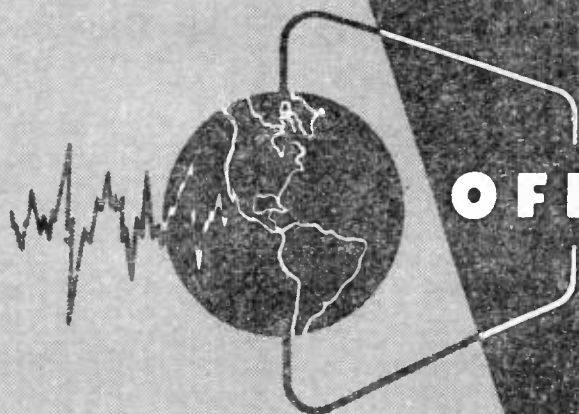


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"SAN FRANCISCO BEAT"

In Preparation:

"YOURS TRULY, JOHNNY DOLLAR"



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THE STAR AND THE STORY
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"DING DONG SCHOOL"

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VARIETY

Toots



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RALPH LEVY

Producer - Director

CBS - Television

always happy

to CONGRATULATE

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Congratulations

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Congratulation **VARIETY**

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Executive Producer
Producers' Showcase
NBC TV

CLARKE JONES





MAX LIEBMAN

GEORGE BASSMAN PRODUCERS' SHOWCASE

NBC

Composer-Conductor

"Cyrano de Bergerac"
"Caesar and Cleopatra"
"Barretts of Wimpole Street"
"Dodsworth"
"Happy Birthday"
"The Letter"

Composer
Producers' Showcase Theme

Musical Director

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"Peter Pan"
"Bloomer Girl"
"Rosalinda"
"Jack and the Beanstalk"
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SANDY BECKER SHOW
Monday thru Friday, 8:45-10:00 A.M.
In First Place in Latest Ratings

WABD



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Monday thru Friday, 6:30-7:00 P.M.
WABD

BUGS BUNNY
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WABD

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NEW AND EXCITING SHOWS NOW IN PREPARATION

Perry Cross

Producer - Program Supervisor

NBC-TV

Thank You NBC — Thank You Ernie

To **VARIETY**

*Congratulations
on your 51st birthday*

Jackie Gleason Presents

Eddie Cantor

in a birthday celebration

“AT SIXTY-FIVE”

Saturday Night, Jan. 12, 1957

CBS-TV NETWORK

8 P.M. E.S.T.

With Eddie's Guest Stars

BURNS AND ALLEN

MARILYN CANTOR

EDDIE FISHER

GEORGE JESSEL

BURT LANCASTER

ED MURROW

CONNIE RUSSELL

RED SKELTON

Produced by Eddie Cantor — Associate, Manning Ostroff — Directed by Paul Harrison

Music by Camaratti — Choreography by Jonathan Lucas



Best Wishes
FROM
DOROTHY COLLINS and RAYMOND SCOTT



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downs**
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**"HOME"
"CAESAR'S HOUR"**
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NBC- TV
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Exclusive Representative: **MARTIN GOODMAN**, 65 W. 54th St.



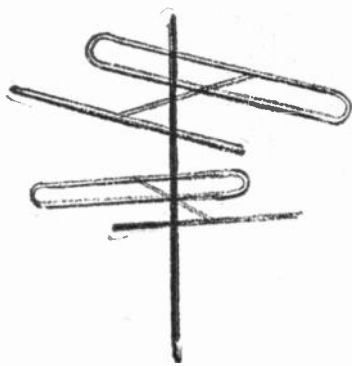
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Julia Meade

Personal Manager
AARON STEINER

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the

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KDAY

1580 — TOP OF THE DIAL
10,000 WATTS

GEORGE A. BARON Vice Pres. & General Mgr.

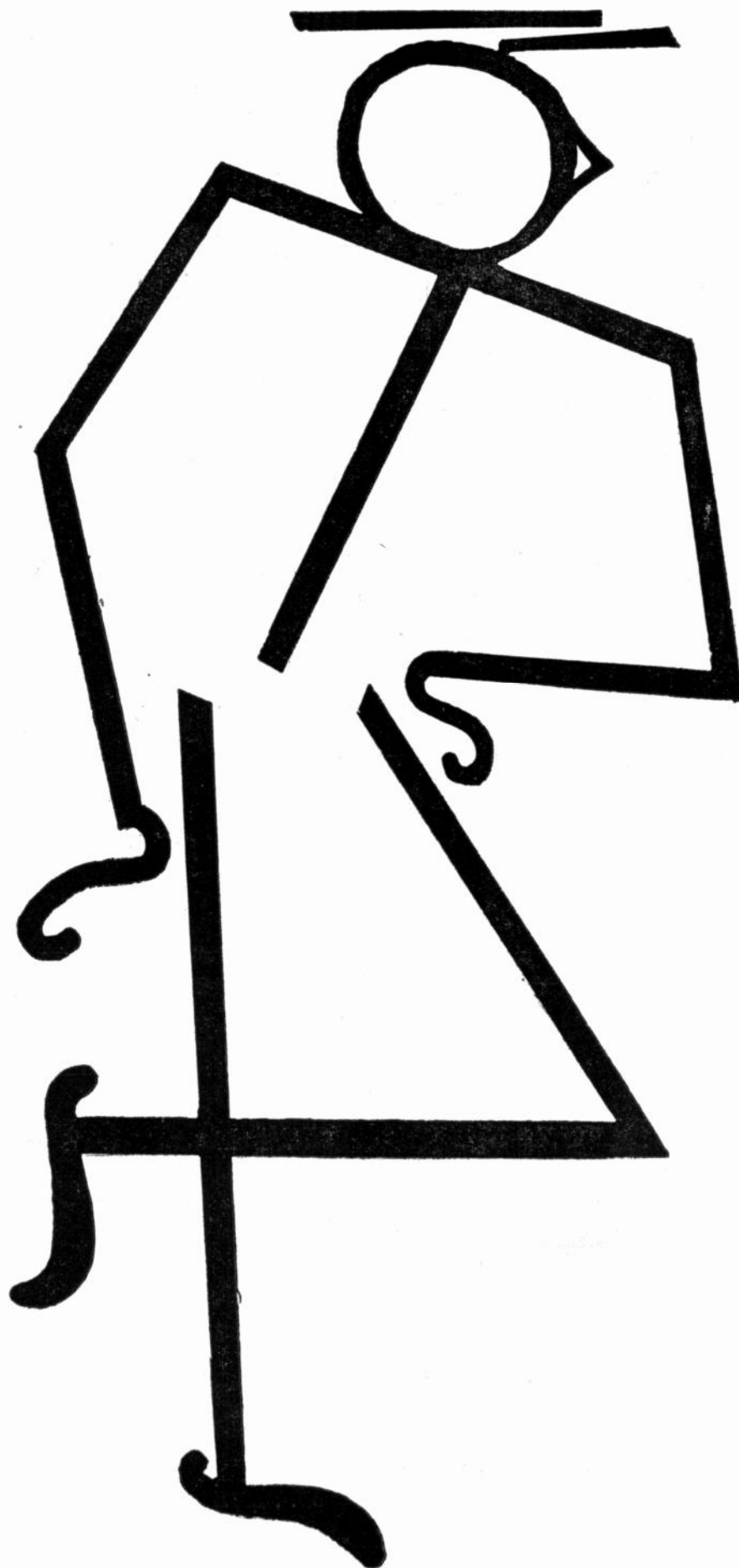
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and you deserve it



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GEORGE DURGOM, President

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"The Jackie Gleason Show"

Every Saturday, CBS-TV

Personal Management:
WILLIAM McCAFFREY AGENCY



JACK LESCOULIE
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JOYCE RANDOLPH
as "Trixie"

in Jackie Gleason's "HONEYMOONERS"



BEST WISHES...
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**International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees
and Moving Picture Machine Operators
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NEW YORK 20, N. Y.**

RAY BLOCH

The
**Jackie
Gleason**
Show

Executive
Producer

**Jack
Philbin**

Producer

**Jack
Hurdle**

Director

**Frank
Satenstein**

Assistant
Producer

**Stanley
Poss**

Choreographer

**June
Taylor**



Unable to breathe adequately, this premature baby must have oxygen administered into its lungs. "Preemies" represent from 5 to 10% of all births, and 50% of fatalities among the newborn. New methods like this are keeping infants as tiny as 1 pound 8 ounces alive and able to develop naturally.



TELEVISION: from the premature babies' nursery, Baltimore's Sinai Hospital

THIS TELECAST described the new methods which are helping to save premature babies.

This is one of a series dealing with new medical techniques in the treatment of mental disease, of diabetes, rehabilitation, anesthesiology and so on.

These telecasts come from leading medical schools and hospital research centers.

To make these broadcasts possible the schools and hospitals, obviously, have had to see the educational value of the series.

Their sympathy with the purposes of the series has led them, with the American Medical Association, to give their wholehearted co-operation. To be of value, of course, these

programs have had to be *authentic* portrayals of the new techniques under discussion. The doctors, the nurses, the patients—all are real.

"Medical Horizons," as this television series is called, was developed with CIBA Pharmaceutical Products Inc. by the J. Walter Thompson Company to meet very special and professional problems.

It is produced and directed by J. Walter Thompson Company.

J. WALTER THOMPSON COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hollywood, Washington, D. C., Miami, and principal foreign markets

greetings

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as Luz Benedict
In George Stevens - Warner Bros. Production
GIANT

Now Starring in
WIRE SERVICE
ABC - TV
for Camel Cigarettes and
Miller's High Life Beer

FLETCHER MARKLE
PRODUCER-DIRECTOR

**THE GEORGE SANDERS
MYSTERY THEATRE**
Screen Gems - NBC

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TONIGHT IN HAVANA
A New Television Series
From Cubano Productions



1929

TONI GILMAN

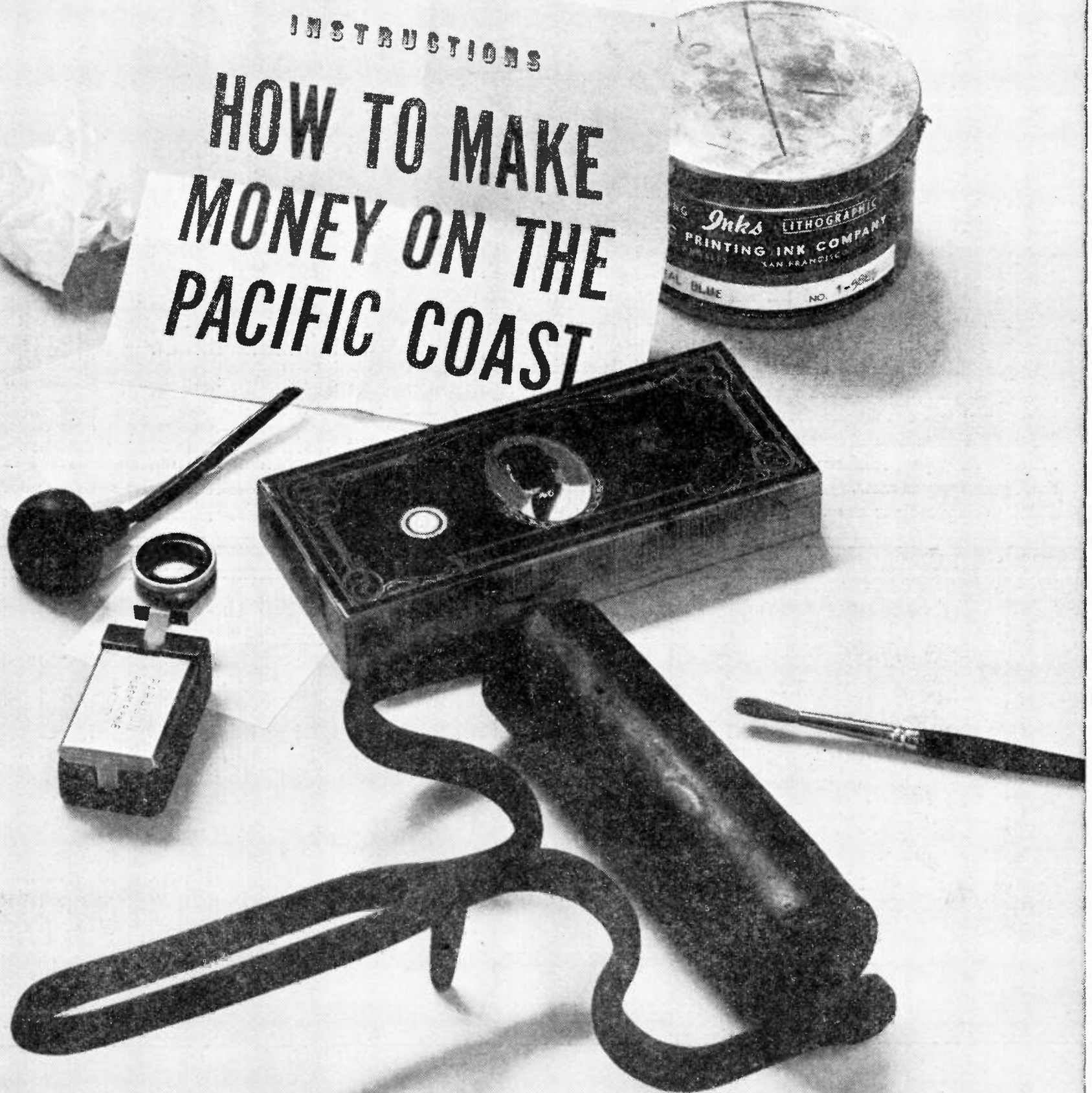


1957

“Laughter Is A Wonderful Thing”

JOE E. BROWN

Don Lee's Do-it-yourself Hints



Mutual
DON LEE
RADIO

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Hollywood 28, California

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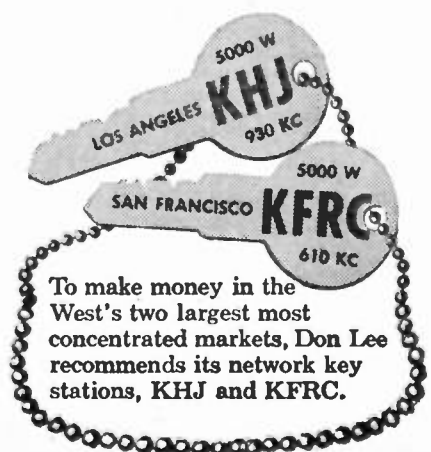
Represented nationally by H-R Representatives, Inc.

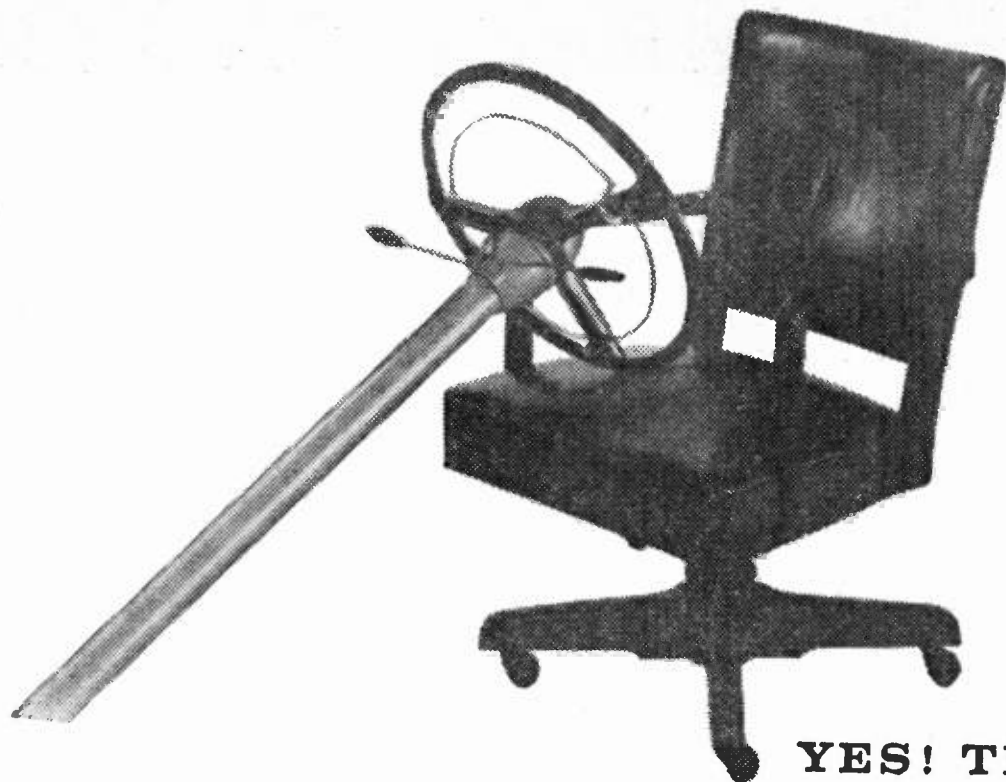
DON'T MISUNDERSTAND US, WE DON'T RECOMMEND COUNTERFEITING...

We're talking about the best advertising medium on the Pacific Coast—Don Lee Radio.

In a recent survey Dr. Ernest Dichter asked Pacific Coast merchants which radio network, in their opinion, people listen to most—60% said Don Lee.

Use the Radio Network both merchants *and* listeners prefer—the nation's greatest regional network—Don Lee.





YES! THIS IS A DRIVER'S SEAT!

With overdrive—and power drive and “horsepower” to spare. From behind your media-buying desk you can sit in this driver's seat and cover Hometown and Rural America with the swish of your ball point pen.

Hometown and Rural America is that rich, responsive market of more than 80 Million Americans, tuned regularly to the 911 Keystone Broadcasting Radio station affiliates.

In your driver's seat you can pick your route and the number of towns you wish to BLANKET with your sales message.

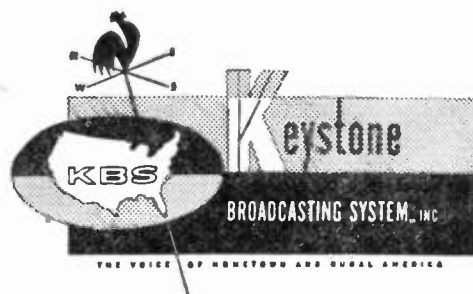
Leave out the side roads and the backroads and the detours.

Drive right down MAIN street via KBS . . . 90 stations or 900

. . . we'll draw your roadmap to suit the sales need

that's pressing you most.

Ask us to prove our story. We'll love it.



Send for our new station list

CHICAGO
111 W. Washington
Sta 2-8900

NEW YORK
580 Fifth Ave.
PLaza 7-1460

LOS ANGELES
3142 Wilshire Blvd.
DUnkirk 3-2910

SAN FRANCISCO
57 Post St.
SUtter 1-7440

• **TAKE YOUR CHOICE.** A handful of stations or the network . . . a minute or a full hour—It's up to you, your needs.

• **MORE FOR YOUR DOLLAR.** No premium cost for individualized programming. Network coverage for less than some “spot” costs.

• **ONE ORDER DOES THE JOB.** All bookkeeping and details are done by Keystone, yet the best time and place are chosen for you.

MERT KOPLIN

Producer

“\$64,000 Question”

“\$64,000 Challenge”

for E.P.I.

Exclusive Representative: MARTIN GOODMAN, 65 West 54th Street, New York

Congratulations **VARIETY**

PETER DONALD



George Sobel

NBC-TV
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Soon to be released
**"I MARRIED
A WOMAN"**
(RKO)
•
In release
**"THE BIRDS AND
THE BEES"**
(Paramount)

Congratulations **VARIETY**

MARTIN GOODMAN PRODUCTIONS

65 West 54th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

It's Been a
GREAT
SECOND SEASON
THANKS
Again to Everybody
Who Helped
Make It Possible

PHIL SILVERS

EVERYBODY IS
TALKING ABOUT
THE SPANISH MARKET
AND
THE SPANISH MARKET
**IS SOLD
ON WHOM**

According to the latest (June, 1956)
BELDEN SPANISH RADIO SURVEY,
WHOM is tops in each of its 54 daily
quarter-hours of Spanish broadcast-
ing.

WANT THE FACTS?

Write or Phone:

WHOM

PROGRESS BROADCASTING CORP.

136 West 52nd St. New York 19, N. Y.

TELEPHONE: Circle 6-3900

Greetings to **VARIETY** from

DICK SCHNEIDER

Director —

"WIDE WIDE WORLD"

NBC-TV

Advertisement

Congratulations on its 51st to . . .

VARIETY

Vol. 1 No. 1

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1957

PRICE: FREE

NTA CLIX WITH TOP TV FILM PIX

Unger Plunger: Desilu, 20th To Deliver 10 New Series to NTA

Oliver Unger, NTA's exec v.p. charge of product, flipped much coin on the ten new film program series en route to NTA from two major sources of production—Desilu and 20th Century-Fox.

Insuring NTA a Niagara of new programming material, they will be delivered in March, 1957, and made available for the 1957-58 season.

Six Desilu pilots now in preparation range from action-type adventure series to situation comedy yocks. Initial investment by NTA in these Desilu programs is in excess of 500,000 simoleons.

20th pilots will be based on outstanding feature films produced by the major studio that lend themselves to serialization. Irving Asher, head of TCP-TV Productions, is in charge of these just as Desi Arnaz, president of Desilu, is heading up production of the Desilulus.

Both deals, with Desilu and 20th, add up to the biggest of their kind in TV today. Tradesters believe this is first time film distribution company has available such a wide range of outstanding new programming from two important studios. And it may force VARIETY to re-write for TV its famous headline to: "Clix Pix Fix Kicks."

New TV Acts

Among the many new pilots being prepared by 20th Century-Fox and Desilu for sale and distribution by NTA are the following promising ones:

From Desilu:

Official Detective
... and five others

From 20th:

How To Marry A Millionaire
Cheaper By The Dozen
Mother Was A Freshman

'Sheriff' Rides High

"Sheriff of Cochise", action-packed adult Western series, produced by Desilu for distribution by NTA, which was quickly sold in 125 markets, has been chalking up very high ratings since it premiered only a few months ago.

Modern Western police show, starring John Bromfield, is the first in time periods in Cincy, Cleveland, Sacramento, Charlotte, N.C., and Johnstown, Pa. It's second in time periods in Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Milwaukee, L.A., and many other spots. Show's chief availabilities at present are in Southern and Northeastern sectors.

STARTS 4TH YEAR ON FAST TRACK

AS VARIETY, the book on which many a show bizzer prefers to take an oath rather than the one put out by Gideon, celebrates its 51st Anniversary, congrats to it from NTA, which celebrates its third anniversary in the same week.

It seems like only yesterday that Ely A. Landau started NTA on a shoestring and hatful of dreams, interspersed with remarkably little rain, thanks to the little bit of luck that the Messrs. Harrison and Holloway chant about every night in "My Fair Lady."

Zero to \$5,000,000

Nevertheless, in that short time, an upstart like NTA . . . as opposed to a stalwart like VARIETY . . . has also made quite a bit of progress. Those three jet-propelled years saw NTA rise from approximately zero to a gross biz of over 5,000,000 smackolols in the past semester. And the projection for the oncoming annum is in the neighborhood of 8,000,000 simoleons, the fates continuing to be kind.

Today, NTA services more than 340 of the nation's 476 TV stations, including network affiliates and independents in all major markets with a variety of film product.

The NTA feature film library contains a wealth of more than 700 feature films released by such top-flight producers as 20th Century-Fox, David O. Selznick, J. Arthur Rank and the late Sir Alexander Korda. This includes package of 390 boffo pix, which NTA recently acquired from 20th, making its feature film treasury one of the largest in the industry. (See separate story, right.)

700 Feature Films, 23 Syndicated Shows

In addition to the feature films, NTA lists 23 syndicated shows, ranging from adventure and travel to religious and sports shows, from five to thirty minutes in length. It will add to this list substantially when it obtains ten new shows from Desilu and 20th Century-Fox in March, '57. (See separate story, left.)

Such lightning-paced activities quickly catapulted NTA into the front ranks of film distributors even before the recent 20th Century-Fox arrangement, which gets NTA off to a fast start in the new 1957 TV Sweepstakes.

On top of that, NTA combined with Desilu Productions in 'The

390 Boffo 20th Pix to NTA: Goldman Sets Sales for TV Smashos

L.A. to N.Y.

Among top-grossing 20th Century-Fox pix that will move from the Coast to Gotham for sale by NTA to TV are the following all-time clicks, out of total of 390:

Laura
Miracle On 34th Street
Jane Eyre
A Bell For Adano
Captain From Castile
Snake Pit
Junior Miss
This Above All
Charley's Aunt
Seventh Heaven

Most far-reaching deal between a major Hollywood studio and a telefilmery was made between 20th Century Fox and National Telefilm Associates, Inc.

In mucho moola transfer (eventually, \$30,000,000) NTA's Harold Goldman, v.p., charge of sales, gets 390 smasholols from 20th Century's top-shelf to peddle via film syndication route, in which NTA has been a positive Lewis and Clark.

Into NTA's hot big hands go immediately 78 top feature films, with balance to follow within next three semesters. All features have big TV B.O. prospects, with excellent track records to their credit. (See box, "L.A. to N.Y.")

Trade circles were buzzing with implications of king-sized deal that will filter to stations, public and advertisers. As seen from both ends of the telescope, it assures NTA of continuity of outstanding feature film product and also puts full weight of 20th's vast production resources at NTA's disposal.

Insiders on both coasts were free with their opinion that certainly this was one time that Wall Street most decidedly did not lay an egg. Most of them felt that if anything, it is building a nest egg for the future.

Spell It Sell-uloid

"Wing and a Prayer," feature film distributed by NTA, went over the top on KTTV, L.A., being first in time period (8-9 P.M.), according to Pulse for early November.

It's first program to top "Disneyland" in L.A., or probably anywhere else. KTTV is used to these striking results from feature films. Commonly, Dick Moore's indie outrates all competition combined with 'em.

Radio-TV Production Centres

"Never-underestimate-power-of-women" Dept. . . . NTA's Edie Rein is the youngest, most charming v.p. and one of the most capable gals in tv film biz today . . . Cathode tube largely responsible for TV reception . . . Coaxial cable not related to Atlantic Cable, although it's almost as expensive . . .

Trade chuckling at two ratings that always agree: Trendex and Dun & Bradstreet . . . Believed Chanel No. 5 may buy WABD (Channel 5), for obvious tie-up reasons . . . Oliver Unger cops the "KING-SIZE." Buys more film for more dollars than anybody in the syndicated film biz. Probably wins in the "big family" man dept. with 5 . . . at the present time.

Why doesn't VARIETY turn out a glossary of its slangage as a promotion piece? (Advt.) . . . 12 references to this unique publication in Mencken's "American Language" not counting two supplements . . . If VARIETY is 51 this week, it must have been founded in 1905 . . . And if NTA is 3 this week it must have been started in 1953, or 48 yrs later . . . In case we forget to say so, congrats to VARIETY, 51, from NTA, 3 . . .

Sheriff Of Cochise," modern adult western, which has quickly chalked up juicy ratings in the 125 markets in which it was rapidly sold.

Out of the Blue—Into the Black

All of these rapid-fire activities have jet-propelled NTA out of the blue—and the red—into the black, in a short time. In the fiscal year ended July 31st, 1956, net income came to \$441,877 or 68¢ a share, compared with a

deficit in the 1955 fiscal year. Net deferred income rose to \$1,234,540 from \$386,835, a gain of 219% in the same comparative periods.

It's an impressive track record, even in the fast-moving TV field, no matter how it may compare to that of a veteran like VARIETY. But then NTA is only three years old, as against VARIETY's 51, and so give it time. Besides, as everybody knows, they're cute at that age!

NTA Film Network's 108 Stations: 82% TV Homes Covered

Occupying a forefront position in NTA's plans for 1957 is its lively subsidiary, the NTA Film Network, half of which is owned by 20th Century-Fox.

The new web is a revolutionary new TV concept, consisting of lineup of 108 TV stations, reaching 82% of America's TV homes, to which will be fed feature films from 20th's top shelf by NTA.

Sponsors Eye

Many sponsors have been eyeing new NTA Film Network as the answer to many of their problems, especially the murderously high cost of network TV and the rigidity of the wired network system.

New NTA Film Network meets the high cost headache by eliminating brutal coaxial cable costs and offering top talent at fraction

of the cost of average TV show. It meets the wired network rigidity problem by not insisting on a station must-buy list.

Feature Films Outpull

What's more, high-calibre feature films have been outpulling best of the wired network shows in the ratings almost everywhere, it's pointed out. In L.A., KTTV outrated all six competitors combined with a top feature film. And WATV, New York, increased its usual rating by 600% with another one, "How Green Was My Valley."

With these appeals . . . top-quality shows at lower cost and widest flexibility . . . agencies think the new NTA Film Network may be the answer to a sponsor's prayer. Especially when then can get clearance of time and programming now . . . without irritating waits for station clearances.

. . . from NTA on its 3rd!



HARRY SALTER

Musical Director—

"NAME THAT TUNE"

CBS-TV

Best Wishes

CASEY ALLEN and FRAN CARLON

DICK STARK . . . *speaking on TV for*
REMINGTON RAND

RICHARD DUNLAP

KRAFT TV THEATRE
Director
1953-1956

OMNIBUS
Associate Producer

BOB and **RAY**
ELLIOTT GOULDING

ON
RADIO
MUTUAL NETWORK
11:15-11:30 A.M. DAILY
5:00- 5:45 P.M. DAILY

N.B.C. MONITOR
SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

•
ON
TV and RADIO
VOICES OF "BERT & HARRY"
(PIEL'S BEER)

•
CORAL RECORDS

GOULDING-ELLIOTT-GRAHAM, INC.

Pers. Mgr.:
JOHN MOSES

420 LEXINGTON AVE.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Director:
VIC COWEN



Producer: **"MAMA"**

CBS-TV

Sundays, 5:00 P.M., E.S.T.

Returned to Television by POPULAR DEMAND

"MAMA" greets *VARIETY* on its Anniversary

PEGGY WOOD

Congratulations *VARIETY*

from

"PAPA"

JUD LAIRE

ROSEMARY RICE

as **"KATRIN"**

in **"MAMA"**

DICK VAN PATTEN

as **"NELS"**

in **"MAMA"**

Greetings from

DON RICHARDSON

Director **"MAMA"**

FAMILIAR CALLERS AT THE TV AND RADIO STATIONS OF THE WORLD

PAUL TALBOT
PRESIDENT

Fremantle
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366 Madison Ave.
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**The Biggest Negro Program
Schedule in the Biggest
and Richest Negro Market**

**The ONLY All-Negro Station
in the New York Area . . .**

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Newark, N. J.

5,000 watts

1430 kc

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National Sales Mgr.: Graeme Zimmer Chicago: 6205 S. Cottage Grove Ave., NO 7-4142

PETER BIRCH

Director-Choreographer

"Captain Kangaroo"

CBS-TV

CARL HOFF

Conductor-Composer

THANK YOU—Walter Winchell, Martha Raye, Patti Page, Julius LaRosa, Tony Bennett

With Best Wishes to **VARIETY**

GREY LOCKWOOD

NBC TELEVISION

JOHN NEWLAND



HARRY WISMER



GENERAL TELERADIO

Television:

"GENERAL SPORTS TIME"

Sponsored by General Tire & Rubber Co.

"BETHLEHEM SPORTS TIME"

Sponsored by Bethlehem Steel Co.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE FOOTBALL
NOTRE DAME FILMED RECREATIONS**

Both Sponsored by General Tire & Rubber Co.

"THIS WEEK IN SPORTS"

For International News Service

Radio:

"GENERAL SPORTS TIME"

Sponsored by General Tire & Rubber Co.

NATIONAL LEAGUE FOOTBALL

Detroit Lions-Chicago Cardinals (Mutual)

NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL

Complete Schedule

Broadcasting Major Sporting Events and Special Events
Over the Mutual Broadcasting System

Season's Greetings

WIN STRACKE

ABC

CHICAGO

Directed by

GREG GARRISON



RICHARD WILLIS

NBC

TEX ANTOINE

and **UNCLE WETHBEE**

In Our 8th Year

11:10 PM

WRCA-TV

IN COLOR

Monday thru Friday

Brought to you by

CON-EDISON

AND

LOGY ENDEAVORS, Inc.



CAESAR'S HOUR

NBC-TV



PAT CARROLL

CAESAR'S HOUR

NBC-TV



WILLIAM LEWIS

CAESAR'S HOUR

NBC-TV

Representative
GENIA CHERKASSKY
117 West 58th Street
New York City

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DIRECTOR

CAESAR'S HOUR

NBC-TV

LEO MORGAN

PRODUCER

Caesar's Hour

NBC-TV

HAL JANIS

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

CAESAR'S HOUR

NBC-TV

Warmest Regards

Janet Blair

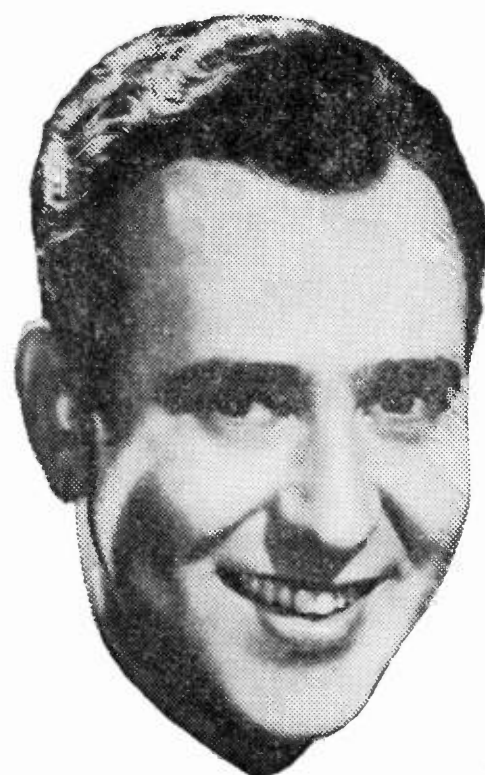
Management: BAUM-NEUBORN



SHIRL CONWAY

CAESAR'S HOUR

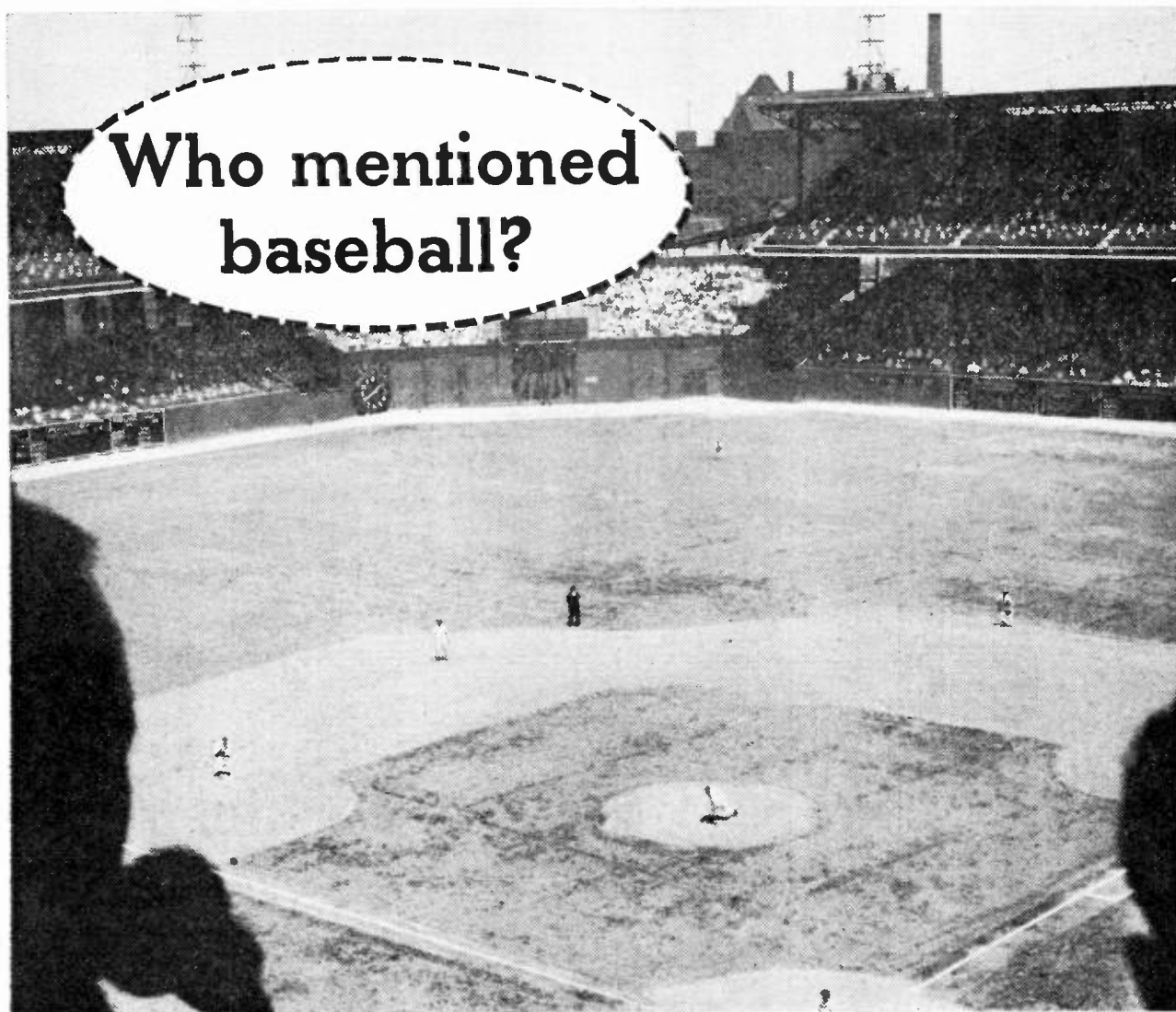
NBC - TV



CARL REINER

CAESAR'S HOUR

NBC - TV



We did! And here's why:

Now's the time to talk about choice adjacencies for the 1957 major league season in Chicago, where WGN-TV will be televising the daytime home games of both the Chicago Cubs and Chicago White Sox for the 10th consecutive year.

For further information about this exclusive high-rated sports feature, please check:

Midwest Office	Eastern Advertising Office	Or any
441 N. Michigan Ave.,	220 E. 42nd Street	Edward Petry & Co.
Chicago 11, Ill.	New York 17, N.Y.	representative

WGN-TV Channel 9

Chicago's baseball station for the 10th consecutive year!



it pays to
sell these
989,605
families

WGAL-TV

Lancaster, Penna.

NBC and CBS

AMERICA'S 10th TV MARKET

- 917,320 TV sets
- 989,605 families
- 3½ million people
- \$5¾ billion
annual income
- \$3¾ billion
retail sales

Channel 8 Multi-City Market

Harrisburg	Reading
York	Lebanon
Hanover	Pottsville
Gettysburg	Hazleton
Chambersburg	Shamokin
Waynesboro	Mount Carmel
Frederick	Bloomsburg
Westminster	Lewisburg
Carlisle	Lewistown
Sunbury	Lock Haven
Martinsburg	Hagerstown

316,000 WATTS

STEINMAN STATION
CLAIR McCOLLOUGH, Pres.

Representative
the **MEEKER** company, inc.
New York Los Angeles
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DOHERTY, CLIFFORD, STEERS & SHENFIELD, INC.

350 Fifth Avenue
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...and only major motion picture studio devoted exclusively to television films.

1st TO PIONEER IN TV PRODUCTION

In 1947 HAL ROACH became the first major Hollywood studio to convert to the exclusive production of films for television.

1st IN MAJOR TV SYNDICATION

First studio to utilize major studio production techniques in TV syndication film.

1st IN TV COMMERCIAL FILMS

18-acre lot, offering unequalled commercial film production since 1948.

STU ERWIN
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PASSPORT TO
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SHOW

GALE STORM
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BLONDIE
GUNS OF DESTINY
FOREST RANGER

1947

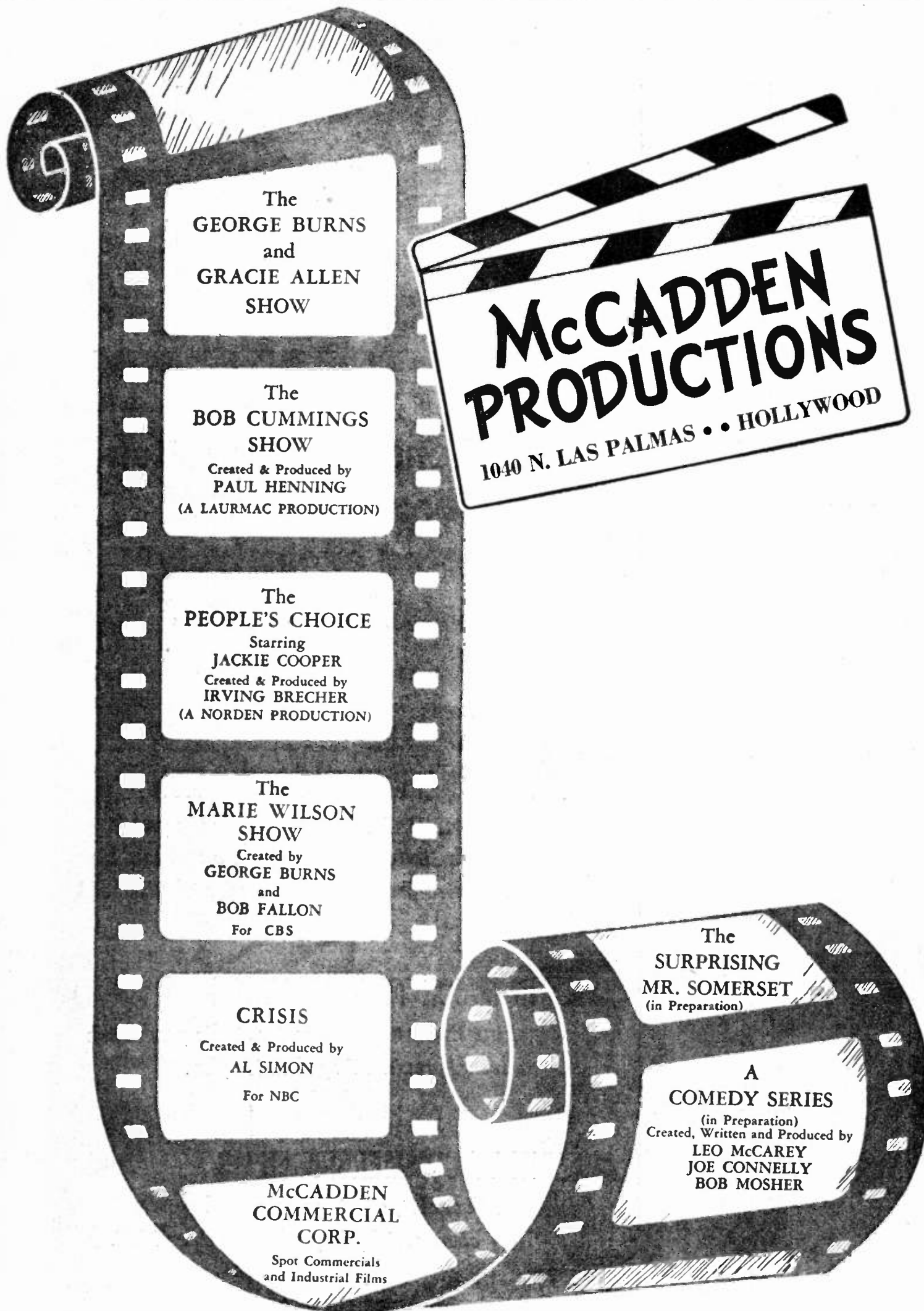


1957

HAL ROACH STUDIOS

HAL ROACH, JR., Owner-President and Executive Producer
SIDNEY S. VAN KEUREN, Vice-President and General Manager

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JOSEPH GALLICCHIO

Music Director,
Central Division
National Broadcasting
Company

CARL FISCHER CONCERT HALL

AIR CONDITIONED

Ideal for:

- TV REHEARSALS
- 16 mm. FILMS
- RECORDINGS
- AUDITIONS
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Convenient Location
Removable Seating
Reasonable Rates

CARL FISCHER

165 West 57th Street NYC
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JACK KAREY

"Koffee With Karey"

WCFL — Chicago

Greetings From

Francois Pope's "Creative Cookery"

WBKB • ABC-TV • Chicago

CLINT YOULE

The NBC Weatherman



Together . . . daily . . . WRCA . . . the name's Fitzgerald

It's an
Old Midwest
Custom!



...and it's a custom that grows with the years!

During 1956, more than *two-and-a-half-million* people jammed county and state fairs, theatres, churches, auditoriums, the WLS Farm Progress Show and Chicago's 8th Street Theatre, to see and applaud their favorite WLS entertainers.

People, crowds of them, come out whenever WLS entertainers appear. In town, village and city it's the same. From Galien, Michigan to Wabash, Indiana—from downtown Chicago to Green Bay, Wisconsin—from Kalamazoo to Kokomo—WLS listeners respond to personal appearances just as they respond to WLS broadcasts.

This drawing power of WLS personalities that increases year after year is a powerful selling story for WLS, the *Station That Gets Results*.

Home of the National Barn Dance

890 KILOCYCLES • 50,000 WATTS • REPRESENTED BY BLAIR & COMPANY



ONE OF AMERICA'S LEADING
TELEVISION COMMERCIAL PRODUCERS

*Owen
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Recent Clients:
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BONNE ANNÉE

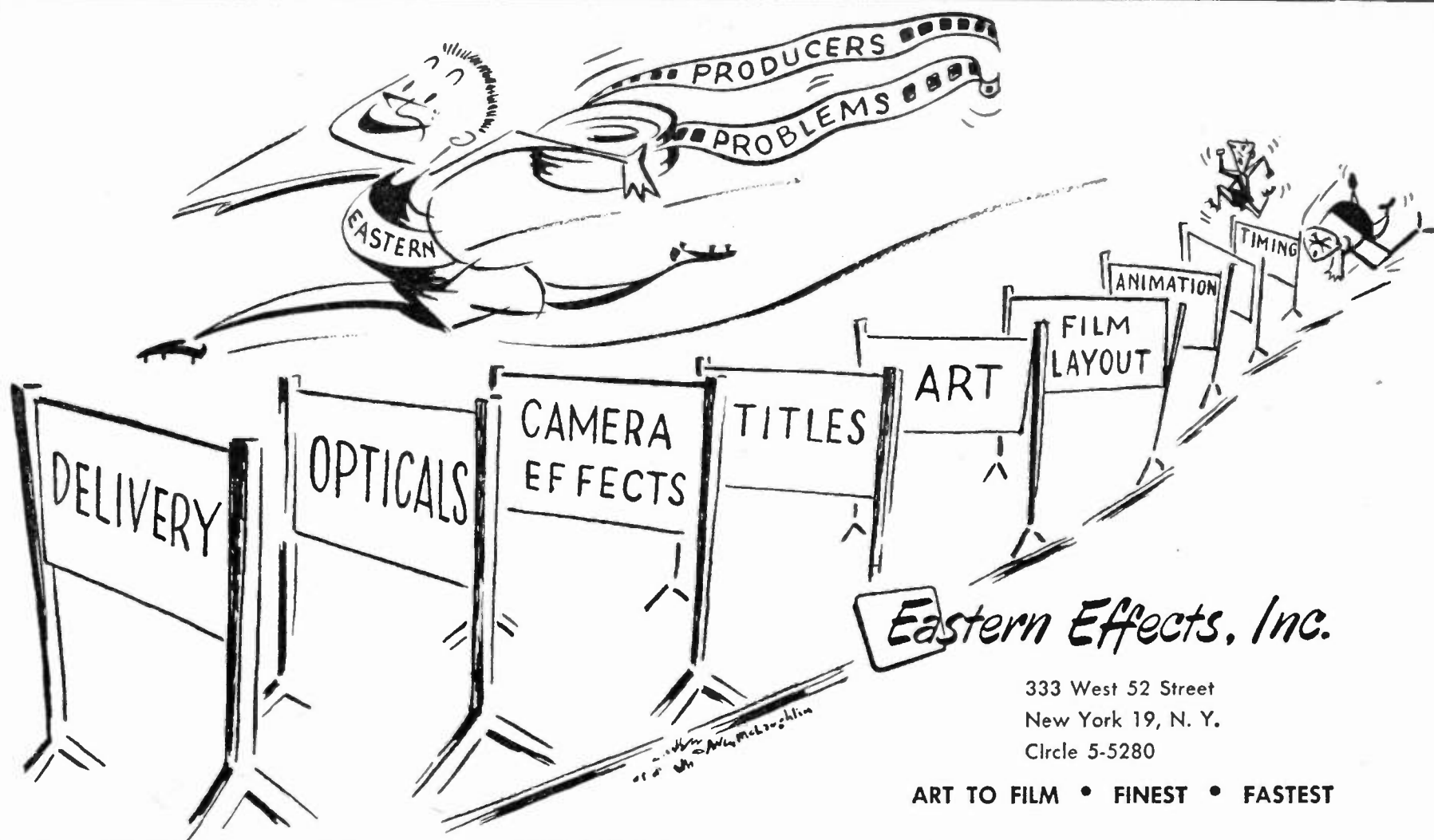
The French Broadcasting System extends greetings of the season to all . . . and we hope that 1957 will tighten the bonds of friendship between France and the United States . . . while we work together, through radio, toward greater understanding and a closer relationship.

PIERRE CRENESSE,
Director.

Best Wishes on Your 51st Anniversary



Milton Berle



Cellomatic®

NEW YORK
756 Seventh Avenue
PLaza 7-7895

CHICAGO
152 East Superior Street
SUperior 7-9045

HOLLYWOOD
7313 Santa Monica Blvd.

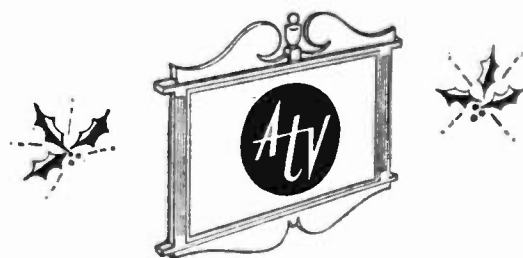
Producers of Industrial Shows
for leading companies and Ad-
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Exclusive representatives of Cel-
lomatic projection for TV com-
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Recent Clients Include:

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TvB	AMERICAN CYANAMID
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GENERAL MOTORS	AMERICAN MOTORS
WESTINGHOUSE	COLGATE-PALMOLIVE

season's greetings



To all our clients, suppliers and friends and
looking forward to another year of your
wonderful cooperation.

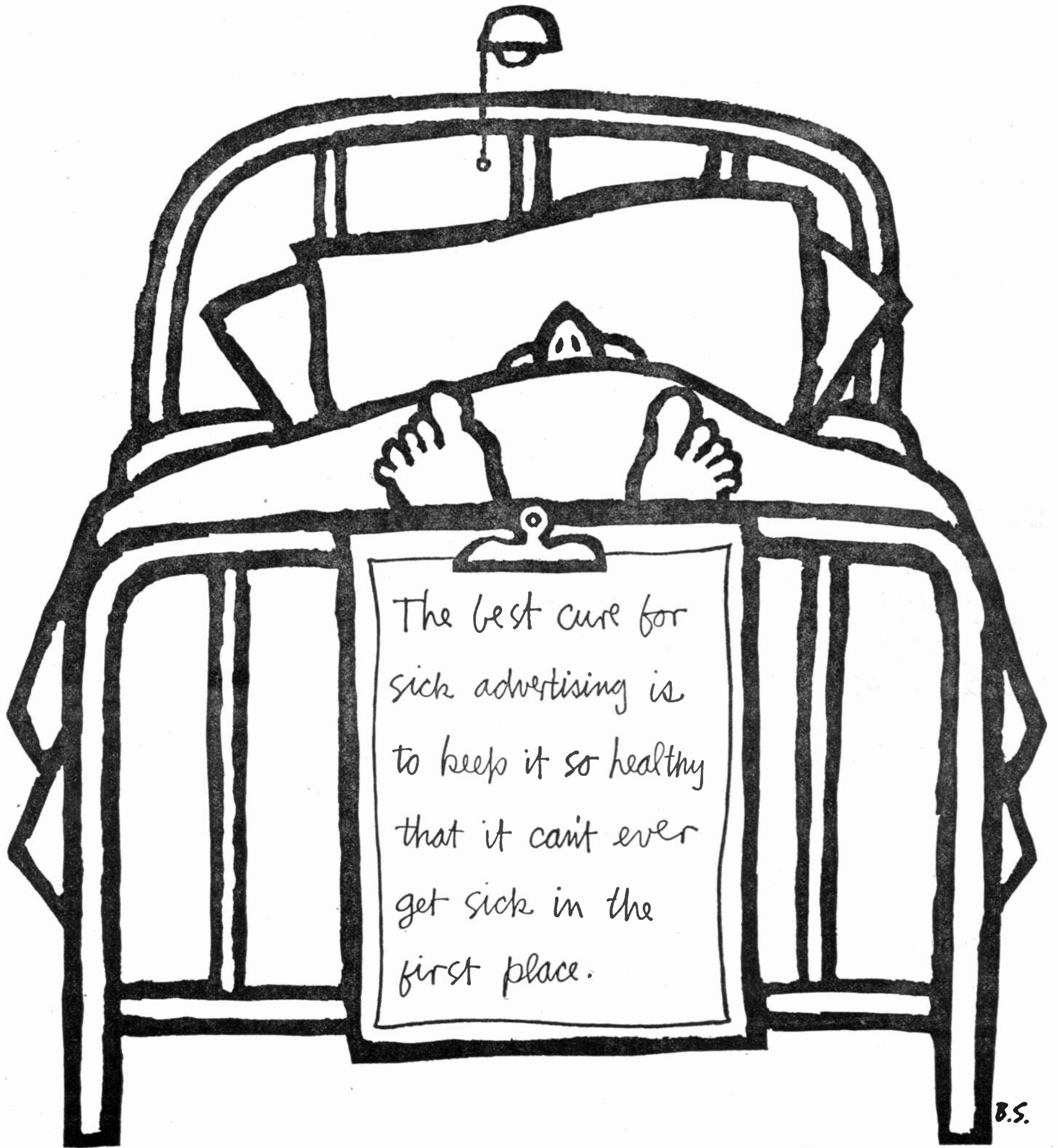
ATV FILM PRODUCTIONS, INC.
35-01 Northern Boulevard L.I.C. 1, N.Y. EXeter 2-4949

MICKEY SCHWARZ AND ALL HIS EMPLOYEES

Season's Greetings

JIM CONWAY

CBS, Chicago



YOUNG & RUBICAM, INC.
ADVERTISING

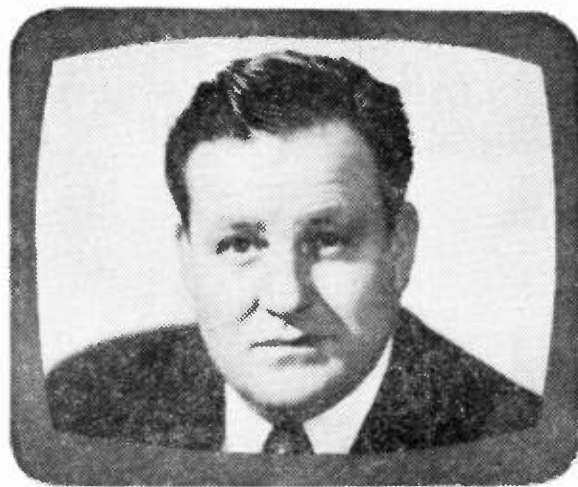
New York • Chicago • Detroit • San Francisco • Los Angeles • Hollywood • Montreal • Toronto • Mexico City • San Juan • London



Wilbur Stark · Jerry Layton, Inc.

Radio and Television Productions

6 East 45th Street
New York, New York



ALEX DREIER

NBC-TV and NBC Radio

Advertisers aiming to establish a strong new product personality are

SOLD ON SPOT

as a basic
advertising
medium



HENRY J. MUESSEN, President and Chairman of the Board of Piel Bros., puts it this way: "There's no doubt that Bert and Harry sold themselves. However, without Spot's flexibility and great cumulative audiences, they never would have made the grade so fast. They are established salesmen and stars in their own right, thanks to Y&R and Spot Radio and Television."



SPOT SALES

HAVE A HAPPY

CAROL REED

Monday thru Saturday
CBS-TV

**RAIN OR SHINE
LATE WEATHER
SIX O'CLOCK REPORT**

WILLIAM O. HARBACH

PRODUCER

"STEVE ALLEN SHOW"

PHIL LEVENS

DIRECTOR

"TREASURE HUNT"

NBC-TV

Happy 51st!

**ROBERT MONTGOMERY
PRESENTS**

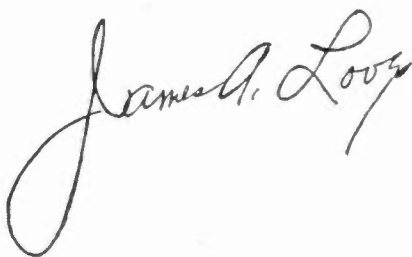
**Monday Evenings
NBC-TV, 9:30-10:30 P.M., E.S.T.**

Lalley & Love, Inc.,
becomes

JAMES LOVE PRODUCTIONS, Inc.

but its objectives of devoting
its experience to quality
film production remain the same.

- Television Commercials
- Industrial Films
- Program Production



James Love Productions, Inc., 115 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. JUdson 2-4633

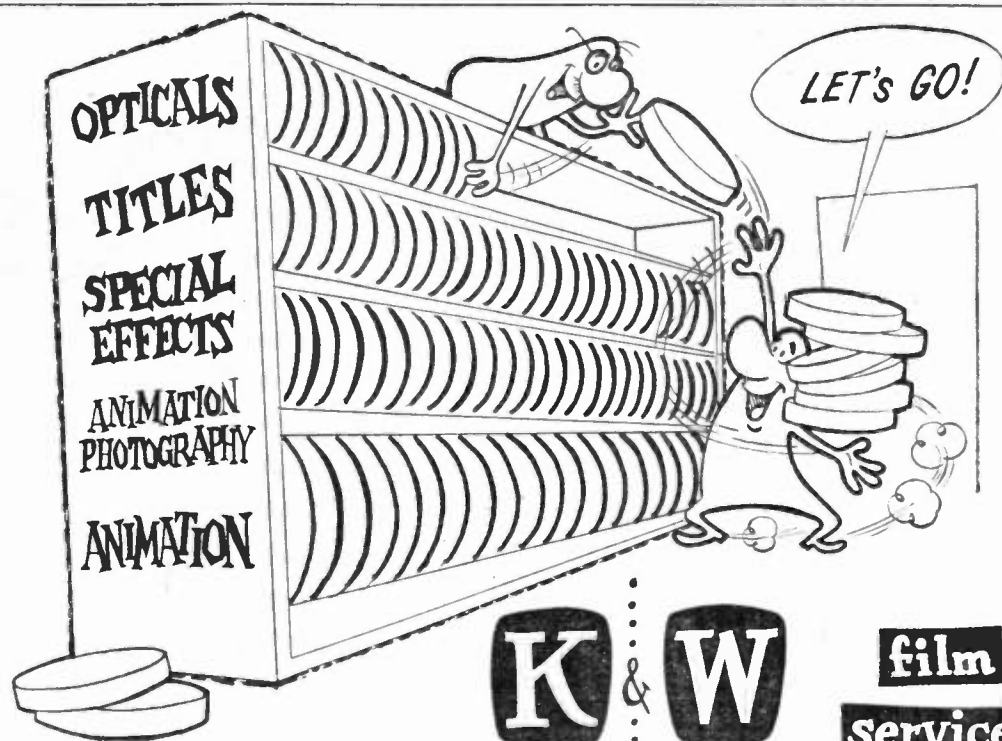


NATALIE CORE

Fashion and Beauty Editor
"HOME"
NBC-TV

Hostess for A & P
"GUY LOMBARDO SHOW"
WRCA-TV

Commentator
WARNER'S FASHION SHOWS
NBC COLOR-TV



1657 broadway • new york 19 n.y.
CIRCLE 5-8081-2

K & W

**film
service
corp.**

DAVID BROWN

DIRECTOR

"STANLEY"
NBC-TV

A Max Liebman Production

Direction: WILLIAM MORRIS

NORM BARRY
CHICAGO

jim coy

ANNOUNCER - NARRATOR - ACTOR

Management: MCA

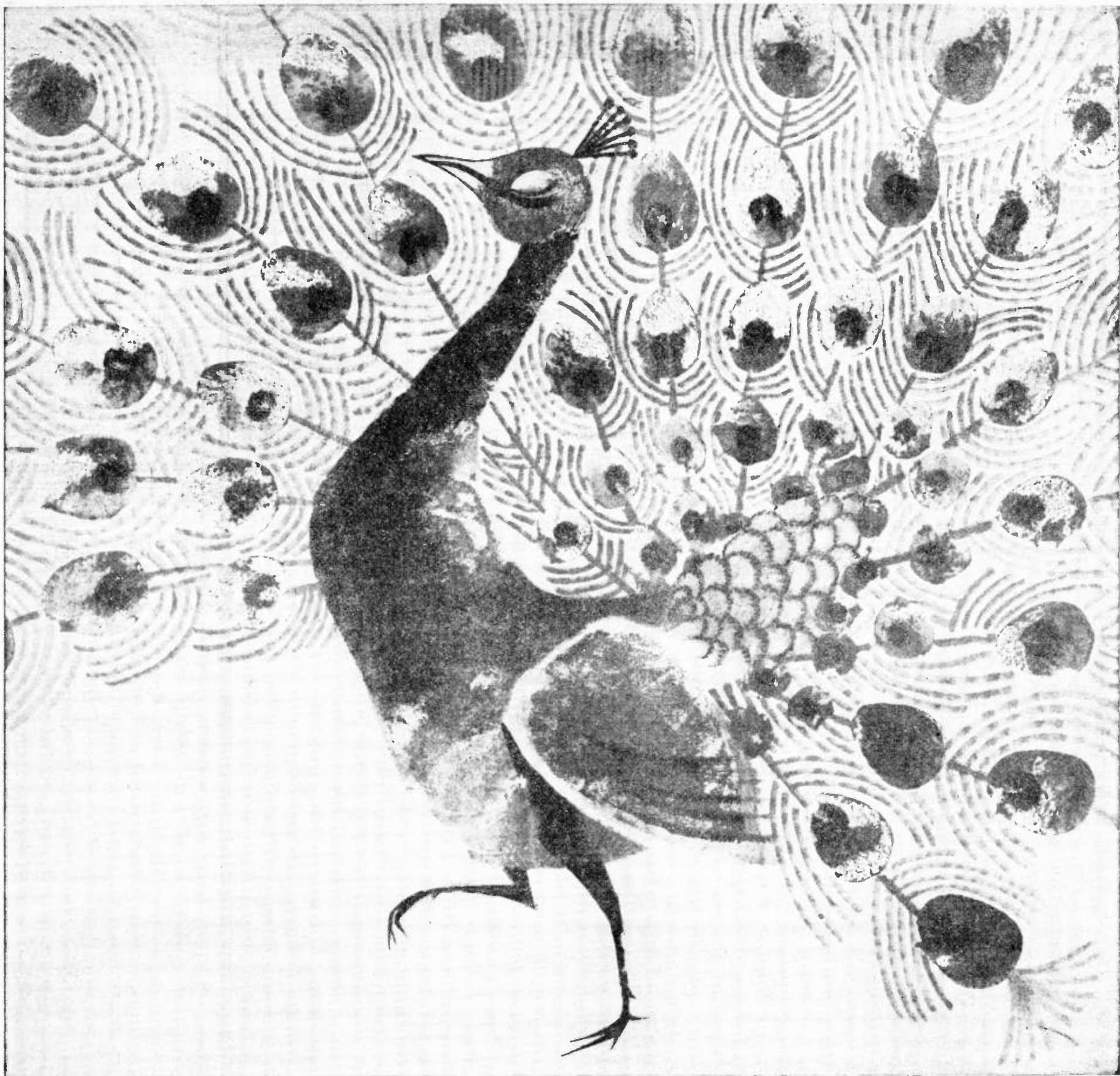
Registry: MU 8-6600

GREETINGS TO **VARIETY**

ALAN M. FISHBURN

TV • RADIO • STAGE • FILMS

333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois



Proudest baby in showbiz—COLOR TV



This baby has a *right* to be proud. It's the fastest growing, most exciting baby in all of show business. Just a year ago Big Color television became a practical commercial reality.

To date over 100,000 color TV sets have been sold by RCA Victor alone. On just one network—NBC-TV—you can now see *color every night!* RCA Victor co-sponsors three of the highest rated TV shows: "Producers' Showcase," Saturday Color Carnival and the Perry Como Show—all in color. Color TV has added a completely new dimension to home entertainment.

RCA VICTOR
TM(s) © RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



RCA PIONEERED AND DEVELOPED COMPATIBLE COLOR TELEVISION

people dial for content... not cable

If you are told that network cables somehow endow a program with a certain indefinable "prestige"—remember this:

*When it comes to film programs, most viewers can't tell
non-network from network shows, or mis-identify them.*

That's the highlight finding of a study by Qualitative Research, Inc.

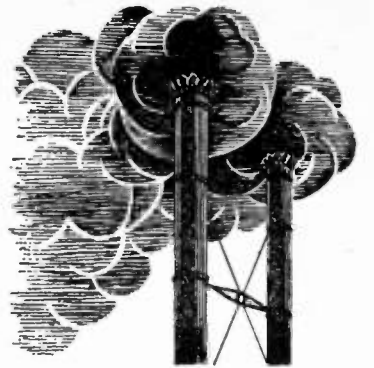
The survey makes clear that as far as film programs are concerned, there is no such animal as "network prestige." There can't be. Fact is, most viewers don't know non-network from network shows. Chances are they don't care. People dial for content—not cable.

Call or write Katz Sales Development for the complete report, as well as a study on wholesaler (food and drug) preferences in TV advertising.

The Katz Agency, Inc.

National Advertising Representatives • 477 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. • PLaza 9-4460

*Also available: The Katz Agency's SPOT TV ADVERTISING
COST SUMMARY #20 including formulas for estimating Spot
TV budgets for nighttime, daytime and late night periods.*



STACKS OF BUSINESS!

Smokestacks have always been a symbol of activity in our Ohio River Valley. They came to us first aboard the picturesque sternwheelers that opened this region to phenomenal growth. They stayed to multiply and multiply above busy mills and factories whose industrial worth today — in the Huntington-Charleston heart alone — exceeds one billion dollars!

Nowhere in America is there such a panorama of business under full steam as in the 100-plus counties served by the four-state span of WSAZ-TV. Here live nearly a million families with annual buying power close to four billion dollars — a symbol of booming productivity making this America's 23rd TV market. Your advertising cuts a smart bow wave when you consign it to WSAZ-TV, only TV station covering the whole area. Any Katz office can write the ticket.



The **GEORGE SKINNER SHOW**

WABC - RADIO
Mon. thru Sat., 6-8:55 A.M.



Mgt. William Morris Agency

Yours in All Kinds of Weather

P. J. HOFF

WBBM-TV Weatherman
IN CHICAGO

MORGAN BEATTY

NBC • NEWS • NBC-TV
CHICAGO



...terribly English

"Anyone feel like taking a look at some rather good English films? They've been a spiffing success on TV at home. And they're terribly — but terribly — English. Classical stuff, and dramas — that sort of thing. But not stuffy, you know, just terribly entertaining. Well, I mean to say, you've only got to look who's in them — Margaret Leighton, Laurence Harvey, Anna Massey, Hugh Griffith, Moira Lister, Felix Aylmer, Emlyn Williams, Dorothy Tutin, boys and girls like that. And you know how well this terribly English stuff goes down on Broadway. Would you mind awfully if I put my bowler down here? Look I'll show you the list..."

TRANSATLANTIC THEATRE
produced for Associated-Rediffusion by John Clements.

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY, Ivan Turgenev, directed Robert Hamer.
with Margaret Leighton, Laurence Harvey, Geoffrey Keen,
Michael Gough, Zena Walker, Charles Lloyd Pack.

THE PAY OFF, directed John Moxey.
with Edward Chapman, Avis Scott, Jackie Collins.

THE GREEN OF THE YEAR, directed Robert Hamer.
with Anna Massey, John Merivale, Perlita Neilson.

THE SALT LAND, directed Michael Macowan.
with Peter Wynegarde, David Peel, Clare Austin.

THE CLAY AND THE FLAME, directed John Moxey.
with John Robinson, Perlita Neilson, J. Leslie Frith,
Charles Lloyd Pack, Hugh Griffith, Eileen Way.

THE GOLDEN CUCKOO, directed Dennis Johnston.
with Felix Aylmer, Charles Victor, Moira Lister, Dermot Walsh.

THE WILD DUCK, Henrik Ibsen, directed Charles Crichton.
with Emlyn Williams, Dorothy Tutin, Angela Baddeley, Michael Gough.

All these plays are 90 minutes long, and have
natural breaks for commercials.

For further information and promotion material contact the Film Sales Department,
Associated-Rediffusion Limited, Television House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Harold Jovien's PREMIERE ARTISTS and PRODUCTIONS

AGENCY

Sunset and Carol, Hollywood 46, Calif. Cr. 4-5488
BILL PUTNEY, Associate

Proudly representing the following shows and personalities for Television, Radio, Personal Appearances and Recordings

Programs:

PETER POTTER'S "JUKE BOX JURY"
THE INA RAY HUTTON SHOW
MIKE STOKEY PRESENTS
JUNIOR RECORD JURY
HILO HATTIE SHOW
IF YOU HAD THE MONEY
HOLLYWOOD ICETIME
HARRY BABBIT SHOW
GENE NORMAN SHOW

TV Hosts and Disc Jockeys

HARRY BABBITT—(CBS)
BILL BALLANCE—KFWB, Hollywood
FRANK EVANS—KDAY, Santa Monica
PAUL MASTERSON—ABC
JACK McCOY—ABC-TV
LOUIS QUINN—KHJ-TV, Hollywood
RALPH STORY—\$64,000 Challenge
DICK WHITTINGHILL—KMPC & KTTV-TV, Hollywood

Personalities:

RUSH ADAMS—Diamond Records
VAN ALEXANDER—Gordon MacRae Show
RANDY BROOKS—Decca Records
KAY BROWN—ABC-TV, Decca Records
OLLIE FRANKS
HOOSIER HOT SHOTS
EDDIE KEELEY—KTLA
GEORGE LIBERACE
BILLY MAY
ELLA MAE MORSE—Capitol Records
LOUISE O'BRIEN—CBS
GAYLA PEEVEY—Columbia Records
PIED PIPERS
JERI SOUTHERN—Decca Records
KITTY WHITE—Mercury Records

Television Producers-Directors

TOM BELCHER—NBC
JERRY BOWNE—NBC
JIM HOBSON—Lawrence Welk Shows
BOB LEHMAN—Truth or Consequences
HARFIELD WEEDIN—ABC-TV

*With
Best
Wishes*

**BROOKS
COSTUME CO.**

3 WEST 61st STREET
NEW YORK CITY

SPECIALIZING IN THEATRICAL PROBLEMS
Annuities—Retirement Plans—Estate Planning
LAURANCE WINKLER

All Kinds of Insurance

50 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

MU 2-0132

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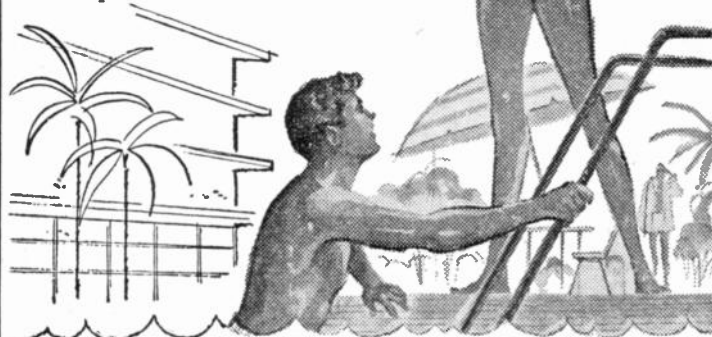
S
A
V
O**

**LAMBS CLUB
NEW YORK**

miami beach

now... in its sunniest splendor!

Bright and flashing in the winter sun, this vivacious queen of all resort cities glitters for eight miles along the gold and blue shores of the Atlantic Ocean! Be here... Be a part of all the fun and make this winter an unforgettable experience in the sunshine.



**MAIL COUPON
FOR FREE
16-PAGE
BRILLIANTLY
ILLUSTRATED
BROCHURE**

Room V71, Chamber of Commerce, Miami Beach 39, Florida

I plan to visit Miami Beach in..... (month).....

Please send information on.....Hotels.....Apartments

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

★
HERB SANFORD

—Producer—

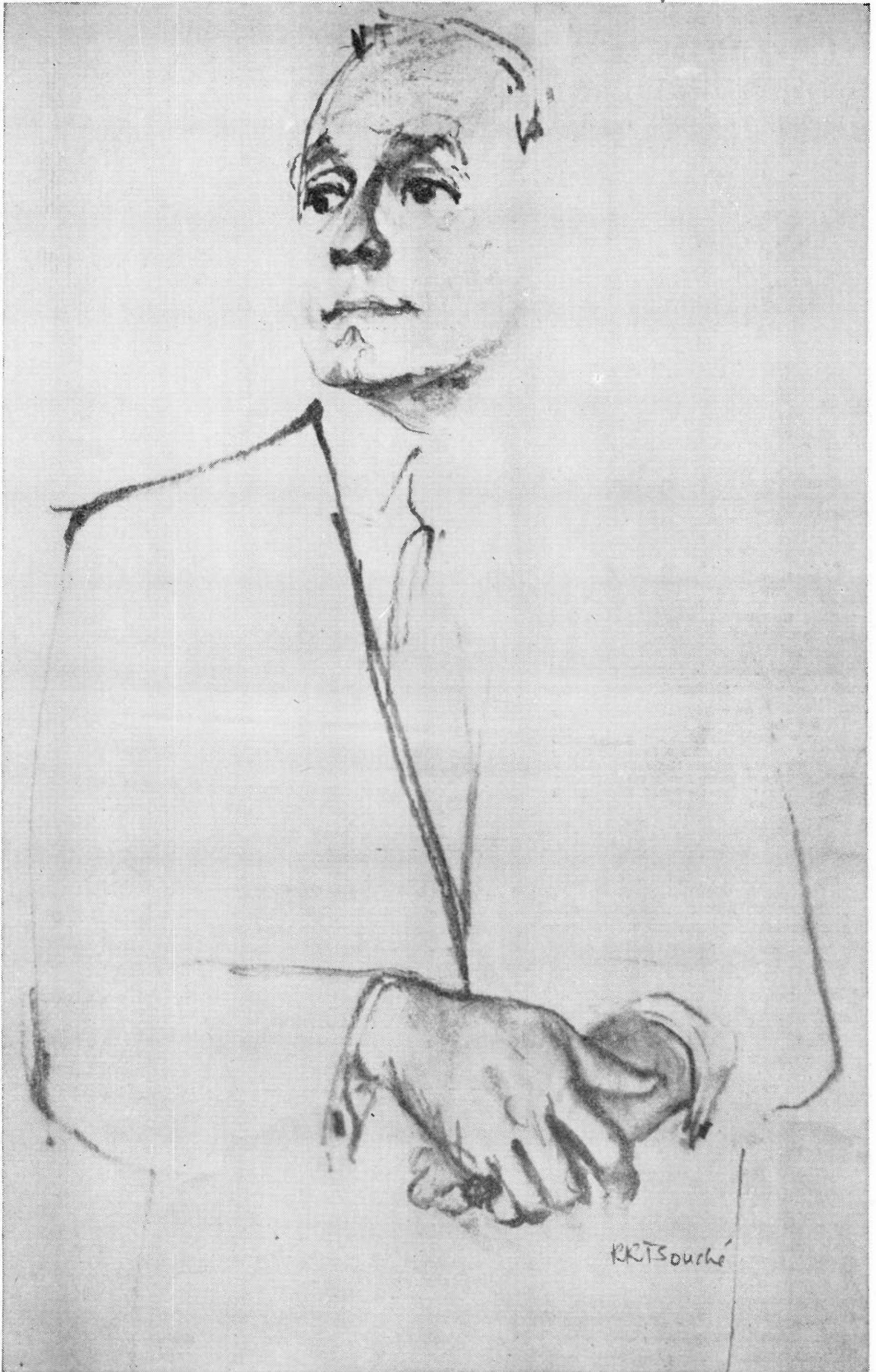
**GARRY MOORE SHOW
CBS-TV**

★
CORT STEEN

DIRECTOR

VOICE OF FIRESTONE

ABC-TV



Responsibility

All of these famous names were recently featured in tv spots produced by Caravel Films (b&w and color):

- American Standard • Ballantine Beer
- Bufferin • Geritol • Goodyear • Gillette
- Griffin Shoe Polish • Lysol • Nabisco
- Procter & Gamble • Remington Shaver
- Republican National Committee •
- Simmons Beauty Rest • Socony-Mobil •
- Filter Tip Tareyton • U. S. Savings Bonds

Over thirty-five years of experience in the making of business films for America's leading advertisers.

Every step in the production of a Caravel commercial is handled by Caravel personnel, with Caravel equipment and at Caravel headquarters. This complete control enables us to accept a full measure of responsibility for the prompt and efficient handling of your tv commercial needs.

A SPECIALIZED DEPARTMENT

specifically built, staffed and equipped for the imaginative development and creative production of tv spots.

COMPLETE COMPANY-OWNED FACILITIES

... for every phase of controlled production: studio ... direction ... art ... animation ... editing ... optical effects ... interlock projection.

A PROVEN SUCCESS RECORD

... the kind that can serve, with complete satisfaction, the exacting requirements of the leading advertising agencies and advertisers in America.



MEL BLANC

Golden (Kiddie) Records Warner Bros. Cartoons
Animated TV Commercials

Best Wishes

JACK SMIGHT

Director

"CLIMAX"

C.B.S. TELEVISION

Hailey, Canadian TV Writer, Nets 63G From 3 Plays; 2 Sold to Pix

Ottawa.

Arthur Hailey, suburban Toronto former p.r.-adman now cleaning up on tv, has earned more than \$63,000 from his first three tv plays in the past nine months; and two of them are still bringing returns. Film rights to two have brought a total of \$44,000, plus 5% of the profits of Hall Bartlett Productions' forthcoming film of his "Flight Into Danger," along with \$6,000 for scripting it.

He has sold his third, "Time Lock," to Romulus Films of England, for a flat \$22,500, and his agent, Maeve Southgate, has had film nibbles for his second "Shadow of Suspicion." ("F.I.D." pic price was \$21,500, plus 5%).

Hailey has just sold a fourth one-hour tv script, his first comedy—"See-saw"—to Canadian Broadcasting Corp. for production soon, after which it will be offered in N.Y. ("Flight Into Danger" was first rejected by a U.S. network as "unsuitable for television," then accepted by CBC.)

"Time Lock" would have been sold to BBC-TV—on kinescope like "Flight Into Danger"—but the film sale killed that (as sale of "Flight" did a projected NBC live repeat). And BBC's planned use of the CBC "Shadow of Suspicion" kinnie was stymied because its music was integrated into the dialog track. Since a recording of Toronto Symphony Orchestra had been used, re-telecast would have meant a hefty payment to all its sidemen, which BBC couldn't afford. However, BBC may still do it live. All three of Hailey's plays have been done on U. S. tv.

NEW YORKERS GET OKAY ON FRISCO 'U'

San Francisco.

FCC has granted authorization for UHF channel 26 in Frisco to Plaza Radio and TV Co., a New York firm situated at 551 Fifth Ave.

Firm is half owned by Alex Rosenman, ad exec and part owner of WCAN-TV, Milwaukee, with the remaining half split between Eliot Hyman, head of Associated Artists Productions, and David M. Harris, camera and hi-fi importer.

Firm figured on first-year capital investment of \$244,000, with first-year cost of operations at \$264,000. First-year gross was figured at \$200,000, with net of \$36,000. Transmitter would be on San Bruno Mountain, where VHF KRON and KQED now have transmitters.

There was no indication when broadcasting would start, and there was no opposition to application before the FCC.

GE Signs Off on Frisco Shortwave Operation

Washington.

General Electric Co. has terminated operation of its shortwave radio station, KGEI, near San Francisco. Company advised FCC last week that growth of AM and the rapid development of tv in Latin America have reduced shortwave listening in recent years.

In addition, GE stated, technological developments in other types of international communications have been "extremely rapid" since 1939 and have largely supplanted information services "which shortwave radio was once so uniquely able to perform."

Termination of KGEI leaves only one international radio station still operating commercially in the U.S.—WRUL in Boston. Various shortwave stations, however, are operating under lease to the Voice of America.

Kathy Godfrey Back With Sat. Aft. Format

Kathy Godfrey, who was dropped from her morning strip stint on CBS Radio a few months ago, returns to the web Jan. 12 with a new Saturday afternoon format. She'll move into the 1 to 1:30 p.m. spot, replacing "City Hospital," which is being dropped.

New slotting for Miss Godfrey also means that Stan Davis, who was scheduled to leave CBS as a staff producer, will stay on to do the show.



----- *this is* **RALPH EDWARDS**

these are **RALPH EDWARDS'** **TV SHOWS**

"THIS IS YOUR LIFE"

Ralph Edwards, Creator,
Producer, Narrator
NBC-TV Wednesday, 10 P.M. E.S.T.

"IT COULD BE YOU"

Bill Leyden, Emcee
NBC-TV Monday through Friday
12:30 P.M. E.S.T.

"TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES"

NBC-TV Monday through Friday
1:30 A.M. E.S.T.



Available Immediately

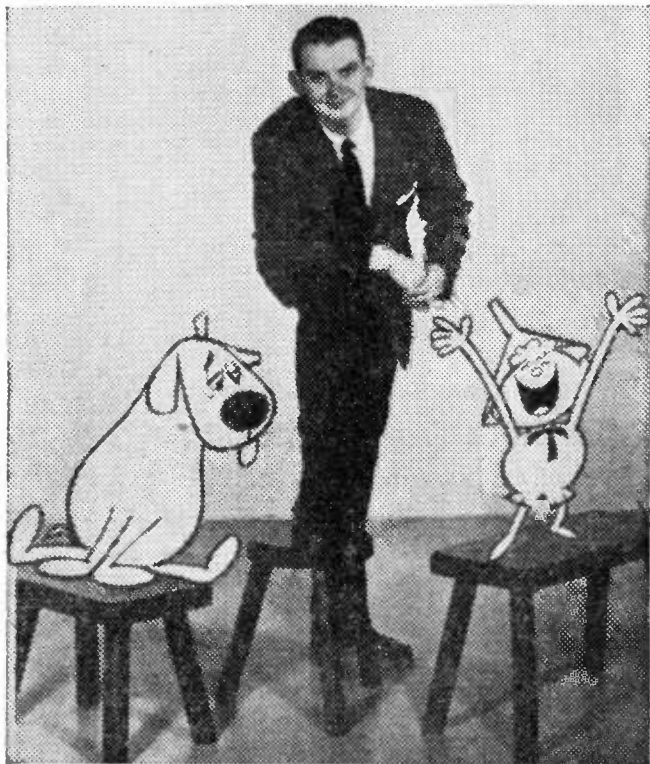
"END OF THE RAINBOW"

"BONANZA"

"PLACE THE FACE"

"FUNNYBONERS"

"FORTUNE UNLIMITED"



Lionel Wilson

ALL VOICES

ON

TERRYTOONS'

NEW ADVENTURE CARTOON SERIES

TOM TERRIFIC

TO BE RELEASED SOON ON "CAPTAIN KANGAROO"
OVER THE CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

© 1956 - TERRYTOONS, A DIVISION OF CBS TELEVISION FILM SALES, INC.

Thanks

GENE DEITCH

TOM MORRISON

Now It's For Vid Lang Syne

By GORDON IRVING

Glasgow.

Commercial jingles will take the place of Auld Lang Syne within another nine months. Indie tv is about to crash into the show biz market in this northern half of the United Kingdom, where the dignified BBC so far holds the monopoly of listeners and viewers.

Overall swingaround of the public to tv is certain to hit cinemas and live theatres even more strongly than hitherto. Operators of "live" shows, both legit and vaude, will have to pull out every stop to combat the increasing and serious competition of tv.

Program contracting company for Scotland will be the newly-formed Scottish Television Ltd., a firm headed by Roy Thomson, a know-how Canadian newspaper owner, who has already established himself at Edinburgh by controlling the Scotsman Publications newspaper group publishing a morning, evening and weekly sheet.

Thomson is bringing Transatlantic hustle and know-how to the job of operating indie Scot tv. He is a firm believer in Scot programs for the Auld Lang Syne public, and will cater largely for local tastes.

Aim of Scottish Television Ltd. is to provide viewers here with 25% of local programs, majority beamed from the first Scottish Television Theatre in premises of the former historic Theatre Royal, where the last live show, the pantomime "Robinson Crusoe," winds Feb. 16. It's hoped about half of the Scot contributions will be beamed back to England on the national indie-tv network.

Look To U.S. Shows

American tv shows, such as "I Love Lucy," are likely to get a big innings as the Scot service absorbs the national network programs. Service will aid U.S. performers in making their names better known here.

Success of such tv programs is already assured because of the popularity of U.S. performers with Scot audiences. This has been revealed via top demand for American stage, film and disk stars at the No. 1 vaudey here, the Glasgow Empire, so efficiently managed for Val Parnell's Moss Empires' chain by local manager Frank Mathie.

Roy Thomson and his firm tee-off operations mid-February, with headquarters at the Television Theatre Royal in Glasgow. He has already chosen as his senior program executive Rai Purdy, who has worked with CBS Television in New York. Purdy is due in from his Vancouver home in mid-January and will set up his base in Glasgow.

Initial programs are likely to be launched to coincide with the Edinburgh International Festival in August.

The Scot tv operation will form a useful training ground for producers, stage managers and technical staff.

The Theatre Royal, where Sir Harry Lauder sang "I Love A Lassie" in 1905 pantomime for its first public airing, is being re-equipped as an up-to-date tv theatre, with kinescope room, executive office suites, modern tv control rooms, orch rostrum and audience circle seats.

The national ITV network will feed into Scotland a national news-bulletin several times a day. Scot news will be added, and film will largely be used to cover outside news events.

Vaude stars not available at nights because of live performances will have their shows filmed during the day, and transmitted in the evenings.

Thomson will launch a campaign to find new stars and new faces. He will also feature Scot characters on magazine programs. Women's programs will have special attention.

A tuneup campaign to get Scots acclimatised to commercial tv is already under way. TV exhibitions are being arranged in main centers, culminating in a big national tv exhibition in Glasgow in May. Viewers will be encouraged to alter their sets to catch the alternative program in August.

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10,000 Peso Price Stymies Growth Of Argentine TV; Quiz Tops Ratings

Buenos Aires.

There is still a big question-mark against the future of tv in Argentina. Mainly because of the high operation cost in relation to the 70,000 odd sets in use, which make the medium expensive for the average sponsor.

Interest in purchasing sets is much greater, but the average 10,000 peso (\$550) price of sets is too high for most citizens, even on the installment plan.

The authorities are making valiant efforts to improve tv operation and programming, presumably realizing they must make the medium salesworthy for potential bank-rollers, and for possible purchasers of the existing tv license and others to come.

The Central Bank recently released \$130,000 in foreign exchange to free a shipment of spares, cameras, orthicons, tubes, etc., blocked for months in the U.S. for lack of finance.

Rehearsals are now carried out with cameras and a locally built electronic prompt system installed.

A system of coaxial cables to Mar del Plata, Rosario and Uruguay will increase the size of audiences, and there will be program interchange with Uruguayan tv now that the first channel is in operation across the River Plate.

The Communications Ministry has drafted tv regulations, taking into account future installation of at least two more tv channels. As this is one of the better managed Ministries since the 1955 Revolution, and postal, telephonic and telegraphic services improved greatly, this law is expected to be better than some thought up recently.

Plans by U.S. set manufacturers with a stake in local tv, to assume operation of local tv channels, as a means of selling sets, have been stymied by lack of coin, as the Argentine Government has a backlog of debt owing to them, left by the Peron mal-administration.

The top Trendex rating is held by the "Odol Pregunta Por 100,000 Pesos" (Odol Double or Nothing Quiz) on Mondays at 9:30 p.m. Carlos d'Agostino, the quizmaster, is the top radio and tv personality and a seven-year moppet, Freddy Chaplin, who has reached the 25,000 peso lap with astonishing knowledge of Greek mythology, is the tv sensation. J. Walter Thompson handles this program for Odol. McCann-Erickson has a Ducilo

(duPont) sponsored "Entry Forbidden" program for men only on Sundays at 8:30 p.m., which has built up a big quality marquee audience, featuring phases of Buenos Aires life not readily known by the public.

Program costs run to around \$1,000 for filming a complete 30-min. program, including time.

ATLANTA AM STATION SOLD FOR \$500,000

Atlanta.

Stan Raymond, Zenas Sears and Dorothy Lester, lessees of radio station WAOK for the past two and a half years, have purchased the mill for \$500,000 from J. W. Woodruff, Sr., Columbus, Ga., financier and industrialist and pioneer in Georgia radio circles.

WAOK, which operated for many years as WATL, was one of Atlanta's oldest radio stations, dating almost as far back as WSB and WGST, who waged a nip and tuck battle for "first on the air" honors in radio's infancy.

Original license was to WJTL and station was then operated by Oglethorpe U. Station has grown from teapot caliber to 5 kw. power. Call letters were changed to WATL after Woodruff bought it. The three Atlantans leased station and changed call letters to WAOK and switched policy to point it at Negro listeners. It is considered one of the most successful operations of its type in the country.

Raymond is new president of company that will operate WAOK.

Odessa, Tex.—Jack C. Vaughn and Grady H. Vaughn Jr., Dallas businessmen, have filed with the FCC for authority to buy a 50% interest in KOSA-TV here for \$20,000.

Pitt KDKA-TV Program Changes in Anticipation Of Another VHF Soon

Pittsburgh.

Additional changes on the KDKA-TV local programming front have just been announced by Jerome (Tad) Reeves, new general manager of the Westinghouse video operation here. Early evening quarter-hour segments are being eliminated and half-hour sessions will be substituted in line with new formats being set in expectation of competition in the near future in this presently single-channel market.

Longtime strip show of folk music by EZC Ranch Gals, sponsored by Wilkens Jewelry Co., is being dropped and bankroller will get, in lieu of present 15 minutes Monday through Friday, half an hour once weekly. What that single shot will consist of hasn't been determined yet.

"Tonight in Pittsburgh," interview program featuring Harold V. Cohen, Post-Gazette drama and movie critic and VARIETY mugg here, and his wife, Stephanie Diamond, will also be pulled in. Instead of three quarter-hours, they'll do one half-hour weekly. Duquesne Brewing Co., with two quarter-hour "Time Out" stanzas Tuesdays and Thursdays, has also been offered one half-hour in the 7:30-8 slot, same as the others. That'll give KDKA-TV two evening half-hours a week outside the local program level for sponsored syndicated shows.

Changes are effective Jan. 14, but are still temporary at best since that's network option time and those periods will naturally go to NBC as soon as KDKA-TV becomes a basic affiliate of that web. This will take place just as soon as another channel is in operation.

When that will be is anybody's guess but there have been persistent reports that appeals holding up both Channels 4 and 11 here may be settled in a few months.

DALE HARRISON

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West Berlin Show Biz Summary

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin.

Despite the fact that West Berlin, located behind the Iron Curtain, is geographically considerably handicapped, there is more going on here than in most W-European capitals. About 500 pix are annually shown, big-scale Festivals are regularly rolling up, top foreign ensembles and performers keep finding their way to Berlin. 1956 has probably been a record for W-Berlin. No other local postwar year has seen so many show biz events as the last one.

Here, W-Berlin's show biz of 1956 in capsulated superlatives:
Best film—foreign....."La Strada" (Italy)
Best film—domestic....."Captain of Koepenick"
Most depressing film....."Nuit & Breuillard" (French)
Best play....."Diary of Anne Frank"
Best acting—male.....Walter Frank in "Anne Frank"
Best acting—female.....Grete Mosheim in "Long Day's Journey Into Night"

Best acting—foreign.....Jean-Louis Barrault in "Le personnage combattant"

Best jazz presentation.....Modern Jazz Quartet
Most popular jazzman.....Lionel Hampton
Best jazz arranger.....Stan Kenton
Best cabaret group.....Stachelschweine (Porcupines of W-Berlin)

Best cabaret program....."Schiess Mich, Tell" (Shoot me, Tell)

Most glamorous event....."Holiday on Ice"

Best circus.....Circus Althoff

Best radio station.....AFN-Berlin

Best Ballet.....N. Y. C. Ballet

Most perfect gentleman.....William Holden

Funniest personality.....Bob Hope

Highlight of the Year.....Film Festival (June 22-July 4)

Italo Legit Up Via Gov't Handouts; Cafes Seasonal, Disk Biz Booms

By ROBERT F. HAWKINS

Rome.

The Italian legitimate theatre, supported as usual by government subsidies, has made a slight comeback during the past year, and the trend is up.

The vital state handout, which this season has been promised to 27 companies, organized as always on an itinerant repertory basis, is also designed to protect and aid the Italian playwright, and an estimated 77% of this stanza's playbills will therefore be reserved for local authors, even though very often it's the foreign play which brings in the money.

Among the 84 foreign plays listed for this season are such already successful items as Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night," "A Hatful of Rain," Peter Ustinov's "Romanoff and Juliet," "The Rainmaker," "Picnic," and others, as well as a full schedule of Shaw and Anouilh, seemingly in favor this year. Most companies tour for six months in the year.

Still most successful, though receipts have been falling off as prices mount to now astronomical heights (\$5-\$7), is the musical revue sector, which this season sees a return of comic Toto to the live medium after seven years of pic work, while Walter Ciari, Carlo Dapporto, Billi and Riva, Wanda Osiris, Ugo Tognazzi and Macario all have put their shows on the road.

Italo Niteries Parttime

The Italian nitery picture continues to be a seasonal affair at best, with only Milan and Rome holding out on an all-year basis. Genoa and Naples play to the gob trade, but here the standards are considerably lower. In the summer months, talent gravitates to the spa circuit (Viareggio, Venice, San Remo and the Riviera, Capri, the Adriatic Coast) or the alfresco situations in and near major centers.

In Rome, nightclub activity remains centered around Bricktop's Via Veneto spot, the Jicky Club, Open Gate, KitKat, or the outskirt Villa dei Cesari, by the Appian Way. In summer months, it's the Casina delle Rose and the Belvedere delle Rose. L'Aiglon, a new spot, has just opened off Via Veneto.

This year has also seen a profound modification of the fabled "VVBeach" with the addition, just opposite the Excelsior Hotel, of a new sidewalk cafe-snack-bar combination, The Cafe de Paris, which joins Doney's, Strega, Rosatis, and others in the parasol table set which gives the street its name. Italians also seem to have taken to the snack bar—cafeteria idea: besides the new Via Veneto eatery, several other Italo spots have joined the California, Colony, Jerry's Galleon, etc., as dispensers of hamburgers and other such Yank-

inspired sundries. News in the restaurant field is that Capriccio's traditional show biz rendezvous, has moved to a new (and larger) location—still only a stone's throw from the Excelsior hub.

In the disk sector, sales during the past year are said to have doubled. R&R is big, especially Elvis Presley, but jazz is also a strong seller, and steadier. Sale of U.S. records in general, especially of the new crop of vocalists, has risen to the skies, Italian artists have held their own, while the big loser in the past year has been the French song, which previously had a guaranteed niche here.

Classics and opera continue in steady demand, with Toscanini still the biggest in this field. So-called hi-fi, exemplified by some twin-speaker German sets, has made a dent in the market, but sales have slowed down on these expensive units, and the portables are now getting a play once more. High local prices still make for resistance to lp's, with some Italo outlets actually bootlegging part of their lp stocks while covering themselves via legit imports (but limited) of same catalogs. Some, complaining that disk companies are slow-moving, claim that's also a faster way of meeting customer demand.

'Rififi,' 'Daughters' Top B.O. Draws in Mexico Last Year; 'Rebel' 4th

Mexico City.

The French cops-and-robbers drama, "Rififi" (Cont) and the Mex-made, "Who Goes With Our Daughters" were the top local b.o. draws in 1956, it was announced here this week by Mexico's government film department bureau of exhibition statistics. "Rififi," with a record-breaking 31 weeks run at the swanky downtown Del Prado cinema, grossed \$123,414 before being yanked by local censors because of its alleged effect on local youth. "Daughters" showed a total gross of \$93,306.

Other films which followed the two blockbusters were the Mex-made "The Innocent," a Pedro Infante-Silvia Pinal starrer with \$93,978 gross; "Rebel Without Cause" (WB), which pulled in \$88,688; "The Hidden One," starring Pedro Armandariz and Maria Felix, which in its first-run alone has grossed \$80,869; "Long Live Youth," a Resortes comedy, which to date has shown \$65,415 income and the Italo-Jap co-production of "Madam Butterfly," which has \$51,928 in the till.

According to the report, edited by chief government film statistician, Javier Arouesty, 1956 was the top year for Mexican-made product in local industry history.

R 'n' R Exportable; Brit. Woos DeeJay Freed & Co.

London.

A tentative date of Feb. 16 has been set as the beginning of a short series of rock 'n' roll shows to be presented in this country by U. S. disk jockey Alan Freed.

In this package are likely to be LaVern Baker, the Chuckles and the Moonglows (vocal teams) and Chuck Berry, who all appeared in the just-released film, "Rock, Rock, Rock," with Freed.

The tour is planned for a minimum of seven days, but it's expected that three extra concerts will be held. Impresario Phil Raymond is negotiating the deal this end, but nothing is definite yet.

10 Years More Of 'Quota' Upsets Some Britons

By HAROLD MYERS

London.

The widespread belief that the Board of Trade has pulled a fast one on the British motion picture industry, by including a renewal of the existing Quota Act in the new Films Bill without providing an opportunity for amendment, found an echo in the House of Lords during the second reading debate.

Many trade associations have already expressed their surprise at the government's decision and the Assn. of Cine and Television Technicians made a personal protest to the Board of Trade prexy, when they accused him of having completely misled the industry and demanded a promise that there would be a government-promoted amending Bill before 1958 to give the trade an opportunity of submitting its points of view. They suggested that the present legislation was being rushed through "almost indecently."

When the Bill was given an unopposed second reading in the Lords, Lord Jessel said it came as a tremendous shock to the trade and they had had no hint that the quota arrangement was going to be prolonged for another 10 years without consultation. The exhibitors, he said, had suggestions ready for some time for amendments to the 1948 Act and would have preferred a separate Bill to deal solely with the quota problem.

The main government spokesman in the debate, Lord Mancroft, emphasized that for reasons of prestige and balance of payments, the government considered it important that Britain's cinema screens should not be monopolized by foreign product. The number of exhibitors who had failed to show their required quotas had dropped in the last few years, indicating that British films could hold their own.

The only peer to take a swipe at America in the debate was Lord Lucas, who said he was delighted that the British film industry had not followed the unfortunate course of the American industry when it had to fight the powerful competition of television. The U.S. industry, he declared, had attempted to meet vulgarity with vulgarity, and he urged the Board of Trade prexy to review some of the dollar expenditure on American imports as "some of the films were not fit to be shown on the screens of any country."

The two trade experts in the House participated in the debate. Lord Westwood, a north country exhibitor, warned the government that unless there was a hefty cut in admission duties, there would be very few picture theatres open in 1967 when the Bill came to an end. Hundreds of small theatre operators were "just hanging on" to learn what their fate was going to be in next year's Budget. Lord Archibald, the former Rank producer, considered the statutory levy an extraordinary clumsy instrument and suggested the government should find an alternative formula under GATT to pay a direct subsidy to British film production.

Best B.O. Insurance For Foreign Film Invasion of U.S.: Accent Authentic Native Character

By FRED HIFT

The future of the foreign film in the American market hinges on precisely the extent to which it'll manage to stay "foreign."

This may sound like a fairly simple formula under the circumstances, but curiously enough, it isn't. For where experience would dictate to producers overseas one course, various pressures—including the American exhibitors with their great and faithful addiction to the Hollywood formula—point them in a different direction.

Every year, a steadily rising flood of imported pictures flows into this country. More foreign films are actually brought in than American films emanate from Hollywood. Yet only a small—a pathetically small—percentage of them form the crest of the wave that spills over into the theatres and registers with the broad public. What makes this performance such a sore-point with industries abroad is that, in the reverse instance, the American product is so widely and wholeheartedly accepted among global audiences.

Since Hollywood has thus become an integral part of the one-world concept, overseas producers are anxiously looking for ways to make the bargain pay off at their end, too. During the past year, this determination to establish the foreign film in the U. S. market has been more pronounced than ever.

British, French, Italians, Japs

Britain's J. Arthur Rank company has established its own distribution agency in America; the French are wracking their brains to come up with a workable formula under which their pictures might obtain wider distribution; the Italians, still maintaining a tottering Italian Films Export (I.F.E.), want to revive promotion for their pictures (they can never forget those big breaks for Gina Lollobrigida); the Germans are juggling budgets in the hope of setting up a U. S. office to publicize their pictures, and the Japanese are holding a film fest in N. Y. and also may set up an office in Gotham. South of the border, the Mexicans have developed a sudden yen for dubbing some of their features for possible wider release in the U. S. Mexico's Cimex has an office in N. Y. and Los Angeles. Spain, with a couple of international successes under its belt, is beginning to eye the U. S. market.

And so it goes. Everywhere there is a firm conviction that this apparent wall of resistance against foreign films among Americans—and particularly the exhibitors—can be broken. The pictures are there (at least in volume), the will is there, and the conditions, what with the "product shortage," etc., seem to be ripe. Why then has the imported product failed to go places as yet?

The range of answers covers a truly vast field. Some are utterly puzzling to Europeans because they are not rooted in convenient logic. Others are annoying because they don't conform with convenient notions that have been formed regarding the true potential of the market. Others, still, are too complex to be fully understood by any people who have learned to accept the fact that the screen speaks an international language.

A Building Clientele

There has, since the war, developed a steady clientele for the foreign linguists; the good ones—such as "Diabolique," "La Strada," "Gate of Hell" or "Rififi"—have earned very respectable sums of money; some 600 theatres now will play imports on an off-and-on basis and of these there are between 200 and 250 "hard-core" situations that live on imports alone. Some of these houses, and they are almost exclusively in the big cities, do a nice, steady business, and it seems to be an expanding one.

Producers abroad are an impatient lot. And very frequently they will not, or cannot, recognize the comparative insularity of the American public, nurtured on Hol-

lywood product and untouched by linguistic intercourse. Since their pictures frequently fail to score in the U. S. in an almost direct inverse ratio, to what they do abroad, the temptation is to conform. That means hire "experts" who know "The American mind," cast available Hollywood players, "tailor" story and script to "the American way" and seek the kind of pace indicated by the American films.

It also means, as a rule, the loss of that precious and often indefinable "local" quality that has skyrocketed some of the imported productions to the top. It means a conscious attempt to compete with the American product on a level on which, at least in terms of the American audience, competition is virtually impossible.

Special Flavor On Own

If there is a future in the U.S. for the foreign film, whether British or otherwise, it is solely in the kind of pictures that are "different," the pictures that reflect a mode of life, manners and morals so distinctively apart from the U.S. norm that they appeal through the very fact of their being "foreign."

Years of frustration have brought some foreign producers, and notably the Rank Organization's John Davis, to the point where they see a "plot" among exhibitors to deny them entry. In more than one angry statement, Davis has pointed a finger at U.S. theatremen, accusing them of standing as a wall between British films and their public. In mid-year 1956 he even went to the length of taking out a full-page N.Y. Times ad to make his point.

Where Both Sides Err

Yet Davis is wrong, and the exhibitors are also wrong. Davis, now committed to battle the giant on his own, fails to recognize the economic necessities imposed on American exhibs by a narrow-margin operation, and fails to understand American mentality. The exhibitors do not realize that they must sometimes lead their audience instead of follow it; that by exposing their patrons to at least some foreign product they might well open up a new and as yet untapped source of new and appealing merchandise. The man who books a western reissue in preference to a new and well-touted British, Italian or French attractions is playing it safe in a business that literally grew up on taking risks.

The foreign film has made progress. The fact that a "Rififi," in dubbed version, could play the RKO and other N.Y. metropolitan circuits and outdraw "Bus Stop" in many spots has been duly noted. Foreign producers are waking up to the economics of the business, recognizing that handling of one of their features by a major distributor does not necessarily represent a profitable apex. Even though unrealistic guarantees are still being asked from the indie distributors, the realization has simmered down among the ranks that the streets of the U.S. are not (necessarily) paved with boxoffice gold. The credit side of the ledger definitely shows a widening acceptance of the imported fare.

But obstacles a-plenty remain. Code and Legion of Decency, the moralistic guardians of our society, find little room for foreign morals and too many imports are sold on a sex-sational pitch that may be conjured up out of a single, thin scene. Also, most foreign stars remain unknown here, even though some have been snapped up by Hollywood and U.S. audiences thus will become acquainted with them eventually. Furthermore, the overseas industries' promotional offices should be doing an effective job before long. Advance publicity on incoming features is scant and the promotional material that accompanies them is wholly inadequate. In this respect, Europe really could take a leaf from the Americans' book. In others, it might as well stick to doing what it does best without those envious glances at Hollywood.

AUSTRALIAN ECONOMY INSPIRES CONFIDENCE

By ERNEST TURNBULL

(Managing Director Hoyts Theatres Ltd., Chairman 20th-Century-Fox Aust. Pty. Ltd.)

Sydney. Although the clouded international situation and changing economic condition of the British Commonwealth make long-range forecasting risky, I see no reason for anything but an optimistic outlook on the motion picture industry's future in Australia.

Nevertheless, Australia must continue to keep an eye slanted at London and Washington, because ours is a country which lives largely by exports of wool and wheat and other primary products, and what happens in the world markets to affect purchasing-power overseas must ultimately react on our spending-power at home.

Wool is Australia's greatest revenue source, and wool is wealth in any currency. This year Australia's fleece has sold at boom prices. Up to the Suez Canal dislocation, other primary exports were fast helping to wipe out our adverse trade balance. The Federal Government had restricted non-essential imports to reduce expenditure overseas, while increased exports were re-establishing Australia's financial strength abroad. In fact, a trade deficit of £40,000,000 in 1955 had been turned into a surplus of £39,500,000 by October 1956.

Perhaps recent events at Suez make that particular page in the ledger look less promising now. But sterling crises or dollar difficulties cannot cancel the near-record wool-cheque or stop those hundreds of millions of wool-money coming into the country as the hard core of national prosperity for 1957.

There is another strength in the productive prosperity engendered by an effective immigration policy which brings in at least 100,000 new settlers every year—or 1 percent of the existing population.

In addition, the natural increase is 150,000 per year—or 1 percent. It will be seen that this total of 2½% annual increase on the national population represents also a vital and continuing contribution to Australia's prosperity.

While governments are seeking to stabilize wages and ward off inflation, nothing has yet been devised to halt the constant rise of costs—which is possibly the biggest immediate threat to theatre box-offices.

Just as there must be a limit to the wages any industry can afford to pay, so there is a very definite price maximum beyond which picture patrons cannot or will not go.

Today, they are not spending as readily as a year ago. Exhibitors complain that business is down. But so is the entertainment value of much of the product.

'King and I' Smacko

Outstanding pictures, in fact, are grossing bigger money than ever before. There seems no top—and I point specifically to "The King and I," which, throughout Hoyts Circuit, is breaking records we never expected to lower.

If product maintains those wonderfully high standards established during the screen's renaissance with CinemaScope three years ago, the exhibiting side of the industry here and elsewhere has little reason to be concerned as to the future. There are heartening signs in forthcoming schedules: a combination of stars, stories and showmanship in which exhibitors can sense success.

Government-imposed restrictions have brought about another box-office competitor: a tremendous expansion of hire-purchase expenditure which now ties up approximately £250,000,000. Weekly-installment payments reduce the sum available for amusement and make the average family more discriminating in choosing a show. At Australian set-costs, we will see the time when the family cannot go to the pictures because of tv payments. Probably that is happening now, but not enough to hurt anybody.

For years exhibitors have watched the growth of tv in other countries, and its effect on cinema attendances. The immediate impact in Australia has been far less severe than anticipated.

In Sydney three channels—one government-owned and two com-

mercial—are operating. While the rate of installations into private homes has disappointed both tv organizations and set manufacturers, it is quite inevitable that ultimately it will affect the cinema business as it is doing in the United Kingdom and elsewhere.

High Cost of Sets

High set-costs ranging upwards to £300, with the majority around £250, are a hurdle few of the public will jump. To the average man here, those prices represent 10 weeks' salary.

However, exhibitors are not lulled by these problems. Recognizing television's potential as a competitor, they compare Sydney's reaction with the way London originally received it—a lagging start, a gradual build-up of interest mainly through outdoor sport relays and multiplication of viewing zones, finally the development of stars and personalities, and the nationwide upsurge which put British television into the same theatre-challenging position as the American.

Although it may take much longer, the London pattern will be repeated in Sydney, and in Melbourne, where one government and two commercial channels are also licensed.

Apart from all other considerations, my confidence in the industry's future is based on my faith in its ability to create the calibre of picture the public requires, and the fact that going to a cinema in Australia is much more an event than in any other country I have visited.

Standards of theatre architecture, operation and service are on a par with New York and London. We have retained, too, the tradi-

tional features of the legitimate theatre in seat-reservation and unlimited seasons.

Seats may be booked a week in advance at all first-run houses for all pictures. With special attractions such as "The King and I," the box-plan opens from 10 to 12 days in advance.

This booking, plus the extended-season policy, adds psychological distinction. Thus, even in the slack of 1956, "Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing" totalled 15 weeks at the Sydney Regent and Esquire; "Seven Year Itch" ran 11 weeks at the Mayfair; "Man In The Grey Flannel Suit" played 13 weeks at the Century. Additionally, our Sydney booking-charts bristle with five- to seven-week runs; and, in proportion to size, this holds true to every capital city.

Spyros Skouras' revelation of the production strength 20th Century-Fox has marshalled for 1957 is reflected here in renewed enthusiasm throughout Hoyts Theatres, and 20th's Australian distribution organization, as well as hundreds of independent exhibitors whose original faith in CinemaScope has been justified by three years' profit such as they had never known before.

In a period of diminishing supplies from all sources, the Skouras announcement of 55 productions between April 1957 and April 1958 comes with dramatic force.

The fact that 20th Century-Fox has stepped boldly into the leadership of the motion picture industry again as its greatest producer, numerically and artistically, is taken by responsible Australian exhibitors as their surest safeguard in this confused era of changing values and clouded international scene.

Brit. Stage's Novelty: He-She Sex

British Producer Notes That Most of Plays on
Homo Theme Are Written by Americans
And for Money, Not Art

By HENRY SHEREK

London.

Loud arguments as to whether the Lord Chamberlain should censor plays in England or not are perhaps of peculiar interest to Americans because most of the plays under discussion are written by American playwrights.

Frankly, there is only one point at issue and that is the rather wearying and boring one of homosexuality, which the Lord Chamberlain, rightly I think, will not have mentioned at any price on the stage.

Personally, I dislike homosexuality paraded in theatres with the obvious object of drawing money to the boxoffice—and with no other object, believe you me.

Playwrights as a species have a horrid habit of declaiming that what they write is for the good of the world at large, but it is often only slightly good for the producers and invariably is written with the hope that it will be very good for the author financially.

Nobody admires American playwrights more than I do but I wish sometimes they would get down from their high horses and hypocritical waving of flags of freedom. The only flags they should fly are flags for "freedom from want," and in this I think they are quite right to write what they think will draw the multitudes.

In New York it is only recently that so much has been written about homosexuality, although I believe this was introduced into the country some time ago, along with English actors, French perfumes and overseasoned Oriental foods, but the American producers and likewise playwrights always seem to be producing last season's successes, i.e. if a play about homos made a success last season, then any other play on the subject must make a success this season, because that is obviously what the public wants to see.

It is quite possible that next sea-

son we might suddenly see a complete reversal in taste, and have a great output of plays about the odd subject of "Man meets woman—man goes to bed with woman." This, as a habit, is rapidly although secretly gaining favour in these islands again, and I hear people speaking quite enthusiastically about heterosexuality. Of course they have to be very careful to whom they confess this peculiarity because it can react unfavourably if they wish to get on in the theatre in London, but again, good actors can even overcome the obstacle of normalcy in the West End, but of course they have to be frightfully good actors.

Going back to the dear Old Lord Chamberlain, he seems to be in favour of the above mentioned subject, because I have never seen a play more outspoken and bawdy than "Under Milk Wood" by Dylan Thomas, which is now packing the New Theatre, and yet his Lordship did not alter a word. Although some of the public are rather puzzled by the allusions to old-fashioned love, they seem to be recommending it to their friends because it looks set for a long run.

As I have for some years now been an enthusiast on the subject, I may remind readers that it was I who produced the play, and have probably started a campaign for straightforward sex which will yet cause something of a revolution in this country.

The picture-theatregoers also appear to have even some interest in sex because of the amazing popularity of Marilyn Monroe, who I think is fine, but I recall that when I was living in New York in the 1920's, the whole town was sizzling with ladies who looked, walked and talked exactly like Miss Monroe. It was the great period of the dumb blondes, before they had become immortalized by Miss Loos rather belatedly putting into print the fact that gentlemen prefer them.

Britain's No. 1 Export—Girls

Ottawa.

Great Britain has developed an important export not generally in the charts presented by its Board of Trade. That country has become one of the most important exporters of showgirls, exceeding even France, which incidentally, has become one of the foremost users of the Limey linegirls.

Today, British babes are to be found cavorting in all parts of the world. An article by Bob Musel in Weekend Magazine describes France's Bluebell line, one of the best known in the world. This gang comprises mainly English girls. Mme. Marcel Liebovici, once a Liverpool orphan named Margaret Kelly, is reportedly one of the major exporters of the Kingdom's cutie kids. South America is one of the most important importers of this product. Another important developer of the showgirls is Monsieur Charley, a Frenchman who spends a lot of time in London seeking out suitable candidates Britons themselves have done much to develop the business of sending out the dolls. Among them are nitery owners Dick Hurren, Bernard Hall and Buddy Bradley.

For a while, American babes were hot items on the European marts. This came during the era when New York's Radio City Music Hall Rockettes were winning all sorts of awards. However, that vogue died out when showgirls rather than excellent dancers became the prime requisite of the European display centres.

Another factor that has caused a decline in the use of American showgirls is that suitable femmes are so scarce in the U.S. that top prices are paid and few are loathe to travel. In fact, it's very difficult to get girls to leave New York for, for instance, Las Vegas, where the highest money in cafes is being paid. For femmes not working niteries, big money can be made on video shows. In Hollywood, girls get occasional work in films as well as tv, and therefore will hew to the local scenery because of the higher rewards. Besides, it's less work and considerably more money. With all that loot available, the girls won't travel even though they have gown.

The major U.S. importer of British showgirls is Lou Walters, operator of the Latin Quarter. A lot of his linesters are of the domestic variety, but Walters goes abroad at least once a year and brings back miladies of British and French vintage for his New York and Miami Beach spots. In addition, the girls are being shuttled on a circuit of industrial shows that his subsidiary, Lou Walters Enterprises, has developed.

The Bluebell girls must have an altitude of 5'8" to 5'10½", and range between the ages of 17 and 23. The profession is quite respectable. One Bluebell troupe even includes two daughters of a retired British Colonel, Leila &

Valerie Wolsten-Croft. Further statistics include the bright bit of intelligence that, of the 3,000 dolls in the Bluebell troupes, 2,800 have married. Their professional steps are stepping stones to the altar, it seems.

European line producers describe British girls as having the best figures. American girls may have longer legs, but for overall attributes the British girls shapes up best. In addition, the British numbers are willing to exhibit more of their anatomy than the U.S. femmes. In many parts of the world, that is considered very important.

Allianz Is Kaput; Ernst Wolf Hurt But Goes On

Mosaik dubbing studio and printing plant in Germany is being saved from bankruptcy in the wake of the Allianz failure. Allianz, one of the important German distributors, has been taken over by the government and will be liquidated.

Mosaik in Berlin, which is being used by most of the American companies to do their German dubbing, may change ownership, with a Swiss financier obtaining a 51% interest. Former owner, Ernst Wolf, would retain 49% and continue in management. However, he is losing 1,000,000 marks in the Allianz bust and owes an additional 1,000,000 in connection with Mosaik.

Wolf got tied up with Allianz when the outfit owed him money. Instead of writing off the debt, he got controlling interest in the distributing company. The Allianz failure is affecting a number of producers, notably Arthur Brauner and his CCC outfit. However, the Berlin Senate, which has an interest in keeping production activity in Berlin, has extended a helping hand to Brauner. Several other producers are expected to go bust.

Union Films also is in trouble. In Germany, distribution for the most part finances production.

The American companies have been most eager to retain Mosaik and have been active in the attempts to save the company. Some \$2,000,000 a year is being spent by U. S. firms on dubbing and printing at the Mosaik plant.

There was a point when the new UFA combine tried to take over Mosaik, and the Americans at that point threatened to take their dubbing work elsewhere.

Possibility of a Mosaik loan via the European Recovery Program has been mentioned. Lab, which also does b&w printing, owes large sums to rawstock manufacturers.

Greeks Build New First-Runs Despite Taxes, Pegged Admissions

By IRENE VELISSARIOU

Athens.

The 12 first-run houses in Athens have proved insufficient to cope with the constantly increasing population of this city and the increasingly popularity of films as entertainment in competition with other forms of show business. Athens has over 2,000,000 population. New buildings are constantly in construction in the old city and in new sections as well.

There is a trend to decentralize the overcrowded show biz centre. A step in that direction was last year's new cinema theatre, the Radio City, in a new section of the town, Patission Street. This theatre has a seating capacity of 1,200 seats and did very well in its first year of operation.

This year four new first-run theatres were built and opened. These are the Hellinis Cinema, 1,000 seats; the Stella Cinema, 1,400 seats; the Astron, 1,450 seats; finally the Rivoli, only 500 seats. All of these houses are luxuriously furnished and equipped with multi-purpose screens to suit every type of production.

New cinemas have also opened

recently in other towns of Greece. Stimulating this latter trend has been abolition of admission tax in small towns with a population of less than 10,000 inhabitants.

During last summer 14 new open-air cinemas operated in Athens, Piraeus and Suburbs area. These were built in spite of Government's attitude of not willing to grant any further tax relief. Admission taxes have always been a prime source of income often imposed to raise extra funds in favour of earthquake victims or for other social purposes. As is true of taxes the world over, repeal is always unlikely. The temporary becomes the permanent.

Motion picture theatres were classified by a decree as "Essential Commodities in Short Supply" fixing for all theatres throughout the kingdom the admission prices prevailing as of December, 1955. This was another hard blow to the film trade in Greece. Never before had the Ministry frozen the admission scale. Fixed admissions are in the face of inflation prevailing generally.

Travelling the Memory Trail

A Decade of Offbeat Anecdota About Films and Film-Makers All Over The European Map

By STUART SCHULBERG

You're back in America after 10 years of film-making abroad and now your lunch companions ask why you went and what you did and how you fared and where you lived. But 10 years is too long to translate into cafe conversation and so you answer their questions with a question of your own: How about a drink before we order? And before you know it you're talking about your new activities, here and now—the sobering reality of Manhattan-on-the-rocks (waiter, better make that a double, please!) . . .

But much later, as you ride the 5:39 back through the winter's night, past Valhalla and Pleasantville, your mind starts travelling another route, 5,000 kilometers and five years away . . .

Back to that *weinstube* in Cologne, where you're hoping the second bottle of *Liebraumilch* will convince the thirsty theatre-owner to hold your picture an extra week. Your distributor in Frankfurt has told you Herr Kinobesitzer responds to wine, black cigars and *gemutlichkeit*, so by now the table is suffused with his ashes and your aspirations. You start talking about the good old days—*die gute alte Zeiten*—of the film industry. You're getting nostalgic about Lubitsch, Garbo and "If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!" But Herr Kinobesitzer is reminiscing about a different epoch—Goebbels, Leni Riefenstahl, *Morgen die Ganze Welt*. "Ach, und Veit Harlan!" he sighs, naming the directional darling of the Nazi Propaganda Ministry who made "Jew Süss," "What money we made with his pictures! Say what you want about him today, mein Herr, that man was a film genius!" But you don't say what you want about Veit Harlan—Cologne is a key city and you need that extra week. You uncork the second bottle of *Liebraumilch* and you change the subject. And the only man you hate more than Herr Kinobesitzer is yourself . . .

In Berlin a few months later, you're relaxing after a hectic day spent settling the details of your new production. You've approved the sets, signed the lab contract and hired the composer—an amiable, old professional with a string tie. That evening a German friend invites you to a private screening of "Jew Süss" and, out of morbid curiosity, you go. And there, amidst the credit titles of that craven film, you spot the name of your new composer. Ten years earlier he had done his bit for Hitler and Harlan by distorting traditional Jewish music into a scurrilous score, a sort of symphony of anti-Semitism. Next day you call the old musician to your office to face the music. He brings his son along for moral support—and the support is so moral that you wind up firing the old man and hiring the anti-Nazi son, who soon becomes your most dependable cameraman . . .

From Nazis to Reds

You're in Copenhagen screening some rushes one day in 1950. In the middle of a complicated dolly shot, a Danish assistant nudges you: the prop newspaper in the actor's hand is the local Communist sheet and the red headline reads, "Yank Gangsters Invade Korea." When the lights go up in the projection room, you discover that (1) the essential scene can't be remade because the actor has left for South America, (2) no protection angles were covered so the dolly shot can't be edited, and (3) your director, assistant director and cameraman are all Communist sympathizers. You spend the next three hours in that projection room—one solitary American and 20 Danes—debating the great issues of our time. Next day there is something to show for it—a staggering overtime bill from the screening room. A few months later in Paris, there is one lone dissenter in the audience when Hans Christian Kaye breaks into "Wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen" . . .

Another time in Paris you've arranged a key screening of your answer print for toppers, backers and frontiers. You're all been sitting for 15 minutes in the plush projection room on the Champs-Élysées, waiting for the print to be rushed from the lab. Five minutes and 10 finger-nails later, you storm to the telephone and call the lab. "Ze preent, she weel be ready in two day," the man says. "But you promised it for now," you shout. "There's a roomful of people waiting, you . . ." The Frenchman interrupts: "Monsieur was so anxious to have the print today that, even though it could not possibly be ready that fast, he did not want to disappoint Monsieur by saying no." Out of your pocket comes the loose-leaf blacklist and you inscribe the lab's name below your last Italian production manager's. Then your head wearily back to the projection room to tell your disbelieving guests, ze screening, she weel be postpone two day . . .

Or that time in Dublin, where you're shooting a feature in a converted gym at the Irish Army barracks. Because you believe in shuffling your nationalities like a deck of cards, you've assembled an international crew which includes a Parisian makeup girl. If looks could speak, mademoiselle's face and figure would be an off-color story even in Pigalle. She wears tight sweaters, black knit stockings, and an air of scented suggestion. Maybe she was good for studio morale back on the Continent, but here in puritanical Ireland she's disastrous. Your Irish crew-members, already ruddy-faced, turn scarlet every time Mlle. Pigalle flounces and bounces across the set. The grips and gaffers are so busy casting down their eyes in shame that they can't watch the lights and props. After a week of shooting, you're three days behind schedule. You ship the girl ooh-la-la-ing back to Paris and hire the Abbey Theatre makeup man—a fine broth of a boy—to replace her. Irish heads are raised again in manly honor—and you finish the picture in a blaze of glory and Powers whiskey. Up Erin—but also *viva la France!* . . .

You're in Berlin again, shooting a picture about a Red Army major who defects to the West. It's 10:30 p.m. in the Tiergarten, hard against the Russian Sector, and the unit's arc lights defy the night. This is the key scene—the officer's perilous dash to freedom in West Berlin. Director Victor Vicas calls "Action," and actor Ivan Desny comes racing down your littered street. You shoot it once,

Deutschland Differences

By HAZEL GUILD

AN ORGAN GRINDER in Frankfurt, Germany, twirled his box recently and brought in a mint of pfennigs with some super-styling—instead of the passe "Paloma" and boring "Beer Barrel," he wheezed out with "Rock Around The Clock" and "Love Me Tender."

CINERAMA, which hasn't as yet been installed here because the tourist trade doesn't flourish sufficiently to hold over a movie for a long date, has a new idea for Germany—Cinerama on Wheels, to haul to the constant carnivals and fairs, and bring in a regular stream of gelt via a moving platform.

TAKE A TIP from the competition, and you might wind up with the payoff dough. Germany, often reputed as an excellent copyist but an unimaginative innovator, has some entertainment tricks that could do right well in show biz in super-hep old New York or in the sticks of the States. Here are some more gimmicks that the Old Reich has revealed recently.

AN EXTRA PLUS in theatre entertainment is now provided by three German houses—the Universum in Bonn just joined the Cascade in Cologne and the Gloria in Munich in installing the popular "Dancing Waters," organ-operated sprinkling system which throws water in different patterns, against colored lights, 30 feet in the air, and with music, yet.

(The houses, however, also found out one disadvantage of the "Dancing Waters" show—it's rumored they've had to install extra restroom facilities, due to the psychological effect of the waters!)

Universum theatre owner Leo Horster cut his lighting bill in half with another innovation—he installed white plastic backs on the seats, reflecting instead of absorbing the light.

AN AMERICAN DISTRIB in Germany leads the list, first to install the Remington Rand machine system to handle billing and location lists on film rolls—finds that it will cut down on employees and despite high initial cost, save the company lotsa loot and time.

A TRIPLE PAYOFF PLAY is the latest notion of Helmut Dettmer, owner of three Frankfurt nightclubs. At his cafe, "08-15," he instituted Friday night recording sessions, urging any guests with talent to come up and entertain the audience and be recorded at the same time, with big response from amateur singers, comedians, musicians.

A Frankfurt recording company even makes the records free of charge—gets its profit from selling private records to some of the entertainers later.

FEMALES, NAKED TO THE WAIST, wrestling in the mud, are still a big nightclub draw in Frankfurt, Berlin, Hamburg, but, so far as it's known, are not providing club entertainment outside of Germany. Also popular extras at some of the night spots here are the interconnecting phone or mail systems, permitting guys to contact gals at another table, either vocally or in writing.

WITH AMERICAN ACTORS FIGHTING FOR PRESTIGE, German actor Curt Juergens came up with a new legal safeguard for his stature when he sued the producers of a film for changing its title without consulting him. He insisted that the switch from "Duty to Silence" to "You Are My Still Valley" (the name of a pop German folk song) made the pic lose its significance and become instead a folksy little thing, thus damaging his reputation. He won, too.

STANDING ROOM ONLY for every performance of opera is something the Met would like to claim—and it's being put into actuality every season by the Wagner brothers, Wieland and Wolfgang, grandsons of famed composer Richard Wagner. The brothers have innovated up-to-date-and-then-some opera at granddad's old Bayreuth Festival House, with super-modern lighting, staging, costuming. "Tannhauser," for instance, became a superb spectacle of sex and music, and the boys have earned worldwide acclaim plus pocketbook payoff with their styling that makes opera worth seeing as well as worth hearing.

UNUSUAL SITES FOR OUTDOOR THEATRE do biz in Germany, where summer theatre is staged in forests, on mountain tops, in castles, and the historic sights get an added audience who believe the play's the thing. Heidelberg's famed castle, the castle on a mountain top at Bad Duerkheim, Heidenheim's Hellenstein Castle, Hersefeld's monastery, Rautlingen's Sylvan Theatre, all become beautiful summer outdoor theatres.

Another popular pastime in summer is the annual "lighting"—many resorts with a lovely park or small for-

twice, and once again. And then suddenly another Red Army man is running through the synthetic shadows—and this man is not in the script. This Soviet soldier is for real. He's a 20-year-old Ukrainian private who has just deserted his sentry box at the big Red Army Monument at the Brandenburg Gate. Tired, terrified, he has run headlong toward your Klieg lights and into a movie called "No Way Back." When he sees Desny's Red officer's uniform, he tries to bolt away again, but Vicas—who speaks perfect Russian—convinces the boy he is safe in the West.

You're in London to arrange production of a documentary on Greece. You celebrate when you manage to sign director Humphrey Jennings, Britain's poetic realist, a film-maker's film-maker with a Byronic love for Greece. In time he and his crew arrive on a tiny Aegean island to shoot the first sequences. Jennings is up on a bluff scouting angles. "This is what I like doing best in the world," he shouts down to an assistant. And then a piece of the cliff gives way and Humphrey falls to the rocky beach below. His life ebbs away like the retreating wave. Somehow the crew manages to finish the picture, and finally the day comes when you have to screen it for the sponsors in Paris. Every scene and every shot is haunted by your memories of Humphrey Jennings. At last the music swells and the end title fades in. For the sponsors, who are already beginning to raise their critical din, it is just the end of another documentary. For you who hired Humphrey Jennings, it is the end of a man. The end of your own innocence . . .

You have travelled past the lighted stations of remembrance, and now you are back on the 5:39 after 10 years of film-making in Europe. The conductor is calling your destination. This is where you get off. Here and now, you're home at last—and ready for a second decade of human adventures in what some foolishly call "the motion picture business."

est light it for several nights with thousands of candles, charge admission for a stroll through the romantically lighted area, and don't restrict the fireworks to the Fourth of July. An inexpensive display has helped many a deficit into the black.

BAR IN A MOVIE HOUSE is making money for the Roxy in Hamburg, where the canny femme theatre owner decided that if men and women beat their way to a bar at stage events, they'd do the same at a cinema.

METRO PULLED A TRICK in publicizing "Kiss Me Kate" by advertising at Braunschweig that passersby could kiss in front of the theatre and see themselves later in a 70-meter trailer for the film. So many strollers decided to see themselves necking on the screen that the police had to break up the crowd, and the resultant trailer, very well attended, mostly showed the cops moving the kissing crowd along.

ONE FOR THE PRICE OF TWO was what German film distributor Gloria negotiated in selling a pair of films, "Star Over Colombo" and "The Prisoner of Maharajah," to Republic for U.S. release. The two, both starring Willie Birgel and Christina Soederbaum, were originally a series, but Repub director John Auer combined both into a single new pic, with a new plot (since the pic had to be dubbed into English anyhow), and called "Circus Girl."

MUSIC FOR THE SOUL AND STOMACH is combined in a new album, a Polydor LP recently released here. Cedric Dumont, who has a cooking and music show on Cologne radio, brought out the album of music and recipes titled "Cedric Dumont's Musical Cocktail—Musical and Alcoholic Recipes for Happy Hours."

TAPPING THE RICH FOR TICKETS was the idea of students at the Fasching (German Mardi Gras) carnival in Aachen. They charged admission prices according to weight—about 1c per two pounds—to make the town's plump businessmen pay the price. And they got the girlies to come in more revealing attire by stressing that the scantier the costume, the less the weight, the lower the admission cost.

IMAGINATIVE THIEVES took advantage of the longest-run in Germany scored by "Gone With the Wind" at the Kurbel in Berlin, and for a few months pulled off a series of thefts on autos parked in the vicinity of the theatre—counting on the fact that the car owners were tied up in a three-and-a-half hour pic.

Turnover problem hit the theatre management, though, where seven changes of ushers and four changes of projectionists proved that it's a good movie, but you can't keep watching the same film for three and a half years.

SELLING A TRAILER ON A FILM TO TV, making a profit from the TV sale, and reaping extra publicity for the film is what Disney's rep did in Germany. He sold a 20-minute film called "Photographers of the Vanishing Prairie" to Berlin-TV for exposure on the entire German tv net in advance of the opening of "The Vanishing Prairie," then repeated the same trick on a pair of films, "Monster of the Deep" and "Operation Undersea," both plugging "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

COUNTING ON HALF A MILLION Yank servicemen and families stationed in Germany, and knowing that certain films aren't bought to play for them on the GI circuit, hep American distributors sold German theatre exhibitors on capitalizing on the American audience in their midst. 20th-Fox booked "Carmen Jones" in major German cities, alternating English and dubbed German performances. The film wasn't bought for the GI circuit because of the Bizet music lawsuit entanglements, but the German theatres drew the American audiences to see the pic.

Then United Artists followed with "Man With the Golden Arm," denied GI theatre playdates because it didn't receive the seal of the Production Code. But German theatres played it—in English.

WOT DAT, MAN? Appealing to every musical instinct, the town's Swing Bar is advertising "Hillbilly Rock—and-Roll Music." And the new Picasso Keller insists that it has "existentialist music."

"HEAVEN AND HELL" was the name coined for a new nightclub here, the owner figuring that it would appeal to every type of patron. But at a violent protest from a Protestant minister, club shortened its name to "Hell" alone—and has been doing great biz.

WHERE DO MOST OF THE PEOPLE GO most of the time? To the Frankfurt Zoo, which racks up over 1,000,000 visitors a year. And when the moppets and elders suffer tired feet, they want to sit down. So figured entrepreneurs—latest theatre site is the 400-seat Zoo Lichtspiele, just opened, naturally, in the Zoo. And the rebuilt Kleines Theater im Zoo stage reopened Christmas.

THE PLAY'S THE THING, and always needs an audience. Always on the lookout for new patrons, Frankfurt theatre may have started a trend. "All the King's Men," the Robert Penn Warren play, was first-nighted by the Frankfurt City Players in a factory, the famed Farberwerke Hoechst, with the factory workers as guests. Workers were so enthusiastic that the City Players plan to present other dramas in factories throughout Germany.

EVER HEAR OF A FILM STARTING ON TV, then switching to the movies? "Probleme 56," about the current church difficulties in Germany, played first on the German TV net, and has since been sold as a documentary short to play in film houses.

ATTENTION, A & R MEN. Trends are often forecast in a small land, testifies AFN Radio in Germany. By reading mail and checking requests, they can predict what'll occur later in the U.S. Sinatra made his comeback on AFN before he hit the tops again in the States; the baritones clicked on AFN first; the jazz trend upsurged here in advance—Stan Kenton, Charlie Ventura's "Just Jazz" album, and "Chet Baker Sings" were all hits here ahead of the States.

ONLY IN GERMANY could this be done. Hollywood producer Ronald Alcorn came here to make tv film series, "Citizen Soldier," for U.S. release, and with cooperation from both the U.S. Army and Germany Army, he has permission to use actual battlesites, men and equipment from both armies. Remarked someone, "He could start his own private war."

Payoff, he figures, is that there are 17,000,000 ex-soldiers with 34,000,000 relatives in the U.S., all interested in seeing authentic recreation of true incidents from the last war.

American Negroes' Impact On Parisian Show Biz

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris.

Aside from the world-known Josephine Baker, now retired from show biz and devoting herself to her many adopted children, of various races, and her hotel and cabaret in Southern France (Dordogne), which she hopes to turn into a tourist mecca, not much has been written of the American Negroes who have chosen to live, or spend time, in Paris since the war. Though no others have reached the famed acceptance of Miss Baker, most are fairly obviously content. This will deal primarily with those engaged in show biz or other creative activities.

Of those been and gone, Eartha Kitt got her start here when Orson Welles used her in a specialized legit show. She then perfected her vocalizing in various boites around town. Ruby Richard played second lead at the Folies Bergere before being signed by Lou Walters as a Gallic act for his New York Latin Quarter. Inez Cavanaugh, for awhile, had the most popular Left Bank boite where she also sang, and Walter Bryant landed a role in a picture version of Jean-Paul Sartre's "The Respectful Prostitute," which opens in a dubbed version in N.Y. soon.

However, actors are scarce here due to lingo difficulties, and the many resident North Africans are able to do most special pic parts. Others are lesser known and mainly in the jazz, singing or dance fields where there is more opportunity and acceptance. A large segment of writers, composers and painters also work here calmly without any pressures other than making a living.

Richard Wright, the noted author, is one of the oldest Parisian expatriates in this latter category, having arrived in 1946. Wright feels that the psychology of an American Negro changes in living abroad. He found that here he could exist side by side with other people and eliminate the direct problems, to some extent, of prejudice and obsession which make up the greater part of the themes of Negro writers. He could now understand his fellowman better and get a wider idea of what makes his specific culture and how it was before being absorbed into America. As a result, Negro literature, from those abroad, is now beginning to treat ordinary, human, psychological problems instead of the omnipotent race problems at all times.

Negro Stance

Wright has written a book on Africa and one on Spain. Most writers here feel that in America, before desegregation, there was an intensive Negro nationalism which is now slowly letting up. A reabsorption into national life will cut into black belt types of feelings, emotions and expressions, and will help free the writer from his usual subject. Of course, difficulties abound yet, but a step has been taken. That is the essential. They also say that during the depression, and for awhile after the war, progressists used the Negro in plays and other media as a symbol of oppression. With the ensuing changes, this has mainly disappeared. If it again led to less chances for Negro actors, relegated primarily to specified roles or as mere entertainers rather than whole human beings, it at least cleared the troubled creative air.

Many writers living here do so on limited means, and devote themselves mostly to their work. Among them are James Baldwin, Ollie Harrington, Chester Hines, Richard Gibson, William Gardner Smith and Ollie Stewart. Wright feels that there is discrimination here also, but on a cultural level, not on a biological level, as regards the North Africans here from the French colonies.

There is rare public distinction between the races, and the Negro can go anywhere. But some sort of

superiority feeling still exists which can flare up in arguments or other releasing agents, even in France. American and African Negroes rarely fraternize due to cultural differences.

Jazz is a field that at one time got Gallic adhesion via its noted Negro practitioners. As tastes have matured, this notion has changed, but the main U.S. bands and personalities who come in for both specialized and popular concerts are primarily colored. Many musicians have settled here and made careers for themselves in the various little boites around town. If not too lucrative, they at least have been able to keep working; there are no union troubles, and they seem to enjoy life, with many having no clear ideas on any return home, as yet—if any.

Jimmy Davis, clemmer responsible for "Lover Man," is another oldtimer here. Now singing and playing his own songs, he has become a definite show personality. He plans to return when he has satisfied himself as to his abilities in his new undertakings. He has developed a keen songalot and is now at the Scandia Club. Then there is burly Fat Edwards in his solid renditions of pops and spirituals. Aaron Bridgers and Art Simmons do the piano chores at the Mars Club, and Lobo Nocho sing there and at Schubert's in Montparnasse.

Jazz, Ballet, Etc.

Sidney Bechet is a lead jazz personality here as well as a disk fave, and he has now turned to serious composing via two ballets. This New Orleans veteran's soprano sax has led to riots at the Olympia Musichall and he is a definite, integral part of the Gallic jazz scene.

Albert Nicholas has a successful trio here, and Peanuts Holland holds forth at Metro-Jazz, as does Bill Coleman, both on trumpets. Don Gias, a clemmer, does piano work at clubs while attending the Paris Music Conservatoire, and Annie Morre does her fine intine song and piano act at Calavados. Taps Miller does terp stuff in vaude, and Kansas Fields holds down the drums at the Vieux Colombier.

In the dance field, Bernard Hassler, Arthur Bell and Gene Robinson are at the Folies Bergere, and Robinson also has a successful dance studio. Gordon Heath has his own club, L'Abbaye, where a packed specialized crowd listens to his folksinging with white partner Lee Payant, every night. Heath sometimes does acting chores, but primarily, in London, where he does an annual "Othello" on video or on the road. Specialty acts like The Modernics (four) or Jackson, Cornell & Carter always have house bookings here.

Charles Holland, a tenor, has been at the Opera-Comique in "Les Pêcheurs Des Perles" (Pearl Fishers) and is one of the foremost interpreters of Mozart on the Continent. Due to do "Othello" at the Opera, he has made a niche for himself in the French classical musical world. Quentin Foster, between singing at clubs, is working on a ballet and a musical comedy, and Buford Delaney is soon ready for an exhibition of his paintings. Gypsy Menor is studying theatre here and is up for a role in the Gallic legit version of Erskine Caldwell's "God's Little Acre."

Most of these people, when queried, opine that life is more bearable here, but most feel they will eventually head back home where recent improvements and progress in racial relations have made for positive reactions among them.

Also echoed is the fact that Negroes do not give enough backing to their own artists Stateside as was recently voiced in the U.S. by Sammy Davis Jr. However, with the continuing disappearance of basically sectionalized Negro humor, expressions and desegregation progress, they feel there should soon be a more comprehensive attitude, by all peoples, towards judging a man only as a human being and by his ability and talents.

solution to the problem had been reached and that an agreement permitting 2,100,000 feet of exposed films to be licensed for import from the United States had been concluded. Film remittances under this agreement are to be virtually free, subject only to licensing arrangements with the National Bank of Burma.

Throughout 1956 the distributors of U.S. films in the Philippines were confronted with one problem after another in the importation and distribution of their films. In June 1956 regulations were issued reducing by 20 percent the number of foreign films to be imported during the last half of 1956. In July 1956 the Central Bank issued regulations revising the film remittance formula which further limited the transfer of U.S. film earnings. There were also indications that the customs duties for motion pictures would be increased. Throughout the entire year, the U.S. film industry has expressed increasing concern over the cumulative hampering measures which the Philippines were imposing with regard to distribution of U.S. films in that market. At the end of 1956 negotiations were still being carried on seeking a satisfactory solution to some of these most pressing problems.

The Japanese Government set the regular quota for the import of foreign films for the fiscal year

Land of the Bolsheviks

Continued from page 5

miscalculations and was causing most of their present trouble. In the satellites, Stalin had been built up as a god. He had uprooted, imprisoned and killed the anti-Communists because he knew best and would eventually lead the comrades to the promised land.

But now the Soviet leaders were saying that Stalin was wrong, and if Stalin was wrong, then who's right today? In Hungary, before the Red Army came back to crush the short-lived Nagy regime, ministers were feeling that Marshal Tito was probably right. Therefore a government delegation was planning to go to Yugoslavia to apologize to Tito.

I asked one of the delegates, the day before the group left, whether they would discuss future economic relations between the two countries. "Oh, no," he said, "nothing like that. We're just planning to apologize, because when a man is wrong, he ought to apologize. So we're going to apologize to Tito."

This mood of mass apology is revealed by a story I heard in Moscow before returning gratefully to the United States.

One party member meets a fellow partisan in Red Square.

"Oh, comrade," he wails, "I'm in a terrible fix. After 10 years, I now find that Joseph Stalin is wrong and I can't go home."

His friend tried to comfort him, reminding him that a good Communist is flexible and that the party, after all, knows best.

"That might be so for you," says the first comrade, "but you don't have my mother-in-law. For the past 10 years, she's been arguing with me that Stalin was wrong. And now he is wrong and she's right—and imagine me going home to face that! I can't."

ending March 31, 1957 at 164 feature films, with 122 allocated on a global basis and 42 to the non-dollar area. The ten major United States film companies were granted a total of 102.09 films of the global allocation and 11 independent distributors were given a total of 19.91 films. The remittance rate for film earnings was increased. For U.S. films imported under a percentage rental system, the remittance is limited to 25 percent of distribution income (19 percent in 1955) when the non-resident's share of the receipts is not more than 60% and to 22% (14% in 1955) when more than 60%. Accumulated yen earnings in excess of the allowed to be remitted are becoming quite sizeable in Japan. This frozen yen is of serious concern to U.S. film companies.

Negotiations have been carried on almost continuously during the past few years seeking to solve some of the problems faced by U.S. distributors in Indonesia with regard to censorship taxation, and remittance of film earnings. An import quota has been establishing limiting to 240 the number of U.S. films to be imported into Indonesia during the year August 31, 1957. As a result of nationalistic regulations placed in effect, U.S. film companies have been faced with problem of hiring Indonesian nationals as their foreign managers in Indonesia.

There were also rumors that the government of Thailand was contemplating an import quota for films, however, at the end of 1956 no action had been taken.

It is now generally believed that the "International Market" is so integrated as a part of most United States film companies operations that they produce films for only

one market—the world market. Today in planning the production of feature films in the U.S., the producer must, and does, take into account foreign customs, habits, and religious practices. The U.S. film industry would not knowingly offend any foreign country or its nationals thus causing unfavorable reaction towards the United States film industry. One of the most important provisions of the industry's Code of Production Standards is that the history, institutions, prominent people, and citizenry of all nations shall be represented fairly. United States films are seldom criticized by foreign audiences on this score. This is one of the reasons why U.S. films are well received by foreign audiences and generally preferred to pictures from other countries.

The Dept. of Commerce has as one of its primary responsibilities the promotion of trade, both domestic and foreign. Two-way foreign trade has always played an important part in the United States economy, especially should this be true in our trade in motion pictures. The cutting off of export markets for United States films would have a drastic effect on the economic health of the industry. In this connection, the United States film industry has always strongly supported the trade agreements program of the United States, and has advocated the liberalization of the United States trade and tariff policy. Basically the United States industry is a strong advocate of free trade in motion pictures and the proof of this advocacy is that there are no restrictions limiting the importation or exhibition of foreign films in the United States. Theatres are free to exhibit foreign films should they so desire, irrespective of their country of origin.

Exporting U.S. Film Glamour

Continued from page 5

duced to 14 cruzeiros) and increased the ceiling for standard films from 10 to 12 cruzeiros. (In November 1956 the free rate of exchange in Brazil was about 70 cruzeiros to the U.S. dollar).

Since October 1955, remittances of film earnings from Colombia have been made at the free market rate of exchange which is considerably higher than the official rate. To offset this loss in revenue, requests have been made to Colombian authorities to permit an increase in theatre admission prices, however, at the end of 1956 no increase had been granted.

The past two years were particularly good for distributors of United States films in Argentina. More United States films are being released and are being well received. However, the situation with regard to remittance of film earnings is still uncertain. The Argentine film agreement expired in 1955 and while relations with the new Argentine Government have been described as cordial, no new agreement has been concluded. The U.S. industry has been trying to get the Argentine Government to adjust the present ceiling prices on theatre admissions and while it is expected that a reasonable ad-

justment will be made, no change has been announced as yet.

The film market in the Orient continues to offer the United States industry a very strong challenge. There has been a continued growth in the number of theatres operating in this area, particularly in Japan, India, and Indonesia. An increase in film production in this area has also brought about certain legislative actions designed to promote and protect national film industries. These have taken the form of import quotas, restrictions on film remittances, and playing time requirements for locally produced films.

Early in 1956 it was reported that import licenses for U.S. films into Burma were being withheld and that the Government was contemplating the establishment of import quotas. In July 1956 an import quota was set up which would have permitted each U.S. film company to import only 10 complete programs a year as compared with previous annual imports of 35 to 40 programs. The U.S. film distributors strongly protested this quota and returned their import licenses to the Burmese Government. However, in October 1956 it was reported that a satisfactory

Awards, Anyone?

Continued from page 5

Three days later, I did get it—in a dozen pieces. Oh, I forgot to mention that the organization involved in this incident was the "Greater N.Y. Friendship Society."

One Star's Solution

One star refuses to fall prey to the phony-awards bit, and is as calculating as the committee that honors him. He goes to the affairs, entertains the crowd royally, accepts the award onstage and, backstage, gets a nice fat check, the amount of which has been agreed upon in advance. This actor blandly brags that he picks up 30 or 40 grand a year this way. "Y'see, Eddie," he explained, "I tried paying the butcher and the garage-man with plaques, but, would you believe it, they wanted money!"

The Red Cross, the March of Dimes, American Heart Association, American Cancer Society, Muscular Dystrophy, Multiple Sclerosis, Christmas Seals, the City of Hope, Easter Seals, the legitimate veterans' organizations, and a dozen others I could mention, need no gimmicks to raise money. Show people respect the names of these great American institutions and will fly across the country at the

drop of a line to help them raise money. Awards, my eye! A good cause is award enough.

Some awards bring a smile to the people "in the know." The ultimate recipient of the "Humanitarian of the Year" may be someone whose humanitarianism consists of having sent his mother a handbag for Christmas (purchased wholesale), or getting his wife's brother a job with the network, opening fan mail.

This piece would be incomplete without mention of those indefatigable performers who deserve every tribute tendered them and more. To name just a few: Bob Hope, Danny Thomas, Jimmy Durante, Jack Benny, Milton Berle, Jerry Lewis, but there must be many times when even they get a little weary of the "Come and get it, but don't forget to bring your banjo" routine.

Awards, Anyone?

* Performances like George in "George Has A Birthday"—Matinee Theatre; Morris Sizeman in "Sizeman & Son"—Playhouse 90; and as myself trying to talk Ida out of getting a new car.

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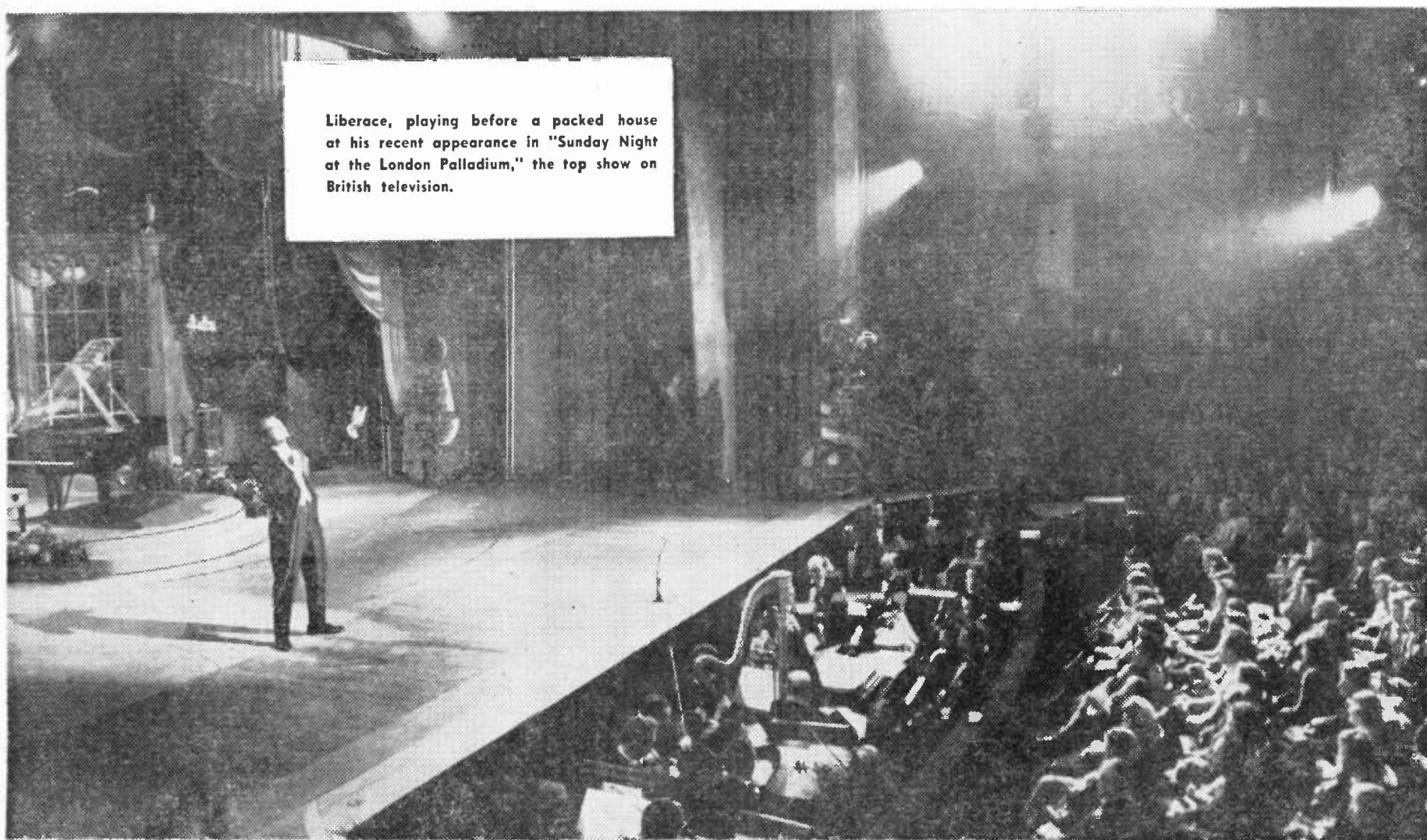
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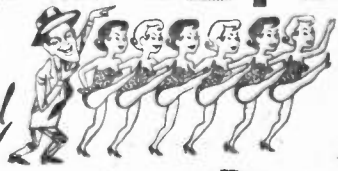
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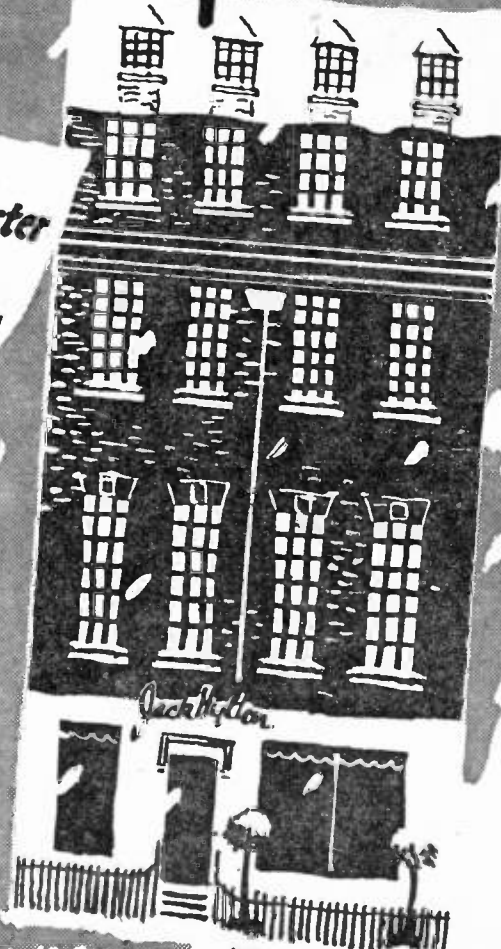
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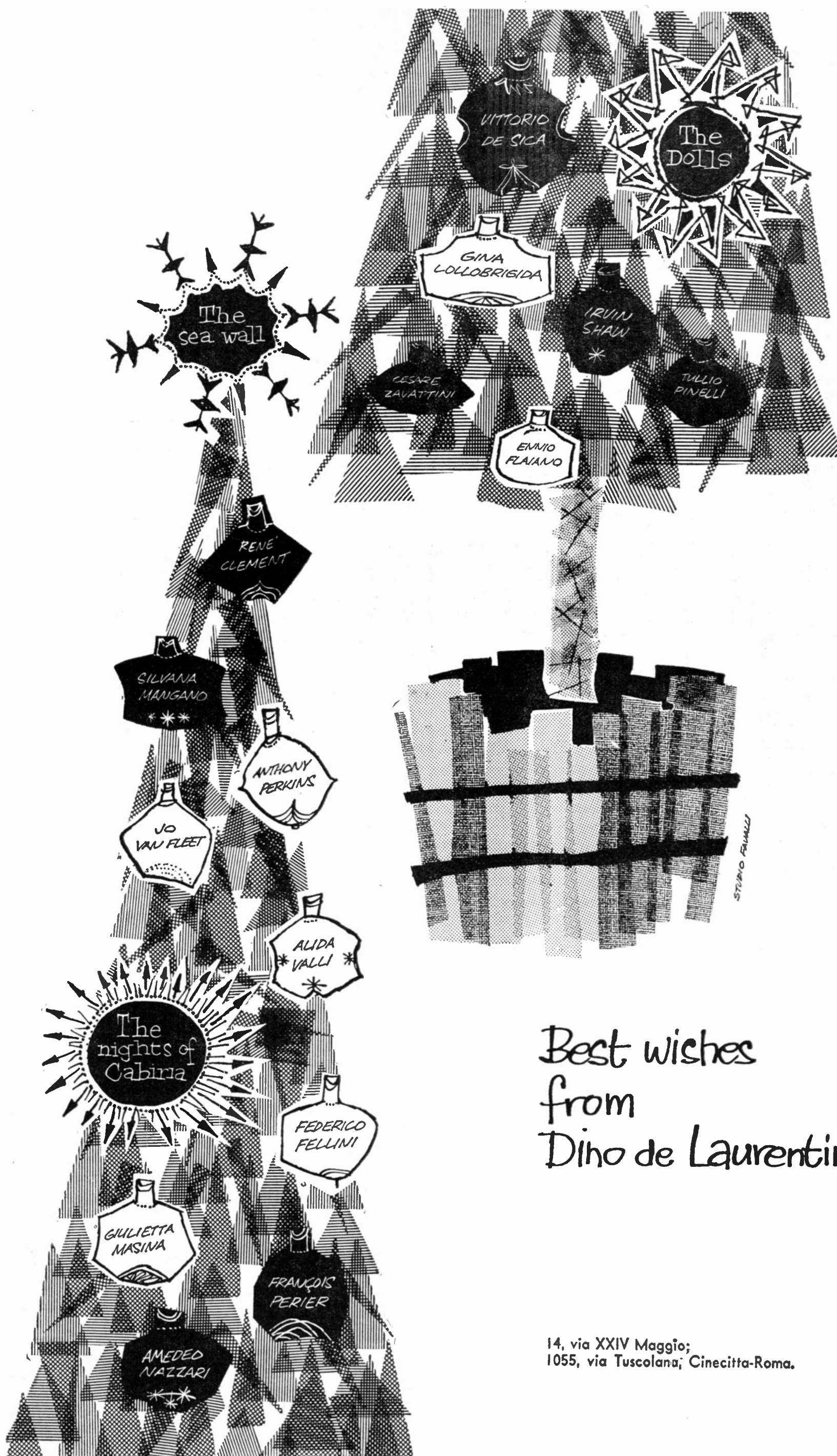
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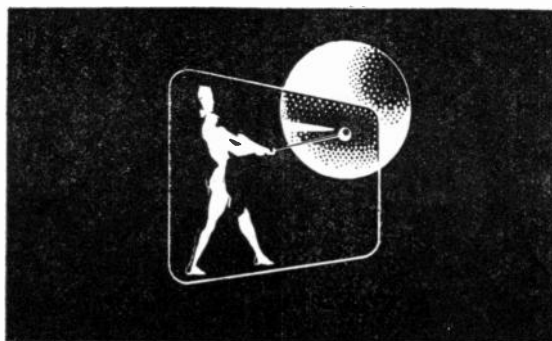
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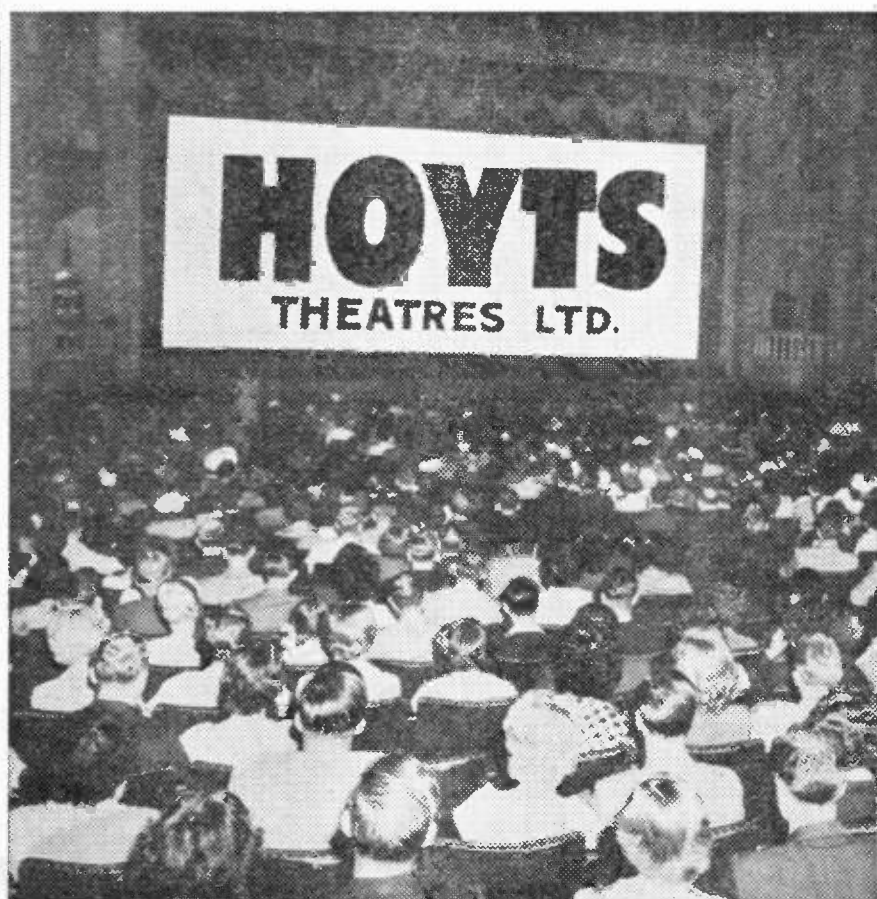
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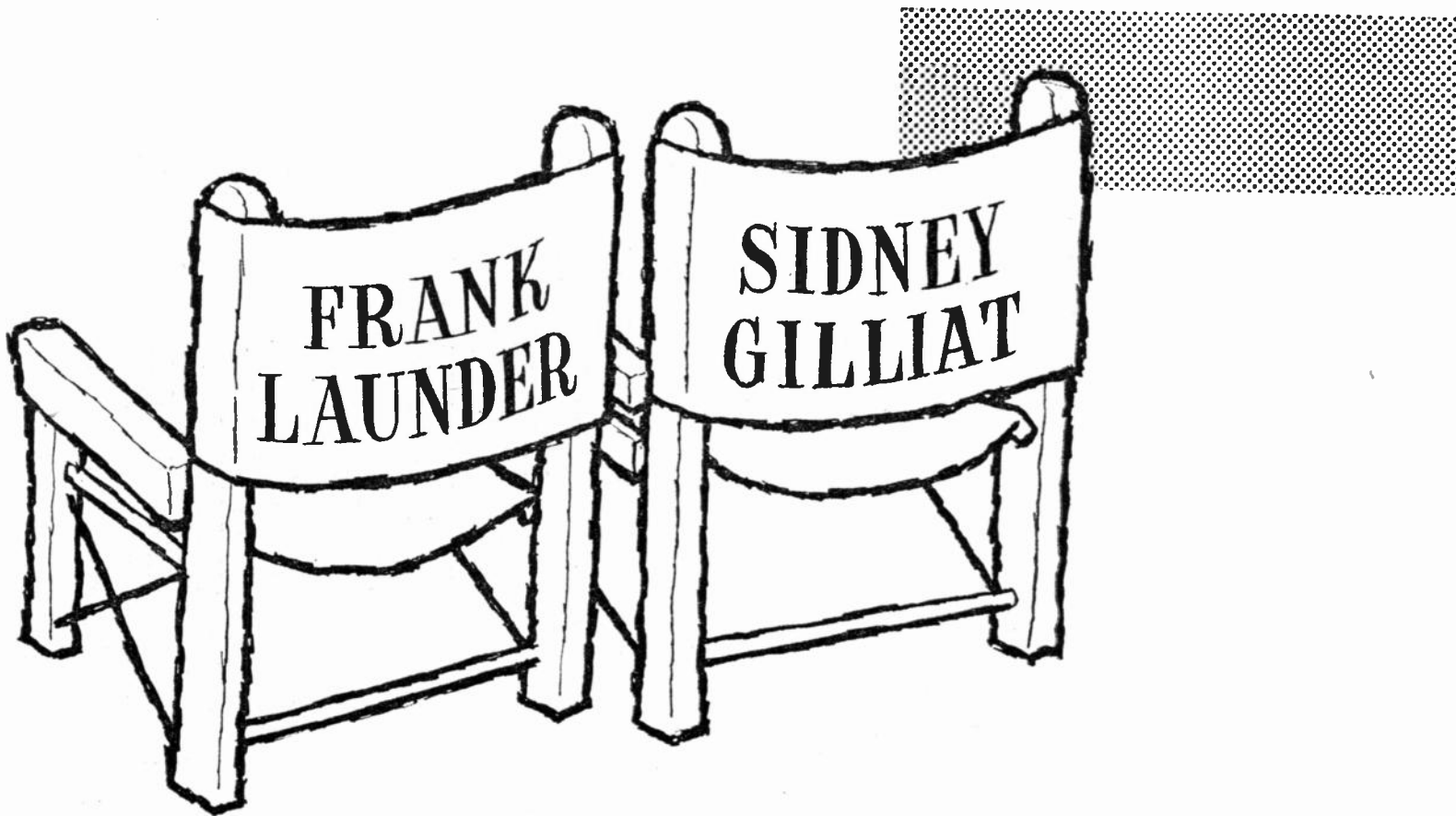
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Tin Pan Alley On A Turntable

From the Rock 'n' Roll Cycle to the 'Foley Sq. Follies,' Platters, Plugs and Performance
Coin Continue as the Main Targets for the Music Biz

By ABEL GREEN

The record and the disk jockey are still the key to the music business. By now all hands concede the fact that "without that record" there is little chance to survive. It's the key to the performances, and the performances are the essence of the economic survival, because both performing rights societies—ASCAP and BMI—pay off on the plugs.

As television develops there may be nuances to the plugging theme, but, in effect, the video programs still take their song-spottings from the platter plugs.

The group of 34 ASCAP tunesmiths, headed by Arthur Schwartz, base their case against Broadcast Music Inc., the networks and the diskeries on an alleged "conspiracy" against them, and Rep. Emanuel Celler, in his "Foley Square Follies" hearings (in N.Y.), veered from a probe of broadcasting into an indictment of BMI for its ties with radio and tv and its so-called plot to curb ASCAP music.

The global impact of records has seen rock 'n' roll spread into foreign countries more usually tied to such variegated musical moods as tangos and polkas, and it has surprised many an American tourist how wellknown was Elvis Presley and other exponents of rhythm & blues in such unsuspected territories as Vienna and Rio de Janeiro. The whyfore of the European impact is answered by the coverage of the British Armed Forces Network and U.S. AFN (Armed Forces Network) and kindred plugging media. (R&R and Presley are covered herewith as separate stories.)

As the trade envisioned an annual \$300,000,000 pop platter sales potential, especially as the newer super-market methods of merchandising opened up, RCA Victor's global approach, for example, foresaw a possible 5,000,000 pop platter hit, taking in all world markets.

The showmanship of the supermarket and shopping centre trends have (1) seen acts booked into these emporiums as business-getters and (2) an increasing usage of tape-recorded music, soundtracks and marathon jukebox music. This has aroused new interest both from ASCAP and BMI which feels this constitutes usage of copyrighted music for profit and want a license fee accordingly.

Lieberson Succeeds Conkling

James B. Conkling's resignation as president of Columbia Records Inc., because of a personal desire to take it easier and reside on the Coast, and exec veepee Goddard Lieberson replacing, was top trade news. Col has had signal success this year, including the smash "My Fair Lady" album, along with such standout original Broadway cast items as "Bells Are Ringing" and "Li'l Abner." Lieberson, always an adventurer on wax, also has produced "Candide" in album form and the even more controversial "Waiting for Godot," the Samuel Beckett play.

Milt Gabler, Decca's a&r topper, was made a veepee; George R. Marek, in charge of RCA Victor albums, ditto at the RCA subsid, along with Howard K. Letts, as operations manager. Larry W. Kanaga, sales veepee, succeeded Manie Sacks as general manager of the Victor record division. (Sacks, as staff vice-president of the parent RCA and also veepee of NBC as well as board chairman of California National, the vidpix subsid, had to step out because of the load. Towards year's end, Sacks, a long-time music man, dating back to the a&r spot at Columbia, also was given the television programming responsibility at NBC "just to keep him out of mischief.")

Other personnel shifts: Simon (Si) Rady exited as Decca's longhair and kidisk repertory man, to become RCA Victor's European topper. Arnold Shaw, having made impact with Herb Marks when he exited the Aberbachs' Hill & Range operation, was made veepee of Edward B. Marks Music Corp. Abe Olman, having exited The Big Three (Robbins, Feist and Miller Music), is back in business for himself and is also associated with G. Schirmer's new activity with its standards, with Mickey Scopp as his successor as the topper of the Big Three. Latter, in company of attorney Julian T. Abeles, last month wrapped up a deal for a sizable buy-in on Francis, Day & Hunter on behalf of Robbins. Morty Palitz, one-time a&r topper at Decca, returned to the business via a 25% buy-in on Jubilee, the Jerry Blaine label.

Cunningham New ASCAP Prez

L. Wolfe Gilbert was the first ASCAPer to campaign openly for the top spot which, traditionally, has been tacitly agreed upon more or less in advance by the more potent publish and writer members, and while Paul Cunningham appeared earmarked for the \$25,000 per annum job—and eventually got it—Gilbert made no bones about his candidacy. Oldline music men, chiefly writers, of the calibre of Gene Buck, gave Gilbert moral support, but it was foregone that Cunningham, who had been bearing down on the Society's Washington relations, would get the nod.

A move to continue two-time prexy Stanley Adams in a paid post was abortive. Adams enjoyed publisher and writer confidence, and one move was for a "general man-

ager" post, and another as paid chairman of the writers' classification committee. Both were vetoed.

Gilbert, incidentally, just published his memoirs of 50 years in show biz, "Without Rhyme or Reason." The Friars Club on the Coast also gave him a "night" in celebration of the event.

More trade items: Columbia reactivated its Okeh label for the rock 'n' roll wax. Mercury, the subject of a \$500,000 damage claim by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences, agreed to desist using the Acad's traditional "Oscar" statuette as decor on an album. Decca's 1955 sales zoomed to alltime high of \$22,610,809, or 20% over previous year. Capitol's fiscal year ending June 30, 1956 saw its sales volume up 20%, a new high, to \$25,600,000. The net was \$3,209,869, before taxes, or \$1,610,502 after taxes, compared with the 1955 net of \$920,022. ASCAP's peak \$20,000,000 melon in 1956. Song sharks' new slick angles exposed by BMI's expert, Milton Rettenberg. EMI's and RCA's splitup due in April, 1957 as Victor allies with British Decca for overseas swap of masters.

Trade Moves

Decca extended its six-year association with the DGG (Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft), not only for pops (Caterina Valente, Werner Muller, Crazy Otto and Kurt Edelhagen) but also the longhair artists (Ferenc Fricsay, Igor Markevitch, Eugen Jochum, Irmgard Seefried, Wilhelm Kempff, et al.).

RKO acquired Unique, in the same pattern that Metro has its own MGM label. The ABC-Paramount label gives that network a diskery affiliate, a la CBS' Columbia and RCA Victor. At the year's end, Paramount Pictures bought out Randy Wood's click Dot Records for over \$3,000,000.

ASCAP and BMI, allied with the publishers, the writers and affiliated trade organizations, still hope to collect from the jukeboxes, but the Music Operators of America

is continuing its "showdown" fight with the licensing organizations. The juke operators are opposing any move to change the Copyright Act of 1909 which naturally didn't anticipate today's multimillion dollar jukebox business, and is continuing the platform that "records popularized music and make the writers and publishers richer."

As a side-bar, the Music Operators of Northern Illinois complained to Sheriff Stanley Lynch that mobsters had muscled in on 12 jukebox territories in their location, via their "in" because of pinball and automatic vending machines.

MOA president George A. Miller later in the year again rebuffed any talks with ASCAP on any "equitable" platform for a jukebox tithe, on the premise any such step would spell "industry suicide" for the juke.

As already has been noted it was inevitable that an Elvis Presley Music Corp. would come into existence, as it did under the aggressive tutelage of Jean and Julian Aberbach (Hill & Range), who have more subsidiary publishing setups than ever did Jack Robbins in his heyday.

To digress a bit, the vet J. J. Robbins and his Rose, for a time inviolated by a stroke, celebrated their 36th wedding anniversary with a New Year's Eve shindig at Toots Shor's; both their sons, Howard (Buddy) and Marshall (Brother), are in the music business on their own.

Ike's Faves

Musical oddments; RCA waxed Ike's favorites, in album form, and commercially marketed them after first readying a bedside anthology during the President's illness. Package contains artists like Leopold Stokowski, Alfred Goodman, Charles Munch, Arthur Fiedler, Marian Anderson, Fritz Reiner, Leonard Warren and embraces classical, pop and spirituals . . . Because Richard Strauss was Hitler's "official" composer, the Israelis still balk at his works (Continued on page 234)

Music Biz Personalities—1956

Cole Porter marked his 40th anni in the business. He recalled that he made his Broadway bow March 28, 1916 with a flop show, "See America First." Three years later, after a stint in the French Foreign Legion, he clicked with songs for "Hitchy-Koo."

Irving Berlin sparked the move to honor George M. Cohan with a statue in Times Sq., if only for his contribution with "Give My Regards to Broadway." Oscar Hammerstein 2d is chairman of the committee.

Richard Rodgers, '23, and Oscar Hammerstein, '16, received the Alexander Hamilton Medal, the highest alumni award bestowed by Columbia University on its distinguished sons. Clifton Fadiman, '25 emceed a program keyed to "From Morningside (Heights) to 'Bali H'ai," or "Sophisticates' Progress."

Gene Austin, who sold some 80,000,000 platters for Victor, and whose biopic has been a subject of Hollywood negotiation, returning to his old diskery alma mammy.

Bing Crosby ended a 20-year exclusivity with Decca by remaining non-exclusive with the label but, on his first time-out on Capitol, looks to a "golden" record via "True Love" (with Grace Kelly), excerpt from their (and Frank Sinatra's) "High Society" soundtrack in the Metro-Sol C. Siegel pic.

Leopold Stokowski from RCA Victor to Capitol. Jo Stafford in new Columbia deal at \$60,000 annual guarantee. Lena Horne joins Victor. Eddie Fisher turns publisher (Ramrod Music) via his first RKO pic, "Bundle of Joy," costarred with Debbie Reynolds (Mrs. Fisher). Victor signs comedian Jimmie Komack and batoneer Alex North. Decca acquired Richard Hayes from ABC-Par. Toni Arden from Victor, Kay Armen, onetime MGM thrush. Jane Powell to Norman Granz's Verve.

Like the Dorseys, until Tommy Dorsey's untimely death at 51 last month, the Cugat brothers are now in the band business with Xavier's brother, Enric, just starting.

Bands' 'Comeback' & Lawrence Welk

The band thing, however, is spotty at best despite the Lawrence Welk impact and the attempts by Ray Anthony, Vincent Lopez, the Dorseys, the Lombardos and a couple of others with their video bandshows. One Las Vegas operator, Bill Miller of the Dunes, thought the bands might be the "talent lifesaver" in the perennial battle for cafe names, but save for the lounges (such as Louis Prima and his wife, Keely Smith, Cab Calloway, and one or two others) this has yet to happen.

Welk, of course, is the 1956 band standout. His tv impact got him the nod to perform at President Eisenhower's inaugural ball in Washington Jan. 21. A limited concert tour by Welk (nine one-nighters) grossed \$350,000, or \$200,000 net for his end.

The click of "The Eddy Duchin Story," Columbia's biopic, which at first worried the Columbia Pictures people on the question "will the present generation know who he is," touched off other biopic undertakings. The Duchin memorabilia albums sold well. Vet society bandleader Eddie Davis' LP, via Col, was a posthumous release. Ethel Merman, Paul Whiteman and Kate Smith were other packaged "memory" albums of an autobiographical calibre.

Pat Boone's Impact

Pat Boone, the Dot star, is certainly a 1956 standout, not only on his professional prowess but his scholastic standing at Columbia Univ. He is a Phi Beta Kappa potential, a student of unusually high grade, married at 22, with three children, who only okayed making his film debut in 20th-Fox's "Bernadine," starting Feb. 4, if it didn't jeopardize his schooling. The university gave him leave of absence. The Fox lot, which clicked with that other diskery phenomenon, Elvis Presley, in his debut film, "Love Me Tender," is equally sanguine about Boone's

boxoffice potentials. He has proved this already, via his diskings of "I Almost Lost My Mind," "Ain't It Shame," "Two Hearts." He is an Arthur Godfrey regular and still plans to make teaching his career, despite his show biz prowess.

Presley's click in his first film has caused all show biz media to study the disk bestseller lists to nab new hot talent. That's how Hollywood first latched on to Bing Crosby from the records, Bob Hope from radio, Betty Hutton from the Vincent Lopez band, and has been repeated since with such disk names as Doris Day, Frankie Laine, Eddie Fisher and Vic Damone.

Anita O'Day and 'Lady Day'

Anita O'Day's comeback on the Verve label, Billie Holiday's brutally frank autobiography, "A Lady Sings the Blues." Frankie Lymon, 13-year head of his Teenagers, authored "Why Do Fools Fall in Love?," and Jimmy Castor, one year his junior, wrote "I Promise to Remember" which his vocal group, The Juniors, cut for Wing Records.

E. R. (Ted) Lewis marked his 25th anni with Decca (British) which, as a stockholder, he joined a quarter-of-a-century ago in an effort to extricate it from financial difficulties.

The Claude Debussy estate okayed a pop adaptation of "Claire de Lune" to forestall its becoming a P.D. in 1961. Mitchell Parish set the lyric and called it "Moonlight Love," with pop adaptation by Domenico Savino. Elkam Vogel is the American publisher of Debussy's works which, while protected for 50 years after death abroad, would be public domain in five years under the American limitation of 56 years. Thus, the new pop is designed to protect the melody and tune for another half-century.

Prolific wordsmith Paul Francis Webster faces a triple self-competition for the next Oscar sweepstakes in that he did the lyric for "Giant" and "Friendly Persuasion" (both Dimitri Tiomkin tunes) and for "Anastasia" (Alfred Newman composer). The films are respectively WB, RKO and 20th-Fox releases and conceivably could compete against each other at this year's Academy awards.

Bandleader Vic Meyers, for 16 years the Lieutenant Governor of Seattle, returned to Olympia, the state capital, this year as Secretary of State, in a close race against his Republican opponent. Meyers dates back to the old Butler cabaret in Seattle when John Savage operated that pioneer niter.

Col's Mitch Miller changed Guy Mitchell's style 100% to comply with the current Presley vogue and "Singing the Blues" has been right up there with the original. Doris Day's "Que Sera" "Whatever Will Be" and Johnnie Ray's "Walkin' In The Rain" are other "golden" pop sellers for Col.

Newcomer songsmithing names included Harold Karr and Matt Dubey, who did the score for Ethel Merman's "Happy Hunting" . . . Like Frank Loesser, author-producer of "Happy Fella" (acting through his since divorcing wife, Lynn Loesser, in association with Kermit Bloomgarden), the newly formed Richard Adler and Bob Merrill team also have designs not only as a new coauthoring team, but retaining production control of their still upcoming legit musical. Adler and the late Jerry Ross catapulted to attention via their "Pajama Game" and "Damn Yankees" . . . Johnny Mercer and Gene DePaul also clicked with "Li'l Abner," after longtime stints in Hollywood. Incidentally, the original cast album rights are now so important that songsmiths like Loesser, Berlin and now Mercer-DePaul and also Betty Comden-Adolph Green-Jule Styne ("Bells Are Ringing," the Judy Holiday legit musical) are keeping tight control on how and who merchandises them

'Hear-See' Home Recordings

A completely new horizon for a "hear-see" form of tape-recording was prognosticated by RCA board chairman David Sarnoff. General Sarnoff, who is high in the Government's defense program, also envisioned airborne 98c-type phonograph machines with recorded messages behind the Iron Curtain, just as he projected dropping inexpensive radio receivers as a propaganda weapon against the Reds.

While RCA is mulling its electronic "visual disks," Columbia has a new Record-A-View package of third-dimension slides for the kidisk market. Artists include Rosemary Clooney, Art Carney, Sonny Fox with Ginger MacManus and Pud Flanagan, Eddie Bracken and Garry Moore.

Tin Pan Alley on a Turntable

(Continued from page 233)

and banned "Don Juan"; and, while not an official action, in the mass mind there is also resentment against German lieder which American Negro baritone William Warfield eliminated when on a concert tour there . . . The three networks modified or banned certain pops such as Stephen Foster's "Old Black Joe" (NBC only); "darky" eliminated from "My Old Kentucky Home"; "darkies" changed to "children" in "Swanee River"; "darkies" eliminated from "Ol' Man River"; "mammy" deleted from "Shortnin' Bread"; "darkies" changed to "brothers"; "chink" eliminated from "Chinatown, My Chinatown," and for fear of embarrassing those who stutter or have cross-eyes, songs like "K-K-Katy" and "Cross-eyed Cowboy on a Cross-eyed Horse" tabued by ABC.

Flock of jazz books by Hugues Panassie (with Madeleine Gautier), Marshall W. Stearns, Stephen Longstreet, Leonard Feather, William L. Grossman-Jack F. Farrell, Eddie Condon's anthology of jazz. Also, Eartha Kitt's autobiog, "Thursday's Child" which, like Condon's "Treasury of Jazz" (in collaboration with Richard Gehman) had a Col album tied in with it, had an RCA Victor album keyed to her memoirs. Ditto for the Clef album on Billie Holiday's "Lady Sings The Blues." . . . Click of "16 Tons" keyed a "98 Cents" pop . . . Billy Rose's parody on the former, in re the ASCAP-BMI imbroglio: "Sixteen tons and what do I get? Another day older and deeper in debt. The songs I write are destined to die, Unless they are licensed by BMI."

Decca's tieup with Lever Bros.' Pepsodent toothpaste commercial jingle by recording "You'll Wonder Where The Yellow Went" . . . Another unusual commercial tieup, and seemingly accepted, "A Rose and a Baby Ruth."

Click of the late Kurt Weill's "Threepenny Opera," now over 20 years old, a mop-up for Harms with "Moritat," and "Mack the Knife," also known as the "Theme from the Threepenny Opera" . . . Sammy Cahn wrote a slick new version of "Frankie and Johnny" for Metro's "Meet Me In Las Vegas" (adapted by Johnny Green) much in the same ultramodern idiom that Johnny Mercer gave the old Paul Lincke standard, "Glow Worm," renewed values.

BMI's Hit Parade

At BMI's fifth annual awards dinner, the competitive licensing organization derided the ASCAPers' description of the Broadcast Music Inc. output as "junk" and "obscene," as an "insult" to the American people which seemingly likes BMI music.

BMI gave scrolls to 36 songs from the 1956 crop of BMI hits: "Singing the Blues," "Glendora," "I'll Be Home," "See You Later, Alligator," "Honky Tonk," "Cindy, Oh Cindy," "The Fool," "I Want You, I Need You, I Love You," "Love Me Tender," "Just Walkin' In The Rain," "I Almost Lost My Mind," "Blue Suede Shoes," "Rock Island Line," "Hound Dog," "Band of Gold," "Dungaree Doll," "It Isn't Right," "Canadian Sunset," "Eddie, My Love," "Memories Are Made of This," "Why Do Fools Fall in Love," "A Tear Fell," "I'm in Love Again," "Soft Summer Breeze," "Walk Hand in Hand," "Don't Be Cruel," "Graduation Day," "Rock and Roll Waltz," "Heartbreak Hotel,"

The Vocal Groups

If there's no group called The Rockers or The Rollers, there undoubtedly will be.

The evolution of diskery faves from the bands to the singers (Crosby, Sinatra, Cole, Como, Fisher, Jo Stafford, Dinah Shore, Peggy Lee, Joni James, Patti Page, Doris Day, Georgia Gibbs, et al.) to the singing groups has been marked. While Lawrence Welk sparked some interest in the possible "comeback" chances of the name bands, the vocalists have it in sales and general appeal. Top tv shows now have Perry Como, Dinah Shore, Nat King Cole and Eddie Fisher built around them, among others. The Welk impact gave bandshow opportunities anew to the perennial Guy Lombardo, and put Ray Anthony, Vincent Lopez, Russ Morgan, Ina Ray Hutton, back in the public eye—literally—through the magic of the image orthon.

The band comeback also saw the cocktail lounges booming, and many a cocktail corner in the Las Vegas casinos did more business than the main rooms. Situated strategically near the gaming tables, names like Louis Prima and his wife, Keely Smith, Cab Calloway, traffic that's all the joints ask—nature and the urge to et al., made with their marathon jam sessions, get the customers awake until the dawn. And the credo of the Vegas casinos is that so long as there is human chance luck take care of things automatically.

Meanwhile, pop singing groups to the fore include The Chordettes, The Platters, The Honeydonners, Crew Cuts, Dream Weavers, Honey Drippers, Four Freshmen, Four Preps, Four Gents, the Hilltoppers, the Blenders, the Cues, Rover Boys, the Willows, Royaltones, Flamingos, Valentines, Clefones, The Poppens, The Four Soldiers, The Grenadiers, Four Voices, Four Tunes, Four Coins, The Blockbusters, The Colts, Flairs, Coasters, Pretenders, Cardinals, Four Bowties, Four Spaces.

This is in addition to the groups like the Andrews Sisters, Mills Bros., Ames Bros., Three Suns, Boswell Sisters or even Patience & Prudence, a contrived name for a special occasion.

The Mills Bros. keep rolling along as steady sellers; the Andrews Sisters, after two or three splits, have reunited and, after longtime Decca diskings, are now under the Capitol banner.

A disk seller is today's best merchandising commodity for mass popularity, overnight. Thanks to the network of disk jockey plugs, the artist selling 1,000,000 or more platters suddenly becomes a household word. Because of the consistent deejay plug, it even exceeds pix or TV for sudden fame.

The chemistry which results in that magic disclick is an intangible. Frank Sinatra shunted from label to label until suddenly he found himself whammo on Capitol. Same with Dean Martin, and now Bing Crosby with "True Love" (also Cap) after a long dry spell while exclusively with Decca.

"Green Door," "Long Tall Sally," "Wayward Wind" and "Jukebox Baby."

The trade saw in the downbeat of the Christmas song sales a public deft of the "commercialism" of the season. Perhaps more realistic is the fact that the stations didn't permit Xmas song plugging until well after Thanksgiving, and this was too late.

Perhaps also, as if in defiance to the rock 'n' roll surge, the religiousos have been doing well. Then there are such charming items as the Pennsylvania Dutch treatment in "Throw Mama From The Train (A Kiss)," "A Paper of Pins" and "Married, I Can Always Get," the latter a nifty out of Gordon Jenkins' revised and expanded "Manhattan Tower" suite.

"The Death of Emmett Till," despite plugging from the National Assn. for the Advancement of Colored People, proved nil. The NAACP thought this would be "another 'Death of Floyd Dell' or 'another 'Prisoner's Song' and felt that the disk jockeys were deliberately stifling it. Some deejays admitted they wanted no "controversial" songs, whether hillbilly or topical, but in the main it was voted a banal item.

In another idiom, the NAACP got behind an old Andy Razaf ballad, "We Are Americans Too," which Nat King Cole waxed for Capitol, on the heels of that Dixie melee when the desegregation issue was at its feverish pitch early last fall. Cole handled himself with dignity when assaulted by a couple of very-much-from-Dixie, cornpone-and-molasses lads who were old enough to know better.

'Flying Saucer' Records

Another freak manifestation were the sundry "Flying Saucer" records, some titled "The Answer to 'The Flying Saucer,'" "Dear Elvis, With Love From Audrey" and "Marty On Planet Mars," all utilizing the same technique of medleying a flock of previously recorded sounds and styles, chiefly in the rock 'n' roll idiom. Bob Buchanan and Bill Goodman pioneered their Luniverse label with "Flying Saucer" or "The Man From Outer Space," with resultant legal claim that the simulated and/or excerpted takeoffs of Presley, The Platters, Fats Domino, et al., were infringements.

For a time the "offended" diskeries felt flattered that the simulations aped them and, in some instances, supposedly stimulated renewed interest in the original song or artist, but the publishers and the other diskeries took a dim view of this strange "medley" of split-second highlights, done in the styles of their artists. Worse was the actual taping together of the original records. New York copyright expert Julian T. Abeles acted for the music publishers, with the tacit backing of the diskeries who, however, had to enlist the support of the copyright owners in order to achieve any results. He was successful in nipping it at the source, with some stringent settlement conditions curbing future adventures. Abeles was the one who had been retained some time ago to proceed against the diskleggers, utilizing the same technique of getting the pressing plants as well as the manufacturers as co-defendants.

That Buddy DeSylva Case

The other disturbing intra-trade legal maneuver was Jean and Julian Aberbach's shrewd backing of Marie Ballentine, as mother and guardian of Stephen Ballentine, illegitimate offspring of songsmith B. G. (Buddy) DeSylva, in a legal claim on the late composer's works. Although the film companies and the publishers retained the high-powered law firm of Davis, Polk, Wardell, Sunderland & Kiendl, with Theodore Kiendl personally arguing the case before the U.S. Supreme Court, the mother of the illegitimate son proved successful.

The film companies and all concerned argued that "chaos and confusion in all phases of the entertainment business" would be a direct result if the music rights (renewal rights) were thus further complicated.

The Aberbachs' maneuver is part of the general intra-trade move to acquire as many copyrights of the popular standards as possible. These are of inestimable worth, as more and more usages in film period scenes, nostalgic albums, television cavalcades and the like crop up.

Just as the talent guilds had to renegotiate supplementary values for the tv rights to old major film studio backlogs, similarly the sales of major film backlogs to tv have been a windfall for the music business. Besides the renegotiated soundtrack rights, the continued performances are no small matter in the ASCAP payoffs.

Payola—Again!

Payola got its seasonal workover, and even got into the public prints as columnists picked up trade stories about T-men probing cut-ins, unreported bribes and other largesse, cash-on-the-barrel for recordings and recording people (artists, personnel, et al.).

The Songwriters Protective Assn. also got curious because it developed that a growing trade custom was to allocate \$500 to \$1,000 from writers' royalties for "promotion" of the records, and from that stemmed possible and actual cut-ins to artists and a&r people.

As with all these seasonal squawks, nothing has happened. If business is good, few seem to worry about "ethics."

As above-stated, ASCAP and BMI income is the lifeblood of the music business' economics, and among other hassles is the one propagated by Sam Fox, and other music men of his calibre, for greater recognition of filimusal scores and background music. (See box herewith.)

From the BMI front, other than the "Foley Square Frolics," as the Rep. Emanuel Celler probe of broadcast-and-music relations was called, BMI prexy Carl Haverlin was the only one to come forward with a \$500 contribution to Sammy Davis Jr.'s proposed program to enlist the pop diskery stars to combat juvenile delinquency

Juvenile Delinquency

The Record Industry Assn. of America refused, stating this was not an industry matter but one for individual action. Col prez Lieberman observed that the phonograph companies' acquiescence to produce and propagate disks to combat juvenile delinquency might be construed as tacit affirmation of the premise that records—rock 'n' roll, or otherwise—contributed to j.d.. While Col does not particularly stress rock 'n' roll, Lieberman, like the late Jimmy Walker's crack that "nobody was ever ruined by a (dirty) book," doesn't subscribe to the overall premise that rhythm & blues make for juvenile delinquency.

Just as the ASCAP point system credited Cole Porter's paraphrased "De-Lovely" (for DeSota), and the concurrent "My Fair Lady" plugs for another sponsor (Ford Motors,

'Mood' Music and Other Albums

"Mood" music vied with the film score soundtracks for sales. Many of the titles were quite ingenious, and those with special appeal, either by title or rendition, set the pace for the packaged goods sweepstakes.

The manner in which these packages sold threatened to inundate the trade and overdo a good thing, but, for the moment, the debacle hasn't occurred. It became an involvement with artists who, for obvious reasons of jambon—French for ham—felt that their likenesses and biogs, as part of a packaged album, gave them added stature. It does. But for a time it looked like the diskeries were getting careless, either in appeasing the artists or throwing together some old and new singles (or EPs) into 12-inch packages.

The mood music titles naturally accented the romantic, but the "how-to" vogue created some variations on the theme. There were some tags which had s.a. titles—and all the packages seem to be built around some arresting cheesecake. Got so that an LP album looked more Picasso than Petrillo. Harpist-composer Robert Maxwell whipped up an MGM single, "Injury Music For Football Games," as a timely novelty entry last fall.

Along with the wacky "mood" music albums, such as Leona Anderson's "Music To Suffer By," some of the other offbeat album titles have included such items as Music for Baby Sitters, Relaxation, Daydreaming, Reading, Reflection, Bachelors; also Music for Courage and Confidence, for Faith and Inner Calm, for the Nostalgic Traveler, for Two People Alone, for Expectant Mothers, to Knit By, Music to Break a Lease By, Night Out Music for Stay-At-Homes; a calypso (Cook) album titled "Music to Awaken the Ballroom Beast"; "Rock 'n' Roll Music for Kids Over 16."

Just like those gag billings on burlesque strippers (Gay Dawn, Eppi Dermis, Ann Tenna, Patty Cake, Tummy Hawk, etc.), the "mood" titles inspired such zany Tin Pan Alley creations as "Music to Steal Hubcaps By" (for juvenile delinquents), "Music to Pay Your Taxes By," "Music to Listen to Music By," etc.

The pyramiding values of albums vis-a-vis artists and legit productions has seen a number of industry changes of pattern and custom. For one thing, disk names now want non-exclusivity, citing the instance when Ethel Merman was forfended, by Decca, from recording the original cast album of "Call Me Madam." Edith Adams' pact with RKO Unique permitted her to record "Li'l Abner" for Columbia, for example. Bing Crosby's new nonexclusivity permitted him to veer to Frank Sinatra's favorite Capitol label for the "High Society" album and, in turn, emerge with a potential "golden" platter in "True Love."

Columbia seems to have the corner on click original Broadway show albums. Its five-star headliner, of course, is "My Fair Lady" and has two surefires in "Li'l Abner" and "The Bells Are Ringing." The Judy Holliday starrer, "Musical version of 'Candide' (Leonard Bernstein) is still in the "nervous hit" category. RCA Victor has the Ethel Merman-Fernando Lamas musical, "Happy Hunting."

utilizing "On the Street Where You Live") and "Most Happy Fella" (White Owl Cigars), the jingle writers, many of them from professional ASCAP and BMI ranks, were fashioning increasingly palatable singing commercials. Some of them had genuine melody appeal. But, as another phenomenon in the teenage-appeal cycle, what might have been fundamentally a singing commercial for candy-bar emerged as a surprisingly strong pop song, "A Rose and a Baby Ruth," and projected newcomer George Hamilton IV into quasi-"name" identification. It became embarrassing, in a couple of programming instances, where the sponsor was a competitive confectioner, but none the less "Baby Ruth" probably never enjoyed such a wholehearted cuff commercial because of the pop song's popularity—and probably never will again.

Cool Jazz Hot in Holland

Le Jazz Hot got its Gallic cultist start in Paris' Left Bank, and over the years the Yanks have heard of some pretty good rhythm groups from the Norse countries, Britain and mittel-Europa, but only latterly have the Lowlands come to the fore. It is true that Belgium, in linguistic affinity with the French, have also been more advanced on the jazzique, but the idea of the Dutch making

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Diplomacy in Swing Tempo

Benny Goodman's jam session with the youthful King of Thailand in the Royal Palace made news on the first lap of the King of Swing's six-week tour to the Far East under State Dept. and ANTA (American National Theatre & Academy) auspices. The N.Y. Times reported Dec. 23 that "band's visit is credited with doing more for U.S. ties than any recent mission."

In another quasi-official impact, a la "Porgy," Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie and Lionel Hampton in the near-Iron Curtain, hands-across-the-politico-lines idiom was Danny Kaye's UNICEF 90-minute documentary (CBS-TV). His Capitol plattering of "Ciu Ciu Bella," an Italian folk ditty, which he ad libbed in the CBS-TV film, has the profits going to the United Nations children's fund. Incidentally, this is Kaye's first pop single under his new Cap three-year exclusive, after a longtime Decca association.

Armstrong made news, not only as a goodwill ambassador on both sides of the Iron Curtain, but when he "sent" Princess Margaret at an Empress Hall (London) concert, it became P. 1 worldwide. This started a negotiation for British-made filimusal, depending on the Ministry of Labor's okay, Ed Murrow and Fred W. Friendly's documentary of Satchmo's European and African tour, for their CBS-TV "See It Now" series, has been developed into a feature-length proposition. Satchmo and Freddie Randall were the band swaps between U.S. and England, as were Ted Heath and Stan Kenton before. Latter's progressive jazz clicked in London's Royal Albert Hall, and Heath whammed 'em just as effectively at Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

WARM EARS

(A Parable)

By HAROLD ROBBINS

I waited until the last weird note died from the rafters and the man put down the clarinet before I got to my feet and walked over to the bandstand. I looked up at him. "That's the wildest stick I ever heard, man."

He was tapping out the mouthpiece. He grunted in answer. I couldn't make out what he meant though.

I was enthusiastic. "That makes rock and roll sound like yesterday's tea dance. How come the joint ain't jumpin'?"

He came down off the stand like a long black shadow. "Maybe people don't listen, maybe they don't want to hear."

"Why not?" I was full of pep and vinegar. "All you gotta do is play loud enough. They can't lock you out of their ears."

"Think so, man?" His voice was skeptical. "How would you make them listen?"

"Get the best sound in the world together and play it like the truth," I said confidently. "They'll hear."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm with you, man. I'll walk down the street right behind you."

"All right, then." I grinned happily to myself as I walked out the front door. I had it made.

We put the sound together. Smoky Joe, up from New Orleans on the trumpet; Thunder Mike, out of Chi on the skins; Tinkle Tommy on the 88s and Slappin' Sam on the bass. The trades called it the greatest combo ever.

We went downtown to all the wheels and couldn't get ourselves arrested. Wash, D.C. wouldn't even give us an injunction.

We sat around the bar dipping our tongues into the suds. "I don't dig it," I said.

"What don't you dig?" the man asked in a soft voice.

"We got everything right. Everybody says so. Still they won't take off their ear muffs and listen. Why?"

The man's voice was filled with a patient tolerance. "Ever stop to think, boy, that underneath them old muffs, their ears are nice and warm? And it's been so long since they had 'em off that they're afraid of what a little fresh ozone might do to them?"

Then I began to understand. The sound is not enough, the best is not enough, the truth is not enough. The deep thing is—Warm Ears.

Presley, No. 1 Music Biz Phenomenon, Rides Crest of the Rock 'n' Roll Rage

By ABEL GREEN

Elvis Presley is the 1956 phenomenon of show business.

He's a saga all his own. Marilyn Monroe, Grace Kelly, Liberace have been among the latterday space-grabbing wonders but all were eclipsed by The Pelvis whose rock 'n' roll gyrations have literally echoed around the world. Even a little Columbia "B" picture, "Rock Around The Clock," starring another hot r&r combo, Bill Haley's Comets and which created a riotous impact, in shadow-screen form in all parts of England, Scotland, Wales and in playdates all over the Continent and the Norse countries, gave Presley vicarious publicity—or notoriety.

Presley as a showmanship commodity is a phenomenon of special calibre. Theatre men who have witnessed the swoon antics attendant to Frank Sinatra, the whoop-de-doo of the kids shagging up and down the aisles of the Broadway Paramount Theatre to Benny Goodman, and even the weirder reaction of the biddies whom Liberace lures, look upon this behaviorism as parlor conversation compared to the chemistry that Presley generated.

Result has been an almost weekly barrage of Presleys. Show biz frankly observed "he's making monkeys out of real singers," referring to the more than 10,000,000 platters he has sold on RCA Victor with his "Hound Dog" wailings. None the less, instead of abating, his selling impact seems to increase with successive weeks and it was capped by "Don't Be Cruel" (over 3,000,000) and "Love Me Tender," title song of his first film (at \$100,000 per pic) for 20th-Fox which achieved sales orders of 1,000,000 before release. It has since doubled that in sales. His pic salary demand has also more than doubled.

The Presley saga thus sees him, just 21, "a millionaire in less than a year" counting some \$450,000 in diskery royalties, personals, his film commitments, and a potential \$20,000,000 business from merchandising tie-ins—Presley hats, jackets, T-shirts, sox, jeans, prop guitars, cosmetics, anything and everything that the Hopalong Cassidy and Davy Crockett vogue enjoyed. (A macabre side-bar to this is the morbid merchandising of a "James Dean line" of similar props, or at least so proposed; Dean and Presley shared a sort of curious parallelism in a series of "one-shot" photo albums for the newsstand addicts, selling into the hundreds of thousands).

More Releases, Bigger Sales

Victor, perhaps fearful of the Presley vogue fading, flooded the market with a saturation flock of releases but the more they released the bigger the sales, so much so that competitive diskeries like MGM and Capitol plants had to be enlisted to press Presley platters.

Presley proponents expressed themselves violently in at least one instance when WSPT, Stevens Point, Wisc., (near Minneapolis) decided, like several other stations, not to plattercast any Presleys. A rock through the window was accompanied by a note, "I am a teenager—you play Elvis Presley or we tear up this town." Several of the station's announcers were threatened over the phone, "You play Elvis Presley, or else." The station's ban stuck regardless.

British broadcasts of "Heartbreak Hotel" got a strong pro-and-con reaction there, in a country where Johnnie Ray is tops among the Yank imports, and thus rock 'n' roll took hold in Britain.

Starting with "Heartbreak," his first golden platter, four other 1,000,000-copy sellers followed in short order—"Hound Dog," "I Want You, I Need You, I Love You" and the above mentioned "Cruel" and "Tender." Presley had two of the top five bestselling disks at one time, and in another period he had six out of Victor's top 15. For the company it was one of their slickest investments—a \$32,000 buyout of Presley's contract with Sun Records, an indie label, which has paid for Victor manifold dividends.

When "Don't Be Cruel" passed 2,000,000 sales it set a new modern-day mark for a current pop, when it is considered that Bing Crosby's 10,000,000 copies of "White Christmas" on Decca, and Gene Autry's 5,000,000 of "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer," on Columbia, have been accumulative sales over a long term of years. Patti Page's "Tennessee Waltz," Tennessee Ernie Ford's "16 Tons" and Les Paul & Mary Ford's "Vaya Con Dios" with 3,000,000 each have been the nearest approach to the Presley impact.

Bar Presley for Public Safety

Presley's literal riotous impact stirred trouble in many a community, and a few have summarily barred him for safety reasons. Presley's hold on his loyal following, however, was illustrated in San Diego where 5,000 turnaways in a two-night stand, at the Arena, grossed \$15,000. When the city police and a detachment from the Navy faced trouble as the sensuous singer rocked the kids, he curbed them simply by drawing calmly to the onsurging bobby-soxers, "Sit down or the show ends." The girls ran to their seats obediently.

"Elvis For President" and "My Boy Elvis" were two odes to the new idol.

Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Poling on a Mutual network show observed Presley should be banned from radio-tv because "he's no good for the kids." The N. Y. Times' Jack Gould devoted his Sunday column to the "lack of responsibility shows by TV in ex-

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Over the years, from the Turkey Trot and the Bunny Hug, the Texas Tommy and the Maxixe of another era, through the "lounge lizards" of the tea dansants of a pre-World War I era, through the discovery of "the blues" and "jazz" (when it was spelled that way), through the Jazz Age with its Charleston, Black Bottom and Varsity Drag, through the Lindy Hop and the Jitterbug; from Russ Columbo to Rudy Vallee, from Bing Crosby to Frank Sinatra, from the constantly pyramiding fever impact of the swing and jam sessions, jive and bop, the crooners and the swooners (Sinatra) to the wailers and the criers (Johnnie Ray), none of these has quite made the public impact as did rock 'n' roll, circa 1955-56.

It is still with us. It has been damned and panned by clerics and fretters about "the future of our youth," and lauded and applauded by its proponents as "the new beat." It has been called riotous, licentious, primitive, depraved and inciting to riot and juvenile delinquency—and it has been championed as a safety valve of a modern youth who are "just being kids."

It catapulted Bill Haley (Rock Around the Clock) and any number of quick-name hit favorites, most of them addicted to a "flat" style of discordancy, without rhyme or reason, but certainly with plenty of rhythm. Stan Freberg satirized it in a Capitol record wherein he threatened to "tell Hugo Winterhalter on you; come on, fellers, you want this to be a hit, don't you? So sing flat, real flat."

Across the country rock 'n' roll has recorded (1) big theatre grosses and (2) no small damage to property in theatres, auditoriums and arenas, as the heated emotions of the kids exploded in vandalism of peculiar character.

Teenager Niteries

Teenager "night clubs" sprang up serving 10c soft drinks and hot dogs (no liquor) with music from a jukebox; the Brooklyn Paramount grossed a phenomenal \$220,000 week at \$2.50 top (the kids seemingly have money nowadays); the British press condemned Lionel Hampton's "wreck and roll," but this only boosted his popularity; South American disk biz was vibrating to the rock 'n' roll, not rumba, beat; the French called it "route et balance" (it has yet to really catch on there); the "Teddy boys," as the British zoo-suit aficionados are called, went for it, but the British Broadcasting Corp. frowned on "tampering" with a traditional folk song and banned "Rockin' Through the Rye," as one ditty was titled.

More: Ottawa reported a rock 'n' roll speakeasy, a basement retreat where the kids got their fill of Presley, Haley et al., despite parental objections. When rock 'n' roll affected the gobs at the Newport, R. I., naval station, Rear Admiral Ralph D. Earle Jr., commanding officer, barred it. The Negro press waxed pro and con on the subject, many pointing to the literacy of Nat King Cole, Lena Horne, Eartha Kitt, Harry Belafonte, Dorothy Dandridge et al., even adding that rock 'n' roll (at one time called "race" records, until the differentiation was eliminated to preserve the sensitivities) was invidious propaganda for the colored people. Others applauded the white folks finally latching onto something so earthly original with the Negroes.

Is It 'Worm 'n' Wiggle'?

Clerics denounced r&r as "worm 'n' wiggle," and the cops didn't like it because of the disorders. Theatre managers, despite the parlous boxoffice times, regarded rock 'n' roll as tantamount to downgrading their theatre values, whereas others set some new high marks, notably the Brooklyn Paramount, which found the investment of a few hundred extra dollars for security officers and strongarm male ushers to man the aisles as very worthwhile.

One group calling itself The Flatters frankly heralded itself: "We sing flatter and play flatter than any other house rockers. We don't rehearse. We practice on the job. We out-honk them all."

A Houston City Auditorium segregated show by Fats Domino resulted in 400 whites and 1,000 Negroes rioting when the ofays were permitted to dance. Customarily when it's a colored act (Domino is a Negro) the colored clientele gets the dancefloor privilege and the whites, who are usually admitted just to sit and observe, as in a segregated area, and content to do so.

Still more: jukeboxes at city-operated swimming-pools banned rock 'n' roll records because it "inspired" boys and girls, in abbreviated swim dud, to "gyrate." City-owned or operated auditoriums and arenas deprecated the "undesirable" element attracted by rock 'n' roll aggregations, and summarily tabued such bookings. Disk jockeys refused to play rhythm & blues. One deejay, James Dillon (Soider) Burks, was fired from a \$35,000 income job at KXLW, St. Louis, because he refused to play rock 'n' roll.

The Religioso Upswing

Perry Como's "Somebody Up There Likes Me," Sunny Gale's "Try A Little Prayer," Roberta Sherwood's "Faith Unlocks The Door," Joni James' "Give Us This Day," Russ Miller's "One God," on top of items like Al Hibbler's "He" and Jane Froman's "I Believe" gave hope to the anti-r & r proponents that "faith" and "message" songs may soon displace rhythm & blues. There even were juvenile polls on campuses forecasting such potential, but this is more wishful-thinking than reality. The answer is that "My Prayer," an oldie, never achieved hitdom until The Platters gave it a modern fillip.

A rundown of some of the rock 'n' roll combos are names like The Platters, the Penguins, the Teenagers, Rockaways, Little Joe & the Thrillers, Bill

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'Sing-It-Yourself' Tunesmiths Play Major Role On French Niteries Scene

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris.

An integral part of the top personality singing ranks here are made up of chanters who also write their own songs. Probably no other country has the number of combo cleffer-singers as France does. There are secondary cases also in which a composer decides to take on nitery work to sing his own numbers though he lacks the actual performer talent for top ranking. In the U. S., only a handful of tunesmiths, like Johnny Mercer, Irving Caesar, Harold Rome, Bob Merrill and J. Fred Coots, sometimes record their own songs.

Among the toppers in the Gallic "I-sing-my-own-songs" division are Georges Brassens, Gilbert Becaud, Mouloudji, Charles Trenet, Charles Aznavour, Mick Michely, Henri Salvador, with a secondstring group in Stephen Golmann, Nicole Louvier, Marie-Josée Neuville, Jean Constantin, Boris Vian, Jean-Claude Darnal and Rene Lafforgue.

Brassens is the bear-like troubador whose poetic lowlife ditties have made him one of the standouts here. Robust, raw, but with presence and depth, he remains unique. Becaud came to the fore as an electric, bombastic type whose embodiment of youthful overstated feelings turned him from Edith Piaf's accompanist and writer to practically the top song personality here in one season.

Mouloudji sings other songs besides his own but his graceful, poetic airs and expert delivery come out best in his own pieces. Trenet is a bright type whose zest comes through to make him a leading singing personality. Aznavour essays the clipped, erratic type song also with an excess of frenzy that has made him popular with the young set here. Mick Michely is a puckish singer whose squat looks are helped by a well-trained voice and solid song material. Henri Salvador, backed by a guitar, warbles his melodious Martinique-type songs in catching manner and backs himself up with consummate clowning sketch work.

In The Folksong Genre

In the second group Golmann is primarily in the folksong genre and has penned some penetrating ditties in that mode, while Miss Neuville is a pigtailed poet laureate chanting the troubles of adolescence as does Miss Louvier who uses Renaissance and Hebraic patterns as melody matter. Constantin is a fey type whose forays on the piano with his clever parody songs have made him a name here, and Boris Vian, Lafforgue and Darnal have better ma'eral than pro-

jection, but score on their own ditties.

There are also a bunch of songwriters, who do their stints primarily in specialized boites, such as Raymond Asso, Francis Lemarque, Jean Bouquet, Leo Ferre and Leo Noel.

The biggest names here rarely write their own songs, except for lyrics in some cases, but detail the type songs they want from songsmiths and in many instances are in on the creations. These are the top talent personality purveyors such as Maurice Chevalier, Edith Piaf and Yves Montand. Line Renaud has a carefully worked out routine penned especially for her by her hubby-accompanist, Loulou Gaste. Annie Gordy, the dynamic song impressionist, also takes special material which she makes uniquely her own, as do Patachou, Philippe Clay, and Catherine Sauvage. Eddie Constantine has accompaner Jeff Davis do most of his special stuff and Dario Moreno, of the pounding voice, uses the belting U. S. songs such as "Istanbul." "Blowing Wild," etc., to set off his big voice.

The charm school of tenors, still popular here, is headed by Luis Mariano, Tino Rossi, Georges Guetary, Andre Claveau and Armand Mestral. The fine staple of husky-voiced, savvy singers is upheld by Suzy Solidor, Rene Lebas, Lucienne Delyle, Leo Marjane, Annie Gould and younger adepts in this husky-voiced school are Dany Dauberson, Lina Andres, Danielle Dupre and Roberta.

Offbeaters are represented by the sambre-voiced Juliette Greco, and the solid street ditties of Cora Vaucaire, Denise Benoit, Jacqueline Maillan and Jacqueline Vilon. Michele Arnaud supplies heady, intellectual material in a smooth manner while Odette Laure adds a malicious reedy-voiced sprightliness to the singing setup here. Two Latino additions in the belting Marga Llargo and the big voiced Gloria Lasso also help, while such sock choral groups, who round out a very song conscious show biz segment, are Freres Jacques (4), Compagnons De La Chanson (9), Quatre Jedis, Menestrals (3), Garcons De La Rue (4), and the Quatres Barbus (4).

The return of the musichall to prominence added more lustre to the singers who are delineators and draws for all these plus the myriads of niteries in Paris. So there are still others who should be named in this lineup which also denotes the healthy status of the Gallic "chanson" as both self-cleffers and others compete to supply all the material needed.

Stay East! Young Composer, Stay East!

By JACK SHAINDLIN



Jack Shaindlin

To every aspiring motion picture composer whose patiently filled miles of score paper have never been clocked by a musical director's stopwatch, Hollywood has always gleamed as the one and only Promised Land. Its reflection has often proved so dazzling that most of our young composers have remained blind to the manifold opportunities that New York holds for a potential film scorer.

Far more than is true of acting and writing talent, the unknown composer is almost completely ignored in Hollywood. Too much money is involved in costly entertainment film production to risk using an untried composer—they have to safeguard their investment with time-tested standbys. And since production in Hollywood is largely of this type, the neophyte has as much chance of "breaking-in" or of gaining recognition as an out-of-town rooster in Brooklyn. So that oddly enough, the same low budgets that give New York producers and musical directors ulcers, and fatten the purses of their psychiatrists, work to the advantage of the young composer. I am talking, of course, of the comparatively low budgets associated with most documentary film production, since the greatest opportunities for young composers lie in the scoring of these films, most of which are made in New York.

There are other advantages offered by documentary films to the young composer. One of these, of the greatest help to the musician learning to use the film medium, is the close working relationship that exists between the writer, director and composer. In the highly-specialized, mass productions of Hollywood, there is little chance for this collaboration, so vital to his development. The Hollywood music writer usually doesn't see a film until it has been completed, and then is lucky if he gets from four to six weeks to fashion a score that might involve as much as an hour of music. The effects of this practice are felt in the loss of many subtle music values. The composer has not participated in the creation of the film; he has been consulted by neither the writer nor the director for his ideas as to how music can act as an integral part of the story, instead of being used merely as a device to fill in gaps in the dialog, or as a binder for unrelated scenes.

The composer is affected in still another way; he has no 60-piece symphony orchestra on the studio payroll to play with; he must compensate for this by original ideas and clever orchestration. The opportunity to orchestrate his own music, so desirable to the evolving composer, is usually withheld in Hollywood where the composer seldom orchestrates his own score. In the best documentaries, the composer is called in at the scripting stage, and plans are worked out at the start by the film makers for original use of sound effects and music.

Intellectual Climate

I think I might mention in this connection, the importance of the intellectual climate of New York to the young composer. To the musician who seriously wishes to expand his knowledge and technique, the musical opportunities that New York affords are incomparable. Here he can witness performances of all types of music by the world's leading musicians and musical organizations. He can maintain contact with all the rich sources of musical thought and experimentation so stimulating to the working artist.

It may come as a surprise to some composers that another excellent field for their efforts is the commercial film. New York is the centre of commercial motion picture production, and these films are becoming important users of live music. The days of tiny budgets that made only canned music feasible are fast fading, and the present sponsors of commercial

pictures are often willing to invest comparatively large sums for the specially-written score that they know can do so much for their film. Recent commercial pictures that I have worked on, with such varied sponsorship as a cigaret company, a national magazine, and an educational foundation, have boasted scores by such recognized composers as Paul Creston, Robert McBride and Louis Applebaum. And for every established composer, there are numerous unknowns who have received their initial film experience in this field.

At this point, we come inevitably to the question, "What about television?" Until very recently, this question was purely hypothetical, but television has passed its crucial turning point, and become "Big Business," whose effects is felt on the music and film worlds. This medium has been established as one of the most prolific users of film ever known. Unfortunately, the television background music today is in a chaotic state. While the scenic designer, script writer, director and other videographersmen grew, advanced and prospered with the medium, the musician was left at the post—literally out of the money.

Today, our top shows use records and soundtracks as they did 10 years ago. The music just doesn't seem important. Some producers blame the 5% levy imposed by the American Federation of Musicians for the use of filmed scores, but my opinion is that, once having tasted a \$300 score, the producer is reluctant to part with \$2,000 for original music. Besides—no one will complain.

Today, there is probably more music recorded for the American television market in France than in Hollywood or New York. Skilled Hollywood composers are writing individual selections to be recorded in Europe for as little as \$25 a minute. Not a very pretty picture indeed.

But "live" music has a way of surviving and has led a charmed



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life for centuries. At this writing, I am negotiating with one of the largest producers of television films to record original scores for their entire product. If this comes about, my chief concern will be finding enough composers on New York to handle this avalanche of work. The recognition of the role of New York film production as a probable utilizer of composing talent is further attested by the fact that next fall, the City College of New York will offer courses in Film Music.

More and more, composers are realizing New York's potentialities and the emphasis is gradually shifting away from Hollywood, so impregnable to the unknown musician. To paraphrase the bronze gent in Greeley Square, the best advice I can offer to young composers anxious to write music for the screen is "Stay East, young man! Stay East!"

Music Has Only Scratched Its Market

By SIGMUND SPAETH

For years people have been talking about "music for the masses," but, like the notorious weather, nobody has done much about it. In spite of the conscientious efforts of a still limited group of serious music-lovers, this country has remained about 50 years behind the times in both its honest enjoyment of the musical classics and an equally honest interest in contemporary composition, including its own product.

Admitting that good music today has a greater number of listeners in the United States than ever before, the fact remains that the vast potential audience of average citizens, the millions who support athletics of all kinds, films, television, radio, even literature and the theatre, have not yet been reached by significant music as such. Well over 90% of the possible market has not even been scratched, much less attacked with practical salesmanship. Radio sells good music at about the same low level, and television is even worse, with motion pictures pattering around somewhere between the two.

Walter Damrosch estimated some years ago that the real music-lovers of America represented at the most perhaps 1% of the population. The percentage may have increased somewhat by this time, but probably not very much. The test comes at the boxoffice of the concert hall or opera house, and to some extent in the home, where personal participation in music has become almost a lost art.

The root of the evil seems to be in the so-called "star system," which has done inestimable harm not only to great music but to other media of entertainment as well. This is not to object to stars as such, for they fully deserve every bit of their acclaim and success. The objection is to the unwillingness of audiences, and particularly musical audiences, to pay attention to any performers of more modest reputation.

Another reason for the limited sale of great music to the Amer-

ican public may be found in the fact that teachers have so often used the wrong approach, and this applies also to the vaguely unctuous comments of radio and television announcers. Instead of selling music itself, through some inherent quality or characteristic that should appeal to everybody, they give you history, chronology, technical terms and biographical backgrounds.

The old-fashioned piano teacher also had the mistaken idea of treating every pupil as a potential artist. Children of little or no talent were forced to practice scales and exercises, without ever being allowed to make some actual music, even of the simplest kind. What should have been a medium of modest enjoyment became a routine horror, and all the scales, practice and exercises were not only wasted but worse than wasted, creating enemies for music instead of enthusiasts.

This report, however, need not be entirely pessimistic. There are ways of selling good music to the millions. Music itself can be made interesting and entertaining to the average listener with a complete avoidance of technical terms and references to history and biography, plus an absolute independence of the big names of the star system. If a piece of music paints a tonal picture or tells a story (perhaps only by the implication of its title, classified by experts as "program music"), it is not hard to win the attention of the listening novice, and this becomes still easier when the music is set to words, as in a song or an opera, whose meaning is self-explanatory. In the case of "absolute" or "pure" music, suggesting no "program" or narrative or pictorial significance, the interest of the listener can be created through patterns of sound and mere tonal design, added to the inherent appeal of a good melody, an exciting rhythm, a rich harmony or a fascinating effect of instrumental or vocal quality, known as "tone color."

This is the secret of the now

Disks' Impact on Music Biz Same In U.K. as In U.S.

By JOHN ABBOTT

London.

When Edison discovered the magic of recording the human voice he could not possibly have foreseen the influence it would have on the music industry—the waves created by the voice making indentations on pliable wax which could be reproduced on a sound recording machine with the label "phonograph."

Almost its first use was to record songs. They were a novelty and could usually be heard by inserting a coin in a box and putting a couple of ear aids to the ears. The popularity of this new scientific toy grew rapidly, and before long it became the right thing to have one in the house, just as today no household is complete without a radio and television set.

Recording in the early days was not usually done by top line vocalists. It was more of a job for a singer with a strong metallic voice. There was a good reason for this, and that was that when repeat orders came in the original chanter had to duplicate the recording the required number of times although it could be eased by the use of several megaphones clustered closely together, but all the same rather wearing on the vocal chords.

With the evolution of the disk from the old-fashioned cylindrical recording, the duplication by pressing from the master became a possibility, and finally with electrical aid, through microphones, better results were obtained by star artists. Thanks to this the voices of some of the greats, such as Caruso, have been preserved.

With the innovation of radio, gramophone records declined in popularity, not only because it was something new but because of the tremendous use of records on the air. Why, it was argued, should one spend good money buying them when one could hear them on the air for nothing, in fact you were invited to request the playing of your favorite song or musical piece. Sales slumped and authors, composers and publishers took con-

solation in the fact that what they might be losing in the way of gramophone royalties would be made up on increased performing fees.

Boom in Disk Sales

Today, however, the wheel has turned full circle, the boom in disk platters has gone sky-high. Through its medium, unknown artists have rocketed to the top with the help of a single recording, usually with a gimmick of some kind, and one constantly hears of a lucky artist being presented with a golden record to mark the sale of a million copies. Some of these stars shine brightly for only a little, others, like Bing Crosby, go on indefinitely.

The publicity value to the owner of a good song with a first class recording is tremendous. Songwriters have not been slow to turn this to good advantage when offering their wares to a sometimes reluctant publisher. A statement that it has been accepted for issue at a near date by an important artist or recording company has a decided sales value.

An important factor is the creation and the popularity of the disk jockeys. They are sought after and flattered by artists, recording managers, publishers and writers alike because with their help over the air they can speed a good recording to the top in a short time. To do them justice they select what, in their opinion, the public wants, but they have tremendous power in the making or breaking of a possible hit.

The evolution of tape-recording has been a definite help to artists and managers, and it is through this medium most songs are first recorded before being transferred to the wax disk. Like a film take, the vocalist or bandleader can repeat a number several times before it is finally edited by joining the best parts and cutting out the faulty strips, until the recording manager is satisfied with a first class job. That is why sometimes the record of an artist is often better than a live performance.

For the publishers and writers, although the revenue received from the sale of the disks is welcome, it is sadly reflected in the loss in sales music. With mechanical entertainment by radio, television and gramophone the piano is a badly neglected instrument, and the sheet music department in a music store is the Cinderella of the business. Where once a hit could hit the million mark in sheet sales, a figure of 100,000 is now considered good.

No Compensation

Unfortunately the income from records does not compensate for the loss in profit of sheet music. The amount of royalty payable on the mechanical instrument is unfairly fixed by statute both in the United States and the United Kingdom and its Dominions to which the Copyright Act applies. In the case of America it is worse than in England. In the former it is 2c. per side irrespective of the price, whereas in the latter it is a percentage on the retail selling price.

Allied in each instance is what is commonly known as the compulsory license clause, the effect of which is that having granted a license to one manufacturer it can be recorded by any other company subject of course to the payment of the fixed royalty. How unfair this can be! The maker of the record is free to fix his price as is also the artist and the members of the accompanying orchestra, but the only one who cannot is the author who created the work. In a new Copyright Act just passed by the British Parliament both of these unjust principles have been retained save the right, after one year from the date of the Act coming into force, to appeal for an increase through the Board of Trade.

Despite all this the pop publishing business still seems to flourish with revenue coming in from radio, television and general performing fees, mechanical royalties, plus a little bonanza for the use of music in films, and for the older established members of this ancillary side of the entertainment business the joy of seeing a revival of one of their oldtime hits. May, 1957, mean continued prosperity.

Oh, Dem Golden Records!

By **GEORGE R. MAREK**

(V.P. Record Albums Dept., RCA Victor)

New York's entertainment-seeking citizens were scarcely aware 51 years ago that a new publication had been founded, dedicated to reporting accurately the wonderful vagaries of show business. They could hardly be blamed. There were other goings on that held their interest.

While Eddie Foy was starring in "The Earl and the Girl" at the Capion, 29th and Broadway, radium was being tested as a cure for cancer. While the Union Club found itself \$1,200,000 short of cash—and what a scandal it was!—and while Columbia "gasoline cars," powered by a four-cylinder 40-horsepower engine, were being offered at \$4,000 to \$5,000, the Victor Talking Machine Co., a five-year-old company at Camden, N.J., began marketing a phonograph instrument complete in a cabinet. This new cabinet was "styled to harmonize with the furniture of the house."

Until then, horns—that is, big horns, little horns, tin horns, brass horns, blue and pink horns—had been the symbol of the phonograph business. The new "Victrola" was a luxury item. It sold for \$200, nearly 10 times the amount asked for earlier talking machines. But its unparalleled reproduction of music found immediate acceptance with the public and sounded the death knell for both the horn and cylinder machines.

Actually, then, the "modern" era of recorded music came into being at the same time that **VARIETY** was aborning. In the intervening years there has been a parallel between the growth of "the Bible of show business" and RCA Victor and its predecessor company, the Victor Talking Machine Co. **VARIETY** has faithfully recorded, through the written word, the history of entertainment for the past 51 years. RCA Victor has recorded, in grooves, the highlights of musical history for that same period.

It was the belief of Eldridge Johnson, founder of the Victor Talking Machine Co., that only great musical talent could convince the public that the phonograph was a great medium of home entertainment rather than a toy. Enrico Caruso was the first of hundreds of great artists who since have proved the Johnson theory.

Caruso, Victor's first artist, also is the company's first "million-seller" artist. His "Vesti a giubba" and "O sole mio" each soared past the magic mark to become the first of 60 Victor "golden" discs which have sold a million or more copies. To scan a list of some of these 60 million-sellers is like looking at a film clip depicting America's always changing moods and manners.

Pop's First 1,000,000-Copy Pop

In the boisterous post-World War I year of 1920 a young man named Paul Whiteman recorded for Victor a lilting tune called "Whispering," which later became the first pop million seller. Two years later Whiteman scored with another number that still brings heady, nostalgic dreams to some of us who matured in the pre-swing era. The tune was "Three O'Clock in the Morning."

In 1924, a mournful ditty named "The Prisoner's Song" fixed America's imagination, perhaps a bit morbidly. It was recorded for Victor by Vernon Dalhart and soon zoomed over the million mark.

By 1928, the nation's music tastes tended toward the romantic ballad. Such a tune was "Ramona." It promptly became Gene Austin's first big record for Victor, a disk that sold well over a million.

After "Ramona" there were nine long years, lean years—years in which the nation was busy grubbing for a living and spending most of its scant leisure listening to radio which, for a time, threatened the status of the phonograph as a medium of home entertainment. But strangely, it was radio that became the showcase of records and actually revitalized the phonograph industry.

This became apparent in 1937 when radio stations throughout the land began playing a swinging instrumental by Tommy Dorsey and his band, "Marie." The tune sounded the mood of the moment—one of buoyant exuberance as the new year reflected happily on the

fact that it had stoutly weathered the worst economic crisis in its history. "Marie" was Dorsey's first golden record. A year later his "Boogie Woogie" was recorded and since has sold nearly 4,500,000, an all-time record for an instrumental disk. RCA Victor had three other golden records in 1939, each indicative of the sharply diversified music preferences of the era. There was the lusty "Beer Barrel Polka," recorded by Will Glahe; "Jalousie," by Arthur Fiedler, conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra, and Artie Shaw's exquisitely sophisticated "Begin the Beguine."

A great new name in music made recording history a year later when Glenn Miller's "Sunrise Serenade" and "In the Mood" both topped the million mark, as did Leopold Stokowski's delightful version of the "Blue Danube Waltz." In 1940 Shaw's classic "Stardust" and Miller's "Tuxedo Junction" won each of them an additional gold record. Miller came through a year later with still another, " Chattanooga Choo Choo."

Shortly before World War II, two new artists recorded their first golden disks for RCA Victor. Strangely, neither record reflected the uneasy restlessness which flooded across the nation. One was a tuneful ballad, "Racing With The Moon," recorded by a young baritone named Vaughn Monroe. The other was Freddy Martin's Piano Concerto in B Flat (Tchaikovsky).

The era of casual presentation arrived in 1946 with "Prisoner of Love" by Perry Como, a record that signaled the emergence of this great new star. Another unusual million-seller was recorded by an opera star—the unique "Whiffenpoof Song," by Robert Merrill, in that same year.

A style of music which had long been popular regionally was on its way to becoming an American tradition in 1948 when Eddy Arnold, the country-western artist, sold more than a million copies of "Bouquet of Roses." Two years later the young people of the country responded to a new voice, that of Mario Lanza, who won his first golden record with his version of "Be My Love."

The carefree strains of "Anytime" sounded from radios throughout 1951, heralding the arrival on America's musical scene of Eddie Fisher. In that same year, another Victor artist, Pee Wee King, also had a million-seller with his whimsical "Slow Poke."

Vocal Group's 1,000,000-Seller

Until 1953, Victor's golden records had been awarded only to soloists or instrumental groups. But the Ames Bros. changed that pattern with "You, You, You." The popularity of vocalists between 1946 and 1955 was indicated by the fact that not a single instrumental reached the million mark. However, the dramatic trumpet sound and rhythm of Perez Prado's "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White" moved to the top of the charts in 1955 and stayed there for a considerable time.

Teenagers by this time were swaying to a kind of music comparatively new to records but old as rhythm itself. They call this "rock 'n' roll" music. Psychiatrists and symphony conductors have tried to explain it, with feeble success. But few can deny its power. In 1956, seven Victor disks which can be classified in the "rock 'n' roll" category broke the million mark—Kay Starr's "Rock and Roll Waltz," Perry Como's "Hot Diggity" (really more of a rhythmic novelty than r&r), and of course the phenomenal and much debated Elvis Presley's "Heartbreak Hotel," "I Want You, I Need You," "Don't Be Cruel," "Hound Dog" and "Love Me Tender."

Though I am hardly the record business' most prophetic prophet, I do venture two assumptions. One is that there are going to be more million sellers. The other is that single hits may be rivaled by albums in popularity. We have had in the past one or two fabulously successful shows or movies which in their recorded version hit the million mark. We will, I believe, have in the future artists who will sufficiently fascinate the public for the public to want to hear them "in a chunk," in a whole album.

And possibly—but no—who ever heard of a "golden tape?"

Tin Pan's Allies: Brill Building's British Outposts In Denmark St.

By **JIMMY KENNEDY**

Who would have thought it?—that deep in ebullient bosoms in the Brill Bldg. there beat the hearts of empire builders in a dream of empire bolder even than the British at their farflung best, and that there and now in London Town these same British are facing competition at their own imperial game but this time on the frontiers of the world of popular song.

Tin Pan Alley, USA, has for some years been conducting a policy of expansionism in the world of musical promotion that can raise its modest head in such company as Standard of New Jersey and other giants of dollar imperialism and it can point with pride to its first colony, Denmark Street, London, W. C. 2, Eng. No colonial power in the days of the buccaners ever established itself with shriller trumpets or on a flimsier foundation than our Barons of the Offbeat in the setting up of this overseas condominium that shows the flags of Mills, Mellin, Mogul, Melcher, Bourne, Berlin, Bernstein, Harms, Fox, Levy, Robbins, Spier, Valando, Shelton, Aberbach and most other names whose imprints grace their sheet music here in New York. However, there they are and there they will try to stay.

Of course, it's nothing new. England has been invaded before from the Romans to the Normans, to the Americans, but nothing has penetrated into the hearts and minds and daily lives of the Great British Public like this invasion of the 1950s. What is more insidious, more all-pervading than that plausible product, the American hit song, surpassing by far the popular appeal of political concepts or other credenda acceptable to Young England?

Does the UN know of this unprovoked aggression? It is doubtful for the practices of peaceful pene-

tration, infiltration, collaborationism, dollar diplomacy, co-existence, gimmickry and divide-and-conquer with ingenious sound effects have all been used with consummate skill and the result is that Denmark Street has fallen like the walls of Jericho and is now, generally speaking, an American colony. Strangely the original inhabitants are taking to the rule of their new lords and masters quite happily and apart from an occasional cry from a starving native songwriter as he coins an anti-colonial slogan the territory is peaceful and settlement is virtually unopposed; in fact, collaborators are quite plentiful.

How It All Started

It appears that Sam Fox and Shapiro-Bernstein were first on the ground nearly 40 years ago. After that there was a comparative lull till suddenly, after World War II, when the English publishers were short of dollars and unable to pay those fabulous advances on catalog deals somebody (was it Lou Levy?) got the bright idea of opening up over there and giving himself a catalog deal. The idea was taken up along the entire front until at the time of writing possibly 50% of active American firms has an English subsidiary.

The ownership of these subsidiaries is not entirely American but is usually on a 50-50 basis sharing in expenses and profits with the British publisher-operator. This has advantages for both sides; it gives the British publisher an American catalog without many of the disadvantages of blind block-buying of songs, as well as providing with an American partner scouting the U. S. field for up-and-coming hits and anxious to secure American recordings for their mutual benefit and without which the British publisher believes himself unable to function. The expenses of operating are charged up to the new firm, so

much for share of office rent, staff, etc.—a good deal for the newcomer who otherwise is on unfamiliar ground and faced with the problems of finding experienced contact men of whom there is a great shortage.

Occasionally it has been found in practice that the plan is not entirely satisfactory and at least one group—Leeds-Pickwick-Duchess—has closed its subsidiary and opened on its own with joint Anglo-American staff and is making a success of it. From the long term point of view this is the better plan, as owing to the greater length of British copyright, a catalog over there is a valuable earning asset long after the same songs are in the public domain in USA, and in these days with standards so difficult to create this is an important consideration. Some of these firms, of course, are little more than a bank account and an imprint with the advantages mostly tax-wise.

Dreyfus and Leo the Lion's Shares

The Emperor of the greater part of this dominion is Louis Dreyfus whose Chappell group has at least a dozen firms, including such husky offspring as Irving Berlin Inc. and Rodgers & Hammerstein's Williamson Music.

There is no doubt that some of this infiltration of the English market has been done in a big way; the Robbins group having established itself a few years ago under the wing of Francis, Day & Hunter proceeded to swallow up Feldman's, one of the biggest pop catalogs in Europe with seven wholly-owned affiliates, using frozen MGM sterling for the £80,000 (\$224,000) deal—a giveaway in any currency. Now having digested the Feldman morsel this lion of the music jungle has bought into its patron FD&H, a vast old-established catalog of mixed American and British songs.

Also Peter Maurice, who established one of the biggest predominantly British catalogs in the 1930s, is stated to be a ready seller and negotiations are understood to be proceeding for takeover by a syndicate said to be partly American. The big concerns are assuring themselves of an income from these old catalogs, many of which are loaded with standards of worldwide value—Feldman's PRS check was in the region of £20,000 (\$56,000) a year.

Naturally, there is still a vast legitimate music business in full blast, but it is reserved in the main for those who are firmly established. It is the pop field that is restricted.

But the door is open to newcomers as never before; unfortunately the field is overcrowded and without a big catalog in support it is a risky undertaking.

Earnings in the British Isles are much less and more thinly spread than in U.S. Admittedly the record market is just beginning there and has not yet reached its peak and great hopes are centered on its development. Also there is optimism that the spread of the jukebox will add to income not only as a promotional aid but from a performance angle, as jukebox plays would count as performances under the English copyright ruling, which defines performances that are "public and for profit" as liable for fees.

But this would not add up to a large sum. The biggest worry is that there is not enough air-time on the BBC's few stations to give sufficient outlets for even 10% of available material and the fight for plugs is a battle royal. Also the payment for broadcasts is on a low basis.

It is probable that in between hits the new and smaller firms have to be subsidized from the U.S. So even for these intrepid builders of the American music empire constant hits are essential—the song is still the thing. Unhappily many of these publishers are confused with the currently accumulating hazards and obstacles in the path of the best songs on its way to hit-hood that their judgment is often a trifle cloudy. And that is no state to be in when starting an empire.

Rock 'n' Roll Ripping in Britain, But Only Ballads Sell Sheet Music

By **RAY SONIN**

London. Perhaps the most significant feature of the British popular song market in 1956 has been the very wide disparity in public taste between records and sheet music.

As far as the sale of records is concerned, rock 'n' roll has swept the board. Elvis Presley, Bill Haley, and The Platters have enjoyed tremendous sales through the year and are firm favorites with the British public.

But, when it comes to buying sheet music to play on their upright pianos, Joe Public in this country sticks to ballads. As one publisher forcefully put it, "They still like a . . . good cry!"

At the 1956 year end, the ballads in the hit parade include "More," "Autumn Concerto," "Woman In Love," "Two Different Worlds," "A House With Love In It," "Whatever Will Be, Will Be," "True Love," "St. Therese of the Roses," "Christmas Island," "Walk Hand In Hand," "Christmas and You," "My Prayer," "Love Me As Though There Were No Tomorrow," "Mountain Greenery," and "Serenade." The only songs showing a rock 'n' roll influence are "Green Door," "Rocking Through the Rye," and "Rock Around the Clock."

This trend has been most marked every week throughout the year and the top sheet music songs all through have been ballads—"Christmas Alphabet" (January), "Love Is A Many Splendored Thing" (late January), "Ballad of Davy Crockett" (February), "Memories Are Made of This" (March), "It's Almost Tomorrow (April), "No Other Love" (Mid-May), "My September Love" (late June), "Hot Diggity" (July), "Walk Hand in Hand" (late July), "Whatever Will Be, Will Be" (early September), "Lay Down Your Arms (October), "More" (early November to date). As usual, Tin Pan Alley is

gloomily prophesying the results to business of the economic crisis which has developed from the Suez incident. There is much talk about a "slump"—but this is nothing new in circles where pessimism is almost a stock in trade of any publisher worthy of the name!

The music business is the kind of business which suffers from a slump if it rains and a slump if it doesn't rain. Hot weather will affect it and so will cold. Political crises affect it and political calm is just hopeless for it. War or peace are both headaches to a publisher here, and his ulcers develop all the time because any kind of condition adversely affects his business—he says! But the situation is not as bad as some gloomy ones believe. There is no question about it that the sales of sheet music are nothing like as big as they used to be, but it is still possible for a big song to sell 120,000 copies at 28c. each. The average sales of a No. 1 hit are in the region of 8,000 to 12,000 copies a week, but as the public sticks very faithfully, to its fancies, a hit can go on for a long time, selling steadily at this rate.

One of the most interesting revivals of the year has been the 1925 Rodgers & Hart number, "Mountain Greenery" which came to light on a record by Mel Torme and mad: him into one of the big stars to visit this country. His tour here in September was a triumph and it is true to say that one song started him off with the British public.

As the year ends, another revival, "My Prayer," is hitting the headlines. This is originally a French song of which Vera Lynn made a notable record many years ago, and it has sprung back into prominence through its record performance by The Platters. They sing it in a rock 'n' roll style, but the sheet music shows no such influence and, it sells nevertheless.

'Trademark' Songs

Andrews Sisters—"Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen."
Louis Armstrong—"Basin Street Blues."
Desi Arnaz—"Babalu."
Fred Astaire—"Cheek to Cheek."
Gene Austin—"My Blue Heaven."
Gene Autry—"Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer."
Pearl Bailey—"Tired."
Ray Bailey—"Georgia Camp Meeting."
Belle Baker—"Yiddisha Mama."
Bonnie Baker—"Oh Johnny, Oh."
Lydia Barry—"Break the News to Mother."
Eileen Barton—"Baked a Cake."
James Barton—"Sweet Georgia Brown."
Count Basie—"One O'Clock Jump."
Nora Bayes—"Shine On, Harvest Moon."
Jack Benny—"Love in Bloom."
Ben Bernie—"Pleasant Dreams."
Jules Bledsoe—"Ol' Man River."
Lucienne Boyer—"Parlez-Moi d'Amour."
Fanny Brice—"My Man."
Carl Brisson—"A Little White Gardenia."
Elton Britt—"There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving."
Marie Cahill—"Under The Bamboo Tree."
Cab Calloway—"Minnie The Moocher."
Eddie Cantor—"Making Whoopee."
Vernon & Irene Castle—"Castle Waltz."
Albert Chevalier—"My Old Dutch."
Maurice Chevalier—"Valentina."
Maggie Cline—"Throw Him Down, McClosky."
Rosemary Clooney—"Come On-a My House."
Nat (King) Cole—"Nature Boy."
Lottie Collins—"Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay."
Russ Columbo—"I Surrender Dear."
George M. Cohan—"Give My Regards to Broadway."
Perry Como—"Till the End of Time."
Imogene Comer—"Take Back Your Gold."
Noel Coward—"Zigeuner."
Bing Crosby—"Blue of the Night Meets Gold of Day."
Xavier Cugat—"My Shawl."
Billy Daniels—"Old Black Magic."
Tommy Dorsey—"Marie."
Morton Downey—"Carolina Moon."
Jimmy Durante—"Inka-Dinka-Do."

Louise Dresser—"My Gal Sal."
Nelson Eddy—"Rose Marie."
Gus Edwards—"School Days."
Duke Ellington—"Take the 'A' Train."
J. K. Emmett—"Sleep, Baby, Sleep."
Ruth Etting—"Shine on, Harvest Moon."
Honey Boy Evans—"In the Good Old Summertime."
Barney Fagan—"My Gal's a High Born Lady."
Farley & Riley—"Music Goes 'Round and 'Round."
Benny Fields—"Melancholy Baby."
Gracie Fields—"Biggest Aspidistra in the World."
Eddie Fisher—"Anytime."
Sallie Fisher—"Dearie."
Ella Fitzgerald—"A-Tisket, A-Tasket."
Eddie Foy—"The Bird On Nellie's Hat."
Irene Franklin—"Red Head."
Jane Froman—"I'll Walk Alone."
Judy Garland—"Over the Rainbow."
Benny Goodman—"Sing, Sing, Sing."
Coleman Hawkins—"Body and Soul."
Edith Helena—"Last Rose of Summer."
Anna Held—"Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave."
Hildegard—"Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup."
Raymond Hitchcock—"Well, I Swan."
Billie Holiday—"Strange Fruit."
Libby Holman—"Body and Soul."
Bob Hope—"Thanks for the Memory."
Lena Horne—"Deed I Do."
Walter Huston—"September Song."
Joe E. Howard—"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."
Ink Spots—"If I Didn't Care."
George Jessel—"My Mother's Eyes."
Al Jolson—"Mammy."
Danny Kaye—"Dena."
Helen Kane—"I Wanna Be Loved By You."
Charlie King—"Broadway Melody."
Evelyn Knight—"Powder Your Face With Sunshine."
Mario Lanza—"Be My Love."
Harry Lauder—"I Love a Lassie."
Eddie Leonard—"Ida."
Tommy Leonard—"Dearie."
Ted Lewis—"Me and My Shadow."
Jenny Lind—"Last Rose of Summer."
Alice Lloyd—"Who Are You Getting at, Eh?"
Ella Logan—"How Are Things in Glocca Morra?"
Johnny Long—"Shanty in Old Shanty Town."

Tommy Lyman—"Montmartre Rose."
Andrew Mack—"Story of the Rose."
Freddy Martin—"Tonight We Love."
Mary Martin—"My Heart Belongs to Daddy."
John McCormack—"Mother Machree."
Clyde McCoy—"Sugar Blues."
Christie MacDonald—"Two Little Love Bees."
Tom McNaughton—"Three Trees."
Raquel Meller—"Who'll Buy My Violets?"
Ethel Merman—"I Got Rhythm."
Glenn Miller—"String of Pearls."
Mills Bros—"Paper Moon."
Grace Moore—"One Night of Love."
Vaughn Monroe—"Racing With the Moon."
Helena Mora—"After the Ball."
Helen Morgan—"My Bill."
Ella Mae Morse—"Cow-Cow Boogie."
Jack Norworth—"Take Me Out to the Ball Game."
Maude Nugent—"Sweet Rosie O'Grady."
Chauncey Olcott—"My Wild Irish Rose."
Patti Page—"Tennessee Waltz."
Les Paul-Mary Ford—"Vaya Con Dios."
Edith Piaf—"La Vie En Rose."
Ezio Pinza—"Some Enchanted Evening."
Georgie Price—"Bye Bye Blackbird."
George Primrose—"Lazy Moon."
Reese V. Prosser—"Shade of the Old Apple Tree."
Lizzie B. Raymond—"Just Tell Them You Saw Me."
Sailor Reilly—"Over There."
Harry Richman—"Puttin' on the Ritz."
Blanche Ring—"Bedelia."
Cantor Josef Rosenblatt—"Eili Eili."
Josephine Sabel—"Hot Time in the Old Town."
Jean Sablon—"J'Attendrai."
Rae Samuels—"In His Own Home Town."
Fritzi Scheff—"Kiss Me Again."
Blossom Seeley—"Tiddlin' the Tod-e-lo."
Dinah Shore—"Yes, My Darling Daughter."
Ethel Shutta—"I Found a Million Dollar Baby."
Frank Sinatra—"Night and Day."
Kate Smith—"When Moon Comes Over the Mountain."
Tamara—"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."
Eva Tanguay—"I Don't Care."
Richard Tauber—"Yours Is My Heart Alone."
Fay Templeton—"So Long, Mary."
Arthur Tracy—"Marta."
Charles Trenet—"La Mer."
Sophie Tucker—"Some of These Days."
Rudy Vallee—"I'm Just a Vagabond Lover."
Clarice Vance—"Guess I'll Have Telegraph Baby."
Vesta Victoria—"Waiting at the Church."
Ethel Waters—"Stormy Weather."
Paul Whiteman—"Rhapsody in Blue."
Bert Williams—"Nobody."
Williams & Walker—"My Castle On The Nile."

Presley—Phenomenon

Continued from page 235

plinting teenagers," in a treatise on Presley. Said Gould, "Television surely is not the only culprit. Expose magazines, which once were more or less bootleg items, are now carried openly on best newsstands. The music publishing business—as *Variety* most courageously has pointed out—has all but disgraced itself with some of the rock 'n' roll songs it has issued. Some of the finest recording companies have been willing to go right along with the trend, too. . . ."

San Francisco disk jockey Bruce Vanderhoof, who objected to his station KYA banning Presley platters between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. (out of deference to the housewives and schoolchildren) took the issue to his listening public by playing "Love Me Tender" at various speeds—14 times in a row. He was fired.

In another Presleython, KSDA, in Redding, Calif., played Presley's "Hound Dog" and "Don't Be Cruel" hour upon hour in protest to some listeners' protests that the gyrator was "obscene and vulgar." It played them at varying speeds to "test the general trend of intelligence." One reaction was from the police who feared that perhaps the deejay had dropped dead and the automatic player was going on without him.

Overhead Rug-Pulling

In Miami, a disk jockey, Jerry Wichener, who sports a \$300 hair-piece to give him the hirsute adornment denied him by nature, had the "rug" pulled from over him by an indignant Presley cultist at the Bayfront Park Auditorium, where 8,000 of this particular deejay's fan club attended. One of them, however, was more a Presley fan—he remembered Wichener's embargo on the Elvis' platters and thus took vengeance by whisking the toupee off the platter-chatterer. The dance went on. He still didn't play Presley.

He became a casusbelli on television when first exposed in all his gyrations on the Milton Berle show. When he appeared opposite Ed Sullivan on Steve Allen's NBC-TV'er it was the first time since Martin & Lewis that Sullivan's ratings were topped. After Sullivan berated Presley for not being "couth" as a performer, the showman in him prevailed and instead of the \$5,000-per-guest shot he signed Presley to three guests at \$50,000—and simply swamped the opposition every time, including a Mary Martin-Paul Douglas spectacular ("Born Yesterday").

Elvis Presley's economic future has been spelled out in almost week-by-week news stories in *Variety*. First it was the freak clicks of his disks. Then the attendant boxoffice returns on his personals. It has reduced itself to the aforementioned "a millionaire in one year," followed by an arrangement that RCA Victor worked out with Presley's shrewd handler, "Colonel" Tom Parker, long identified with Tin Pan Valley personalities around Nashville. (Presley hails from Memphis). This has to do with a \$1,000-a-week guarantee to the singer over a term of 15-20 years, which virtually insures his economic future whether or not (1) Uncle Sam drafts him, or (2), his vogue should fade.

This brings up the current intra-show biz query—will Presley last? From a flash-in-the-disk he has emerged with new-found stature. His impression in his first film portends a lasting professional future.

Sheet Music Best Sellers of 1956

Listed below in alphabetical order are the top 50 sheet music best sellers during 1956. Compilation is based on the information contained in *Variety's* weekly Retail Sheet Best Sellers charts.

TUNE	PUBLISHER
Allegheny Moon	Oxford (ASCAP)
Band of Gold	Ludlow (BMI)
Blue Suede Shoes	Hi-lo Hill & Range (BMI)
Blueberry Hill	Chappell (ASCAP)
Canadian Sunset	Meridian (BMI)
Cindy, Oh Cindy	Marks-Bryden (BMI)
Don't Be Cruel	Presley-Shalimar (BMI)
Dungaree Doll	Marks (BMI)
Eleventh Hour Melody	Paxton (ASCAP)
Friendly Persuasion—* "Friendly Persuasion"	Feist (ASCAP)
Graduation Day	Sheldon (BMI)
Great Pretender	Panther (ASCAP)
Green Door	Trinity (BMI)
Heartbreak Hotel	Tree (BMI)
Hey, Jealous Lover	Barton (ASCAP)
Honky Tonk	Billace (BMI)
Hot Diggity	Roncom (ASCAP)
I Almost Lost My Mind	Hill & Range (BMI)
I Could Dance All Night—* "My Fair Lady"	Chappell (ASCAP)
I'll Be Home	Arc (BMI)
It's Almost Tomorrow	Northern (ASCAP)
Ivory Tower	Morris (ASCAP)
I Want You, I Need You, I Love You	Presley (BMI)
Just Walking In the Rain	Golden West (BMI)
Love Me Tender—* "Love Me Tender"	Presley (BMI)
Lisbon Antigua	Southern (ASCAP)
Mama from the Train	Remick (ASCAP)
Memories Are Made of This	Montclare (BMI)
Mr. Wonderful—* "Mr. Wonderful"	Laurel (ASCAP)
Moonglow—* "Picnic"	Mills (ASCAP)
More	Shapiro-Bernstein (ASCAP)
Moritat—* "Three-Penny Opera"	Harms (ASCAP)
My Prayer	Shapiro-Bernstein (ASCAP)
No, Not Much	Beaver (ASCAP)
On Street Where You Live—* "My Fair Lady"	Chappell (ASCAP)
Picnic—* "Picnic"	Columbia Pic. (ASCAP)
Poor People of Paris	Connelly (ASCAP)
Rock and Roll Waltz	Sheldon (BMI)
Singing the Blues	Acuff-Rose (BMI)
Soft, Summer Breeze	Regent (BMI)
Song For a Summer Night	April (ASCAP)
Standing On the Corner—* "Most Happy Fella"	Frank (ASCAP)
Sweet Old-Fashioned Girl	Valor (BMI)
Tonight You Belong to Me	BVC (ASCAP)
True Love—* "High Society"	Buxton Hill (ASCAP)
Two Different Worlds	Princess (BMI)
Walk Hand in Hand	Republic (BMI)
Wayward Wind	Warman (BMI)
Whatever Will Be—* "Man Who Knew Too Much"	Artists (ASCAP)
You Don't Know Me	Hill & Range (BMI)
	Artists (ASCAP)

* Legit Musical

† Film

Rock 'n' Roll

Continued from page 235

Haley and His Comets, the Cadillacs, Colts, Gophers, Teen Queens, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, "Hurricane" Harry, the Leaders, Fats Domino, Happy Lewis, Lillian Briggs, Gene Vincent, Otis Williams, Joe Turner, the Channels, the Drifters, Piano Red, Clyde McPhatter, Gatemouth Brown, Little Esther, Little Richard, Bessie Mae Quarts, Larry Birdsong, Little Willie John, Big Maybelle, the Stylers, the Gallahads, the Bowties, the Jodimars, the Bruins, the Magnificents, the Turbans, Orioles, Jays, Asps, Lloyd "Fatman," among others.

As stations banned all "rock" songs, somebody cracked, "Does that apply to 'Rock of Ages'?"

The argot includes hoobly-shoobly, ootie-ootie, oop-shoop, boom boom de-addy boom, scoobledy boobledy dump. The "style" includes a broken-voice treatment not unlike an uncouth burp or an impolite clearing of the throat.

The alleged affinity between rock 'n' roll and juvenile delinquency found proponents who contended (1) that this appeal to the teenagers was good clean fun and (2) didn't differ much from the Charleston and Jazz Age era's manifestations.

"Dear Mom" addressed itself to "why pick on us kids?" and "Mother, Teach Me To Dance" was an extension of the same idiom. "From a School Ring to a Wedding Ring" and another banal item, "From the Candy Store on the Corner to the Chapel on the Hill," were in the same idiom. "Teenagers' Mother" wanted to know, "have you forgotten so soon?" when you did the Charleston, also came home late, you're young, but not too long, etc.)

Parents, on the other hand, in some instances, objected even more strongly to the allegations of sloppy dressing and that young America today isn't all the levi and saddle-shoe set. Song items, keyed directly for the very juvenile mind and trade, witnessed such titles as "Dungaree Doll," "Jukebox Baby," "Growin' Up," "A Teen-Age Prayer," "Daddy-O," "My Boy Flatop," "Lipstick and Candy and Rubber Sole Shoes," "Seventeen."

As the fad spread globally, the entire city council of Aberdeen, Scotland, voted to attend a rock 'n' roll dance en bloc to see how it was done before it officially acted on parental and civic concern because of juvenile misbehaviorism reports . . . in Fayetteville, S. C., "the mixture of the beat and booze" were blamed for a neat riot . . . phenomenal click of Col's quickie "Rock Around the Clock" and "Presley's "Love Me Tender" keyed about a dozen films aimed squarely at the juvenile r&r aficionados . . . an NBC "Conversation" semester heard Richard Rodgers, deejay Ted Brown and Clifton Fadiman beat their chops about the new "beat" called r&r . . . but the trade has long since been forced to agree "the beat" is a great force, and Presley's 10-000,000 pop singles in one year just can't be laughed off.

Item: "My Boy Elvis" and "We Want A Rock 'n' Roll President." Luckily Ike got in. Incidentally, Irving Berlin's "Ike For Four More Years" was his 1956 sequel to "I Like Ike." The vet songsmith was the first to observe "No campaign song ever elected a President." In actuality, the standards ("Missouri Waltz," on account of Harry Truman, "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," etc.) were still the most performed, with only a parody of "Yellow Rose of Texas" asserting itself for the Dems. It didn't help 'em.

Which Came First—Beat Or Melody?

Much as the 1909 Copyright Act established the 2c mechanical fee, and Justice Holmes' U. S. Supreme Court decision (1917) upheld Victor Herbert against the Shanley Restaurant (N. Y.), on the issue of a fee for public performance for profit, there was a somewhat historic 1921 suit involving "Dardanella" and "Ka-Lu-a." Latter tune was by Jerome Kern. "Dardanella" was a pop instrumental by Johnny S. Black and Felix Bernard. Fred Fisher, the publisher, sued, claiming Kern had infringed on the bass part.

While it was a vacuous victory for Fisher, it established a then young attorney, Julian T. Abeles, who took on Nathan Burkan, the "daddy" lawyer of ASCAP, and with only Ray Miller, a bandleader of the day as his witness, Abeles went up against such musical "experts" as Walter Damrosch, Victor Herbert, Frank Tours, Artur Bodanzky, whom Burkan and Harms (Max Dreyfus), the publishers, had called up. It did result in a decision that a bass can be an infringement, and that the "Dardanella" bass, which was so unique, had been duplicated in "Ka-Lu-a," a pseudo-Hawaiian melody from the Broadway musical comedy, "Good Morning Dearie," libretto by Anne Caldwell, score by Kern.

In actuality, Kern's arranger filled in that trick bass, which distinguished "Dardanella" and "Ka-Lu-a," and it was Abeles' suggestion that Kern and/or his arranger were "influenced" by the tremendous popularity of the Black-Fisher number, which was the first big "instrumental" smash in years. Burkan sought to prove that it was copied from "The Mermaid's Song," from the opera "Oberon," and Abeles contended that Black, a vaudevillian pianist, never heard of grand opera, much less one as obscure as "Oberon," but that Kern could conceivably have heard and been influenced by the tricky "Dardanella" bass.

The case was historic in that it differentiated, for the first time, between a patent and a copyright; that in a patent you must have novelty to be protected, but in a copyright you must have originality.

Music trade-wise, attorney Abeles, in asking one of the witnesses for Kern, producer Charles B. Dillingham, "which is more important, the bass or the melody," got the obvious answer that "the melody is more important." Whereupon Abeles set out to prove that the bass is the basis of all music, dating back to the Turkish tom-toms, the Indian drumbeats, the liturgical beat of church music, and the like—that thereafter came the melody.

The end-result was something in the nature of a comedy of legal errors. One, Federal Judge John C. Knox had decided that since there was an infringement it would normally go to a Special Master to ascertain damages, but that since Harms and Kern and all concerned were financially responsible, perhaps that wouldn't be necessary. In the midst of everything Judge Knox's mother died; he didn't want to delay matters so he referred it anew to Judge Learned Hand, who ruled directly opposite to Judge Knox—that you can't infringe on a bass. Judge Hand decided against Fisher, Black, et al., but when Abeles pointed up that it had already been ruled in his favor by Judge Knox, Judge Hand granted a re-hearing and reversed himself. However, he added, that all involved "was a point of honor," and in light of Kern's stature he must grant a \$250 minimum copyright infringement damage and court costs, which amounted to around \$50. There were no legal fees allowed; Fisher's firm meantime encountered its own financial problems, so it ended there, but for a spell it was a music business cause celebre.

Israel Making Dee-jays Out of Public; Separate Foreign & Native Programs

Tel Aviv.

A "hit parade" radio program has been started for the first time by one of Israel's three broadcasting stations, Galei Zahal, Army Broadcasting Unit, which in general is noted for its lively ideas.

However, as the station is managed and the program planned by military men, all of them apparently amateur broadcasters, the segment does not quite come off.

The program editors have not bothered to log record and sheet music sales, instead take the easiest way out by asking listeners to write in and tell which disk they most want to hear on this particular program—broadcast once every two weeks. Also, two platters are aired for the first time in each of the programs and listeners are asked to write whether they like them.

There have been three such shows so far, two exclusively devoted to hit songs from other countries and one to homegrown songs. This is a distinction not favored by many critics and listeners, who believe it would be infinitely more interesting to compare how local tunes fare in proportion to foreign output.

The foreign songs taking top position in the two programs were "Love is a Many Splendored Thing" (first place in first program, second place in second program); "Rock Around the Clock" (fourth place, first place, respectively); "Sixteen Tons" (third place in both programs); "If I Give My Heart to You" (second, fourth). Fifth place in first program was "Malaguena" in second program, fifth spot went to "Poor People of Paris." Newly introduced in second program was "Whatever Will Be," for which requests have been pouring in ever since and which stands a strong chance for top position in future programs.

The Israeli hit list showed five songs of distinct local color, most of them with a patriotic back-

ground (caused by recent events), at the top. Best liked was "Rachel" by Mohar-Wilensky; second, "Frontier Guard" by Mohar-Gadman, and then a marching ditty by Mohar-Wilensky. Fourth and fifth were two recent flag-waving songs, sung by army troupes, while No. 6 was the Israel Wine Song by Chen and Daniela Dor ("Let's Make Merry") which has been popular for over a year and has been carried around the world by Lionel Hampton and his orch.

American-transcribed hit-list programs are heard weekly from the Arabic Jerusalem broadcasting station (Kingdom of Jordan), and similar features are aired from the neighboring Cairo and Cyprus radio stations.

MET REPERTORY, 1955-56 SEASON

Opera	N.Y. Tour
Aida	7 5
Andrea Chenier	6 5
Un Ballo in Maschera	7 2
La Boheme	6 3
Boris Godunov	6 5
Carmen	8 3
Les Contes d'Hoffmann	8 7
Cois fan Tutte	6
Don Pasquale & Soiree	5 4
Faust	6 2
Fledermaus	3 3
La Forza del Destino	7
Lohengrin	6
Lucia di Lammermoor	5 1
The Magic Flute	6 1
Manon Lescaut	4
Die Meistersinger	4 5
Le Nozze di Figaro	6 3
Parsifal	3
Rigoletto	15 5
Der Rosenkavalier	6 1
Samson et Dalila	4
Tosca	10 5
Il Trovatore	5
Gala Performances	2
Total Performances	151 55
Total Weeks	22 7

Duke's Inaugural-Plus

Chicago.

Duke Ellington's orch will play for Gov. William J. Stratton's inaugural ball in the Springfield Armory, Jan. 14.

This will touch off a string of consecutive one-nighters for the Duke including club dates, ballrooms, private parties and nine midwest colleges and universities.

BG Swing-Ding In Singapore

Singapore.

Benny Goodman jammed the Badminton Stadium here Christmas Eve, the first attraction ever to play here on that night. More than 3,500 screaming Singaporeans kept the band 30 minutes overtime as Goodman took every number in the book out for a riotous several hours. Promoter Donald Moore said the Goodman reception from the crowd was the most unusual ever seen in Singapore.

The band landed here after closing the Thailand International Trade Fair in Bangkok. Police estimated more than 500,000 people heard Goodman at the Fair. Preceded by word of his success in Siam, the Singapore jazz fans turned out en masse for the first of his two performances in this city. Local musicians, following the pattern set in Bangkok, immediately took over the Goodman bandmen. After the performance, half a dozen clubs in town featured the Goodman blowers in impromptu jazz sessions. The performance was broadcast by Radio Malaya, and will be handled in Kuala Lumpur, where the band plays Tuesday night, by Radio Diffusion, a wire service which reaches 13,000 homes in that city.

One sour note was heard from promotion man Hal Davis, acting as the Goodman personal manager and press agent on this trip. Because Christmas is followed by another holiday, "Boxing Day," in this city, papers were closed for two straight days. This would make any promotion man extremely nervous. However, the entire Goodman group has adopted the national philosophy of Thailand—Muy Pen Rai—meaning, "it makes no difference."

The band heads for Pnom Penh, Cambodia, and then for Rangoon. After that, it's Hongkong, Korea and Tokyo; then home. The ANTA-State Department tour seems to be blazing new trails for American jazz in this part of the world.

Capitol Distrib Wing Sets 3 New Key Posts

Hollywood.

Creation of three new key positions in Capitol Records Distributing Corp., was disclosed here by Geoffrey F. Racine, v.p. and national operations manager. Posts are being filled by promotion of three CRDC employees in a shuffle which created a new vacancy.

Stephen Strohm, staff assistant of national branch operations, has been moved up to the new post of assistant operations manager. He'll also be regional operations manager for Region 3, covering L. A., Frisco and Seattle. He'll headquarter here.

New post of regional operations manager of Region 1, covering the east from Boston to Jacksonville, goes to William D. Tyndall, branch operations manager in New York. Harold Grogan, staff assistant of national branch operations, becomes regional operations manager in Region 2, the midwest.

Edgar L. Browning has been named branch operations manager of the N. Y. branch, replacing Tyndall.

Winnipeg to Indiana Switch for Kaufmann

Winnipeg.

Walter Kaufmann, conductor of Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, who put it on a permanent basis, leaves after his concert Jan. 17. He'll become a musicologist, lecturer, operatic and orchestral conductor at the U. of Indiana, Bloomington.

Conductors following his departure include Franz Allers, Victor Feldbrill and Paul Scherman.

Bing Crosby's 130,000,000 Disk Sale Makes Him Champ of Modern Era

By JIM WALSH

A credo established by the late Jack Kapp, founder-president of Decca Records, to make "Bing Crosby the most heard voice in America—and eventually the whole world" has paid off in the annals of modern era phonograph recording. Crosby's sales count, to date, totals 130,000,000 platters, which includes 19 gold records (1,000,000-sellers and over) on the Decca label, and a strong potential for an even score, as Capitol's biscuit of "True Love" (with Grace Kelly) is near the million mark.

Gene Austin is runnerup with 85,000,000 platters; "Ukulele Ike" Cliff Edwards' total of 64,000,000 disks sold, is closely crowded by the prolific Frank Luther, whose 3,000 kiddie recordings have sold into the 63,000,000 mark.

Perhaps outranking all, pop or longhair, is the late Billy Murray who disked between 6,000 and 10,000 different recordings, under a multiple array of noms-de-disk that threatened to exhaust the alphabet, and whose sales total may have reached the gross of 300,000,000. Because of Murray's prolific and devil-may-care thrashing into the wax at the drop of a flat fee the true count of his multiple pseudonyms and/or sales totals probably will never be known.

Vagabondia

He was typical of the traditional vagabondia of the turn-of-the-century show business when all a singer or an actor cared about was whether he worked—protection in the future through royalties etc. never seemed to figure.

Crowding Murray was the late Henry Burr who, like his colleague sang solo and in ensemble, and also an assortment of wax works' identities. He topped Murray on the number of titles but not in sales. Burr's 12,000-20,000 different titles are estimated to have sold "only" 240,000,000. Murray's career was perhaps the most extended as well as extensive in light of his 1897-1942 professional activities, totaling a span of 45 years.

(This appraisal excludes the longhairs, hence the sales totals of the Carusos, Schumann-Heinks, Toscaninis et al. will not be included.)

In the period that Kapp pioneered "the most heard voice" he was daring in more than one way. It was the heyday of radio. Crosby and the trade, Kapp included, often wondered what would happen if the Groaner was "opposed" by his own recordings. It happened more than once. Kapp had the vision that a platter-chatterer playing a Crosby cavalcade still would fall short of the crooner topping his own show, with a guest like Al Jolson or Satchmo, and so the penetration into the hinterland continued.

Crosby was the first to be allotted a regular "Bing Crosby hour" on an independent station, a habit that still continues despite the Groaner's self-admitted cutback in style, voice and sales impact—excepting that "True Love," his first away from Decca, even belies that.

Der Bingle's recording record is even more remarkable than it appears at first sight when all the factors of his career are reviewed. He started out as a platter performer in the late 1920's, first heard of as a member of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys and a vocalist with Whiteman's orch. The record business then was not as good as it had been half a dozen years before, and the offerings of the Rhythm Boys—Crosby, Barris and Rinker—didn't send sales soaring. Soon afterward, a combination of the stock market crash, depression and radio dominance hit the disk business so hard that by 1932 platters were considered almost as antique as bustles. Even as late as 1936 the Assn. of Recording Artists issued a plea for fewer radio plugs of pop tunes. The jeremiad said bestselling platters were then racking up sales of fewer than 20,000.

Much of Crosby's recording, for Victor, Brunswick and minor labels, was done during the drab depression days. Sales continued at rock bottom until after he signed with the 35c Decca platter in 1934. Negligible circulation explains why Bing admirers have paid steep prices for many of his ancient platters. Even with Dec-

ca, the average Crosby record has been only a fair seller, but he has had perhaps two score others that have ranged from big to sensational and swelled his total to gargantuan proportions. Now no longer pacted exclusively to Decca, Crosby has his biggest hit in years, co-starred with Grace Kelly on Capitol's "True Love."

Next a deserved tribute to Gene Austin, who has recently wangled himself—it seems like old times!—a Victor contract on the strength of his upcoming film biog. If this pioneer crooner had been able to keep up the dizzy pace he began to set in 1925 with "Yearning," "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," and others and if he had kept recording steadily until today, he might have been the alltime champ. Gene has had some of Victor's all-time top sellers—"Ramona," "Girl Of My Dreams," "My Blue Heaven" and others of that mellifluous type. Like Crosby, he began his career in the '20's, ran headlong into the near-demise of the record industry and, unlike Crosby, has never since had a standout seller. Gene was the top boy for half a dozen years, but the brief span of his peak period keeps him from being, in this diskologist's appraisal, platter maker No. 1. Even so, sales of 85,000,000 are attributed to him.

Speaking of Jolson, there's a tendency among some observers to think that because he is commonly referred to by his admirers as "The World's Greatest Entertainer," he must also have been the top recording artist. But there are no figures to back up such a belief. Jolie had a few big selling Victor records in 1912-13 before he signed with Columbia, but his early Columbia sales apparently were small because his records from 1913 to 1916 are hard to find. After that, those of 1917-23 vintage become fairly common in second-hand furniture stores, Salvation Army depots and other places where collectors go to search through stacks of soiled disks. When Jolson signed with Brunswick in 1924 it was announced he would be paid the highest fee ever received by a phono singer up to that time—\$1,400,000 for a four-year contract. Radio was then beginning to get in some deadly licks and Jolson's first Brunswick, "California, Here I Come" and "I'm Goin' South," was a flop, selling less than 90,000 of the 200,000 total that had been hoped for. He didn't have a big Brunswick seller until "Sonny Boy" and "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder" were coupled in 1927 and went past 2,000,000. His Decca records have sold extensively since his death, but he still doesn't appear to belong in the Crosby-Austin class, platter wise.

Cliff Edwards, Frank Luther

Two more vet warblers who must be mentioned as high-rankers are Cliff Edwards, who claims a sales total of 64,000,000, and Frank Luther, one of the Decca standbys, who recently became consultant on children's programs and public affairs at WNAC and WNAC-TV, Boston. Luther has made more than 3,000 records, with a reported sales total of 63,000,000. He has no competition as the foremost recorder of moppet-slanted material. His children's records are classics in their field, but he was also a big-selling pop vocalist in the late 1920s and a partner of Carson Robison made innumerable hillbilly platters under a bewildering assortment of aliases.

In mentioning these oldtimers with long periods of servitude there is no intention of slighting the big sellers of the present day—Frank Sinatra, Doris Day, Patti Page, Johnnie Ray, Gene Autry and others, even including Elvis Presley, who will certainly become the top all-timer IF he continues his present pace—but that's a big IF. However, they simply haven't put in enough years before the mike to qualify yet as the tops.

Statistics presented up to now apply only to singers. The totals for dance bands are a different, and difficult matter because many have recorded under such a bewildering array of assumed names that identifying them is more than tough. Who not in the know, for instance,

(Continued on page 240)

At Wits End Lurks the Yok

By VERNON DUKE

"You gotta have heart"—preaches a typical theatre song and so the heart is still a must—the harder, the better. The hardhearted—no longer "stout—" or "tender—" hearted heroes and heroines of our music shows are slangy, casual and seldom given to romantic mush. As a concession to the all-powerful record industry, and in order to get into a good disk-jockeying position, you still gotta have heart—but do ya hafta have wit? What's that? If you mean wisecracks, gags, "yoks"—hell, yes. Solid, man; but "wit"—that's not for the eats, it's for the birds. Possibly. It is also meant for ladies and gentlemen who love the theatre, the uncomfortably alert cognoscenti with an eye for sets and costumes and an ear for witty verse and dialogue as well as an imaginative, commercially doomed tune. For the most part, such anachronistic characters have been pushed aside by wise guys and living dolls, on the town for their kicks—and it's easy to see why wit is not the thing they dig the most.

A wit like Oscar Wilde would hardly be considered wild today ("gay" is the current term) and would never win any Oscars with his epigrams. In the musical theatre, wit is now relegated to the intimate or topical revue and the East Side boites, where such purveyors of rarefied "esprit" as Mabel Mercer or Bobby Short hold forth for the benefit of their rather special clientele. A whole batch of "borderline" versifiers, shuttling between the small revue genre and the nightclub "special material" industry, has sprung up of late—gifted people like Sheldon Harnick ("Boston Beguine"), Bart Howard ("You're Not The First One") or Murray Grand ("April In Fairbanks"). Comden and Green, quick-witted alumnae of the Cafe school, are now firmly established in the film and show field, so there may be a future for the younger men who work the after-theatre groove. By and large, wit is an unfashionable commodity and can more readily be found in the writings of Manhattan's critics when reviewing a play, than in the play itself.

Different Strains

There was no lack of wit in the work of our older lyricists, who had Gilbert or Wodehouse for their model. All the nuances were available; the elfin, bitter-sweet wit of a Lorenz Hart, the clipped, Park Avenue-cosmopolitan patois of a Cole Porter, the red-blooded, he-man-with-pipe guffaw of an Oscar Hammerstein; sly wit with folksy overtones of a Mercer or a Harburg; the trenchant lingo of the city working man caught by a Harold Rome; the neo-Edward Leary enchanting nonsense of an Ogden Nash; the silkily subtle humor of a Howard Dietz, or the lazy, good-natured, placidly "gemühtlich" fun with words which was Ira Gershwin's characteristic. Frank Loesser can of course, outwit almost anybody, as he can outdo most of us in whatever he undertakes—but his is the direct, hard-hitting approach, and I suspect that a wittily-turned phrase is not his cup of tea at all. The late John Latouche's wit was of the outlandish, unpredictable sort: it crawled into an otherwise innocuous couplet and left you a bit goggle-eyed.

I can quite see why our producers and star performers, ever on the lookout for hay-makers and show-stoppers, frown on wit in comedy songs, presumably intended to "lay 'em in the aisles." They go along with Chesterfield, who claimed that: "a witty thing never excited laughter; it pleases only the mind, and never distorts the countenance." Where, pray, would the producer be if he couldn't count the laughs? Were one to use Nancy Mitford's snobbish pigeon-holing method, one could say that wit is U. whereas sock and boffo yaks are emphatically Non-U. Well, who ever heard of the Ivy Leaguers, Damon Runyon's Yales or Harvards, making or breaking a show? Lord knows, they roast every incoming musical in the "Yale Rec-

ord," fortunately, read by few, except the undergraduates.

The truth of the matter is that a witty song seldom goes over with the average audience. What happens is that an over-zealous rhymester, intent on double-entendre, ends up with triple-entendre, instead: the actual meaning of the line (straight) is unfolded first; then the play on words, or "twist," calculated to be hysterical by the poetaster; thirdly, what actually emerges—inchoate gibberish, made incomprehensible by the sudden blast of three trombones fff, outpunching the punch-line. Safer by far to wear your art on your sleeve and dispense with ambiguity.

Not that there haven't been some brilliant exceptions to the general rule. "My Fair Lady" is a shining show, both generic and unique, wherein Alan Jay Lerner succeeded in matching G. B. Shaw's wit in his book adaptation and lyrics. Cole Porter and the Spewacks certainly did themselves and Shakespeare proud with "Kiss Me Kate," a sapidly witty as well as theatrically entertaining, tour de force. But these two are untypical of contemporary trends. Today's producer firmly believes that if you wanna live modern, you gotta kill the people. And, mister, they won't die laughing, if you serve them wit.

Leinsdorf's Ocean Hops

Conductor Erich Leinsdorf has a busy sked running through next summer. During January and February, he'll conduct four performances of "Arabelle" for the Metropolitan Opera and also baton 11 concerts with the Concertgebouw in Holland. Following the windup of his "Arabella" assignment Feb. 22, he heads for the coast to conduct the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra in a series of dates.

For the summer, Leinsdorf has agreed to conduct three performances of "Rake's Progress" in June at the Holland Festival. Incidentally, he's also scheduled to be the intermission guest Feb. 16 on the Metropolitan Opera Guild's broadcast of "Siegfried."

No Jazz In the Kremlin

By HAL DAVIS

Here, for the first time, is the story of the trip to Russia Benny Goodman didn't make—and some suppositions as to why!

The story begins in 1947, when the Voice of America was transmitting to Russia. Charlie Thayer was head of the Russian desk and became interested in jazz as a means of getting through to the people of that country. After luncheon one day, we decided that Benny Goodman would make a perfect choice as music consultant to the Voice of America. Benny was, as always, willing. So, soon after, five record programs a week were on their way to the USSR, with BG as disk jockey. The comments were pointed at the fact that music is much like a democracy; it isn't what you a-e but how you play that counts.

In a little while, fan mail began arriving from behind the Iron Curtain. And, one day, Charlie called with a message from Ambassador Bedell Smith. Smith had sent a glowing wire, indicating the broadcasts were getting through, and that Russian bandleaders had suddenly begun to play American tunes. It seemed as though some of the Russians were getting together and copying arrangements from what they heard on the radio. It was obvious that the people of Russia liked Benny Goodman and American jazz.

And Still He Waits

As a logical step, Benny felt he might do some good in Russia, taking his band and playing both popular music and classical. Sitting in with a Russian symphony would do much to show the musical bonds between both countries. So, about 18 months ago, BG went down to see the State Department. They were for the idea; provided he could get the Russians to let him into the country.

Next step; the Russian embassy

Lev Shorr's Vision

San Francisco.

Lev Shorr, 56-year-old Frisco concert pianist, lost the sight in his left eye in an accident in 1917, four years ago lost the sight of his right eye through a severe case of glaucoma which surgery failed to correct.

Last August the same doctor who performed the surgery of four years ago transplanted the cornea of his hopeless left eye to the glaucoma-clouded right eye—and today Shorr's sight has returned to the point where he can see the food on his plate.

His wife, violinist Frances Wiener, says the happy operation has only one drawback: "He used to sit quietly when I'd drive him around town. Now, all of a sudden, I've got a backseat driver on my hands!"

Top U.S. Diskers To Brit. in Bow Of RCA-Decca Tie

London.

To signalize its affiliation with the British Decca group, RCA-Victor is setting up an agenda for leading U. S. disk stars to appear in Britain commencing April 1.

Eddie Fisher, Billy Eckstine, Ames Bros. and Jaye P. Morgan are to be among the first of the stars to come over in this connection.

The records will be released in Britain on an RCA label, but will be pressed and distributed by Decca. Also, titles recorded for RCA in the U. S. will be simultaneously released throughout the world. This has resulted from the fact that many listeners to the Armed Forces Networks have not been able to purchase the disks they have heard on the air in this country, and this has obviously meant a loss of sales.

When the new distribution scheme is perfected, RCA looks for sales of a world hit to reach 5,000,000 copies.

In Washington. Benny and myself went to see Mr. Guk, the cultural attache. The interview, though a little Alfred Hitchcockish, went off beautifully. Yes, the Russians liked his music. Yes, it was a good idea to go. Yes, it probably could be arranged. Would Benny like to meet the Russian musicians then coming over? It would make things even better. One small item: final approval from Moscow, which should take about a month.

Benny is still waiting. I have some guesses about what happened. Of all popular musicians in America, Goodman is the best example of native musical talent. And, maybe wrongly for the Kremlin, Benny's bands have always been truly democratic. Goodman is no crusader for the Rights of Man. He has what is the only real approach in the final analysis; how well does a man perform.

The sight of Negro and white musicians playing together in harmony—not to mention rhythm—might have been too much for a government which has made quite a point of perpetuating stereotypes about treatment of American racial minorities. The Goodman band is a living example of the true American tradition. Maybe the Russians were smart in having the "Porgy and Bess" troupe instead. Not that "Porgy and Bess" isn't good for America, but it doesn't represent us in the same dramatic realistic manner.

At this writing, the Goodman band is in Siam, knocking out "One O'Clock Jump" and "Sing, Sing, Sing." The Siamese cats are purring and the lesson for our Far Eastern friends as they watch the band should be obvious; without any belaboring of the point.

America is a place where men can, and do, get along on the basis of their worth. The career of Benny Goodman proves the truth of our American story.

Crosby's 130,000,000 Disk Sales

Continued from page 239

would spot the Broadway Dance Orchestra on the whilom Edison Diamond Disks as Vincent Lopez's outfit? Many dance ensembles have sold in the million. Ted Lewis was quoted not long ago as claiming sales of more than 5,000,000 for some of his Columbias and it would be interesting to know what Paul Whiteman and Guy Lombardo have sold through the years. There's no way of knowing, either, how many dance records conducted by Ben Selvin have been peddled under a flock of aliases. Louis Armstrong is probably tops among the jazzers, whose records as a rule haven't sold in tremendous quantities. But it's doubtful that any of the bands equal Crosby or Austin.

Oldtimers' Stratospheric Sale

The writer feels it a matter of justice to the dead to point out the possibility—even the probability—that none of the present-day performers has sold as many records over the long haul as a number of platter makers whose careers ended long ago. In this musicologist's opinion if you want to find out whose records had the largest sales over the years you should at least consider the days when the talent sang or played into a horn instead of a mike, and exclusive contracts were rare. A good argument can be made that a singer or musician who sold his services to 20 or 30 companies had his name on more labels than the fellow who was exclusive to one, even though the sales of many of the minor outfits were small by comparison with those enjoyed by the one-time "Big Three"—Victor, Columbia and Edison.

By the same token, although Crosby's "White Christmas" is the biggest selling title by a single performer, the sales of the Berlin opus as a single number probably have been beaten by a good many standard compositions. Who, for instance, can estimate the total sales throughout the world of a standard like Dvorak's "Humoresque," which has been recorded by every violinist of any pretensions, by pianists, harpists, orchestras, vocalists, and about every conceivable combination of instruments? With no royalties paid on this or other standard numbers published before 1909, it's impossible to offer authoritative figures, but the chances are that many melodies of the "Humoresque" caliber have sold far more than 10,000,000 platters, even though not approaching the "White Christmas" figure for a single interpretation. "White Christmas," incidentally, has sold 20,000,000 disks in toto on some 200 different versions on over 125 labels.

Now let's consider a few worthy claimants for all time top honors, even though their records are now regarded as "obsolete" (while still being sought by thousands of avid admirers) and are not found in any present day catalogs.

Billy Murray's 45-Year Span

The late Billy Murray's (1877-1954) recording career spanned the amazing stretch of 45 years—from its beginning in 1897 until it was permanently ended in 1942 by record production difficulties resulting from World War II. There is no doubt that, most of the time, from 1903 until the advent of electric recording, Murray's records far outsold those of any other pop recorders combined. During the greater part of his career the comedian free-lanced, singing by the date for almost every American company.

"The Denver Nightingale" not only recorded thousands of solos—far more than any now active singer—but probably a couple of thousand duets with Ada Jones as well as hundreds of twosomes with other singers, and was starred as the lead in around a thousand disks and cylinders by the American and Premier Quartets. The total of records made by Murray has been variously estimated at from 6,000 to 10,000—nobody really knows how many. Estimating the average sale at 50,000 copies—almost certainly too low a figure—and multiplying this by 6,000 gives a gigantic total of 300,000,000, or more than twice that credited to Crosby. This, of course, is pure speculation and, with so many companies for which Murray sang out of business a generation or more, there is no way of going to the books and making an exact count.

Henry Burr, (1882-1941), known in his later years as "The Dean of

Ballad Singers," is another strong claimant. He began in 1902 and was active for 30 years. During most of that time he was a free lance—so energetic a free lance that he probably made twice as many record titles as any other artist who has yet lived. His total must have run somewhere between 12,000 and 20,000 titles, counting not only his solos, but also his duets with Albert Campbell and some 50 other singers, and his ensemble work as lead of the Sterling Trio, the Peerless Quartet and other groups. One of his Columbia records, "Good Night, Little Girl, Good Night," sold over 3,000,000 copies—partly on the strength of being distributed as a 25 cent "sample record." During his later period, as sentimentality became more popular than comedy, Burr's records forged ahead of Murray's. Figuring that only an average of 20,000 copies were sold per title—again an average that seems far too low—20,000 multiplied by 12,000 would give 240,000,000.

Irving Kaufman Top Band Singer

Irving Kaufman, still living but retired, made several thousand solo and duet disks in a 20-year span and without question sang the refrains for more dance records than any other vocalist. Some Kaufman admirers contend that, counting his dance platters, he had the biggest sale. The late Arthur Fields believed he was the champion dance-band songplugger, but he seems to rank next to Kaufman.

Cal Stewart (1856-1919), the "Uncle Josh" rube comedy specialist, had a recording career beginning in the 1890's and continuing until his death. His rustic humor sold terrifically.

Ada Jones' recording activities began in 1904 and for several years afterward, on the strength of solos and duets with Len Spencer, Billy Murray and other artists, she was the sensation of the industry. To this day no other woman recorder has ever had such a fanciful following. She was still making records when she died in 1922.

Arthur Collins and Byron G. Harlan worked as an enormously successful duet team from 1902 to 1925—the longest partnership in the history of record making—and they had been outstanding single performers before that. Most of their offerings were big sellers and their total output must have been close to Burr's.

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare estimated they made over 6,000 records, many of them heavy sellers, during a decade beginning around 1919. A surprise entry might be that untiring gospel hymn singer, the late Homer Rodeheaver, who was associated for a generation with Billy Sunday's revival activities. Rodeheaver's records, of which "In the Garden," "The Old Rugged Cross" and "Brighten the Corner Where You Are" are typical, sold amazingly, especially in the South and Middle West. He not only sang for every company with the price but also had his own successful firm which turned out Rainbow records.

It's necessary to look overseas for the champ recorder from a time-elapsed standpoint. In 1904, a 22-year-old Australian bass-baritone, Peter Dawson, made his first record in London for the Edison Bell company. At last report, 52 years later, Peter is still making them. Today he spends part of his time in Britain and part in Australia, but still recording for HMV wherever he is.

The Scottish comedian, Harry Lauder, who was equally as popular in the States as abroad, probably has been the biggest British seller, unless John McCormack's huge ballad output has him topped.

Lastly, no one who knows his records can forget a rotund, stocky Italian gentleman who began turning out platters in 1902 (he had previously made a few cylinders) and kept it up until just before he died in August, 1921. Death didn't interrupt his sales. In recent years, largely on the strength of the "Great Caruso" film, he resumed a bestseller status on both singles and LP's. If he keeps going the next hundred years as he is now, it's hardly debatable that Enrico Caruso in 2057 will be the alltime biggest selling recording artist—unless, of course, Crosby's "White Christmas" and "Silent Night" head him off.

Anybody Can Make An Album And Who Isn't?

By ARNOLD SHAW

These days it is the LP album, rather than the single release, that is giving A & R men H & H² and increasing the consumption of A & B² tablets. Since the eye-sell has always been easier than the ear-sell, life was lazy for a long time in the album field. Selling one LP was like selling six singles and you had a bulging babe on a glossy, laminated cover to attract sales. However, as the babes have grown bulgier and bulgier, and chemises have become thinner and thinner, good album ideas have grown scarcer and scarcer. After all, how many Holidays, Honeymoons, Adventures, Escapades, can one have in Paris, London and Rio? Also, by this time all the available Moonlight, Sunlight and Starlight have been exhausted at Port-au-Prince, on the Nile, and over the Gowanus Canal.

What is obviously needed is a new approach. Romance is great. The lure of the exotic is inescapable. And relaxation is desirable. But if the LP market is not to settle into a thick, unsalable batter, we had better not disregard the experience of the book people. Some time ago, they discovered that it's possible to sell more copies of a book on "How to Scale a Fish" than "Moby Dick" ever sold. In other words, let's get practical.

For example, consider the market for an LP delicately entitled: "Music for Nagging Wives" and think of the number of husbands who couldn't pass up such an album. Naturally, it would begin with the tune, "After You're Gone." Then there'd be "Me and My Shadow" and "The Song Is Ended, but the Melody Lingers On." Probably a note of wistfulness should be added: "Oh, Lady Be Good" or "Try a Little Tenderness."

When it comes to office problems, there is undoubtedly a market for an LP boldly labelled, "Music for Wage Earners About to Ask for a Raise." Possible tunes: "Little Things Mean a Lot," "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire" and "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling." To hearten the more delicate individual: "I Can't Get Started," "The Longest Walk" and "Be Still, My Heart." And for that feeling after the interview: "There, I've Said It Again" and "I Don't Know Where I'm Going But I'm On My Way."

Turning to a matter with possibly even greater sales potential, why not try an album entitled, "Music for a Hangover." Such tunes as "Speak Low" and "Deep Purple" would be naturals. Additional songs: "The Breeze and I," "Laughing on the Outside (Crying on the Inside)," "I Didn't Know What Time It Was."

Actually, once we conceive of the LP not merely as a mood maker but as a pain killer, a vast number of new ideas present themselves.

For example:

1. Music after a String of Losers at the Track.
2. Songs for Worrying.
3. Songs for Worrying Your Mother-in-Law.
4. Music for Preparing an Income Tax Return.
5. Music for a Retreating Hairline and an Advancing Waistline.
6. Music for a Cold in the Head.
7. Music for When the Fish Aren't Biting.
8. Music for When You're Bored (or Boring).
9. Cool Music for a Hot Summer Day.
10. Hot Jazz for a Cold Winter Night.

1. You know whom.
2. Headache and Heartburn.
3. Anacin and Bufferin

Disk Best Sellers of 1956

Listed below in alphabetical order are the top 50 disk best sellers during 1956. Compilation is based on the information contained in VARIETY's weekly Retail Disk Best Sellers charts.

Artist-Title	Label
LES BAXTER—"Poor People of Paris"	Capitol
PAT BOONE—"Friendly Persuasion"	Dot
PAT BOONE—"I Almost Lost My Mind"	Dot
PAT BOONE—"I'll Be Home"	Dot
CATHY CARR—"Ivory Tower"	Fraternity
DON CHERRY—"Band of Gold"	Columbia
PERRY COMO—"Glendora"	Victor
PERRY COMO—"Hot Diggity"	Victor
PERRY COMO—"Juke Box Baby"	Victor
PERRY COMO—"More"	Victor
BING CROSBY & GRACE KELLY—"True Love"	Capitol
DORIS DAY—"Whatever Will Be, Will Be"	Columbia
VIC DAMONE—"On the Street Where You Live"	Columbia
BILL DOUGGETT—"Honky Tonk"	King
FATS DOMINO—"Blueberry Hill"	Imperial
FATS DOMINO—"I'm In Love Again"	Imperial
LONNIE DONNEN—"Rock Island Line"	London
EDDIE FISHER—"Dungaree Doll"	Victor
FOUR LADS—"No, Not Much"	Columbia
FOUR LADS—"Standing On the Corner"	Columbia
GOGI GRANT—"Wayward Wind"	Era
BILL HALEY'S COMETS—"See You Later, Alligator"	Decca
GEORGE HAMILTON 4th—"A Rose and a Baby Ruth"	ABC-Par
EDDIE HEYWOOD—"Soft, Summer Breeze"	Mercury
DICK HYMAN TRIO—"Moritat"	MGM
JIM LOWE—"Green Door"	Dot
RICHARD MALTBY—"Man With the Golden Arm"	Vik
MITCH MILLER—"Song for a Summer Night"	Columbia
GUY MITCHELL—"Singing the Blues"	Columbia
PATTI PAGE—"Allegheny Moon"	Mercury
PATIENCE & PRUDENCE—"Tonight You Belong to Me"	Liberty
CARL PERKINS—"Blue Suede Shoes"	Sun
PLATTERS—"Great Pretender"	Mercury
PLATTERS—"Magic Touch"	Mercury
PLATTERS—"My Prayer"	Mercury
ELVIS PRESLEY—"Don't Be Cruel"	Victor
ELVIS PRESLEY—"Heartbreak Hotel"	Victor
ELVIS PRESLEY—"Hound Dog"	Victor
ELVIS PRESLEY—"I Want You, I Need You, I Love You"	Victor
ELVIS PRESLEY—"Love Me"	Victor
ELVIS PRESLEY—"Love Me Tender"	Victor
JOHNNIE RAY—"Just Walking in the Rain"	Columbia
NELSON RIDDLE—"Lisbon Antigua"	Capitol
DON ROBERTSON—"Happy Whistler"	Capitol
FRANK SINATRA—"Hey, Jealous Lover"	Capitol
KAY STARR—"Rock and Roll Waltz"	Victor
MORRIS STOLOFF—"Moonglow-Picnic"	Decca
TEENAGERS—"Why Do Fools Fall in Love"	Gee
GENE VINCENT—"Be-Bop-a-Lula"	Capitol
HUGO WINTERHALTER—"Canadian Sunset"	Victor

Cooper as Pathfinder For KC's Foremost Label

Kansas City.

Foremost Records, label formed here a few months ago, is breaking out with its second batch of releases during the next couple of weeks. Its sales manager, Max Cooper, currently is trekking Coast cities introducing several new singles and a couple of albums.

He's introducing the label's new male vocalist, baritone Barry Masters, with a pair of originals. Diskery also is bringing out a single with Sondra Steele doing two originals, both ballads, and a single by Jon & Sondra Steele, one a novelty and one a spiritual. Company also has an album for children, releasing its first by Whizzo, KMBC-TV favorite here. It's called "Whizzo, Your Klown Buddy."

Following the Coast trek, Cooper will tour northern and eastern cities the last half of the month, contacting dealers, jocks, press, radio-tv.

Remembrances Of Nazi Upheaval

By ROBERT STOLZ

Vienna.

The character of a man is being formed by the events in his life, by his successes and even more by his failures. There is hardly anyone, living or dead, who has experienced so many ups and downs during his life as I did. But there is one thing which, aside of love, makes life worth living and that is friendship. We all would be so much poorer and really miserable without our trusted and sincere friends. The world would be a much nicer place to live in, if all people would realize it. A principle I adhered all my life to is that when a friend is successful don't bother him, leave him alone, but when he is down don't wait until he asks you for help, rush immediately before he does so. Anyway I am always for the weaker one and all my life I remained faithful to that "underdog policy" of mine.

Motion picture producer-director Ernst Neubach, author of one of the biggest hits, "I Lost My Heart in Heidelberg," writes in his excellent book, "Fleeting Sands," about friendship in our trade and tells how differently artists acted back in 1938 when Austria was overrun by Hitler. There was a saying in Vienna at that time that "the home of Robert Stolz is a synagogue." My Jewish friends librettists and collaborators with their families found daily, at least for a few hours, a refuge in my home. They felt secure there as, according to the Nazi laws, my origin was all right, i.e., non-Jewish. To help them obtain visas, exit permits and railroad tickets was a matter of pure humanity. But I do hesitate to write about that.

Before I came to the U.S. for the first time I sometimes received letters from the late Jack Kapp, founder of Decca Records. We knew each other only by correspondence. But when I arrived in New York (the first few months were very difficult), Jack Kapp was the first one to remember, to come, to offer me a contract and money which in those days was a real help. I am happy that my records which I made for him were so successful that I was able not only to pay back the advance but even earn very nicely. But this was one of these rare occasions when a friend wasn't a "good time Charlie."

A long time before that happened, at the beginning of my career, I was engaged as a young conductor in Brno (Czechoslovakia), where they had an excellent opera house. Some of the greatest singers, like Leo Slezak, started there. It all began with a pretty, slender girl of 16 named Maria, who sang in the chorus of that Opera House. One night I was directing Verdi's "Aida" when something "sensational" happened. The Brno Opera House had as guest a famous star from the Imperial Vienna Opera House, Else Bland. At the grand finale of the second act when she let loose her high C, the chorus joined in and then... Maria over-trumped her with her stronger high C and covered the guest's high C entirely. I had known all the time that the young girl had a beautiful voice because her family lived in the same house as I did and I heard the girl vocalize. Direc-

'Jass', Swing, Lombardo or Welk, It's Gotta Have That Beat

By PAT BALLARD

I bought my first copy of VARIETY right after graduating (without honors and with considerable relief from the teachers) from Troy (Pa.) High School where I distinguished myself only as the loudest trap-drummer in that part of the state. I soon had a job offered me in a very hip orchestra in the then very hip city of Elmira, N. Y.

Old showmen will recognize that name. Many pre-Broadway plays were tried out there, notably those written by Winchell Smith for John Golden—because Smith had married a girl from neighboring Troy; my mother's best friend incidentally. Hence I got the smell of grease-paint and the lingo of VARIETY all smeared over myself during those exciting years when "jass" was the name of a new sound in dance music, the word later being changed to "jazz" for reasons that have no business in a family journal, factual they may be. I loved the sound of the Original Dixieland Jass Band from the moment I heard their first

Victor record. My mother was a fine musician—knew every soprano opera role by heart—and when I set up my Ludwig drums in our Victorian front parlor, the poor soul cringed and father went right out and started our old 1914 Cadillac which had a noisy 4-cylinder motor with cut-out (which only gave my 24-inch Chinese crash cymbal something nice to bounce off of, soundwise).

Elmira was like a little New York in those days... every kind of gay amusement that young men have yearned for since recorded time. It literally took me by storm because I was playing to a tremendous audience every night at the famed Rorick's Glen Summer Park which also had one of America's first bigtime summer musical stock theatres. So I played loud on the frying pans, cowbells, cymbals and broke a dozen pairs of drumsticks every night; and soon what happened to jazz?

It got refined. Noise gave way to subtle flatted fifths which is a term meaning a discordant sound appealing mostly to opium smokers. Arrangements got fancier and fancier until the arrangers were arranging only for each other and not for the public. Musicians started to let their hair grow and read books. Then, in my opinion, American dance music started down the slide because the bands forgot all about the beat and stressed the guy who could play the most notes rather than the ones (like Bix) who played few notes but always the right ones.

Who's Left?

Now we have Lombardo left who gives 'em melody and a beat, and Welk likewise, and nothing pleases me more than to see these two smart gents prosper. They only please the public, not the hipsters, whose trade wouldn't fill the Music Hall but once, for they have to have a new idol every week... (The fellow who gets the farthest away from the composer's melody and original harmony is their pet, until somebody comes along who can play "Stardust" backwards, leaving out all sharps and flats.)

I still look forward to Wednesday because I get the same belt out of VARIETY in its 51st year as I did back in 1917 when I hadn't the remotest idea of what 9/10th of the language was all about. Then came vaudeville; I toured a year with the late Earl Fuller—who made America's first dance records, by the way—and played 5 shows a day for Pantages and got stuck in Saskatoon, some place a few miles south of the North Pole. But I always had a copy of VARIETY and occasionally a couple of bucks. So—dance music since 1917? Who plays it except Guy & Larry. Although I'm at heart a loud, 2-beat Dixieland man, I get sick of these millionaires being called corny when the rest are just playing to so-so business.

The "experts" who write the books (a real expert, with the exception of Condon, could never write a book—he just knows.) Tony Sparbaro, for instance, the drummer, still great, who was with the Original Dixieland bunch. Talk to him down at Nick's some night. He'll say (if he says what he said to me) "The Harvards and Yales don't really want to know the facts about jazz... just what they want to believe." Dixieland—the original happy sound—is now considered almost unworthy of the name "jazz" and the atonal garbage they call jazz (with a straight puss up Newport way) would make a New Orleans musician dog-sick.

Is modern "jazz" great? If so, why is the boxoffice so limited? We used to pack 'em in 5 shows a day with standees, and repeaters, and the Mayor was at the station because we played music to dance to, not mumble and mope at.

Well, old boy get with it and quit the beefs. As Sparbaro (now monickered Spargo for short) said: "The Harvards and Yales don't really want to know the facts about jazz." They want to be pundits. And the Ed. said in his note to play down the punditizing, so just when we were getting started we'll quit. "Thirty," as no newspaperman I've ever known would say.

That Unbalanced Budget

Gustav Holm devotes in his book "Im 34 Takt durch die Welt" ("In 34 Time Through the World") a full chapter on "Why Robert Stolz could never balance his budget." He writes: "Artists are either misers or spendthrifts. Robert has one weakness—his generosity towards his friends and what is more disastrous, his friends have still more friends, so that quite strange fellows did not hesitate to misuse Robert's heart." Holm writes that gradually it became customary that I pay checks for scores of people who visited the once famous Cafe Dobner (equivalent of Sardi's or Lindy's) in Vienna where all important and less important artists used to meet regularly. Next door there was a restaurant called The Winegarden, and it happened very often that the headwaiter came to Robert and said: "Maestro, there is a man in the restaurant who says that you will pay his bill."

Robert: "How does he look?"

Waiter: "A little fat guy with a moustache and baldhead."

Robert: "No idea who that can be."

Waiter: "He says you don't know him, but he knows you as an artist who helps other artists. He is a painter."

Robert: "What did he have?"

Waiter: "Crab soup, two Schnitzel, one beef with peas, eight glasses of beer."

Robert: "No dessert?"

Waiter: "No, Maestro, he says he is diabetic."

Robert: "Well, I was lucky this time. All right I'll pay."

Some people cannot take success. On their way to the top they lose the most cherished treasure they have: their friends. And when bad times come again they are alone and much poorer than when they started. It is my sincere belief that it is worth a great effort to keep a friend and it is our duty to help him if and when he needs us.

Tin Pan Alley on a Turntable

(Continued from page 234)

with the Birdland and Storyville tempos has been remote until this past year.

For some reason a wave of Holland ginmill type of dansapation has come to the fore. Epic Records released an interesting pot pourri titled "Jazz Behind the Dikes," medleying five groups, the Wessel Ilcken Combo, of which the drummer is the maestro; Frans Elsen Quartet and Rob Madna Trio, both headed by the pianists bearing the units' names; Herman Schoonderwalt, baritone sax, heads the Septet bearing his name; and an alto saxist heads the Tony Vos Quartet. A Du'ch femme, Pia Beck, with rhythm trio and quartet backing, also has produced an Epic LP under the titillating tag of "Dutch Treat," very much in the Yank idiom. In all instances, the American and British military bases, which these units tour, have been springboards for international appeal.

Merengue, Calypso & Religioso

Other than rock 'n' roll, the dance tempos remained firm. The merengue has yet to catch on as did the mambo, which continues solid, with the cha-cha-cha the latest to enjoy any new vogue.

A revival of the calypso, however, seems to be fulminating; more and more intimeries are catching on with the Trinidad beat. Harry Belafon e perhaps was the most potent in furthering its revival.

Lawrence Welk is given credit for sparking the accordion anew, and there is a sales upbeat also in the Hammond organ and kindred chord instruments. The polka also seems to be making a little impact.

A paradox is the upbeat in piano sales, as reported by the National Piano Mfrs. Assn., which, however, knows that sheet music isn't selling and wants to know what happens there since obviously the 88s require something besides a shawl to decorate the pianoforte.

In recent years, usually as much a postwar manifestation as the fact that such other offbeat tempos as the cha-cha-cha, merengue, calypso, or rock 'n' roll come along there has been a religious cycle. A sampling of some of the titles in the pop idioms speak for themselves: "I Believe," "One Little Candle," "My Prayer," "You'll Never Walk Alone," "Suddenly There's A Valley," "He," "The Lord's Prayer," "It Takes Time," "There's Never A Prayer Unanswered," "Only One," "I Found A Friend," "Somebody Up There Likes Me," "Somebody Bigger Than You and I," "I'm Walking Behind You," "Cross Over The Bridge," "This Ole House," "Crying In The Chapel," "It Is No Secret," "Bless This House," "I Passed By Your

Much as "Papa Loves Mambo" was not only an ingenious title but helped project that new tempo, the rock 'n' roll idiom keyed such titles as "Rock 'n' Roll Call" (Louis Jordan), "Rock Around Mother Goore," "We Want A Rock 'n' Roll President," "Rock 'n' Roll Rhapsody," "Cuban Rock," "Dixieland Roll," "Rock 'n' Roll Religion," "Honolulu Rock 'n' Roll," "Condemned For Life (With A Rock 'n' Roll Wife)," "Rock-Hearted Mama," "Tennessee Rock 'n' Roll," etc.

Cook's Tour Hit Parade

The global flavor has seen the foreign touch on Tin Pan Alley in recent years as more and more French, Italian, Spanish and German tunes, treatments, artists and platters found their way to the American public. And, in reverse, Yank pops are similarly translated and interpreted abroad. Sometimes it calls for a little resourcefulness to achieve popularity, as witness "Petticoats of Portugal," a Copacabana (N.Y. nitery) excerpt which had to be waxed in Portugal, and the master "imported" back to America, to really create trade interest. Tune is in the idiom of "Lisbon Antigua" and "Poor People of Paris," both instrumental smashes. Hugo Winterhalter's version of Eddie Heywood's "Canadian Sunset" was a homegrown product which will probably become a theme song in the Dominion.

Samples of the global Cook's tours in song are Nelson Riddle's click disk, "Lisbon Antigua" and "Port au Prince," Les Baxter's "Poor People of Paris," Hugo Winterhalter's "Flaherty's Beguine" and "Canadian Sunset," Mitch Miller's "Madeira," Georgia Gibbs' "Arividerci Roma," Patti Page's "Autumn in Rome," Bing Crosby's "In A Little Spanish Town" and Three Suns' "Beautiful Girls of Vienna."

Music Biz Necrology of 1956

The picture people, with their indie setups for capital gain, took a page from the music business, which is perhaps the copyright owner on show biz "angels." For years a pleasanter form of payola and cut-in operated via pseudo-independent publishing setups.

As the character of the business changed, and the artist—and his recording—was the tail wagging the dog, the publishers openly went into partnerships with this or that recording artist. Thus many a publisher had a half-dozen or more subsidiaries or affiliates, tied to some favored artist.

Larry Spier was one such, with tie-ins embracing Nat King Cole, the Four Lads, Johnnie Ray, David Whitfield, and others. When the vet music man died suddenly of a heart attack at 54, Larry Spier Jr. and Belle Nardone, his longtime aide, who are continuing the business, perpetuated the setups.

Dorsey, Spier, Link, Et al.

With the death of Tommy Dorsey, his two music firms, Dorsey Bros. Music (ASCAP) and Embassy Music (BMI), have been placed on the block for \$300,000.

Just before colorful music man Harry Link died at 60, he was working on "Natchez-Parade" through his BMI publishing firm, and the diskeries decided to give it fullest coverage in tribute to the vet songplugger-tunesmith-publisher. Like Link, his widow, Dorothy Dick, has been a longtime ASCAP writer-member.

Herbert Wakefield Smith, who died in Brooklyn at 91, was the oldest ASCAP member.

Other tunesmiths who died this past year: Alma Sanders

(Mrs. Monte Carlo, with whom she was a husband-wife writing team, at 74; Richard Buck, 88; retired concert violinist Max Rosen, 56; Adrian Rollini, 53, bandleader-vibraharpist; vet Chi music publisher F. J. A. (Fred) Forster, 80; vet bandleader ("Lucky Strike," etc.) Benjamin A. Rolfe, 76; Will Oakland, 73, pioneer phonograph and radio singer, vaude and nitery performer, who also wrote songs; Harry Stewart, 47, Hollywood dialect comic and Capitol recording artist ("Yogi Yorgesson"); Hortense Montha, 52, concert pianist; French-born Andre Charlot, 74, whose 50 London revues, including the famed "Charlot's Revue" series, cradled much durable music; near-blind pianist Art Tatum at 42 (in contrast to which blind composer William C. Handy had his 83rd birthday on Nov. 17 celebrated by the W. C. Handy Foundation for the Blind, his pet charity).

Victor Young, who had renewed Broadway friendships only two weeks before his death in Palm Springs, on the occasion of the premiere of Michael Todd's "Around the World In 80 Days," which he had scored and musically conducted, like Spier was a victim of a sudden heart attack at 56. A film studio is planning a biopic on his songs and career.

Elsie Janis and Others

Other deaths of the music business and affiliated fields, since so many personalities border on it, have included in the 1956 annals Elsie Janis, 66, "Sweetheart of the AEF" and vet ASCAP member; innkeeper Frank Dailey, 55, whose Meadowbrook, Cedar Grove, N. J., has long been a flagship showcase for bands; vet bandmaster-composer Edwin Franko Goldman, 78; concert impresario Charles L. Wagner, 87; retired bandleader Eddie Davis, 64; bandleader Art Waner, 42; Marian MacDowell, 98, widow of one of America's great composers, Edward MacDowell; songsmith James A. Brennan, 70; songwriter-entertainer Jackie Osterman's mother, Kathryn Osterman; May Brahe, 70, Australian composer of more than 100 songs, including "Bless This House"; musical conductor Alex Hyde, 58; songwriter-vaudevillian Bob Carleton, 59; songsmith Lester Lee ("Pennsylvania Polka," etc.), 51; band and talent agent Billy Shaw (Shaw Artists Corp.); top saxer Frank Trumbauer, 55; Alexander C. Johnstone, 77, author and composer; songsmith Mort Dixon, 64; songwriter-bandleader Little Jack Little, 55; music man Frank Capano, 56; Sargent Aborn, 89, head president of Tams-Witmark Music Library; music publisher Elliott Shapiro, 60; and Joseph Rumshinsky, "the Victor Herbert of the Yiddish musical comedy stage"; songsmith Louis A. Handman, 67; Dr. Arthur Lange, composer-conductor-arranger, 67.

ASCAP Divvy Hassles

While ASCAP's distribution to its members again topped the \$20,000,000 marker in 1956, sharp disagreement again broke out last year in the ranks of the writers and publishers over how the melon should be divided. The internal debate was touched off by ASCAP board's revision of the performance values of jingles, themes, background music, cues, bridges, etc., as part of the Society's continuous reexamination of its payoff formula.

Basically, the ASCAP board has the problem of deciding between "legitimate" and "synthetic" plugs. It's known that some writers and publishers were, and still are, able to pile up tremendous performance credits on relatively unknown songs by placing them as themes on radio and tv shows, or getting regular plugs through control of performance artists on these media.

ASCAP's board, therefore, moved to give full performance value to themes, jingles, background music, etc., only when the tunes had already amassed 20,000 performance credits, with proportionate values for tunes that had lesser credits. ASCAP also cut back the value of a plug on a sustaining radio network show from 22 points to three points, which led directly to a Federal Court suit instituted by Barney Young, operator of Life Music, which specialized in getting network sustaining plugs. Another important suit concerning ASCAP was launched early last year by John Jacob Loeb and Carmen Lombardo over the Society's devaluation of repetitive plugs for theme songs on a single show. The Loeb-Lombardo tune, "Seems Like Old Times," is used by Arthur Godfrey as his CBS-TV theme.

ASCAP dissidents have rapped the board for favoring the old standards and the major firms in their payoff revisions. Since only about 500 songs in the whole of ASCAP's catalog have amassed 20,000 or more points, only a very limited number of tunes, owned mostly by the top publishers, can collect full performance values when used as themes, jingles, background, etc. A firm like Sam Fox Music, which has a big catalog of film background music, was hit hard by the new rulings and has hinted at bringing legal action against the Socie'y.

Two other major problems disturbing ASCAP's internal peace concern (1) the voting procedure; and (2) the logging technique. Several proposals have been made to modify the weighted ballot under which the number of votes controlled by each member is determined by his revenue. A writer earning \$20,000, for instance, now has 20 times the votes allotted to a writer earning only \$1,000. To the argument that such a setup is "undemocratic," the ASCAP board answers that it's no more so than any corporate structure where a stockholder's vote depends on the number of shares held.

Regarding logging, some in the ASCAP ranks want 100% coverage of all stations having blanket licenses. Under the present procedure, all network shows are logged 100% with the indie stations getting spot check coverage. In recent months, ASCAP has widened its logging coverage. Although new stations were added to the log, no new songs have turned up. Hence, ASCAP execs now feel that they have reached a saturation point in the coverage of indie outlets.

Pre-Electronic Plugging: Booze-ville To Vaudeville

By BERNARD SOBEL

Tenderloin dives and cheap saloons were the spawning grounds of the original songpluggers. The effort to make the nation sing songs involved people of all classes of society, stage stars, composers, precocious youngsters and, above all, music publishers.

One of the first to go out selling his songs by personal appeal was Edward B. Marks, who described his experiences in his autobiography, "They All Sing." "The best songs come from the sidewalk," he declared, his commercial slogan being "a plug's a plug."

Sometimes he, like other publishers, had the choruses of songs printed on small sheets of paper which he distributed in saloons and beerhalls. These booze joints, he would leave in a happy state of mind when he heard the slightly tipsy or completely stewed patrons singing his songs. Their ensemble efforts, however, weren't spontaneous, in the strict sense of the word, for young Marks had already treated the piano player to a couple of drinks or flattered the leader of a small band with a small cash donation. Sometimes, also, he paid a professional performer to sing or whistle the number, for whistling was popular in those far-off days.

Higher Merchandising Level

After covering the beer and dancehall circuit, Marks progressed to a higher type of merchandising. He invaded variety by bribing the doorman at Tony Pastor's to permit him to go backstage. There he strove to induce top singers to do his songs, and strangely enough, English singers in particular. For English entertainers would take back the number to London where, after winning the applause of the British, the same song would return to the U.S. as a hit. Sometimes this across-the-ocean reprise would take a year, but the belated American recognition always paid off.

The pay, however, which the singer received for his professional services was seldom in cash. It was merely a type of publicity that was extremely valuable 40 or 50 years ago; his name on the cover of the song number with the wording, "Dedicated by the composer to . . ." Even more important than a dedication was the publication of the singer's picture, with the printed legend on the side reading, "Popularized by . . ."

Fortunate was the publisher who contrived to feature Maggie Cline and Lottie Gibson. And enormous sales were attributed to Lydia Yeomans, who sang "Will You Love Me in December?"

Burlesque's Vocal Plugs

From the variety show, the manager went to burlesque where the stereopticon vocalist started off half the nation singing sob songs like "Break the News to Mother." Eventually, burlesque became such a remunerative aid to songplugging that publishers would pay for the staging and costuming of an entire number in order to feature a single song.

One enterprising composer, Harry Von Tilzer, noting the importance of this kind of publicity, contrived to get his own picture printed on his songs; and soon after, it can be truthfully stated that his face appeared in almost every home in America. For he was the author of scores of hits; and in those days, long before talking-machines and radio, the principal form of entertainment was standing around the piano and singing popular songs.

Highly important also were stage-struck kids who helped initiate, without realizing they were doing so, the commercial art of songplugging. They were called "bucksters," a vulgarization of the classic term "buskins." They learned their numbers by standing on the sidewalk in Tin Pan Alley and listening at the open windows while composers and rehearsal-pianists taught professional artists how to sing and time a number.

Gus Edwards' Plugging Saga

"I was 12 or 13," Gus Edwards recalled, "when I sang as a boy soprano in the gallery. The stunt made such a hit that someone, perhaps it was Helen Mara, burlesque star, who wrote me a special number called 'The Song in the Gallery.'"

"When I was older, around 1899, I plugged songs for burlesque shows as composers did all the time. We rehearsed in downtown beer gardens and available cheap hotels. Sometimes, the whole company would go to the publisher's offices where we learned the stage business that went with the number.

"The plugging was intense and bitter. Though publishers made every effort to get well-known singers to present their songs, they offered no cut-ins. The publication of the singers' name or picture being the only reward. Only one thing was certain: publishers always gave exclusive rights to the person or the company which took the numbers first.

"Personally, I plugged songs everywhere behind 10-cent store counters, at the race track, from the stage, on the elevated and on boat excursions.

"Once when I went on for a burlesque show at Miners, the place was crowded and I could scarcely make my way to the gallery. As I pushed over to the railing, a tough guy noticed me. He was eating a can of beans, doubtless stolen from a grocery store.

"Hey, there," he shouted at me, 'what ya goin' to do, kid?'

"I'm going to sing."

"Oh you are. Say, fellows, look what's goin' to sing," he shouted, and with that gibe, he threw some of the beans down my neck and all over my coat and white collar."

Some of the greatest performers of the last half century started their careers singing in the gallery. And the greatest of these was Al Jolson, who, between sob songs, sold drinking water at three cents a glass while the cops shouted, "hats off," to enforce politeness on the rowdy burlycue gallery habitues.

Out of these scattered beginnings was grown the modern art of songplugging, which now enlists television, producers, disk jockeys, recording artists, advertising specialists, jukeboxes, and scores of vocalists.

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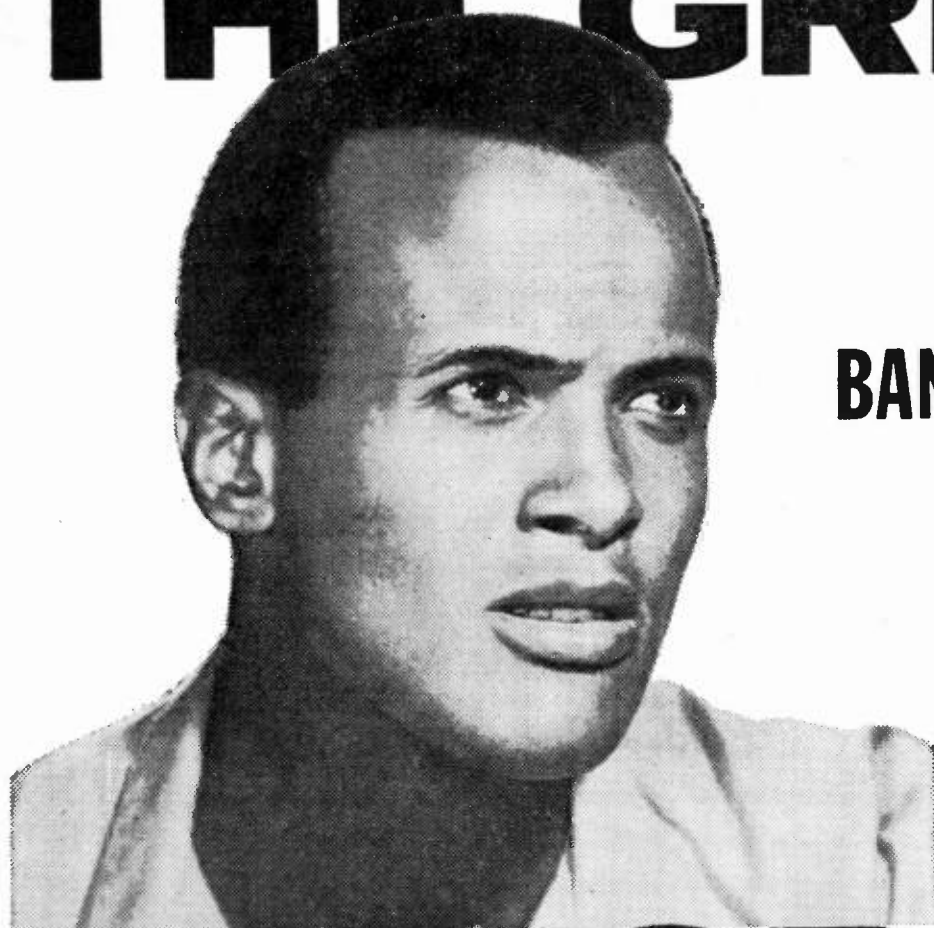
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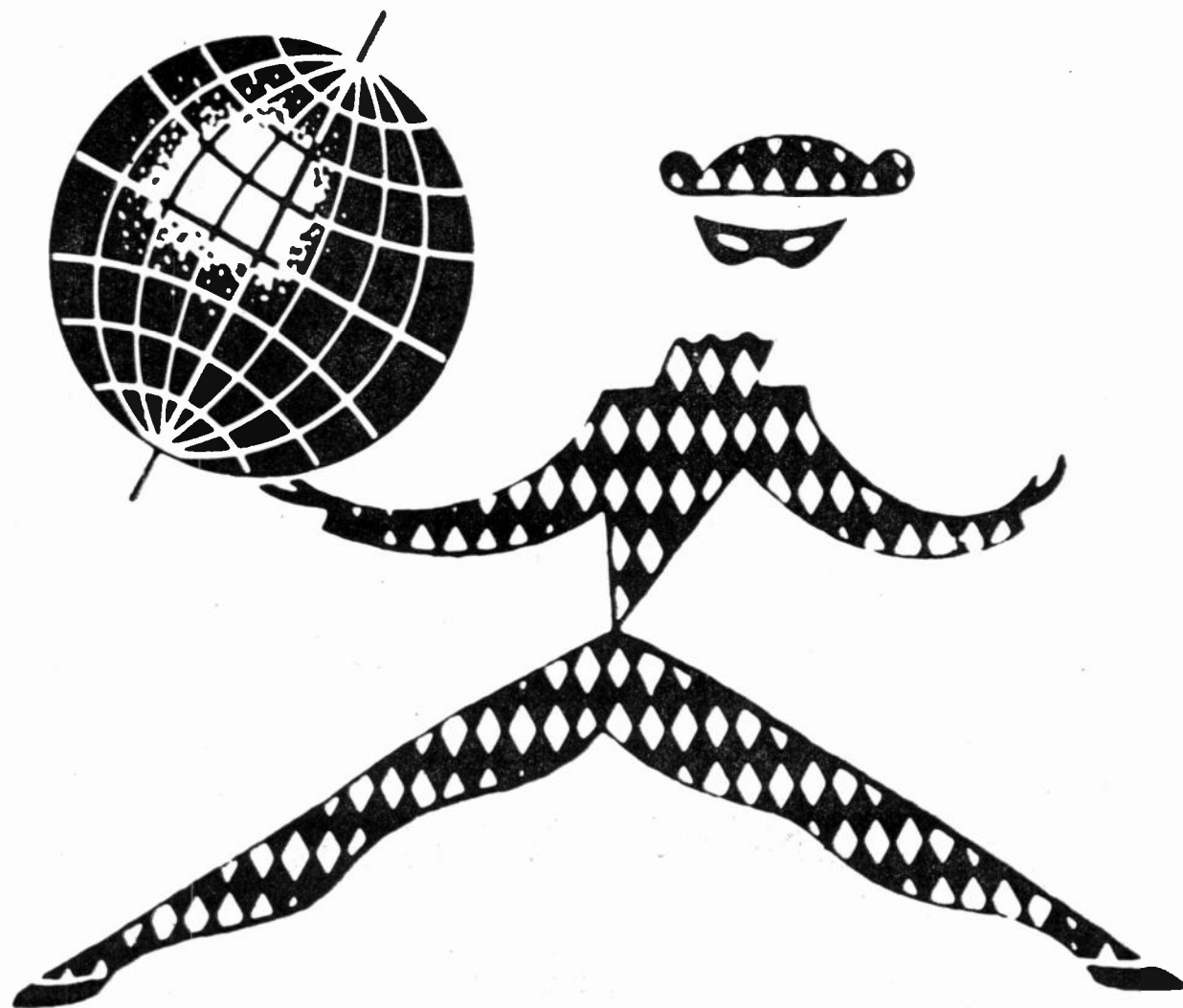
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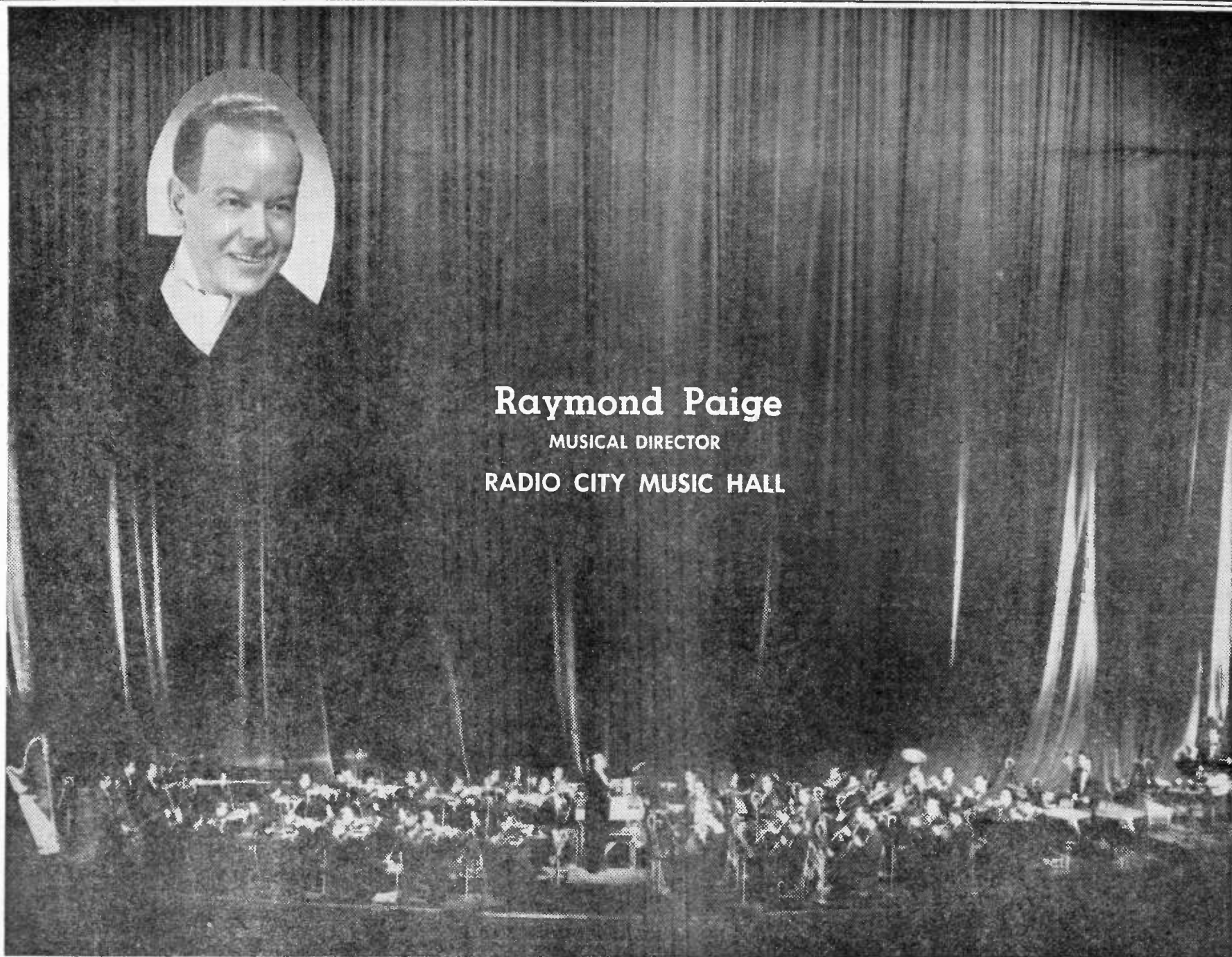
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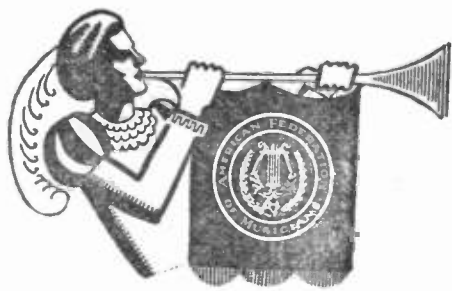


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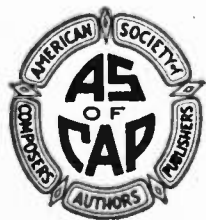
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I GOT LUCKY IN THE RAIN.....Adamson-McHugh
I LOVE TO RIDE THE HORSES.....Yellen & Pollack
I'LL GO HOME WITH BONNIE JEAN.....Lerner-Loewe
I'M IN THE MARKET FOR YOU.....McCarthy & Hanley
IN A LITTLE DUTCH KINDERGARTEN.....Bryan-Rosenstock
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IT'S MORE FUN THAN A PICNIC.....Adamson-McHugh
LADY OF SPAIN.....Reaves-Evans
LAUGHING IRISH EYES.....Mitchell & Stept
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OLD TOY MAN, THE.....John McLaughlin
ON THE GOOD SHIP LOLLIPOP.....Clare & Whiting
ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE ROCKIES.....Ingraham & Tobias
ONE IN A MILLION.....Mitchell-Pollack
ORGAN, THE MONKEY AND ME, THE.....Le Soir, Clarkson & Clarkson
PATTY CAKE, PATTY CAKE (Baker Man).....Razaf, Johnson & Waller
PHIL THE FLUTER'S BALL.....W. P. French
PITTER PAT PARADE.....Hirsch-Layalle & Ventre
QUAKER HILL (Polka).....Loman-Dallin
RAMPARTS WE WATCH, THE.....Tolder-Beecher
REMEMBER MOTHER'S DAY.....Ryan & Akst-Violinsky
ROSITA, LA.....Stuart-Dupont
SHE'S WAY UP THAR.....Lew Brown
SING, BABY, SING.....Yellen-Pollack
SING ME A CHANTEY WITH A YO-HEAVE-HO.....O'Keefe-Wellesley
THANKS FOR THE DREAM (Mi Sueno Azul).....Stillman & Cugat-Gonzales
UNDER YOUR SPELL.....Dietz-Schwartz
WAITIN' AT THE GATE FOR KATY.....Kahn-Whiting
WORLD IS MINE TONIGHT, THE.....Marvell-Posford
YOU DO THE DARNDDEST THINGS, BABY.....Mitchell-Pollack
YOU TURNED THE TABLES ON ME.....Mitchell-Altier
YOU'RE FROM IRELAND.....Taylor-Carr
YOU'RE MY THRILL.....Clare-Gorney
YOU'RE SLIGHTLY TERRIFIC.....Mitchell-Pollack

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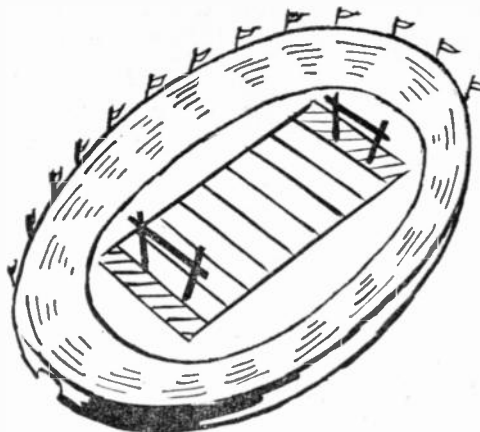
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THE BANANA BOAT SONG
CINDY, OH CINDY
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New Pops

IF I HAD A NEEDLE AND THREAD
WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!
I'LL BE GONE

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FLIRTANGO
PORT-AU-PRINCE
TROPICAL MERENGUE

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MARIA LA O

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PEANUT VENDOR
MIAMI BEACH RUMBA
MAMA INEZ

Latin-American Faves

AMAPOLA
PIEL CANELA
LA COMPARSA

Boleros

BREEZE AND I
POINCIANA
YOURS

Mexican Songs

EL RANCHO GRANDE
WHAT A DIFF'RENCE A DAY MADE
A GAY RANCHERO

Dixieland

JAZZ ME BLUES
ORIGINAL DIXIELAND ONE-STEP
OH DIDN'T HE RAMBLE

Rock & Roll

DUNGAREE DOLL
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LIVIN' IT UP

Up Tempo Rhythm

THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE
BALLIN' THE JACK
SAY 'SI SI'

Show Tunes

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PARADE of the WOODEN SOLDIERS
SARI WALTZ

Novelties

GLOW WORM
PAPER DOLL
DOWN SOUTH

Waltzes

PLAY, FIDDLE, PLAY
I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW
MY GAL SAL

Semi-Concert

FRASQUITA SERENADE
I HEAR AMERICA SINGING
LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

Theme Songs

LET'S DANCE
MY SHAWL
MARTA

Old Timers

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME
IDA, SWEET AS APPLE CIDER
BLOW THE SMOKE AWAY

Hawaiian Songs

SONG OF THE ISLANDS
KING'S SERENADE
COCKEYED MAYOR of KAUNAKAKAI

Comedy Songs

NOBODY
BY HECK
BIRD ON NELLIE'S HAT

Kid Songs

TOYMAKER'S DREAM
IN THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE
I'VE GOT A PAIN IN MY SAWDUST

French Songs

JE CHANTE
TANGO DU REVE
PRENEZ MES ROSES

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JOLLY PETER
TIC TOCK POLKA
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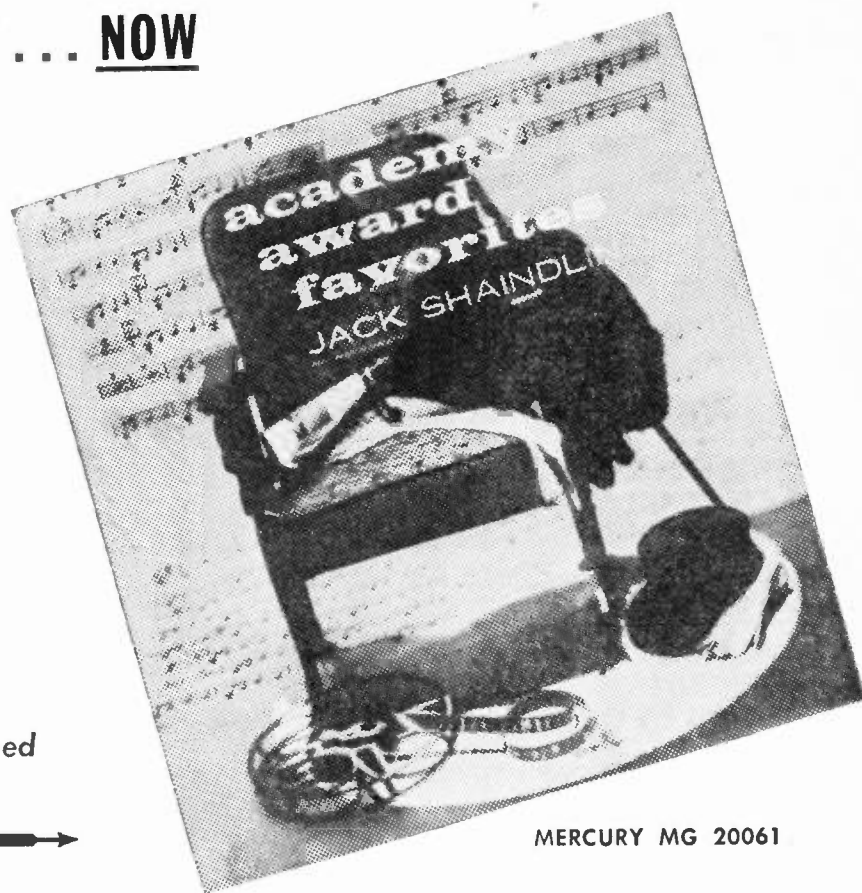
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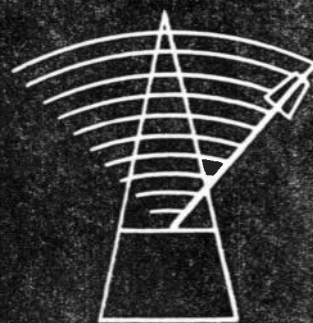
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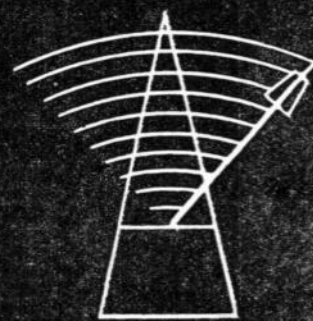
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★★★★

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MY HAWAIIAN LOVE

by

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OVER THE SEA, HAWAIIAN KISSES

and

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE

by

May Singhi Breen & Peter De Rose

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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★★
★★★
★★★★

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**THE OUTSTANDING
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tendered me sparked by George Jessel's
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of the flattering plaque, on behalf of
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(Mitchell) Gould—many thanks for their
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and the joy of being with my
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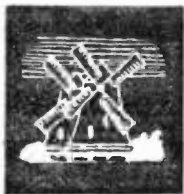
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Songs With Largest Radio Audience

The top 30 songs of week (more in case of ties) based on copyrighted Audience Coverage Index & Audience Trend Index. Published by office of Research, Inc., Dr. John Gray Peatmen, Director. Alphabetically listed. *Legit musical. *Film. **TV.

Survey Week of Nov. 23-29, 1956

A Rose And A Baby Ruth.....	Bentley
Anastasia—*“Anastasia”.....	Feist
Armen's Theme.....	Bourne
Baby Doll—*“Baby Doll”.....	Remick
Blueberry Hill.....	Chappell
Canadian Sunset.....	Meridian
Friendly Persuasion—*“Friendly Persuasion”.....	Feist
Green Door.....	Trinity
I Don't Know Enough About You.....	Porgie
I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day.....	St. Nicholas
Jubilation T. Cornpone—*“Li'l Abner”.....	Commander
Just In Time—*“Bells Are Ringing”.....	Stratford
Just Walking In The Rain.....	Golden West
La La Collette.....	Criterion
Love In A Home—*“Li'l Abner”.....	Commander
Love Me Tender—*“Love Me Tender”.....	Presley
Mama From The Train.....	Remick
Money Tree.....	Frank
Mutual Admiration Society—*“Happy Hunting”.....	Chappell
My Last Night In Rome.....	Famous
Never Leave Me.....	Leeds
Night Lights.....	BVC
Party's Over—*“Bells Are Ringing”.....	Stratford
Petticoats Of Portugal.....	Christopher
Singing The Blues.....	Acuff-R
Star You Wished Upon Last Night.....	Robbins
To The Ends Of The Earth.....	Winneton
True Love—*“High Society”.....	Buxton Hill
Two Different Worlds.....	Princess
You Can't Run Away—*“You Can't Run Away”.....	Col. Pic

Top 30 Songs on TV.

(More In Case of Ties)

A Beautiful Friendship.....	Kahn
Baby Can Rock.....	Vernon
Big 'D'—*“Most Happy Fella”.....	Frank
Blueberry Hill.....	Chappell
Christmas Toys.....	Champagne
Cindy, Oh Cindy.....	Marks-B
Friendly Persuasion—*“Friendly Persuasion”.....	Feist
Gonna Get Along Without You Now.....	Kellem
Green Door.....	Trinity
Hey, Jealous Lover.....	Barton
I Could Have Danced All Night—*“My Fair Lady”.....	Chappell
If I Had My Druthers—*“Li'l Abner”.....	Commander
If'n—*“Happy Hunting”.....	Chappell
It Isn't Right.....	Mellin
It's Yours.....	Southern
Jubilation T. Cornpone—*“Li'l Abner”.....	Commander
Just Walking In The Rain.....	Golden West
Lay Down Your Arms.....	Ludlow
Love Me Tender—*“Love Me Tender”.....	Presley
Money Tree—*“Most Happy Fella”.....	Frank
Mutual Admiration Society—*“Happy Hunting”.....	Chappell
Namely You—*“Li'l Abner”.....	Commander
Past My Prime—*“Li'l Abner”.....	Commander
Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer.....	St. Nicholas
Singing The Blues.....	Acuff-R
St. Theresa Of The Roses.....	Dennis
To The Ends Of The Earth.....	Winneton
True Love—*“High Society”.....	Buxton Hill
Two Different Worlds.....	Princess
You Can't Run Away—*“You Can't Run Away”.....	Col. Pic

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S the co-writer of many songs

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SECRETS OF LIFE

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From Walt Disney's latest "TRUE-LIFE ADVENTURE" film comes this original sound track. Contributing greatly to the success of the "TRUE-LIFE ADVENTURE" films has been the musical scores composed by Paul J. Smith. With this unusual, stirring and dramatic score all agree that he has achieved a truly high point in his career.

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HOUSTON SYMPH, OPERA ASSUMING DIMENSION

Houston.

Houston Symphony, of which Leopold Stokowski is head conductor, will exceed \$115,000 in box-office revenues on the 1956-'57 season. Of this 90% is via subscription to alternate Mondays and Tuesdays in the 3,044-seat Music Hall. The orchestra, now with 90 musicians, has an annual budget of around \$500,000.

Advertising in program, road tours and other revenues amount to around \$250,000. Deficit is made up by passing the hat. Some 400 members of the Symphony Society collected from 3,800 donors.

An important part of the Houston budget is the allotment for commissioning new works. One for this year, "Ad Lyram" by Alan Hovhaness, will be performed in March. Even though not specifically commissioned by the symphony, other contemporary composers have had first-time performances of their works. They included: William Rice's "Concerto for Wind and Percussion" (Oct. 30), H. Walford Davies' "Solemn Melody" (Oct. 30), and Michale Kemp Tippet's "Ritual Dances" (Nov. 5).

Among the guest conductors, concert goers will hear Sir Malcolm Sargent, Jan. 14, and Pierre Monteux, Feb. 26. In the light series, Andre Kostelanitz will conduct New Year's Eve, followed by Alec Templeton, Jan. 8, Skitch Henderson, Feb. 5, Fred Waring, April 8.

Compared to the 43-year-old symphony, the Grand Opera Assn., only in its second season, is an infant—but a lusty one. General Director Walter Herbert, the man who gave New Orleans its opera company, said he expects the same sellout for the program of three operas that greeted the two offerings last year. The budget for the

association is \$80,000—of which "two-thirds to three-quarters" is taken in at the box office or through program advertising.

Goldstein & Co., 88-year-old San Francisco firm which provides all costumes for Frisco Opera and many other Coast productions, is moving for first time in 32 years, forcing Mrs. Rose Goldstein, who now runs the business, to throw away tons of old costumes and accessories. Company is moving only half a block.

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CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL, CHICAGO

'MASTERMINDS' OF 'BOXOFFICE'

Marquee and Ticker-Tape

By BENNY RUBIN

Hollywood. In yesteryear's vaudeville, you bought, got, or put together a lot of material to fit your particular talents.

Then, in succession, you rehearsed it and asked your agent to get you a "break-in" date. You broke it in, made changes and broke it in some more.

After which, you took it to small towns and polished it to what you hoped was perfection. Perfection meaning you are now ready for a showing to the bookers hoping that they'll like it well enough to get you a route.

Of course, foremost in your mind was playing the Palace.

Now, contrast this with an actor who's made a living at it for 41 years and finds himself not going to be a headliner anymore; he is either too, too much of an old timer, or an unknown to the new cafe owners; for an established "bit" player on television and pictures, knocking his brains out trying to live.

No sense of going to the bottle, he doesn't drink. Won't knock himself off; hasn't got the guts.

Having been in the stock market when he was loaded (20 years ago) he thought this could be his out. Or in. Now, how to go about this?

He inquired around and found himself in the same position he was in when he broke in that first vaudeville act. You gotta get material for the new act. The material now, instead of jokes, were statistics.

What the heck does a vaudevillian know about statistics? When he was in the market, he left everything to his broker. When a contract was offered him in show business, he signed it and left the statistics to his agent.

He studied 8-10 hours a day for weeks, when he thought he knew his material, he got a friend to get him a "break-in" date (over-the-counter house).

He rehearsed by talking to other brokers and polished the material on his family. Now he's ready to go on stage — by soliciting his friends.

He had had tough audiences before, but none that ever talked back to him.

To the question, "How about giving me some of your stock business?"

He got these answers: "You didn't know how to handle your own dough, so why should I trust you with mine?" or, "What the devil do you know about finance?" and the nicer ones said, "You can't expect me to quit a broker I've been doing business with for years!"

He had no smart ad lib answers, nor did he know a writer who wrote material for this kind of repartee. What to do?

Not For a Stranger

So he tried calling strangers out of the phone book; this was worse than doing a show to out-of-work actors.

Then he took his last few bucks and bought a mailing list. Wrote 5,000 addresses, folded and rubber-stamped 5,000 form letters. Stuffed, rubberstamped and postage-stamped 5,000 envelopes. Within the next few days 3,857 letters came back. "No such person at this address"; 1,110 returned "moved, no forwarding address." Called the remaining few and wound up a blank.

Three acting jobs got him enough dough to advertise in DAILY VARIETY and the Reporter. Eureka! his first order. It was his brother. On the sets of these three acting jobs, he sold his first "Mutual Funds," but not with the dry statistics. His salestalk was, "Don't wind up like I did." He had scored for the first time with a new audience.

This went on for eight months, with the guy trying to distinguish

between, S. E. C., N. A. S. D., NYSE and SAG, AFTRA and AGVA. Instead of "who was that lady I seen you with?", it was warrants, debentures, cumulative, participating, preferred and proxies

He knew that a right was what a fighter threw. An ex-right, was when he missed. But it all had a different meaning in this racket. From his early days, he remembered, 62.50, 75 and 125. But what the blazes were quarters, sixteenths and thirty-seconds. Short-term was a one-nighter, long term was a route. Here it meant, making dough, or winding up in the red. From his horseplaying and crap-shooting days, he knew the odds on everything. Here, there are too many entries to know of the odds and too many starters every day.

After eight months and over 100 live customers he thinks he is ready for the big time and calls his friends Joe Field of Daniel Reeves & Co. Joe is amenable and they meet. Joe throws a few stock market questions at the guy and he answers like he's been in it all of his life. So he resigns from the "over-the-counter house" and he's ready for Reeves, or should I say, "The Palace." Comes a period of waiting for the transfer of licenses and wouldn't you know, it had to be July when there is no film or tv work? Nothing coming in!

He spends a chunk on telegrams and phone calls to keep his customers from quitting him while he is waiting.

You think that guys stealing jokes from each other is something? You should have heard the salesman at the "over-the-counter house," pitching to his customers woe!

Testing the Tyro

August, Joe tells him to come in and take his examinations. Examinations! what examinations? This, of course, he says to himself; but audibly, he says oh sure, when? Joe tells him, right now. In his life, the guy had been nervous, opening nights, the first time he played the Palace and the days his kids were born. But this was murr-derr!

Here's the scene. It's an office, not dressed or lighted like a movie set. Cold room, no smiles. No one gives you that big intro when you come on to the last eight bars forte. The dialog is short and curt. You sit down across a frozen face guy. He gives you a pencil and an empty notebook. He opens a sealed envelope and starts to ask you 100 questions. He asks, you write.

The guy is hit with a flop sweat, but he writes. No Chinese water-drip torture, or Red brainwashing could be worse than this.

The guy continues to write his answers. Before he answers the 50th question he gets panicky, he starts to quit. But asks himself, "So, where else will you make a living?" He goes on writing. It took an hour and half by the clock, but a day and a half by his heart.

Now! Did he pass? The examiner says nothing except goodbye and the poor joke-brained guy is left with egg on his face.

He tells Joe of his experience and is told he'll hear in good time as to whether he's passed or not. Then Joe wishes him luck on his next two examinations. Next two? Yes, there were two more of these sessions. Each one more goose-pimpler than the other.

At least, when the bookers saw your act today; tomorrow you'd know whether they think you stink, give you smalltime bookings, or you're in. But this anxiety can drive a guy nuts.

Get to the punchline? Okay, the guy passed. All right, he proved he knows his business, he has the respect of Mr. Reeves and his partners, he now understands that S. E. C. is Security Exchange Commission, NASD is National Association of Security Dealers and NYSE is the New York Stock Exchange. But he just can't figure out

F.R.I.E.N.D.S.

CLICHES ON DRAW DIME-A-DOZEN

By JOE COHEN

American show business has been victimized by a lot of cliches. Many are doing active harm to the industry because nobody, but nobody, dares contradict these sayings which have the ring of obvious truth. Actually, very few have dared analyze them, and so the industry, generally, is the loser.

One of the more important is to the effect that people don't go out any more since television brings the world's finest entertainment right into the living room. Yet there are more cars choking the highways than ever before in history. Even roads that aren't yet built are being outmoded by the ever increasing amount of traffic.

The youngsters make the headlines, say the so-called sages, yet the geriatric set, which is increasing tremendously because of advances in science and medicine, has been contributing such headlines as Liberace and Lawrence Welk. Oldtimers, they say, haven't the energy to get about much or are unwilling to do a considerable amount of spending. So what happens? Guy Lombardo is the biggest dance draw in the country, and the kids wearing the dance pumps at the Roosevelt Hotel, N.Y., are somewhat older than the average juvenile delinquent.

Even some research organizations have gone about to prove that the youngsters dominate the choice of programs to which the whole family tunes in. Yet more names appealing to headlines come along than those appealing to youth. The a.k. set has been able to produce Liberace and Welk, while Elvis cropped up to presleyize the youngsters.

Want more cliches that can be broken down? Hark!

The flight to the suburbs has been dislocating vast centres of population. Yet the major amusement enterprises are located in midtown. Of course, there is some break in that pattern, as is seen by the opening of largeseater cafes in the suburban area. But, they still go to the midtown spots that have built up a reputation.

Probably the greatest menace that has to be broken down for showmen is the "invincibility" of video as a deterrent to going out. Until television sets become as cheap as radio sets, there won't be a teletest in every room. At this

(Continued on page 277)

Impact of Int'l Talent Exchange Via 'Original Amateur Hour'

By TED MACK

Has the entry of The Original Amateur Hour into foreign fields for talent "paid off"? Many persons ask that.

Yes. We've gained greatly. And we've learned much in this international undertaking. Chiefly we have learned that there is an evolution in talent even as there is in world affairs. Peoples are not remaining static in their modes of entertainment any more than they are standing still economically or politically. And the United States is having the most potent effect on talent virtually everywhere on the globe.

If the Irish seem "too American," the Israeli likewise, and the Latin Americans also, it is because the American brand of entertainment is sweeping the world. As is true in other fields, the imitators are not so good, at present, as the originators. That, however, will not remain so. I believe that soon the amateur entertainers abroad who have embraced our form of entertainment, our styles, will forge ahead, adding new phases of their own that will challenge us. In the meantime, during this period of change, when performers from overseas may seem inept in some instances, they nevertheless are demonstrating that while our form of entertainment is universal it can be adapted to local customs. If these same performers return a year hence they may have perfected our tunes and rhythms to a style characteristically their own.

Folk songs will not disappear. Once the peoples of every land have assimilated the new developments of this blatant era, they will revert to the traditional, incorporate the new in the old, transform it to suit their own traditions, and continue on. The same is true here. We are too close to rock 'n' roll, to the strange discords here, to realize that we also are in changing, clamorous era. Here, as elsewhere, entertainers will settle down into a new pattern and, in my opinion, be better than ever.

Goodness knows, enough persons are trying these days to gain a place before the cameras. Never previously has The Original Amateur Hour had so many applicants for auditions. Never previously have we had so many concurrent auditions — New York, Dublin,

Limerick, London, Rome, Tel-Aviv, Mexico City, Miami and Miami Beach, Tampa, St. Petersburg, St. Louis (where our organization has had a once-a-month spectacular), Boston, Manchester, N. H., Salt Lake City, Wichita, Richmond, etc.

Our mail is worldwide now. And we have cause to believe, upon reading that mail, we have contributed somewhat to international goodwill. Many persons and organizations have spoken of talent interchange. But we've actually gone ahead and done the job, at considerable effort and expense. In every respect this endeavor has been beneficial, not only to ourselves but to the nations whose peoples we have brought into closer contact. One has but to scan the London and Dublin papers to savor the reaction there, the pleasure expressed. Perhaps a 15-year-old magician we brought over from Ireland phrased it best as he looked out upon the lights of New York from a 39th floor office we have on Madison Avenue. He exclaimed: "Oh, I wish everybody in Ireland could be here! This is a dream come true. I now know what America is—a magic place, a friendly country where everybody really has an equal opportunity."

We hope we can cause many dreams to come true, including our own.

Yes, we are definitely in favor of interchange of talent, of ideas. This is part of international understanding, fundamental to world stability and peace.

BE A PINCH-HIT SINGER & EARN RE-BOOKING

Going in as a temporary replacement for those taken ill has proved profitable for several singers. Latest in for a windfall as the result of subbing for an ailing singer is Fran Warren, who was a stand-in for Dick Haymes at the Versailles, N. Y., Saturday and Sunday (28-29). Negotiations are now on for Miss Warren to assume a regular date at the Nick Prounis & Arnold Rossfield hospice.

Others who profited this season via the substitution route include Eydie Gorme, who went in for Billy Daniels at the Copacabana, N.Y., during the Negro singer's recent legal entanglement, and Jane Morgan, who pinchhit for the ailing Marguerite Piazza at the Cotillion Room of the Pierre Hotel and is now slated for a March stand.

Boat Show to Tee Off Dallas' \$8,000,000 Aud.

Dallas. First annual Southwest Boat Show gets initial public showing in the new Dallas Memorial Auditorium (cost now up to \$8,000,000) for six days, Feb. 26-March 3. Exhibit is sponsored by the North Texas Marine Trade Assn. and the Dallas Times Herald. Spectacular interest in boating in the southwest keeps pace with national growth statistics and rates such a boatravaganza.

New 10,000-seat aud's first use had been set for May 6 for "Birdland Revue," after weeklong dedication activities starting April 27. First boat exhibit now states it has the opening February date.

Suit Vs. Auto Thrillery

Keene, N. H. Pippin-Bailey Auto Sales Inc. has brought a \$5,000 suit against the Buddy Wagner auto stunt show in Superior Court here. Auto firm claims it had a contract to provide "junkie" cars for the daredevil show, featured at Cheshire Fair last August.

The Wagner show not only failed to live up to the contract, but actually barred the auto agency from the grounds, it is claimed.

E As In ComEdians

(Meditation by Bob Russell)

Got to thinking of ComEdy and ComEdians and I wonder if the big "E" hasn't got something to do with it. Look at this result:

Joe E. Lewis
Jack E. Leonard
Jerr E. Lewis
Jerr E. Lester
Jack E. Miles
Hen E. Youngmann
Jack E. Kannon
(Uncle) Milt E. Berle
Mor E. Amsterdam
Jack Ben E.
Ed E. Cantor
Ern E. Kovacs
Joe E. Adams
Joe E. Brown
Joe E. Bishop
Harv E. Stone
Sids E. Sar
St E. Vallen
Dan E. Thomas
Bud E. Hackett
Georgi E. Jessel
G E. Nebaylos

and

Bob Hope
Phil Silvers
Al Berni E.
Phil E. Foster
Roger Price
George Gobel
Sam Levenson
Ben Blue
Victor Borge
Jack Carter
Lew ParkEr
Myron CohEn

2-Way Talent Payoff—For the Names And at the Ropes—On Cafe Front

By ABEL GREEN

The American nitty scene has gone through little change since vaudeville went underground or up in the air. Prohibition spawned the speakeasies (later to become legitimate night clubs) and where the talent didn't play the saloon cellars it went on the air, meaning radio (later tv).

The evolution of the bistro belt has come with the expansion of the hotel and casino circuits. Where gambling is legit, as in Nevada, there is apparently no ceiling on talent costs, despite the green baize impresarios' yen to get show costs down on a "more realistic level." This focuses periodically (1) on booking tab musicals and reviews of the "Guys and Dolls," "Ziegfeld Follies," "Pajama Game" and Latin Quarter genre, where the flash and the color, the gals and the glam, supersede the top-talent name-cosists; and (2) in indication that bands may be in for some sort of a comeback.

A bunch of the boys whooping it up on the podium, supplemented by a lower-budgeted cast of variety people, doesn't fall into the \$25,000-and-up nut per headliner.

The Las Vegas plusheries got a sampling of the band appeal with the business some of the cocktail lounges, intimately adjacent to the gaming tables, had been going. Lou's Prima, Cab Calloway, Woody Herman, by jamming into the early a.m. hours, keep 'em awake, with attendant upbeat in the casino "action."

Action on Caribe Circuit

The other marked manifestation, besides the Miami Beach revitalization in the hotel's scramble for top talent bookings, has been Havana. This is now called the Las Vegas of the Caribbean. Wilbur Clark made quick impact with his casino operation at the Nacional, more so than anything in the Caribe-Hilton, Puerto Rico, which, while operating some time and building successively each year, is still too far from American shores. Miami-Havana shuttling plane-loads are something else again. Jack Entratter's Habana-Riviera and Hilton's new hostelry are also on the Cuban capital's horizon.

With each successive new Miami Beach hotel the talent scramble has pyramided. With "this year's" new hotel, the Americana (Tisch operation), entering the Florida sweepstakes, the Eden Roc has pinpointed a \$17,500 pricetag for Milton Berle, a record for a straight hotel, sans gambling. Danny Kaye, Maurice Chevalier, Jerry Lewis, Joe E. Lewis, Ted Lewis, Sophie Tucker represent the calibre of names booked in Miami for the winter.

No matter how you slice it, it's still the talent that matters in any big business masterminding, if they are intent on making their hotel rooms prominent in the scheme of things. Of course it's no longer a question of using the hotel's "entertainment" room as a showcase or a shill for selling rooms. Customers aren't a problem nowadays but the more glamorous the room, the potential for increasing costs (hence greater profits) assumes like proportions. It was in the pioneer days of radio that many hotels lost money on their "entertainment" rooms because, they figured, it was a showcase for the hotel. Things have changed considerably since then.

None the less, whether it's the Waldorf-Astoria or any of the class hostelrys in Miami Beach, the entertainment is the thing.

Insurance—Longtermers

With talent always at a premium, many spots now have two and three-season firm commitments for certain surefire favorites. This follows the pattern of the Copacabana, N. Y., Chi's Chez Paree, all of the Las Vegas spots, and others. Result is that Jimmy Durante, Joe E. Lewis, Sophie Tucker and the like play virtually a firm "route" every season, and invariably around the same time of the year.

The Waldorf's move to put its Empire Room (and also the Starlight Roof in the summer on a "special" type of operation), separate and apart from the heretofore cross-country links with the Pal-

mer House, Chicago, or the Shamrock-Hilton, Houston, or the Beverly Hilton in Beverly Hills, has paid off. Joe Binns, Claude C. Philippe, et al., booked Chevalier, Benny Goodman, Harry Belafonte, Benny Goodman, Harry Belafonte, Dandridge, for clicks in varying degrees.

The sundry merger operations with Hilton taking over the Statler chain and Sheraton adding to its holdings (the Eppley string's 22 properties are now under Sheraton direction) are regarded as plus factors in talent booking potentials in the expanded operations.

If It Draws, It's Dandy

Las Vegas' booming idea is that anything offbeat or which will attract attention is good showmanship. Thus Noel Coward, Marlene Dietrich, Ezio Pinza, Orson Welles, Liberace, Elsa Maxwell, Maurice Chevalier, Jan Peerce, Kathryn Grayson, Esther Williams, Helen Traubel, Mimi Benzell, Marguerite Piazza, Patrice Munsel are as standard saloon bookings as any of the Lewises (Joe E., Ted, Jerry), Jimmy Durante, Frank Sinatra, Hildegard, Martha Raye, Lisa Kirk, Edith Piaf, Judy Garland, the Mills Bros., Sophie Tucker, Tony Martin, Milton Berle, Johnnie Ray, Billy Daniels, Nat King Cole, Vic Damone, Gypsy Rose Lee, Frankie Laine, Eddie Fisher, Billy Eckstine, et al.

Split of Martin & Lewis, of course, removed a surefire nitty standard but Jerry Lewis is going it alone. It was Dean Martin's desire to "take it easier, do pictures, make records, play golf"—that contributed to the schism.

Three R's & Switcheroos

Along with Havana's 3 R's—rum, rhumba and roulette—there were some other freak tidbits to highlight the year. Ray-Rae Bourbon's sex switch got the same kind of notoriety as Christine Jorgensen but, unlike the latter who went into show biz as result of the free space, Bourbon has long been a performer. However, when the female impersonator argued that "he" was now a "she," hence a Los Angeles regulation against female impersonations didn't apply to him, the L. A. Country Public Welfare Commission at first differed with the Melody Room management and suspended its license.

Later it was restored. The Commission's gripe, it developed, was more against Bourbon's use of language and a perhaps too vivid description of the Mexican operation and the details attendant thereto.

Marion Davies, who took over the Desert Inn operation in Palm Springs, envisioned that resort booming even more with the masses—with the 5-day week now standard in Hollywood, freeing rank-and-filers for desert weekends, not just the top brass.

Uncle Sam cracked down on 20% tax-dodging (or deferring) in hotel restaurants with a test case that you can't see the show cuffed by paying the tab "before the tax goes on."

Miami Beach crackdown on strippers, "b" girls and "mixing," while having noble intentions, could technically forfend seasoned troupers like Joe E. Lewis, Sophie Tucker et al, greeting their friends out front, before or after the shows, because that, too, constituted "mixing." In these instances, their strong personal followings have been bonanza values for any bistros booking them.

SCOT TV MAKING HAY AT \$750 PER MINUTE

Glasgow.

Scottish Television Ltd., commercial program contractors, has authorized Associated Television Ltd. London weekend and Midland weekday contractors, to accept time bookings on their behalf. A peak rate of \$750 per minute will be charged. Scottish tv will also establish sales representatives at Television House in Kingsway, London.

The Auld Lang Syne indie programs are due to come on the air Aug. 31 next year. Scottish Television will network a large amount of program material from Associated TV Ltd. for their seven-day-a-week operation. ATV already is working a seven-day week via the London and Midland outlets.

As of Feb. 1, Scottish Television will launch an all-out campaign for set conversion and aerial installation.

Showboat Captain Braves Lecture Platform

By 'CAP'N BILLY' BRYANT

Names command the most dates in the lecture dodge but anybody to whom anything unusual happens may end up spiling. Do you own a parakeet that sings in French and the Reader's Digest writes it up? You'll get lecture bookings. Have you won a wheat field in Kansas or a tv quiz program? Have you done a handstand on a wire over Niagara Falls? You're probably just the speaker some entertainment chairman wants. Of course you may disappoint your audience.

In the lecture field, if you are an authority on Russia you are supposed to have just returned from an extended tour of the Soviet Union with the secret atomic bomb information that will startle your listeners. If you are a drama critic you are expected to tell them what is wrong with the present day plays and the legitimate theatre. This, the producers themselves would like to know. And, if you are an entomologist you are supposed to draw such a weird picture of the wingless, horny, sucking mouth bugs, mosquitoes and other insects, that you encounter on your journey through the jungles of Malaya, that your listeners will rush home, spray their house with Flit and scratch the rest of the evening.

Humor Is Most Dangerous

It is the poor humorist who usually suffers the most. If he is too funny during his address they will say he was utterly ridiculous and too uninformative and if he doesn't tickle their funny bone to their liking, they will accuse him of being a bore and unentertaining. Therefore, he must try to strike a happy medium. Under these circumstances, when I can't convince an audience I try to confuse them. Not knowing what I am trying to prove they wouldn't dare to send in a bad report, which is what counts most against you in the lecture field.

There is a vast difference between a speaker's rostrum and the glare of the footlights. In the theatre an audience will demonstrate their honest opinion of your ability in the way of applause but in the lecture field I often found it just the opposite. As an illustration, at Dennison, Iowa, after my address I was greeted with a round of applause. The people came rushing back to my dressing room congratulating me at every turn. I

was invited into their homes where we chatted about the river and the showboats until early dawn. At the railroad station the next morning a reporter handed me a copy of his morning paper that featured a flattering review of my engagement. Later when I entered my agent's office in Chicago a sweet young thing screamed: "What happened at Dennison?" and she handed me a letter from the entertainment chairman that stated that I was hopelessly impossible.

Knew That River

I went from Dennison to Sioux City, Ia., where, during the question period one gentleman in the audience challenged my judgment about some improvements the government was thinking of making along the Missouri River that flowed by their city. When I told them that the Missouri was a dangerous stream to monkey with, that the drifting sands often change the channel in 24 hours, that we had gone to bed at night with four feet of water under the showboat and woke up the next morning high and dry and that they could expect that fickle old stream to go out of its banks any day and flood Sioux City, all this, the gentleman in question pooh-poohed. It will be remembered that the Missouri River did just that little thing not long ago to disastrous results.

Don't get me wrong, I have met some wonderful people in the lecture field but it wasn't at the Academy of Music at Brooklyn where one high priestess looked at me, then she looked at me again to be sure she had seen something and said: "You know Captain Bryant, as a riverman I think you would be far more entertaining if you were less polished and not so well educated." I had to laugh because I was born on a shanty boat and never went any farther than the sixth grade in school. Then she added: "You would also appear more authentic if you were not so short in size and had spent more time on the rivers you speak of." The truth is, I am much taller than the late Mark Twain was and I have held a master's and pilot's license from Pittsburgh to New Orleans for over 20 years.

They tell of an incident that occurred at Philadelphia where a civic group had engaged a Metropolitan Opera star to appear at a convention at nine o'clock in the morning. The ballroom of the leading hotel was filled to capacity and when the star failed to appear at the proper time, the program chairman called the agent and asked: "Where is Mr. So-and-So? He is supposed to sing at nine o'clock this morning." And the star's secretary gasped in surprise. "Nine o'clock in the morning? Listen, dearie," she said, "Mr. So-and-So can't even spit at nine o'clock in the morning, let alone sing."

Change of View

When writing an article one usually tries to save the most amusing paragraph for the last and here it is. At Omaha, at the end of my lecture the applause was deafening with the entire audience crying "More—more—more." The president of the organization demanded that I play an immediate return date. My agent informed them that this was impossible as I had other commitments. The president threatened to take his business to another bureau if they couldn't have me back right away. It was finally agreed upon that I was to open their lecture series the next fall.

That summer when my agent sent them a contract they returned it unsigned and wrote across the back: "If you don't mind, we'd like to have someone else in the place of Capt. Billy Bryant as we have decided that we didn't like him."

Cornpone Carson to Cap Hollywood.

Joe Carson, 20-year-old entertainer from Holliday, Tex., has been signed to a five-year Capitol recording contract by Ken Nelson, country & western artists & repertoire producer for the label. Carson is a protégé of Cap's hillbilly howler, Hank Thompson.

Carson plays both guitar and violin.



HILDEGARDE

Circus Folk In 1956: Sorrow But No Self-Pity

Even the Elephants Sensed the Uneasiness—High Promise at Season's Start Turned Sour—Union Pickets, Divided Counsels, No Lithographing, Dubious Showmanship Haunt Tented Show Biz—Hopes for Comeback in 1957

By CLARE AND TONY CONWAY

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Claire and Tony Conway who met and married in the circus environment are purely enthusiasts for the medium, and not themselves participants, save as friends of great numbers of performers and handlers on nearly all the shows.

Claire Conway is the daughter of James Waldo Fawcett of International News Service. She wrote a book about her romance and marriage with a fellow-zealot, "We Fell in Love With the Circus." Her husband came by his sentiments in boyhood as the nephew of a former circus operator.

The couple bring a special attitude to the depressing events of circus economics during the year just closed.

The year 1956 was a confusing one for people who, like ourselves, love the circus. And the amazing thing is that there seemed every reason for the season to be one of the best in the history of the tented amusement world.

But, let's see just what happened: Back in March, Ringling-Barnum began what seemed to the tourist onlookers a completely normal rehearsal period. The showfolk, however, sensed something was brewing. For one thing, veteran workmen were grumbling about the letting out of a number of men just before Christmas.

Rehearsals went nicely however. Under the direction of Dick and Edie Barstow the four productions shaped up quickly. Of course both Pat Valdo and Bob Dover were much in evidence.

Also there was the usual gagging among the performers as they sat upon the fence of the "Little Garden" or lounged in the seats at the far end of the practice area.

There was talk about the apparent disinterest of John Ringling North for he not only remained away from the rehearsals but also eliminated his usual tours of the grounds and even dispensed with riding his favorite horse. The veteran clown Paul Jerome called attention to an unusual fact. "They're not doing any painting this season," he noted. "I can't remember when there wasn't painting of some kind for the new tour."

Staff changes continued to occur. It was seldom clear what they signified. It was a shock when that no longer could there be kitchen facilities on the sleepers or any electrical fixtures or appliances.

Animals Sensed Human Unease

Perhaps animals do sense the tensions and uneasiness of humans. At any rate, during one rehearsal session the elephants were every bit as uneasy as the showfolk and took off in what might have been a dangerous stampede. Fortunately elephant boss, Benny White, and his boys were right on the job and headed off the pachyderms.

News from other shows at this time was favorable. Clyde Beatty had plans for featuring Video's "Cisco Kid," Duncan Renaldo. And he had leased concession rights to a new company headed by Frank McClosky, Walter Kernan, and Willis Lawson—all of whom had been Ringling staffers.

Floyd King and Arnold Maley, co-owners of the King Bros. title, had revealed that they would have two separate and complete motorized shows on the road during '56, each bearing the King title. Preparations were already underway for both units to take to the nation's highways.

So it was that Ringling completed its rehearsals and loaded for its trip northward. If the show went out unpainted spirits were high and everyone hoped that the season would be a good one. The arrival of the "big one" in Manhattan was normal—to a point. Pickets of the Teamsters' and Performers' unions appeared almost at once and made impossible the delivery of the earth meant to surface the arena floor. And the unions also tried to prevent the already heavily publicized television preview of the '56 show. But the heavy equipment was installed in time and the show went on—without, among others, Emmett Kelly who had been "pulled" by AGVA.

Opening night was to have been another of those "star studded extravaganzas" that various outstanding charitable and health organizations have sponsored in recent years. This time it was the turn of the Police Athletic League. However, the stars were prohibited from appearing, and the full house saw an old-fashioned Circus opening night. That in itself may well have pleased more people than it disappointed press agents.

Picket Lines and Road Woes

Two days later, after court action on the part of both the circus corporation and the unions, regular picketing of Madison Square Garden began. AGVA pulled featured clown, Otto Griebing, and the show's new announcing-master, Preston Lambert. Still later, Felix Adler and others were also pulled. But the show, as usual, was so big and so fast moving that the public did not miss those who had gone.

But the boxoffice began to suffer. Some undoubtedly feared the picket lines, others respected them. Whatever the reasoning, the "take" dropped from that of previous years. But the show kept giving its scheduled two-a-day.

In the course of the Garden date the total of people leaving the show reached 12 or more. And other shows were now having difficulties. Hardly had the Beatty show taken to the road in mid-March before acts began leaving. Soon AGVA called a full-fledged strike. At the same time first one and then the second of the King Bros. shows encountered difficulties. There were shortages of help, equipment was left behind, the band left one unit.

The Cristiani, Mills Bros., Kelly-Miller, Hunt's, Hagen Bros. Circuses and a new show, Leonard Bros., were all on the road by the end of April as were smaller outfits,

None of these truck shows seemed to experience any problems.

The Beatty show was forced to close at Burbank, Cal., on May 9. The King units somehow managed to keep going. Ringling by now knew that it faced a "day and date" battle with a union operated show in Boston. This AGVA-Teamsters effort was setting the two groups back at least \$25,000.

Circus 'Sell' Via Ad Agency!

By this time it was known that some equipment for the Ringling "under canvas" season had been repaired and/or painted. And the tents, seat wagons, cookhouse, etc., rolled northward to Baltimore, while the show was still playing Boston.

"The Greatest" had still another problem on its hands—the question of what was the best way to advertise in '56. Gone was the advance car, cut to a bare minimum was the billing crew. Gone also were top publicists Frank Braden, Allen Lester, Bill Fields, and their radio-tv cohorts, Bev Kelley and Charlie Schuler.

You could cross the city of Baltimore and see less than a dozen window lithos. Newspaper, radio and tv advertising were now in the hands of an advertising agency!

The show did less business in Baltimore than in previous years. But whether it was the union problem, the lack of advertising, some purely local condition, or a combination of these factors is hard to say.

The situation was the same in Washington. And here the elephants again showed their awareness of the uneasiness about them by another, though smaller, stampede. An assistant to the then executive director came to check on the matter. But he had never seen a circus, let alone a big top, before that week and he gazed about him with uncertainty before asking a trouper. "Everything's alright, isn't it?"

One night during the Washington date it rained and the new wardrobe boss splashed out in the mud to entreat the various drivers—veterans of a lifetime in the business for the most part—to "please allow the performers to get on and off in a dry spot. The wardrobe must not get soiled, you know."

Ringling moved on for its week in Philadelphia. A string of one-nighters lay beyond. The Beatty show had returned to its Deming, New Mexico, quarters. Plans were underway, it was reported, for reorganization of the show. And now the King units were in the courts in bankruptcy proceedings. A receiver was named and the two units were permitted to continue their tours.

Circusdom's elder statesman, Charles T. Hunt, reported that his fine show was experiencing good business almost everywhere. The remainder of the nation's under-canvas and indoor-stadium shows continued to find the season a good one and the country seeking good circus entertainment.

After several attempts to keep the King units going, the court decided to halt the two shows. But immediately former employees formed a new show, Barney Bros., and leased King equipment and hired King acts. The property of the King company was spread all over the map—a truck left here, a cage there, an elephant in this zoo, a callopie in some other place. And the receiver had to attempt to get all this together.

John Ringling North appeared on his show at Alliance, Ohio, on Sunday, July 15. He had been on the show on only one or two other occasions all season long. Shortly after his arrival word came from his private car, Jomar, that the show would go home at the conclusion of the date in Pittsburgh on July 16.

The Thing That Couldn't Happen

Everyone had asked "How long can it keep going? Can the show finish the season?" Everyone had expected an early close the year before. It hadn't come. They had expected it day after day throughout the '56 season. Now, suddenly, it had happened. And no one could believe it.

We had been with the show at quarters, during part of the Madison Square Garden date, at Baltimore and Washington. When we learned that the trains would pass through the Potomac Yards, just outside Washington, we dropped everything and went over. In fact, we spent the whole night in the yards and visited with friends and acquaintances on each of the three sections.

On their way back to Sarasota, everyone was as in a daze, unbelieving. It simply couldn't happen to "The Greatest Show On Earth." One girl told us: "I've been on the biggest and the smallest. A show like this one simply cannot close for good overnight. Small shows might—maybe—but even they can't. This can't be the end; it must come back!"

No one was sorry for themselves. Each spoke of the problems of the others. All were sure it would, in the long run, work out alright. They told, for example, of that remarkable day when, it being impossible to set up the seat wagons in the big top, a total of 9,000 (yes, nine thousand) people had stood for two performances of the show. "Who says," they asked, "that the tented circus is dead?"

Something amazing had occurred at almost the same time Ringling closed. It was an announcement that the Beatty show had become the property of former Ringling-

Logical Question

Lapidus owned a factory. He was very kind and generous to his employees, but he insisted that they arrive at work promptly at 9 a. m. One day his bookkeeper came into the factory at 10:30 a. m. His eyes were black and blue, his nose was broken, he looked like he had been hit by a train. Lapidus, very angry at the tardy bookkeeper, demanded, "Give an explanation!" The bookkeeper said, "I fell out of a four-story window." Lapidus said, "And that took you an hour and a half?" Lou Holtz.

ites Frank McClosky, Walter Kernan, and their associates. They had bought the interest of another former Ringling official, Arthur M. Concello, they said, in order to protect the interest they already held in the Beatty show through their concession company.

The former King show was alternately on and off the road in the meantime. Now a great amount of animals and equipment were reclaimed by Paul Kelly, Peru, Indiana, circus man, acting for the previous owner, Wirtz and Norris, who had sold former assets of their Cole Bros. Circus to King. Yet another King outgrowth, The Maley Circus, was to keep on touring.

We kept track of the Maley route and, when it came within driving distance, set out to find it. It was a Monday and the show was to play Vienna, Virginia, a sponsored date for the local fire dept. But there were no tents on the lot, no "chalk" directions on the roads into the town, no signs that a Maley Circus existed. Days later we learned that the show had stranded, leaving equipment in at least three different towns.

In September the final chapter of the King story was written. First came news that the James E. Strates Shows, an outstanding eastern railroad carnival, had bought three elephants, a hippo, a polar bear, two lions, two hyenas, and a quantity of trucks to be used in transporting the animals.

Then came word of an auction at the Macon, Ga., quarters of the King show. Valuable items went for ridiculous prices. For example, two ornamental chariots brought \$35, a complete set of ring curbs went for only \$2 per ring, and a large box of wardrobe and costumes brought only 50 cents.

September also brought the death of an indoor circus pioneer, Col. Robert H. Morton, co-owner with George Hamid of the Hamid-Morton Circus at the age of 61 at his Miami home. Bob Morton had first attempted an indoor circus back in 1916 and had been instrumental in bringing that phase of the business to its present heights.

Reports from the under-canvas circuses still on the road continued good. We visited, for example, the Mills Bros. Circus for three days or more. There was indeed a slight shortage of help, but the houses were good and the season was successful. The show was, in fact, already planning for the '57 tour.

The tented shows were getting excellent publicity in the wake of Ringling's early closing. And in so doing they were calling the turn on the daily press and the news magazines that spoke of the "death of the big top." The public press simply could not understand that the words "big top" refer to the main tent of each and every tented circus and not to the Ringling show which may be termed "the big one," "Big Bertha," "The Greatest," etc., if any such title is needed.

What Does Future Promise?

Now it is December. Only the indoor shows are touring at the moment. The Orrin Davenport, Hamid-Morton, Polack Bros., Tom Packs, and Frank Wirth presentations continue to prosper. Other smaller indoor units also are doing nicely. But the success of these ventures does not spell disaster for the under-canvas organization.

Already there has been indication that the Beatty show is about to make improvements while at its new Sarasota quarters. The management views next season as another success story.

Mills, Hunt, Kelly-Miller and other shows will continue to pull in the public. And the possibility of a new motorized show, first mentioned last summer, under the ownership of St. John Terrell, the music circus impresario, has stimulated the imagination of those who see the one-ring circus as a much needed addition to the nation's shows.

Throughout the entire '56 season one name was heard often, but always unofficially, always as a visitor. It was the name of master showman Arthur M. Concello. He was said to have visited just about every circus there is. He was rumored to be interested in buying all or some part of the control of innumerable shows. And many suggested he still retained an interest in the rejuvenated and successful Beatty show now operated by his former lieutenants.

But Art Concello turned up at the Waldorf-Astoria in the days when John North and Bill Veeck were reported to be discussing the possibility of a deal for Ringling-Barnum. And now he is Executive Director of The Greatest Show On Earth. He is committed, Concello says, to rebuilding the Ringling organization as a new type of railroad show.

The new Ringling is said to be built to move on 15 balloon top box cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad. All floats and other equipment are supposed to be built to fit the measurements of these cars. Some 22 elephants and 70 horses are in prospect. An additional 15 cars, system-owned sleepers, will carry personnel. The menagerie will be used only at New York and Boston.

A three-tour season has been planned for Ringling in '57 in which the show would open at Madison Square Garden in April and then play Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Raleigh, Charlotte, and Montgomery before returning to Sarasota for the summer. The second tour would begin in mid-September and continue through mid-December. After Christmas in Sarasota, the show would have its third tour which would conclude in March, 1958, in time for rehearsals, etc., for the new '58 tour.

Circuses of all types live hard and die harder. John North, himself, said: "The tented circus, in my opinion, is a thing of the past." But Ringling-Barnum will continue to be a factor in the nation's circus industry under any circumstances. And it is not too late for a complete about-face in which the familiar Ringling train carries the world famous Ringling big top.

What will tomorrow bring? Who will do what? How will the circus world fare? A great deal can and probably will occur between this writing and the spring openings. The season ahead will be one to watch. Big things are sure to happen in the American circus. But whatever may come, the circus will survive.

Toujours the Palace

Legendary Flagship of Bigtime Vaudeville
Dominates the Nostalgic

By ABEL GREEN

Looking backward to the "good old days" of bigtime vaudeville, B. F. Keith's Palace in Times Square, the house built by his rival, Martin Beck, gains dimensions as a show business legend—not unmixing with some mythology. The Palace tale was outlined in the Golden Anniversary Issue (and on many another occasion) of this journal, but questions and interest find no final satisfaction. The Palace remains the champ flagship in the nostalgia seas.

RKO Theatres prexy Sol A. Schwartz, his chief publicist Harry Mandel, and latter's aide, Johnny Cassidy, have been frequent authorities, but finally, in self-defense, Mandel and Cassidy have whipped up the following facts (which should be preserved by archivists):

The Palace cost nearly \$1,000,000 when Martin Beck built it. First bill March 24, 1913 (\$1.50 and \$2 top) comprised the Palace Girls, dancing line; Ota Gygi, "Spanish court" violinist; La Napierkowska, pantomimist and dancer; George Ade's comedy skit, "Speaking to Father," with Milton Pollack; "The Eternal Waltz," 30-people flash act headed by Mabel Berra and Cyril Chadwick; McIntyre & Harty (who had the dubious distinction of being the first Palace act to be closed after the opening matinee, and were replaced by monologist Taylor Holmes); 4 Vanis, wire act; Hy Mayer, cartoonist; Ed Wynn, comedian.

Sarah Bernhardt Era

The Palace continued with weekly changes of bill until May 5, 1913, when "The Divine One," Sarah Bernhardt, opened there and stayed for 3½ weeks, closing in midweek because of prebooked sailing. She established the legend of demanding salary payment in gold, \$1,000 per day (\$500 after the matinee and \$500 after each night performance), or \$7,000 a week. She played entirely in French, alternating "From the Theatre to the Field of Honor" and "Camille" excerpts in split-week schedulings. "The Divine Sarah" had three ladies in waiting, and at one matinee performance, Laurette Taylor, Jane Cowl and Elsie Janis did the three bits as a gesture to the great French tragedienne.

Lou Tellegen, a Dutch import who was to become an American matinee idol (and to commit suicide) was Miss Bernhardt's leading man. The May 5 bill comprised Sarah Bernhardt (with Tellegen), McMahon, Diamond & Clemence, Harris, Boland & Holtz, Joe Welch, Mlle. Fregoleska, "Poem in Marble," Ignatius Cardosh, Bartholomae Players.

The May 12, 1913, bill: Sarah Bernhardt, Flanagan & Edwards, Bell Family, The Stanleys, Miller-Sisters, Nat Wills, White & Caine in "Cherie," Vera Michelena.

May 19 bill: Sarah Bernhardt, Lyons & Yosco, Hopkins & Axtell, Owen McGivney, Bessie Wynn, W. C. Fields, Gould & Ashlyn, Bobbie Gordone, Bernivici Bros. And the half-week bill comprised Miss Bernhardt, Billy B. Van & Beaumont Sisters, Ethel Green, Mr. and Mrs. James Barry, Isabell D'Armond & Frank Carter, Mykoff & Vanity, the Gee Jays.

When the Palace reopened Sept. 1, 1913, Fritz Scheff headed the bill supported by Minnie Duoree, Horace Goldin, Julius Tannen, Melville & Higgins Wm. A. Weston Co., Clara Inge, Pernkoff & Rose, Laddie Cliff, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wile.

In the frontal booking attack at Willie Hammerstein's Victoria, which heretofore got the Keith booking franchise, the Palace came under B. F. Keith's direction Nov. 10, 1913 with this bill: Lilian Lorraine, Clarke & Hamilton, Ross & Fenton, 4 Fords, Charles Kellogg, Mlle. Storey & Co., Ida O'Day, Kimberly & Mohr, Herbert & Goldsmith.

Some 4½ years after the Divine One's initial Palace impact she returned Dec. 17, 1917 for a three-week stay with the first supporting bill comprising Gordon & Rica, Gallagher & LeMaire, Lyons &

Yosco, Belle Baker, Cameron Sisters & Daniels, Frank Carter, Brendel & Burt, Mario Lo. Second week (Dec. 24) saw Belle Baker moved up to subfeature Mme. Bernhardt and the Hon. Francis Brent (an alderman routine), Dunbar's Misses, Eddie Borden, Emmett Corrigan, Robert E. Keene, Miss Jordon, Lydell & Higgins, Stewart & Downing the rest of the bill. The Dec. 31 show in support of Miss Bernhardt held Parish & Peru, Donohue & Stewart, Haurko Onuki, Robert E. Keene, Paul Dickey, Pat Rooney & Marion Bent, Fox & Pollock, Mme. Jewell.

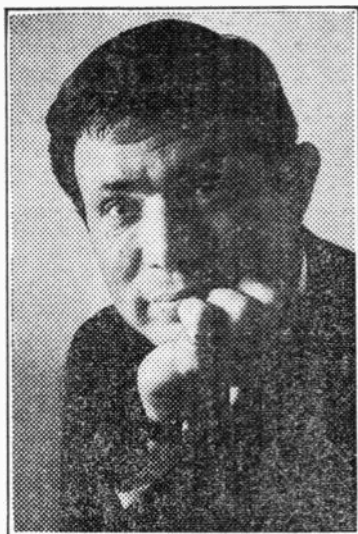
Louis Sobol Finaled It

For a theatre whose entire life-span as a bigtime flagship was considerably less than a quarter-of-a-century, its impact as a golden stairway to perennial memory is surprising. Actually the last straight vaudeville bill at the Palace began July 9, 1932 with columnist Louis Sobol as headliner and support comprising The Ingenues, Diamond Boys, Fred Keating, Leon Janney, Ross Wyse Jr., Richy Craig Jr., Seiler & Wills, Pepito. (This was in the era of the Broadway columnists making vaude and vaudfilm personals on the calculated "surmise" that grateful actors, to whom the newspapermen had been "nice" over the years, would "drop in" for a "lil thank-you"—actually a cuffo benefit to show their appreciation. Thus, in a little more than 19 years the cycle traversed from that initial Ota Gygi-Ed Wynn-Hy Mayer-Taylor Holmes bill to Louis Sobol & Co.)

While holdovers—or quick returns on bigtime shows—were an accepted accolade for some particular headliner, it was not until the inroads of the picture business in the mid-1920s, which marked the beginning of the end of vaudeville, that the Keith-Albee management started to book highpowered bills to offset (1) the film competition and/or (2) the then surging Public units and kindred vaudfilm combinations.

When vaude was king the bills cost \$10,000 to \$12,000 and at \$2 top the Palace clocked a regular \$500,000 a year profit. But as the show costs pyramided the profits dwindled and it was inevitable that the Palace would either have to go vaudfilm or straight film. It did both as the ensuing chronology will indicate.

But before the beginning of the



JIMMIE KOMACK

Miltown pills or flip your lid, I love my Ego but oh you Id! Rising still my comedy star while lay folk wonder what you are. Fame tomorrow, what's today. William Morris or MCA? For further verse sung in high tenor contact me through Bobby Brenner.

end there were some memorable longruns, such as Frank Fay's 8-week run, May 24-July 12, 1926. A Lou Holtz-Lyda Roberti-William Gaxton package also had an 8-week run at the Palace July 11-Aug. 29, 1931, joined by Kate Smith on their fourth week. Miss Smith was to set an alltime 2-a-day record by remaining 10 weeks at the Palace from Aug. 1-Oct. 3, 1931.

She was succeeded by an Eddie Cantor-George Jessel-Burns & Allen package which remained intact for 9 weeks at the Palace Oct. 31-Dec. 26, 1931, supported by the Benny Meroff orch and his orchestra, Janet Reade, Serge Flash and the 3 Rhythm Dancers.

First Vaudfilm Bill

The Palace's first vaudfilm policy July 16, 1932 (following Sobol's show) continued until Nov. 12 that year, at which date Eddie Cantor, in the Samuel Goldwyn production of "Kid From Spain," again shifted the Palace, this time into straight pictures, continuing until Jan. 7, 1933.

The Palace then essayed two-a-day vaudfilm, lasting only four weeks from Jan. 7-Feb. 4, 1933. The last two-a-day bill accompanying a feature film constituted Benny Leonard, Bobby Murphy, Arnaut Bros., Felovis, Walter Powell & Co. and Maria Gambarelli—only six acts as against the traditional eight act bigtime straight vaudeuses.

The Palace essayed a straight pix policy from Feb. 11-April 29, 1933 and found it needed something (Continued on page 277)

Glorious Days of Minstrelsy

By JOE LAURIE JR.

Dear Editor of VARIETY:

I kinda pride myself on my knowledge of minstrelsy. I was always interested in it, and when I played on bills with minstrel men I would inhale cork! I listened for hours and days to minstrel show stories. I was privileged and honored to know some of the greatest of them and many were my very

This was the late Joe Laurie Jr.'s last columnar writing for VARIETY.

dear friends. When I was married, George Thatcher, one of the great names of minstrelsy, who was on the bill with us, gave me a lot of good advice. I knew and worked on the bill with the greatest softshoe dancer in the world, George Primrose, and later with Mrs. Primrose who took over the act when George joined the Big Parade. I spent over two hours with Dave Mallen visiting Barney Fagan at the Percy Williams Home and listened to his fabulous stories about minstrelsy. Barney was also one of the great softshoe dancers and producers. Eddie Horan, the double-cane dancer, was in my "Memory Lane" act, as was Gus Hill, who owned a few minstrel shows, and also Clarence Marks, an old minstrel boy. Arthur Rigby was a close and dear friend. It was Rigby, when a young priest in Paterson, N. J., came to give him the last rites, asked to have Father Leonard, from St. Malachy's, in N. Y., do it. "But my son," sed the young priest, "It is all the same." "I know, but Father Leonard can fireproof me better."

Dockstader, Cohan, Et Al.

I remember sitting at Luchow's with Sime Silverman, founder of VARIETY, and George Alfred Clapp, better known as Lew Dockstader, telling us about the terrible fire at his home. By the way, Dockstader was the highest salaried blackface comedian in show biz. George (Honey Boy) Evans tried to teach me to play checkers at the old White Rats Club (over Churchills); he was an expert at it. After I tried for about an hour he told me it was too high class for me, that I should go back to my pool game.

I remember playing in a Friars Frolic afterpiece written by George M. Cohan, "The Barber's Ball." I played the "wench," originally played by King (Comfort & Co.). I remember the time when George M. had James (George & Co.) Gorman, who produced great musical shows, put on a tambourine drill for our first-part opening done by over 50 Friars. George M. looked at the dress rehearsal at the Metropoli-

tan Opera House, and not a man was in time or on the beat with his tambourine... The more we rehearsed the worse it was. Finally Cohan became disgusted, made a speech, "I'm leaving town, fellers, I won't stay here and see how lousy you guys are. You let me down. I'll never take the rap again, so long to you and The Friars." That night, there never was such a precision tambourine drill. Not one mistake. A great show! And the guy who was going to leave town came back after the show and with his crooked mouth and straight talk, sed, "You were great, just great! I knew you'd come through, you Friars. Honest, you were real good... thanks."

More Names

So many minstrel greats who were and are my friends for many years come back to mind. Al Jolson (I wrote his radio shows), Willis B. Swetnam (one of the greatest) at the Lambs. I knew Frank Dumont who kept minstrelsy in Philadelphia for nearly 40 years. I would visit backstage with him, Hugh Dougherty and Eddie Cassidy—what a thrill! Bert Swor was an old and dear friend; we spent many summers together at Lake Hopatcong at Eddie Miller's cottage (Eddie is a Dockstader alumnus). Bert's widow, Amy, is now happily married to Jack Norworth, who started as a blackface comic, but never played in a minstrel show. Eddie Leonard, who was the essence of minstrelsy, said I was the only man who followed him that didn't get angry at him because he got so much applause he would stop the show. I didn't tell him that I kept pushing him out for bows until he milked 'em dry, so I could go on without them calling him back! Earl Benham, now one of the leading tailors of New York, was a great song-and-dance man. Billy Beard, still around speaking at dinners, "Blackface" Eddie Ross, who played the African Harp (the banjo); the Bowman Bros. were others. Also Johnny Caine (his wife, Blanche Newcomb, was the daughter of the famous Bobby Newcomb, one of the great minstrel songwriters); he wrote the "Sunflower" song for Billy Emerson which made him a star; (Blanche willed me some of her dad's songs); Ideleen Cotton (Nick Long & Ideleen Cotton) was the daughter of the famous Ben Cotton, told me many stories about him.

Two old minstrel friends still around are Happy Benway and Al Mayo. I played on the early Loew bills with Johnny Dove (great minstrel dancer)... Tommy Hyde and Harlan Dixon, Press Eldridge, Fox & Ward, McIntyre & Heath, Matt Keefe, the yodeler, Joe (Rags) Leighton with Bert & Frank Leighton. Rags was a wonderful hooper and Frank & Bert really brought back "Frankie & Johnny" which was just a fancy-house song before they cleaned it up for vaude. Andrew Mack, John McCloskey, great tenors; Frank McNish, the great "Silence In Fun" man, who was a headliner before I was born; Dave & Scamp Montgomery, also Fred Stone (who still drops me a line from his happy home in California) were others. The Stone family, talented and scandal-free, is the kind of a family show folks like to "point with pride" to.

Real Spendthrift

John Fields (& Hanson) told me in 1909 I was a sucker for paying \$1 a day for room and board, that I could save money getting a \$2 a week room and eat free lunches. He did it for years. I don't know how much dough he left but I kept squandering my buck-a-day for a room and three meals a day. My old friend, Dan Quinlan, who started as a property man and became one of the greatest of "Middle Men" (Interlocutor) and also owner of many minstrel shows, was the first to step out of his chair and go down to Tambo and Bones and talk to them. I remember Dan on the Orpheum time (Dan Quinlan & Kellar Mack). He never took a sleeper but would sleep in the coach. I asked him why, and he told me he was putting his kids through college and every penny counted. I believe he had about 10 kids. There are so many more that it would take a book—say, that's an idea!

Joe Laurie Jr.



LEO DE LYON

"THE VERSATILE GENTLEMAN"

Direction: GENERAL ARTISTS CORPORATION

Sophie Tucker and Jolson Firsts

Writer in the New York Times, recently commenting on invention of the phonograph, cracked: "Of course nobody listens to Edison's cylinders nowadays."

Scribe would be amazed if he knew how many thousands of collectors cherish cylinder "rollers" and apparatus to play them. Some have more than 100 different cylinder machines and quite a number have thousands of records. Several dealers still do a lively mail order business in cyls. Electrical pickups for playing them have been devised, and with these it is apparent that tone quality of the early cylinders was far superior to disks of corresponding period. More overtones were recorded and there was virtually no surface noise.

One mail order man recently offered an Edison cylinder of Sophie Tucker singing "The Reuben Rag," representing it to be vintage of 1900. While she has been entertaining a long time, Miss Tucker doesn't go that far back. Record was released in December, 1910, Edison supplement, and was one of a set of 10 recorded that year when Miss Tucker was still comparatively unknown and just getting started. Edison oldtimers recall she was paid \$1,000 for the lot—and, being a cautious thrush, insisted on receiving lump sum in advance before she faced the horn. In after years Sophie Tucker, at one time or other, has disked for most of the companies.

Al Jolson's first record was issued by Victor in May, 1912. It combined George M. Cohan's "That Haunting Melody," with "Rum Tum Tiddle," by Ed Madden and Jean Schwartz. Platter was terrific. Jolson stayed with Victor a year, then signed up exclusively with Columbia. The late George O'Connor, favorite White House entertainer of every President from McKinley to Truman, said Jolson told him he was paid only \$25 for first Columbia waxing. Sounds like something wrong with story, because Jolie was a Winter Garden star, a big favorite on Victor and would not conceivably have signed an exclusive pact with rival company at such a figure.

He stayed with Columbia until 1924 when he signed with Brunswick at what was said to be biggest figure ever paid recording star up to that time. Press stories said \$400,000 a year, but figure was probably hyped. Jolson's first Brunswick records were not big sellers, and the company probably didn't get its money back on contract until "Sonny Boy" and "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder," smashes in 1928.

Incidentally, collectors are sometimes surprised to find Jolson turning up on five-inch, single-face "Little Wonder" records, billed only as "baritone." Secret is that Little Wonders were dubbed from Columbias for sale at 10c each, and artists' names were not used.

Gallic Vaude Revival Spurs Disks

Paris. Disks have spun into much greater popularity here the last year. The 78 rpm is practically extinct in France; only 1,000,000 disks of that speed were made in '56 with almost all exported to the French-speaking North African territories. Over 15,000,000 33 and 45 rpm platters were made in '56, as against 10,500,000 in '55 and in '55 there were still 5,000,000 78s made. The disk has worked hand in hand with the rebirth of the music hall here which has boosted the singer to the undisputed head of all house bills.

The Pathe-Marconi and Philips disk companies still head the field, but many new labels, plus a flock of the established ones, have a good place in the field. Odeon, RCA, Decca, Ducretet-Thompson have their share of pop and classic biz, while Vogue, Barclay, Vega, Discophiles, Pantheon, President, Versailles are coming in big with new young pop discoveries and a heavy hand in the Gallic and U.S. jazz field.

An effort is being made to cut down the exorbitant disk prices. Use of finer grooves has led to classic works being brought down to \$3.50 from \$7, with the whole musical piece intact. Lower-priced phonographs are also expected, and a boom is foreseen for '57.

SACEM (Societe Des Auteurs, Compositeurs et Editeurs De Musique), Gallic version of ASCAP, though not disclosing any statistics, says it was a fine year for the Gallic "chanson" also. But some songwriters were not as optimistic. As in all walks of show biz, it is felt that the more national a song the more international its chances. They point at "Poor People of Paris" and "Autumn Leaves" hits, while the many Latino, swing and rock 'n' roll imitations never get out of France.

Disks Sold In Lobbies

With vaudeville now again an important part of show biz, it has had a telling effect on songs. Disks are sold in all house lobbies followed by special fan mags. Olympia is the house flagship and the Gallic equivalent of the old Palace. Director Bruno Coquatrix feels he can now afford to invite the top U.S. talent. He thinks that his immense house can pay up to \$10,000 per week for a top name. Bobino remains a solid nabe

house, while Pacra is an oldtime house used for breaking in new acts. Alhambra is back, housing the Maurice Chevalier show, and will stay on at a sort of unit vaude house basis with more ambitious programming. Moulin Rouge is essentially a vaude cabaret, and the Lido uses acts but no big names in its yearly extravaganzas. Add to this the one-ring circuses, Medrano and Cirque D'Hiver, and Paris has plenty of playing time for acts and names.

The lamentable quality of the Gallic musical theatre, mainly vintage operettas, rarely put songs into the hit status. There have been attempts to make progressive inroads on the musical comedy setup, but since it appeals mainly to a provincial trade, it will take a daring promoter to take the first step. Plans to import U.S. musicals from London, intact, for a few performance may make the first dent to lead to the much needed revolution in musicals here.

Jukes Growing

Jukeboxes are growing but still are negligible, and films also help launch songs but not on a big scale. In the longhair field, Paris is still an important prestige centre and most of the big names play it at least once a year. Fees may not be as high as elsewhere, but there is a youthful crowd and an enthusiasm that still makes Paris a classical music mecca. Four symphony orchs, operating on a cooperative level, make up the basis of the annual season here, which runs from October to April. Orchestras are the Conservatoire headquartered for weekly concerts at the Theatre Des Champs Elysees, the Padeloup at the Palais De Chaillot, the Lamoureux at the Salle Pleyel, and the Colombes at the Chatelet. One orch, that of the Radiodiffusion-Tellevision Francaise, is at the Salle Gaveau.

Meantime, music critics, badly paid, are loathe to come out for any but the big names. Many are thus sluffed off here by newspapers due to this. To remedy it, an Association of Artistic Action was set up under the Ministry of Beaux Arts. Critics are urged to come to prevent retaliation in foreign countries against French artists, and the association also invites and pays for many foreign newcomers and artists to keep the name of Parisian hospitality intact.

Berlin 'Porcupines' Big On Politico Pitches In Latest Ewig Lamp Bill

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin.

Every nine months or so, depending on the b.o. success of its program (the last one ran nearly a year), the local Stachelschweine (Porcupines) group shows up with a new program which mostly is a cabaret specialty of the season. These young entertainers have long been acclaimed as the best reps of Germany's postwar cabaret.

The new program calls itself "Die Wucht am Rhein" and, as usual, the title is already a little brainchild. It's again a play on words, this time adapted from "Wacht am Rhein" (Watch On The Rhine) with "Wucht" (which roughly means "a big thing," but verbally "pressure") instead of "Wacht." (Previous program was titled "1,000 And One Night" instead of "1,000 and One Nights"; the one before, "The Ten Was Their Destiny" instead of "The Caine Was Their Destiny," the German title version of "The Caine Mutiny," etc.)

Technically and artistically, this new program, consisting of 15 (almost exclusively political) numbers, is first-rate, and the most fastidious critic probably won't find any fault with it: Unlike the last program, which was a complete success, this one has a considerable weakness in its lines, lacking the punch and originality of previous efforts. To some degree, however, author's license is involved. A couple of months ago, one still might have tolerated this or that attack on the German military (the main topic here); but after the tragic happenings in Hungary, these heavy attacks on the new German Wehrmacht and that passionate striving for neutrality and pacifism (all in satirical form, though) simply lack conviction. Many lines, such as "formerly German divisions had to die to protect our country—now the country has to die because there are divisions in it," appear completely out of place.

As a matter of fact, the whole thing is much too one-sided. It's an aggressive ride against the Bonn Government (on the Rhine) and it follows on the other hand almost exactly the Social Democratic party-line (which, in fact, most German cabaretists are favoring) which pitches that there should be no new German Army but peace-loving neutrality instead. (This however, would please the Russians and probably not at all the American and British politicians as it can't be expected that the GIs and Tommies would protect the Germans and possibly die for them.)

Despite this political controversy, one can praise the "Porcupines." There are plenty of new

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65 Years at the Keyboard

BILLY ECKSTEIN, 'BOY PADEREWSKI,' STILL ACTIVE NIGHTLY IN MONTREAL—REMARKABLE CAREER IN VAUDE & CAFES

By PAUL A. GARDNER

Montreal.

A keyboard caresser who had his name in lights on Broadway three years before VARIETY was born is still going strong at Jack Horn's Clover Cafe in midtown Montreal today.

He's Billy Eckstein, whom VARIETY reviewed in one of its early issues: "Willie Eckstein, an infant wonder at the piano, was decidedly well liked. The boy has a really phenomenal command of the keyboard, and some of his elaborate fingering was brilliant. The most is made of his skillful technique, a Wagnerian concerto being selected to display intricate effects. This was perhaps above the musical taste of the audience, but was interesting as a display of the youngster's precocity."

The N.Y. Journal remarked, with less dignity than VARIETY, "He certainly can rip up the rag."

He still has those clips in one of his fat scrapbooks, kept first by his dad and later by his wife Kitty. No date, review's signature or place of appearance were kept, but Eckstein thinks it was early in 1906, when he was playing one of the N.Y. Keith & Proctor houses, likely 14th St.

He was 17 then, though Fauntleroy up to look much younger, an illusion his four foot 11 enhanced. But he was barely 14 on his first Broadway appearance—at Wistaria Grove Roof Garden, across from the Astor and right above where Martin Beck built the Palace a few years later. He was billed above Elsie Janis, who was exactly three months younger. He'd already been a pro for three years, having played in a piano company window in Toronto at the age of 11 and two summers at Canadian National Exhibition there.

Career Began at Three

Eckstein, who first played in public at three, got his first notice—as "Willie Eckstein, the Infant Prodigy"—and won a McGill University scholarship at 12. He studied in Europe—including his father's and mother's birthplaces, Sweden and Germany—then returned to a concert career. But a N.Y. department store manager got after Willie's dad to have the boy play in his window, and offered too much money to turn down. That date led to the Wistaria Grove, and that to a five-year vaude tour as

"The Boy Paderewski," during which he covered 30 of the United States and a good deal of Canada, averaging \$15,000 a year.

He recalls being billed over Eva Tanguay, then in her 20's but just beginning to zoom, at Proctor's 14th St., and above such other acts as Jack Norworth, Mr. and Mrs. Carter DeHaven, Walter C. Kelly "The Virginia Judge" and the Avon Comedy Four. But not above Houdini, who used to watch Willie play nearly every show.

"After your act is over go to the Green Room, but DON'T stay in the wings" read a sign at the 14th St. house. Eckstein says he got thrown out of the wings every show all week for bug-eyeing sexy Eva, whose grandniece Velba Tanguay, an amateur actress in Ottawa, today is almost a ringer for Kim Novak.

Eckstein twice played K. & P.'s "Million Dollar Theatre" in Philadelphia then hit San Francisco just after the '06 quake, while half the city was still living in tents in Golden Gate Park. Jim Jeffries and Abe Attell, heavy and lightweight champs, used to talk to him backstage. And one of the three times he played Washington's Chase Theatre, he was invited to play the golden piano in the White House for President Teddy Roosevelt who flashed his wide smile and exclaimed, "Deeeeee-lighted!"

Paderewski Listened

Paderewski once heard him play, praised him afterwards as a "prodigy without doubt," and raised no fuss about Willie's billing. Some years later, back in Montreal, Rachmaninoff also went to hear him and complimented him on swinging the classics so effectively. In his vaude days, though, he played them fairly straight.

Suddenly he was too old to be "The Boy Paderewski" any longer, and bookings abruptly stopped. He played piano in a 128th St. honky-tonk with singing waiters and coin-tossing customers, for \$18 a week, tips and all he wanted to eat and drink. It was pretty glum after all the razzle-dazzle and big money of vaude, so he soon hit for home.

There he started a new career, as "cinema interpreter" in Montreal houses—there were only two and the screen was a sheet on pulleys. Lyric Hall was his first stand, and he played there for Beatrice Lillie's first stage appearance, at 14 or less, dressed as an Indian maid. She sang "My Little Kickapoo" straight! They reunited three years ago in Montreal, where "An Evening With Beatrice Lillie" was playing Her Majesty's. Eckstein accompanied her at a benefit.

In 1912 he moved to the Strand, stayed there 20 years in lights as "World's Greatest Cinema Interpreter" wrote a couple of hundred published and recorded songs and was a rival of Zez Confrey, recording for His Majesty's Voice, Apex, Brunswick and Okeh. Leo Feist, Shapiro-Bernstein, Jack Mills and Harms, Inc. published his stuff in the States, and for a while he published his own in Canada, then took on Gordon V. Thompson.

Turned Plugger

He was able to plug his own songs at the Strand; and his audience was international via Prohibition, which drove thousands of thirsty Americans to Canada and especially to wide-open Montreal. Eckstein recalls Al Edwards, now past 70 but still with Feist, and the late Gus Hill, as ace song pluggers in those days.

Gene Buck and Eckstein collabed on "Goodbye Sunshine, Hello Moon" for a 1919 Ziegfeld Follies production number, and he later wrote "Take My Heart" with Mitchell Parish. Some of his self-composed and recorded hits of the day were "When I'm Dreaming Of You," "Where the Niagara Flows" and "Trail o' Dreams" (latter written with Armand Meerte, who accompanied him on the drums at the Strand). Lieut. Gitz Rice, a boyhood friend, dedicated "Dear Old Pal Of Mine" to him.

Eckstein still records his own songs now and then on RCA-Vic-

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LUCILLE and EDDIE ROBERTS

Stars of the Radio and Television Show "WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?"

The Roberts are perhaps one of the most unusual couples in show business today. Not only is their work amazing and amusing but they are always working and always in demand. They are currently playing a return engagement at the Hotel Statler in Los Angeles.

On February 11th they return for their annual visit to the new and beautiful COTILLION ROOM of the Hotel Pierre, New York. Other engagements include, The Maison Jaussaud, Bakersfield, The Park Lane Hotel, Denver, The Statler Hotel, Washington, D. C., and the Colony, London.

Press relations: Frances Kaye & Co. Mgt.: Music Corp. of America.

Waldorf-Astoria, N. Y.

Lena Horne with Lennie Hayton; Nat Brandwynne and Mischa Borr orchs; \$3 couvert.

The Lena Horne influence in song stylings is now standard in show business. Any number of chirps, both sexes, have patterned themselves after the original (and still the champion) of her brand of song delineation. Some of the apings have been a little ridiculous, particularly as regards that intriguing, flexible lowerjaw and pearly-teeth exposure, which is so becoming to the sepia songstress, who is easily one of the great beauties of our time.

It is perhaps for that reason that Miss Horne has moderated on that score a bit although when she does it she just doesn't miss.

Perhaps even more signal a headlight, since her professional prowess is now ipso facto, was that extraordinary grip she had on the New Year's Eve revelers both in the Waldorf's Empire and Sert Rooms, which she doubled, to \$25-a-head. Because of a booking exigency, Miss Horne's formal premiere at this Hilton flagship hostelry fell on the Eve which, normally would not require any customer lagniappe such as the Dec. 31 celebration, Lena Horne—and an opening-night too!

The Waldorf management wisely took advantage of all elements by inviting certain VIP showfolk and press, despite the turnaway Eve trade, with result it brought out a plus value to both boites since the overflow necessitated one show in the Empire Room at half-after-midnight and the other at 1:30 a.m. Prior to both Miss Horne did a stint for the Bruno-New York Inc. year-end private party in the grand ballroom. This is the metropolitan New York distribution agency for RCA Victor's products. Miss Horne is a Victor recording artist and her tour de force conjures up the automatic suggestion that Victor should wax "A Night at the Waldorf" by Miss Horne, a la the company's last-released "A Night at the Copacabana with Tony Martin." It'll be a terrific album and a socko seller—that's for sure.

With husband-composer-conductor Lennie Hayton fronting the normal Nat Brandwynne orchestra, Miss Horne belts out a cavalcade of current and past pops that should serve as a textbook to her colleagues on how to sell a number. From selection to projection, Miss Horne unspools a satchel of songs that are a Brill Bldg. delight.

She takes command from her first arpeggio and insinuates a charm over the room that would make the dropping of a bandana sound like a bomb. The still-of-the-night magic she manifested over the traditional New Year's Eve revelers was almost startling in contrast to the before-and-after hoopla.

Miss Horne's repertoire is a blend of new, which arrests attention, and familiar standards, which inspire hand-to-hand music from the first vamp, but which quickly quiets for fear of missing a lyric or interpretative nuance.

Sleek, svelte and a disuse to her fingertips, whether it's the newer "Let Me Love Today," "Newfangled Tango" or some standard by Cole Porter, ("It's All Right With Me"), Duke Ellington ("Mood Indigo"); whether it's "Day In, Day Out" or a new calypso, Miss Horne sells her wares to the hilt. She's a song better and a diva alternately, and with equal impact. She's a cinch for mop-up b.o. at this stand.

Per always, the Brandwynne and Mischa Borr bands click with their standard dansapation. Abel.

Chez Paree, Chi

Chicago.

"Jerry Lewis Revue," with Jerry Lewis, Judy Scott, Aristocrats (7), Georgine Darcy, Ted Fio Rito Orch (17); \$1.95 cover, \$4 minimum.

This 90-minute Jerry Lewis package should do capacity biz in its two-week run at the Chez. It's a crowd-pleaser although unevenly paced; and the Chez patrons apparently aren't bothered by Lewis' embarrassing homo routines and blue material.

Lewis himself holds the audience from start to finish, and builds up good tensions for his punchlines and capers. His best routines are the typewriter bit with taped music and his singing imitations. However, his songs in the Jolson idiom get only a thanks-for-the-memory hand.

Through combo of audience plants and his genuinely spontaneous wit, the "new" Lewis scores heavily with his audience participation material. It's in this part of the act that Lewis begins to break away from the props of his rou-

tinized antics, squeals and stock guffaw lines.

Although working solo, sans longtime partner Dean Martin, Lewis is flanked by a well-rounded crew. The heel & toe work of the Aristocrats, seven chorus boys, is polished and featured member Dick Humphreys pairs his tap routine with Lewis' to provide one of the show's highlights. But it's here that Lewis' pansy antics get close to the nausea time as he makes passes at the chorus boys, slips a wedding band on their fingers, etc. This material could go; it wouldn't be missed.

Georgine Darcy works into the comedy bits, first as a pleasant patron supposedly picked at random from the audience, and again in the dancing school routine. She's competent on taps, bumps, grinds and wiggles.

Show opener Judy Scott goes through some standard pop songs, with a vivacious bodily accompaniment to her voice. But she had a hard time holding the audience, most of whom went on talking during her songs, obviously waiting impatiently for Lewis to appear. House orch under Ted Fio Rito meets all demands, per usual. Myron Cohen and Roberta Sherwood replace the current bill Jan. 10. Lary.

Thunderbird, Las Vegas

Las Vegas.

The Four Lads, Danny Crystal, Lou Wills Jr., Barney Rawlings, Thunderbird Dancers (8), Al Jahns Orch (12); \$2 minimum.

The unique sound and solid song layout of the Four Lads spell out robust entertainment. The following they have established here during past seasons should cue click biz for the Navajo Room during the three frames at hand.

The Lads are well encased within a firm repertoire encircling their w.k. disclicks. Pace is scaled to provide a sock exit tuned up to a medley toasting the clefmanship of Frank Loesser. Exuberance underscores their harmony, all of it geared to the surefire pops and ballads. New number inserted is "Who Needs You?," released as platter same day quartet opened here post-Xmas. Club audiences that night gave it a responsive sendoff.

Danny Crystal is a crisp comic who will appeal to the Vegas sophisticates and gambling crowd alike. He has a refreshing approach to storytelling and his material is bright and new to this circuit. He gets off the ground rapidly with a series of surefire asides, nailing down boffo response with his well-honed tales. Stronger finish is suggested, however, to make for a really sock act.

Lou Wills Jr. has been absent from this belt for too long, and judging by kudos awarded him here he should tour this area regularly. His scintillating taps, larded with precision tricks, give the show a good kickoff.

Thunderbird Dancers doll up the stage at front end, eye-absorbing in posh Paulette Originals, climax the show in a colorful finale. Barney Rawlings capable emcees to keep the sortie on its charted course, while the Al Jahns orch provides a spirited musical backdrop to the opus, which closes Jan. 16. Alan.

Eddys, K. C.

Kansas City, Jan. 1.

Mickey Shaughnessy, Miriam Sage Dancers (5), Tony DiPardo Orch (8); \$1-\$1.50 cover.

The year-end period finds Eddys' Restaurant with a pair of repeaters, both acquitting themselves nicely. It's the second time around in less than a year for comic Mickey Shaughnessy, and the Miriam Sage Dancers have played the house a couple of times in that period. The 45 minutes of show prove highly amusing.

There are all new faces and figures in the Sage line, and as usual they are trimmed out in eye-filling costumes. They open the show with "Winter Wonderland" routine, setting a lively pace, and close the session with a Ziegfeld girl number, decked out lavishly and shifting from a stately opening to a fast rhythm tap to end off.

In his second turn here Shaughnessy has gained some skill in his storytelling, dialectics and singing, and makes a better presentation of his stock, some new, some used. While he's unmistakably cut on the Irish bias, he runs in a few other dialects effectively enough and mixes them with quick jokes for steady line of laughs. His vocaling of "Barefoot Days" comes off okay, and his established bit of the kids at the flickers registers strongly, though a bit overlong. With Shaughnessy there's an easy presence at the mike that adds much to the proceedings. Show is in till Jan. 10. Quin.

Cotton Club, Miami B'ch

Miami Beach.

Murray Weinger presents Cab Calloway, Lonnie Sattin, Sallie Blair, George Kirby, Will Gaines, Joe Chisholm, Norma Miller Dancers, Anjoel Trio, Orioles (5), Cotton Club Dancers; created and written by Benny Davis; supervised by Mervyn Nelson; dance director, Clarence Robinson; Cab Calloway Orch (12); \$3.50 food and beverage minimum.

This is Murray Weinger's newest venture since Copa City closed a couple seasons ago. It looks like he's come up with the independent night club that finally will give the hotel-cafes a stiff run for the entertainment buck.

Weinger has taken over the Beachcomber, which gave up the name-competish ghost last year, re-named it the Cotton Club with decor to match, and installed one of the fastest revues since the heyday of the old Harlem spot in the early '30s. It's quite a feat, this duplication of the zesty pace and give-them-all performances of yore, but with Cab Calloway, back in his familiar role as leader of the frenzied flock of some 50 sepien dazzlers and sock acts, it's the breeziest package around for the many who've never seen this type of production before. The headlong tempo is a far cry from the studied tv specs and the few revues still playing the cafe circuit.

The 90-minute package is filled with performers of all shapes, sizes and fine talents. Concentration on the upbeat pace lends zing even to the solo performers. Lonnie Sattin is a solid hit with his intelligently blended group of rhythmic and ballads. Biggest mitt-rouser is his contrasting "I Believe," plus "Stand Up and Fight," from "Carmen Jones." A tall, goodlooking bary with high range, he's a stand-out.

Sallie Blair, sultry looker with red-tinged coif and slinky gown to match works over the lusty torch-ants, then applies a wild, albeit shrewdly disciplined, approach to a long arrangement of "Old Black Magic" with interweavings of "Hold 'Em Joe," "Matilda" and assorted Calloway song hit excerpts. It's a crazy, uninhibited, mixed-up segment that keeps the reaction mounting.

In his slots, Calloway duets a comedy-lined "costumed" version of "Romeo & Juliet" with Norma Miller (who could be given more to do, with her flair for comedies and plastic-pan), for a colorful break in the song-dance rundown. He takes over to lead the company in Benny Davis-clefed first big number, "Life," which brings on Will Gaines for gasp-raising taps, and teams again, this time with clever moppet Michelle Clark, in another Davis' compo, the hit of the show and marked for the top listings: "Evalina." Little Miss Clark handles herself with all the aplomb of a vet soubret.

Other big, fast and flashy production number is "Call Of The Wild" pegged on a jungle beat which mounts to frenzied pitch and climaxing fire-ritual dance. Lonnie Sattin plays lead to the theme in fine fashion, overall impact leaving the aud limp.

George Kirby spells the zooming tempo with his impresses. It's a tough spot and he handles it smoothly, winding in upper-bracket returns when he hit the Pearl Bailey bit for topper.

Novelty cane-baton work of adept Joe Chisholm adds another effective break for the production. Winder is a wingding of Calloway hi-de-ho and reprise on Cotton Club of old to another Davis original, "Doin' The Town," a rousing finale that keeps them pounding for multiple bows.

The self-contained unit utilizes effective and easily handled set-pieces and slide-curtain to frame the production changes. This is a package that can play anywhere, tv, theatre or big cafes looking for a departure from the norm. The values are all there, the score a bright one in the best Cotton Club tradition, the staging an unflagging zommer-upper of aud reaction that is keyed to the zest with which the large company attack their assignments.

At this stand, with the lowest food and beverage minimum in town, the word seems to have spread fast: the combo of on-their-own and nitery-tour package groups keeping the 750-seater filled for the forepart of the minimum four weeks-run;—so much so that third shows were added on first weekend. Lary.

Cocoanut Grove, L. A.

Los Angeles.

Connie Russell, Will Jordan, Page & Bray, Freddy Martin Orch (16); \$2-\$2.50 co'er.

For the out-of-town revelers who still like to tell the hometown folks they've been to The Grove, there's a diverting layout of talent floored by Gus Lampe for the ensuing fortnight. As the show's closer, Connie Russell must because of that position be accorded star billing, but it was no breeze for her. From Will Jordan, a mimic and a good one, and the dazzling dance team of Page & Bray she was hard pressed for the plaudits of the thinly populated room at opening. Altogether, a well rounded bill of divertissement.

An entertainer whose talents ranged wide in tv, Miss Russell is content to belt and purr by turns without invoking any of her other attributes, not the least of which is a classy chassis but here fully frocked to her instep. A straight singer without any distinctive style or vocal tricks, she can become vociferous or zephyrous without losing control. On a straight rendition of melodies she stakes her turn, a technique successfully essayed by few saloon chirps. The act could be enhanced with production dressing and her nimble and acrobatic dancing interspersed to relieve the unbroken run of singing. Intros to her songs are brief but unimpressive. An entertainer who can do so many things so well shouldn't be confined to this one facet.

Jordan, who has made a good living off Ed Sullivan, has branched out considerably as a likable mimic without pressing too hard for laughs, which came comfortably. His impressions of Sullivan are by now standard but he has embellished his facsimiles.

Terp team of Page & Bray breeze through some exciting spins and lifts, many uniquely imaginative. It's one of the fastest turns. Freddy Martin's crew is back on the stand and that means the dance sets bring the younger set out in droves. Helm.

Alan Gale's, Miami B'ch

Miami Beach.

Alan Gale, Bill Shirley, Midge & Bill Maggett, Arnold Dover, Teddy King Orch; \$6 food and beverage minimum.

There is probably no other performer playing this resort annually who would chance running his own starring spot, as does Alan Gale, for a full season, in competition with the big hotel-cafes and their powerful lineups. This year, Gale is again operating his club in the Versailles Hotel, indication of big astuteness the part of the owner-entertainer who was offered Copa City and other big indie locations but turned them down to buy out (for \$10,000) the lessees who had grabbed the Versailles' cafe while Gale was undecided on returning. That 10G is coming back—in spades; his 550-seater is one of the busiest in town and turnaways are the order of most of nights in first 10 days of his seasonal stand.

Although Gale brings in several young, fresh acts to round out his package, his one-a-night still winds up a near one-man entertainment that runs for a full three hours with the aficionados reluctant to leave when the time comes. Gale is an indefatigable and versatile gent who works in the format of the Jolsons and others of that stature who made vaude great. He plays his aud's moods in every key, from high good humor to serious attention to a spiel on "his people," a subject on which Gale is expert. His shadings and delivery at times cast a tinge of revival meeting around the big room, so enrapt do his auditors become, so strong their reactions to his theme of the moment. Those serious segments, however, are wisely held to minimum, an adroit lampooning line quickly changing mood back to the laugh-lines. His fund of dialect and character yarns are endless, and in the Yiddish-life idiom easily self-applied by his throngs of faithful fans. It's all one big house party.

The acts in support become part of the "family atmosphere," with Gale introing them on a new-faces theme. Arnold Dover is a clever young Negro impressionist who applies his talents to a rundown of show biz names in incisive and smoothly handled manner. The Haggetts are on their way up the terp-team trail. A handsome pair of youngsters, they mix straight ballroomology with effortlessly achieved lifts, turn to inventive tap work with dispatch and, overall, leave a class impress. Third of Gale's company is Bill Shirley, a songster with a strong set of high-ranging pipes that take to the standards and pops for solid work-over. He's a personable guy who could make it either in musicomedey or on the tv route, as well as in

the better clubs looking for a strong supporting act.

Teddy King, who's been with Gale for years, per usual cuts the show in admirable style and works into the ablib cues tossed at him as though they'd been fully rehearsed. Gale's is not a barometer of biz around town; he's done well when other clubs were struggling through sparse weeks. He looks to repeat the pattern again this season. Lary.

65 Keyboard Years

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tor's Canadian label—always with vocals, these days. Recent ones are "Sweet Senorita," "Strollin' Round the Mountain," "The Lido Mambo" and "Queen of Canada"—latter in honor of Queen Elizabeth, titular head of all Commonwealth countries.

Norma Shearer was one of his fans in the Strand days, from nine years old on, and a few years ago she mentioned in a N.Y. interview that she'd like to find one of his old songs, "Beautiful Thoughts." He dug her up a copy and she wired her thanks. He taught piano to Robert Emmett (then Bobby) Dolan, producer of "Anything Goes," who mentioned Eckstein on a broadcast from Hollywood recently.

Too short to fight in World War I (he's under five feet), he wrote Victory songs—one of which Ella Shields sang in an appearance with him—and played for Victory Loan campaigns. Later he moved to Chateau Ste. Rose, north of Montreal, stayed there 20 years then moved across the street to Lido Club. Last February he returned downtown to the Smart Clover Cafe, where he plays six nights a week from 7 till 2, with an hour's rest in the middle.

Now with only a fuzzy fringe of hair, and bowed after 65 years at the piano, he's still a dazzling keyboard artist and in generally good health. He attributes that to praying for ten minutes every day in a Roman Catholic church near his home (although he was born a Presbyterian and now belongs to no church). He plays old medleys, honky-tonk on a special old upright, burlesques rock-'n'-roll and sometimes parodies his early "cinema interpretations." He "interpreted" on the square recently for a Montreal Men's Press Club showing of Douglas Fairbanks' "Black Pirate."

'Berlin Porcupines'

Continued from page 275

and very fine gags, highly sophisticated wordplay and hilarious situations to enjoy. The best numbers are those few which are sans politics, but unfortunately there are only two of these.

The six performers are excellent. Two of them, Guenther Pfizmann and Wolfgang Gruner, are even terrific. Both get tremendous applause for their solo efforts. Ingeborg Wellmann and Inge Wolffberg, two females, are also highly effective. With regard to mimicry, improvisation and the mastering of dialects, all are little geniuses. One may also call them idealists as they

Ewig Lampe, Berlin

Stachelschweine production, "Die Wucht am Rhein" (The Pressure on the Rhine), in 15 numbers, by Rolf Ulrich, Dieter Finnen, Helmut Kaetner, Kay Lorentz, Kurt Tucholsky. Directed by Rudolf Schuendler. Features Ingeborg Wellmann, Inge Wolffberg, Wolfgang Gruner, Guenther Pfizmann, Hans-Joachim Roecker, Achim Strietzel; music, Klaus Becker; piano accompaniment, Max Werner, Klaus Becker; sets, Werner Victor Toeffling; costumes, Rotraud Piehl-Braun; technical arrangements, Ronald Rochow, Dieter Wendrich; \$1.20 top.

certainly could make more (and easier) money via other media; but perhaps they see in their jobs a pacifistic mission. This program means a tour-de-force for every one of them as each one portrays several characters and costumes makeup and need to be changed every few minutes.

Rudolf Schuendler's direction is fast moving, intelligent and very imaginative. Klaus Becker again provided the fine score and, together with Max Werner, also plays the piano. Rotraud Piehl-Braun's costumes perfectly suit the mood of this existentialist spot called "Ewig Lampe" (Eternal Lamp), which is the home of the "Porcupines."

Boxoffice Masterminds

Continued from page 271

point, it appears that tv is driving a lot of people out of the home.

Take the case of the courting couple. It used to be that little brother was the major obstacle to romance, but the monster had to go to bed some time, and therefore the livingroom was made available for purposes usually associated with romance. But today the parents hang around the livingroom. Courtship or no, they'll not be deprived of their programs.

When the kids take over the set, the parents are driven away, and when the parents get the choice of shows, the kids seek refuge elsewhere.

Perhaps the greatest cliché of all lies in the saying that people want something new all the time. We must have new faces, showmen declare—give us the youngsters on the way up. And yet, it's the old-timers who still draw them out of the homes. A lot of the newcomers have been big once around the circuit, but for repeatedly good business the lure of the staple article is undeniable. In cafes, it's still Sophie Tucker, Danny Thomas, Jimmy Durante, Nat King Cole, Lena Horne, Milton Berle, Frank Sinatra, Joe E. Lewis, Dinah Shore and a few others. Only a small fraction of the names that blaze across the disk firmament survive when the platter fades from the popularity menus in the form of charts. Jack Benny, it seems, has been around the radio and video firmament for all of his 39 years. Joan Crawford still draws a few quid to the boxoffice.

Yet, showmen of any consequence must still gamble on the upcoming youngsters, if only to infuse a note of freshness. Some hang around for a while, as per Sammy Davis Jr., who may go on forever, or a figure such as Harry Belafonte develops.

Some have come to believe that the only cliché worth remembering is not to trust clichés. The entertainment industry has been one that doesn't conform to any particular pattern. At the same time, for example, there's tremendous boxoffice in "Ten Commandments" and then there's Elvis. A headliner may be big on one trip and on the next appearance, the gate is non-existent.

Public tastes follow no set pattern. Some forms of entertainment are not subject to change—the circus for example—while others need constant infusions of fresh ideas. A showman has to be sufficiently astute to gauge public tastes. It's true that rock 'n' roll is a boxoffice biggie at the moment but no one can tell at what point it will cease to draw.

The fact remains that show business is so contradictory and so full of uncharted hazards that the average industryite will hang on to certain clichés even if only to have some landmark which to fall back on. Some of the bromides have not only taken hold but have made captives of a lot of the industry thinkers. If electronic media are triumphing at the moment, it could be the fault of the men in the fields of entertainment away from the home. It might be that the vast majority of people can no longer afford to go out, yet expenses are constantly going up. What used to be a mass business has become an item for a few with sufficient wherewithal.

Those that do go out are paying much more than they used to; in some cases, more than they can afford for certain attractions. Many showmen are complaining that attractions which look good on paper and on the basis of past performances, aren't drawing at all. Have any ever stopped to consider at what price they aren't drawing? Some bashes that didn't draw at \$5 might have had a full house at \$3. Except for a Saturday night or with a hot picture, many picture houses have a lot of unoccupied upholstery.

Even in eras of prosperity, nobody wants to be "taken" except for very good reason.

A showman in himself is a contradictory specimen. He must be full of daring and equally loaded with conservatism; he must have a respect for the old and an eye for the new; he must have sufficient regard for the prevailing customs and the knowhow to ditch them at the right time.

In short, a showman has to be like any other businessman, but, nobody, not even showmen, generally regard the entertainment industry as a business.

Toujours The Palace

Continued from page 274

extra, with result that the combination vaudeville that was to last until Sept. 20, 1935 came into being. By now the bills were down to five acts on the combo policy, the last show of this semester constituting Helen Reynolds & Champions, Clyde Hager, Dick & Edith Barstow, Barry & Whitledge and Carl Freed's Harmonica Band; WB's "Page Miss Glory" was the feature.

For 14 years thereafter the Palace was a film grind until on May 19, 1949, RKO Theatres prexy Sol A. Schwartz decided to inaugurate vaudeville, back to 8 acts and a first-run feature, a policy that has remained save for the several "two-a-day" punctuations (Judy Garland, Danny Kaye, et al.).

The first 8-act bill plus feature film ("Canadian Pacific") comprised Mage & Karr, The Chords, Norman Evans, The Marvellos, Cook & Brown, Jerry Wayne, Lorraine Rognan, Dolinoff & Raya Sisters.

The "return of vaudeville to the Palace" was sentimentally acclaimed by the world press which again did a flip when Judy Garland did her comeback Oct. 16, 1951, in a booking that was initially for four weeks and she stayed 19 weeks until Feb. 24, 1952. That show comprised The Lungs, Doodles & Spider, Smith & Dale, Giselle & Francois Szony, Max Bygraves (English comedian making his U.S. debut), with Miss Garland & Co. constituting the entire second half.

Miss Garland again brought back the two-a-day at the Palace Sept. 27, 1956 when she started a minimum eight-week booking.

Other two-a-day highlight shows to punctuate the still prevalent vaudeville bills were Lauritz Melchior heading the Feb. 26, 1952, show which held Ben Blue, Jean Carroll, Les Compagnons de la

Chanson, Chandra-Kaly Dancers, Andre, Andree & Bonnie and 5 Fays.

Jose Greco headed the March 11, 1952, fortnighter, supported by Jackie Miles, Rudy Cardenas, Bunin Puppets and the Olsen & Johnson revue (34 people in 14 scenes).

Betty Hutton's April 12, 1952, show ran for four weeks supported by The Skylarks, Herb Shriner, Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals (with Johnny Puleo), Andre, Andree & Bonnie (originally booked for the Melchior show but cancelled because of illness), and Dessie Bros. Miss Hutton returned to the Palace for another four-weeker on Oct. 14, again staged by Charles O'Curran, with costumes by Edith Head, songs by Jay Livingston & Ray Evans, and Dudley Brooks' music supervision. The 1953 Hutton show again had The Skylarks in support with Los Chavales de Espana, Bil & Cora Baird, The Shyrettos and Dick Shawn.

After Miss Hutton's first four-weeker, which concluded May 10, 1952, the Palace again reverted to vaudeville until Danny Kaye, on the crest of his resounding London click at the Palladium, the fanfare attendant to the Command Performances in Britain and his Sam Goldwyn picture, "Hans Christian Andersen," opened Jan. 19, 1953, and stayed 14 weeks with this show: Darvas & Julia, Fran Warren, The Dunhills (Art Stanley, Lou Spenser and Bob Roberts), Marquis Family (chimp act) and Piero Bros. Kaye grossed \$893,630 in the 135 performances to 234,250 admissions.

The Hutton return Oct. 14, 1953, marked the final interruption of highlight names and from Nov. 11, 1953, the Palace has been showing vaudeville until Miss Garland's return Sept. 27, 1956.

Press Agent Lament

By BUDDY BASCH

Apologies to Eddie Lawrence, the Friendly Philosopher

What's botherin' you? You say one of you. best clients took his account to a competitor and Earl Wilson called and said your item that he used for a lead yesterday turned out to be a phoney and he'll never talk to you again and your secretary and your assistant both quit on the same day. Is that what's botherin' you?

Did your best account just get arrested for dope peddling and the newspapers are calling for statements and you can't seem to get the new ribbon on your typewriter and you cut your typing finger and spilled a bottle of ink on your new suit and the mimeograph handle broke and your telephone suddenly went dead and you have a hole in your pocket and lost your lunch money. Is that what's botherin' you? Just raise your head up high and tell them that you're gonna give up, you're GONNA GIVE UP!

Did you just run out of checks and you can't go to the bank for more because you're overdrawn and the building superintendent is threatening to throw you out for playing records so loud and "Person to Person" just cancelled out at the last minute, after you'd saved the account with that guest shot and Howard Miller wrote he'd never play records by any of your clients again and did three prospective accounts fall through? Is that what's botherin' you?

Did you just take your client to a radio station and not only did the librarian not have his records, but he told the client he hadn't seen you in months? And does a brand-new account want you to leave this afternoon on a six-week road trip with no increase in fees? And did a wire service break a big story for you, but they used the name of the wrong bandleader? And did a fan magazine move that break you've been promised for months from the front cover and make it two lines on page 67—without a picture? And did the manager of three of your accounts call and ask you to loan him \$1,000 for a few months—or else?

Did Mitch Miller meet you on the street and say he's dropping your jazz combo from the label and someone developed ptomaine in the restaurant you handle and your songwriter has been brought into court by the George Gershwin estate for plagiarism? And did the disk company you work for turn down Elvis Presley's audition records twice last year and now they're being investigated for pressing dirty records? And your prospective big-name star has been named in a paternity suit by a girl you introduced him to and he's just left for a year's tour of appearances in Europe, leaving you holding the bag. Is that what's botherin' you, eh, Flackie?

Well, why don't you close your office and join a record company as an a&r man?

Goldin-Selbit's 'Sawing A Woman' Top B.O. And Real Showmanship

By MILBOURNE CHRISTOPHER

"Sawing a Woman in Two" was the most publicized, most controversial illusion ever invented. More important it was dynamite at the boxoffice. Six companies under Horace Goldin's banner played the major vaude houses in 1921-22 and nine toured with P. T. Selbit's version.

The plot was simple. A girl in a box was sawn through the middle, then mysteriously put back together. The billing varied: "A Woman in Two," "The Great Divide," "Vivisection." The illusion was the greatest money-maker of all time. No mystery act, before or since, has ever matched its grosses.

An ambulance tagged "We are going to Keith's in case the saw slips" built interest wherever Goldin played. A nurse and a stretcher in the theatre lobby added emotional impact. Teaser ads were spotted in the dailies: "Girls wanted: 12 to be sawed in half at B. F. Keith's Theatre next week. Guarantee \$10,000 to heirs in case of fatality. Only girls having necessary physical qualifications need apply." "Carpenters wanted: To see Horace Goldin Saw a Woman in Half at B. F. Keith's Theatre next week. A Positive Sensation." Hollywood publicists still use variations on the theme to drum up business for horror shows.

Sometimes it was arranged for a local girl to challenge the magician to saw her in two. Her only specification was that she must wear a mask "to hide her identity." A clever touch, that.

Attracted by the solemn procession of undertakers, in top hats, black frock coats and white gloves, carrying a handsaw through the streets, crowds would flock after them, right up to the theatre box-office.

Large rubberstamps were distributed to newsdealers so they could stamp Goldin's copy in blood red ink on the front pages of their papers.

P. T. Selbit, the brilliant British illusionist, developed his version of the Swing trick late in 1920. He debuted with it at the Finsbury Park Empire, January 17, 1921. The editor of The Magic Wand, reviewing the act, suggested that Selbit inveigle those who tried to pirate the idea into his box and "accidentally" dispose of them.

Goldin, who claimed he thought up the idea in 1909, presented his version at the Society of American Magicians' banquet at the McAlpin Hotel in New York, June 3, 1921. A man was the first victim. He

quickly revised his presentation, got a girl in the box, and by late July was getting rave reviews at the Palace.

Selbit said Goldin copied his idea. Goldin countered that Selbit was the culprit. The Great Leon claimed he had thought of the trick before either of them. Charles Edwards poo-pooed all three. Twenty-five years before, he insisted, a clown had sawed a policeman in half during the pantomime "Robinson Crusoe" at the Old Victoria, Lambeth, London, Charles Devere, the manufacturer of magic, pointed to a drawing and a description of the illusion in his 1892 catalog. He got the inspiration, he said, from a Torrini trick in Robert-Houdin's autobiography, first published in 1858.

Goldin had a three-month edge on Selbit in America. The Vaudeville Managers' Protective Assn. was behind him. Selbit, when he arrived in September, had to settle for the Shubert time. Keith's strategy was to play Goldin first in cities announced for the Selbit tour. The demand for the illusion was so overwhelming that Goldin signed Jansen (later better known as Dante), Servais LeRoy (who boasted "I came, I sawed, I conquered"), Joe Dolan, Henry Marcus and Kalma to head units under his direction.

Joe Cook got in on the act by producing a hilarious travesty on the trick which he used around the circuit with telling results, especially when he followed Goldin.

Global Expansion

By October Selbit announced that he had three Sawing companies in the U.S., two in Great Britain, one each in South Africa, Australia, Germany and France.

Goldin kept attorney Sam Margulies hopping, slapping injunctions on any and all Sawing troupes that came to his notice. A major irritation for Goldin was the film exposure made by Weiss Bros.' Clarion Photoplays, Inc. His court battles with the firm took up a large share of his profits. Selbit went back to England in December, but even so by then nine companies were presenting his version in the American hinterlands under Wirth, Blumenfeld & Co. sponsorship.

George Stock put his girl in a barrel for a twist at Coney Island, Cincinnati, and drew the biggest weekday crowd of the season. Hanlo came up with a "Sawing a Woman in Three" and Teddie Owens had a three-part sawing that he gored up by secretly adding bags of blood to the box.

Goldin, or was it a Keith publicist?, got space with a wild story telling how Horace, hidden atop an elephant, watched a high priest saw a human in half in Poona City, India. This, the release claimed, was the inspiration for his popular act.

Sawing drew business everywhere. Nicola and Percy Abbott performed it in Australia. Frank Heller capitalized on it at the Olympia in Shanghai. It drew heavily on the Continent and in South America.

In the States "Silent" Mora spoke up to say he was trouping with an original version. Prof. Walters, in Salt Lake City, commented that the Goldin-Selbit controversy was ridiculous, he had dreamed up the trick three years before in Belgium.

Carl Rosini made news when he started a tour with his big show and announced that he would not saw a woman in two. The amateur hocus-pocusers were doing the trick with improvised crates and old fruitboxes.

Eventually the Sawing vogue passed. Selbit switched his emphasis to "The Human Pin Cushion," Servais LeRoy had a try at "Subduing a Woman with Bayonets" and Goldin came up with "Tearing a Woman to Pieces."

None of these tricky torture illusions ever came close to "Sawing a Woman in Half" as a boxoffice bonanza. They are rarely seen today. But the sound of the saw as it rips through the box and—the beautiful girl—is still thrilling and chilling audiences around the globe.



Christopher



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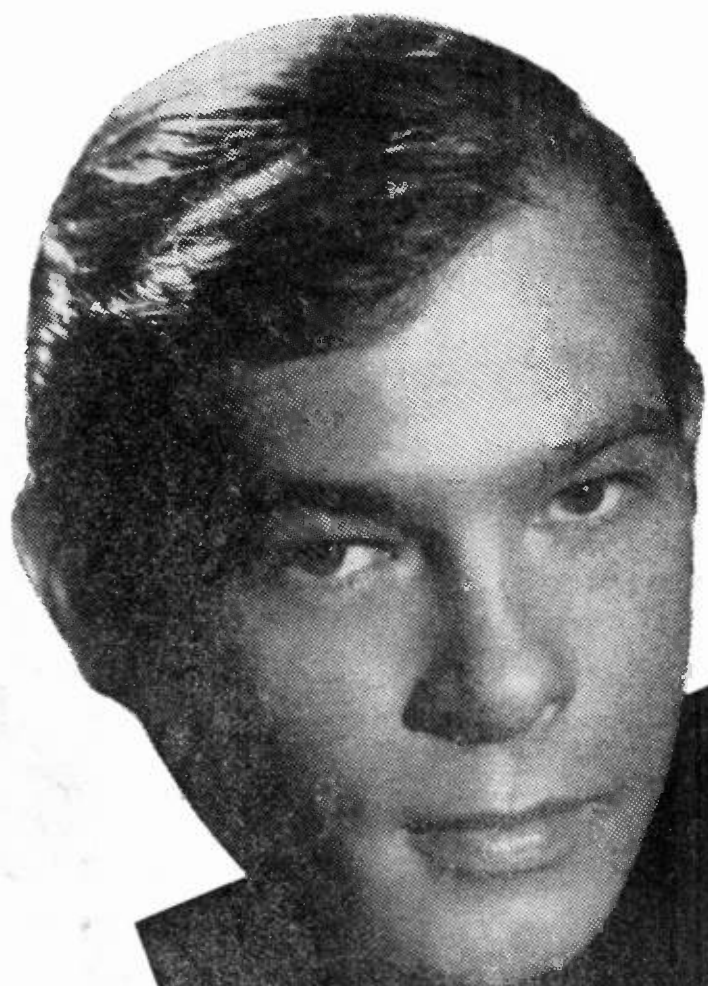
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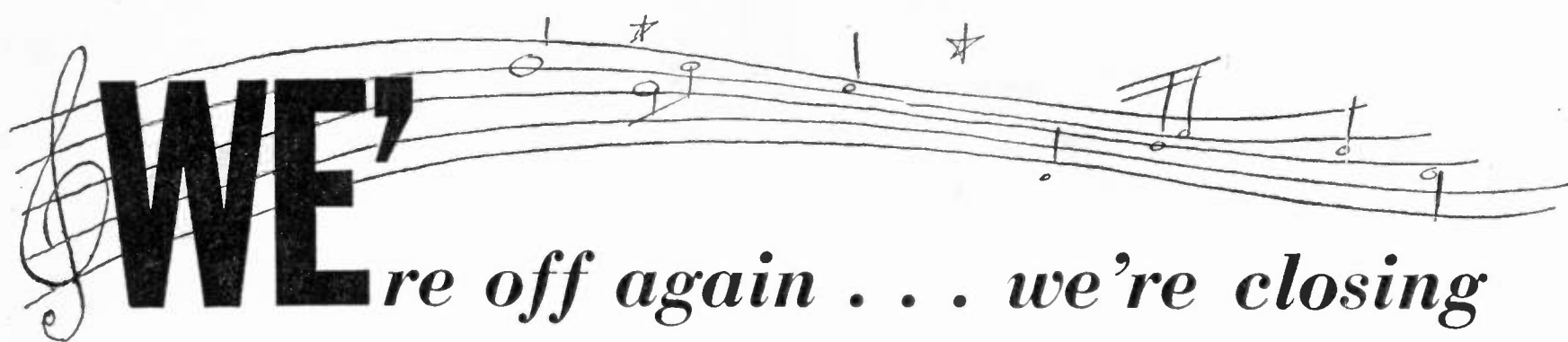


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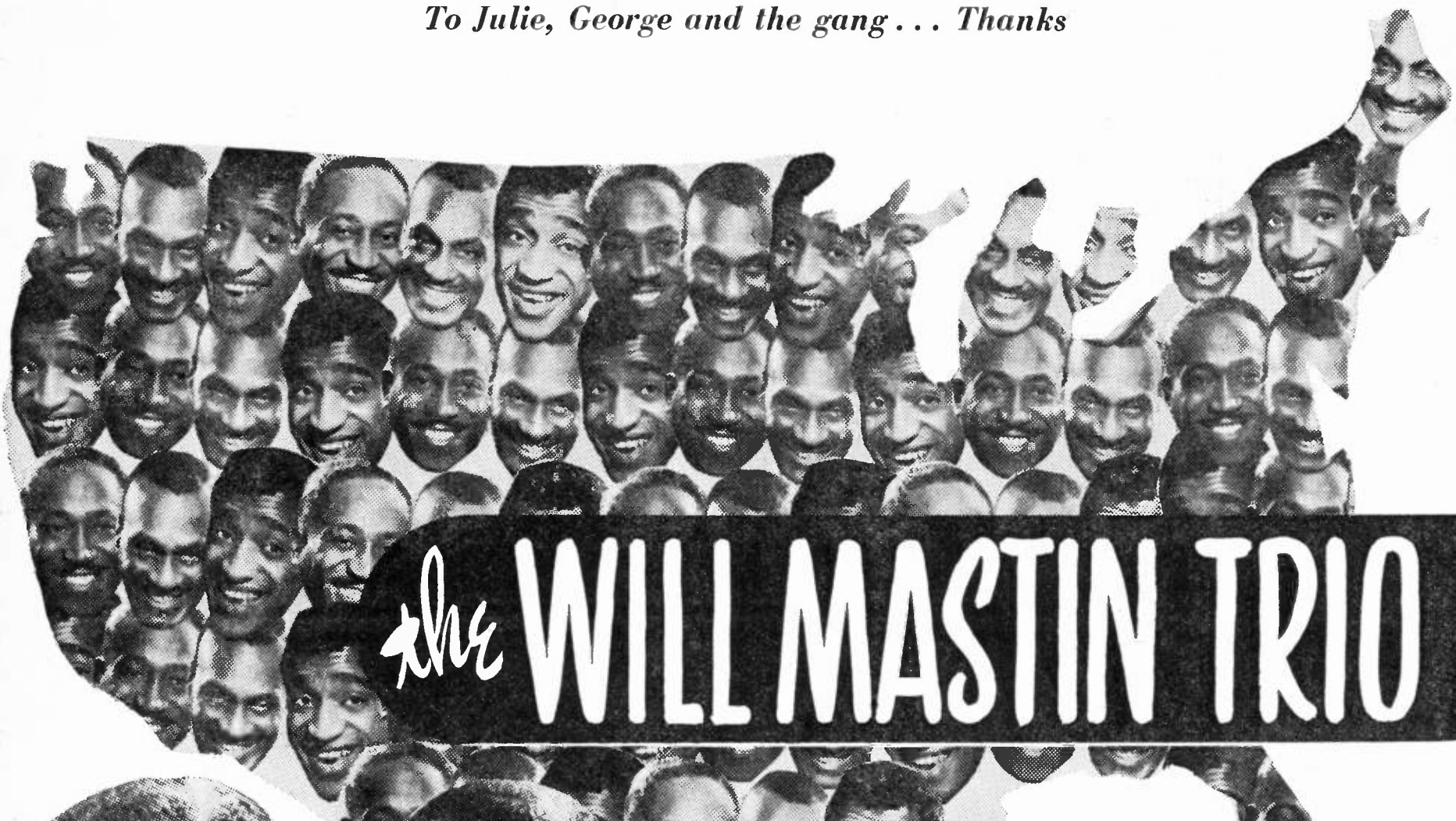


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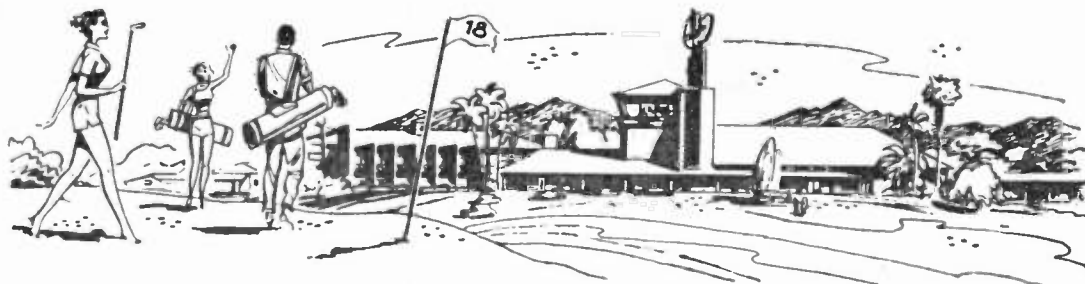


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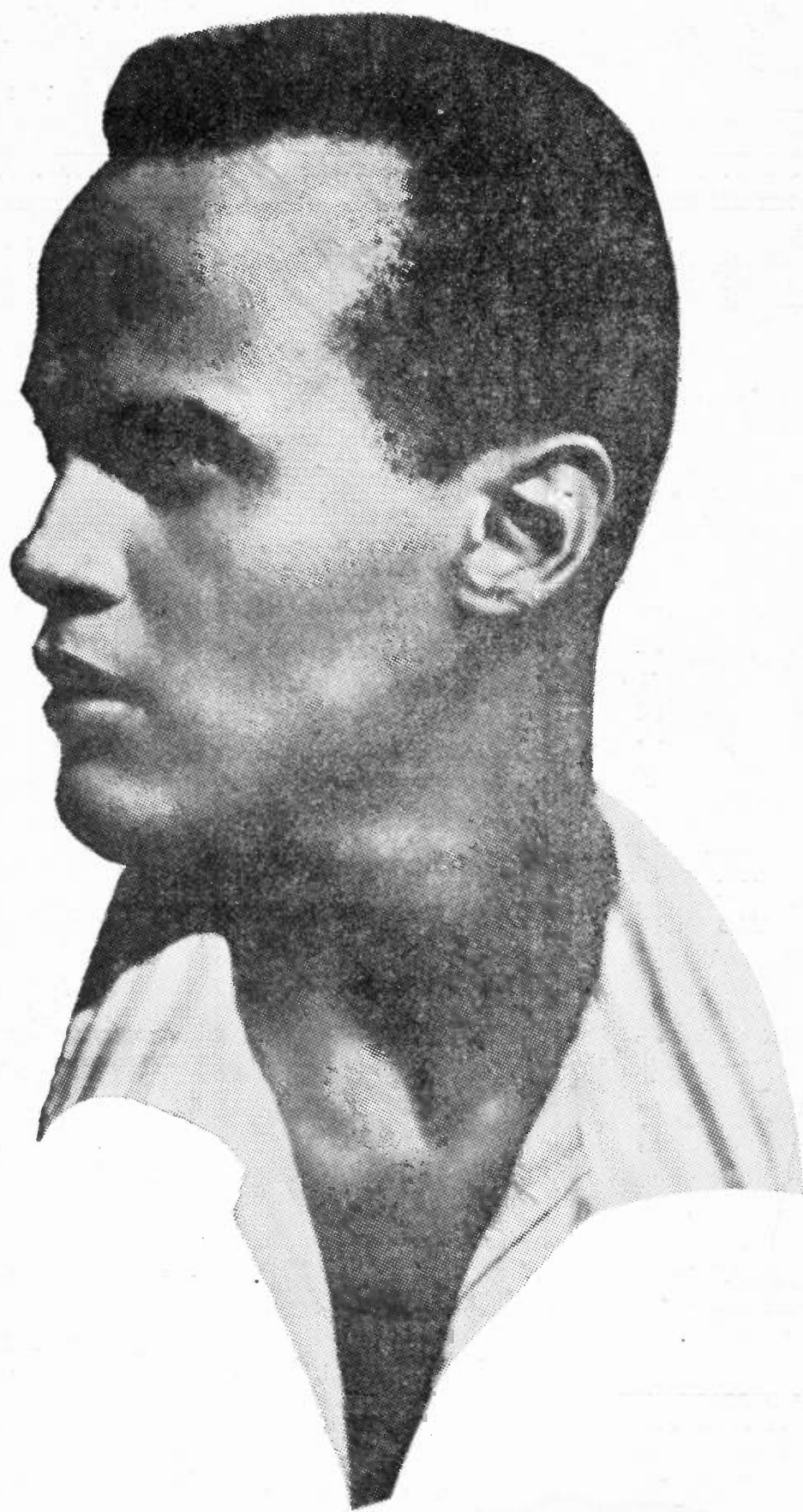
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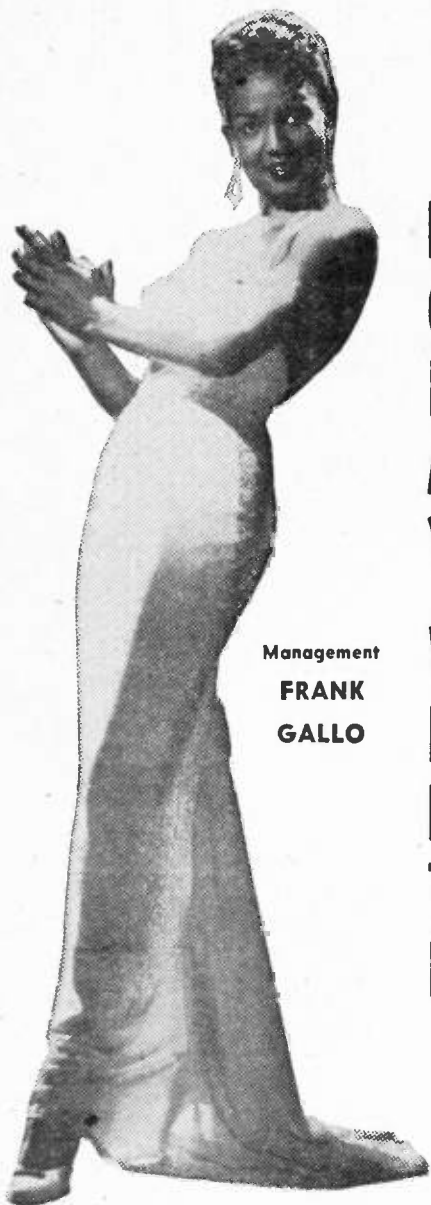
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ZIEGFELD

and his
FOLLIES

by Robert Baral

The Early Period—(1907-1914)

"FOLLIES OF 1907." Opened July 8, 1907. Cast included: Harry Watson, Jr., George Bickel, Dave Lewis, Grace LaRue, Charles J. Ross, William Powers, Frank Mayne, Grace Leigh, Florence Temple, Marion Sunshine, Prince Tokio, Helen Broderick, May Leslie and Mlle. Dazie. Music by Seymour Furtz, Vincent Bryan, Silvio Hein, Will Cobb, Gus Edwards, Alfred Solmon, E. Ray Goetz and Jean Schwartz. Book by Harry B. Smith. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Ran 70 performances.

The first "Follies" cost \$13,000 to produce—and the weekly nut was \$1,800. It was originally conceived as a summer revue and presented at the Jardin de Paris on the roof of the New York theatre. Florence (his name was actually spelt that way at first) Ziegfeld was paid \$200 per week by Klaw & Erlanger to manage this roof show. Anna Held gave Zieggy the idea to stress beautiful American girls in a revue. Girls in this initial edition (said to number 50) were heralded as the Anna Held Girls.

Julian Mitchell who had staged many of the Anna Held shows—was the first stager and was a wise choice as he discarded the English idea of chorus girls as lifeless adornments—and brought them to life through groupings and lights individualized to different personalities. He made them actually smile, actually listen to the tenor. Then dance with spirit. In one scene the charmers marched up and down the aisles rattling snare drums.

In this first "Follies" one song, "The Modern Sandow Girl" made play on Ziegfeld's first money-maker. Sandow—a muscle boy long before Mae West's mob. Anna-belle Whitford was the first girl spotlighted as a startling beauty—and one of her numbers revealed her as the Gibson Bathing Girl. Mlle. Dazie was Ziegfeld's first ballerina—and in a Jiu Jitsu waltz she was accompanied by Prince Tokio, "straight from Japan." She also appeared as Salome.

"Budweiser's a Friend of Mine" illustrated Ziegfeld's early flair for commercial plugging. Grace LaRue sang "Miss Ginger from Jamaica"—and Emma Carus was also in the cast for a time singing "Handle Me With Care."

First "Follies" had jibes at Rockefeller, Anthony Comstock and Sousa—plus the main Ziegfeld innovation—the beauty parades. Bickel & Watson were the chief comics, also Dave Lewis, a rowdy funster from Chicago who had a special song, "I Think I Oughtn't to Auto Anymore." Included in the Anna Held bevy were: Louise Alexander, Eva Burnett, Angie Weimars, Lillian Lee, Lillian Wiggins, Goldie Stover, Lois Barri, Maude Demarest, Viola Bowers and Lillian Rice.

"FOLLIES OF 1908." Cast included: Norah Bayes, Jack Norworth, Lucy Weston, Barney Bernard, William Powers, George Bickel, Harry Watson, Jr., Grace LaRue, Billie Reeves, William C. Schrodde, Arthur Deagon, Lee Harrison, Mlle. Dazie, Seymour Brown, Mae Murray, Gertrude Vanderbilt and Grace Leigh. Book by Harry B. Smith. Music by Maurice Levi, Jean Schwartz and Melville Gideon. Staged by Julian Mitchell and Herbert Gresham. Ran 120 performances.

Ziegfeld had his first song hit, "Shine On Harvest Moon" in 1908 edition. Norah Bayes introduced it with Jack Norworth. (They also wrote it). Interestingly, the song was revived in Ziegfeld's very last "Follies" in 1931 and emerged as the best number in that final edition. In 1908 the name, F. Ziegfeld Jr. (Spelt that way) went above the title of the "Follies" for the first time—which was the beginning of an extended series of credit changes which surrounded the series periodically.

Lucy Weston, the English singer, appeared for an extended period—specializing in personality songs with a sly double entendre such as "As You Walk Down the Strand," "Be Good" and "That's All." She also appeared as Columbia—which was to be a standard honor for chosen performers in ensuing productions. Mae Murray turned up in 1908 for the first time in a "Follies"—sharing the beauty spotlight along with Annabell Whitford. "The Nell Brinkley Girl" exploited the popular cover girl of the day. "Merry Widows of All Nations" expanded the Viennese "Merry Widow" vogue then rampant—giving it an international flavor.

"FOLLIES OF 1909." Cast included: Norah Bayes, Jack Norworth, Lillian Lorraine, William Bonelli, Arthur Deagon, Rosie Green, Billie Reeves, Bessie Clayton, Mae Murray, Annabell Whitford, Harry C. Kelly, Sophie Tucker, Gertrude Vanderbilt, Evelyn Carlton, Harry Pilcer and Marion Garson. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Music by Maurice Levi, Gus Edwards and Lewis Muir. Staged by Julian Mitchell and Herbert Gresham. Ran 64 performances.

Lillian Lorraine, new—and immediately hailed as the No. 1 beauty queen, Ziegfeld's first real dazzler. She had two flashy numbers—"Come on, Play Ball With Me," an audience participation number—with the girls tossing baseballs out to the audience suggesting a little informal game. Then "Up Up Up in My Aeroplane" in which she rose aloft in a miniature plane at the rear of the hall and circled over the patrons dropping flowers. New ballerina was Bessie Clayton.

Sophie Tucker was with it in 1909 for four weeks. She stopped the show for 12 minutes in Atlantic City during the tryout, only to have to relinquish her best numbers to Norah Bayes who insisted in no uncertain terms on all main singing honors. Soph was permitted to retain "Moving Day in Jungletown" as her own spot, but this too was taken away when Eva Tanguay joined the show for a limited engagement. Needless to say this was the only time Sophie Tucker ever appeared under the Ziegfeld banner.

"FOLLIES OF 1910." Cast included: Bert Williams, Fannie Brice, Harry Watson Jr., Billie Reeves, Rosie Green, Lillian Lorraine, Bobby North, Grace Tyson, George Bickel, William C. Schrodde, Vera Maxwell, Evelyn Carlton, Aline Boley, Peter Swift, Harry Pilcer and Shirley Kellogg. Book and music by Harry B. Smith, Gus Edwards and many others. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Ran 88 performances.

Bert Williams and Fannie Brice both debuted. Fannie Brice's first song to register was "Goodbye Becky Cohen" by Irving Berlin—his first Ziegfeld chore. She had one other song, "Lovie Joe" by Joe Jordan and Will Marion Cook which established her singing style. Bert Williams rates as the first Negro to mingle with Broadway elite in a revue—a Ziegfeld first. His repertoire: "That Minor Strain," "I'll Lend You Everything I've Got Except My Wife" and "You're Gwine to Get Something What You Don't Expect." He was master of the casual ad lib—and appeared in tails as well as tatters.

Julian Mitchell's staging of "Swing Me High, Swing Me Low" for Lillian Lorraine was a sensation this year. Rose-covered swings held the choice beauties and as the song proceeded Lillian Lorraine swung out over the front-rows and dropped nosegays. Another girlie scene—had them taking a dip in a swimming tank and emerging with their tight, dripping suits and then scampering off the stage. This was considered most daring as their legs were bare. "That Horrible Hobbie Skirt" pointed a finger at the stifling fashions of the day. The latest dance presented was "The Pensacola Mooch."

Bickel & Watson's idea of a band rehearsal was a high spot for laughs. The girls paraded as Rough Riders to welcome Teddy Roosevelt back to this country. Included in the new faces were: Mary Rockwell, Adeline Leslie, Grace Lane, Emma Ahearn, Pauline Wineman, Lottie Vernon and Margaret Morris.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1911." Cast included: Bessie McCoy, Lillian Lorraine, Leon Errol, George White, Bert Williams, the Dolly Sisters, Vera Maxwell, Harry Watson Jr., Fannie Brice, Brown & Blyer, Stella Chatelaine, Clara Palmer and Walter Percival. Book by George V. Hobart. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Music by Maurice Levi, Raymond Hubbell, Jerome Kern and Irving Berlin. Ran 80 performances.

The official title, "Ziegfeld Follies," first blossomed out with this edition. This also marks the first year that Raymond Hubbell, Jerome Kern and Irving Berlin contributed special music to the series. And Gene Buck, who was eventually to write 20 editions plus 16 versions of the Midnight Frolic, showed in print for the first time—as illustrator for the music. He evolved into Ziegfeld's chief scout and poet-laureate of the "Follies."

Irving Berlin's standout songs were "Woodman, Woodman Spare That Tree" and "Ephraim" (Fannie Brice sang the latter). Jerome Kern's music was less topical though he did write one timely number, "Daffy Dill," which was inspired by Tad's cartoons in the newspapers.

Bessie McCoy (by arrangement with Charles B. Dillingham) was featured in this one. The Dolly Sisters were logically spotlighted as the Siamese Twins. Bert Williams' drolleries continued—plus his rich song material which included this year, "Dat's Harmony." Lillian Lorraine and Vera Maxwell took turns introducing "The Texas Tommy Swing." George White, who later competed with Zieggy via an annual "Scandals" (which beat Ziegfeld to the music of George Gershwin and Brown, DeSylva & Henderson), joined the Follies as a hooper. And Leon Errol's wobbly legs were first utilized for laughs in this edition. A travesty on the allegorical drama, "Everywoman," dubbed "Everywife" was one of the more elaborate scenes in which the girls could appear as the Seven Deadly Sins plus all the other vices. This number was borrowed from a Lambs Club frolic. Another burlesque had Harry Watson Jr. in drag as "The Pink Lady," then a reigning hit. "New Year's Eve on the Barbary Coast" brought the entire company together for a revel in a San Francisco dive—with Lillian Lorraine tossed about in an apache routine. Among the new beauties: Ethel Clayton, Emma Gorman, Elise Belga, Katherine Daly, Eleanor St. Clair and Ann Meredith. Vera Maxwell's patrician beauty depicted the spirit of the "Follies."

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1912." Cast included: Elizabeth Brice, Leon Errol, Harry Watson Jr., Bernard Granville, Bert Williams, Lillian Lorraine, Josie Sadler, Charles Judels, Grace DuBoise, Vera Maxwell, May Leslie and Rae Samuels. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith with many interpolated songs. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Ran 88 performances.

The "Follies" continued to usher in the summer season. It was still unveiled in the Jardin de Paris atop the New York theatre which by now was renamed the Ziegfeld Moulin Rouge. The framework was still leaning on the burlesque formula with vaudeville specialties inserted frequently—and the girls brought on regularly. "Row, Row Row" by Jimmy Monaco which Elizabeth Brice delivered was the outstanding song hit.

Bert Williams was now a potent regular, this time singing "My Landlady," "You're On the Right Road but You're Goin' the Wrong Way" and "Blackberrying Today"—all sock classics in the Williams' vein. Not all of his appearances though were confined to singing stanzas—he got lusty laughs when he portrayed a disconsolate cab-driver in a straight comedy skit. Leon Errol shared the comedy end with him—his funniest bit being when he came out as a horse which had become sophisticated by Broadway after midnight.

Rae Samuels was also in the cast for songs—her most popular one being "Down in Dear Old New Orleans" which gave her the opportunity to belt it over with her special brand of blue-streak personality. Irving Berlin had one interpolated number, "A Little Bit of Everything," in for a short time. Bernard Granville was the new singing juvenile.

Gene Buck tried his hand at a big production number which featured Lillian Lorraine—it was "Daddy Has a Sweetheart and Mother is Her Name" and \$5,000 was

spent on costumes alone for the number. During the Philadelphia tryout A. L. Erlanger became irked and barked out an order that the number must go—and both Gene Buck and later Lillian Lorraine went with it. Later Buck reworked the number—submitted it to Oscar Hammerstein for his vaudeville mecca—and Lillian Lorraine was a solid smash and was heldover for four weeks. Ziegfeld called the duo back quickly after that.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1913." Cast included: Leon Errol, Anna Pennington, Ethel Amorita Kelley, Frank Tinney, Nat Wills, Elizabeth Brice, May Leslie and Jose Collins. Book by George V. Hobart. Music by Raymond Hubbell, Dave Stamper and Gene Buck. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Ran 96 performances.

The "Ziegfeld Follies" moved into the New Amsterdam theatre with this edition. Ann, originally Anna, Pennington joined Ziegfeld in 1913, and became one of his strongest dancing personalities—dimpled knees and long tresses were her trademark. Her dancing style was dominated by a refined form of hoochy which seldom changed throughout the years no matter what new step she was introducing—audiences loved her.

Over 20 songs were included in the 1913 edition but nothing of real import emerged. The best songs were interpolated numbers. Jose Collins attracted popular notice singing most of them—which included "Peg O' My Heart," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and Earl Carroll's "Isle D'Amour." The headline news that year was the opening of the Panama Canal so Jose Collins sang "Panama." The Girls figured in the onrush of waters when the Ziegfeld version of the locks opened.

Leon Errol was again present for comedy—his outstanding appearance being in the "Turkish Trot" (really the Turkey Trot) in which his pants kept slipping down. Julian Mitchell's staging of this scene drew wide praise from the press—he had the entire company doing it—the street cleaners, newsboys and a trick horse which got mixed up in the step. Frank Tinney and Nat Mills were new comedians—lending support to the lighter touches in the show. "That Ragtime Suffragette" was a girlie presentation of women's suffrage then gaining impetus. Gene Buck and Dave Stamper pooled their talents in earnest this year—starting a long-run collaboration on the "Follies" which lasted right up to 1931.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1914." Cast included: Ed Wynn, Vera Michelena, Ann Pennington, Arthur Deagon, May Leslie, Gertrude Vanderbilt, Kitty Doner, Louise Meyers, George McKay, Kay Laurell, Leon Errol, Rita Gould and Bert Williams. Book by Gene Buck, Dave Stamper and George V. Hobart. Music by a wide assortment of composers. Staged by Leon Errol. Ran 112 performances.

Ed Wynn with his goofy brand of nonsense was the new comedian. But it was still Bert Williams who dominated. —His outstanding number being the memorable "Dark Town Poker Club" by Jean Havez, Will Vodery and Williams—considered an all-time high for singing pantomime. Besides singing the title song, he played a card game with imaginary partners—which today is lauded with hushed reverence when Bert Williams is mentioned. His repertoire was brilliant in its line, including also: "I'm Cured," "At the Ball, That's All" and "The Vampire."

In 1914 Annette Kellerman was allotted a featured role for a trick "Neptune's Daughter" scene but it was not retained very long. However, the famed Kellerman skin-tight bathing outfit which the swimming star introduced with an air of emancipation—was frequently sported by the Ziegfeld girls in their more "daring" appearances.

"Rock Me In the Cradle of Love" by J. Leubrie Hill was a hit of fair size which caught on. "When the Ragtime Army Goes Away to War" showed the Ziegfeld method for settling the First World War. Julian Mitchell first directed this edition but tiffed with Ziegfeld—and Leon Errol was called in to pinch-hit. Gladys Feldman (later Mrs. Horace Brahan) and Kay Laurell took bows in the beauty category. The "Follies" had a healthy run—but actually the show slumped on novelty—in fact there was danger of the series turning stale. However really big things were already being lined up for next year . . . Gene Buck had seen a production of George C. Tyler's "Garden of Paradise" by Edward Sheldon—a flop which had unusual decor by a new designer named Joseph Urban. Word was passed along to Ziegfeld to go have a look at the show himself before it folded—and Ziggy was completely awed by the rich scenic investiture. When Ziegfeld went to Indianapolis (his favorite road stop) to catch the "Follies" on tour—he took Joseph Urban along for his first look-see at the revue. The designer went immediately to the English Theatre on the Circle where the show was playing—took one fast look at the sets and quipped: "Advertising posters!—I can do wonders for your 'Follies.'"

The Great Period—(1915-1922)

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1914." Cast included: Ed Wynn, Vera Wynn, Ina Claire, Ann Pennington, Bert Williams, Bernard Granville, Leon Errol, Carl Randall, Helen Rook, Mae Murray, George White, Lucille Cavanaugh, Phyl Dwyer, Will West, Oakland Sisters, Charles Purcell, Olive Thomas, Kay Laurell and Justine Johnstone. Book and music by Channing Pollock, Renold Wolf, Louis Hirsch and Gene Buck. Staged by Julian Mitchell and Leon Errol. Ran 104 performances.

In 1915 came the turning point in the "Follies." While the cast listed above was impressive the real star was Joseph Urban, the Viennese scenic designer who was left stranded in this country during the First World War—and who single-handed galvanized the "Follies" into a Niagara of opulence. He brought his rich palette of colors and new architectural stage door decor to the series which provided that certain continental elegance which Ziegfeld

(Continued on page 300)

When 'The Road' Was a One-Nighter Path To Fame and B. O. Fortune

By RALPH T. KETTERING

Chicago. In 1906, 50 years ago, when VARIETY was just a gleam in Sime's eye, "the road" was a most remunerative experience. There was upward of 100 producers who made fortunes not playing a town of over 20,000 inhabitants. Charles E. Blaney, the Mittenhal Bros., Lincoln J. Carter, Harry Frazee, W. B. Patton and George Nicolai were but a few I mention.

And how they used to pilfer ideas from each other! One night Frazee saw "Blue Jeans" and the next week he was touring the sawmill in "Uncle Josh Spruceby." If Linc Carter saw a railroad train with a bright headlight the next week he was touring a locomotive in "The Heart of Chicago." The newspapers were a source of material for those "one-nighters." Gus Hill saw the "Yellow Kids" cartoons and that led to "The Katzenjammer Kids" and a dozen others. Leffler & Braton reached a niche higher and sent forth "Buster Brown" and "The Newlyweds and Their Baby."

The bookings were a maze of crisscrossing and each producer booked his own route. This conglomeration was what stirred Abe Erlanger into organizing a booking office. But this office only booked the large cities and perhaps a few small ones. The "one-nighters" remained glaring exceptions. Vic Leighton and Charlie Maynard tried to line them up with indifferent success. As late as 1920 if you wanted to tour you had to book your own route. And the one-night theatre owners and managers were rugged individualists preferring to arrange their own dates, scales and terms themselves.

Lincoln J. Carter had a great system. He would gather his agents and managers in his office at the Criterion Theatre, Chicago. On one side were agents. On the other the managers. He would spread before them his plans for the new season. There would be four companies of each show, one to go east, the second west, the third north and the fourth south. He was sending out "The Heart of Chicago," "Remember the Maine," "Chattanooga," "The Eleventh Hour," "Down Mobile," "Swanee River," "The Fast Mail" and "The Flaming Arrow." The boys would choose teams.

"We will open all the shows on Labor Day," Linc would say. "See John Hogan (his general manager) and get copies of contracts and then order your printing and press stuff. Get your trunks filled with your cuts (those heavy leaden kind) and get going."

Versatile Agents

The agent would hit "the road." He would route his show, book it, railroad it and even "kiss the stickers." He posted bills, visited newspapers and did just about everything that was to be done ahead of a show. The manager back with the show paid salaries, counted up, paid the bills and kept the books. One of his principal jobs was to collect cuts. Thus he became known as "a cut collector." The only time Carter knew whether he had made or lost money was when the weekly report came in. The only way he knew where his show was playing was to read the list in the N. Y. Clipper or Dramatic Mirror.

One time Carter created the name of "Julia Gray." She was to be a "star," something he never had before. I remember four Julia Grays. The first was Mary Servoss. He wrote a drawing room drama. Until then he was only a "melodrama writer and producer." This new play was called "Her Only Sin." It went forth and lost money consistently. Tom North was agent. When he got into Eastern territory he came upon Jules Murry, who was booking some New England theatres.

"I'll play you but you must change the title," said Jules. So

Tom changed the title to something more lurid.

For two weeks Carter tried to find his star and play listed in his trade papers. Then he wired Jules, "Where in hell is Julia Gray?"

Back came the reply, "When I find her I'll let you know."

The next week Tom was fired and Julia continued on her way to further losses.

Klimt & Gazzolo, Rowland & Clifford, Merle Norton, W. F. Mann and other midwest producers followed Carter's lead, adopted his methods and prospered. Frank Smith adopted a star named W. B. Patton and they established a "route" over which they played year after year. Their greatest success was "The Slow Poke." After years of visiting the same towns Smith got fed up and quit. Said he wanted to see what "cities" looked like.

Gaskill and MacVitty had produced a terrific moneymaker called "Shepherd of the Hills." Smith leased it and starred Patton. They played every town and hamlet in the nation. When they played in picture houses they cut the script to an hour and played three performances a night and five on Saturday and Sunday. One day Alex Pantages saw them. He booked the show in every vaudeville house he had.

Le Comte & Flesher would buy the New York musicals, buy the original productions, and send them into the one-nighters. Their "The Red Mill" and "Broken Idol" made them rich. Soon George Wintz followed their lead and bought up all the "Ziegfeld Follies" and made scads of money.

All of these producers mentioned above booked and routed their own shows.

How different, oh, how different the world of show business became shortly thereafter. Producers opened offices in New York and invested their own money. They had booking managers, traffic managers, general managers, and press-agents and they operated in a much saner manner. Al Woods, Sam Harris, Liebler & Co., Henry W. Savage and other dearly remembered producers made theatres glow with their names. Just their name in front of a theatre attracted audiences. They were colorful, they were masters of their art, they created stars, they made authors famous and all of them collected their wealth in the "one-nighters."

Today it is so different. A lawyer finds a play, phones a few clients gets a bankroll and hires some showman who is supposed to know, to gather a director, a cast, order



BETTY GARDE

the production and the United Booking Office lays out the route.

Just the name of Al Woods or Sam Harris in front of a theatre meant success. I wonder if anyone outside our profession remembers the names of the present-day producers. True, Rodgers & Hammerstein is a widely known name. But, what others? In the cities they may be identified but not in the one-nighters.

For three years (1953-54-55) I toured the Paul Gregory shows and played almost every one-nighter in America. We played theatres, schoolhouses, churches and under any kind of roof. I indulged in my favorite topic—asking questions. Who produced this musical? Who produced this play? Not one in a hundred knew the names of the present day producers.

Readers of VARIETY may raise eyebrows and doubts. But it is true. Only theatregoers in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other large cities know. But, in the one-nighters no one appears to have ever heard of those producers who now select our stage fare. Why? Because they do not care to play one-nighters if they can avoid it. And that is equally true of stars. In the one-nighters no one ever heard of Ethel Merman, Mary Martin and the other brilliant stars we worship on Broadway.

But, I'll wager that after we toured Charles Boyer, Vincent Price, Agnes Moorehead, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Lloyd Nolan, Henry Fonda, Paul Douglas, Wendell Corey, Steve Brodie, Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson, Anne Baxter, Raymond Massey and a few others all of whom I pressaged or managed through more than 1,000 one-nighters) they are known and worshipped by the natives and can go forth year after year to make themselves famous and rich.

Don't underrate the power of the one-nighters. They are still the backbone of the legitimate stage and always will be. Selah!

New York's First Nights

HAVEN'T CHANGED MUCH

Evening clothes, funny coiffures. More funny coiffures. Those who are supposed to know. Those who think they know. Those who know. All talking. Four idle ushers.

300 people strolling in the back. Ostensibly seeing—but to be seen. Critics find their seats. The more diamonds or gorgeous the wrap, the later the arrival. House lights dimmed. 300 people strolling in the back. House lights up. Still strolling. The funniest coiffure of the night.

Ushers commencing to ush. No use. Those seated rejoin mob in back. Critics isolated—waiting. Not too patiently. Curtain. Four swamped ushers. "So sorry," "May I trouble—," "Pardon—," "That blase attitude. First act finale. "So sorry," "May I trouble—," "Pardon—," 300 people strolling into the lobby. Warning bell. No intention of returning.

Smoking—talking. Curtain. Blind man's buff in aisles. Wail of the innocent. "Sh-h," "Quiet," "Isn't this awful!" "So sorry," "May I trouble—," "Pardon—," Remaining unimpressed, bored. Second act finale. "So sorry," "May I trouble—," "Pardon—," So solicitous. Same 300—strolling again. "What do you think?" "Well, what do you think?" Warning bell. Curtain. "So sorry," "May I trouble—," "Pardon—," Not so solicitous. It's the last time. Same blase front. Critics watching their watches. Finale. 300 people strolling. As far as the lobby. "What do you think?" Nobody thinks—except how they look, who's with who and why. 300 people blocking the lobby. Waiting for their cars. A worried comedian—no laughs. A worried prima donna—no applause. The "smart set."

Off-Broadway's '56 Growth to New Commercial, Artistic Preeminence

By JESSE GROSS

The demarcation line between off-Broadway and Broadway is thinning. It's becoming more geographical than professional.

Since its resurgence in 1949, off-Broadway has grown to the point where it's being commercially recognized as an important theatrical feature of New York. That's evident in the publicity play given it by the city's Convention and Visitors Bureau, its inclusion in legit touring packages and the ad-pub in the daily newspapers and other periodicals.

Off-Broadway's effectiveness as a springboard for performers, directors and an occasional playwright has been accentuated in past years, while w.k. pros have reversed that situation by taking assignments in shows outside the Times Square area. Now, a new development has taken place. That is the emergence of off-Broadway producers into the big time.

Pointing up this managerial angle is the coup pulled off by the longtime producers of the Circle-in-the-Square, a Greenwich Village showcase, which has played a big part in pushing off-Broadway to its current statuesque position. The Circle producers, Leigh Connell, Theodore Mann and Jose Quintero, are now represented on Broadway by their presentation of the late Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical play, "Long Day's Journey Into Night."

The Circle made its mark about five years ago with a highly-touted production of Tennessee Williams' "Summer and Smoke," a prior Broadway flop. Since then, it's been consistently rated as one of the top off-Broadway operations. The present tenant at the house, O'Neill's "Iceman Cometh," has been critically lauded and commercially accepted. A prior Broadway production of the lengthy play had a short run.

Inspires 'Journey' Deal

It's understood that the success of "Iceman" was the principal reason for Carlotta Monterey O'Neill, the playwright's widow, assigning the "Journey" rights to the Circle group. The producers, with "Iceman" running in the Village, premeditated "Journey" on Broadway last November to rave reviews and subsequent sellout business. The O'Neill autobiography is also rated by some of the professional critics as the best new play of recent years.

Another brief Broadway entry, given a noteworthy off-Broadway revival this season, is Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." The play, produced by the New Theatre Co., was recently acquired by Hecht-Hill-Lancaster Productions for filmization. It's being presented at the Jan Hus House, which previously headquartered the Shakespearewrights.

The latter group, whose productions have also nabbed top critical accolades, is now operating at St. Ignatius Church, N. Y. The difficulties encountered by this operation in moving to its new quarters typifies a growing off-Broadway problem—the shortage of suitable theatres.

In moving to the church location, the Shakespearewrights had to buck an initial setback by the N. Y. License Dept., which refused to okay site for legit showcasing. The situation, however, was eventually ironed out, with the group now offering "Twelfth Night" as its second production at the new location.

Another producing combo set to make the move to Broadway this season are Carmen Capalbo and Stanley Chase, currently represented by the longrun "Threepenny Opera" at the Theatre de Lys in the Village. The duo, who've optioned the uptown Bijou Theatre, for a series of plays, are scheduled to launch the project there Jan. 29, with the world preem of Graham Greene's new play, "The Potting Shed."

The producers originally premeditated their production of "Threepenny" at the de Lys in 1954. After a lay-off, the show reopened at the house, with the theatre's operator, Lucille Lortel, joining in as associate producer. Also planning to expand his managerial activities from off-Broadway to Broadway is David Ross, who's made his mark as pro-

ducer-director of the 4th Street Theatre.

Ross, whose presentation of a Chekov series at the house, was generally lauded, was associate producer earlier this season of "Quare Fellow" in London. He's announced plans to bring the play, by Brendan Behan, an Irish author, to Broadway this season.

Continuing as the biggest off-Broadway operation, though, is the Phoenix Theatre, now in its fourth season. The T. Edward Hambleton-Norris Houghton stock venture opened the current semester with "Saint Joan," giving local patrons an opportunity to see Siobhan McKenna in the title role, which she portrayed overseas to rave reviews. "Joan" recently played a two-week return stand at the Phoenix and a subsequent fortnight's engagement at the Coronet Theatre, N. Y.

Besides "Joan," the Phoenix has offered two other plays thus far this season. They include the current "Good Woman of Setzuan" and "Diary of a Scoundrel," which was pulled out after three weeks of poor business. "Setzuan" has also been a poor draw. "Joan," however, played to strong business.

Although most of the off-Broadway productions continue to fall into the revival category and take in an abundance of classics, a few new entries have debuted in that area. The productions of "Scoundrel" and "Setzuan" marked the initial New York outings for both those plays, while "Shoestring '57," at the Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, is the third in a string of original off-Broadway revues put together by Ben Bagley.

Another new entry, "Me Candido," by Walt Anderson, has been running at the Greenwich Mews Theatre since last October, while "The Misanthrope," as translated from the Moliere original by Richard Wilbur, is current at Theatre East.

Yankee Tourists 'Make' Edinburgh

Edinburgh. Americans are very largely responsible for making the International Edinburgh Festival the world's top culture junket and biggest dollar-earner hereabouts. Authorities frankly admit this in a survey published last month.

U. S. visitors to the Festival this year represented 41% of the total number of overseas attenders and 17% of the total number of visitors staying in the city.

Total number of visitors from the U.S.A. this year was 15,347, compared with 11,733 at the 1955 Festival. In 1950 the number was 3,928, so that the number of U.S. visitors has multiplied more than four-fold since that year.

Of the total number of overseas visitors this year, more than 52% came from dollar-currency areas.

A total of 89,570 people were accommodated in hotels, boarding-houses and apartments in the city. This was 5,154 more than in 1955, 1,101 more than in 1954, and 16,703 more than in 1953.

Commie Berlin's Legit

Berlin. Most of the plays in East (Communist) Berlin are efficiently staged and played. For quite some time, political drama ("The Russian Question," "La Marseillaise" etc.) predominated with anti-capitalist, anti-American, anti-Fascist and other anti angles. Currently, "peace" is the theme. Many new plays have antiwar subjects. Carefully selected classical items complete the repertory.

East Berlin has nine important legitimate theatres. Those are the State Opera, Deutsche Theater, Kammerspiele, Berliner Ensemble, Maxim Gorki Theater, Theater der Freundschaft (Theatre of Friendship), Metropol Theater, Volksbuehne am Luxemburgplatz and Komische Oper (Comical Opera). None of these houses any longer shows war damage, all have been restored with splendor. Nor do they seem to know any money shortage.

U.S. Stage Starves for New Playwrights

Theatrical Lives In Print

By GEORGE FREEDLEY

The number of sprightly as well as sound theatrical biographies and autobiographies has increased considerably in recent years. At last the prolonged hiatus in recording theatrical history is closed. Certainly one of the best written is Fred Allen's "Much Ado About Me" (Atlantic-Little, Brown; \$5), which tells of the small and big time vaudeville days of the Teens and Twenties better than anyone has before. What this great comedian had to say about revues and musical comedies of the early Twenties is hilarious. There could hardly be a greater contrast to an equally distinguished autobiography than Maurice Browne's "Too Late to Lament" (Indiana University Press; \$6). He's the founder of the Little Theatre Movement in America (Little Theatre, Chicago, 1912) and much later the producer of "Journey's End" (1929), which launched Maurice Evans on his stellar career in London.



George Freedley

Marguerite Taylor Courtney's great "Laurette" (Rinehart; \$5) is the story of her mother, Laurette Taylor. Mrs. Courtney is now at work on a book which will recreate the life and professional career of the late Elsie Janis. Two weeks before Miss Janis died, she telephoned her and asked her if she would write it. Archie Binns has done a fine job of recreating "Mrs. Fiske and the American Theatre" (Crown; \$5), which tells the story of the tiny red-headed star who dared to track down the dragon (the theatrical "syndicate") in his lair and deliver the blow which was eventually mortal.

What man or woman over 50 hasn't swooned with delight and admiration over the irresistible charm of the elfin star of "Peter Pan" and "What Every Woman Knows?" Phyllis Robbins has set it down effectively in the story of her friend of 50 years, "Maude Adams" (Putnam; \$5). Joe E. Brown in his 64th year sat down to write, with veteran writer Ralph Hancock, the lively "Laughter Is a Wonderful Thing" (Barnes; \$5). The film comic has captured a lot of the fun of his life and shared it with us just as Fred Allen did.

A. H. Franks edited a fine critical tribute to Anna Pavlova, the greatest ballet dancer of her era, in "Pavlova" (Macmillan; \$2.50). There are contributing chapters by Sol Hurok, Muriel Stuart, Arnold L. Haskell and the veteran Michel Fokine who created the celebrated "Dying Swan" dance for her many years ago. Ram Gopal recalls her connection with the Indian dance; for 30 years ago she toured India with her company and while there she met Uday Shankar who returned to Europe with her and danced in her company and created the Indian ballets for her that she performed in her late years. It was her fire and greatness that sent him back to India to find and preserve the best in Indian dance. Shortly before he died, the veteran Laurent Novikoff composed "A Partner in Praise," which is included in the volume.

Most people remember the Danish playwright for his fairy tales, but he was a power in the literature and theatre of his country. This is recalled in his brilliant autobiography, "The Mermaid Man" (Library Publishers; \$3.75). Hans Christian Andersen was not a dramatist, a producer nor an actor except in the sense that all of us are actors on God's stage. Richard Plantagenet, England's King Richard III, has been celebrated and made notorious by William Shakespeare. So notorious that Tallulah Bankhead, with an assist from Richard Maney, Alexander Clark and his wife, the beautiful Frances Tannehill, formed the much publicized "Friends of Richard III." Probably not prompted by this, but still one of the best biographies of the year is the pro-Richard "Richard the Third" by Paul Murray Kendall (Norton; \$5.95).

The nearest to a saint in a modern theatre was certainly Edward ("Ned") Sheldon, the playwright who is superbly portrayed by Eric Wolcott Barnes in "The Man Who Lived Twice" (Scribner's; \$5). George Bernard Shaw in the centennial of his birth was recognized in the excellent biography by his friend and fellow Irishman, St. John Ervine, in "Bernard Shaw" (Morrow; \$7.50). Ervine in 1928-29 was guest dramatic critic for the late and lamented N. Y. World. He was also responsible for the early survival of the Theatre Guild with his two Ulster dramas which were highly successful here, "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg." Shaw's first and only "official" biographer, Archibald Henderson, is responsible for "George Bernard Shaw: Man of the Century" (Appleton; Century-Crofts; \$12).

Theatrical biographies evidently sell well enough to make it worth while for publishers to bring them out, and I am glad that the standards are so high. In preparation are two more of two such unlike personalities as Eugene O'Neill and Eva Tanguay.

Top B'way Runs

Life With Father	3,224
Tobacco Road	3,182
Abie's Irish Rose	2,327
Oklahoma!	2,248
South Pacific	1,925
Harvey	1,775
Born Yesterday	1,642
The Voice of the Turtle	1,557
Arsenic and Old Lace	1,444
Hellzapoppin	1,404
Angel Street	1,295
Lightnin'	1,291
The King and I	1,246
Guys and Dolls	1,200
My Sister Sam	1,157
Annie Get Your Gun	1,147
The Seven Year Itch	1,141
Pins and Needles	1,108
Kiss Me Kate	1,070
The Pajama Game	1,052

Rehearsals and Lectures Poor Substitute For Dramatist Seeing His Own Script Acted by Pros

By LAWRENCE LANGNER
(Co-Founder, Theatre Guild)

The American public and the American theatre have recently made an important contribution to our actors by building the American Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford, Conn., and establishing a Shakespearean Acting Company, thus giving American actors an opportunity to work in the classics which has been withheld from them in the past. As a result, our actors should ultimately be able to compete successfully with English actors, whose subsidized theatres at Stratford-on-Avon and the Old Vic, have given them opportunities which our actors do not have. A similar job now needs to be done for young American playwrights, if our theatre is to continue to have the vital and important infusion of new talent which existed in the 1920's. There has never been, in my opinion, as much excellent young writing talent as currently exists. These writers are knocking at the door, but having too much difficulty in gaining admittance. And this is not for lack of sympathy on the part of many American theatre managers, who have shown generosity and enterprise in attempting to afford young writers a hearing.



Lawrence Langner

The problem facing new writers is the present crazy economics of the theatre which makes it extremely difficult to secure financing for the production of plays that are not obviously "smash hit" material or do not attract big stars or top name directors. The production costs of the average one-set show is averaging from \$65,000 to \$100,000, so the difficulties for the unestablished dramatist increase, of course. There have been managers who have been especially interested in introducing new playwrights, and among these I would particularly like to mention Roger L. Stevens, who has been possessed of the means as well as the interest. However, the problem cannot be solved by relying on the generosity of a handful of visionary individuals, for these reasons the Theatre Guild is directing its interest toward a new program to give practical help and encouragement to young American playwrights by producing their plays before audiences.

We are badly in need of a means for overcoming the great financial burden of producing new plays of this kind in such a way that the author can obtain the benefit of seeing an excellent performance of his play without the production costing from \$65,000 to \$100,000. For despite the excellent work done by the New Dramatists, whose work is steadily improving, there is no substitute for the experience which an author gains by seeing his play put on the stage before a paid audience with actors who are paid for their work. No amount of lectures, no amount of inspiring contacts with "the living theatre," no amount of attending rehearsals of plays written by other authors, can take the place of a really good, intelligent production of a young author's play.

New Writers Need Way Round Today's Risk Capital Economics

With the formation of the Provincetown Players, the Washington Square Players and the Neighborhood Playhouse, which began as semi-amateur groups over 40 years ago, a number of new playwrights, directors, actors and scenic artists came into the theatre, numbering among them the immortal Eugene O'Neill. A number of other writers were also attracted to the theatre, and in the 1920's there occurred an upsurge of American writing for the theatre which can be attributed to the influence of O'Neill and these early "Off Broadway" efforts, plus the stimulation of Professor Baker, at Harvard and later at Yale.

Among the writers I mean were Maxwell Anderson, Robert E. Sherwood, Elmer Rice, S. N. Behrman, Sidney Howard, Philip Barry, Sinclair Lewis, George Kaufman, Marc Conolly and Charles MacArthur. Today the tradition of encouraging young dramatists is still continued at the Yale Drama School and a new Off Broadway has appeared which has already rendered some valuable service in introducing an excellent young writer in Leslie Stevens, author of "Bullfight," and such Directors as Jose Quintero and Louis MacMillan.

We at the Theatre Guild have attempted to solve this problem of introducing new writers in the past by trying out plays at the Westport Country Playhouse, and shall continue to do so. In working on the plays which are tried there, we always endeavor to secure the same cast as would appear in the play on Broadway. We also endeavor to secure a director whose capabilities have been tried (though not necessarily in Broadway hits), but who is talented and able to give the necessary time and attention to the tryout. Our third rule is to rehearse the play for at least three weeks and even more if necessary, so that the play has the same kind of loving care and attention that is given to a New York production.

Thus, when we tried out William Inge's play, "Come Back, Little Sheba," in the year 1949, we engaged Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer and the cast, with one exception, was exactly the same as that which appeared later on in New York. As a result of this production of "Come Back, Little Sheba," a new playwright was introduced to the American Theatre who has already, through his plays "Picnic" and "Bus Stop," rivalled the work of any European author during this same period.

Westport Showcasing for Talent Via New Foundation Setup

An earlier Westport tryout was Robert Anderson's "Love Revisited," his first play to be produced on the American stage. His next play was "Tea and Sympathy." Other writers thus introduced, some with more success than others, included Robert P. McEnroe, "The Silver Whistle"; A. B. Shiffren's "Angel in the Pawnshop"; "Day

Always An Opportunity

By SOPHIE TUCKER

Show business! It's great, of course. It has greater thrills, greater excitement, greater returns, than any other business in the world. It has all the glamor of life itself—as well as all the striving and struggle and effort that go into this grand business of what we call living. You can't be around a business for over 50 years and not become acquainted with every angle of it—through those golden years if you've kept your wits about you and ears open, you've seen and heard everything. You've heard the praise, the boos, the laughter, and the tears. And, of course, you've heard "the gripes."

And, that's what I'm going to talk about now—the gripes.

The greatest gripe we hear on all sides is that there's no place today where talent can be given its chance. You are wrong right there. Talent isn't given a chance. Talent's got to make chances, and there are just as many places today for youth to get its chance as there were 50 years ago when I'd go up and down the avenue singing anywhere there was a piano and a buck, and a good meal, I hoped—a heavy, ungainly, unpolished gal determined to get her face through the front door of show business. I stuck my chin out until they said cover it up in blackface, but let her sing if she has to. And, for 50 years they had to let me.

Talent isn't enough. There's got to be determination and energy, and of course good health. Then don't let anyone tell you, boys and girls, that there's no place to start. There are local restaurants, radio and tv stations, dances, parties, little theatres, entertainments, movies, the theatre, night clubs, the whole panorama of show business itself where youth can try wings, develop acts, learn to handle an audience, sing and dance, and make you—"Hey there young fella, you're ready for bigger things. Come with me." And, you're in—in show business.

of Grace," by Alex Fedoroff; "My Fiddle Has Three Strings," by Arnold Schulman; and "The Pursuit of Happiness," by Armina Marshall and the writer. Some of these plays came to Broadway later, others did not, but in any event the writer had the opportunity of learning from seeing his own play on stage before an audience.

The Theatre Guild is now preparing a plan by which the advantageous experiences which it gained in the production of such plays as "Come Back, Little Sheba" can be shared, due to the cooperation of the Westport Country Playhouse and some other summer theatres which are being invited to join in the project. In essence, the project consists of a non-profit Foundation for producing in the summer theatres, such as the Westport Country Playhouse, the worthwhile plays of young authors which are not able to secure a commercial production on or off Broadway. Where the author can obtain a commercial production of the play, the project will not apply, but it will apply to that type of play for which it is difficult or even impossible to raise the necessary capital for production, but where the work is of such artistic quality that the author should have the benefit of having a professional production.

Any producer or director who is interested in the production of a play of this non-commercial kind by a new playwright or the playwright himself, will bring it to the attention of the Foundation, and if its Board considers that the project is worthwhile, it will underwrite the particular summer theatre in which the play is produced against loss for this production up to a given amount.

The following general rules will apply:

- (1) The play will be rehearsed for at least three weeks and more if necessary.
- (2) The play must be by a young writer who has not had a play produced on Broadway.
- (3) It must conform to the artistic standards set by the Foundation.
- (4) It must be directed by a director and cast satisfactory to the author and chosen with a New York production in mind.
- (5) Producers will be notified that the play is being tried out, and if anyone feels it is worthy of a commercial production, they can negotiate for same. The play will be sold to such Producer as may be found (if any) who will be satisfactory to the author. If the play is sold in this way, the Producer will be asked to pay the Foundation a small percentage of any profits to help keep the Foundation self-sustaining.
- (6) Experts will be invited to sit in on the productions and give their assistance if considered desirable.
- (7) A discussion group of writers will meet each week during the summer to operate a Theatre Workshop and to form a student body for whom a teaching staff will be supplied.
- (8) The non-profit organization will be known as the Theatre Guild Foundation, which will be responsible for securing the necessary finances, but as is the case with the Theatre Guild-American Theatre Society subscription system, its benefits will be shared impartially with those who wish to take advantage of it.

The Theatre Guild is working on the details of the plans for the Foundation, which will be published in due course. In the beginning, the plays selected must be sponsored either by a producer, an accredited play agent, or a director. The operation of the Foundation will not interfere with the Theatre Guild's normal operation of opening certain of the plays owned by it at Westport, nor the normal operation of the Westport Country Playhouse in presenting new plays.

The above plan was discussed many times with the late Phyllis Anderson, formerly head of the Theatre Guild Play Department, who was particularly interested in the work of young writers. Among the many in whom she was interested may be mentioned William Inge, Arnold Schulman, Paddy Chayefsky, Jess Gregg, Elwood C. Hoffman and Arthur Steuer. As a tribute to Phyllis Anderson, one of the plays selected each year will be known as the Phyllis Anderson Memorial Play.

FIRE!

By ALLEN BORETZ

Wallington Waff, drama critic on the "Daily Perimeter," felt very low. Things were going much too well. His VARIETY box score standing was right up there with Kirby Catts, Chaplin George and the other first stringers. This year, too, he had not committed the almost fatal gaffe of the year before when he had actually admitted enjoying himself at a play that had no snob appeal whatsoever.

Somehow or other he had been carried away by the wholesome charm (horrid words now in retrospect) of a piece without homosexuals, parasites or scenes of flagrant delictu in it. He had allowed himself to be won over by the girl next door and the boy he used to be in Worcester, Mass. Although he had little hair, he had let what little he had down as he sat before his typewriter and allowed his fingers to tap out a paean of joy to ordinary people without sinister problems. It was almost a fatal disaster.

To a man, his colleagues (who he was accus' med to seeing at the Circle dinners, and who avoided him for a time) panned the living bejabbars out of the play—panned it for the very reasons he had loved it. Panic overcame him. How could he have been the only critic in New York to put the stamp of approval on this—this—well, let's see what the others said about it. No comfort here. Kirby Catts for instance called it a "monstrous melange of the ordinary. Bring back Dan the magician. . . ."

Chaplin George sounded off in this manner. . . . "A binful of corn. Bring back Virginny. . . ." And so on and so on.

It brought him up short. For over 25 years he had been blazing away fiercely and consistently. He no longer remembered who his predecessor had been, in fact nobody did off-hand. His name buried deep in the stained files of the library. He looked it up. It was the beloved Otto H. Shinkel. Perhaps he was lurking around somewhere hoping for a break like this. Waff made discreet inquiries and was relieved to learn that the beloved Shinkel had been killed by an irate playwright in a brawl that took place in the lobby of a theatre now an office building. Poor beloved Shinkel, he didn't even have a place to haunt. Despite his relief, Waff had the unhappy feeling that he might be going soft. . . . he must not allow that!

This year he had watched himself very carefully. He had re-developed the quick eye and sensitive ear to the reactions of his colleagues (who were once again accepting him) just as his colleagues had sharpened theirs to his. Not once had he failed to be right along with them. He praised what they praised, despised what they despised, and helped to drive four playwrights and a stagehand into television.

Secret Yen

When the public, despite a concerted blistering, dared to keep a play alive, he joined in the grand denunciation that followed. Never again would he allow himself to get off stride.

But away down deep he really wanted to be himself—to forget for a time his position as dean. Yet the risk was too great. He needed the fawning leeches who mooched their way into his favor by constantly reminding him what a great critic he was. He looked forward to the first nights when they would gather around his aisle seat and hover like bees around the queen furiously heating themselves into the state of wax effusion.

The sky darkened and his idle dreams grew dim and furtive. What to do tonight? No play opening. He looked at himself in the mirror. He was beginning to look Chinese, so inscrutable had he become. He felt some fine acidulous phrases itching to get on paper. Perhaps he'd go to a former suitcase factory on the lower East Side now transformed into an empty loft where a play was being performed. It didn't sound promising. One of the more remote classics. It would have to be praised. Of course he could praise a young actress—or lend encouragement to a coming director. That was always safe. Who knew what acting or directing was anyhow?

Suddenly his phone rang startling him. It was Pickerel, in an-

other department. He hardly knew the man.

"Say Waff," shrieked Pickerel. "You don't happen to have Barclay up there with you, old man?"

"Barclay?" Waff looked around then realized he didn't even know who Barclay was. "Who is Barclay?" he asked.

"Well, never mind," said Pickerel. "I'll get another man to cover this fire on Park Avenue."

Hot Assignment Indeed!

A thrill shot through Waff's ancient bones. His tiny Oriental eyes crinkled with a mad impulse.

"Pickerel," he said before the man could hang up, "I've nothing to do. Suppose I cover that fire for you. Haven't done any general reporting in ages. Might be a barrel of fun."

"Okay," said Pickerel. "Go to it Waff. Pick up a reporter's card on the way out otherwise they won't let you through the police lines. And I look forward to a really bangup, sizzling job, old boy." With that he hung up.

Waff hadn't moved so fast in years. He picked up his card and stuck it in his hat the way he had seen reporters in the movies do it. (He occasionally sneaked into a movie in a rundown neighborhood where he felt he would not be seen). Sitting in the car with the photographers he felt exhilarated.

He looked forward to the fire. As a youngster in Worcester, Mass., he recalled having been very fond of fire engines. Once he had even ventured into a firehouse and they had actually let him slide down the pole. Ah, those were the delicious days, even though he was already 19 at the time.

Now he was on his way to a blaze on Park Avenue. He tried to picture it in his mind's eye. What could be burning? Probably some rich man's apartment. Valuable papers, antique furniture, fine paintings—perhaps even his wife! Well, what difference would it make what burned? He would have to repress his critical faculties, just enjoy the fire and report it simply, factually, in his usual graceful rhythmic English of course.

When he got out he realized at once that this was nothing but a second-rate fire. First of all the people attracted to it were hardly the people he was accustomed to meeting at "21" or Sardi's. Then the equipment sent by the Fire Dept. to squelch this "conflagration" was not exactly top drawer. And the blaze itself! It was difficult to discover a flame. Just a lot of smoke billowing forth in the thick blackness from a dilapidated building. And the smell of it! Revolting! Mattresses were burning—mattresses filled with foam rubber.

Waff felt the adrenalin pour into his blood. He had been jobbed by his emotions again. Here he

was at a degrading little fire, his lungs filled with ugly rubber smelling smoke, surrounded by a lot of grimy strange looking people who actually seemed to be enjoying it! He turned away in anger, loathing and disgust and fled to the sanctuary of his office.

Hardly Worth the Effort (?)

He sat down at his typewriter and pounded out his piece.

"Last evening," he said, "this reviewer was inadvertently trapped into going to a fire which he deemed of sufficient importance to attend. It was said to be on Park Avenue, and indeed it was. But it was not on the Park Avenue where I have spent many a pleasant evening over rare wine in cultured surroundings. It was on Park Avenue (why don't they change the name?) directly below the tracks of the N. Y. Central in a section of the city completely foreign to me. And it was where this poor imitation of a fire belonged!"

"One could hardly call it a fire. No flames were visible. Perhaps there were some inside the miserable little building, but I didn't see them. The hoses played weakly and without enthusiasm on the unfortunate structure conspiring to create only smoke—a dreadful irritating pall with the sinus-shattering odor of smoldering foam rubber. Believe it or not it was a mattress factory that was being carried away on the slight wind, hardly strong enough to bend a leaf."

"The crowd, or shall I say, mob, in spite of all that, seemed to be very enthusiastic. I was bored. I looked to see what was amusing these poor benighted creatures in this insignificant oversized smudge pot. I could only conclude that enjoyment came easily to these people."

"No, I cannot say much for this fire. In fact it was one of the worst fires I have ever encountered. When one thinks of Rome, Chicago, or San Francisco, one bows his head in shame to be present at such a fiasco."

"The ruins of this despicable little factory are undoubtedly on view this morning, but I would not advise anybody to make the trip north to see them. What could be more ennui-inducing than the sight of half burned mattresses, lying in a welter of rusty springs, wet ticking, broken glass and phlogistic rubber. This fire was a washout! Bring back the Triangle Shirt Factory!"

He handed in his copy and went home to sleep. In the morning he arose, and the papers were handed to him. He was horrified to read that the fire was one of the greatest disasters in the history of the city, and that he was the only one to say a word against it.

They say coincidence is an easy out, but I can't help it if a few days later Waff got into a fight in the lobby of a theatre with an irate fireman and joined his predecessor, the beloved Shinkel. There are some who say he actually thrust his chin at the blow that did him in—he seemed to welcome it.

Actor-Playwright Esprit

By PHIL DUNNING

Did you ever stop to think how much the actor and the playwright need each other?

The lucky playwright with a current hit could put some of his handsome royalties to excellent use and save the Internal Revenue Department some bookkeeping at the same time by engaging a talented, cooperative group of actors to give him a private reading of one of his unfinished scripts. Insufficient time to rewrite and polish during the rehearsal and tryout period is one reason that the percentage of failure is so high.

Hearing a play read by a good cast might give the playwright a fresh slant, aid him in remedying the weak spots and help him to determine whether it has enough originality to make the grade on Broadway. It was George M. Cohan who once said, "The most important ingredient a play should have is originality." Those are truer words today than when he said them because today we have the frightening competition of multi-tudinous television shows.

The kind of private reading project suggested would certainly be a tax deductible item. If it isn't it most certainly should be.

The high-income bracket actor

who is having a banner year might also stop and think of ways of protecting himself against the season when he might not be in demand by commissioning a playwright to write something to fit his particular advantage of tax loopholes as the giant business concerns.

lar talent. "Bread Upon The Water" would make a good working title for such an enterprise. The advance or grub-stake, or whatever you care to call it, would be a legitimate tax exempt expense. Surely the actor and the author are entitled to take the same law-

Think of all the fund raising benefits that call upon show people to entertain—gratis. Unquestionably these benefit shows are helpful in one way or another to a great many welfare agencies throughout the country yet little help is ever given show people in return. Millions of dollars are spent by our government to help the farmers and the railroads and this—and that, and millions are appropriated annually by giant business organizations for chemical research grants and technical scholarships but rarely does a dollar go for the development of talent in the theatrical profession.

MAKING 'CHARACTER' ON B'WAY

By EDWARD L. BERNAYS

(The following reminiscences are provided by the boy press agent of pre-World War I Broadway who had handled the V. D. play, "Damaged Goods," a shocker in its day, and who matured into a founding father of the modern profession—or cult—of public relations counsel. Although identified with big corporations most of his career, Bernays' fancy in recent years has drifted back to the business there is none like.—Ed)

Frank Ward O'Malley

One of the wittiest writers about Broadway, who humanized and personalized Mazda Boulevard as early as 1916, was Frank Ward O'Malley of The Sun. He visualized Broadway as the country club area of New York City and wrote about it as if he were a peripatetic sportsman making his rounds from one club to another. Then he would write a whimsical essay in The Sun about his journeys.

His favorite tavern, or country club as he called it, was the Knickerbocker Bar in the then Knickerbocker Hotel at the southeast corner of Broadway and 42nd Street. That was the Knickerbocker Country Club. Here was the large King Cole mural by Maxfield Parrish which helped to draw other country club members to the long bar above which it was hung. The members included the Broadway elite of the time. The mural of Parrish was highly romantic and imaginative, of deep blue background and emotional white clouds. It now hangs at the St. Regis.

Then there was Jack's Country Club on Sixth Avenue opposite the Hippodrome and Reisenweber's Country Club up near 59th Street and Columbus Circle. There were numerous other country clubs like Shanley's, Rector's and Claridge's. Maybe there were legal closing hours, but at this remote date I do not recall them.

O'Malley, rather slight, always friendly, would never miss having a quip on his lips when he met you, and these would be offered with a face as absolutely deadpan as Bugs Baer or Fred Allen.

I happened to pass the Hippodrome, between 43rd and 44th Streets on the east side of Sixth Avenue, one morning about 10 o'clock. Murdock Pemberton, brother of Brock, was press agent there. I had some urgent business with him. O'Malley was ambling along Sixth Avenue in his dinner clothes.

"That must have been quite a party last night to keep you out so late this morning," I said.

"Last night," said O'Malley, "two nights ago, you mean."

Country clubs took a lot out of their members in those days.

Robert Edmond Jones

The Diaghileff Russian Ballet came to this country in 1915 and 1916 at the invitation of Otto H. Kahn and under the aegis of the Metropolitan Opera. I was publicity manager for the Ballet during these two years.

At the time, there were no well known American ballet companies, ballet stars, scenic designers or musicians associated with the ballet.

During these years, due to the outbreak of World War I in Europe, there was a rising tide of nationalism in this country. American musicians were beginning to resent the stupidity of having to go to Italy or France before they could appear successfully in the United States. This also reflected itself in a demand for opera librettos in English and more American singers at the Metropolitan Opera. The ballet, too, began to feel the impact of this rising tide of nationalism.

What to do? How to inject an American note into the ballet? The thought of actually presenting an American ballet by an American composer was still far away. Cynically the management decided they would meet the situation by producing Till Eulenspiegel, a German folk tale by Richard Strauss, German composer, with Nijinsky, a Russian, in the leading role. But as a sop to American public opinion, the scenic decor and the costumes were to be designed by a American.

I was 24 years old and was sent to negotiate with another young

man, Robert Edmond Jones, 28 years old at the time. Somebody must have read that recently he had done the decor for a play at the Provincetown Theatre by another young fellow named Eugene O'Neill and thought he would fill the bill.

Jones, I learned, was living at the home of Mabel Dodge in a huge mansion on a northeast corner on lower Fifth Avenue. Mable Dodge was a spectacular figure who turned over her home to talented young men and women, wined and dined them at soirees that were the meeting place of the intelligentsia of that period. They also were given quarters in the home.

When I walked up the three flights of stairs in the back of the mansion without previous appointment, I found Robert Edmond Jones sitting at a small table in a little room at the end of the hall that must formerly have been one of the maid's bedrooms. He was obviously not expecting me and was playing with little cuttings of silk in many colors. These he was playing with to work out color combinations for costumes and settings.

Tall and thin with a shock of brownish hair in the front of his high forehead, he listened to what I had to say. I remember his little pointed beard and his deep-set eyes. He answered quietly and almost deadpan. He told me casually he was agreeable to doing the decor and the costumes for Eulenspiegel.

When Jones' Till was shown here, it made a tremendous hit. He became a national figure overnight and started America thinking in terms of new stage decorations and design.

Gilbert Miller

A "genius" is sometimes undiscovered even by his father. In 1914 when I was publicity man for "Daddy Long Legs" by Jean Webster, Gilbert Miller, the son of the producer Henry Miller, was such an undiscovered "genius." I know because we spent an hour together each Wednesday and Saturday at matinees for a long period during the run of the play at the Gaiety Theatre. Ruth Chatterton played the part of the little drab orphan girl who falls in love with her benefactor, and the play attracted large matinee audiences because of its appeal to women and children.

The Henry Miller office was on Fifth Avenue in the Knabe Building near 37th Street. Gilbert Miller spent much of his time at the office. Well dressed, cultivated, he sat quietly in his little cubby hole. I visited the office only occasionally when I was not making my rounds of the newspaper offices and taking care of other plays. When I dropped in on Tuesdays or Fridays, the days before matinee days, Henry Miller would draw me over to him and ask me to watch over his son in the task his father had assigned him. This was to watch the theatre goers as they came into the theatre and to make sure that the ticket collector at the brass entrance rails did his duty of tearing off the ticket stubs and dropping them into the ticket box.

The purpose of this, of course, was to make sure that the box office's responsibility to Henry Miller tallied with the torn tickets that had been placed in the box. There was always the possibility of some collusion between the box office and the ticket taker, and Gilbert's job—and mine in turn—was to prevent this.

I might add that we never found any transgression. It was a most pleasant experience for both of us, a break in our day. I have often wondered whether these matinee days might not well have been the germinating conditioning contacts with an audience that made Gilbert one of the great producers of his time.

Bissell's 'Autobiog' Novel?

Richard Bissell, who with George Abbott wrote "Pajama Game" (after his tome "7½ Cents"), will have his new novel, "Say, Darling," published by Little, Brown March 21. It's the April Book-of-the-Month club selection.

Biographically, "Darling" tells the tale of an author whose book became a successful Broadway musical.

Red Cloud Over Longhair World Tours

American Concert Business Thrived in 1956—More Than Usual Amount of 'Fang, Claw & Meow' Stuff Backstage at Opera And Symphony—Imports Bring Hyphenated Americana to Boxoffices

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

America's concert industry undoubtedly did well, overall, in 1956, though some managements did not. If the year was characterized by a rising curve of foreign imports and by entrepreneurial ventures into Russia, the "Geneva Spirit" collapsed in the machinegun fire at Budapest and a big question rides over the upcoming year.

It may be just as well if the deterioration of foreign relations somewhat curbs the concert managers. The import of "art" was showing telltale signs this winter of scraping the bottom of the European barrel. Any old church or gymnasium musical group was being booked this side so long as (1) foreign governments subsidized transportation in whole or part and (2) the attraction, however mediocre, was a plausible bringer-outer of transplanted natives residing in the States.

Given a period of "peace," foreign countries generally favored the export of their culture. Igor Oistrakh, violinist son of the Russian violin virtuoso, David Oistrakh, invaded West Germany during 1956 and scored a big hit. China had dispatched its so-called Pekin Opera to Europe (and in the fall to South America whose Catholic authorities scowled, swallowed hard, but admitted these entertainers from Communism), but while the Pekin troupe wowed audiences overseas, critics had to keep cabling their papers, "but it ain't opera, dearie." 'Twant. 'Twas good old Chinese acrobatics of a kind Long-Tack Sam & Co. once presented on the Keith vaudeville time.

State Dept. Cultural Auspices, Or 'Show Biz in Striped Pants'

The U.S. State Dept. was trending in 1956 to concertizing in a big way. Not directly, of course, but indirectly the way diplomats do things, State was providing "guarantees" against loss and making donations to transportation costs so that a spreading blanket of American cultural entertainers covered the globe under tours mostly staged in N.Y. by Robert Schnitzer, liaison between State and ANTA. In this journal's April 25 issue, we spoke of "Show Biz in Striped Pants" and of a world for longhair.

The roots were sent down in 1954 when dancer Jose Limon, a Mexican, carried Yanqui art to South America, opening the eyes of our foreign envoys to the potential in talent. Said VARIETY in its broad report: "Apparently even Congressmen, prone to adopt a dubious attitude about the arts, agree that entertainers make effective international ambassadors." As of that April date, some 50 American concert attractions from tenors, baritones, toedancers and harmonica players to "Porgy and Bess" had hit the global trails, some penetrating as deep into really remote geography as Ethiopia, Pakistan, Ceylon, India, Indonesia and Finland.

The internationalism of art was nothing new, but 1956 events emphasized the concert and opera world's peculiarly broad origins. Fred Schang wrote this journal to brag that his Columbia Artists Management was more "foreign-flavored" than even Sol Hurok's list. Columbia crashed through in early fall with the Royal Danish Ballet. The trade wondered if the company, or Columbia, could "break even" on the first time round and expected the profits to come on repeat visits. Other Schang pride-pointings included the Berlin Philharmonic, London's Golden Age Singers, Mantovani's Orchestra, the Stockholm Gosskor and a Yugoslav basso named Miroslav Cangelovic who opened cold (but cold) at Carnegie Hall.

Sol Hurok's own Yugoslavs, the Kolo ballet, provided a stunning diversion and was well reviewed in Manhattan. Some Pittsburgh Serbians tried to raise the "Red" issue against the folklore brigade. Though this created local embarrassment, it did not get out of hand since nobody was sure in 1956 where we stood with Tito, anyhow.

From Rome in the fall came the Carabinieri Band opening at the Carnegie and repeating at the Madison Square, a booking sequence previously established by the Scots Guards Band. The Romans went into areas with a large Italian population and frankly depended on nostalgia to pull the grounds. A small debate developed as to the showmanship wisdom, or lack, of putting the Carabinieri into Manhattan's Columbus Day parade, allowing thrifty Italians to see and hear them for free.

That the concert managements were acutely attuned to the prospective tinkle of coin to be drawn from America's foreign strains was surely apparent in a very big way. As the cycle gathered force, the bureaus were scouting Europe like mad and setting up attractions well ahead. Andre Mertens invaded Vienna to put together a melange of Austrian operetta, oompa-oompa band music, zitherists, yodellers and so forth, not due this side until January, 1958. Thea Dispeker had spent the whole summer in Italy and Germany and if she missed an opera house it was not because it was obscure but because there just wasn't time to go everywhere. Interestingly, she found many an opera singer doing too well and enjoying too much acclaim in Europe to bother with the smaller fees and debut agonies of America.

Symphony's 'Fang, Claw & Meow,' But Fine Music Groups Upbeat

Orchestrally the situation was mostly healthy. Include in that the smaller ones, per Tom Scherman, N.Y. Little Orchestra. There are now an impressive number of symphonies in the States and some of them, instance, Pittsburgh, impress Manhattan on their Carnegie Hall dates. On these N.Y. appearances of out-of-town orchestras, they enjoy advantages over the N.Y. Philharmonic in that invariably the works played have been publicly performed several times before the critics (in Gotham) ever hear them.

That N.Y.'s Philharmonic has troubles was evident in 1956. The approach to solution seemed realistic and forthright. But Arthur Judson's withdrawal in favor of Bruno Zinato was—to the concert trade politickers—more

significant than just that. Implication has been that one clique inside the Philharmonic thinks Columbia Artists Management has been too inside-tracked there.

Cleveland in 1956 had a full fledged donnybrook behind scenes at its symphony, and so did Buffalo. The temperamental and factional battles within orchestral societies generally was set forth in a VARIETY Page 1 streamer: "Longhair: Fang, Claw & Meow." This was read with whoops of glee and heartfelt appreciation, judging by the comments which reached us.

Opera, of course, did not run second to symphony in the intrigue activities, though, again, much was sub rosa and unknown to the laity.

Deficit Economics of Opera; No State Subsidy as O'Seas

Grand opera flourishes in Italy and Germany, perhaps in Russia, languishes in France, is respectably mounted in Britain, and decently done in Belgium, Holland, Denmark and other European countries. There is opera of good quality in Argentine and Brazil and Italian singers, in particular, find an export market there as they also did, during 1956, in South Africa. But in the United States grand opera means one company; with courtesy nods to San Francisco, the New York City Center and Chicago's Lyric.

Admittedly an artificial and hybrid form of entertainment to start with, an acquired taste like olives and oysters, the failure of opera to find greater acceptance in the States is commonly explained as due to deficit economics. This is true enough, but misleading since in the No. 1 shrine, La Scala at Milano, there is a regular annual deficit of \$2,000,000 or more. Deficit and opera go hand in hand nearly everywhere, but in Europe there is a hero called "subsidy."

Our American Congress has repeatedly voted subsidy to industries—ships, airlines, railroads, food, dairy, etc., and has granted disguised subsidy in the form of depletion allowances to many of the raw material industries, but when it comes round to the arts our grassrooted-and-proud-of-it legislators regard subsidy as strictly "boondoggling."

In the April 18 issue of VARIETY, this writer detailed the hearings conducted at N.Y. Federal Court by Senators Herbert Lehman (N.Y.) and James E. Murray (Mont.) on behalf of a proposed Federal Advisory Commission on the Arts. This presented a fascinating cross-section of the arts and their wistful reactions to that magic (to some) and dirty (to others) word "subsidy." No subsidy to the arts was actually in question, but there were those who professed to see in Lehman's pet scheme an opening wedge. Be that as it may. The bill was killed in the 1956 Congress anyhow.

"Subsidy" remains something American opera and American ballet cannot get from the government. Agnes De Mille expounded in an issue of Harper's Magazine the agonizing necessities necessary to keep beggar-scale ballet alive in the world's richest nation.

Rudolf Bing upon his arrival at the Metropolitan Opera seven years ago commented, "Not only do I find no subsidy but I find a penalty"—by which he meant the then formidable 20% admission tax, since eliminated. The Metropolitan Opera, with no latterday Otto Kahns to call on, has turned to radio, television and public hat-passing to supplement season subscriptions and guarantees, the bedrock on which grand opera builds in America. There is no Arts Council donation such as London's Royal Opera at Covent Garden enjoys. Nor will the Met magically escape the annual nightmare of operating deficit upon moving into the proposed new opera house in the Lincoln Square project five years from now. Great seating capacity will, presumably, help the weekly gross, however.

Colleges, Music Schools Multiply The Number of 'Opera Workshops'

Closest thing to an opera subsidy in America was the action of the City of Philadelphia in granting \$25,000 to a company, which promptly became convulsed with internal feuding, a smaller edition of the uproar within the executive family of Chicago's Lyric. San Francisco had its own "war to the death" between the lofty, established company and an upstart "pop" Cosmopolitan Opera. The latter found itself snubbed, boycotted and blockaded at every turn and said so out loud.

If grand opera, as such, is rare in the States, it is provocative to note that opera, of a kind, spreads among the music schools, the campus eager-beavers and in connection with hometown symphonies, which are on the increase. One notes a flood of semi-pro and amateur productions in 1956 of "Saint of Bleeker Street," "Amahl" and "The Medium."

As to the Salmaggi clan productions in Brooklyn, the New Orleans adventures, the New England Opera (41 performances in 36 cities) or the Negro Grand Opera Assn.—these are symptoms of the glamour attaching to the name. What price "Rigoletto" in the suburbs? The intricacies of "Butterfly," "La Boheme" and "Carmen" do not frighten the Main Streeters. One finds in Raleigh, North Carolina, a National Grassroots (sic) Opera with 30 performances claimed for "Cosi" and 25 for "Barber of Seville."

New York City lists the following in addition to the Met and the N.Y. City Center: Actors Opera, After Dinner Opera, Amata Opera Theatre, American Opera Society, Ansonia Opera Circle, Broadway Grand Opera Assn., Carl Yost Mastersingers, Community Opera, Empire Opera, Little Opera and Long Island Opera.

The recent offshoot of one of the radio-tv networks will also come to mind, namely, the touring, English-speaking NBC Opera. The Wagner Touring Co. is on the books for 44 "Bohemes" in 38 cities.

Quite a number of companies which manage a few performances yearly excuse their deficiencies by utilizing

the descriptive phrase "opera workshop." Meanwhile, summer opera has been looking up, all the way from Aspen and Central City, Colo., to Kennebunk, Maine.

It is to be remarked (and diplomats are undiplomatic enough to remark it) that the capitol city of the world's richest country has no opera company and when the Met road tour hits Washington, it's housed in a cinema palace. True, the spring tour is a great social-cultural event in many of the provincial centers and even the N.Y. City Center Opera rates a fortnight season in Detroit each fall.

There's talk in Dallas of organizing an opera company. If recent whimsy per the Lemonade, Grass Root and After Dinner Opera companies is continued, one would suppose Texas would crash through with a Beef and Bourbon Opera Co.

'Lilt With a Tilt' Experiment Stirs Talk at N. Y. City Center

Making its umpteenth change of director and artistic director in its brief decade-plus of existence, the N.Y. City Center Opera inaugurated the fall season with raucous and vulgarized version of "Orpheus in the Underworld." Said VARIETY: "Eric Bentley, a critic, must be on the receiving end now that he has turned librettist." Bentley dived into, still quoting, "the humor of adultery" with results that shocked many but sold lots of tickets for the seven performances of the work.

The premiere of "Orpheus" was also distinguished by a non-singing performer, Hiram Sherman, losing his pants during the last act. By his subsequent claim, it was an accident, but at the time Sherman was suspected of cultivating a comedy scandal. It brought a roar to "opera."

There was also a considerable to-do at the 55th Street Theatre about Leo Kerz's use of a revolving slanted stage. The VARIETY story spoke in headlines of "A Lilt With a Tilt." Some of the reviewers just dated that stage and there was quite a lot of fussing during the sevenweek season as to whether the Erich Leinsdorf-Leo Kerz management had been rather too innovating. Defending the plan of skeltonizing props, and omitting orthodox scenery, Leinsdorf pointed out that "with the exception of the Radio City Music Hall, no theatre in New York had a truly modern stage." This could hardly be denied since Manhattan has not built a new playhouse since 1929.

New Year's Eve Comedy Lyrics Foretold the Tale of Callas

The Metropolitan Opera was, as per usual, the pivot on which a dizzy carousel of clash and controversy whirled. A conscious anticipation of events to come in the autumn of 1956 was contained in lyrics interpolated at the previous New Year's Eve performance:

*If you feel that life will be tough
For dear old Foster Dulles,
Just think that Bing has Milanov,
Tebaldi and La Callas.*

Preceded by a fantastic wave of curiosity, and/or publicity buildup, and advance-profiled with unprecedented Freudian detail by Time Magazine, Maria Callas, the American-born Greek diva, was handed a new production of "Norma" in which to star opening night at the Met. The result was an amazing night, not of triumph but of tension. The audience sat on their hands until the very end so far as Callas went, but meanwhile giving Del Monaco and Barbieri ovations whose dimensions were calculated defiance to the newcomer whose ego was supposed to be, after Act I, much bigger than her voice.

Opera is an art which positively dotes upon the historic parallel, or the historically unprecedented event. In serving this zest, Ross Parmenter of the N.Y. Times ascertained that the Met's three previous singers of "Norma" were still extant, namely Rosa Ponselle (1927-1932) in Baltimore, Gina Cigna (1936-1938) in Toronto, and Zinka Milanov (1943-1945), still a top-rank diva with the Met. The publicity slickers at the opera house were too cowardly to suggest that all four Met Normas be assembled for a group photograph. "They assembled two past Aldagisas in Marion Telva and Gladys Swarthout and a past Pollione in Giovanni Martinelli, but no one had the nerve to approach the four Normas."

Still quoting Parmenter:

"Mme. Milanov, though, did not duck the issue. Shortly before curtain time she swept into the opera house through the 39th Street lobby, where all the photographers were assembled. Then, undoubtedly by accident, her return to her seat before the start of Act II was delayed until the huge audience had been fully assembled and duly photographed. This meant the diva was a conspicuous figure as she came down the aisle. Admirers broke into applause."

In America opera singers collect their profits by concert bookings. The Met's maximum of \$1,000 per performance is thought to apply only to Callas, Tebaldi, Tucker and Warren, not to Milanov, who more than the rest makes her whole career very much at the Met.

As to those singers ostensibly on "leave of absence" from the Met this season, nobody knows how much publicity cover-up is involved.

Meanwhile, Columbia Concerts was projecting its "organized audience" system into the legit drama field, more and more concert artists in the big money sought larger fees for fewer actual dates, there was a distinct trend to "arena" as against concert hall promotion. Concert was in transition. It had an impressive number of over-75 conductors and a pressing throng of under-40 stick men. Bus and airplane transportation was altering the folkways of the road tour. Tradition and modernity were dancing cheek to cheek. Rather amazingly most observers considered America had only one authentic oldstyle (but always up to date) impresario. His name, of course, was Sol Hurok.

Ziegfeld And His Follies

Continued from Page 295

had been searching for. Urban's work drew raves over everything else in the press.

Ziegfeld paid him \$5,000 for the designs and painting—later on he got \$30,000 alone just for the designs. This marked the first of 12 editions he created, in addition to several productions on the Midnight Frolic roof. For this edition he created an underwater sequence (similar in feeling to a part of "Garden of Paradise") which opened the show featuring Kay Laurell as the Channel Belle. Sundry underseas inhabitants lent Ziegfeldian style to the number. Another important scene was entitled "America"—which was a riot of Urban reds, whites and favorite blues with Ann Pennington and George White teamed together to represent the Navy and Mae Murray and Carl Randall depicting the Army—Kay Laurell again as the "Dove of Peace" and Justine Johnstone as Columbia.

But the one unforgettable scene was the Gates of Elysium with towering elephants flanking the center entrance and spouting water. Ziegfeld's private mania for collecting elephants as a hobby might have stemmed from this particular Urban set which proved a sensation. The entire production reflected a lustrous polish thanks to Urban's revolutionary art.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1916." Cast included: Fannie Brice, Bert Williams, W. C. Fields, Ann Pennington, Ina Claire, Frances White, William Rock, Emma Haig, Carl Randall, Bird Millman, Tot Qualters, Bernard Granville, Don Barclay and Sam Hardy. Gene Buck and George V. Hobart wrote the book. Jerome Kern and Louis Hirsch wrote most of the music. Sets by Joseph Urban. Staged by Ned Wayburn. Ran 112 performances.

The "Follies" pace had now quickened. Ned Wayburn bowed in as stager, starting a seven year association with Ziegfeld. Joseph Urban's beauty note which proved magic to the '15 edition was again paramount. A Shakespearean theme threaded through the production—and Urban introduced Norman architectural effects for a "Romeo and Juliet" travesty—and for an "Antony and Cleopatra" episode projected a massive grey sphinx in silhouette against his familiar blue. For an impudent touch of modernity here he included a swan boat equipped with a scalloped sail in vivid green with decorations of black rings. In the closing scene Urban used mighty vases with streamers of pink roses dropped into their mouths.

Urban's work broke tradition from the easel type of backdrop—and the "Follies" went into high gear. Urban was right when he said: "Broadway shows could be beautiful and the public would respond to this beauty." It is claimed that this European remade the American theatre. Incorporated into all his splendor was the haute couture chiffons of Lucille, Lady Duff-Gordon whose fashions are an outstanding part in the select format which made the "Follies" supreme.

The impact of the Russian Ballet was also felt in America this season and it was highlighted in some of the bigger scenes. And Fannie Brice sang about "Nijinsky" in her inimitable way. Carl Randall was cast as the famed Russian dancer in another Urban spectacle pegged to "Spectre de la Rose."

Jerome Kern had his first "Follies" hit with "Have a Heart." Irving Berlin was also represented with "In Florida Among the Palms"—an interpolated number, which was Ziegfeld's signal to head for the U. S. Gold Coast then coming in its own. Frances White, the lisping baby-talk songstress whose sleek boyish hair-do set a vogue—was teamed with William Rock. Ina Claire, held over from last year, established herself as a rare mimic—her main impersonations ranging from Mrs. Vernon Castle to Jane Cowl to Geraldine Farrar (with Sam Hardy as Lou Tellegan). Bert Williams' natural cafe au lait lent itself admirably to Urban's idea of "Othello"—later he appeared as Pancho Villa. "Bachelor Days" and "My Lady of the Nile" were other song hits to emerge. The hula craze, eventually one of Ziegfeld's "musts" in varied forms, was taken care of in "I Left Her on the Beach at Honolulu."

These were the posh beauties: Marion Davies, Helen Barnes, Lilyan Tashman, Hazel Lewis, May Carmen, Evelyn Conway, Ruby DeRemer, Gladys Loftus, Kay Laurell—not to forget Justine Johnstone (the Davies vs. Johnstone rivalry soon become the hottest backstage feud on Broadway). Ziegfeld's girls had become hot copy on the city desks—in fact the girls became the "Follies" best space-grabbers. The other stars, especially the comics, squawked over this attention—but Ziegfeld knew his publicity. Allyn King made a memorable spirit of the "Follies" in the opening.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1917." Cast included: Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, W. C. Fields, Bert Williams, the Fairbanks Twins, Dorothy Dickson, Carl Hyson, Don Barclay, Gus Minton, Irving Fisher, Fannie Brice, Russell Vokes, Walter Catlett, Lilyan Tashman, Allyn King, Edith Hallor, Peggy Hopkins and Dolores. Book, lyrics and music mostly by George V. Hobart, Dave Stamper, Raymond Hubbell, Gene Buck and Victor Herbert. Ring Lardner for special material. Ran 111 performances.

A smash. Will Rogers and Eddie Cantor made their "Follies" debuts—both having won their spurs first upstairs on the Midnight Frolic roof. Victor Herbert was also enticed into the Ziegfeld fold—writing his first ballets for this edition—a scoop for Ziegfeld. Victor Herbert's main number was a wartime finale, "Can't You Hear Your Country Calling?" which evolved into a Ben Ali Haggin tableau starting with Paul Revere's ride and closing with Walter Catlett as President Woodrow Wilson. In between were the Ziegfeld girls.

Ben Ali Haggin was working in earnest on the "Follies" now—prior to this he had been well known as a society painter. Living pictures were not new to the "Follies" entirely—Ziegfeld had used variations of the tableau vivant for years—but Ben Ali Haggin's approach was free of any calendar art—instead he incorporated drama and historical sweep which made the groupings look like old masters. Gold was his favorite color. This was the edition also in which the stately Dolores attained spectacular attention. She came out of Lucille's fashion salon and set an all-time high for show girls with her aloof poise. It was in the "Episode of the Chiffon" created by Lucille which skyrocketed this tall beauty into legendary fame.

Edith Hallor sang "Jealous Moon"—then the fashion durbar started with: "Terrible Temptation," Peggy Hopkins; "Enchantment," Gladys Loftus; "Lonely Loveliness Means Danger," Margaret St. Clair; "Hope Deferred,"

Marie Wallace; "A Symbol of Change and Emotion," Lilyan Tashman; "Impassionate Sensation," Edith Whitney; "Call of the Wild," Cecil Markle; and "The Discourager of Hesitancy," Dolores, sub-labeled, "The Empress of Fashion." She was. Lucille always gave her creations a fancy tag.

The Ziegfeld walk-came into its own this year—it being a combination of Irene Castle's flair for accenting the pelvis in her stance, the lifted shoulder—plus the slow concentrated gait.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1918." Cast included: Marilyn Miller, Will Rogers, Lillian Lorraine, Harry Kelly, Eddie Cantor, Ann Pennington, W. C. Fields, Bee Palmer, the Fairbanks Twins, Gus Minton, Dolores, Kay Laurell, Frank Carter, Savoy & Brennan and Frisco. Book and lyrics by Renold Wolf and Gene Buck. Music mostly by Dave Stamper and Irving Berlin. Ran 151 performances.

Marilyn Miller's first appearance, Lillian Lorraine's final appearance under the Ziegfeld banner. Expense of each edition was now mounting—this one cost \$110,000 to produce. Ziegfeld used 74 girls (40 of which had never been on the stage before) in this "Follies"—they got \$75 per week. Dolores got \$150 per week but this zoomed when she became the high-voltage show girl of all time.

For one oriental scene Ziegfeld demanded that 12 pillows be made entirely of Satin—at \$300 apiece—which illustrates his law that only the finest be used in a "Follies" regardless of budget.

World War I filled the press—doughboys were leaving for France—and there was always that last night on the town. This was the year in which Ziegfeld appointed Alfred Cheney Johnston to be the official photographer for the "Follies"—and his photos which employed a few pearls, a shawl or a chiffon drape to decorate the girls—were largely responsible for pictorial glorification of the American beauty. So handsome were his portraits that Gene Buck selected a bevy of 20 stunners to grace the cover of the sheet music that year which ushered in a complete new beauty note of the music counters.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1919." Cast included: Marilyn Miller, Eddie Cantor, Bert Williams, Eddie Dowling, Johnny & Ray Dooley, George LeMaire, Mary Hay, Phyl Dwyer, Van & Schenck, John Steel, the Fairbanks Twins and DeLyle Alda. Book and lyrics by Gene Buck, Dave Stamper and Renold Wolf. Music by Victor Herbert, Harry Tierney & Joseph J. McCarthy and Irving Berlin. Staged by Ned Wayburn. Ran 171 performances.

This was the blockbuster "Follies" musically speaking, though the production was slick in every department. Irving Berlin wrote "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" and John Steel sang it, with the following girls presented: "Humoresque," Maurisette; "Spring Song," Hazel Washburn; "Elegy," Maudie Pierre; "Barcarolle," Jessie Reed; "Serenade," Alta King and "Traumerei," Margaret Irving with Lucille Jarrot at the piano. This Irving Berlin classic has since become the national anthem at mere mention of the "Follies"—and also now serves as the universal theme for fashion showings the world over.

But not stopping there this edition fairly bulged with other smash songs. Van & Schenck joined the "Follies" and clicked with "Mandy" (original done in Irving Berlin's wartime revue, "Yip Yip Yaphank"); Bert Williams spoofed prohibition with "You Cannot Make Your Shimmy Shake on Tea" and Eddie Cantor sang the interpolated "You'd Be Surprised" with wide-eyed sophistication. All by Berlin. One other number by this prolific tunesmith, "Look Out for Bolshevik Man" (published by Harms) is interesting from the historical standpoint in that it is the first musical attention paid to the Russian menace then rising. Buck & Stamper wrote "Tulip Time" which DeLyle Alda sang. And Tierney & McCarthy provided "My Baby's Arms" as another hit to acquire wide popularity. Over 30 songs in all were published for this celebrated edition.

Marilyn Miller, who was the star pupil in the "Follies," was the toast of the town—and her main numbers were in "Sweet Sixteen" against Joseph Urban's urns and floral panels—and as a tap-dancing George Primrose in a pink satin minstrel show finale. After this edition she was ready for solo stardom and left to burst forth in "Sally" and to become the undisputed Queen of American Musical Comedy—her following turning into a cult.

Ray Dooley entered the "Follies" this year. On the exit side—Bert Williams bowed out. He is considered the greatest of all laugh-getters in the "Follies"—and he was the one star Ziegfeld could never replace. Gene Buck wrote a clever "Follies" salad scene as an opener—which was a swift song & dance mixture—with the popular Fairbanks Twins as salt & pepper. Mary Hay was in the chorus but attracted so much attention with her pert personality that she soon graduated to sketches. Madame Frances and Lucille costumed the beauties, who were in a prize class this year, including: Olive Vaughn, Corone Paynter, Ethel Callahan, Marcel Barnes, Doris Levant, Peggy Davis, Nan Larned, Leonora Baron, Simone D'Herleys, Betty Francesco and Billie Dove. Jessie Reed's brunette charms were hailed as the spirit of the "Follies." Henry Clive painted the personification of the Ziegfeld girl for Irving Berlin's memorable score.

This 13th edition is considered a legend of perfection in show business. It had everything.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1920." Cast included: Fannie Brice, W. C. Fields, Charles Winninger, Mary Eaton, Ray Dooley, John Steel, DeLyle Alda, Van & Schenck, Moran & Mack, Bernard Granville, Carl Randall, Jack Donahue, Doris Eaton, Lillian Broderick, Jessie Reed and Art Hickman's orchestra. Music by Irving Berlin, Gene Buck, Dave Stamper and Victor Herbert. Staged by Edward Royce. Ran 23 performances.

The "Ziegfeld Follies" now formally identified on the marquee as "A National Institution." This edition was a strong follow-up to the sensational '19 production. Mary Eaton joined Ziegfeld taking over where Marilyn Miller left off. She was an immediate success on her own. Ziegfeld introduced name bands into his shows this year—importing Art Hickman from California. He clicked. Ray Dooley tried out her juvenile delinquencies—and these also registered.

John Steel, who had established himself as a new type of musical revue tenor with concert overtones, continued to sing Irving Berlin's songs—the outstanding being "Girls of My Dreams" (just that) and the lilting "Tell Me Little Gypsy." Berlin's topical flair showed in "Leg of Nations," a Ziegfeld—slant on the League of Nations. "Bells," also from the Berlin keyboard, was a trick novelty number having the girls attired in costumes decorated with bells—which picked up the sustaining melody of the rather thin

song when they proceeded to dance (something similar to this had been done in "A Parisian Model" one of Ziegfeld's early Anna Held shows). Fannie Brice had strong material in "I'm a Vamp From East Broadway," "I Was a Floradora Baby" and "I'm an Indian"—all show-stoppers and classics in the Brice catalog. Victor Herbert, who concentrated on the ballet music primarily, had a popular hit on his hands with "The Love Boat" which inspired Ben Ali Haggin to work in a romantic Venetian fantasy of girls. Even Art Hickman who doubled on the Midnight Frolic roof, contributed another hit, "Hold Me." W. C. Fields conceived, wrote and staged "The Family Ford" with Ray Dooley disporting as a squalling brat. Charles Winninger was in the cast for a time. Jack Donahue's limber dancing made itself important to this edition. Moran & Mack were spotted for that single specialty appearing—considered vital to a first-class revue then. Ziegfeld unfurled a fresh institutional angle for his thriving organization this year by plugging his "Midnight Frolic" as a grand-slam finale—which promised bigger and better things on the roof after the show. The pick of the crop: Helen Shea, Emily Drange, Jacqueline Logan, Betty Morton, Dorothy Mackaill, Irene Barker, Juliette Compton, Annette Bade, Edna French and Phoebe Lee. Edward Royce's direction was new to the series and won plaudits.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1921." Cast included: Fannie Brice, Raymond Hitchcock, W. C. Fields, Van & Schenck, Ray Dooley, John Steel, Mary Eaton, Mary Milburn, Miti & Tillo, Vera Michelena, Florence O'Dennishawn and Mary Lewis. Jerome Kern, Rudolf Friml, Victor Herbert, B. G. DeSylva provided the rich music—with George Marion, Willard Mack, Ralph Spence, Channing Pollock and Gene Buck responsible for the book. Staged by Edward Royce. Ran 119 performances.

The costliest "Follies" to date—over \$250,000—and acclaimed the most beautiful of the series. The Globe Theatre housed the show this year because "Sally" was jamming the New Amsterdam Theatre. Fannie Brice made history with "Second Hand Rose" by James Hanley, followed with "My Man" by Maurice Yvain. This French song was first slated for Mistinguette who had introduced it in Paris—but her oo-la-la failed to impress Ziegfeld when she turned up for an interview and she was cancelled out. Fannie Brice then took over the number and first sang it in rehearsal decked out in a formal evening gown and picture hat. Ziegfeld quickly interrupted her and told her to correct the interpretation—in fact he jumped on the stage and ripped the gown apart—then she sang it as a gamin leaning against a lamp post. This touching lament revealed a complete new facet to the comedienne's personality and she was a sensation.

Van & Schenck paid tribute to Marilyn Miller's absence from the "Follies"—by subtly dedicating "Sally Won't You Come Back" to her. The 1921 edition is also important in that James Reynolds created his first numbers for Ziegfeld. His juxtaposition of colors and costumes which bristled with high style created unforgettable stage pictures—and also ushered in a new intellectual high for Ziegfeld splendor. His "Birthday of the Dauphin" opened the second act with practically the entire cast arrayed in sweeping costumes of the French court. W. C. Fields was seen as an old roue and Raymond Hitchcock was the King of France. Betty Carsdale was Marie Antoinette. His other scene, "The Legend of the Cyclamen Tree," was Persian in motif with accent on refined barbarism.

Florence O'Dennishawn was the leading dancer—and Victor Herbert's music wrapped up the entire extravaganza. Mary Eaton's charm was best displayed in "Bring Back My Blushing Rose" by Rudolf Friml—another opportunity for Ziegfeld to honor his favorite flower. The entire production was embellished with breathtaking sheen. In addition to the visual outlay—sturdy laughs were also plentiful. Playwright Willard Mack (even writing for a "Follies" meant academic stature) wrote "The Professor" for W. C. Fields—and also a Barrymore travesty which sported Raymond Hitchcock, Fannie Brice and Fields as Lionel, Ethel and John respectively. Later Fannie Brice teamed with Ray Dooley for a clowning version of the Dempsey-Carpentier championship bout.

Mary Lewis, on the threshold of grand opera, was the important diva of this edition. New entrants in the beauty class made it one of the most memorable: Helen Lee Worthing, Pearl Germonde, Doris Eaton, Pearl Eaton, Geneva Mitchell, Janet Stone, Marilyn Morrissey, Frances Reveaux, Kathlyn Martyn, Irene Marcellus, Keene Twins, Darling Twins, Anastasia Reilly, Albertine Marlowe, Edna Wheaton and Consuelo Flowerton. Edward Royce again at the directing helm. Ziegfeld admitted that from now on—he had to outdo himself with each new edition.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1922." Cast included: Will Rogers, Gilda Gray, Evelyn Law, Mary Lewis, Lulu McConnell, Andrew Tombs, Mary Eaton, Gallagher & Shean, Brandon Tynan, Martha Lorber, Alexander Gray and the Tiller Girls from London. Book and lyrics by Gene Buck, Ralph Spence and Ring Lardner. Victor Herbert wrote the ballet music—and others contributing included Dave Stamper, and Louis Hirsch. Staged by Ned Wayburn. Ran 67 weeks in New York—and 40 more weeks on the road. A "Follies" record.

To his boast "A National Institution"—Ziegfeld now added the phrase "Glorifying the American Girl." Over \$67,000 was spent on polishing this edition during the tryout—and 1922 winds up the truly great period of the "Ziegfeld Follies." Startling personalities were introduced alongside the established Ziegfeld luminaries. Gilda Gray brought her shimmy to the series this year. She had two show-stopping numbers, "Neath the South Sea Moon" which served as the proper setting for her muscle dance—and "It's Getting Dark on Old Broadway" in which she did a raucous coon-shout against a radium backdrop which turned the company into sepia-tinted performers emphasizing the actual point of the song—that Harlem was moving in downtown. Next to her—Gallagher & Shean were the sensation—with their repartee "Mister Gallagher and Mister Shean" which audiences never got enough of.

This show was very lush on beauty—with one lavish number, "Lace Land" one of Ziegfeld's immortals. It was so popular that it carried over into ensuing summer and fall editions when the "Follies" for the first time deterred from presenting a complete new annual production. Victor Herbert wrote "Weaving My Dreams" for this number which Mary Lewis originally sang (later Ilse Marvenga, Elsa Peterson and Olga Steck took over periodically). It was moulded around the trousseau motif with Mary Eaton as the toe-dancing inspiration. This was another radium treatment in which magnificent floral effects of lace were

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Opera Was Never Like Broadway

By ROBERT WEEDE

Star of "The Most Happy Fella"

For 34 years I considered myself an operatic baritone. This sizeable period included the years before I ever trod the operatic boards (but was full of faith that I would) as well as those after I'd vindicated my own optimism and "made it."

Last May, after Frank Loesser's "The Most Happy Fella" had safely opened on Broadway and been pronounced a hit, I found myself transformed to a "Broadway musical star." The difference in the type of "fame" accorded opera and Broadway performers continues to astonish and delight me.

As an opera star I received a fair amount of respectful attention from that part of the American public which fills opera houses and concert halls, and from the more sedate portions of the press concerned with musicians as the practitioners of a rather lofty art.

You acquire a certain dignified stature from such treatment, but it's a far cry, I now realize, from what's called "being a celebrity." The difference was revealed to me by two conversations I overheard about myself launched by a neighbor lad at intervals of a bit more than a year. The first, between this lad and a friend he'd brought across the road to watch me spray the fruit trees, went, in suitable undertones: "That's Robert Weede." "Oh, yeah?" said the visitor, "who's he?" "An opera star, dope," returned his host. "No kidding?" Under similar circumstances but with a different visitor late this summer, the talk went: "That's Robert Weede." "No kidding!"

After "The Most Happy Fella" opened and I found myself generally tagged "an overnight success," as though my years as a singer on the opera and concert circuit had never been, I've been both amused and bemused with the undeniable truth that the Broadway musical theatre bestows a glamorous identification on its performers that's seldom the lot of singers outside it.

Most Happy Cook

Since I've been "on Broadway" instead of "in opera" the press has been, for instance, interested in the fact I like to cook and frequently do, to an extent wondrous to behold. This peculiarity, which never excited any ripples in the operatic waters, has since been celebrated widely in text and pictures. A local tabloid, whose readers presumably would have had no interest in me as an opera singer, sent a reporter and photographer to Rockland County to interview me at home about barbecuing. And, judging from the amount of mail they later received inquiring about the recipes given in the story, these same readers were apparently fascinated by this low-down on my offstage life. My curious practice of cookery has also furnished a guest column for a vacationing columnist and, final glory, because of it, I've appeared in a full-color photo in a famous women's magazine, preparing a roast suckling pig for Thanksgiving in my own kitchen.

You can sing the star roles in a dozen operas and the world generally remains unaware or uninterested. But as a "Broadway star" of a "Broadway hit," I've been sought to be photographed: (1) having cocktails with a Hollywood starlet in one of our glossier hotels; (2) on the reception line (with my dog) at a function intended to promote "Be Kind to Your Dog Week" or something like that; (3) wearing a Captain's cap aboard a Hudson River Day Line boat with a group of youngsters about to shove off on a cruise celebrating the Silver Anniversary of the settlement house they belonged to; (4) making a wish as I tossed a penny in the fountain of a local restaurant at a cocktail party to benefit The Damon Runyon Fund; and (5) for some worthy philanthropy receiving a handsomely large check while press and newsreel cameras BOTH memorialized the occasion.

But that's not all. In opera I used to wear some pretty fancy (and I thought becoming) costumes

and a wide variety of handsome wigs and dashing beards. Elegantly and romantically appraised as I was though, I never caused a single female heart to skip a beat as far as I knew. In concerts, the elegance of my white-tie-and-tail was crowned (literally) by a discreetly realistic toupee, at the insistence of managers opposed to my revealing my own bald pate. Though I received after-concert visitors backstage who wanted to express their pleasure in my singing, I never noted a single lady with a predatory gleam in the eye. This was to come later in my life, but then, like those who don't miss what they've never known, I hardly realized the lack.

But, in "The Most Happy Fella," where I wear a well-worn pair of overalls or a suit of some kind of greenish stuff cut in the lines of fashion circa 1920, with my bald head gleaming militantly in the spotlight, and my corpulence undisguised by operatic costume, I have, apparently, some kind of romantic aura where the ladies are concerned.

'Love That Weede Man'

Friends report after seeing the show that large numbers of women exit at the final curtain sheepishly wiping away sentimental tears, pleased that Tony's romance came out all right for him. I attributed this to Loesser's having made Tony so lovable a fellow one would need a heart of stone to be indifferent to his fate. But further reports that intermission comment, again by ladies, included more personal remarks like (and please understand I am merely quoting, not gloating) "That Robert Weede's got something" or "Don't you love that Weede man?" or even, "I tell you, that Weede does something to me!" could not be dismissed with quite such facile modesty. I decided that somewhere along the line these women had by some mystic process transferred their reaction to Tony, the character, to the actor who played the role. Perhaps this happens more frequently on Broadway than in opera because audiences relate more personally to someone singing a role in English, in a story set in their own time and country, than to one in a foreign tongue, set in a distant land and a period as remote from their own experience as the Ice Age.

If this seems a bit theoretical, I'd say more specifically that Broadway lends itself to the creation and projection of "personalities" in a way opera doesn't. From its conception to its "birth," opening night, a play or musical commands the kind of fascinated clinical attention once directed only at royal accouchements. And its subsequent course is chronicled with as much detail as the formative years in any princeling's life. The accruing stardust rubs off on the performers—even to people who may not have seen the show.

Fan mail, that lovely phenomenon, testifies to this. Operatic fan mail is usually to ask for an autographed photo, the answer to some academic operatic point, or occasionally for career advice. Broadway fan-mail is far more personal and gets right down to cases. One kindly woman hearing that the cast I wear on-stage caused me discomfort at first, said she was a masseuse and would be delighted to give me massage treatments in the afflicted areas. Another, who'd seen the show but didn't know my Italian-American accent had been deliberately cultivated, offered to give me English lessons and have me speaking like a native American in short order. When I was out of the show for a few performances with a sacro-iliac injury, the advice on remedial exercises, poultices, braces, bandages and baths to forestall or cure any future similar affliction, poured in with every mail, heavy with solicitude.

I find this all pretty touching and heartwarming, funny and somehow wonderful. It makes you feel you've reached the audience as a person, not, as in opera, as a performer. The warmth this thought offers is not to be lightly prized. Though I yield to no one in my love for opera as a magnificent art, which has its own rewards for the performer, and though I hope to return to it again and again in the future, still in all candor, I must admit, "Opera was never like this."



Robert Weede

A Plea for Playwrights; Is B'way Playing It (Too) Safe?

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

For the legitimate theatre, this is a period of highriding financial prosperity with a proportionately large number of smash hits and longer runs than ever known previously. Yet, ironically enough, our theatre is threatened by a profound creative bust in the midst of this boom. The present boom rests on insecure foundations.

It is almost impossible for the unknown American playwright to get his works put on. The dedicated playwright, whose mind is concentrated on working exclusively for the theatre, is the core of a soundly functioning theatre. It becomes increasingly difficult to practice the profession of playwrighting and to grow creatively by watching one's earlier plays go through the vicissitudes of rehearsals and production. Out of the 16 plays now holding our stage, no less than 8 are adaptations either of novels, television vignettes, autobiographies or biographies. Of the remaining 8 non-adapted plays, five are importations from England. (If it were not for Terence Rattigan and Bernard Shaw, the flow of rich language would be practically unheard on our stage this season.)

This leaves only three American non-adapted plays — "Long Days Journey Into Night," "Inherit the Wind" and "The Matchmaker." Only these can be considered as having been conceived and written, in the traditional sense, for actors to communicate dramatic moments of reality to an audience in a playhouse. Even "The Matchmaker" is not wholly original, being an imaginative recreation of a 19th century German farce, while "Inherit the Wind" is basically a documentary of the Scopes trial and achieves its dramatic power not through the emotional use of language or the rendering of human character in conflict, but through a brilliant directorial massing of crowds, and scenic and lighting effects as well as several virtuoso acting performances. Only Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" can truly be considered an original American work of dramatic art—an expression of thought and emotion, felt and visualized primarily in terms of dramatic tautness and cast in the distinctive architecture of the play form. (I write this on Dec. 20, 1956—subsequent productions, such as Tennessee Williams' "Orpheus Ascending" will, I hope, improve the picture.)

O'Neill's Play 15 Years Old

But O'Neill's masterpiece—though it has never previously been staged—is 15 years old. Below the surface of prosperity, therefore, a crisis exists. If our theatre continues to scavenge on best-selling books and television programs while stifling the technical and intellectual growth of new playwrights because of timidity and financial terror—then the theatre will get dull and stale and dried up.

In conversation, once, Lee Strasberg remarked that the Group Theatre disintegrated because it could not develop any consistently productive dramatists aside from Clifford Odets. The heart and soul of the theatre is the play. The period of 1919-1931—the richest in the history of the American theatre—was made possible by a group of writers who thought almost entirely in terms of theatre and wrote for actors: O'Neill, Philip Barry, Robert Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, George Kelly, Sidney Howard, Elmer Rice, George S. Kaufman. By and large, these men were not adapters or translators. They deliberately cast their experiences into a dramatic mould because, by temperament and training, they found this mould most congenial.

In the last 25 years, their successors have been few: Tennessee Williams, Clifford Odets, Arthur Miller and William Inge. And no successors to these four are on the horizon. Since it now costs anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000 to put on a play, investors feel safer investing money in dramatic versions of best-selling novels like "No Time for Sergeants" or biographical extravaganzas like "My

Philadelphia Father" and "Auntie Mame."

There is no future for the theatre in this line. The authors of "My Philadelphia Father" cannot give us a second "Happiest Millionaire," since Cordelia Biddle had only one eccentric father, and the authors of "No Time for Sergeants" cannot yield up another NTFS because Mac Hyman cannot be a raw recruit a second time in the United States Army. Eugene O'Neill, as he matured in awareness of life and knowledge of stage mechanics, could progress from "Beyond the Horizon" to "Anna Christie" to "Desire Under the Elms" to "Mourning Becomes Electra."

Off-B'way Disappoints Too

Now the non-commercial off-Broadway theatre which is capable of mounting productions at a sane and sensible cost because of simplicity of scenery and trades-union concessions, has failed dismally in what should be its primary task of giving the new playwrights a platform on which to grow on. Out of the 50 or 60 productions that the off-Broadway theatre offers each season, there aren't a half dozen plays by previously unproduced writers.

While the ancestors of the off-Broadway theatres—such as the Provincetown Playhouse and the Group—took chances on new playwrights, the present non-commercial theatre plays it safe, non-commercially safe but safe nonetheless, by reviving established plays of the classic and modern theatre—Shaw, O'Neill, Chekhov, Brecht. I am all for variety on the New York theatrical scene—and it's a good experience to be able to witness those wonderful David Ross productions of Chekhov or Jose Quintero's simple and powerful stagings of "La Ronde" and "The Iceman Cometh"—but we cannot go on living entirely off the past. We cannot go on squandering the hearts and minds of men who might become the O'Neills and the Sherwoods of our generation and the next by driving them into the sheer hopeless despair that is the result of being continually frustrated and rebuffed by producers and directors.

I am told there are more than 50 fine playscripts now in circulation, written by talented but unknown men, which cannot find production, either on or off Broadway. It is only in writers, dedicated to the theatre and only to the theatre, that Broadway can look to its future health. I have no simple solution for this impasse, beyond urging that Broadway producers begin looking for potential O'Neills and Sherwoods rather than looking for dramatic rights to another "Auntie Mame" or "Diary of Anne Frank" and that producers become suffused with some of the zest and adventure of Arthur Hopkins or that of Jed Harris during his 1926-1931 period.

Broadway investors should be willing to risk money on unknown dramatists if they like the scripts.

And off-Broadway impresarios ought to bestir themselves and attempt to cultivate new dramatic talent with the same audacity and assiduity with which they now cultivate new acting talent.

'Mame' Laying Off As Rest for Roz

"Auntie Mame" will take a July-August layoff to give Rosalind Russell a vacation. It's figured that Miss Russell's starring performance, generally credited with the success of the comedy, is so long and exhausting that she will need the two-month rest. There is no intention of trying to get a substitute to continue through the summer.

The Robert Fryer-Lawrence Carr production is currently in its 11th sellout week at the Broadhurst Theatre, N.Y.

American Plays Overshadowing Germany's Legit

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin.

Non-Communist Berlin's legit life was in fine shape last year though far from the heydays of the 20s when Berlin had the reputation as Europe's leading theatre metropolis. The best items of 1956 were presented during the Cultural Festival. Add to this "Diary of Anne Frank" and O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night." It's not accidental that both have been staged by this country's best stage directors, Boleslav Barlog, director of both Schlosspark and Schiller Theatre here, and Professor Oscar Fritz Schuh, of Theatre am Kurfuerstendamm.

"Anne Frank" truly shook the emotions of Berliners—it also became one of the most essential social facts in postwar Berlin. The O'Neill play made Berlin rave for a great actress: Grete Mosheim.

One thing particularly has been remarkable all through the past months: The percentage of U.S. plays which probably has never been so big as last year. Besides "Anne Frank" and "Journey Into Night," local customers also took a fancy to Arthur Miller's "View From the Bridge," N. Richard Nash's "Rainmaker," Eric Remarque's (he's a U.S. citizen too) "Last Station," Faulkner's "Requiem for a Nun," William Douglas Home's "The Reluctant Debutante," Cole Porter's "Kiss Me Kate," George Axelrod's "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter," the Spewacks' "Boy Meets Girl," to name some of them.

On the depressing side: Only very few new German plays have been premed here—and most of them flopped badly with the critics. The dominating position of U.S. plays in Germany is evidenced by statistics which "Die Deutsche Buehne" revealed recently. John Patrick's stage adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel, "Teahouse of the August Moon," supplied with a brilliant translation by the late Oscar Karlweis, racked up 790 performances (1955-1956) in W-German cities.

Many foreign ensembles were seen in town, such as the Edinburgh Festival Co., the Jacques Fabbri troupe of Paris, Jean-Louis Barrault's theatre, the Moral Re-armament ensemble with three memorable items, two of them starring Reginald Owen, etc.

Record B'way Gross

"Happy Hunting" nosed out "My Fair Lady" last week in establishing what is believed to be a record Broadway gross. The former musical, starring Ethel Merman, took in about \$73,100, while the latter tuner, costarring Rex Harrison and Julie Harris, racked up a sell-out \$72,300 (in both cases, exact totals were not available at press time).

The two figures reflected a New Year's Eve ticket price boost for both shows to an \$11.50 top instead of the usual \$8.05. "Hunting," a recent opener at the 1,625-seat Majestic Theatre, nabbed \$13,283 on capacity holiday eve business, but failed to go clean the following night. "Lady," nearing a year's run at the 1,551-seat Hellinger Theatre, got \$13,138 on the holiday eve.

On regular capacity weeks, the "Hunting" gross is \$70,100, while the "Lady" take is \$68,700. "Fanny," which recently began a road tour following a lengthy New York run, set what is figured to have been the previous Broadway high with a \$70,282 on the New Year's Eve frame two years ago. Tix for the holiday eve performance were scaled to a \$12 top.

Ziegfeld And His Follies

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projected into luminous patterns when the house lights dimmed. Charles LeMaire costumed this spectacle.

James Reynolds brought out two new ballets: "Farland-jandio" (Revenge), a Sicilian gypsy number—and "Frollicking Gods," based on high jinks in an art museum after hours when the statuary came to life. Michel Fokine created the choreography for both ballets and Tschokovsky's music was used for the latter. Both of these Reynolds' works attracted raves as daring "Follies" scenes. One timely song in the score, "Listening on Some Radio" directed attention to this budding medium—again showing Ziegfeld's rule to keep his show alert. The rest of the production also measured up to the visual achievements.

Ring Lardner's contributions, mostly for Will Rogers, were two skits, "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Bull Pen." It was Rogers' dry-crackling wit though which always got the biggest applause. Evelyn Law had one unique dancing specialty in which she excelled—she would proceed across full stage on one leg and shake her finger (naughtily) at the other one which was lifted straight above her head. The fact that she was a beauty with marked chic made the acrobatic number a surefire show-stopper.

Ned Wayburn left his stamp on the "Follies" with a representative dancing fiesta featuring Victor Herbert marches. Black Crook amazons, tapdancers, buck & wing, fencing girls—and last, the Tiller Girls from London with their precision routines. Among the new faces (most of which also graced the sheet music covers again) were: Polly Nally, Diana Gordon, Addie Rolf, Margery Chapin, Connor Twins, Eva Brady and Mary McDonald. Martha Lorber and Albertina Vitak, two other distinguished dancers, made this "Follies" one of the strongest dancing shows ever produced by Ziegfeld.

The Closing Period—(1923-1931)

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1923." Cast included: Fannie Brice, Ann Pennington, Lina Basquette, the London Empire Girls, Roy Cropper, Marie Dahm, Brooke Johns, Robert Quinault, Iris Rowe, Hilda Ferguson, Alexander Yakovlev, Edna Leedom, Dave Stamper, Arthur West, Martha Lorber, Mae Daw, Florentine Gosnova, William Roselle, Bert & Betty Wheeler and Paul Whiteman's Orchestra. Music by Victor Herbert, Rudolf Friml, Dave Stamper and Gene Buck. Staged by Ned Wayburn. Ran 333 performances.

After 1923 the "Follies" followed an erratic course. Broadway was aglow that season with smash songs but no musical fireworks erupted at the New Amsterdam. The '22 edition overlapped and changed until the production settled down into the basic credits as listed above. That figure of 333 performances points up what amounted to changing summer, fall and winter editions. This one was a hackneyed rather tired "Follies"—even with Ned Wayburn back staging. Gertrude Hoffman was also called in to stage some acrobatic numbers. Many stunts were engineered to bolster up the sagging show but none sparked. It was Fannie Brice's final "Follies" under Ziegfeld. No matter which way her name was spelt, Fannie or Fanny, she had become one of the funniest women in the theatre through this series. Ann Pennington returned to her alma mater after a stay in the "Scandals." This was also the final work of James Reynolds.

Lina Basquette (later Mrs. Lee De Forest), a brunette ballerina, was singled out for the more important dancing assignments. She was given a typical Ziegfeld buildup for her beautiful legs—and was in and out of the next three editions. Fannie Brice had special Blanche Merrill material again—also two other dramatic numbers, "The Fool" and "Red Light Annie." Ann Pennington was teamed with Ziegfeld's newest discovery banjo-playing Brooke Johns—"Take, Oh Take Those Lips Away" was their most important number. Later they danced and sang before Paul Whiteman's Orchestra which was outstanding.

Dave Stamper, usually behind the production, stepped out before the footlights to team with Edna Leedom from vaude. Bert & Betty Wheeler were newcomers in the personality department. Still striving to inject something extra in the problem-show—Ziegfeld introduced a gimmick shadowgraph developed by Laurens Hammond, the inventor—which required the use of celluloid glasses—creating optical illusions when held up over the eyes.

Muriel Stryker covered her body with gilt for the "Maid of Gold" number until a doctor ordered her to stop it. Erte of Paris designed special costumes for this glossy production scene. For his last "Follies," James Reynolds created "The Legend of the Drums," a Napoleonic theme with the burning of the war drums providing a startling bit of stage imagery. His decorative pageantry and culture left a lasting imprint on the "Follies"—much copied, but never topped. Rudolf Friml's song, "Chansonette" (originally titled "Lady Fair") carried a haunting melody for a Ben Ali Haggin tableau.

Patricia Salmon, dubbed the Girl of the Golden West when "discovered" by Heywood Broun, Bide Dudley and other sportswriters while covering the Dempsey-Gibbons' fight in Shelby, Mont., was rushed east as a ravishing American beauty—but she had stiff competition from Imogene Wilson, Hilda Ferguson, Mae Daw, Dorothy Knapp, Beryl Halley, Peggy Shannon and Jane Winton.

Jimmy Hussey toured with the show—a special draft. By this time the Midnight Frolic—Ziegfeld's mint subsidiary had folded—due to prohibition. The girls now prepped in his book shows which came out faster—but these shows never provided that plushy clearing-house like the Frolic did. The Ziegfeld beauty trust now became primarily a "Follies" operation.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1924." Cast included: Will Rogers, Ann Pennington, Evelyn Law, Lupino Lane, Edna Leedom, Tom Lewis, Irving Fisher, Brandon Tynan, Kelo Bros., Vivienne Segal, Phyl Ryley, Alf James, Martha Lorber, Hilda Ferguson, the Tiller Girls, the London Empire Girls and George Olsen's band. Book by Will Rogers and William Anthony McGuire. Music by Victor Herbert, Raymond Hubbell, Dave Stamper, Harry Tierney & Joseph McCarthy. Dr. Albert Sirmay and Gene Buck. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Together with the following '25 edition—ran 401 performances.

The "Follies" slumped—even with Will Rogers present for his adieu. Rogers' unique personality had matured from a cowboy yokel into an authoritative commentator with politico jibes. Always on the funny side. The dailies provided his scripts for the most part. Ann Pennington, another Ziegfeld luminary of stature, also bowed out of the institution after this edition. Next to Marilyn Miller she was the most distinct dancing personality to graduate.

Also Victor Herbert turned in his final music this year. In spite of these loyal and established draws the 1924 edition never got off the ground. Nothing distinctive came out of the score though Tierney & McCarthy's "Adoring You" had a certain popularity.

Imogene Wilson made the headlines with her fracas with Frank Tinney and exited. Ann Pennington for her last "Follies" was assigned "Biminy"—a familiar topical number by now—backed up by 'hooch' girls and George Olsen's band. Lupino Lane, the British comic, was present for laughs to only limited results. Precision dancing ran riot with two groups—the John Tiller Girls and the London Empire Girls (Lawrence Tiller) competing with their specialized stepping. But here too the element of surprise was missing. Evelyn Law continued to be a dancing draw.

The newer beauties maintained a very high level: Betty Compton, Marion Benda, Bernice Ackerman, Cynthia Cambridge, Katherine Burke, Dorothy Leet and Catherine Littlefield. Julian Mitchell, the "Follies" first stager—responded to Ziegfeld's call—and became active again on this edition. Even this didn't work miracles. Ethel Shutta eventually joined the Olsen contingent to vocalize—and acquired a certain success. However with the ever changing summer, fall and winter editions—the press became outright bored with the "Follies" and accused Ziegfeld of lacking sophistication. As the time neared for a new show—much of this production seeped over into the '25 edition.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1925." Cast included: W. C. Fields, Ray Dooley, the Tiller Girls, Bertha Belmore, Clarence Nordstrom, Peggy Fears, Barbara Newberry, Al Ochs, Dare & Wahl, Kelo Bros., Fred Easter, Ruth Hazleton, Tom Lewis, Edna Leedom, Dave Stamper and Irving Fisher. Book by W. C. Fields, J. P. McEvoy and Gus Weinburg. Sets by Norman Bel Geddes. Music mostly by Raymond Hubbell, Werner Janssen, Dave Stamper and Gene Buck. Staged by Julian Mitchell. Run closely linked with the preceding '24 edition.

The "Follies" was now blurred—and one by one the big stars were checking out. This year W. C. Fields wound up his New Amsterdam period. He had collaborated with J. P. McEvoy on "The Comic Supplement," a book show, which Ziegfeld never brought into New York—and after several starts on this edition—some of the material from this flop was salvaged here which explained the dullish show. Ziegfeld was growing desperate over the "Follies" plus his book-show flops. Norman Bel Geddes designed most of this show—his sole work on the series. And John Held Jr. created some of the character costumes to depict the Roaring 20's aura. J. P. McEvoy built a character called Gertie for Ray Dooley which was a standard role for her in most of the skits. Next to Fannie Brice she was the funniest comedienne of the "Follies." Edna Leedom remained teamed with Dave Stamper. The Tiller Girls carried over their rope-dance from the preceding edition—but it was definitely strained by this time. Peggy Fears, looming among the newcomers, sang "Toddle Along" then the current dance craze. One representative girlie number "I'd like to be a Gardener in the Garden of Girls" was strictly old-hat—but showed Ziegfeld's stubborn sticking to his familiar bring-on-the-girls. Julian Mitchell ended his "Follies" career with this uneven edition. He had worked with Ziegfeld from the time he used 12 Sadie Girls (show-girls) in "The Little Duchess" (1901) starring Anna Held—to the present when show girls and some chorus girls got well over \$100 per week.

Marjorie Mae Martyn, Flo Kennedy, Yvonne Grey, Dorothy Wegman and Blanche Satchell decorated the beauty ranks. This is one department which remained happy—and Ziegfeld's publicity never let them down—but nudity wasn't enough—and the show itself was hard to sell. Over the years Ziegfeld utilized the following publicists to build his institution: Channing Pollock, O. O. McIntyre, Will Page, Leon Friedman, John Henry Mears, Walter Kingsley, Ben Holzman, Nat Dorfman and last—a former Purdue University professor—Bernard Sobel.

"ZIEGFELD AMERICAN REVUE OF 1926." Cast included James Barton, Edna Leedom, Louise Brown, Charles King, Barbara Newberry, Irving Fisher, Ray Dooley, Beth Berri, Mary Jane, Polly Walker, Helen O'Shea, Peggy Fears, the Yacht Club Boys, Claire Luce, Edna Covey, William H. Powers, Lew Christy and Greta Nissen (on tour). J. P. McEvoy wrote most of the book—together with Gene Buck, Irving Caesar and James Hanley. Music mostly by Rudolf Friml and James Hanley. Sets by Joseph Urban and John Wenger. Dances by John Boyle. Costumes by John W. Harkrider. Ran 108 performances.

The critical year for Ziegfeld. First he was ordered by law to drop the official "Ziegfeld Follies" banner (for time being) because of legal entanglements surrounding the settling of the Klaw & Erlanger interests. He was in a quandary (what with current competition in the revue field) about ever staging another revue at all—but on second thought—he embarked on one of his most flamboyant actions which made theatrical history. Ziegfeld took his entire show on a junket to Palm Beach. Joseph Urban was sent ahead to redecorate an old assembly hall fitting for a Ziegfeld splash. The result was a dream theatre—with a movable roof and a real palm tree slashing right through the marquee. There was just enough seating capacity to permit the swank winter set to get in—at \$200 per seat on opening night—and \$12 per seat after that. Ned Wayburn was the original stager—but later Edward Royce stepped in.

"No Foolin'" by James Hanley and Gene Buck broke the music jinx. Title changes were rapid: "Palm Beach Nights," "Ziegfeld's Palm Beach Girl," "Ziegfeld Revue of 1926" and finally "Ziegfeld American Revue" when it finally opened at the Globe Theatre. Ziegfeld's publicity machine worked diligently to build Louise Brown into another Marilyn Miller, with a certain success. She had the hit song, "No Foolin'," as her main assignment. Claire Luce, of the exotic blonde school, was presented in a "Luminous Ball" number—which was sprinkled with innumerable small mirrors—but it frequently failed to open smoothly and practically had the dancer turning into an acrobat to come through safely on her music cue. Redfern of Paris bedecked her in lavish plumage. Morton Downey was in the original cast which went south—and Arthur Bugs Baer also took a flyer into this edition during its embryo processing. "Florida, the Moon and You," another song in the show, was adopted by that state as its official theme. When the show hit the road, Greta Nissen of films (Ziegfeld's first raid on Hollywood talent) was brought in and featured in "Mlle. Bluebeard" which Fokine choreographed. Edna Leedom's best song was

"Nize Baby." James Barton never achieved much distinction in this one. He shared comedy with Ray Dooley—who was making her final "Follies" appearance. In the J. P. McEvoy sketches, "The Trial" and "Day Coach"—this comedienne still essayed the same character of little Gertie which featured her scenes in the '25 edition. (Miss Dooley's l'enfant, terrible rates high in Ziegfeld annals).

Peggy Fears and Paulette Goddard graduated to speaking lines. Ben Ali Haggin, whose lush tableaux contributed much to "Follies" prestige—built his final pictures, "Treasures From the East" and "Spring," for this erratic edition. Gene Buck's number, "Rip's Birthday Party," exploited names in the tabloids then: Lulu Belle, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Raquel Meller, Irving Berlin & Ellin Mackay, Peaches Browning and the Countess of Cathcart. The Yacht Club Boys, great favorites with the Palm Beach residents, entered the cast and came north with it. Lots of Charleston and hey hey filtered through the production. While the show suffered steady pains the new girls were among Ziegfeld's best: Gladys Glad, Noel Francis, Helen Herendeen, Myrna Darby, Mabel Baade, Elsie Behrens, Susan Fleming, Kay English and Marion Strasmick (Kiki Roberts).

[The fate of the "Follies" continued in a hectic state—a tabloid version under George Wintz was sent out—with one song published "Who's That Pretty Baby?" featuring "choice" lookers on the cover. They were closer to Minsky's across the street than Ziegfeld.]

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1927." Cast included: Eddie Cantor, Ruth Etting, Claire Luce, Irene Delroy, Andrew Tombes, Helen Brown, Lora Foster, Frances Upton, Phyl Ryley, William H. Powers, Harry McNaughton, Les Ghezzi, Franklyn Bauer, Dan Healy, Fairchild & Rainger, the Ingenues, the Brox Sisters, Cliff Edwards, Ross Himes & Peggy Chamberlain. Music by Irving Berlin. Book by Harold Atteridge and Eddie Cantor. Dances by Sammy Lee. Ballets by Albertina Rasch. Costumes by John W. Harkrider. Ran 167 performances.

Now came the 21st birthday of the "Follies." The way had been cleared to resume the official title and Zieggy was back in his favorite theatre the New Amsterdam. It was a costly project: Joseph Urban was paid close to \$30,000 for the sets; the costumes cost \$123,096.23 (tights from Paris, \$2,329.40) salaries before opening amounted to \$15,000 and with sundry other expenses piling up in Ziegfeld style—the total came to \$289,035.35 prior to the actual seat sale. Remember this was before the Atomic age economics. Ziegfeld devoted more of his personal attention to this edition—some of his old magic reappeared. Irving Berlin returned to pen the music. Eddie Cantor was the first ranking alumni to win featured billing in a master "Follies"—even so, his name went below the title. Cantor also collaborated on the book. This homecoming of Irving Berlin and Eddie Cantor lent a gala glamour to the come-of-age edition. It was the final "Follies" for both of them.

Ruth Etting entered the select Ziegfeld galaxy and became an established singing star in the best Ziegfeld style. The Coolidge boom was on and Jimmy Walker figured prominently in the book. Two Irving Berlin songs, "My New York" and "Jimmy," complimented Hizzoner—and the City Hall provided the setting. The Brox Sisters harmonized "It's Up to the Band" with the curtains parting and displaying the Ingenues at the keyboards of a battery of white baby grands on the staircase. The ace piano-duo, Fairchild & Rainger, were spotted in the pit. The most spectacular number was a Ziegfeld jungle with the song, "Jungle Jingle" the musical theme—and Claire Luce prancing across the stage riding a live ostrich—which wore a rhinestone collar for that Ziegfeld touch. (An attendant always escorted the bird around during this rather precarious staging.) Eddie Cantor had an amusing taxicab skit with Frances Upton—but he won his loudest applause when he sang "It All Belongs to Me" to Lora Foster. "Shaking the Blues Away" was Ruth Etting's best song. Albertina Rasch staged the ballets with Helen Brown, the pert ballerina. Cliff Edwards and his ukulele in next-to-closing slot. Many new dazzlers were presented: Catherine Moylan, Murrel Finley, Pirkko Alquist, Jean Audree, Evelyn Groves, Desha, Gertrude Williams, Louise Powell, Lee Russell, Gladys Renick and Cladia Dell. Feeling better now . . . Ziegfeld incorporated still another trademark to his imposing list of credits: "He who glorifies beauty glorifies truth."

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1931." Cast included: Harry Richman, Helen Morgan, Ruth Etting, Jack Pearl, Mitzi Mayfair, Hal LeRoy, Albert Carroll, Earl Oxford, Buck & Bubbles, Collette Sisters, Grace Moore, Dorothy Dell, Gladys Glad, Faith Bacon and Reri. Music and sketches by Gene Buck, Dave Stamper, Mark Hellinger, J. P. Murray, Barry Trivers, Ben Oakland, Walter Donaldson, Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld, Dimitri Tiomkin, Harry Revel and Mack Gordon. Dances by Bobby Connolly. Ballets by Albertina Rasch. Sets by Joseph Urban. Costumes by John W. Harkrider. Staged by Edward C. Lilley. Ran 163 performances.

Florenz Ziegfeld Jr.'s last "Follies"—and presented in the new Ziegfeld theatre. Gene Buck (with Dave Stamper) and Joseph Urban, the sole remaining members of Ziegfeld's staff during the peak years—were prominently identified with this final work. Joseph Urban especially left his stamp on both sides of the footlights—his scenes were as lush and tasteful as ever—and the rich fretwork of his fairytale murals which enveloped the gold-splashed theatre which he also designed—lent particular pomp and circumstance to this "Follies." But the show itself was uneven. Ziegfeld employed much of his favorite promotional exploitation to put this edition over—glorified beauty-contest winners—elaborate Gene Buck song stories—a jungle number with elephants—and of course a new brigade of lovelies. For the first time Ziegfeld departed from his established custom of only using name tunesmiths—by enlisting the new team of Revel & Gordon for the main score. It was plentiful but not distinguished. In fact the most attractive feature of it was the composite Ziegfeld girl which Albert Vargas painted for the cover.

Harry Richman was new to the "Follies" and presided as m.c. His "Do the New York" was the first-act finale which was set against a perspective of the newly opened Empire State building. Balloons and confetti fell over the stage for a typical Ziegfeldian mardi gras effect as the curtain lowered. For this edition Ziegfeld dispatched his final fancy publicity stunt (and he knew all the angles)—by sending to the South Seas for a native dancer (Reri) who had attracted some attention in a film, "Tabu."

ABC Of British Show Business

By WOLF MANKOWITZ

(Extracts from *The ABC of Show Business* by Wolf Mankowitz, published in London by Oldbourne Press)

A is for

ANGELS, without whom there would be no show business, since they finance the shows, out of enthusiasm either for the theatre, for actresses, or for profits; which latter (when there are any) go, for the larger part, to the angels. Angels do not have wings, though are sometimes known to disappear as quickly as if they had. Everyone in show business has visions of angels and loves them very much, a feeling not always reciprocated by the angels.

B is for

BOO, the alarm call of certain gallery first-nighters, anonymous birds which infest the roofs of theatres and wreak havoc with theatrical reputations and profits. Being very easily alarmed, these gallery first-nighters are sometimes erroneously thought to be highly sensitive by critics who especially enjoy their muted booming. Such bird-watchers spend much of a first-night studying the gallery for unusual behavior, often missing what happens on the stage. No one knows why some gallery first-nighters (like some critics) insist on haunting places which they so obviously hate.

C is for

CRITIC, a journalist who makes interesting, amusing, or readable copy out of theatrical productions. Since it is easier to make such copy by affecting an adverse attitude, the most readable critics tend to be adverse, some by nature, others by sheer hard work. Occasionally the critic will promote quite pointless controversy: "The greatest living actor is X" (some obvious or totally unknown name). "I declare myself, as the Spanish say, Godotista." "Only French plays are good." Sometimes a critic, by sheer longevity and undeflatable egotism, can promote himself into being "great." James Agate set the pattern for this operation by refusing to find any playwright since Ibsen worth while. Since then critics have improved on Agate by rejecting Ibsen as well. Most critics have a secret sorrow; they would like to be actors or playwrights. Most actors or playwrights would love to see them try.

C is also for

COWARD, Noel, who has through 40 years been all things to all audiences, from a child Prince Mussel in 1911 to the self-styled "Mistiguett of the West End night clubs" at £2,000 a week in 1953. "It was a matter of pressing urgency to me," he has written, "that I should become rich . . . to get mother out of that damn kitchen forever."

D is for

DELUSION, without which no one would enter Show Business. Delusions for Impresarios concern Power and Money. For Actors—Desirability, Dress, Money. Critics—Power. All these simple elements are compounded into what is called "glamour," a magical irrationality which, unlike its exponents, improves with the passage of time, resulting in yet another theatrical delusion—that theatre people used to be much more glamorous than they are now.

E is for

ECONOMICS, which in the theatre are complex and archaic. For example, a London show is staged for (say) £4,000, comprising costumes, sets, and pre-production expenses. No West End theatre being available, it wanders through a wilderness of unsuitable provincial dates losing money steadily (unless it has stars), eventually opening in the West End with an accumulated loss to add to its production costs. Since most London theatres are small in relation to current expenses, the show now has to play to capacity for three months before it shows a profit. Which is why so many shows can open to reasonable business but not be worth running, since every week is adding a small loss to the still undischarged production debt. Alternatively, the star-studded show

which is a hit in the star-starved provinces may be a dead flop after the London critics have finished with it. Understand?

F is for

FIRST-NIGHT, the opening of a production in the West End to an audience consisting of critics, opposition managers, starlets with their press-agents and photographers, gallery first-nighters, and the nervous relatives of the company. The success of a production, oddly enough depends on the reaction of this representative group of theatre-lovers.

G is for

GET-OUT, the weekly boxoffice figure which covers the running costs of a show. A show has also to get back its production costs spread over a number of weeks—or perish. Term originates from touring days when, if a company played to inadequate business, it wasn't allowed to get out of town with its costumes, sets and props.

H is for

HIT, an immediate boxoffice success, which, with or without critical approval, everyone in show business wants. A Hit may have many thousands of pounds worth of agency booking before opening. In which case it is a Smash Hit and American. Opposite is Flop and Dead Flop, also known as a Turkey. To be landed with one is to catch a cold.

H is also for

HYLTON, Jack, lives in a country cottage in Mayfair with billiards room, Tudor bar, and private cinema, surrounded by framed photographs of Jack the bandman, showman, horseman, family man and Mercedes Benzman. Hylton, a pasha rather than a patriarch, rules his empire with an apparent carelessness confusing to his enemies. Though is he short he feels in no way littler than Littler.

I is for

IMPRESARIO, flattery for manager. They like to think of themselves as creating the climate in which great enterprises of show business grow, blossom, and come to fruit as cash and kudos. Your great impresario is as theatrical a character as those who work for him, possessing many of the same vanities, limitations, and virtues, though, never having to personally face an audience, he tends to be rather more hammy than those who do.

K is for

KAYE, Danny, who is responsible for a hair-style, a rehearsed casualness and a type of insane humour which, taken up by so many poor imitators, may eventually force him to change his hair-style, his casual approach, and his style of humour.

L is for

LICENSE, which the LORD CHAMBERLAIN (the State's show business watchdog) issues to the LICENSEE who manages a theatre, for the conduct of which he is legally responsible. Licensees tend to look like bank managers. No one knows what the Lords Chamberlains look like.

M is for

MANAGEMENTS, the organizers of a show, called in America producers, normally described as being unadventurous if they make money and artistic if they don't. In the case of art it pays the management best to be a non-profit-making company . . . **MUSICALS** are as near as the theatre can get to a mass entertainment, and are consequently the most industrialized of productions. Created synthetically in luxurious factory conditions on Broadway involving dozens of highly specialized technicians, the American musical is raucous if not robust, slick if not polished. Its entertainment content being high, it represents an expensive (up to £50,000 per production) but reasonably sure-fire investment for managements, who, if they have the capital to put on a sufficient number of them, are said to be MAESTROS possessing the MAGIC touch.

N is for

NOTICE, of which there are two kinds, the critic's review, which

London Legit Battles Censor—and Dullness

By HAROLD MYERS

London,

It has been an undistinguished year theatrically. No one can seriously deny that. There have been hardly a handful of worthwhile new British plays and not all the Broadway imports have come up to expectations.

The most notable event has been the mounting wave of opinion against the Lord Chamberlain's official censorship. Admittedly, most managements favor the present safeguard of the censor's seal, which provides a reassuring green light and makes them immune from police prosecution.

Playwrights, on the other hand, complain that censorship has a stifling effect on their creative talents and the taboos on certain topics—including homosexuality—compel them to bypass important controversial issues. They point to the lack of any official censorship in the United States and to the greater freedom it gives their writers to deal with adult subjects.

'Club' Gimmick

The arguments for and against the Lord Chamberlain's blue-pencilling authority have been going on for many years, but the controversy took a new turn in the latter part of last year when a club management launched a bold undertaking which clearly gets round the official restriction. The club took over a key West End theatre and announced a program of American imports, none of which had received the censor's approval. Admission to the theatre is limited to members, but the annual membership fee is only 70c and, apart from that, regular West End prices are charged. The experiment has proved so successful that in a matter of just a few weeks they recruited 30,000 paying members (each of whom is entitled to buy four seats at any performance) and the applications are rolling in with every mail.

The first play presented under this club's auspices is "A View From the Bridge" by Arthur Miller. It was probably chosen to open the season because of the playwright's presence in London and it provided the gimmick of enrolling his wife, Marilyn Monroe, as the club's first member. Everyone agreed that this is a serious play, well worthy of the attention of London's vast public of theatre-goers. That, in itself, has made quite a crack in the censor's authority and if the subsequent plays—"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and "Tea and Sympathy"—are deemed here of equal quality, sincerity and

should not appear until the morning after the first-night before, and which, even if it is bad, is not as fatal as that other NOTICE posted by a management to inform a company that its engagement is terminated and all contracts are at an end. To be NOTICED, however, is to receive favourable recognition by the Press rather than to be fired.

O is for

OLIVIER, Laurence, who, when knighted in 1953, still wore his hair in the blond style which had helped to make his film "Hamlet" such a great success. Since he no longer suffered from the housemaid's knee which had indisposed him three years before, he was able to kneel to receive the knighthood with completely self-possessed conviction that his long and distinguished career had more than earned it.

P is for

PROFESSIONALS in the theatre who have an abnormal capacity for work under pressure, going to pieces while resting. Leading the over-stimulated life of show business they do not very often escape from anxiety long enough to enjoy the glamour of success should they achieve it. For when they do they are immediately beset by the fear of successive failure. A hard life, not as Mr. Noel Coward has pointed out, to be recommended to one's daughter.

Q is for

QUOTES, those favourable extracts from critics' reviews which are put up on the front of the

merit, and attract equally wide audiences, censorship will have been reduced to a farce.

Arthur Miller also authored one of the year's other notable imports, "The Crucible," which formed part of the repertory season inaugurated last year at the Royal Court Theatre, which also staged several interesting, if not always successful plays, among them being "The Mulberry Bush," "Look Back in Anger," "Don Juan," "The Death of Satan," and "The Good Woman of Setzuan."

Over the year many of the Broadway imports to London were a financial disappointment, the notable exceptions being "The Rainmaker," which is the biggest hit at the St. Martin's for some years, "No Time For Sergeants," which is a smash hit at Her Majesty's Theatre and "The Diary of Anne Frank," which has only just begun a run in the West End.

U.S. Musicals Letdown

It has been a particularly disappointing 12 months also for American musicals and, for the first time since the war, there were two new tuners presented at Drury Lane. "Plain and Fancy," which opened in January, lingered on for nine months and was heavily in the red at the time of its withdrawal. "Fanny," which replaced it a few weeks back, also fell below expectations, although it is likely to prove a profitable undertaking.

"The Caine Mutiny Court Martial," with Lloyd Noland in the lead, held up for only a limited run at the Hippodrome and "Gigi" was pulled after just a few months when Leslie Caron had to leave the cast for a film commitment. "The Silver Whistle" lasted only a couple of weeks in the West End and "Children's Hour" was revived for a short season at the Arts Theatre Club.

By comparison, the British theatre seems to have fared somewhat better in the United States. Terence Rattigan's double bill, "Separate Tables," after a great two year run in London, appears to be a smash event of the Broadway season, even though "The Sleeping Prince," by the same author, only received mild acclaim. That comment applies also to "The Reluctant Debutante," which is still a big hit in its second West End year. The familiar procedure was reversed in the case of Enid Bagnold's "The Chalk Garden," and it came to London after a moderate Broadway run and is one of the major legit successes.

Apart from the Old Vic season and the "Cranks" revue, other West End productions due on

Broadway include "Under Milk Wood" by the late Dylan Thomas, "Waltz of the Toreadors" by Anouilh and "The Quare Fellow," a first play by Brendan Behan.

British musicals fared particularly badly in 1956. Only one, "Summe. Song," had any pretensions and even that lasted only a few months at the Princes Theatre. "Trevallion" stayed the course for just a few nights and "Wild Grows the Heather" struggled on for just a few weeks after a harsh critical panning. "Jubilee Girl" was also deservedly a quick casualty. "Pajama Game" on the other hand, now well into its second year, is still in the chips.

The Broad Picture

Peter Brook and Paul Scofield took over the Phoenix Theatre in the early part of last year to stage a succession of plays, starting off with their production of "Hamlet" which had previously been presented in Moscow. Their season, which included "The Power and the Glory" and "The Family Reunion," was a worthy effort, even though, in some measure, their productions fell below top critical and artistic standards. At the Saville Theatre actor-manager John Clements has been staging a series of classical revivals as part of an unusual tie-up with commercial tv. Each play is put in for a limited run and a streamlined version is then screened on the commercial network. Originally the plays were filmed, but that operation was found to be financially prohibitive.

Comedies have clearly predominated among the smash new entries of 1956. "Waltz of the Toreadors" and "Romanoff and Juliet" are still playing to capacity biz and "Hotel Paradiso" could easily have run on into the New Year if Alec Guinness had not left the cast for his film assignment. "Under Milk Wood," a later entry, also has a strong comedy angle, while "For Amusement Only" is a sophisticated intimate revue with the accent on laughs.

In any review of the London theatrical calendar, one must not overlook the longtime hits that have become part of the everyday scene. Hits, for example, like "The Mousetrap," the Agatha Christie thriller, now in its fifth year; or "The Boy Friend," which is well into its third year; or "Salad Days," still displaying House Full notices in its third year; or "Dry Rot," which is still a healthy contender and also in its third year. By comparison, long-run hits like "Sailor Beware!" (21 months), "La Plume De Ma Tante" (14 months) are almost newcomers.

shape of a television screen supported almost exclusively by a mercurial comedian named Thomas Trinder.

W is for

WE'LL CALL YOU, which is what casting directors, managers and agents tend to say to everybody except stars.

Y is for

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Arrangement has producer Samuel Goldwyn paying 10% of the film's worldwide gross with the minimum set at \$1,000,000. Global rentals will amount to \$15,000,000 in the minimum.

Film still has many situations still to play in the domestic market, incidentally. Disagreement over terms has a number of exhibitors refusing to enter licensing deals. Because of the boxoffice power the picture has demonstrated, it's regarded as a cinch that same theatre men will play it eventually, perhaps with an adjustment in the deals offered.

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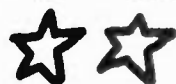
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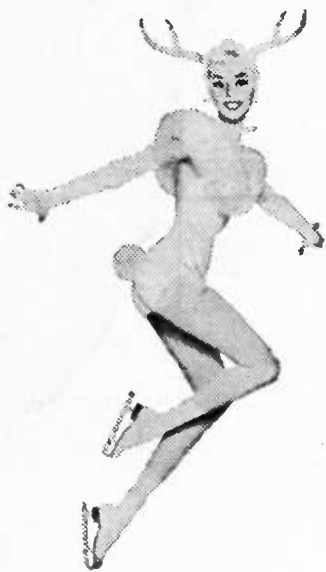
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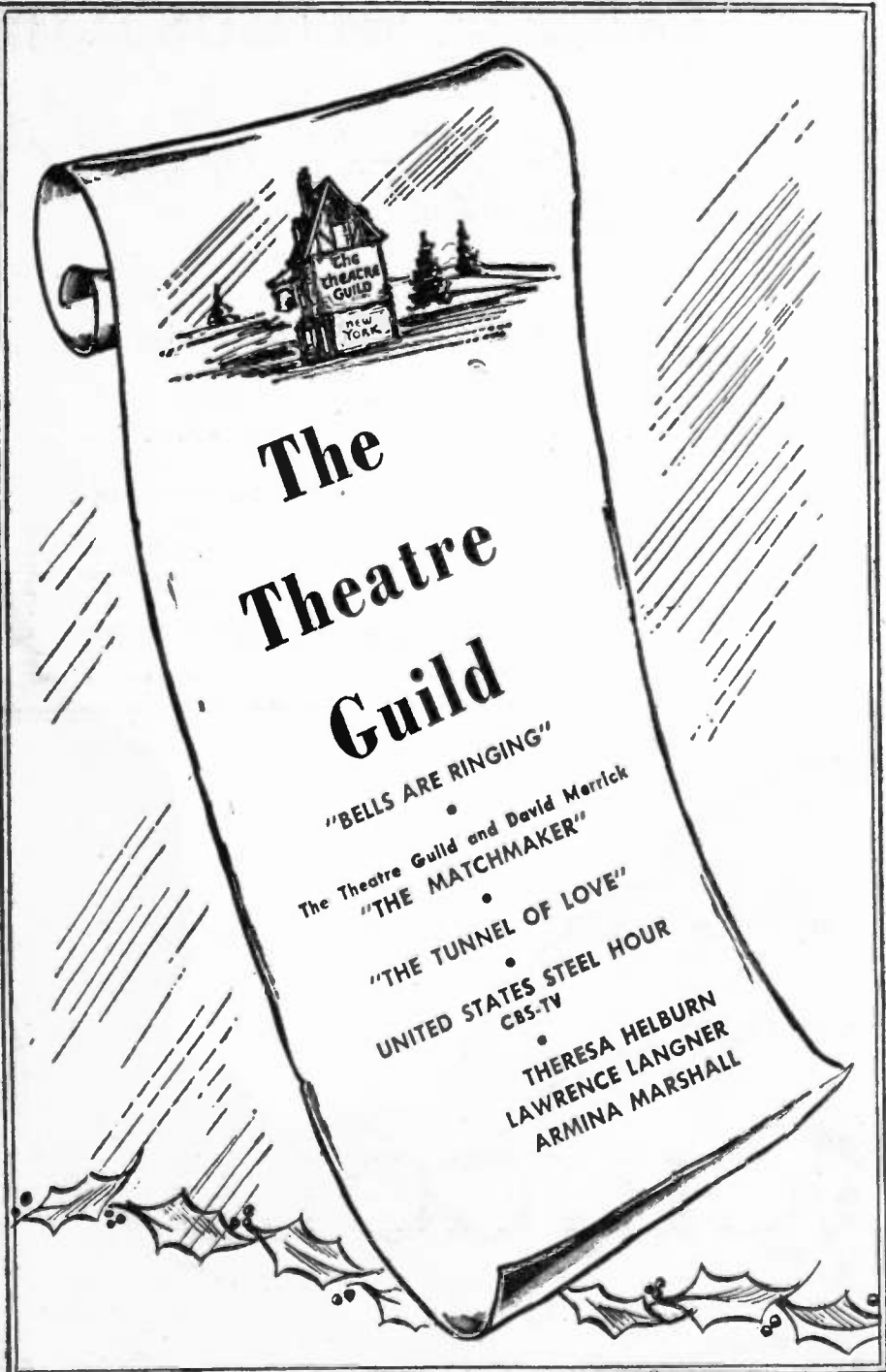
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Show Out of Town

The Hidden River

New Haven, Jan. 2.
Martin Gabel & Henry M. Margolis production of a drama in three acts (five scenes) by Ruth & Augustus Goetz, based on Storm Jameson's novel. Staged by Robert Lewis; setting and lighting, Stewart Chaney; costumes, Anna Hill Johnson. Stars Robert Preston, Dennis King, Lili Darvas; features Gaby Rodgers, Peter Brandon, David King-Wood, Tonio Stewart, Roger Dekoven, Jack Bittner. At Shubert, New Haven, Jan. 2, '56.
Father Baussan Jack Bittner
Jean Monnerie Robert Preston
Francis Monnerie Peter Brandon
Marie Regnier Lili Darvas
Elizabeth Regnier Gaby Rodgers
Adam Hatley David King-Wood
Amalie Margot Lassner
Daniel Monnerie Dennis King
Gen. Otto Von Kettler Tonio Stewart
Dr. Montalti Roger Dekoven

Although not billed as a whodunit, "Hidden River" turns out to be an absorbing one.
Getting off to tense dramatics

quickly, this Ruth and Augustus Goetz adaptation of Storm Jameson's novel holds a consistently gripping pace. There's a solid punch in the exciting second act curtain and the following stanza keeps things rolling.

One of refreshing things about the scripting is the absence of contrived elements. The story unfolds logically as it tells of an aftermath of World War II as events catch up with members of a French family involved in both collaboration and resistance.

The action consumes a single day as a former member of British Intelligence revisits the French family in hopes of unearthing the informer who betrayed a young member of the household. Dialog weaves a neat pattern as it points suspicion in various directions and brings threads to a suspenseful climax.

The Robert Lewis staging cleverly mixes tense scenes with lighter moments and maintains an engrossing tempo. Stewart Chaney's handsome, workable setting provides a nice groundwork for the attractive physical production.

Robert Preston, playing an older brother of the dupe of the enemy, gets an opportunity for some sturdy acting, and meets the challenge skillfully. Dennis King gives an accomplished performance as an elderly Frenchman who has collaborated with a German General on a friendship basis, if not from an actual military standpoint. Lili Darvas is fine as the overwrought mother of the informer's victim.

There's considerable talent in the supporting troupe. Gaby Rogers shines as a war-orphaned fiancée of the younger brother, the latter role being well played by Peter Brandon. David King-Wood plays the Britisher convincingly.

Lesser roles get able treatment from Tonio Stewart as a German General, Jack Bittner as a priest, Roger Dekoven as a doctor and Margot Lassner as a maid.

Bone.

'Boy Friend' Ends Tour; Earned \$400,000 Profit

For the first time in several years, Cy Feuer & Ernest H. Martin are without a show on Broadway or the road. The last of their entries to close was "Boy Friend," which ended a post-Broadway tour in Philadelphia last Saturday (5). The British musical has earned approximately \$400,000 profit on a \$140,000 investment.

Meanwhile, "Can-Can," another F&M production, which closed several months ago, is currently being done on the Coast. That musical has earned about \$940,000.

Show Abroad

Halluzinationen (Hallucinations)

Berlin.

Renaissance Theatre production of comedy in four acts, by Robin Maugham. Stars Theo Lingen; features Friedel Schuster, Ursula Guetschow, Erich Fiedler, Boy Gobert, Kurt Waitzmann, Manfred Inger, Kurt Vespermann, Kaethe Haack, Elisabeth Ried. Staged by Kurt Raack; settings, Ita Maxinowna. At Renaissance Theatre, Berlin; \$2.75 top.

One of the most publicized new legit items here recently, this comedy by Robin Maugham (a nephew of novelist Somerset Maugham) is an outright flop at the Renaissance Theatre, despite the presence of Theo Lingen, one of Germany's top comedians. "Hallucinations" is a farce too foolish for real consideration.

The piece involves an eccentric English family whose father has the ability to move up into the air whenever he sees a beautiful girl. At first he has the trick under control, but presently can't help soaring into space whenever a pretty dame looks at him. Among the complications is an attempt by the British Secret Service to utilize this man's gift for its own purposes.

If there's laughter out front it is primarily due to Lingen in the role of the husband. He makes even the most superficial scenes amusing.

A number of established local actors also have roles, and try hard to be funny, but their material is too conventional. Kurt Raack's staging is moderate, but Ita Maxinowna's scenery is better.

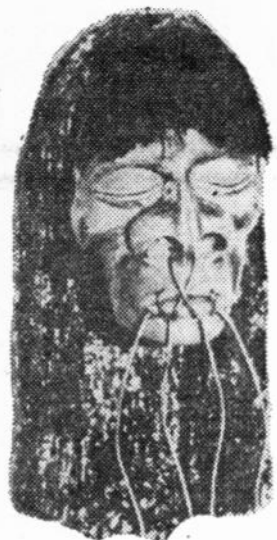
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Off-B'way Show

Sh-h-h!

Harold Meyers (in association with Bill Smillie) presentation of farce in three acts by Meyers. Staged by John Hale; settings, Charles Somha; lighting, Tom Graben. At Chanin Auditorium, Dec. 29, '56; \$2 top.

Cast: Jeanette Randall, Ray Kingston, Paul Barry, Henry de Shields, Ben Cotey, Edward Rutzisky, David Hardison, Byron Whiting, Ray Lo Prest, James Stockham, Ralph Sommer, Pat Gilbert, Nicolas Harlos, Zipora Peled, Bernard Reed, Fred Kenyon, Jeanne Asch, Janet Boyd, George Stauch, Francesca Fontaine, William Wilson, Catherine Mandas.

"Sh-h-h!" purports to be a farce about Sh-h-h!, an exposure magazine dedicated to "all the news unfit to print." A tastelessly woe-begone piece of dramania, it cost \$4,500 to mount at the Chanin Building's 50th floor theatre (where the air should be fresher), and calls needlessly on the energies of 22 misdirected actors.

Every time the phone rings, the switchboard girl says, "Good morning, Sh-h-h!" She's got an excellent idea there.

Geor.

Alan "Lanny" Bunce, son of Alan Bunce and Ruth Nugent and grandson of the late J. C. Nugent, in N. Y. on leave. Private Bunce was with Community Concerts before he joined Signal Corps at Fort Dix, N. J.

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Legit Bits

Herman Rosse, scenic designer of the Paper Mill Playhouse, Milburn, N. J., planed Jan. 1 to Greece to do research on the fourth century B. C. Greek Theatre.

Bridget Boland's "The Prisoner" is current at the Arena Stage, Washington, through Jan. 20.

Basil Langtop is directing a stock revival of "Much Ado About Nothing" for the Studebaker Theatre, Chicago.

Max Eisen, doing advance publicity in Boston, Philadelphia and

New Haven for the touring "Fanny," is due back in New York late this month.

All proceeds for the Jan. 15 preview of "Easter" at the 4th Street Theatre, N. Y., will be turned over to the International Rescue Committee for Hungarian Relief.

Fanny Bradshaw, New York speech and drama coach, has been elected to the board of governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, England, making her one of the few Americans to have received that distinction.

Kermit Bloomgarden has bowed

out as co-producer with film director William Wyler of "The Last Station," Eric Remarque's first play, which premed successfully in Berlin recently.

"The Strongest," a play by G. F. Reidenbaugh, assistant professor of drama at Syracuse U., is scheduled for Broadway production next April by Michael Laurence and Stephen Richards.

Siobhan McKenna's one-woman performance of "Hamlet" will not be put on Jan. 22 at the next special matinee to be given by the Greater New York Chapter of the American National Theatre Academy at the Theatre de Lys, N. Y. The presentation, originally scheduled for that date, is being replaced by Eva Le Gallienne soloing in "An Afternoon of Oscar Wilde."

Reich Legiters Stay Home and See World; Shows From All Over

Berlin.

German legit is on an international kick this season. Besides native scripts, U. S., English, Irish, French, Italian, Spanish and Scandinavian plays have either been produced already or are scheduled.

American entries include three current Broadway offerings, "Diary of Anne Frank," "Long Day's Journey Into Night" and "Inherit the Wind." Productions of "Diary" have been widespread and the awed reaction of German audiences to the play has, in itself, received international coverage. Also on tap is a recent Broadway musical, "Pajama Game."

Robert Penn Warren's "All the King's Men," retitled "Blood on the Moon" in Germany, was recently given an experimental presentation by the Frankfurt Municipal Stages in a factory building of a dye and chemical concern. The play has been moved to another theatre, but the factory innovation is expected to be repeated elsewhere.

English and Celtic contributions include the late James M. Barrie's "Admirable Crichton," Graham Greene's "Power and the Glory," Sean O'Casey's "Red Roses for Me" (also produced on Broadway) and Dylan Thomas' "Under Milkwood." "Hamlet" is also getting widespread revival, while "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by William Butler Yeats, and other short plays are also being offered.

French playwrights represented are Jean Giradoux, Paul Claudel, Jean Anouilh and Jean-Paul Sartre. The Italian lineup includes Pirandello, Goldoni and Levi, while the Scandinavian roster takes in Helge's "Tower of Babel" and Kjell Abell's "Writing On the Wall." Spanish playwright Frederico Garcia Lorca is also due for representation, while Switzerland's Frederich Duerenmatt's "Old Lady's Visit" has been given several scattered productions.

German playwrights are also getting in their licks. Entries in-

clude Berthold Brecht's "Life of Galileo Galilei," Erich Maria Remarque's "The Last Station," Peter Hirsch's "Triumph in 1,000 Years," Kurt Goetz' "Nothing New From Hollywood," Richard Beer-Hoffmann's "Young David," Hans Holt's "Heart Specialist" and Stephan Andres' "And Zeus Smiles."

Fred Schang, prexy of Columbia Artists Management and Mrs. Schang returned from a holiday vacation in Jamaica and Puerto Rico where they were joined by Aaron Richmond, vet Boston impresario, and his wife.

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 Mon. thru Sat. Evs. at 7:30 (No Mat. Perfs.). Orch. \$6.90; Balc. \$5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45; 2nd Balc. \$2.90. Tax Incl. Please list 2 or more alternate dates and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
HELEN HAYES THEA., 46 St. W. of B'y

ROBERT FRYER and LAWRENCE CARR

present



CONGRATULATIONS

Robert Fryer and Lawrence Carr

BROADHURST THEATRE
235 West 44th St., NEW YORK 36

Memo from
BETTY LEE HUNT

To: THE NEW THEATRE COMPANY
Attention: JACK FARREN, NOAH JACOBS, IRA CIRKER
and

*"TAKE A GIANT STEP"

I'm proud to be associated with your bold and successful first venture in theatre producing. Thanks for giving to the theatre a new director, new stars and a new producing team.

May we continue as successfully through the years with new ideas and new theatre.

Your press agent,

Betty Lee

*now entering our 15th smash week at the Jan Hus House (351 E. 74th).

"WONDERFUL MUSICAL"

—Winchell

JULE STYNE and GEORGE GILBERT
(In Assoc. with Lester Osterman, Jr.)
present

"MR. WONDERFUL"
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

WITH
THE WILL MASTIN TRIO

STARRING
SAMMY DAVIS JR.

KAY MEDFORD

OLGA JAMES
and
LEW PARKER

Book by
JOSEPH STEIN & WILL GLICKMAN
Music and Lyrics by
JERRY BOCK, LARRY HOLOFCENER & GEORGE WEISS
Production Designed by OLIVER SMITH
Costumes Designed by ROBERT MACKINTOSH
Lighting by Peggy Clark
Entire Production Staged by
JACK DONOHUE



BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway & 53rd Street, N. Y. 19

CHATTER

Hollywood

Jack Lawton retired as Universal location manager after 40 years at studio.

American Cinema Editors held annual election of officers Jan. 8. Charles Coburn planned to London.

Gia Scala filed for U.S. citizenship.

David S. Garber resigned as general manager of Kluge Studios.

Palm Springs

By Alice Scully
(Tel 4077)

Not one arrest over New Year's. All niteries began the year okay. Chi Chi's having capacity with Ben Blue and Co., Joanne Gilbert, Chop Chop and Charlene.

Bob and Andrea Leeds Howard played up color tv of Rose Bowl for their Howard Manor guests.

Harry Gould, Lucille and boys blowing for frigid Manhattan after three weeks of perfect weather.

Irwin Schuman, guesting Libera personally for his stint at Chi Chi's—George, Jane and Seymours going on to La Quinta.

George Murphy Smoke-Treed before heading for D.C. to emcee inaugural show for Ike.

Greg Bautzer, prez of now billed Marion Davies' Desert Inn, spends his time around Charlie Farrell's Racquet club.

Jeff Chandler bought a house at Rancho Mirage, from pitchman Art Linkletter whose dough is in the development.

Amsterdam

By Hans Saalink
(121 Pythagorasstraat, Amsterdam)

A new play by Dutch poet-playwright Ed Hoornik, "Water" inspired by the flood of 1953, will be produced by the Nederlandse Comedie next season. It was awarded the Van der Vies prize.

The Haagse Comedie performed Hugh Mills' thriller, "The House By The Lake."

Albert Husson's comedy, "Les Pavés Du Ciel," directed by Peter Holland, at the Rotterdams Toneel. The Netherlands Ballet invited foreign choreographers to rehearse ballets for its company. David Liahine will rehearse "Graduation Ball," "Creation Of The World" and Serge Grigoriev Fokine's ballet, "Le Carnaval."

Film producer Hans Boekman, who scored with his "Ciske The Rat," at Venice Film Festival in 1955, plans to make a new film, "Kleren Maken De Man."

Belgian author and playwright

Hugo Claus' new play, "Song Of The Murderer," will be performed next March by the Rotterdams Toneel.

First Italian-Dutch co-production, "Sil The Beachcomber," will start next spring.

Barcelona

By Joaquina C. Vidal-Gomis
(Angli 43; Tel 240018)

The Liceo has the modern presentation of the opera, "Boris Goudunov."

The Calderon musical show is "Patio of Stars."

Harrison and Kossi on ice rink at the Emporium niteriy.

Beba Rosalini at Bolero niteriy as well as Pearl Primus and Co.

Mary Santpere at the Apolo with the show, "Fountains of Love."

Paco Martinez Soria at the Talia with the new comedy, "The Second Husband."

Rome

Ralph Ellison is finishing a novel at the American Academy.

Melton Davis is awaiting spring publication of his book about Rome by Putnam's; meanwhile he is using Rome as the setting for a new novel.

Ettore Maria Margadonna finishing script of "Santo Cowboy" for Joe Mankiewicz, which may be shot here next summer.

Dawn Addams will star in Shaw's "The Millionaire," first production of new English-speaking Theatre Club opening at Marguita Theatre.

Jean Negulesco off for N.Y. with completed print of "Boy On A Dolphin" accompanied by his wife.

Yvonne Menard denied reports that she will retire from Toto revue, "Beside the Point," because of illness.

Australia

By Eric Gorrick
(Film House, 251a Pitt St. Sydney)

Jack Haley and his Comets due here Jan. 17 under Lee Gordon management via Stadium loop.

Jessie Matthews preemed here Dec. 29 in "Janus" under J. C. Williamson management.

Harry Wren is scoring in Sydney with an oldtime vaude setup at Tivoli via arrangement with David Martin.

Classical Troupe of China winding up a brief Melbourne run under the Garnet Carroll-Williamson management.

Harlem Globetrotters replayed

Melbourne Jan. 7 under the Lee Gordon tent. Sydney run follows. J. C. Williamson will debut "The Pajama Game" in Melbourne early this year. Aussie choreographer Betty Pounder is now in N. Y. studying routines.

David Martin is readying some top shows for here in 1957. He's just waiting to get performers' okay in N. Y. and London.

J. Arthur Rank will have his cameras turning early in January on "Robbery Under Arms," local classic starring Peter Finch.

Following the big success coast-to-coast with "Rock Around Clock," Columbia will release over the Greater Union Theatres chain, another of same type, "Don't Knock, Rock."

Vienna

By Emil W. Maass
(Grosse Schiffgasse 1 A; Tel A45045)

Georg Cziffra, Hungarian refugee, pianist, inked or concerts in Paris and London.

Academy Theatre prepping O'Neill's "Journey" with Joseph Glucksmann directing.

Janina Szarvas and Gyula Fuleki, Hungarians inked by Volks-opera for "Annie Get Your Gun."

Spanish thrush Nati Mistral is star of Ronacher variety show.

City of Vienna earmarked \$1,500,000 for cultural purposes.

Fire destroyed Vienola disk factory.

EFO Film company in Graz, Styria, completed a series of foreign tourist trade pictures.

Reported that largest Austrian bank will buy Wien Film.

O'Neill's "Touch of a Poet" will have its German language preem during Salzburg festival season.

Scotland

By Gordon Irving
(Glasgow: Kilvin 1590)

Jimmy Logan, Scot comedian, doing tv show for juves from stage of Alhambra Theatre, Glasgow.

"Best Things in Life Are Free" (20th) at La Scala, Glasgow, for holiday season.

Jim Poole, Edinburgh exhib, reviving two Scot oldies, "Flood-tide" and "Whisky Galore."

Fred Lukar is new manager of Empress Theatre, Glasgow.

More cinema shutterings blamed on tele.

"Fol-De-Rols" group at Lyceum, Edinburgh, with Kathleen West, Leslie Crowther, Stewart & Mathew, Peter Felgates and Jimmy Green.

"King and I" legit opened at King's, Glasgow, to enthusiastic reviews.

"Battle of River Plate," Rank pic shown at recent London Royal Performance, did two weeks at Odeon, Glasgow.

Jimmy Shand and Scot Dance Band playing for dancers on last BBC-TV program of 1956.

Mexico City

By Pete Mayer
(189000—Tlalpan—264)

Manuel Alonzo here from Havana to sign new Cuban-Mex inter-union pact.

Dolores del Rio dickering for local legit rights to Jean Anouilh's "The Savage."

Orlando Ramos of the N.Y. Puerto Rico theatre in to sign up some talent for 1957.

Pix comics Clavillazo and Resortes to duet for first time in the Calderons' "Beggars Union."

200 STIC technicians signing a work contract with the new America Studios, which specializes in tv.

Pic megger Alfredo Crevenna to direct the legit, "The Judgement of Jesus."

Robert Parrish and Don Gardner in from L.A. to work on first film to be shot at the new Tijuana studios.

Starlet Lilia Guizar getting a Paramount screen test based on her thesping in latin version of "The Boy Friend."

There were 72 legit shows here during 1956, according to the local theatre federation.

Yma Sumac recording two songs for producers Gomez Muriel and Alfonso Patino Gomez at Tepeyac Studios.

Obituaries

LAWRENCE M. KLEE

Lawrence M. Klee, 42, television and radio writer, died of a heart attack at Westport, Conn., Jan. 1. A writer for such shows as "Mr. and Mrs. North," "Fat Man," "The Chase," and "The Clock," he also created and wrote the "Man Against Crime" video scripts. He broke into radio writing while at the U. of Wisconsin where he was a pre-med student.

Klee also wrote the narration for the film, "The Roosevelt Story," and at one time was honored by the Treasury Dept. for his work on their programs.

Survived by wife, daughter and a son.

ROBERT SENDERFER

Robert E. P. Senderfer, 73, dean of Philadelphia's drama critics and retired sports editor of The Philadelphia Bulletin, died Jan. 2 in Ivyland, Bucks County, Pa. Senderfer, who covered legit and sports for approximately 50 years, had been sports editor of The Bulletin from 1922-1937.

In 1948, he retired from active daily work, but continued as drama critic for The Bulletin. He was the son of the late John Phillips Jenkins Senderfer, an outfielder for the first organized professional baseball team in Philadelphia, the Philadelphia Athletics of 1871.

MAXINE V. WILLARD

Maxine V. Brown Willard, 59, musical comedy singer and pioneer radio performer, died Dec. 27 in Oakland, Cal. A native of Denver, Mrs. Willard appeared on Broadway in such shows of the 1920s as "No, No, Nanette" and "Plain Jane."

Her husband survives.

ADOLPH LUND

Adolph Lund, 49, an attorney who represented the Shubert interests, died Dec. 31 in New York after a brief illness.

Survived by wife, two sons and a daughter.

N. Y. 'Eve' Sellout As Crowds 'Shop'

New Year's Eve, per usual, sold out in the bulk of the representative spots. Major hotels put up the SRO signs somewhat ahead of the niteries. The streets of Manhattan were crowded on the big night, as is usual every Eve when the weather was right.

However, as has been the case for several years, the sellouts came at almost the last minute. This, the bonifaces say, is the result of shopping. When prices are first posted—in a range up to \$25 in the top spots—the bulk of the cafe-going public feel that there's a more inexpensive way to celebrate the big night. The first assignment is to seek a house party, and failing to come through with one, they start shopping for cafes.

Operator logic continues with the premise that the amusement-seeker thinks the smaller clubs might be cheaper. However, comparisons indicate that the small nabe spots charged almost as much as the cheaper tiers at the Latin Quarter or the Copacabana, and thus they wait for the last-minute rush to fill up entirely. There's turnaway business after the SRO is first posted.

With the heavy crowds in Times Square, those seeking admission to the niteries were heavier than usual during the latter part of the night. However, doormen stopped the bulk of them with the info that there were no vacancies. The smaller rooms such as the Blue Angel and Ruban Bleu also did handsomely. The Ruban used the downstairs adjunct as well as the upstairs room for capacity business. The show worked both rooms.

Unusual for New York were the sizeable turnouts of showfolk (1) at the New Year's eve preem of Lena Horne at the Waldorf-Astoria and (2) the subsequent follow-through at The Lambs, marking the first time that that traditional male stronghold of theatrical clubs permitted femmes for the occasion. About a month ago the rules were relaxed for members' wives for cocktails and dinner—as part of the exchequer resuscitation program—and was marked, early in December, with a gala for the Old Vic Company, which Lambs' shepherd William Gaxton hosted.

The Waldorf, like most major hotels, caters to the mass hoopla, but the management had invited certain VIP press and show people for the opening of Miss Horne, hence the strong cross-section of non-"civilians" at her premiere.

MARRIAGES

Virginia M. Fletcher to Erskine Caldwell, Reno, Jan. 1 He's the author.

Constance Smith to Araldo di Crollanza, San Marino, Dec. 20. Bride's an Irish film actress; he's an Italian journalist.

Jané Connell, who appeared in the recently-closed Broadway production of "New Faces of 1956," has taken the role of Mrs. Peachum in "Threepenny Opera" at the Theatre de Lys, N. Y.

In Memoriam 1956

BORIS CHARSKY

GEORGE DUNN

WILLIAM GRAHAM FEAD

MAE FROHMAN

E. LENWOOD HARDY

GILMAN HASKELL

EDWARD A. JOHNSON

JOHN HENRY MEARS

ASSOCIATION OF THEATRICAL PRESS AGENTS AND MANAGERS

In Loving Memory

CHARLES V. YATES

January 9, 1955

REGGIE, HARRIET, STEVE, JACK

IN LOVING MEMORY
OF

HARRY VON TILZER

July 8, 1872—Jan. 10, 1946

BROTHER HAROLD

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Smith	Class 1	2760114
Smith	Class 1	2840113
Smith	Class 1	2920717
Smith	Class 1	3000113
1291	Class 1	3080113
Resident	Class 1	3160113
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Smith	Class 1	3480113
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T.H. de la Cruz H-18-03
L.S. de la Cruz H-18-04
J.M. de la Cruz H-18-05

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MANHATTAN

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The image shows a close-up of a document page with a grid of text, possibly a table or a list. The text is arranged in rows and columns, with some cells containing numbers and others containing text. A dark, irregular shape, likely a shadow or a piece of tape, is visible in the upper right corner, partially obscuring the text. The text is printed in a serif font, and the overall appearance is that of a scanned document.

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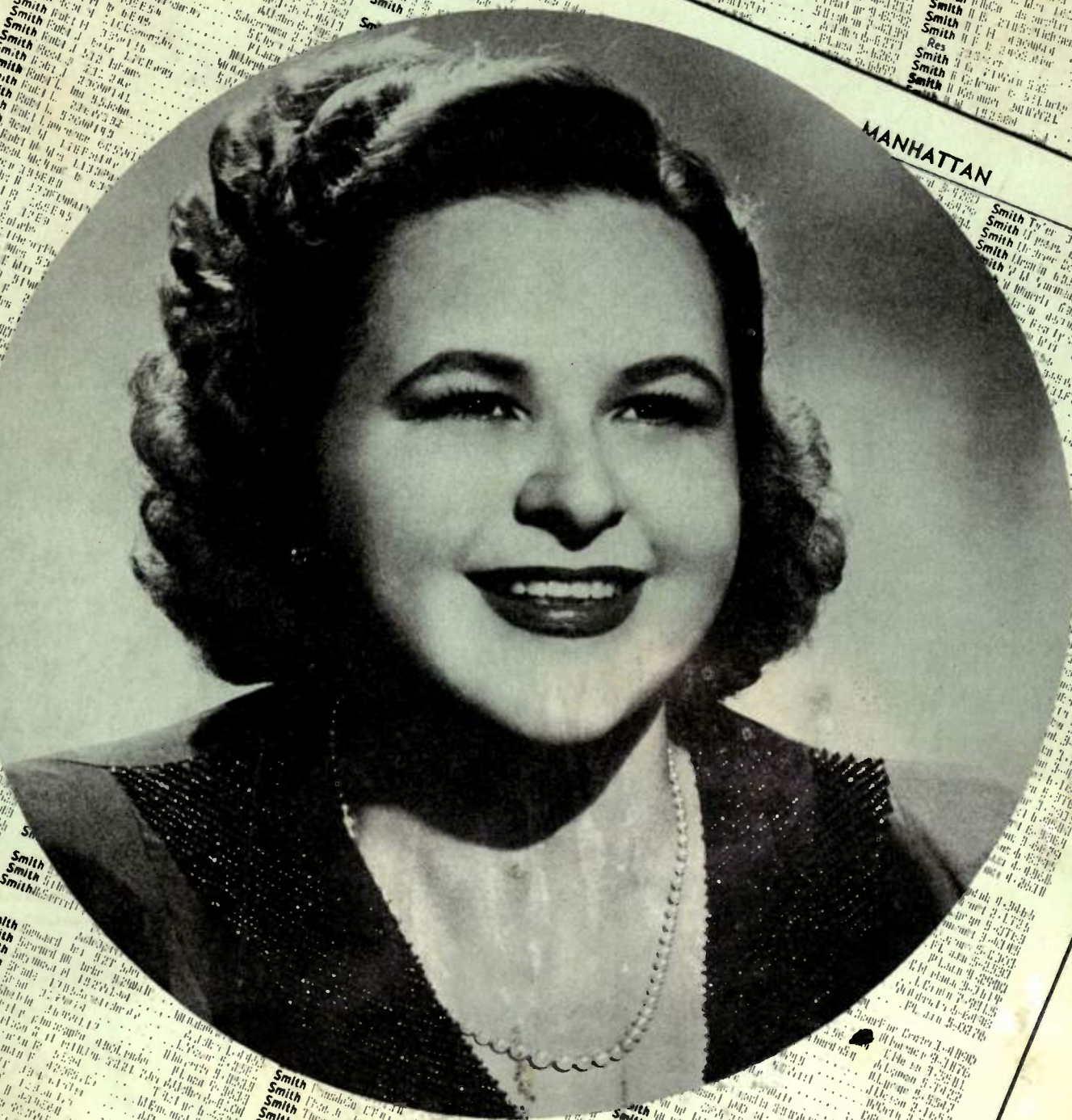
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